

www.zhiweil.com.cn

Arthur's home magazine

Digitized by Google

WIS & WARDWELL
Book Binders
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

www.libtool.com.cn

Library of



Princeton University.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

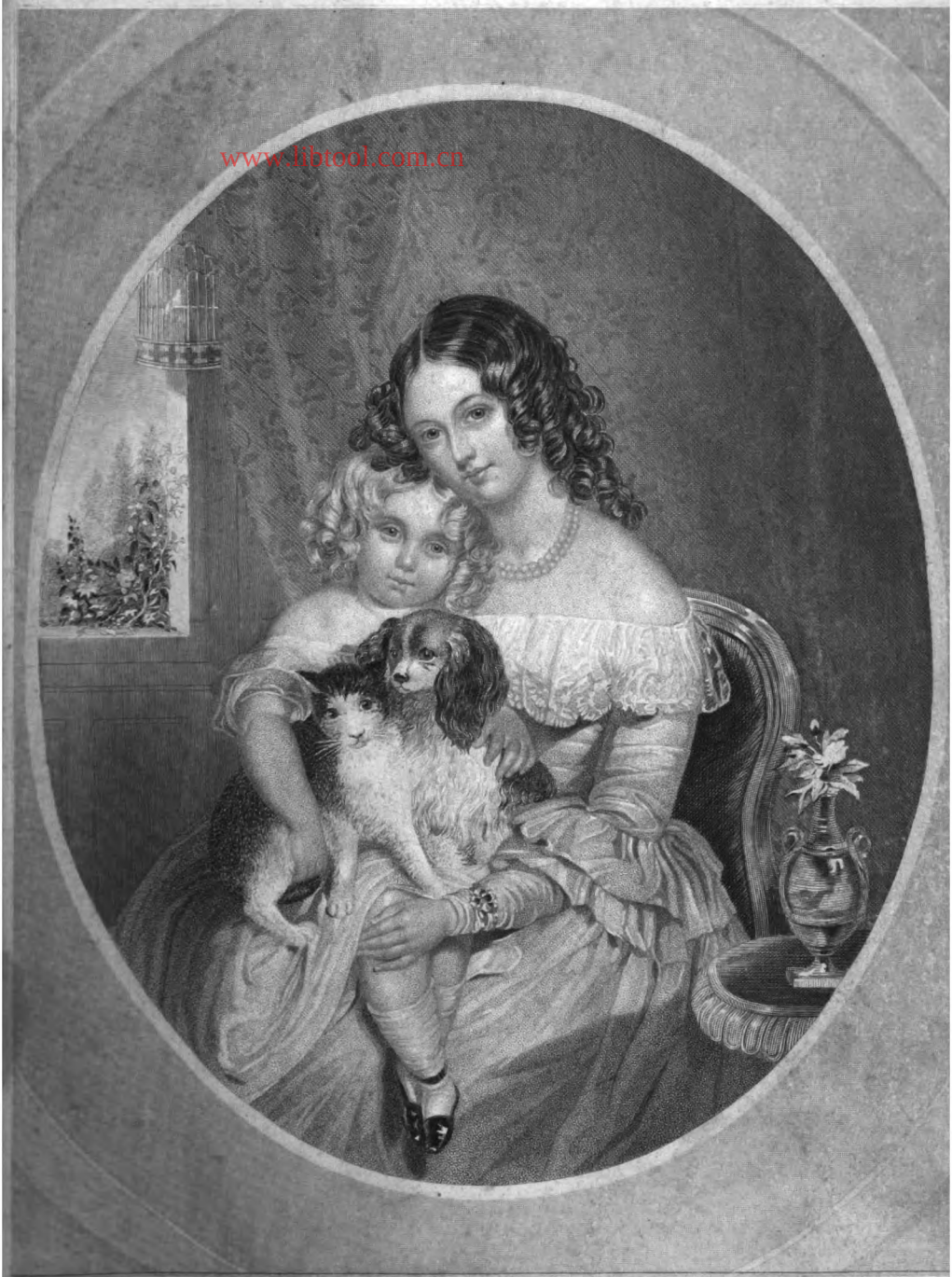
www.libtool.com.cn







Digitized by Google



A FAMILY PARTY.

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

THE

HOME MAGAZINE.

www.libtool.com.cn

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

VOL. VII.

From January to June, 1856.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. S. ARTHUR & CO.
1856.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

(RECAP)
0901
.A791
v.7-8
1856

Digitized by Google

INDEX TO ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.—FROM JANUARY TO JUNE.

www.libtool.com.cn

PAGE.

Another Less to Love Me. By Ruth Rustic, 32
A Page of Varieties, . . . 50
A Day Dream. By Geral Sidney, . . 90
A Few Words to the Country Girl about to Enter a Boarding-School. By Querie, . 95
"An Obedient Wife Commands Her Husband," 107
A Heart History. By Fanny Fales, . 161
A Home with Thee. By Fanny Fales, . 177
Autumn Rain. By Mary H. Lucy, . 224
An Old Ballad, ... 224
At Home. By Bayard Taylor, . . 245
An Angel of Patience, . . . 246
A Prospect. By Hope Starr, . . 296
A Chapter of Economy from a New Book, 304
Aunt Rhoda. By Mrs. E. A. Pardee, . 339
Anecdote of Balzac, ... 351
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.
Parlor Pastimes—Franklin as a Bookseller—Familiar Science—The Ten Workmen of Mother Green Water—The Good are Beautiful—Life in the Country, . 51
Indian Fairy Tale—He of the Little Shell—Parlor Pastimes—The Two Boys. By Miss Lamb—A Plum Pudding, . . 129
Interesting Conversations and Stories for the Little Ones.—No. V. By a Lady of Baltimore—To Little Boys and Girls, . 196
The Mother's Last Work—A True Story. By Virginia F. Townsend—Interesting Conversations and Stories for the Little Ones.—No. VI. By a Lady of Baltimore—The Old Schoolmaster's Story—Parlor Pastimes, ... 251
The New Mother. By Virginia F. Townsend—The Famished Wanderer, . 313
The Lost Canary. By Virginia F. Townsend—Parlor Pastimes, . . . 369
HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.
Soups and Broths—Making a Fire—Gridiron and Frying Pan—Papers for Rooms, 55
Home Management—Orange and Pink Color on Silk—Orange—How to Make No-Matters—Fried Apples—Cheap and Excellent Candles, ... 132
Real New England Brown Bread—Preparation of Food—Eggs—Batter—Boil your Molasses—Coffee—Potted Veal—Poulet a la Marengo—Bran Bread, . . 198
Gridiron—Fried Fish—Eggs—Eggs Plain Boiled—Curd Milk Pudding—Potato Pudding—Yorkshire Pudding—Turnips—How to Boil Rice, . . . 255
Directions for Preserving Fresh Fruits, Tomatoes, &c., in Arthur's Patent Self-sealing Cans and Jars, . . . 315
Tinned, or Cane Ware—A Word on Carpets—Eggs—Simplified Mode of Making Coffee—Fondeau—A good Plum Pudding—Fresh Tea Cake—Another Tea Cake—On the Selection of Vegetables—Calf's Head and Feet—How to ascertain if Fish, whether boiled, stewed, or fried, is Done—Boiled Leg of Lamb—For Inflammation of the Eyes, ... 371
Blessed are the Merciful. By Jeannie Deans, 164
Bestowing Charities. By Lizzie Linwood, 173
Bring Me Flowers. By Maggie Stewart, . 365
Christmas Eve and Christmas Matins. By Frederika Bremer, ... 19
Cometh a Blessing Down. By Mary Frances Tyler, ... 89
Christopher Columbus. (*Illustrated,*) . 100
Chapters on Birds. (*Illustrated,*) . 108
Cash Down. By T. S. Arthur, . . 113
Claraqua—A Ballad. By James Hungerford, 219
Courage. By W. Gilmore Simms, . 278
Dictum Probosum. By Anna M. D. M'Coy, 172
Dining the Passengers, . . . 193
Extracts from Thatcher's Military Journal, 18, 246
Esther Phillips' Bridal. By Virginia F. Townsend, ... 44
"Every Cloud has a Silver Lining." By Mary Morris, ... 245
Elsie Raymond. By Virginia F. Townsend, 352
Elenore: A Song. By John H. Canoll. . 355
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
The Home Magazine for 1856—Humors of Rev. Sydney Smith—Exhortation—The Night Before Christmas—True Words—Home—Encouragement for Wives and Mothers—Be Gentle to thy Husband—"The Happy Family"—"The Four Eras of Life"—To the Morning Glory—New Publications, ... 61
Miss Virginia F. Townsend—New Arrangements and Increased Attractions—Locking Pew Doors—Making a Name—The Godey Complimentary Dinner—Royal Manners—The New Church Herald—New Publications—W. H. Carpenter—Boardman, Gray & Co.'s Pianos—People's Literary Institute, of Philadelphia—Correspondents—Historical Sketches—The Extra Copy—Mrs. Mary A. Denison—Returning Manuscript, ... 137
An Introduction—"Fruits of Industry"—No Gloom at Home—Miss M. Louisa Chitwood—Right Living—Before and After the party—The City Item—"Murder Done"—Preserving Fruits by Hermetical Sealing—The Crayon—New Publications, 201
Reveries—Florence Nightingle—A Bereaved Heart—Mr. Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors—The Word Female—Mother—A Hint to Sitters. (*2 Illustrations*)—To-morrow—Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz—"The Gipsy"—Hall's Journal of

Digitized by Google

PAGE.

Health—Mr. Sully—A Tin Wedding—New Music—Honor to the Physician—To Correspondents—New Publications, 259
Little Mercy is Dead—The Great Hereafter—"The Covenanter's Marriage"—Success in Life—A Change in Fashion to be Commended—Wife, Children, and Friends—A Fair Hit—New Publications—"Mimic Life"—A Correction, . . . 318
The Squares, &c.—The Pic-Nic—The Late Miss Chitwood—New Publications—Singer's Sewing Machine—"My First Piece"—Mrs. Neal's Story—New Music—House-Furnishing Goods—The Fireside Visitor, 375
Goitres and Cretins, . . . 28
Grotesque Head-Dresses of Former Times. (*Illustrated,*) 33
How to be Happy, ... 97
Historical Sketches of the Tartar Dynasty. (*Illustrated,*) . 102, 183, 234, 311, 366
Home. By Percival, . . . 285
Have Patience, ... 291
Incidents and Anecdotes, . . . 48
Is It Come? By Miss Frances Brown, . 299
Jottings by My Window Sill. By F. H. Stauffer. 94, 233
King Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield. (*Illustrated,*) 175
Lady Sale. (*Illustrated,*) . . . 16
Lady Marion. By Mrs. Corolla H. Criswell, 91
Lay of Encouragement. By W. Gilmore Simms, ... 96
Little Lizzie. By T. S. Arthur, . . 105
Little Maggie. By Mrs. S. A. Wentz, . 159
Lines. By Elian Gray, . . . 161
Lying on the Grass. By Clara Augusta, . 167
Let Me Linger Yet. By Mrs. Corolla H. Criswell, ... 216
Lucia. By Mary H. Lucy, . . . 244
Lament for my Willows. By Fanny Fales, 280
Labor. By Mrs. Osgood, . . . 293
Lonely Margy. By Mrs. Caroline Orne, . 333
Magdalene, a Young Girl's Story. By Alice B. Neal, . . 9, 85, 155, 217, 275, 343
Malta. (*Illustrated,*) . . . 111
My Step-Mother. By Virginia F. Townsend, 119
My First Month at the Parsonage. By Virginia F. Townsend, . . . 168
Mary Queen of Scots, at Fotheringay Castle. (*Illustrated,*) 178
Marrying a Milliner. By T. S. Arthur, . 188
Old Romance. By James Hungerford, . 99
Our Jamie's Chair. By Fanny Fales, . 112
On the Cultivation of the Petunia and Tropœolum. By Harland Coultas. (*Illustrated,* 117
Oh! Sing that Song no more. By Ruth Rustic, ... 192
On Myself. By Cowley, . . . 236
One Day's Sacrifice. By Virginia F. Townsend, ... 247
One Hour in a Pawnbroker's Shop. By Hiram Torrey. 286
Only Once. By Virginia F. Townsend, . 307
Pebbles from Purling Streams, . . 27
Penitent. By F. H. Stauffer, . . 278
Ruins of Selinuntum, . . . 14
Reveries, ... 280
Souvenirs of Historical Characters. (*Illustrated,*) . . 24, 92, 162, 215, 298,
Selected Miscellany.
Social Gatherings—Anecdote of Rubini—Dress for Literary Ladies. By Mrs. Kirkland—Passion for Dress—Buying Cheap—The Dinner at the Cardinal's—Miss Bremer—Walking Leaves of Australia—How to be Loved—Knowledge and Wisdom—Sentiments from the "Newcomes"—At Rest. By Anna M. Bates—An American's Experiment at Housekeeping in Paris—'Twill be all the Same in a Hundred Years—Good Temper, . .
He Never Kept his Wife Waiting—My Own Fireside—Be Patient with the Little Ones—The Invalid Wife—Contentment—"The Old Folks"—Obedience, How Taught to Children—Our Homes, . . .
Scenes on the Pacific. (*Illustrated,*) .
Sunset, Twilight, Night. By John H. Canoll,
Silence. (*Illustrated,*) . . .
Schamyl, Prince of the Circassians. (*Illustrated,*) . . . . . .
The Graves of a Household, . .
Three New Years' Eves. By T. S. Arthur,
The Dead. (*Illustrated,*) . . .
The Toilet and Work Table. (*Illustrated,*) 59, 133, 199, 257, 316,
The Good Time Coming. By T. S. Arthur. Concluded, ...
The New Year. By Tennyson, . .
The Dying Wife. By Clara Augusta, .
The Railway Station, . . .
The Village School. (*Illustrated,*) .
The Forsaken. By V. F. T. (*Illustrated,*
To Pöesy. By James Hungerford, .
The Whirligig. By John H. Canoll, .
The Veiled Angel. By Jane Maria Mead,
To the Birds. By Ruth Rustic, . .
To a Redbreast, ...
The Adventures of a Butterfly. Translated from the French, by Anne T. Wilbur, .
The True Story of a Coal Fire. (*Illustrated,*)
The Mother's Friend. How to Make Boys Love Home, ...
The Better Deed. By S. A. Wentz, .
The Young Married Man's Error. By Lizzie Linwood, ...
The Perception of Color in Pictures, .
True Love, ...
The Legend of Brother Alfus; or, The Bird of Paradise. From the Swedish, .
The Tear. By Moore, . . .
The Lost Child of the Ozan. By Prof. Allen M. Scott, ...
The Wandering Bird. By Mrs. Theodosia H. Beveridge, ...
To my Husband. By Clara J. Lee, .
"What O'Clock Is It?" By Esther Wetherald, ...
What Can Woman Do? By T. S. Arthur, 237, 281,
"We are but Two," . . .
Which was the Coward? By T. S. Arthur,
Virtue, ...
Valentine. By Southey, . . .
Varieties and Gems of Thought, . .

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

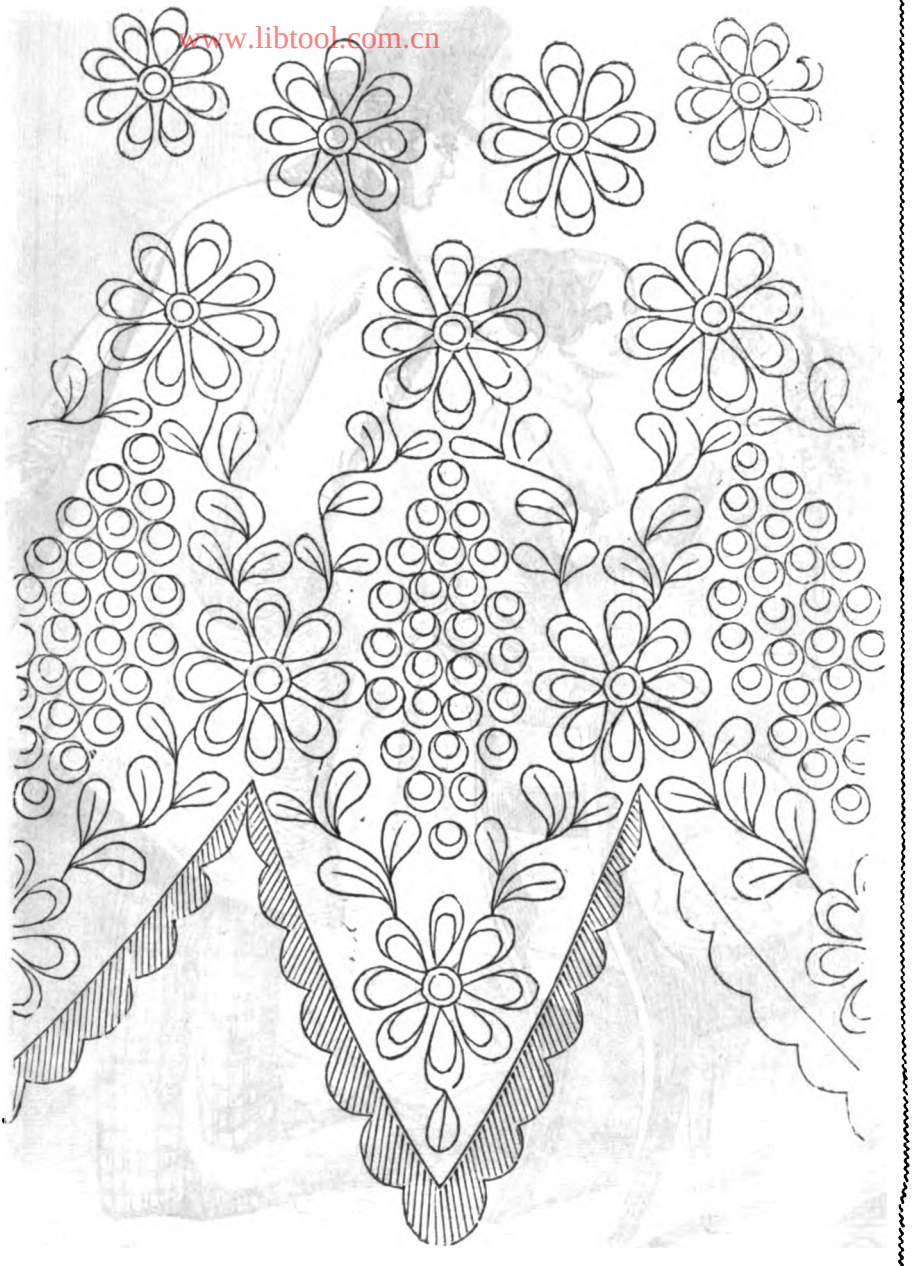


THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Digitized by Google

Embroidery.

www.libtool.com.cn



DESIGN FOR UNDER-SKIRT.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



RUINS OF SELINUNTUM.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



WINTER FASHION FOR 1856.

Digitized by Google



WHITE BEAVER HAT, FOR MISS,

Edged with quilling of white satin ribbon. Bow, with streamers of white ribbon, and an ostrich plume.



BONNET OF CRIMSON VELVET,

With blonde gathered around the crown, and flowing over front and back to the curtain. On each side is a full cluster of pink ostrich feathers.



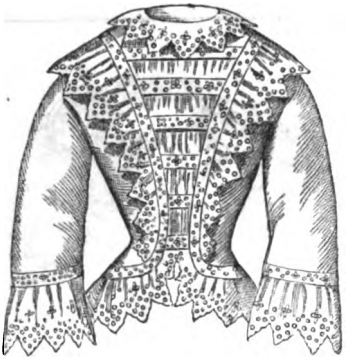
ELEGANT CLOAK OF VELVET AND MOIRE ANTIQUE.

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google



MUSLIN WAIST.
Trimmed with lace and ribbon.



BASQUE IN MUSLIN EMBROIDERY,
For Little Girl.



CAP.



HEAD DRESS.



HALF BERTHA, OF LACE AND RIBBON.

www.libocl.com.cn
Digitized by Google



INSERTION FOR CHILD'S ROBE.



INSERTION



PATTERN FOR CHEMISE BAND.



EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S SACK.

Digitized by Google



MR. AND MRS. ANDREWS' FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Digitized by Google

ARTHUR'S
www.libtool.com.cn
Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1856.

MAGDALENE:

A YOUNG GIRL'S STORY.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

CHAPTER I.

But all day have been around me,
Voices that would not be still,
And the twilight shades have found me
Shrinking from a nameless ill.

ALICE CARY.

If any one seeking Aunt Colburn—so called by half the village of Deerfield—had entered the front gate, and proceeded with due dignity up the straight gravel path, bordered by lilacs, and clumps of old-fashioned flowers—they would have been shown into the best room by Aunt Colburn herself, in her *second best* cap, hastily sought at the first tap of the lion headed knocker.

But the good woman under these circumstances was never seen to advantage. Her manner unconsciously assumed a stiffness in accordance with the formal arrangement of the chairs on three sides of that seldom used apartment, and seeming to be drawn from the pink flowers which adorned the border of the cap in question.

Neither the "artificials," as Miss Greene, the village milliner always styled them, nor the manner, were at all becoming to Aunt Colburn, who was eminently natural when perfectly at her ease; and where homely heartiness had a peculiar charm of its own, apart from all established order of grace or refinement.

A neighbor "running in," to borrow a cup of fresh yeast, or a drawing of tea, almost invariably found the good woman in the kitchen, where she carried on the work of her household in a quiet and orderly manner, not to be comprehended by "hired girls," who always hindered, more than they helped, according to the head of the family.

The kitchen, by no means entirely devoted to culinary purposes, was a succession of pleasant pictures throughout the whole year. In the winter, when a thick carpet of domestic manufacture covered the floor, and the bright stove made all glow again with its cheerful warmth—in the spring, fresh from the annual cleaning, in which Aunt Colburn greatly rejoiced—in the summer, when an outer apartment received the unseasonable cook stove and its appurtenances, and the windows were covered with the vivid green and blue of thickly set morning glory vines, trained by Aunt Colburn herself.

And there she was to be found on the day our story introduces her to you, intent on arranging the table for the mid-day meal.

Aunt Colburn always "dressed for dinner," unfashionable as she may seem to be. The hour of her toilet, however, was widely in advance of her city neighbors. At ten o'clock in the morning, "day in, and day out," as she said herself, she was "ready to put on her clean apron and sit down." Stormy washing days were the exception.

Leaning against the pantry door, she made a survey of the table, as far as it had progressed. Clean linen, bright knives, fresh bread, a huge water pitcher, and tumblers as bright as imported crystal, were already laid in order. Through an opposite door came a most appetizing odor of roast lamb, mingled with the fragrant aroma of green peas; tender lettuce was draining in a cullender as an accompaniment, and divers other vegetables fresh from a garden beyond, were in a forward state of preparation. As for dessert, that was already laid out, a part of the week's baking, a currant pie worth all the nonsense of a French pastry cook.

"It's time those girls were home from school," said Aunt Colburn to herself, as she reviewed her preparations with visible inward satisfaction.

Digitized by Google

"It's just like me. Every day I say I won't set that table, and every day I do it for them. Here they come now, racing like mad. Delia ain't a bit too sensible to run through the street, but it don't look just like Maggie."

"All over my clean floor! without stopping to wipe your feet, after such a spell of weather too," she called out, hastening to interpose her goodly figure as a bar to the threatening calamity. Clear and shining it was, the yellow painted floor, cooler and tidier than any Indian matting.

The breathless girls thus suddenly brought to a stand, showed traces of unusual excitement. Their cape bonnets were in their hands, Delia's comb had fallen out, and her straight, though abundant hair was tangled by the wind; she was a stout, rosy girl of thirteen, a very copy of her mother, in plumpness and good nature. Maggie, looking younger by a year, was more slender, though quite as tall, and a perfect contrast to her sister. No one ever called her pretty—she had outgrown the roundness of childhood, and she had a quick, at times defiant manner, that few understood, by no means generally popular among her school-mates. Yet she was generally in advance of them all, while Delia, who took no more trouble with her lessons than she did from any thing else in life, never earned so much as a ribbon "reward of merit" from her teachers.

Now, as she looked up eagerly to Aunt Colburn, her hair was pushed back from a tear-stained face, whose paleness contrasted with the vivid crimson of her lips, pressed together, but trembling with excitement; and her eyes were dilated to the utmost with eager questioning.

"She's a mean, bad girl; isn't she, mother?" said Delia, indignantly, "and I don't mind her one bit. I told Maggie so; didn't I, Maggie? and I said I'd tell mother of her the minute I got home. There!"

"Maggie a bad girl?" said Mrs. Colburn, wonderingly. "Why, what has she been doing? Missed your lessons, Maggie; well there"—

"Mother!" burst from the child's lips, "*are you my mother?*"

The unnatural strain of nerve and spirit gave way with the words. She writhed from under the kindly hand that had been laid upon her shoulder, and threw herself upon the hard floor, covering her face with her hands, while her whole frame shook with thick convulsive sobs.

"Oh, dear Maggie, don't cry; don't cry so! You know she's our mother—ain't you, mother? tell Maggie so;" and Delia crying more loudly, and gesticulating more vehemently than her sister, knelt down, and tried to remove her hands, clasped tightly over her face.

A great cloud of wonder and trouble had suddenly darkened the mother's face. For a moment she stood irresolute, as scarcely comprehending the meaning of what she heard.

"Can't you speak to her, mother?" said Delia, springing up, and stamping her foot with a vehemence altogether foreign to her. "It was that wicked, bad Eliza Jewett. Maggie got up head of her; and when we came out of school, she called her bad names, and said she wasn't my sister at all, and father wasn't her father; that she was a charity girl, and every sort of mean thing. Why don't you tell Maggie it was all a lie. I did, on the spot! Oh dear, don't—don't cry so, Maggie; you shall have my tea-set—anything you want. Do stop!"

It seemed very strange to Delia that her mother did not say what was so easy to speak, and what would have quieted the child in a moment; but Aunt Colburn only stooped down, and tried to raise her from the floor.

"Are you my *mother?*" and the questioning eyes, dull with weeping, were raised to that truthful, loving face, where she had never looked in vain for comfort before.

"What in the world do you mean, Maggie?" said the good woman, more evasively than she had ever spoken in her life before. "To be sure you're my little girl. Stop crying, as Delia wants you to; there's a good child, and tell me all about it."

"There, I said so," cried out Delia, triumphantly; "and mother couldn't tell a lie, more than George Washington, in the spelling book."

But Maggie's finer comprehension saw the evasion of word and look. No wonder—her whole future life trembled on these words; a dim, undefined apprehension, found vent in that eager entreaty.

"My own, *true* mother!" she said, firmly, checking her sobs with a great effort, "as much as you are Delia's. You *shall* tell me!" and the vehemence of manner came back again.

"Let me hear all about it first," said Aunt Colburn, soothingly, quite forgetful of the lateness of her husband's return from the store, and her nice dinner suffering by the delay.

"No—no—no! you won't say it!" and a grieving sob, more pitiful than an ocean of her sister's tears, struggled through her utterance.

"Mother can't hear, if you cry so," said Delia sharply, divided between her anxiety to explain matters, and her wish to comfort her sister. Besides, excitement was very foreign to her natural disposition; it made her head ache, and she really thought it very foolish in Maggie to persist in fretting over an impossibility. Not that she had ever had a shadow of belief in anything so preposterous as Eliza Jewett's story. "It was real mean in her to say such horrid things;" but it was pretty much as if she had said their father, Deacon Colburn, was a thief, or any other undignified slander, as far as real grievance went.

"Why she didn't know her speller and definer, Eliza didn't, and Maggie went above her in the class, and so Eliza can't be monitress next month. That's what made her mad; and when we were getting our things after school, she knocked down Maggie's bonnet, and stepped on it a purpose, and Maggie said something, and then she got furious, Eliza did, and called her dreadful names. Some of the girls said 'shame!' and Miss Smith came out, and gave

Digitized by Google

us bad marks all around; but it was me that slapped Eliza in the face. I was sorry right off, but I couldn't help it, tormenting Maggie so! Now, that's the whole of it. What's for dinner, mother?"

Delia, having unburthened herself of this penitent confession, suddenly found her appetite. Aunt Colburn seized the opening eagerly; it was the first diversion from her present trouble that presented itself—a very natural one to Delia and her mother

"Dear me—I wouldn't mind her, Maggie—no more than a—than a fly! Her tongue's no slander, nor her mother's before her. Come, jump up, now, and be a good girl, and we'll have dinner right off. Green peas, you know—and you're so fond of green peas—real big marrowfats; I thought of you when I was shelling them. There ain't a minute to lose, either; it's a quarter to one, as true as I'm alive. What in the world keeps your father so?"

But the cheerful voice faltered a little on the word, and she turned back again, as she was following Delia to the outer kitchen.

"I guess you hadn't better tell your father anything about it, just now, at any rate. It might worry him, you know. Jump up, and get a basin of cold water, and wash your face before he comes in. Come, now!"

The violence of the child's emotion had exhausted itself; but, though she obeyed the well-meant kindness, and bathed her swollen eyes and throbbing temples, she could not regain composure. While Delia, by this time almost forgetting her school quarrel—the only light in which she regarded what had happened—followed her mother about, lifting up lids, and peeping into the Dutch oven, with a hungry zeal which received occasional checks.

Dinner was on the table. Aunt Colburn, after sending Delia to the gate to see if her father was coming, and taking two journeys herself to the front hall window, looking up the street and down the street, was secretly glad that it was so near school time, that no further delay was advisable. Her husband would be sure to notice Maggie's face, and an explanation before the children was by no means desirable.

Maggie, by the vine-covered window, leaned her head against the sash, while now and then a long, quivering sigh told of the storm that had shaken her.

"Here's a nice little outside piece," said Aunt Colburn, temptingly. "Just as you like it, and new potatoes."

"Only think! New potatoes and elegant gravy!" called out Delia, doing rapid execution on a heaping plateful. "And pie—mother, a real big piece, you know—I'm as starved as a cat."

Aunt Colburn's cat was no example to Delia's comparison, as she sprang up on the window-sill just then, with a softened tread and gentle pur, as if she desired to help in comforting the household favorite.

"Maggie, still silent, stroked her soft fur, and looked steadily out on the garden, though she saw nothing of its summer glories through the tears that were returning as "clouds after the rain."

Aunt Colburn laid down her knife, and rose from the table. She could not eat with that sorrowful face and figure before her.

"I can't bear to see you do so—you'll fret yourself sick, Maggie. Poor pussy—poor pussy! tell Maggie to come and eat her dinner, pussy!"

"Don't—please don't—I couldn't eat, it would choke me!" said the child, breaking away again from the hand which had never been held out but in kindness, to any living creature, and darting from the room. It was assurance and not soothing that she wanted. The restless, perturbed manner, the very tone of her mother, heightened the feverish apprehension, beyond even a show of restraint.

"There—never mind, don't follow her," Aunt Colburn said, slowly, as she returned to the table. "I guess she'd better cry it out, and you can tell Miss Smith that her head aches too much to come this afternoon."

"I 'spose it does, poor thing. What in the world put it into that 'Liza Jewett's head, to start up such a story now!" she thought to herself.

CHAPTER II.

"Be frank with me, and I accept my lot.
But deal not with me as a grieving child,
Who, for the loss of that which he hath not,
Is by a show of kindness still beguiled."

"I thought I should have sunk through the floor!" said Aunt Colburn to her husband that same evening. He had not been home before, and this was her first opportunity for a consultation. "'*Are* you my mother?' says she!—There—just so. You might have knocked me down with a feather."

"I suppose it had to come out sooner or later," said Mr. Colburn, walking up and down uncomfortably.

"I s'pose so; but somehow, I never thought about it. It's been going on so long, now, and I had got to feel towards her exactly as if she was my own. Tenderer, somehow. I told her she was mine; to be sure, I do feel so. But that wouldn't satisfy her. She knows too much, that child does. I always said so. Delia, now, took it all for granted; but you could see that *she* didn't. I never saw a body cry so. Why, she shook all over, just like a leaf."

"What could have possessed that girl?" said Mr. Colburn, inclined to vent his perturbed feelings on some one.

"So I said! It's just like her, though—they're all alike—bad stock—those Jewetts.—She'd a great deal better look at home; though it isn't likely *she* knows anything about it, either." And Mrs. Colburn softened a little.—"But it called *Miss* Russel, our minister's wife, right up before me. 'Aunt Colburn,' says she—I can see her sitting right there now—'Aunt Colburn,' says she, 'it's a *great* responsibility, adopting a child; a great responsibility.' 'I feel it so,' says I, 'and I intend to do by her as if she was mine.'"

"'Oh, it ain't that,' said Miss Russel, with one of her sharp looks, 'I never'd be afraid to

Digitized by Google

trust a child of mine to you, as far as food and clothes go, and education, too, for that matter.' That's just what set me up, that those two girls should go to school just as long as ever they wanted to. And they shall—both of 'em," she added, with determination.

"That wouldn't be long for Delia, anyhow," said Delia's father, with as full an appreciation of the quality of his daughter's intellect, as he had for his teas and sugars.

"Well—who said it would be?" retorted his wife, with as much of sharpness as *her* voice could possibly admit. "But Miss Russel, as I was telling you—says she, 'the time must come when she's got to know all about it, and it will go hard with her, you may depend upon it.—she's very sensitive,'—yes, sensitive was what she said,—'and high-spirited, and it's my opinion she won't always be contented to travel your path.'"

"'*Then the Lord will guide her feet into another*,' says Mr. Russel, coming in after his wife just then, from church meeting. I always remembered it, it made such an impression upon me. If ever there was a saint walked the earth, it was that man! It always did me good just to look at him."

"So he *was*—so it *did*," said Mr. Colburn, with hearty assent.

"I often think, when my mind gets running back to the time," said Aunt Colburn, giving a hearty pat to the clean shirt she had just sprinkled and rolled up to be ready for ironing,—"Mr. Russel could lay claim to all those 'blessed are they's,' in the 'Sermon on the Mount.'"

"Except being persecuted for righteousness' sake," suggested her husband.

"Well, if he wasn't, he *ought to have been*," said Aunt Colburn, much interested in carrying her point. "And Deacon Wilcox came about as near to bringing it on him, as one man could do. I never could forgive him, and I never will. I was always glad he took himself out of the Church as soon as he had managed to get Mr. Russel sent off. Not that I've got any ill will towards anybody. 'Tain't my way."

It certainly was not Aunt Colburn's way; there were witnesses enough to prove it in the village of Deerfield, where she had been born and bred.

"But what in the world am I going to do?" she added, after a momentary pause. "She isn't going to be satisfied with nothing but the whole truth."

"Tell it to her then," said the straight-forward Deacon; who never had known but one way of doing things in this life.

"It's very easy to *say*, Joshua, but"——and the pause now was filled with a yearning fear of losing the mother's place she had always held in the heart of the child to whom she had given a mother's care; of giving utterance to the separation which she felt had already commenced, of saddening that young life with nameless forboding, and calling up haunting memories of another home.

"I wonder if she remembers her own mother," said Mr. Colburn, suddenly.

"'Tisn't at all likely; she was only seventeen months, you know, when we took her, and she was never at her grandfather's but once, the fall before her mother died. Let's see, she was four years old that October."

"Then she never has talked about any of them."

"Well, once," said Mrs. Colburn. "Once when she was playing with her doll, one Saturday afternoon. She put it right down, and came to me, and says she—'Mother, did you ever feel as if you wasn't yourself, but somebody else; as if you had ever lived before?' It was such a curious question, but you know how you do feel sometimes, as if you had lived through something that's just taking place; I have, anyway, so I told her yes, and she seemed quite satisfied, though it worried me at the time. She never'll see anything of her father, I don't believe."

"I'm sure her mother's folks don't do any better by her. She's their own flesh and blood, though they do seem to forget it."

"I never wanted 'em to remember it, for *my* part," returned Mrs. Colburn, warmly. "When I took that child, I took her for good and all, and no thanks to any of them. If the poor girl did wrong, dear knows, she suffered enough for it, and she's got to Heaven before any of them. I always understood her calling that child Magdalene, though people did think it was such an outlandish name; if ever there was a true penitent, she was one; and I never doubted her being married to him for an instant, just as she said. It was *her* folks that threw the first stone, and I only hope it won't be turned into a mill-stone for their necks, one of these days. She must take after her father, though; the Howes were always plain farm people, good enough in their way. Lucy was the likeliest of them, though, and I always thought it was what turned those two old maids against her."

"I don't know as we are particularly called to pass judgment on any of them," said Mr. Colburn, mildly; "I hope Maggie isn't going to fret over it, though. If she asks you again, you'd better tell her all you know, *I* think. She's gone to bed now, I suppose."

"Likely she has, she didn't eat a thing, though, at dinner, nor come down to tea. I went up softly, and opened the door; there she lay, with her apron over her head, but I don't believe she was asleep. She didn't stir, and I didn't say anything."

She was not asleep even yet, late as the hour was for this quiet and orderly household. Delia, who shared the little chamber, had long since kissed her good night, and turning on her pillow, slept with flushed face and parted lips, stirred by deep and regular breathing. Magdalene, just awakened to the deep significance of her name, had stolen noiselessly from her side, and sat down by the open window in her night-dress. There was a clear moonlight flooding the room, the little chamber, where the outline of every homely article of furniture was so familiar; and yet, as she sat there, her arms clasped about her knees, and her hair falling

Digitized by Google

over her shoulders, rocking to and fro in unquiet thought, a dim picture was before her, mocking recollection by its shadowy, fleeting outlines, yet ever returning, and thrusting its phantoms before her.

It was a bright, autumn morning drive, with Delia and her father and mother. She could recall that distinctly; they were going to pay a visit all by themselves, of a whole week, while their father and mother took a little journey among some distant relatives.

She lived over again the excitement of setting out, and how Delia had told her when they had since talked it over among themselves, that father drove them in the wide chaise, they sitting on "crickets" in front, and how he jerked the reins over their heads, until their clean, blue gingham bonnets were all soiled before mother noticed it; this fact seemed to have made the greatest impression on Delia, ever alive to appearances. Delia said, moreover, for she being older, remembered better, that it was an old farm house they went to, with plenty of chesnut trees, and great heaps of winter apples on the floor of the spare room in which they were put to sleep.

Delia could be trusted here, too; the apples had been imprinted on her mind by a grievous disappointment she had suffered through them. Congratulating herself on an unlimited supply, she had been defeated in the outset of her inroads, by finding that her teeth could not make the least impression on them. There Delia's recollections ceased, except that there were two cross old women, who scolded them a great deal, and a nice, sick lady, who told them stories. That there was a cross, old man, who came home before he was expected, and wanted to know "what those children were doing here." She seemed to think he must be the father of the old ladies that scolded them.

Thinking over all these things, memories of her own gradually were woven with Delia's narrative. The sick lady was so very, very good to her, and looked so thin and pale, though she went about the house, and one night—it came to her with a sudden flash of recollection—she came and took her out of bed when Delia was asleep, and rocked her a long, long time, holding her close to her bosom, and kissing her forehead, and cheeks, and lips, over and over again, and made the child call her "mother," but said she must not say it before any one; and that she was frightened by it all, but did as she was told to, and then the lady held her closer still, and kissed her again and again; until her face and arms were all wet with tears. It was like a dream, perhaps she had dreamed it; how could it be so?—was not Delia her own sister, and Delia's father her father?

She looked quickly around the room, willing to convince herself that it was only a dream; but no—Delia, sleeping in the moonlight, was like her mother; she was not; no one had ever called her so; she had often heard the difference remarked upon in their ways, more than their appearance. Poor child! she put her hand to her forehead, dizzy with trying to bring some order out of this chaos of doubt and conjecture.

Just then the door opened a little way, and Mrs. Colburn's kind face looked in. She had come, anxious about her charge, in hopes to find she had forgotten her troubles for a while in sleep.

Magdalene's heart stood still with a sudden resolve, as she sprang up, and crossing the floor swiftly, and almost as silently as if she had been the spirit she looked like, with her pale face, and white night dress, gleaming in the silvery light.

The "Up yet, Maggie?" died from Mrs. Colburn's lips.

"I am glad you came," she said, with the quick, imperious way so peculiar to her. "Tell me now, did I ever see my own mother since I was a baby?"

Mrs. Colburn, left to herself, would not have known how to begin her story. This sudden assumption, startling as it was, she felt to be a relief.

"Stop—I will come out in the hall—I want to see you all alone;" and, before she could remonstrate, the child had led her to the great easy chair by the window, and stood beside it, her feet bare and white on the painted floor, her face upraised, with a strange expression of mingled grief and expectation.

"Tell me about her; did I ever see her?" she asked again.

"Once, Maggie—a long time ago; don't look at me so, Maggie; that is like her look, when she left you in my arms, and went away, turning back, with her eyes never taken from your face."

"*Why* did she leave me with you; did she love me?" and the child's lips quivered with the fancied wrong.

"Love you! it was like tearing soul and body apart, poor thing. Maggie, shall I tell you all about it, as if you were a woman," said Aunt Colburn, suddenly. She had thus far been led on by the strong will of the child.

"All about it; I shall have to know some day; tell me now," pleaded Magdalene, more gently.

"And will you love me, and Delia and your father, just as much as ever?" The voice faltered with the dread, which her earnest, loving heart could scarcely bear to name.

"Haven't you been so much like my mother, that I never thought of any other?"

With a sudden impulse, Magdalene leaned forward, and threw her arms around the neck to which she had clung in helpless, friendless infancy. Aunt Colburn's heart was comforted, as she lifted the child up in her arms.

"It's not much to tell, dear," she said, in her direct and homely way. "Only your grandfather would not take your mother home to die, if she brought you; and she was worn out with trouble, and working day and night to take care of you both, and I heard about it. So I took you home, though I had never seen your mother before, to bring up with my Delia;

Digitized by Google

and you never saw her but once after that, when she was going to die, and your grandfather was away from home. You and Delia staid there a week; your aunt thought it would be the best way to keep people from talking."

"Was my father a bad man?"

"I'm afraid he was, Maggie; he never sent to know about you or her either."

"And my mother *is dead!*" said Magdalene, slowly, as if striving fully to comprehend her lonely lot.

"Your mother has gone to heaven, Maggie."

"My mother *was* good; I felt she was good; why did my father leave us?"

"You could not understand it now. He was rich and proud, and she was a poor girl, his mother's seamstress."

"No; I do not understand!" Simple-hearted child, prematurely wise as she had grown, she could not grasp at the distinctions of society, though she had suffered a grievous wrong through them. She lay quite still for a time, trying to comprehend other points of this strange revelation.

Presently, Mrs. Colburn felt the clasp of the child's arms tighten about her neck. Magdalene had never been lavish of caresses, even to her play-fellows, or her dumb pets and followers.

"You have been very good to me," she said, "all of you — and God will bless you, for it says so in the Bible. I would rather not hear any more; it makes my heart ache. One of these days, I am going to do a great deal for you, if I can, and you will always let me call you mother."

It was all the good woman's heart yearned to hear. She watched the child go softly back to her room, and kneel by the bed she had deserted, with a feeling of inexpressible relief that it was now all over, and her claim was still recognized.

There was henceforth a new but silent bond between the two; for, with a resolution strange in one so young, Magdalene "hid all these things, and pondered upon them in her heart."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RUINS OF SELINUNTUM, NOW CALLED SELINUNTE.

On the southern coast of Sicily, about ten miles to the east of Cape Granitola, and between the little rivers Maduini and Bilici (the Crimisus and Hypsa of ancient times,) a stupendous mass of ruins presents itself in the midst of a solitary and desolate country. These are the sad remains of the once splendid city of Selinus, or Selinuntum, which was founded by a Greek colony from Megara, more than 2400 years ago. When seen at a distance from the sea, they still look like a mighty city; but, on a near approach, nothing is seen but a confused heap of fallen edifices — a mixture of broken shafts, capitals, entablatures, and metopæ, with a few truncated columns erect among them. On landing at a sandy flat, which has gradually encroached upon and filled up the ancient haven or port, the traveller presently reaches a spot, called by the Sicilians "La Marinella," where are the stupendous ruins represented in our engraving. They seem to consist chiefly of the remains of three temples of the Doric order. One of these temples was naturally devoted by a maritime and trading people to Neptune; a second was dedicated for similar reasons to Castor and Pollux, the friends of navigation and the scourge of pirates; the destination of the third temple is uncertain. A curious popular corruption of a classical name has given a very familiar, if not laughable, designation to the place. The god Pollux is called in Italian *Polluce;* and by an application of his name, derived from the temple, the district was called "*Terra di Polluce,*" the Land of Pollux. Out of this the Sicilians have made "*Terra di Pulci;*" literally, "The Land of Fleas" — a designation the place always goes by, and which (not to speak profanely) the neighborhood, in common with nearly all Sicily, is well entitled to. The size of the columns and the masses of stone that lie heaped about them is prodigious. The lower circumference of the columns is thirty-one and a-half feet; many of the stone blocks measure twenty-five feet in length, eight in height, and six in thickness. Twelve of the columns have fallen with singular regularity, the disjointed shaft pieces of each lying in a straight line with the base from which they fell, and having their several capitals at the other end of the line. If architects and antiquaries have not been mistaken in their difficult task of measuring among heaps of ruins, that in good part cover and conceal the exterior lines, the largest of the three temples was 334 feet long and 154 feet wide. These are prodigious and unusual dimensions for ancient edifices of the kind. That wonder of the old world, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, itself did not very much exceed these admeasurements. The great Selinuntian temple seems to have had porticoes of four columns in depth and eight in width, with a double row of sixteen columns on the lateral sides of the cella. It is somewhat singular, from having had all the columns of the first row on the east front fluted, while all the rest of the columns were quite plain. One of these fluted columns is erect and tolerably entire, with the exception of its capital. The fluting, moreover, is not in the Doric style; for each flute is separated by a fillet. The material of which this and the other edifices were formed is a species of fine-grained petrifaction, hard, and very sonorous on being struck with the hammer. It was hewn out of quarries near at hand, at a place called Campo Bello, where

Digitized by Google

many masses, only partially separated from the rock, and looking as if the excavation had been suddenly interrupted, are still seen.

A flight of ancient steps in tolerable preservation leads from the Marinella to the Acropolis, where the covert ways, gates, and walls, built of large squared stones, may still be traced all round the hill. A little to the west of the Acropolis is the small pestiferous lake Yhalici, partly choked up with sand. In ancient times this was called *Stagnum Gonusa;* and it is said the great philosopher, Empedocles, purified it, and made the air around it wholesome, by clearing a mouth towards the sea, and conveying a good stream of water through it. The Fountain of Diana, at a short distance, which supplied this stream, still pours forth a copious volume of excellent water; but it is allowed to run and stagnate over the plain, and now adds to the *malaria* created by the stagnant lake. The surrounding country is wholly uncultivated, and, where not a morass, is covered with underwood, dwarf palms, and myrtle-bushes of a prodigious growth. For six months in the year, Selinunte is a most unhealthy place; and though the stranger may visit it by day-time, without much danger of catching the infection, it seems scarcely possible to sleep there in summer, and escape the malaria fever in one of its worst forms. Of four English artists who tried the experiment in 1822, not one escaped; and Mr. Harris, a young architect of great promise, died in Sicily from the consequences. These gentlemen made a discovery of some importance. They dug up near one of the temples some sculptured metopæ, with figures in relievo, of a singular primitive style, which seems to have more affinity with the Egyptian or the Etruscan, than with the Greek style of a later age. There are probably few Greek fragments of so ancient a date in so perfect a state of preservation. The government claimed these treasures, and caused them to be transported to Palermo; but Mr. Samuel Angel, an architect, and one of the party, took casts from them, which may now be seen in the Elgin Marble Gallery of the British Museum.

Selinuntum was taken during the Carthaginian wars in Sicily, and partly destroyed by the great Hannibal; but the city was restored, and was an important place long after that time. From the manner in which the columns and other fragments of the three stupendous temples lie, it is quite evident that they must have been thrown down by an earthquake; but the date of that calamity is not known.

The neighboring country is interesting, as having been the scene of many of the memorable events recorded by the ancient historians. A few miles to the west of the ruins, on the banks of a little river, that now, unless when swelled by the winter torrents, creeps gently into the sea, was fought, amidst thunder, lightning, and rain, one of the most celebrated battles of ancient times, in which the "immortal Timoleon," the liberator of Corinth, and the savior of Syracuse, gained a glorious victory over the Carthaginian invaders. The events are preserved in popular traditions; and the names of Mago, Hamilcar, Hannibal, Agathocles, Dionysius, and Timoleon, are common in the mouths of the country people, though not unfrequently confused with one another, and subjected to the same laughable mutilation as the name of Pollux at Selinunte.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee;—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One 'midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress,
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!

MRS. HEMANS.

VIRTUE.

The sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pierced at length
With little drops of drizzling rain;
The ox doth yield unto the yoke;
The steel obeyeth the hammer stroke.

Yea, man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit, and worthy skill,
Doth fail at length, and fall away.
There is no thing but time doth waste;
The heavens, the earth, consume at last

But Virtue sits, triumphing still,
Upon the throne of glorious Fame;
Though spiteful Death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name
By life or death, whatso betides,
The state of Virtue never slides.

Digitized by Google

LADY SALE.

www.libtool.com.cn



LADY SALE.

Lady Sale was the chief personage in one of England's aggressive wars in India. She was a heroine worthy of a better cause. The English were desirous to *annex* Affghanistan to their Oriental possessions. So, proceeding on their old maxim, "Divide and conquer," they took up the cause of Shah Shujah Oolmulk, a dethroned sovereign of Cabul, marched an army into the country, dethroned the reigning sovereign, Dost Mahommed, put Shah Shujah in his place; and then had the consummate folly to suppose that a spirited and patriotic nation would quietly submit to this treatment. Contrary to Lady Sale's judicious advice, the usurper was left without British troops, in the only strong place in Cabul; and the chief part of the invading force marched off, leaving the remainder with Lady Sale, at the mercy of the Affghans. The result was, their almost entire destruction. In the narrative which follows, the reader will learn how Lady Sale conducted, in circumstances of extreme difficulty and peril.

Lady Florentia Sale, *née* Wynch, was the wife of Lord Robert Sale, whom she married May 16th, 1809. She accompanied him to India, where she, herself, educated five daughters. Her position as an officer's wife, her known good sense, fortitude, presence of mind, and experience in military affairs, all combined to make her the object of honor and respectful consideration among the officers with whom she was brought in contact. In the year 1839, when the war in Affghanistan broke out, Lady Sale was with her husband at Cabul; he left her with a force of men, in order to quell the opposition the British troops were meeting in the provinces, and was dangerously wounded. It was impossible for Lady Sale then to join him, and she remained at Cabul, where, on the morning of November 2d, a general outbreak took place among the natives. Captain Sturt, Lady Sale's son-in-law, was stabbed in three places. He was brought to her house, where he and his wife had been guests, and tenderly nursed and cared for by both mother and daughter. Lady Sale, in this time of difficulty—for the whole province was in a state of rebellion—showed so much judgment and presence of mind, that Lord Wellington said, had Lady Sale been commander, the disasters which occurred would never have happened.

We do not wish, in this sketch of the life of Lady Sale, to enter into the particulars of the war; only referring to it, as the incidents in her life make it necessary.

Famine now began to add its miseries to the already great sufferings of the British forces at Cabul. Through all the terrible hardships of this time, Lady Sale remained calm and self-possessed, enduring privations cheerfully, keeping those around her hopeful by her calm, cheering words, writing with regularity in her journal, rejoicing that her husband, safe at Jellalabad, was there supporting the honor of the British name, and not sharing the disgrace hanging over the heads of the authorities at Cabul. She was obliged to resort to bribes and stratagems, to correspond with Lord Robert; but her letters were so interesting, and gave so exact an account of the state of affairs, that extracts were sent to the government and commander-in-chief, and afterwards published in the newspapers.

Offers were now made to the government at Cabul and Jellalabad, to march unmolested to the provinces, if they would consent to leave a considerable amount of treasure and ammunition in the hands of the enemy. The powers at Jellalabad indignantly rejected these offers, but the starving people at Cabul were obliged to accept them. They felt but little confidence in the promises of the chief; and indeed many

Digitized by Google

anonymous warnings were sent to them by the friendly natives, hinting at intended treachery. Lady Sale and Mrs. Sturt were especially recommended to disguise themselves, by wearing sheep-skin pelisses over their turbans and habits, and to ride among the troopers.

It would make our sketch too long, to give a particular account of this disastrous retreat; every suffering, from cold, hunger, and the frequent skirmishes with the natives, was endured.

Captain Sturt lost his life in endeavoring to defend his friend, Major Thaire, from an attack of the Affghans. He died, after several hours of mortal agony, and was the only one of the many dead to whom Christian burial was given. Lady Sale suffered, at the same time, from a ball she received in her wrist.

Lady Sale and Mrs. Sturt were now left in the power of Akbar Khan, who promised that the ladies and married officers should receive from him honorable treatment, and a safe conduct to Peskawur. Accordingly, Lieutenant Mein, who was recovering from a severe wound, the ladies, and the married officers, escorted by some Affghan chiefs, went to a fort, the headquarters of Akbar Khan, and gave themselves up to his protection.

Three rooms were here given to them, "dark, dirty, and having no outlet, except the door." They were so crowded, that, in a room fourteen feet by ten, they were obliged to place Lady Sale, Mrs. Sturt, four other ladies, two gentlemen, and ten children. They had only the clothes upon their backs, and some days elapsed before they could even wash their faces. The meanest food was eaten with avidity. Still, amid all this loss, Lady Sale preserved her journal fastened to her waist, and nightly made her entries in it.

The sufferings of those they left to pursue their way were still more intolerable; and after unheard of sufferings, they were all massacred, except Dr. Brydon, who, severely wounded, arrived at Jellalabad to tell the fate of his comrades.

Although Akbar Khan persisted in terming those in his hands guests, they were in reality prisoners, and treated as such. He was not intentionally cruel to them, but allowed them no comforts. A short quotation from Lady Sale's letter, written months after, will serve to show this:

"It is true we have not common comforts; but what we denominate as such, are unknown to Affghan females; they always sleep on the floor, sit on the floor, etc., hardships to us.—It is true we have been taken about the country, exposed to heat, cold, rain, etc.; but so were their own women. It was, and is, very disagreeable; but still we are, *de facto*, prisoners, notwithstanding Akbar Khan persists in calling us honored guests; and, as captives, I say we are well treated. He has given us common coarse chintz, and coarse long-cloth, too, wherewith to clothe ourselves, (I must not say dress,) and making up these articles has given us occupation, increased by having to work with raw cotton, which we have to twist into thread for ourselves. We suffer more from uncleanliness than anything else."

Months passed wearily; though, after a time, Lady Sale was allowed to correspond with her husband, and receive some of the necessary clothing from him.

In April, General Elphinstone died. In July, Lady Sturt's little girl was born, and the earthquakes became so frequent that they were jotted down in Lady Sale's journal thus: "Earthquakes, as usual;" or, "Turned out of bed by a smart shock of an earthquake. Three continuous ones at breakfast."

Sir Robert Sale, meanwhile, held out bravely at Jellalabad. In April he received reinforcements from General Pollock. The position of the ladies and officers embarrassed the English greatly, as their lives were in danger if they chastised the Affghans for their treachery. In this trying time, Lady Sale fully supported her character as a soldier's brave wife. Cheering those around, even when thrown upon a sick bed by her own sufferings, she wrote thus:—"Now is the time to strike the blow; but I much dread dilly-dallying just because a handful of us are in Akbar's power. What are *our* lives compared with the honor of our country? Not that I am at all inclined to have my throat cut; on the contrary, I hope that I shall live to see the British flag once more triumphant in Affghanistan; and then I have no objection to the Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan being reinstated; only let us first show them that we can conquer them, and humble their treacherous chiefs in the dust."

But relief was coming to the prisoners. They were left in charge of Salek Mahommet, who was bought over by the English, and undertook to return the captives, in consideration of the sum of twenty thousand rupees. Being anxious for Akbar to think he had been *forced* to give up his charge, he wished an advance guard of Europeans to be formed, to escort the prisoners to their friends.

There was much hesitation when this was proposed, as the Europeans dreaded the consequences, should they be recaptured, bearing arms, apparently, against their former jailors. But Lady Sale exclaimed, "You had better give me a musket; I will lead the party."

After several narrow escapes from recapture, the party met Lord Robert, and the forces sent to meet them.

When, the war over, Lady Sale returned to England, she was astonished that people considered her a heroine. Her courage she called prudence; and, though her letters were the most valuable records of passing events, and her advice sought on momentous occasions, her ambition, she said, was "to knit socks for her grand-children," rather than interfere in public affairs.

Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, thus speaks of her: "But I never should excuse myself, if, in mentioning the name of Sir Robert Sale, I did not record my admiration of the character of a woman who has shed lustre on her sex—Lady Sale, his wife. The names of

Digitized by Google

Sir Robert and Lady Sale will be familiar words with the people of this country. I hold in my hand a memorandum of events which occurred in the nighborhood of Cabul, from the 7th of November, written by Lady Sale; and a document more truly indicative of a high, a generous, a gallant spirit, I never read."

The Government settled a pension of £500 per annum upon her, and in 1844 she was elected a member of the United Service Institution.

After a short visit in England, Lady Sale returned with her husband to India. After the death of her husband, (December 18th, 1845,) she resided six or seven years there, when, her health failing, she went to Cape Town, where she expired July 6th, 1853.

EXTRACTS FROM THATCHER'S MILITARY JOURNAL.

"*February*, 1799.—Having continued to live under canvas tents most of the winter, we have suffered extremely from cold and storms. Our soldiers have been employed six or eight weeks in constructing log huts, which at length are completed; and both officers and soldiers are now under comfortable covering for the remainder of the winter. Log houses are constructed with the trunks of trees, cut into various lengths according to the size intended, and are firmly connected by notches out at their extremities, in the manner of dove-tailing. The vacancies between the logs are filled in with plastering, consisting of mud and clay. The roof is formed of similar pieces of timber, and covered with hewn slabs. The chimney, situated at one end of the house, is made of similar, but smaller timbers, and both the inner and the outer side are covered with clay plaster, to defend the wood against the fire. The door and windows are formed by sawing away a part of the logs of a proper size, and move on wooden hinges. In this manner have our soldiers, without nails, and almost without tools, except the axe and saw, provided for their officers and for themselves, comfortable and convenient quarters, with little or no expense to the public. The huts are arranged in straight lines, forming a regular, uniform, compact village. The officers' huts are situated in front of the line, according to their rank, the kitchens in the rear, and the whole is similar in form to a tent encampment. The ground, for a considerable distance in front of the soldiers' line of huts, is cleared of wood, stumps, and rubbish, and is every morning swept clean, for the purpose of a parade ground and roll call of the respective regiments. The officers' huts are in general divided into two apartments, and are occupied by three or four officers, who compose one mess. Those for the soldiers have but one room, and contain ten or twelve men, with their cabins placed one above another against the walls, and filled with straw, and one blanket for each man. I now occupy a hut with our field officers, Colonel Gibson, Lieutenant-Colonel Brent, and Major Meriweather."

"*4th*.—The anniversary of our alliance with France was celebrated in proper style a few days since, near head-quarters, at Pluckemin. A splendid entertainment was given by General Knox, and the officers of artillery. General Washington and his lady, with the principal officers of the army and their ladies, and a considerable number of respectable ladies and gentlemen of the State of New Jersey, formed the brilliant assembly. About 4 o'clock, sixteen cannon were discharged, and a company collected in a large public building to partake of an elegant dinner. In the evening, a very beautiful set of fire-works was exhibited, and the celebration was concluded by a splendid ball, opened by his Excellency, General Washington, having for his partner, the lady of General Knox."

"*26th*.—His Excellency, the Commander-in Chief, has long been in the habit of inviting a certain number of officers to dine at his table every day. It is not to be supposed that his Excellency can be made acquainted with every officer by name, but the invitations are given through the medium of general orders, in which is mentioned the brigade from which the officer is expected. Yesterday I accompanied Major Cavil to head-quarters, and had the honor of being numbered among the guests at the table of his Excellency, with his lady, two young ladies from Virginia, the gentlemen who composed his family, and several other officers.

"It is natural to view, with keen attention, the countenance of an illustrious man, with a secret hope of discovering in his features some peculiar traces of excellence, which distinguishes him from, and elevates him above his fellow mortals. These expectations are realized in a peculiar manner in viewing the person of General Washington. His tall and noble stature, and just proportions; his fine, cheerful, open countenance; simple and modest deportment, are all calculated to interest every beholder in his favor, and to command veneration and respect. He is feared even when silent, and beloved even while we are unconscious of the motive. The table was elegantly furnished, and the provisions ample, but not abounding in superfluities. The civilities of the table were performed by Colonel Hamilton, and the other gentlemen of the family; the General and lady being seated at the side of the table. In conversation, his Excellency's expressive countenance is peculiarly pleasing and interesting; a placid smile is frequently observed on his lips, but a loud laugh, it is said, seldom, if ever escapes him. He is polite and attentive to each individual at table, and retires after the compliments of a few glasses. Mrs. Washington combines, in an uncommon degree, great dignity of manner with the most pleasing affability,

Digitized by Google

but possesses no striking marks of beauty. I learn from the Virginia officers, that Mrs. Washington has ever been honored as a lady of distinguished goodness, possessing all the virtues which adorn her sex; amiable in her temper and deportment; full of benignity, benevolence, and charity; seeking for objects of affliction and poverty, that she may extend to the sufferers the hand of kindness and relief. These surely are the attributes which reveal a heart replete with those virtues which are so appropriate and estimable in the female character."

"*April 20th.*—Five soldiers were conducted to the gallows according to their sentence, for the crime of desertion, and robbing the inhabitants. A detachment of troops, and a concourse of people formed a circle around the gallows, and the criminals were brought in a cart, sitting on their coffins, and halters about their necks. While in this awful situation, trembling on the verge of eternity, three of them received a pardon from the Commander-in-Chief, who is always tenderly disposed to spare the lives of his soldiers." P. G.

CHRISTMAS EVE AND CHRISTMAS MATINS.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

A little cottage stood in a dark pine wood. It was a wild December evening, and the snow fell in large flakes on the low roof, and on the forest around. Light, however, shone from its little window, and lighted up the pine trees which stretched forth their snow-laden branches towards the casement, and lit up the dismal wood outside, where the wolf sat and cried, hu, hu, hu!

The fire blazed merrily within the little, one-roomed cottage, and merrily curled the blue smoke as it rose from the chimney, and fire sparks danced about with the snow flakes which giddily tumbled down the chimney into the pan of meal porridge which stood and muttered over the fire, and thus they first tasted of the Christmas entertainment. For it was Christmas porridge which now stood and boiled on the hearth; and this was no other than Christmas eve, and at this very time, food was preparing for the whole of the holidays. It was not food for the rich man's table, of that you may be sure; it was only for a peasant woman, and she a widow, who, with her children, lived here. Nevertheless, she was about to celebrate Christmas in the best way she could, and that was not to be despised, either. She had bought for herself three pounds of meat, and this was now boiling famously with parsley and celery, and promising to make the most savory soup, together with some delicious cabbage for Christmas day. A piece of stock fish also was lying in its pan, and was all in an agitation, as if from delight of its own excellence.

On the table in the cottage there already stood the Christmas cake, and the Christmas goblin,* that wonderful beast which seems to say, "if you come here I will gore you with my long, long horn!"

And thus would the Christmas goblin stand through the whole of the Christmas holidays, and make a great show among the Christmas meats, and then when this festival time was over, it would be laid, together with the Christmas cake, in a chest where it would repose until spring came, and the ploughing began, and then they would take it and chop it to pieces, because the Christmas goblin is a hard piece of clay, and give it to the beasts of burden, to the oxen and horses, which have to work in the fields, and which, it was believed, would derive from this Christmas cake and goblin, such strength, and such an inclination for labor, as nobody can believe. Hence there would be abundant crops in the barns, a deal of grist for the mill, and plenty of bread in the cupboard; and all this would be caused by the Christmas goblin—that wonderful beast!

Two children, a girl and a boy, jumped about the room, and could hardly contain their joy on account of Christmas eve, and the Christmas goblin, and the Christmas meats which were cooking on the hearth, which filled the whole room with their delicious odor, and on account of the Christmas matins, at which they were to be present with their mother. Brother Peter was to drive them in the sledge with Polle; the children had never yet been out to Christmas matins, and could not imagine what they were like, but they had heard that they were something very grand and beautiful, and they were quite sure that they were so, and moreover, that they were prodigiously amusing.

Peter, however, stood cutting firewood for baking, and thought to himself that they were not at all amusing. The mother stood just by the hearth, and busy. Why did she stand so close to the hearth, and turn her face from the happy children? The flames on the hearth saw why: they saw that her countenance was not happy, and that there were tears upon her cheeks. Why did she turn her face away from the children? Because she would not cast a shade on their happiness. She could not help it, however; she could not help thinking of her husband, who died two months before, and how happy she was last Christmas,

* The Christmas *buse*, which, for lack of a better word, I translate *goblin*, does not represent an evil spirit, but is merely the rude figure of some domestic animal, covered with plaited or twisted straw.—M. H.

Digitized by Google

when he was alive, and how kind he was, and how he comforted her in his last moments, and said, that if it were necessary that either husband or wife must be removed by death, how much better it was that it should be the husband, because the wife could look after the children so much better than he could.

The wife, however, now felt her lot to be a very heavy one, and had many an anxiety for the future, and most of all on account of the eldest son, her stepson Peter, who hitherto had been out at service, but who had now come home, since the father's death, to help the mother in performing the village service.* And now, precisely this very evening, when the mother had resolved for the sake of the sacred time, and for the sake of the children, to put away all anxious thoughts, precisely now have they all come thick upon her, as thick and unceasing as the snow flakes, and when she shook them off, behold! there they were again the next moment, and made her heart so heavy—so very heavy! It was, as it were, under an evil spell.

But the children, little Erik and Maja, they could think about nothing that was gloomy.

"Nay, only look at the goblin, Maja! See how he glares at you with his big eyes! Take care! he will gore you if you only touch him. He says, 'if yon come here I will run you through with my long, long horn!'"

"Nay, do you believe that he will gore me? do you really believe that he is alive? Ah, how good that meat smells! Will it soon be ready, mother? May we soon go to Cowslip, and tell her that it is Christmas eve, and look at the stars?"†

Yes, the supper was now quite ready. The mother lighted a candle in the lanthorn, and around the candle she put a grand paper star, which the candle lit up, and which, in its turn, lit up the candle. The children then took each their bread-cake, and the mother filled a jug of new brewed Christmas ale, and with the lanthorn in her hand, went out to the stable yard to let the creatures know that it was Christmas.

The demure Mrs. Cowslip, the cow, was thinking about nothing; she was standing in her stall, chewing her cud, as the door opened, and a light flashed into her eyes. She turned towards that side, and made a low moaning, in token that she recognized those who had entered, and that they were welcome. But when the children in their zeal sprang forward, and gave her pieces of their bread, and screamed into both her ears, "it is now Christmas, Cowslip!" she stepped hastily backwards, shook her head violently, and stared as if she would say, "Nay, but that is something out of the common way!" and looked quite confounded.

But as Cowslip was a very rational and intelligent cow, she soon collected her faculties, extended her nose, smelt at her bread, took it into her mouth, and chewed it with an excellent relish, supped up a good draught of Christmas ale, and appeared quite satisfied with Christmas. When the mother had strown her a bed of fresh straw, and given her an armful of the very best and finest hay from the rack, she said, "God keep thee now, my darling; thou now hast had Christmas eve!" At these words, Cowslip seemed rightly to comprehend the matter, and with a great fragrant lock of hay in her mouth, she laid herself easily down again, that she might the better reflect, upon which she stared at the light, and had her own musings about the stars, which the children tried to make her observant of. But the only reply she made was by a gentle lowing. After that they carried the light to the stable, that it might shine upon Polle, and that they might give him a taste of Christmas bread, and announce to him that it was now Christmas.

Polle pointed his ears, and lifted his head; expanded his nostrils, and neighed with animation, as if he wished to make it known that he expected this intelligence, and that it was welcome to him.

The sheep bleated, and licked the hands that gave them their Christmas entertainment. It was so good, so very good!

As for the two little pigs, they were quite out of their senses when their turn came; they leaped about, screeched, and tumbled one over the other, so that nothing rational could be done with them. They were regularly crazy with joy.

After this the mother and her children returned to the cottage. The son, Peter, was also there. He was a tall youth of sixteen, with a dark and strongly marked countenance. The mother cast an anxious glance upon him. Since she had come into the family, she had had a deal of trouble with his obstinate and discontented temper, which appeared to have become worse since his father's death.

And this evening, when the mother had desired him to chop wood for Christmas, he had replied, "I must do every thing!" and, as he went out, he banged the door with such violence, that the earthenware cups and dishes upon the shelf jingled and shook a long time afterwards. That answer grieved the mother, who well knew that she never spared herself, and never required much from him.

He now sat down with his arms propped on the table, and never seemed to observe that the mother was setting out the supper and that she had done every thing so well.

But when they were all seated at the table, and the mother had poured out the Christmas ale, the little ones glanced at each other, and then at their mother with a roguish look that seemed to say, "now it is coming!"

And with that the mother lifted her glass, and the little ones their wooden mugs, and all three at once exclaimed:

"Your health, Peter!"

* The *torpare*, or cottager of Sweden, is bound to do a certain quantity of work for his landlord, in return for the small portion of land which he holds from him.—M. H.

† These are Swedish peasant customs; they tell the cows and other animals, that Christmas is come, and passing a light before their eyes, see, as they fancy, the star which indicated the house in which the Saviour lay.—M. H.

Digitized by Google

Peter looked up, and seemed almost as much astonished as Cowslip herself, when they told her that it was Christmas.

"And all happiness to you on your birthday, for upon this evening you were born!" added the mother.

To which Peter replied with a look of displeasure, "That is nothing to drink one's health about, or to wish one luck about, either! It would have been better to have been unborn!"

"That is a sinful word, my son," replied the mother, severely. When God gives health and strength to bear, to strive, and to work——"

"Nay, but why must one strive and work?" interrupted Peter.

"My dear lad, what questions you ask!" said the mother, "must not people live?"

"And why must they live?" asked Peter again.

The mother could not instantly find an answer to this question; it distressed her; but the lad often made use of such expressions as left a great weight upon her mind; and as she was now silent, Peter continued:

"When one has neither father nor mother, nor any in the world to live for, it would be just as well if one were dead; then one should be rid of all one's trouble."

"Am I not your mother, Peter?" said the mother, and tears started to her eyes.

"You are only my step-mother!" said Peter, immovably, and rose up from the table.

This wounded the mother more than any thing else, because she knew in her own mind, that her heart had always been full of tenderness and maternal affection towards her stepson, and that she did not deserve this unkindness from him.

But she could not say anything now, nor look vexed, because it was Christmas eve.

The little ones did not understand what was amiss with their brother. Their mouths were waiting for the good soup, and they could not imagine that any one could be better off than they were. When the mother saw that their appetites were somewhat appeased, she proposed that they should put aside a portion of their supper for old Alle, in the poor-house, which delighted them, and therefore the mother tied up a part of their meat and of their bread-cakes in a clean blue handkerchief, and set it on a shelf till the next morning, when they should take it with them, when they went out for Christmas matins. Peter, however, contributed nothing; his countenance was sullen, and before long he rose from the table, and went to bed without saying "good night."

The little ones, also, soon lay side by side, on a large sheaf of golden straw, which they had brought in for Christmas, because, according to popular belief, people must both sleep and dance upon straw at Christmas, if they would do right.

The children did not undress themselves, that they might be ready all the sooner next morning, when they would be called for the Christmas matins. Each took a white handkerchief, which they laid under their heads, and thus fell asleep, side by side, while the firelight flickered upon them, and kissed their very cheeks, which shone out quite beautifully upon the golden-colored wheat straw.

Last of all, the mother also went to bed, but not until she had set every thing in order in the room, and washed up the dishes.

But though she now lay in bed, she could not sleep, because she had uneasy thoughts, and she heard how Peter turned and seemed uneasy in his bed, as if he could not sleep either. At one time, she thought that he wept, and she considered with herself, "should I now get up and go to him, and give him a quiet kiss, he would then, perhaps, understand that I love him, although I am not his real mother; and more particularly, as it is Christmas eve, and every body ought to part friends."

Presently, Peter seemed to be quite still, and then she thought, "he is gone to sleep, and I should only disturb him." She therefore lay quiet herself, and turned her thoughts to God, and prayed him to change the unhappy temper of the youth. She prayed for a blessing on him, and on the beloved little ones. With that, she turned round to look at them, and to see how the firelight flickered over, and kissed their rosy countenances, for the fire burned in the hearth through the Christmas night. And then she thought about all the animals, how they had their Christmas provender, and how comfortable they were; and the thoughts of them did her good, and whilst she was thinking of them, and gazing at her little ones by the firelight, she went to sleep herself.

When she again woke, it was pitch-dark in the room, and quite cold; and she felt a great weight on her heart, and in her head also. It was as if a large, heavy tear had collected, and could not find vent, but lay there as heavy as lead. She thought upon the death of her husband, upon the bitter temper of her son, and how solitary she herself was in the world; and then Peter's words occurred to her, "why should people live?" and she felt as if she would gladly not rise, but be quiet forever.

Spite of all this, however, she rose, and lighted the fire as usual, and set on the coffee, for although she was not one of those extravagant women who drink coffee every day, yet now at Christmas time, every body must have coffee; the whole household must drink coffee; that was a matter of course.

She then lighted the candle in the Christmas-tree by the window, which she had made ready the evening before, for the children, and that done, she woke them.

"Christmas matins, children! Christmas matins!"

The little ones started up, quite bewildered; rubbed their eyes, opened them with an effort, saw the light burning in the pine tree, and then it came to their remembrance that it was Christmas, and that they were going to morning service. And with that they leapt up, and were quite wakeful.

They all drank their coffee, Peter as well as the rest, and then Peter, who, as usual, was

Digitized by Google

silent and out of humor, went to put Polle in the sledge.

When the mother came out of the cottage, dressed in her holiday attire, with her hymn book in her hand, and two little ones at her side, she saw the moon and the morning star, standing brightly above the pine wood, and shining beautifully in the frosty early morning, and upon the new-fallen snow. The sight did her heart good.

"How beautifully," thought she, "after all, has God made every thing for mankind." She inhaled the fresh, cold, but not very cold, winter air, and felt her spirits enlivened by so doing.

Polle was in the most cheerful humor. He neighed, and pointed his ears, and tossed his handsome head, and pawed the sward with his foot, and was quite impatient to be off.

Before long, the widow sate with her two little ones in the sledge, and Peter stood between them and drove. Polle's bells jingled merrily as they sped along through wood and meadow; the morning star shone upon the white, snowy fields, and the grim wood. It was a beautiful and a cheering sight.

The little ones were full of talk.

"Nay, look!—nay, look. There's a light burning at Storgal, a light in her opposite window! And look! old Britta on the hill has got a light too! And look there, a long, long way off in the wood, there shines a light! And look, look! Nay, that is the very best of all,—those candles in the window at the gate-house. See, it is lighted the whole way! Nay, how grand it is! Is it ever grander than this at Christmas matins, mother?"

"You are two little simpletons!" said the mother. "Christmas matins are grander in another way."

By this time there were a great many other people on the road, both driving and walking, on their way to church. There was quite a procession of sledges, and such a jingling of bells as was delightful to hear, and the children had enough to do to listen and to ask questions.

They had by this time arrived at an open tract of country, and just before them, with its spire pointing towards heaven, and the dark green wood behind it, stood the church with lights streaming from every window, as if within were a sea of light. And at that very moment the church bells began to ring.

The children were hushed into silence. They felt a solemnity come over them. They did not exactly know how they felt.

They soon dismounted. The church-bells rung, and light streamed out of the church, but all around it was dark and night-like. Along the whole extent of the church walls on every side, sledges were drawn up close together, the horses in which were eating hay. Among these a place was found for Polle; a covering was thrown over him, and between him and the church wall was laid a good bundle of the very best hay—real Christmas provender. Of this he ate; any body might have heard how excellent he thought it.

The widow and the children walked across the church yard.

"Do you remember, children," said she to them, "what I told you about the Christmas matins, and what they mean?"

"They mean," stammered Erik, "they mean that—that God who—who"—"Who," interrupted the mother, "since the beginning of the world sent teachers and wise men to mankind to—to,—now Erik!"

"To teach them his will," said Erik.

"Yes, right," continued the mother; "and last of all, he came himself down to them, and condescended to be born on earth—"

"Yes, as a little child!" exclaimed Maja.

"Yes," answered the mother, "that he might pass through life with them as a brother, and might teach them rightly to understand his disposition, and how kind he meant by us all. And that is he whom we call the Son of God, our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

"And it is his birth which we celebrate in the Christmas matins," exclaimed Erik, now very certain of his subject.

With these words they entered the church, and all the congregation sang,

"Hail to the glorious morning hour!"

The children, however, could not think about singing. They could do nothing but stare about them and wonder. There was so much light! They could scarcely see for light. All the four grand chandeliers hung down from the roof blazing with lights. Upon the altar lights were burning in tall candlesticks. Upon the pulpit stood lights, and gilded branches extended from the walls, holding clusters of lights, and a light burned by every branch, so that the great aisle was like an alley of flame. Whichever way they looked, they saw light, light, light!

The benches were crammed full of people. Head was close to head. The children had never seen so many people together before, and they thought they should never find seats. At last, however, they did, on a bench where the people kindly made room for them. A respectable old woman took Maja on her knee, and the mother took Erik on hers. And thus they all were seated.

The children looked about incessantly, and stared at all the grandeur and splendor around them. But the mother soon forgot every outward object, for just then she opened her hymn-book, to join in singing the following verse of the hymn:

"'His tears, like ours, will fall as rain,
A mourner, he will us sustain
With strength from heaven imparted;
He will make known his Father's will,
And mercy's holy balm instil
To soothe the broken-hearted."

With this the heavy leaden weight seemed to melt away from her soul, and her tears began to flow more easily. She felt at once such a lightness and such a strength within her, that it seemed as if from this time nothing would be too heavy for her to bear.

The clergyman now ascended the pulpit, and

Digitized by Google

what a sermon he preached! The widow had never heard any one speak in that way before. It seemed to her as if he spoke to her out of the warmth of her own innermost heart. And every single word seemed like a true word of God, so full of beauty and grandeur was it. To her it seemed as if the whole world, and the whole of life became bright through it. It was as if it were Christmas matins within her soul.

And when she looked at Peter, she saw that he also listened attentively, with his eyes rivetted upon the preacher; and from this, she hoped for a good result, more especially, as with the new year Peter was to begin to read with this same clergyman, preparatory to his confirmation.

When the service was ended, it was full daylight; and the congregation streamed hastily out. Before long, people might be seen on all sides, walking briskly along, driving on the road, or ascending the hill, striving who should first reach home; for, according to popular belief, they who arrive first at home on Christmas morning, will have their harvest first housed in the autumn. Though what connexions there are between these things, I know not.

The widow and her children went into the poor house, and the children themselves gave old Alle the meat and the bread, which they had saved for him. For this they received the old man's blessing, and they felt, therefore, greatly pleased at what they had done.

In the meantime, Peter had been getting Polle and the sledge ready. Thus they drove home, thinking by the way of the delicious warm cabbage which they should have for dinner, for they all felt hungry and cold.

And how excellent were the meat and the cabbage which they had for dinner, it is not in my power to describe; this only is certain, that the king's cabbage could not have tasted better to him than theirs did to them.

In the afternoon they had also a cup of coffee, with cabbage, in honor of Christmas day, and that, too, tasted most excellently, and every body was very cheerful, the widow as well as the rest; for she saw that the countenance of her elder son sad undergone a change.

In the twilight, when they all sat together, warm and comfortable, and when the fire blazed merrily on the hearth, and lighted up the whole cottage, the mother said,

"Now, I wonder whether either of my little ones can remember any thing of what the clergyman said in the morning about the Saviour, and what he taught to mankind?"

But, ah me! The poor little ones remembered nothing, not a word; had understood not a word—nay, had not even heard a syllable!

"There was such a deal of light!" they said.

"But you, Peter," said the mother, and looked at him with confidence, "I am certain that you can help me to recollect something of what the pastor said—you can remember it, certainly."

"O, yes," said Peter, and his eyes brightened, and, added he, after a moment, "I now know how people should live."

"Yes, and why?" said the mother looking kindly at her son, and wishing to try him.

"That they may follow after the Saviour, and labor for the world's redemption," said Peter, and raised his head, "and high and low, and rich and poor, can alike labor in this good work on earth."

"And how must that be done?" inquired the mother, as before.

"By becoming better, more God-fearing, more righteous men."

"Yes, my son," exclaimed the mother, joyfully, "so did I also understand the words of the clergyman. By becoming so, by living in Christ, we help not only to extend God's kingdom on earth, but become also his laborers in the creation of a new heaven and a new earth, where bliss shall abide forever. This is a great saying, my son, and can make the heart beat high and free even in a mean hut. And this have I known and believed from my youth upwards. But I have never heard it put rightly into words until to-day."

Peter was affected to tears; he extended his hand to his mother, and said with deep feeling, "Mother, forgive me that I have caused you sorrow! From this time it shall be otherwise!"

And from that time it did become otherwise with Peter; not that he ever became very communicative, or of a very cheerful temper, but he became very industrious, and very desirous of doing right, and every body grew fond of him.

It was evident now, that Peter began to take pleasure in life; at least, he never looked sour or sullen. His whole appearance was changed; nay, it often looked as if something shone within him, and so said his little brother and sister.

"Now it is Christmas matins with Peter," they would say.

Many Christmas matins have since kindled their lights; many a hard Christmas goblin has looked savage upon the Christmas board; has since then been shut up in a chest—thence brought out again to give strength to the beasts at plough. Yes, many a Christmas has, since that Christmas morning, come and gone; but the light that then was kindled for the mother, has never been extinguished.

Peter now lives as a peasant in Storgal, and his mother lives with him, and he likes to tell his friends what a sluggish and hard-tempered lad he was, and about the Christmas matins which produced such a change on him, and how, since then, he has had light, and strength, and pleasure in all his work, and how every thing prospers in his hands.

Thus Peter celebrates every Christmas eve as his mother taught him. At Christmas matins he may be seen before any one else; and as for the Christmas goblin, he never forgets that!

A QUIET exposition of truth has a better effect than a violent attack on error. Truth extirpates weeds, by working its way into their place, and leaving for them no room to grow.

Digitized by Google

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

NO IV.—THE ADAMSES—[Concluded.]

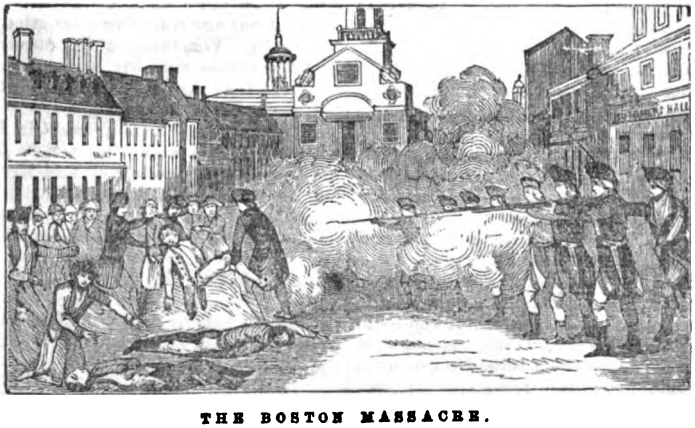
The family of John Adams, and his son, John Quincy Adams, was settled at Braintree, Massachusetts, in a part of the town which was set off from the old town under the name of Quincy. Here are still standing the old dwellings, popularly called the "Adams houses," in which respectively the father and son were born.



THE ADAMS HOUSES.

In one of these houses the illustrious John Adams was born on the 19th of October, 1735, thirteen years after the birth of Samuel Adams. John Adams was pre-eminently a national statesman.

His fame is not associated with brilliant oratorical displays, or with critical triumphs in party conflict. His qualities were those of the accomplished man of business, but they came forth at a time, and under conditions that made business capacities of the most momentous importance to his own countrymen, and to mankind at large. The United States are the sole great exception to the saying of Burke, that "constitutions are not made, they grow." That a constitution was framed for the States, on principles which have attested their soundness for the place and occasion by their durability, is mainly to be attributed to the sagacity of Adams, and especially to his thoroughly English capacity to turn existing institutions and habits to the new conditions of the people, instead of inventing untried novelties. Hence, his friend and rival, Jefferson, called him "the column of Congress, the pillar of support to the Declaration of Independence, and its ablest advocate and defender."—Having studied at Cambridge, Massachusetts, he joined the Suffolk bar in 1759, and practised in Quincy. He married, in 1764, Abigail Smith, a woman of great ability, and high patriotic aspirations, who brought to him the influential local connection of the Quincy family, to which she was related. Adams dated his expectation of the coming revolution, and his preparation to participate in the reorganization of government in British America, to what he observed in 1761, when the question of the legality of writs of assistance under the English exchequer system, against the Boston merchants was tried. His first open advocacy of colonial independence, was in the support of the application of the Boston citizens to have the courts of law reopened, when they had been closed on the ground that their proceedings were informal without the use of that cargo of stamps which had been forcibly detained by the citizens. He showed his thorough independence, and brought on himself considerable odium by becoming counsel for the soldiers charged with murder for shooting citizens of Boston, an event famous in history as the "Boston Massacre."

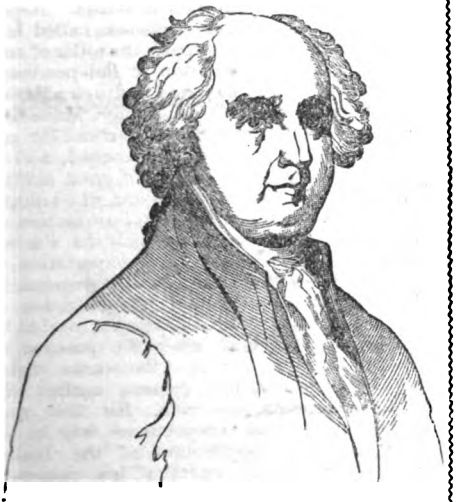


THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

In 1774, when Gage dissolved the Assembly of Massachusetts, he was one of the five, who, before separation, were appointed to meet with other committees of Washington, and he was

Digitized by Google

thus instrumental in the construction of Congress. On the 6th of May, 1776, he took the first step in the Declaration of Independence, by a prominent motion "to adopt such a government as would, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents, and of America." He was one of the committee for preparing the celebrated Declaration. He had, in the meantime, organized the system which gave its war-service to the United States,



JOHN ADAMS.

and had been chiefly instrumental in putting the army into the hands of Washington. By his management of the committee of correspondence, he organized another great branch of service, that of the foreign department. He was one of the commissioners appointed to treat with France and Holland, and afterwards was sent to negotiate the treaty with Britain. In 1789, he became Vice President, and on the retirement of Washington, in 1797, he was chosen President of the United States, remaining in office for one period of four years. He was nearly all his life more or less concerned in public business, and lived to a good old age. The juncture of his death was remarkable: it occurred in 1826, on the 4th of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Before breathing his last, he made the remark, "Jefferson survives;" but it was not so—Jefferson had died at an earlier hour on the same day.

John Quincy Adams, whose splendid political career comes down to our own times, was born on the 11th of July, 1767. He received his name of Quincy, from his maternal grandfather, an influential citizen of the colony, who died just as his celebrated grandchild was born. Adams was cradled in the revolution, and when but nine years old, heard the first reading of the Declaration of Independence, from the old State House in Boston. He accompanied his father in his missions to France and Holland, and there acquired the knowledge of foreign languages and countries, and the wide systematic views which made him invaluable to a country in which such qualifications were necessarily rare. He took a degree at Harvard, with high distinction, in 1787. In 1791, under the signature of "Publicola," he suggested some grave doubts about the soundness of the principles actuating the French revolutionists, very remarkable as the production of a republican pen. In 1803, he was sent from the state of Massachusetts, as representative to the Senate in Congress, and sat until 1808. He had been, for a short time, professor of rhetoric in Harvard, when, in 1809, he was appointed representative of the States at the court of Russia, and began his brilliant and multifarious diplomatic career. In London, he completed the negotiations for the conclusion of the second British American war. He was called home, in 1817, to serve in the cabinet of President Monroe. On the election of a President in 1825, the name of Adams was returned with those of Jackson, Crawford, and Clay; but as there was not, for any one candidate the majority of electoral votes required by the constitution, the selection fell into the hands of the representatives, who chose Adams.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

His administration, which lasted only four years, will be gratefully remembered by scholars, for his efforts in the cause of science. Of its political character, and of the strong opposition it met with, this is not the place to speak. Immediately after its termination, he was elected a member of the National House of Representatives, by the citizens of the congressional district, in which he resided, and was retained in this office until his death His career as a member of Congress was more re-

Digitized by Google

markable than any portion of his previous life. His defence of the right of petition was conducted amidst a storm of obloquy, such as could have been successfully met and vanquished by no other man living. It required all the weight of his character, and all the prestige of his age, and great public services, to carry him through the contest. His success secured him the reverence of all parties, and ever after, when he rose to address the chair, the whole house was hushed into breathless silence, and every sentence he uttered, was regarded as the dictate of matured wisdom and experience. His death was scarcely less remarkable than that of his father. Like the elder Pitt, he fell at his post in the hall of legislation, and unlike him, he yielded up his last breath in one of the chambers of the capitol. He died on the 23d of Febuary, 1848.

John Quincy Adams.

Quincy, Massachusetts.

In days of yore the Poets pen
From every theme was plundered!
Perchance a siege, like Troy and Troy
Gives Homer's lyre Eagle thunder
But new metallic pens despise
Where the Poets numbers
In Iron Inspiration glow
Or with the Minstrel's Numbers

Dain dem sel! could my pen impart
In prose or lofty Rhime
The pure effusion of my heart
To speak the Plight of Time
What rocks from the womb of earth
Could with its virtue leave
To grange with countless wealth
The Plenty the Goddess gives?

For Mrs Lyon of Lexington Ky.

Washington Feb 18th 1848.

Digitized by Google

In days of yore, the Poet's pen
From wing of bird was plundered;
Perchance a goose; but now and then
From Jove's own eagle sundered
But now, metallic pens disclose,
Alone, the Poet's numbers—
In iron inspiration glows,
Or with the minstrel slumbers.

Fair damsel! could my pen impart,
In prose or lofty rhyme,
The pure effusions of my heart
To speed the flight of time,
What metal from the womb of earth
Could worth intrinsic bear,
To stamp, with corresponding worth,
The blessings thou shouldst share?

For MRS. LYON, of Lyonsdale.

Washington, Feb. 18th, 1848.

The poem here quoted, was a favorite of the veteran statesman, and adorns the albums of many persons who pressed him for autographs. It shows the eagerness and avidity that was evinced to possess themselves of the commonest trifle that fell from the pen of this extraordinary man—to retain a single link of the golden chain of his splendid being.

The chief interest appertaining to this poem, is the probability that it is the last copy he ever wrote, as it is dated a few days previous to his death.

"This is the end of earth; I am content," was the exclamation, as the last wave of life swept over his sinking spirit. The long days of toil, and feverish nights of thought, had weakened the might of the soul. Fame gilded his days with immortal splendor to their close. The stream on which he passed to the spiritual world, was calm and tranquil as the first aspect of the awakened sky; for every sense by which the world's joys are tasted were gratified—the thread of his destiny was fully spun—and the wisdom of ambition lengthened by the line of early hopes. The drama which he undertook to perform, was wound up in a finished plan of complete and demonstrative greatness.

PEBBLES FROM PURLING STREAMS.

GATHERED BY A WANDERER BESIDE THE WAVES OF PARNASSUS.

"These moments speed them all too soon,
These recreative spells of pleasure,
When the pent heart-floods play and leap,
Like streamlets down a mountain's steep,
And on their course our feelings keep,
Unheeding courtly pleasure."—JONES.

"My heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken."

"His only teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry skies—
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

"None is poor but the mean in mind,
The timorous, the weak, the unbelieving!
None is wealthy but the affluent in spirit
Who is satisfied, and floweth over!"—TUPPER.

"The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear
Lest fops should censure us, and fools should sneer."
—COWPER.

"He roamed the wide world, yearning
For scenes and objects new;
Behold him home returning—
He finds the old more true!"

"What tho' no rule of courtly grace,
To measured mood had trained her face;
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower brushed the dew."

"Be calm! What tho' the tempest roar;
It may but thunder, and pass o'er."—SCOTT.

"Sweet and melancholy sounds,
Like music on the waters."—LONGFELLOW.

"The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine."—BURNS.

"She was not young or beautiful,
But worn by wordly care,
Like her who washed the Saviour's feet,
And wiped them with her hair."—STODDARD

"There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He cuts the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."
—LONGFELLOW.

"Can you forget me? My whole soul was blended,
At least it sought to blend itself, with thine;
My life's whole purpose winning thee seemed ended—
Thou wert my heart's sweet home, my spirit's shrine."

"Bright every dewy hawthorn shines,
Sweet every herb is growing,
To him whose willing heart inclines
The way that he is going."

"The world may never know, dear heart,
What I have found in thee;
But tho' naught to the world, dear heart,
Thou'rt all the world to me."

"A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain."

"And some can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas! for those who cannot sing,
But die with all their music in them."

"Then list to the song I am singing;
'T will soften your bosoms of stone;
For now, tho' my harp-strings are ringing,
To-morrow may silence their tone."

Dew-drop Dale.

Digitized by Google

GOITRES AND CRETINS.

Allusion has been made to the disorders which grievously prevail in some parts of Switzerland, and which have led persons so afflicted, to be denominated respectively *goitres* and *cretins*.—The former are persons who have a swelling of the upper and fore-part of the neck, often of an enormous size. The word goitre has been regarded as probably a corruption of *gutta*, the throat, and the disease produces an enlargement of the thyroid gland. The same term is applied to the glandular swelling, to the disease which occasions it, and to the individual sufferer. There is a somewhat similar disorder in some parts of Derbyshire, England, which is there called the "Derbyshire neck." In its early stages the sight of it is painfully offensive, but it ultimately attains a hideous deformity.

Cretins are idiots, sometimes afflicted to a most deplorable extent. Many of these are at the same time goitres, but many have goitres without being deficient in intellect. Some cretins are able to walk about, to attend to easy labor, and to make themselves intelligible to others. Others cannot articulate distinct sounds, but utter a whining, or a cry, or else burst out into a vacant laugh. In such circumstances, they are as helpless as infants; being either carried about in arms, or are left, like brutes, to roll or crawl on the floor. In their lowest and most afflicted state, all the instincts and feelings of cretins are purely animal; they are incapable of affection, or even of recognizing the persons who are with them.

The existence of cretins and goitres in the same country, or in the same district of a country, naturally leads to the inquiry, whether or not they are attributable to similar causes.—Saussure, so deservedly eminent as a man of science, is worthy of honorable mention in the cause of philanthropy; for, when in Switzerland, examining with enthusiasm the phenomena of its mountains, he devoted no little attention to this very question.

In reference to it, Coxe subsequently observed: "The same causes which generate goitres, *probably* operate in the case of idiots; for, wherever goitres prevail to a considerable degree, idiots invariably abound; such is the nice and inexplicable connexion between our bodies and our minds, that the one ever sympathises with the other; and it is by no means an ill-grounded conjecture, that the same causes which affect the body should also affect the mind; or, in other words, the waters which created obstructions and goitres, should also occasion mental imbecility.

"Although these idiots are frequently the children of goitrous parents, and have usually those swellings themselves, yet they are sometimes the offspring even of healthy parents, whose other children are properly organised, and are themselves free from guttural excrescences. I observed several children, scarcely ten years old, with very large goitres. These tumors, when they increase to a considerable magnitude, check perspiration, and render those who are afflicted with them exceedingly indolent and languid."

Coxe here alludes to the supposed agency of water in producing these diseases. But on this point diverse opinions are entertained.—Many persons have attributed goitre to the use of snow-water as drink; but the disease occurs where there is no snow, as in Sumatra, and in several parts of South America. Still further, the Swiss who drink snow-water are free from the disease, while those who use hard spring-water are the greatest sufferers from it. Captain Franklin remarked, during one of his Arctic voyages, that several persons who drank river-water were attacked with the disease, while those who drank snow-water escaped.—Even in Geneva it was observed that those who drank hard spring-water were most liable to goitre.

Cretins are not so widely spread as goitres, being confined to the villages and hamlets of the Lower Valais, among the Alps, and of the Val d'Aosta, in Piedmont. In the latter place, the women wear black or white caps, fastened under the chin, for the purpose of concealing the goitres, which most of them have; and many of them are likewise cretins. "In the valley of Ollomont, as at Aosta," says Professor Forbes, "the enjoyment of natural beauty is rendered impossible by the loathsome deformity of the inhabitants; we were really shocked to find that none of the villages through which we passed seemed to contain one reasonable human being:—goitres and cretinism appeared universal and inseparable. Repeatedly I tried to obtain an answer to a simple question, from the most rational-looking of the inhabitants, but in vain. This astonished and shocked us, for we were still at a height of 4000 English feet above the sea, where these maladies commonly disappear; and we looked forward with despair to the prospect of obtaining a guide for the difficult and unknown country which we were next to traverse, from amongst such a population — But in this, as in very many similar cases, first appearances are not to be interpreted to the letter." On further inquiry, it was found that "the effective population" were mostly absent in attendance on a fete at the chief place of the district, and that "others were with their herds in the mountains."

The cretins seem to prevail on the immediate borders, both Italian and Swiss, of the Alps, and to be rare in the more northern parts of Switzerland. It may seem strange, but it is no less true, that "we of England have not only idiocy and goitre to an uncredited extent, but we have among us cretinism in its genuine and most typical forms,—just as truly as they have it in the Alps and the Andes. We have it not only in this geological locality or in that, but more or less diffused everywhere; in the high

Digitized by Google

and goitrous levels of the mountain limestone districts of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, in Somersetshire, in Hertfordshire, in London, and in our towns—the towns where disease is endemic, and the towns where sanitary reform has become a principle."*

It is pleasing to turn from these afflictive facts, to the considerations of any means for their diminution. Thus, iodine was found, not many years ago, to be a most valuable remedy for goitre. Iodine is one of the ingredients in sea weed, and also in sponge; and as burnt sponge was one of the remedies employed for goitre, it occurred to an eminent physician of Geneva, that it might possibly be by virtue of the iodine which it contained, that sponge was valuable. Actuated by this idea, he administered iodine by itself, and that with the happiest results.—English and foreign physicians have followed in his steps, and that with great success.

Other means have, happily, been adopted to alleviate these great evils. More than fifty years ago, Fodere and Wenzel clearly pointed out the advantages likely to result from the removal of the cretins out of their steamy dens, and causing them to breathe a more salubrious air; and this change was still further urged by Reeves in 1809. But an effort of singular intelligence, and of the highest philanthropy, has more recently been made by Dr. Guggenbuhl, a native of Meilen, in the canton of Zurich.

It was in the course of a tour amongst the High Alps, made in 1836, that Dr. Guggenbuhl first became specially interested in the cretins. Passing one day near a crucifix, such as are planted in almost all the villages of the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, he saw an old and very degraded cretin pause in his faltering walk, and mutter a something which was meant for a prayer. Struck by the singularity of the action, he reflected on the spark of intelligence that must have lain dormant in this poor old creature, as well as on the perception on his part, of a Being to whom prayer was to be made, and in a particular place. "There is, then, an immortal soul buried there," said he, "and I will dedicate my life to the deliverance of such." He saw and felt deeply for their wretchedness; he resolved to study their condition minutely, and for this purpose gave himself wholly to their service, and lived two years amongst them, in the small and retired village of Serruf, in the canton Glarus. After this, he made another journey through one of the most mountainous regions of Switzerland, the result of which was, that the subject took still stronger possession of his mind, and the idea weighed more and more heavily upon him, that this numerous and degraded class of beings who filled the valleys, were left to sink deeper in their misery, without one effort being made to help them. Dr. Guggenbuhl now brought the subject before the Swiss Association for the Advancement of Science, and requested its countenance and aid, in his purpose of forming an institution for the treatment of cretinism. His request was granted, and he received from the Cantonal Government of Berne, in consequence of the representations in favor of his schemes made by the Association, the sum of 600 Swiss francs, wherewith to make a commencement of his undertaking.

In 1840, the *hospice* of the Abendberg was opened for the reception of patients. A very few entered at first; but the results were speedily so encouraging, that after only two months' trial of his plans, Dr. Guggenbuhl resolved to dedicate his life and all his powers to the work, and, regardless of all difficulties, to strive to realise the wish which, day and night, was the continued subject of his thoughts. From such a spirit, animated doubtless, by true Christian principles, great things were to be expected; and hitherto the philanthropic physician has been enabled to persevere most steadily, amidst frequent discouragements, in the self-denying and almost herculean task which he set for himself. How much patience, how much pure benevolence, how much faith, how much zeal, are required for the laborious occupations of the Abendberg, can be conceived of only by those who have had personal experience of intercourse with their fellow-creatures in the lowest phases of poverty, disease, and ignorance.

It is not far from the summit of the Abendberg, on an open space of grass land, that Dr. Guggenbuhl's cottages are situated. It is in summer a lovely spot. The views of the neighboring Alps, the Monch, the Eigher, and the Jungfrau, the lake of Brienz, and of the celebrated green valley of Interlachen, are magnificent. The combination of beauty and grandeur in the scene is almost unrivalled. The effect of it on the opening minds of the young patients is, doubtless, highly favorable, to their development. There are here excellent and abundant springs, and the soil is so productive, and the temperature so high, that ordinary esculent vegetables, and even grain and maize, grow and ripen well. Poultry and goats also are reared; so that the little colony is almost self-supporting. The winter's cold is not so great, nor the fall of snow so deep on the summit of the Abendberg, as in most other parts of the Alps at the same elevation."

Dr. Guggenbuhl divides the cretins into four classes:—

"1. The Atrophied Cretins.—Those whose bodies are much emaciated, and their extremities paralyzed. In these he believes that the spinal marrow is chiefly affected.

"2. The Rickety Cretins.—Those whose bones are soft, and have their limbs bent in consequence.

"3. The Hydrocephalic Cretins.—Those who are affected with chronic water-in-the-head.

"4. The Cretins Diseased from Birth.—In these, some of the worst symptoms appear; and they prove the most intractable. Nevertheless, it is remarked, that where the goitre exists at birth, the brain is less affected than in other cases. Individuals are to be found in whose persons all these conditions exist together; and others there are who present various combina-

* Athenæum, March 26, 1853.

Digitized by Google

tions of the symptoms; but in all the classes goitres are frequently seen. The manifestations of the mental powers and moral feelings vary much in all the classes, and correspond pretty exactly with the greater or less activity of the organs of the senses."

The following is an outline of the treatment pursued:—Removed to the Abendberg as soon as possible after being weaned, the children are committed to the immediate care of nurses, by whom they are bathed, fed with goat's milk, carried out, and laid in the sun on the grass, and amused, when they are capable of being so. After some time, when the bodily vigor is obviously increased, ("when vegetative life begins to recover,") and the children have attained a suitable age, attempts are made to rouse their intellectual powers through the organs of sense. These efforts are first directed to the ear. Tubes and speaking-trumpets of different sizes are used; the sound addressed to the dull auditory of the cretin must be loud, else it makes no impression. The child is then taught or coaxed to imitate the motions of the lips and tongue required to give utterance to the sound roared into the ear, and, by repetition it learns to connect the sound it hears with the attempt to make it; then it tries to articulate, and so, by slow degrees, it gets through the vowels. The eye and the sense of touch are then exercised in connexion with the results of the first series of lessons. The letters are presented in a large form, carved in wood: the child handles them, and learns to associate the sound with the letter. Words are formed and learned in the same manner. Then the pupil advances to the application of words to objects. Figures of household utensils are laid before the child and named; by-and-by he places the articles themselves upon their pictures. When much difficulty is experienced in getting the attention fixed in this way, the child is taken into a dark room, and is showed the forms of letters and objects portrayed on the wall by means of phosphorus. The illuminated figures sometimes arrest the attention more effectually than anything else; and a beginning having once been made, the progress is steady. The senses of smell and taste are also in constant need of cultivation. Some cretin children swallow whatever substance is placed in the mouth, however nauseous; and they seem to be wholly unconscious of differences of odor.

Gymnastic exercises, which require the daily use of every muscle, are very important, and excite the children to emulation in their feats; whilst the exercise of the faculties of the mind is equally carried on in mental gymnastics, according to the powers of each little scholar. Music has been found to be a powerful aid—soothing, interesting, and refining; and many can bear witness to the thrilling effect of the voices of the happy little groups, who sang in their presence, in their infantine manner, the praises of their God. Few persons, we think, could restrain their tears, while listening to that infant choir, and reflecting that but for the Christian love which has watched over them, their voices might still have uttered nothing but groans, and their souls remained ignorant of God, their Maker.

Dr. Guggenbuhl has the advantage of being aided in his work by an able assistant. This man has the happy faculty of descending, with the utmost simplicity, patience, and benevolence, to the level of his stupid little scholars; and then, with inimitable perseverance, he labors to excite some mental emotion. However slight that may be, he seizes upon it eagerly, whenever it appears, and keeps his hold of it, as of the end of a thread, which will certainly enable him to draw out more. He then carefully proceeds, eliciting most gradually the feeble manifestations of thought and feeling, which are thenceforth strengthened by skilfully managed exercise.

As to the physical management of the children—in addition to the daily use of baths, as mentioned above, much importance is attached to the occasional employment of electricity, and to frictions with some aromatic herbs. But perhaps no remedial agent is so powerful in contributing to the restoration of health, as the constant breathing of the pure air of the mountain. In some of the goitre cases, and in the rickety cretins, medicine is used freely, particularly the iodide and other salts of iron, quinine, and cod-liver oil.

It is when the convalescence is established, that especial attention is given to the religious instruction of the children. Not but that at any time after the commencement of intellectual activity the truths of the gospel may be received, to the comfort and edification of the spirit struggling with its cumbrous load of a morbid body, but only that, humanly speaking, and in general, the cretin is not able to give due heed to his spiritual concerns, nor to appreciate the importance of divine revelation.

The faculty of distinguishing right from wrong, (or the force of conscience,) shows itself strongly in some of the cretins; and it has been almost always remarked, that when once their intelligence is awakened, they comprehend far more easily the existence of a God, than that of a material object—of a table, for instance.

The manifestation of the power of the Creator in the works of nature, which are so magnificently displayed around, is also quickly received into their hearts. Those who have witnessed, the astonishment, the joy, the admiration, of the cretin children at the sight of a glorious sunrise, or sunset, of a summer rainbow, or a beautiful storm amidst our Alpine heights, would feel the truth of the remark made by Diesterweg, that "many a man has felt ashamed of the indifference and insensibility with which he has coldly beheld the finest phenomena of creation, when he has seen the ecstasy, the attentive consideration, and the transports of children."

It is said in one of the Reports of the Institution:—

"We have never found it necessary to call

Digitized by Google

the attention of ours to such sights. The works of nature have become to them a sort of teaching of higher things, and led them naturally to the thought of a heavenly Father, whose love is over all, and whose will it is, "that none perish, but that all come to the knowledge of the truth."

"Memory is always more or less developed in cretins.

"A boy now with us, of eleven years of age, in spite of the very decided state of cretinism that he was in when he came, and also of a defect in his speech, learns verses of the Bible and short sentences very easily, and remembers them most remarkably.

"Cretins are also good mechanics. They can draw, can build card houses with wonderful dexterity, and enjoy other amusements of the same kind.

"Their quickness of sensation is extraordinary, their impressions violent; sometimes gay and happy, at others sombre and sad, and there are days in which they are incapable of receiving any good feeling, and seem to have stopped short in every thing. These difficulties, however, though they recur constantly, are forgotten when their progress is visible, and when they show us by their happiness, their cheerfulness, and their tender affection, that they are grateful for the trouble bestowed upon them for their temporal and spiritual welfare.

"In general, cretins have a great horror of animals, and a predilection for inanimate playthings, dolls, flowers, &c., &c. Their food is also an object of much excitement."

"L——, a girl of six months old, was brought to us in a fearful state. Her body was a complete skeleton, out of all proportion, and covered with a cold, wrinkled skin. Her face was white as death; and her shrivelled forehead and cheeks gave her the appearance of an old woman, which was increased by the strange expression of her little, dark, brilliant eyes, full of meaning.

"It was July when she came, the season of the year the best fitted, from the elasticity of the air and the splendor of the sunshine, to produce an amelioration in the state of our invalids. Thanks to these kind influences of nature, and to our unwearied care, she made as rapid progress in her recovery as she had done in her decline. In three months time her deformities began to disappear, her skin became soft and warm, the wrinkles vanished, and her countenance, losing its aged look, grew younger every day. The awakening of the mind soon followed the second spring-time of her body, and showed itself by her smiles and manner of noticing everything around her.

"The gradual change that took place in her in a year can only be compared to that of passing from a mummy state into that of an animated being.

"After eighteen months spent on the Abendberg, she returned to her native village of Lutzeldorf, where, as we learn from her pastor, Bitrius, she continues perfectly well, and is beginning to talk.

"C—— was four years old when she came to us, with every symptom of confirmed rachitic cretinism. Her nervous system was so completely out of order, that the strongest electric shocks produced scarcely any effect upon her for some months. Aromatic baths, frictions, moderate exercise, meat regimen and milk, were the means of restoring her. Her bones and muscles grew so strong, that in the course of a year she could run and jump. Her mind appeared to advance in proportion to her body, for she learnt to talk in French and also in German. The life and spirits usual in children of that age at last burst forth, and she was as gay and happy as before she had been cross and disagreeable.

"She was peculiarly open-hearted, active, kind, and cleanly. She learnt to read, write, cypher, sew and knit; and, above all, she loved to sing.

"It is now two years since she left us, and we had the happiness of hearing lately that she continues quite well, and goes to school.

"This is an important fact, because in her family there is a strong tendency to cretinism, and the climate of the canton of the Valais, where she is, is fatal to all development.

"M—— was a year and a-half old when confided to us, half paralyzed and in a most deplorable state, unconscious of anything around her. It took at least nine months to reanimate her a little when she began to show some signs of intelligence. Hers were the extremes of laughter and of tears—of rapture and despair—of attention and inattention. The perfect gloom of night which enveloped the mind of this child at length gave way to a dawn of intelligence, which announced the awakening of all her faculties. At three years old she had very correct notions of right and wrong, of God and of her Saviour; and after a stay of four years amongst us, this poor child, who seemed doomed only to vegetate all her life, was sent home with every indication of a healthy mind, as well as of a healthy body.

"A very different subject was sent to the Hospital. Her rosy cheeks, her bright eyes, her fine intelligent expression, would have deceived any one. Nevertheless, at three years old, she could not stand, and cried whenever the attempt was made, and resisted all our efforts to restore animation. We were not, however, to be discouraged, and all at once, as if by magic, she began to articulate a few words, and some months afterwards she could repeat little sentences. In the course of the following year, when in the Valais, we had the satisfaction of seeing this dear child considerably improved in body and mind; showing us, in her infantine way, as much affection as she could, and that she had not in the least forgotten her friends of the Abendberg.

The little countess of A—— came to us at seven months old, in July, 1840, in a dying state. Violent cramps, inflammation, and whooping-cough, all seemed to conspire to carry her off at once.

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

"My only desire was to render her last moments easy, and, to that end, I gave her the essence of hyosciamus in considerable quantities, when, to our astonishment, the worst symptoms disappeared. Her head was of an enormous size; her face pale and deadly; she could neither stand, move, nor articulate, when arrived at the usual age, nor feed herself; and yet she comprehended certain things, and her hearing was acute.

We pursued a strict regimen for a long time with her; the open air, milk diet, meat, aromatic baths, frictions, and iodine taken inwardly.

When we compare her present state with what she was two years ago, her firm manner of walking, her readiness of pronunciation, her healthy look, the proportion that there now is between her body and her head, her merry voice, her cheerful manner, we cannot but feel assured that we have hit upon the proper manner of treating her. Her head has stopped growing, while her body continues to develop itself."

"We will mention another form of cretinism, which we will distinguish by the name of dumb. The hearing of the dumb cretins is excellent, but their tongue seems tied by some physical cause. This class of persons have in general very deformed bodies, but are lively, with quick eyes, and great powers of attention, and are clever in expressing themselves by pantomimic gestures.

"They abound in the valleys on the shores of the Rhine, where there are sometimes as many as thirty of them in a population of fifty inhabitants.

"One of these unfortunate beings, L—— B——, nine years old, was sent us from Payerne, his native town, which contains many cretins, deaf and dumb persons, and others affected with infirmities of the same kind. As to intellect, he was like a child of eighteen months old. Tall, strong, and well made, he had no more ideas in his head, when he came to us, than children of that age have.

"I imagine that this sort of dumbness proceeds in part from want of energy of mind; for though we succeeded with much difficulty in making him speak, by a system of sounds, yet for a long time he only made noises like those of a child of two years old, and even now he prefers employing the childish pantomime to the use of speech, and has to be constantly reminded of it.

"He does, however, progress a little, can join some words together, and, we trust, will in time become a clever workman."

What benevolent mind will not exult in the success already gained, or hope that it will be as the first-fruits of a glorious harvest?

ANOTHER LESS TO LOVE ME.

BY RUTH RUSTIC.

Another less to love me!—another less to greet
The little sickly maiden with the words of soothing sweet,
Oh! the pleasant tones I yearn for, will they fall, ah! nevermore
On the bruised and fainting spirit that is sickened to the core?
Will the clasping hand, so tender, ne'er entwine again with mine,
And the starlight of those eyes upon my bosom's midnight shine?

I sit beside the window, watching wearily the street—
There's a step upon the staircase, like the sounding of his feet,
I start, with straining glances bent upon the opening door:—
Why should my heart beat quicker when *he* cometh nevermore?

The world's-tide floweth gaily where thy vessel sank beneath;
And they scarcely miss the flower that has fallen from life's wreath;
But *I* gaze upon the ocean where thy gallant barque went down
And I miss the crowning flower from out Friendship's radient crown.

Thou wert not young or lovely—no! they smiled and called thee old;
But I saw beneath the surface there were mines of purest gold,
And when Fashion's gilded butterflies came round me with their gloss,
I turned more clinging to thee, for to love *thee* less *were* loss!

The few pale flowers I'm twining, they are all to give him now,
Who all the while was heaping wreaths of joy upon my brow.
I can but do this little to repay thy ceaseless love,
But for more my heart is pining, oh! thou purer friend above!

They tell me thou art happy, and I do believe thou art;
Thou wert so above the many met in life's cold soulless mart;
Thou whose presence gave me sunshine, oh! it *cannot* be all dark,
Then but whisper on Death's voyage thou art safe within the Ark.

Too precious were the jewels of thy spirit to be lost,
Though on Passion's hasty surges they might often times be tost.
A mother in yon heaven prayed with tears upon thy head,
And a Saviour on Mount Calvary drops of blood for thee didst shed!

Farewell! I may be blither. Yes, the bird again may sing,
And may warble gladsome carols, though it bears a wounded wing;
But the heart will falter wearied, though the lips may tremble not,
For from off its inmost pages Time can never wipe the blot.
I cannot lay thee in the dust, and be the same as e'er—
My soul goes wailing evermore, that I shall see thee ne'er!

Dew-drop Dale.

Digitized by Google

GROTESQUE HEAD-DRESSES OF FORMER TIMES.

The vagaries of fashion are among the curiosities of all generations—our own not excepted. Monstrous disfigurations of the heads and bodies have been, and will no doubt continue to be, until the end of the chapter. Not the least notable fact in the case, is the transformation, while the fashion reigns, of the grotesque into the attractive—we might almost say the beautiful! For, in the lover's eye, the costume of his dulcinea, if in the prevailing mode, adds new charms to her person.

We select a few of the singular head-dresses worn a century or so back, as curious relics of the past.

1



A tower of hair, pomatum, and feathers, surmounted by a brush, as if for the demolition of spiders' webs, like those above, worn in the days of Louis XIV of France, looked, we may believe, elegant at the time; and in later days, this horrizontal arrangement, with a protruding termination like a horse's tail, presented equal attractions!

2



We laugh at these; but, in a generation or so, we will change places, and be in turn the subject of many a merry laugh from our posterity.

The same may be said of the following:

3



And also of this:

4



Digitized by Google

Selected Miscellany.

www.libtool.com.cn

SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

[These suggestions from *Life Illustrated* are well worthy of adoption:]

Assemblies for social converse and recreation are in many ways beneficial. They are not frequent enough in our towns and villages.

At the recent literary festival at the Crystal Palace, we were forcibly impressed with the desirableness of having such assemblies frequently—say once a month during the winter—affording to all an opportunity of practicing the agreeable arts, and of becoming acquainted with agreeable people. We are all living too exclusively. We all confine ourselves too much to our own clique, sect, circle, or family. There are delightful persons all around us whom we ought to know, but do not; persons whose knowledge is different from our knowledge, whose experience is different from our experience; between whom and ourselves, therefore, there could be a pleasant and instructive interchange of opinions, impressions, and facts. Life is short and difficult; why should we needlessly abridge its pleasures? Why not enjoy all we can?

It does people good merely to array themselves in becoming and attractive garments; shedding their coats, as it were, and coming out all new and glossy. Still more beneficial is it for us to lay aside dull care, and look on our fellow mortals with glad and shining faces. But most serviceable of all is it to quench the little selfishness of our ordinary walk and conversation, and devote ourselves occasionally for a whole evening to the single business of being agreeable. A man is generous in company, if only for very shame. The Gospel, according to Grab, is incredible in the society of well-dressed and well-behaved ladies and gentlemen. Everybody becomes obliging as a matter of course, and feels the beauty and the ecstacy of preferring the happiness of others before his own.

Let us be more social. What more easy than for the people of a village to have a weekly assembly in some public room, with very simple, inexpensive refreshment, the cost to be shared by the company? No speech-making or other humbug, but mere social enjoyment the object. Let there be tables for cards, drafts, and chess; a floor for dancing, chairs for talkers, and let every one amuse himself in the way he prefers. An occasional song, glee, or chorus, would, of course, enliven the occasion.

There is no reason why our villagers should be dependent for amusement upon circuses and strolling companies of players, magicians, and singers. They have the means of enjoyment within themselves, which only need to be combined and brought out. The only sensible, and the most pleasant celebration of the Fourth of July that we ever witnessed, was in a little village in the West, where all the people, old and young, rich and poor, clergy and laymen, saints and sinners, dined together in a grove. The children frolicked about, while the elders ate their dinner, and when they were satisfied, the tables were newly arranged for the juveniles. It was a most cheerful, pleasant scene. Everybody was as happy as the afternoon was long.

Let us be more social, and we shall all be the better for it.

ANECDOTE OF RUBINI.

Some thirty years ago, the little town of Bergamo, in Italy, became eminent for its chorus-singers, while, by a singular contrast, the actors were in the inverse ratio but indifferent.

Some of the former became, afterwards, much distinguished, and indeed immortalized themselves throughout Italy, as singers, composers, and musicians of the first eminence, in the names of Donizetti, Cridelli, Leonora Bianchi, and Mario; all of whom commenced their career as simple chorus-singers at Bergamo. Among other aspirants to fame, at this period, was a young man of very humble extraction, and to use a common saying, "poor as a church mouse," but withal of a most amiable disposition—unassuming, and much beloved of his companions.

In Italy the orchestra are not, or were not, so recherche as in France; in the former country you enter the shop of a tailor, and, ten to one, you find the master thereof playing "first fiddle," while his apprentices, by way of winding up the day agreeably, will make their appearance at the theatre, with their various orchestral instruments.

The subject of this anecdote was one of this class; and, in order to contribute to the support of an aged mother, united the functions of a chorister with the less harmonious, but more lucrative occupation of an humble snip.

One morning it chanced that it was his good fortune to be sent to the celebrated singer, Nozari, in order to accommodate him with a pair of inexpressibles. After gazing on him attentively, Nozari asked the boy if he had not seen him before.

"I believe so, Signor," he replied; "I have seen you at the theatre while I was engaged in the choruses."

"Have you anything of a voice?" asked Nozari.

"No," was the reply, "I can hardly go up to *sol*."

"Let us try, my little fellow," said Nozari good-humoredly, as he approached the piano. "Now begin your gamut."

Digitized by Google

This the youth timidly attempted, but when he arrived at the awful *sol* he got quite out of breath.

"Now out with *la*," said Nozari.

"Impossible, Signor—I cannot."

"Out with it, you rascal."

"La—la—la"—cried the lad.

"Now for *si*."

"Oh, Signor, I can't."

"Out with it, or I'll out of the window with you!" roared Nozari.

"Oh! don't be angry, Signor—I'll try," exclaimed the terrified boy, beginning with la—si—la—si, and ending with *do*.

"That will do," said his preceptor, patting him caressingly on the head, "and," continued Nozari with an air of triumph, "follow it up, and you shall become the first tenor singer in Italy."

Nozari's prophecy was realized; and the poor chorus-boy, through the introduction of a pair of inexpressibles, became "Il primo tenor d'Italia," and the destined possessor of the immense fortune of two millions—and his name was RUBINI!

DRESS FOR LITERARY LADIES.

BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

One vice of dress literary ladies are accused of, and sometimes justly, viz.: a predilection for the picturesque. We call this a *vice* of dress, because it generally makes the wearer remarkable, and not pleasantly so. Dress may be sometimes individual without offence; ordinarily, good taste and good breeding require that it should, in its general aspect, conform to the common standard, not to an ideal one peculiar to the wearer. It must be remembered that costume which would serve admirably for a picture or a description, may be quite unpresentable in a drawing room. In the old satirical novel of Cherubina, or the Heroine, the lady, impassioned for the picturesque, takes "an entire piece of the finest cambric," and disposes it most statuesquely about her person. "A zone, a clasp, and a bodkin," she says, "completed all!" But the result was disastrous. Far short of this extreme, we have seen imaginative ladies make the most extraordinary figure in company, from the indulgence of an individual taste in dress, instead of a modest acquiescence with the reigning mode.

"What! be a slave to fashion!" "No, but make fashion your servant, by using it so far as it will serve your purpose, i. e., enables you to present a becoming and respectable appearance in society." We venture to say that it is hardly possible to respect anybody who is fantastically dressed. To differ much from others in this matter, bespeaks a degree of thought and plan on the part of the wearer, which detracts from dignity of character. We all like the company of even an ultra-fashionist, made up by tailors or milliners, better than of one who forces us to notice trifles, by appearing in array so peculiar as to strike the eye, while it offends the habit, at least, if not the judgment. To be passive under the hands of people who make it their business to study the forms, effect, and harmony of dress, is surely wiser than to usurp their office, for which one's own habitual employments are likely to do anything but prepare. A veto power must be reserved, however, for people who live always in an atmosphere of decoration, are rather prone to overdress one, if they are not watched. Eyes accustomed to a furnace glare, may learn to deem the light of common day ineffectual.

Women generally have an intense dislike to the picturesque style in female dress, and they are not at all apt to think favorably of the stray sheep who adopt it. Some "ill-avis'd" persons fancy that ladies dress for the eyes of gentlemen, but this opinion shows little knowledge of the sex. Gentlemen dress for ladies, but ladies for each other. The anxiety that is felt about the peculiarities of fashion, the chase after novelty, the thirst for expense, all refer to woman's judgment and admiration, for of these particulars men know nothing. Here we touch upon the point in question. Women who depart from fashion in search of the picturesque are suspected of a special desire to be charming to the other sex, a fault naturally unpardonable, for ought we not all to start fair? Has any individual a right to be weaving private nets, and using unauthorized charms? A lady who values her character, had better not pretend to be independent of the fashion. The extra admiration of a few of her more poetical beaux will not compensate for the angry sarcasms she must expect from her own sex. This is a matter in which we find it hard to be merciful, or even candid.

Shall the becoming, then, be sacrificed to the caprices of fashion, which consults neither complexion, shape, or air, but considers the female sex only as a sort of dough, which is to be moulded at pleasure, and squeezed into all possible forms, at the waving of a wand? We do not go so far. There are rules of taste—standards of grace and beauty—boundaries of modesty and propriety—restraints of Christian benevolence. Saving and excepting the claims of these, we say follow the fashion enough to avoid singularity, and do not set up to be an inventor in costume.

PASSION FOR DRESS—BUYING CHEAP.

It is not very easy to draw the line between a proper care of one's money, and too great a solicitude to obtain "cheap things." Nobody knows with certainty, except the purchaser herself, what is the motive, and what the merit or demerit of the labor she submits to in shopping; *but she knows very well*, and to her must the decision be referred. If a weak hankering after a style of dress more costly than we can honestly afford, causes us to shop in a mean and grasping way, we, at least, know it, whether any one else discovers it or not, and it is a matter very well worth an hour's thought and sifting.

There is, perhaps, nothing more hardening

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

to the heart, in a small way, than the habit here alluded to. After we have once set our mark too high, and are straining every nerve to approach it, no spare dollar is ever at our command for a benevolent or friendly purpose. The too-great toils of an anxious husband—painful contrasts with less aspiring, or less successful friends—the half-paid labors of the poor seamstress who contributes to further our selfish aims—the sight of suffering which has just claims upon us—all are as nothing and less than nothing. Conscience, pity, and affection are not more surely blunted by any of the so-called minor offences, than by a pursuit of dress in this temper. The competition is too keen for friendship, too petty for generosity, almost too grasping for honesty. We have high authority for believing that it has even been known to lead to insanity, and, judging by some extreme cases within our notice, we can well imagine it. A pursuit so futile, so inimical to all that is serious and ennobling, can hardly be safe; for Nature will revenge herself when we trample her best gifts under foot, and insist on choosing for ourselves a position in the scale of being far lower than that which she assigns us.

THE DINNER AT THE CARDINAL'S.

[The following thrilling story is told of one whom Cardinal Richelieu endeavored to remove quietly out of his way:]

M. Dumont, a small merchant of the Rue St. Denis, received one morning a letter, dated Rueil, a little village on the outskirts of Paris, where the Cardinal had a country-seat. This letter contained an invitation to supper for the next day with his Eminence. M. Dumont could not believe his eyes; he read the letter several times, looked at the direction, and finally concluded that he must be indeed the person to whom it was addressed. Amazed beyond expression, he called his wife and daughters, to communicate to them his good fortune. You may imagine the joy and pride of the three women!

About four o'clock he mounted his horse, and started for Rueil. He had scarce passed the suburbs, when the clouds assumed a threatening look, and the sound of distant thunder announced the approach of a violent storm. The merchant, having neglected to provide himself with a cloak, doubled the speed of his horse. But the storm travelled faster than his steed: flashes of lightning succeeded each other with frightful rapidity, and the rain fell in torrents. Assailed by the tempest, our hero put his horse to the gallop; but at length, unable to continue his journey, he stopped at a small tavern in Monterre. He alighted, sent his horse to the stable, and took refuge in a low room, where the servants lighted a blazing fire to dry his clothes. While he was warming himself, the door opened, and another person, also drenched with rain, entered and seated himself in the opposite corner.

The two travellers looked at each other for some time in silence. At last, M. Dumont addressed his companion with the words: "What detestable weather!"

"It is very bad, indeed," replied the stranger. "But it is only a shower, which, I hope, will soon pass over."

"Hear," continued M. Dumont, "the storm increases; peals of thunder shake the house; the rain falls in torrents; and yet I must go on."

"Sir," said the unknown, "it must be important business that can induce you to proceed on your journey in this weather."

"It is, indeed," said Dumont, "I will tell you: it is no secret. I am invited to a supper, this evening, with the Cardinal de Richelieu."

"Ah! I know it is a difficult matter to decline such an invitation. But you have still a long way to go, and how can you present yourself before his Eminence in the state in which you now are?"

"His Eminence will, perhaps, appreciate my eagerness to accept his kind invitation."

"If I did not fear to appear indiscreet, I would ask you if you ever had anything to do with the Cardinal?"

"Nothing at all. I must even say that I cannot account for the favor which I have received."

"The Cardinal is very jealous of his authority; he does not like to have his actions judged. One word is sufficient to excite his suspicion; think well. Have you never given his Eminence any cause for complaint against you?"

"I think not. I have been constantly occupied with my business. I have no interest in what they call politics. However, I believe that, before two or three friends only, I censured the death of the Duke of Montmorency, and you would have done the same, had your grandfather been the steward of that illustrious noble."

"My dear sir, you look like an honest man. You have inspired me with much interest for you; will you listen to me, then? Do not go to Rueil."

"Not go to Rueil? I shall set out this instant, in spite of the storm."

"One word more, my friend, for your position interests me exceedingly; you really believe that the Cardinal is expecting you to supper? Well, let me undeceive you. You are expected, it is true—but to be hung!"

"O merciful Heaven! what do you mean? It is impossible."

"I tell you again," said the stranger, "to be hung!"

At these words, Dumont, shuddering with terror, drew himself near to the unknown.

"For Heaven's sake, how do you know?"

"I am sure of it."

"But, what have I done to deserve such a fate?"

"I don't know; but I am sure of what I say, for I am the one who has been sent for to hang you."

Digitized by Google

The poor merchant, pale as a corpse, drew back several steps, and, scarcely able to speak, said:

"Pray tell me, sir—who are you?"

"The hangman of Paris, called by his Eminence to dispatch you. Think of the service I have rendered you, and remember that the least indiscretion on your part will be my ruin."

The merchant remounted his horse, without waiting for the storm to abate; and, drenched to the bone, he reached Paris. Instead of repairing to his own house, he sought shelter with an old friend, to whom he related his adventure and wonderful escape. With the aid of money he obtained a passport, under a false name; and, well disguised, started for England. There he remained till the death of the Cardinal, which occurred two years after.

MISS BREMER.

The Countess Hahn-Hahn, who visited Miss Bremer, at her country residence of Arsta, a few years since, speaks of it as being remarkable, in an historical point of view. The house is of stone, built during the Thirty Years' War, with large and lofty apartments, overlooking the meadow where Gustavus Adolphus reviewed the army with which he marched into Livonia. It is surrounded with magnificent trees, the dark waters of the Baltic lying in the distance. Here Miss Bremer, with a beloved mother and sister, resides for a part of the year, and here many of our countrymen have had the pleasure of visiting her, and enjoying her hospitality. One of these remarks of her, that in every thought and act she seems to have but one object—that of making her fellow-beings contented and happy. She is possessed of an ample fortune, and devotes her income mostly to charitable objects. In a recent severe winter, when the poor were dying with hunger and cold, hundreds through her means were warmed and fed, who would otherwise have perished.

In addition to her other accomplishments, Miss Bremer possesses a most delicate musical ear, and plays on the piano with great expression and an exquisite touch, the wild songs of her native land, as well as the more elaborate works of the great masters. She also paints in water-colors, and her album contains finely executed miniatures of most of the remarkable persons she has known.

WALKING LEAVES OF AUSTRALIA.

Almost everybody has heard of the wonderful walking leaves of Australia. For a long time after the discovery of that island, many people really believed that the leaves of a certain tree which flourishes there could walk about the ground. The story arose in this way. Some English sailors landed upon the coast one day, and, after roaming about until they were tired, they sat down under a tree to rest themselves. A puff of wind came along, and blew off a shower of leaves, which, after turning over and over in the air, as leaves generally do, finally rested upon the ground. As it was midsummer, and everything appeared quite green, the circumstance puzzled the sailors considerably. But their surprise was much greater, as you may well suppose, when, after a short time, they saw the leaves crawling along the ground toward the trunk of the tree. They ran at once for their vessel, without stopping to inquire into the matter at all, and set sail from the land where everything seemed to be bewitched. One of the men said that he "expected every moment to see the trees set to and dance a jig."

Subsequent explorations of Australia have taught us that these walking leaves are insects. They live upon the trees. Their bodies are very thin and flat, their wings forming large, leaf-like organs. When they are disturbed, their legs are folded away under their bodies, leaving the shape exactly like a leaf, with its stem and all complete. They are of a bright green color in the summer, but they gradually change in the fall, with the leaves, to the brown of a frost-bitten vegetation. When shaken from the tree, they lie for a few minutes upon the ground, as though they were dead, but presently they begin to crawl along toward the tree, which they ascend again. They rarely use their wings, although they are pretty well supplied in this respect.

HOW TO BE LOVED.

Here is a secret worth knowing. William Wirt, in a letter to his daughter, thus insists upon the importance of the "small, sweet courtesies of life." Depend upon it, he is right. He says: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him. And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let all persons, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls the small, sweet courtesies, in which there is no parade; whose voice is too still to teaze, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention; giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing."

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge—a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds—
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich!
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER.

Digitized by Google

SENTIMENTS FROM THE "NEWCOMES," BY THACKERAY.

People hate as they love, unreasonably.—Whether is it the more mortifying to us to feel that we are disliked or liked undeservedly?

The children of those who do not love in marriage seem to bear an hereditary coldness, and do not love their parents as other children do.

A young man of spirit not unfrequently mistakes his vanity for independence.

It is not a man's gifts or hospitalities that generally injure his fortune. It is on themselves that prodigals spend most.

Without intending to disparage the youth of other nations, I think a well-bred English lad has this advantage over them, that his bearing is commonly more modest than theirs. He does not assume the tail-coat and the manners of manhood too early; he holds his tongue and listens to his elders; his mind blushes as well as his cheeks; he does not know how to make bows like the young Frenchman, nor to contradict his seniors, as I am informed American striplings do. Boys who learn nothing else at our public schools, learn at least good manners, or what we consider to be such.

The wicked are wicked no doubt, and they go astray, and they fall, and they come by their deserts; but who can tell the mischief the very virtuous do?

It is only in later days, when the treasures of love are spent, and the kind hand cold which ministered them, that we remember how tender it was; how soft to soothe; how eager to shield; how ready to support and caress! The ear may no longer hear which would have received our words of thanks so delightedly. Let us hope these fruits of love, though tardy, are yet not all too late; and, though we bring our tribute of reverence and gratitude, it may be, to a gravestone, there is an acceptance even there for the stricken heart's oblation of fond remorse, contrite memories, and pious tears.

Art ought not to be a fever. It ought to be a calm; not a screaming bull fight, or a battle of gladiators, but a temple for placid contemplation, rapt worship, stately rhythmic ceremony, and music solemn and tender.

There are perils in our (life) battle, from which, God help us, the bravest had best run away.

What moments can we not all remember in our lives when it would have been so much wittier and wiser to say and do nothing!

Some folks say the world is heartless; he who says so either prates commonplace, (the most likely and charitable suggestion,) or is heartless himself, or is most singular and unfortunate in having made no friends.

What would the possession of a hundred thousand a year, or fame, and the applause of one's countrymen, or the loveliest and best-beloved woman—of any glory, happiness, or good fortune, avail to a gentleman who was allowed to enjoy them only on condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside it? All fame and happiness would disappear and plunge down that shoe. All life would rankle round those little nails.

Look, gentlemen! Does a week pass without the announcement of the discovery of a new star in the heaven, twinkling dimly out of a yet farther distance, and only now becoming visible to human ken, though existent forever and ever? So let us hope divine truths may be shining, and regions of light and love extant, which Geneva glasses cannot yet perceive, and are beyond the focus of Roman telescopes.

"War and justice are good things," says George Warrington, rattling his clenched fist upon the table. "I maintain them, and the common sense of mankind maintains them, against the preaching of all the Honeymans that ever puled from the pulpit. I have not the least objection to a rogue being hung. When a scoundrel is whipped I am pleased, and say, Served him right."

I say the world is full of Miss Nightingales; and we, sick and wounded in our private Scutaris, have countless nurse-tenders.

AT REST.—By Anna M. Bates.

Fold the pale hands, lightly, softly,
Over the pulseless breast;
No more life's care and tumult
Will break her pleasant rest;
Out where the young leaves whisper,—
Out where the sunbeams shine,
And the wind sings o'er the daisy-buds
Its low and pleasant rhyme.

Put back the golden tresses
From that brow more fair than day;
Never more may love's caresses
Fold those shining bands away;
No more a mute appealing,
For human love and trust,
May shine from those shut starry eyes,—
Gems wedded to the dust.

Look on those meek lips smiling;
They were never hushed so long;
For; like the summer rivulet,
They rippled o'er with song.
When the ripe brown nuts were falling
Where the crimson leaflets lay,
She heard a sweet voice calling—
Calling her from earth away.

—[*Ladies' Christian Annual.*

AN AMERICAN'S EXPERIMENT AT HOUSEKEEPING IN PARIS.

[We take from that sprightly volume, "Bell Smith Abroad," an amusing account of the author's attempt at housekeeping on a small scale in Paris:]

We took possession of our little rooms in great glee. The novelty of our elevated nest, above the thronging, idle Paris—the comforts

Digitized by Google

gathered in little knick-knacks — the taste evinced in every thing—the quiet, in such contrast with our late abode, made me think for the moment we were at home. I have lived to learn better. The word home is an English word, and has an English meaning totally unknown in France. The idea of comfort, of seclusion, of sacredness, all contained in that word of hope, memory, and happiness, have no existence here, even in imagination, and would be as applicable to French lodgings as to a sunshade or a hat. They will keep out the sun, the rain, and the wind, (indifferently,) but they keep in nothing—no inner temple, where the hearth-stone is an altar, and the household gods are treasured up sacred from common eyes.—Our gay Parisians want only a corner in which to sleep; the balance of doings incident to life are gotten up in the open air. A little dinner-party in the street, a breakfast or supper on the sidewalks, with the great world streaming by; an afternoon or an evening in the Boulevard, Tuileries, or theatres, are the makings-up of every day life. An American's house is his castle—there, with wife, children, and relations, he lives merrily, or in stupid grandeur. The stranger must sound a parley, sometimes on the outside, before the drawbridge is lowered and admission granted. With the French, the houses are barracks, and the only way to avoid the intruding stranger is to evacuate yourself.—Of course, with such a position of things, no provision is made for our mode of life, and—sorry am I to write it—our happiness.

We employed a domestic who came to us with an armful of recommendations. She could not commence her duties until the Monday following our removal, and we had two days to dispose of in the meanwhile. Mrs. T. came to see us two hours after the baggage was deposited on the floor, and treated me to a meaning smile, in return for my child-like rejoicings over my new apartments.

"I hope you will find them all you anticipate," she said; "but I have lived several years in Paris, and never succeeded in finding myself comfortably situated. Our ideas of comfort are so entirely different from those of this people, that to find them gratified is out of the question. Your chimney smokes."

This was said so abruptly, I looked astonished. We had not disturbed the fire-place, glittering with burnished brass. I found words to ask a reason for this abrupt conclusion.

"All chimneys in Paris are nuisances, and smoke abominably. Until late, fires were luxuries to the majority of the inhabitants, and now we have sham fires—a pretence for fires—make-believes. Put on what you consider sufficient wood or coal to warm the room; and, after being smoked beyond patience, end only in astonishing the residents at your extravagance. You will surely freeze in these rooms."

I again asked why, as the apartments were small, and apparently capable of being warmed readily.

"The walls of the house, my dear, terminate at the floor—this story, and the one above, are mere shells of lath and plaster; see;" and of the fact she soon convinced us. The balcony I had so rejoiced over, rested on the huge walls of the building.

"But we descend to the second story in a few days."

"That may be a gain. The atmosphere up here is pure — more than I can say for most apartments lower down. Show them to me."

We descended, and, with but two words of apology, walked in upon the occupants—a customary thing here, when looking at apartments. The lady went on with her embroidery, and a little girl, under the hands of an instructor, looked up once, but never paused in her drumming. We examined carefully into every corner, and then returned, when Mrs. T. gave me the result of her observations.

"The first trouble I notice is, that you pass through the dining-room to get to the parlor—no inconvenience to French people, but a serious annoyance to us; we are of a retiring disposition when 'feeding,'—(excuse the word.)—In the next place, the sun never reaches your windows—a sad thing in Paris, where the winters are composed of rain-clouds; but more especially in your apartments where Lucy's room is without windows altogether, with a door opening into your bed-chamber. How the poor child will manage to dress, two-thirds of the winter, I cannot imagine. Again, you are above some stables, and will be awakened at midnight by Count Somebody and family returning to their pavilion from the opera or ball; and, if at all nervous, ye will be kept awake by the pawing of horses until morning."

I begged her in pity to stop, and called her attention to the beautiful gardens before our windows.

They will look dreary enough when the leaves fall, but the open space will afford you air—that is some comfort. You tell me you have engaged a bonne, (domestic;) consider her a female devoid of all honesty, and treat her accordingly. She will never tell you the truth, even by accident, and steal every thing she dare. Lucy must carry the keys, and give out from day to day, precisely what you need for use. Give her a certain amount of money in the morning to market with; make her produce the bills and settle at night. You have your fuel in the cave; for every five sticks she brings you, she will sell two. Your wine will suffer the same fate. Your beer will be watered beyond its original taste. These things you cannot well prevent. On the subject of wood I am a little nervous. The wood-man sells it to you by the pound, and, as he soaks it in water before weighing, you cannot well afford the stealage—the cheatage is quite enough. She will sell the food already cooked, before your face. When you walk through the market, notice a stall in which are bits of cooked dishes, mutton chops, infinitesimal beef-steaks, and pats of butter; these are furnished the stall by cooks in the neighborhood, who sell them to this receiver and he in turn sells them to the poorer laborers Two profits to be made off your kitchen!"

Digitized by Google

I asked, in perfect astonishment, if this could be so, and if it was not possible to find honest servants.

"Entirely out of the question. One would cease the awful strife with their cheating and stealing, but it offers a premium on their vice; and it increases immediately beyond the strength of your purse. By-the-by, be very careful never to patronize a tradesman she may recommend. They have their heads together, and your bills will be no evidence of the expenditure. The class you have to deal with in Paris, recognize in a stranger a goose sent them by Providence to pluck—they pluck accordingly, and, going to church after, they return thanks to the 'bon Dieu,' that he has sent them so fat a bird."

This all sounds very harsh, yet my experience sustains it to the letter; nor have I met with a single American or English woman, resident in Paris, who has not concurred with us in this. It is a hard thing to make such charges against a whole class—a class, too, struggling in poverty, under heavy exaction, poor wages, and unjust legislation. The law puts them under the control of their employers. Each servant is required to bring from their last employer a written character, and without this cannot be employed. They may complain if the document is refused, and one is forced to give a reason for such refusal. But it is an oppressed class, and, like all oppressed by the strong arm, make up in cunning and deceit what they lack in power.

I gave Mrs. T.'s experiences to D. and Dr. B., on their return from a settlement with Hotel de Tours, and both pronounced it nonsense. D. said Mrs. T. was a perfect gentlewoman, but nevertheless, no oracle in all things; whereupon he brought from under his arm a complicated piece of tinnery, which he pronounced a coffee-pot, capable of making coffee, without fail, in ten minutes. As our cook could not come for two days, our first proposition was to breakfast, lunch, and dine, at the Cafe de France; but the coffee-pot so elated D., that he declared we should commence housekeeping instanter, by preparing our breakfast.

To sit down to coffee, bread, and butter, seemed a very simple, easy matter; but when the articles are to be collected, and a dozen flights of stairs to be descended and ascended, the labor is tremendous. Five times did B. and D. disappear and re-appear, quite exhausted, before the coffee, milk, sugar, bread, and butter, could be ordered; and in the midst of the congratulations at the possession of these valuables, he discovered salt to be among the missing.—Then came the fact of no spoons, knives, or forks, in our little house. After a deal of vexation, all these things were purchased, at twice their value, and collected.

The principal article, most desired and anxiously looked for, was the coffee. D. solemnly set about its manufacture. The exact quantity of ground coffee was measured, the proper quantity of water poured over, to which, in a circular pan, was placed and set on fire the alcohol. Each one held a watch in hand, and we waited anxiously the expiration of the ten minutes.—It came at last; the alcohol was extinguished, and the first cup poured out. It had a mulattoish color, as if it had made the exact divide of half-and-half. D. tasted, and setting down the cup, exclaimed:

"I have been all my life in a state of wonderment, as to the mode of manufacturing steamboat and hotel coffee. The wonder is at an end—Eureka—the discovery is invaluable."

"The discovery," retorted Dr. Bob, with extreme disgust painted on his face, "may be invaluable, but the coffee is vile stuff."

"Patience, fellow sufferer," said D.; "we are savans, and must not permit our selfish appetites to interfere with the pursuits of science.—Let us try again."

Pouring in double the quantity of alcohol, he said it should boil twenty minutes. This was impossible, as at the end of the lawful ten minutes, the fire expired of itself. It was hard to tell what had become of the extra supply of spirits; but, on tasting this second experiment, the doubt at once vanished. The weak coffee was considerably strengthened by the spirits. As if to crowd all ills into a limited space, Dr. B. put down his cup with more than horror in his face, and pronounced himself poisoned. I could not imagine what was the trouble, until, after tasting again and again the abominable mixture, I discovered he had been drinking from a cup in which I had imprudently mixed a tonic, made up of herbs, bitter as bitterest known.

"There is a point," said D., "at which we are assured by the divine Watts, that patience ceases to be a virtue. That point is now before us; and, to show my appreciation of the sentiment, I will make this coffee-pot a contribution to Paris at large."

So saying, he stepped upon the balcony, and tossed the tin curiosity out to the world. Its descent was curious; for a short distance it took rather a south-by-easterly course. In this direction it struck a stone projection of a house near by, which changed its flight to almost due east, and so continued until it hit and went in at a window, through a pane of glass, with some noise. From this it immediately flew out, quite hastily indeed, followed by a white night-cap, covering the head of an irritable old citizen, who, with the tassel of his cap shaking with very wrath and indignation, looked in every direction but the right one. The coffee-pot continued until it struck a street-cleaner in the back, who jumped as if shot. We left a knot of this useful class earnestly examining the curious work of art, probably setting it down as an "infernal machine," of neater construction and more convenient form than the great original.

We ordered breakfast from the Cafe de France, and a very excellent breakfast it was. The smoking viands, the boiling coffee, with hot milk, and real cream, restored our good humor; and after partaking, with many a laugh and jest, we felt disposed to be on good terms with the

Digitized by Google

world at large, and Paris in particular. With the last, however, we had an unsettled account. It could not brook the indignity of having kitchen ware tossed in its face, violating thereby certain laws of peace and propriety. We had scarcely finished our morning repast, when a ring at our bell ushered in two of the police, both with terrible swords at their side, and the worst-fitting clothes I believe I ever did see.—We were ordered to appear before a dispenser of justice, to suffer, if guilty, for the hideous offence charged. As we were not prepared with a barricade, to meet the unexpected emergency, our only course was quietly to submit, with a tremendous appeal for mercy.

To some of your readers, who may wonder at the rapidity with which these functionaries found us, I will say that, in going into any house, or hotel, to lodge, you are requested to leave your passport in the porter's lodge, until from it, in what is called the police-book, is entered all the particulars the document may afford.—The porter or concierge is in the pay of the police; the commissaire, who runs your errands, is in the same service; the driver of the voiture in which you ride, reports to the police; your interpreter, if you have one, belongs to that disagreeable body; and, in fact, the law, through a hundred eyes, is looking on you continually.

In the present difficulty, I suggested sending for our Minister. Dr. Bob begged to have professional advice; but D. said he could not think of involving our country in a war on account of a vile coffee-pot; and as for a lawyer, he thought, from experience, that would make matters worse. There was no use denying the charge. The indignant old citizen was on hand, discoursing rapidly in excellent French; the hit-in-the-back workman was hard by, talking vehemently in very bad French; so nothing was left but to confess the awful crime, and submit to punishment. As we were strangers, and as Paris lives on strangers, the polite judge only fined us fifty francs; which, with the expenses incident, brought the amount up to about twelve dollars. Riding homeward, we made a calculation as to the cost of our morning meal, attempted in an economical way, and found we had expended near twenty dollars.

Experience purchased:

French cooking is a science.

French house-keeping is a mystery.

Science comes from labor—mysteries from Providence.

'TWILL BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!
O, how oft do I muse, 'mid the thoughtless and gay,
On the marvellous truth that these words convey!
And *can* it be so? Must the valiant and free
Have their tenure of life on this frail decree?
Are the trophies they've reared and the glories they've won
Only castles of frost-work, confronting the sun,
And must all that's as joyous and brilliant to view
As a midsummer's dream, be as perishing, too?
Then have pity, ye proud ones—be gentle, ye great!
O remember how mercy beseemeth your state:
For the rust that consumeth the sword of the brave
Is eating the chain of the manacled slave,
And the conqueror's frowns, and his victim's tears
Will be all the same in a hundred years!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!
How dark are your fortunes, ye sons of the soil,
Whose heir-loom is sorrow, whose birthright is toil
Yet envy not those who have glory and gold,
By the sweat of the poor, and the blood of the bold;
For 'tis coming, howe'er they may flaunt in their pride,
The day when they'll moulder to dust by your side.
Death untieth the children of toil and of sloth,
And the democrat reptiles carouse upon both;
For Time, as he speeds on his viewless wings,
Disenamels and withers all earthly things;
And the knight's white plume, and the shepherd's crook,
And the minstrel's pipe, and the scholar's book,
And the emperor's crown, and the Cossack's spears,
Will be dust alike in a hundred years!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
O most magical fountain of smiles and tears!
To think that our hopes, like the flowers of June,
Which we love so much should be lost so soon!
Then what meaneth the chase after phantom joys?
Or the breaking of human hearts for toys?
Or the veteran's pride in his crafty schemes?
Or the passion of youth for his darling dreams?
Or the aiming at ends that we never can span?
Or the deadly aversion of man for man?
What availeth it all? O, ye sages, say,—
Or the miser's joy in his brilliant clay?
Or the lover's zeal for his matchless prize—
The enchanting maid with the starry eyes?
Or the feverish conflict of hopes and fears,
If 'tis all the same in a hundred years?

Ah! 'tis not the same in a hundred years,
How clear soever the case appears;
For know ye not, that beyond the grave,
Far, far beyond where the cedars wave,
On the Syrian mountains, or where the stars
Come glittering forth in their golden cars,
There bloometh a land of perennial bliss,
Where we smile to think of the tears in this?
And the pilgrim reaching that radiant shore,
Has the thought of death in his heart no more;
But layeth his staff and sandals down
For the victor's palm and the monarch's crown.
And the mother meets in that tranquil sphere,
The delightful child she has wept for here;
And the warrior's sword that protects the right,
Is bejewelled with stars of undying light;
And we quaff of the same immortal cup,
While the orphan smiles, and the slave looks up!
So be glad, my heart, and forget thy tears,
For 'tis NOT the same in a hundred years!

[DUBLIN TELEGRAPH.

GOOD TEMPER.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
O, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence! [MORE.

Digitized by Google

THREE NEW YEARS' EVES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

EVE THE FIRST.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews had been married only a few months, and this was their first New Year's Eve. Theirs was truly a marriage of affection, and congenial tastes drew closer the bonds by which they were united. Familiarity with the best authors had developed the mind of Mr. Andrews intellectually; while a thorough business education gave him a confidence in his own ability to make his way in the world, and left him undisturbed about the future. Mrs. Andrews had been carefully raised by a widowed mother, now removed from her by death, and had experience just enough of the trials of self-dependence to feel the real comforts of her new position.

The home in which they found themselves on this, the first New Year's Eve of their married life, suited, in all respects, their unambitious tastes. It was not large, nor elegantly furnished, in the modern acceptation of that term; but light from their happy hearts was reflected on every object, making all beautiful in their eyes.

The intellectual tastes of Mr. Andrews had led him, in the arrangement of his new home, to set apart one small room as a library, and here most of the evenings of the young couple were spent. And it was here they had shut themselves in from the world on their first New Year's Eve, the husband reading aloud from a favorite book, and the happy young wife listening to his manly voice, and treasuring in her memory the sentiments that fell from his lips, while her fingers busied themselves with some elegant needlework.

This home was their Paradise, into which the tempter had not yet found an entrance. This was their world, beyond which thought had not yet strayed, nor imagination pictured a scene more desirable. Without was the desolation of winter—but within, the sunshine of love made all bright as an Arcadian summer.

Thus it was on their first New Year's Eve.

EVE THE SECOND.

They are in the warm library, as on the last New Year's Eve. The husband is sitting with a book before him, but not reading, though thought seems busied in its pages. Yet, thought is far away from that quiet place, busying itself with some scheme of worldly gain. Since last year, he has became more absorbed in trade, and more ambitious to rise in the world; and, as a consequence, less interested in things purely intellectual. Many times since that first happy New Year's Eve, has his wife gone up to her chamber, after parting with him for the day, and wept as if her heart would break. And why? He had forgotten the parting kiss, or laid his lips to hers so coldly, that the touch chilled, instead of warming her heart. Oh! how many times had a doubt of his love come over her, filling her soul with anguish.

The pleasant library has another inmate—a babe sleeping in its warm cradle. And above this angel visitant, the mother bends and feasts her eyes upon its beauty. A new spring of joy has gushed forth in her spirit—new capacities for enjoyment have been created therein.

In some things, this eve is happier than the last; yet over the brightness of the scene a flitting shadow passes—for the world has come with its tempting bribes, and the heart of Mr. Andrews is not proof against them.

What we love, comes to the lips in speech. Mr. Andrews' desire to achieve large success in business, often led him to speak of what came first in his thoughts. Many times he had talked with his wife about his future, and gradually inspired her mind with something of the ambition that filled his own. And this evening, while the babe slumbered, they talked of the coming year, and the large gains that were expected by the husband. More than once it was on his lips to speak of a better house, and more elegant home-surroundings; but a recollection of the happy hours they had spent in the pleasant room they occupied, caused him to repress the words.

EVE THE THIRD.

Three more years have passed with their joys and sorrows.

"We are on the last hours of the year," said Mrs. Andrews, with a shade of sadness in her voice, as she took up some needlework, and drew near the light, where her husband sat with a newspaper in his hands, apparently reading. She had just returned from the chambers above, after seeing their three children safely in bed.

"Yes," repeated Mr. Andrews, gloomily; "on the last hours of the year."

"It has not been as happy a year as were the previous ones," said Mrs. Andrews. "You have had more trouble in business, and, somehow, things have been going wrong at home all the time. I don't know what's come over me, but little matters, that once had no power to disturb, now ruffle my feelings sadly. And, then, there's no concealing the fact, that the children grow more ungovernable every day; and what is worse, quarrel dreadfully among themselves."

Mr. Andrews made no reply, for the words of his wife brought up from the past images of home-scenes singularly in contrast with the real things of the year just sighing out the last hours of its existence. No—home had not been as happy as during the previous years.

www.hbtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

And why was this? There had been trouble in business, on the husband's side, and he had not always thrown the weight of care from his spirit at day's decline, and brought a cheerful heart and sunny countenance home with him. Yet he might have done this; for the trouble was such as ever comes with increasing business, and should have found a compensation in increasing gains. Had he wisely left the day's cares and perplexities at his place of business when the doors were shut at night, and let home-affections, and a loving interest in the treasured ones of his household, find their true activity, his presence would have been like warm sunshine, dispelling clouds and shadows. But, he was setting his heart upon the world, more and more, every day; and as worldly interests increased, care and anxiety increased also, for this is one of the penalties nearly all men pay for prosperity. He had met with some unexpected losses, and more than one carefully planned operation had entirely failed. This was the trouble in business to which his wife referred—and of which she had felt at home the disturbing influence. On her part, the trouble had also been experienced. She, too, was setting her heart on external things, and hoping to find therein rest and peace. The home in which, during the earlier years of her married life, she had enjoyed so much of real happiness, grown poor and mean in her eyes under the stronger light of opening prosperity, must needs be changed for one larger and more elegant. Richer clothing, new and costly furniture, and many things for show succeeded, all absorbing her thoughts, and all bringing more or less disturbing influences.

In the choice of a new house, there had been a difference of opinion between Mrs. Andrews and her husband, resulting in much unhappiness on both sides. He preferred one part of the city, and she another; he a roomy, but not very costly house; she one of rather imposing appearance, more ornamental than comfortable. Her will was strongest, and her wishes prevailed. But, in the conquest, if it might so be called, she lost more than she gained; for she lost a portion of her husband's affection. And her heart's quick instincts were not long in discovering the fact.

The new house, new furniture, and new friends that suddenly sprung up, absorbed a large portion of Mrs. Andrews' time, as well as thoughts, to the neglect of her children, and loss of real comfort in the household. But neglected children are not passive subjects: nor neglect in matters of domestic comfort, a thing of indifference. They will exist as painful realities; and this Mrs. Andrews soon proved, to her sorrow.

This, in brief, is a history of the year, in the waning light of which the husband and wife sat sighing over their disappointed hopes.

"Do you remember our first New Year's Eve?" said Mrs. Andrews, in a voice that some vivid recollection of the past had made tremulous with feeling. This was after a long silence.

For a few moments, her husband looked at her, before replying. Her question had thrown his thoughts back, and now the memory of a happier time was present.

"There have been none like it since, Anna." The words were spoken earnestly, but sadly. "And yet," he added, after a thoughtful silence, "this ought not to be. The years should grow brighter with sunshine; not darker with clouds. Something is wrong. Why, as the time goes on, should the pressure of care grow heavier, and our spirits, that desire rest and peace, find the ocean of life more vexed with storms, as the ship advances? Yes, Anna, I do remember that first New Year's Eve. Alas! how unlike the present!"

"We were poorer in this world's goods, but richer in feelings," said Mrs. Andrews. "That dear little library! There was a charm about it, never found in any of our richer apartments. The heart's warm sunshine fell all around it, and made every object beautiful."

"Something is wrong." Mr. Andrews repeated the words more earnestly. "If, since that first pleasant New Year's Eve, the sky above us has grown colder, the path rougher, and our hearts sadder, we cannot be on the road to happiness. If, with every advancing step, the sunshine continues to fade, we must be on the road to darkness, and not light."

"The light has grown dimmer, and yet we have been looking for the morning to break in brilliant sunshine!"

"Our external condition is improved," said Mr. Andrews. "We have a better home, and my business has greatly enlarged; yet, neither of these changes have brought the anticipated pleasure. You are not as happy amid all these elegant surroundings, and I am less satisfied with large gains in business, than I was when my income reached scarcely a third of its present amount. Yes, yes, something is wrong, and it behooves us to look well to our ways. If these are the penalties we pay for an improved worldly condition, then wealth must be a curse, instead of a blessing."

"If we set our hearts upon it," replied Mrs. Andrews, "it will prove a curse. And, dear husband, may not our error lie just here?"

Mr. Andrews did not reply for some minutes, during which time thought was very busy. He then said:

"It does lie just where you say, Anna. I am building too much on the mere accumulation of wealth, as a means of happiness, and you are permitting your eyes to be dazzled by the surface-glitter of the world around you. We are placing our highest good in mere external things, to the almost total neglect of what is internal, and therefore more real. What are wealth and elegance? what are honor and reputation? what are fine houses and grand villas, if the heart be dissatisfied? If each returning New Year's Eve find us sadder than before, are we not living in vain?"

"Dear husband!" said Mrs. Andrews, "let us begin the New Year in a wiser and better life. Come home to me, as of old, leaving the

Digitized by Google

world and its cares behind you; and I will strive, with an earnest spirit, to disperse all clouds, so that the sunshine may come in, as of old. Let us find, in every passing day, the treasure it brings to our door, and not lose the blessings we have, in a vain longing after some mere ideal good."

www.libtool.com.cn

As they talked, the weight of sadness was lifted from their spirits. Even in truer thoughts and better purposes, there comes a measure of peace to the troubled heart; how much more, if thought and purpose give birth to action!

The evening closed more brightly than it began. Peace fluttered again above their hearts, seeking therein a nestling place.

"We will not forget the world within us, for the world without," said Mr. Andrews, closing the pages of a book, in which he read aloud to his wife, as on their first New Year's Eve, "the internal, for the external; the riches of mind and heart, for the wealth that perishes in the using. Our feet have gone astray; but we are not such distant wanderers from the right path, that we may not find it again!"

Have you wandered, like them, reader, from the pleasant ways of life? Have you made the external of more importance than the internal? If so, pause, as the year wanes, and resolve to begin the next in a wiser subordination of things natural and worldly, to things moral, intellectual, and spiritual. Doing so, you will find, that, while you have seemed to see dimly, in the far distance, the beautiful garments of Peace, the fair goddess was knocking at the door of your heart, and vainly seeking an entrance.

ESTHER PHILLIPS' BRIDAL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was done, at last! With a long sigh of intense relief, I laid down my pen, just as the last day of November was saying good bye to me, and going out to meet the night.

Four weeks of *rest* lay before me. Rest—blessed rest—for tired brain and aching body! For three months had I sat before the little round table in my chamber, writing up the mellow autumn days, and longing sometimes, with a great, weary longing, to go out and lie down in the cool, crisp grass of the meadows, and look up, through the tree-branches, into the deep, sad, golden-blue sky—the sky, only of autumn.

But my stories *must* be ready for the January magazines. "Necessity has no law." Do you think I would have toiled out thus, for fame or pleasure, the autumn—that mellowest, ripest poem God's hand ever writes on the earth?

But, as I said, it was finished at last. *I*, Myra Darling, pushed away the manuscript, while the ink was not yet dry on the last lines, and walked to the window.

Winter had set in early, and a light fall of snow lay like a white frosting over the earth. The day, as I said, was going down to meet the night. Everything was cold, and bare, and gloomy outside. From a habit of motion which my fingers had acquired from constant writing, I involuntarily marked letters on the window-pane, and communed after this fashion with my heart: "Four weeks all to myself, to do just what I've a mind to with them! I can be just as lazy as I like; I can lounge around the old sitting-room, with Aunt Mercy and Grandpa to talk to me about the news and the neighbors, to their hearts' satisfaction—more than mine, I fancy."

"Then I've two new dresses to be made, and lots of reading to do. There's 'Queechy,' and Mrs. Stevens' 'Fashion and Famine' I've been longing to get hold of."

"But, after all, it isn't what I want—what I *need*. This inward life—this living among my pens and books—is killing me. I need (body and soul) four weeks of new surroundings and experiences. I need an *outward* life—a life of observation and perception—a life among men and things—not among dreams and ideal beings."

"Myra, child," and Aunt Mercy came into the room, with that subdued, cautious kind of movement, which a fear of disturbing my writing always gave the kind soul, "I've a letter for you here. Grandpa just brought it from the office. Finished up at last?"

"Yes, Aunt Mercy, free as a bird in May boughs for the next four weeks. But the letter, please." I recognized the hand writing with a little shriek of joy.

My acquaintance with Esther Phillips dated but six months back. She was, like myself, an orphan; and the summer previous she had passed several weeks at the hotel in Meadow Brook, with her uncle.

She knew me—thanks to the magazines—and one afternoon the city belle and heiress walked down to our little cottage, and introduced herself. We clasped hands, we looked in each other's eyes, and down into each other's souls, and we were *friends*.

Esther Phillips was not beautiful, but she had one of those faces that *grow upon your love*.—Her features were too prominent, and her complexion too dark; but her smile was like a sudden outbreak of sunshine, and her large, clear gray-blue eyes were beautiful in their changes of light and shade, as a forest lake at sunrise.

Esther lived with her fashionable uncle and aunt, in one of the stone mansions on Fifth Avenue. They were childless, and Esther was their idol. But a few lines of her letter will best delineate her character, that is, if you have the soul and the heart to read it at all:

"I am weary of my life, Myra. It is the same sickening routine of fashionable frivolity and unsat-

Digitized by Google

lefying splendor that it was before I saw you, and you held out to my spirit a draught of new life. I am sick; heart, and mind, and soul *sick*. I am living a negation of all that is noblest, and deepest, and truest in me. I hearken, day by day, to the same vapid platitudes, the same insincere flatteries, and I have no power to deliver myself from the circumstances which hem me in on all sides.

"I am weak, and my soul wants the new strength it will find in the very tones of your voice, in the shining of your eyes.

"Come to me, Myra, come and talk to me true, good, honest words, such as only you, of all womankind, ever spoke to me! Come NOW, for I *need* you.

"In a little while, they say Mr. Treat and I are to be married, and I listen, and groan inwardly.

"The new gray granite house which is to be our future home, is nearly finished. It is to rival all its magnificent neighbors.

"Once more, and for the last time, come to me, Myra."

"Aunt Mercy," I said, laying down the letter, "I must go over to the dressmaker's before supper. Next week I am going to New York.

"Esther!"

"Myra!"

She came, it seemed to me, with a single bound down the broad staircase, her rich curls flying about her sweet face, and her eyes brightening between them like winter stars.

Then, after she had welcomed me with loving words, and many kisses trembling out on my forehead from her quivering lips, she carried me up the broad staircase to her own room.

What a contrast it was to my own! The soft velvety carpet, overstrewn with Genzano roses, and lilies with fresh, creamy lips breaking out of the dark green leaves; the crimson hangings; the dainty French bedstead, and the soft, perfumed air, made me think for a moment it was all a vision, and I had wandered into the country of my dreams again.

But Esther seated me in the massive armchair by the grate, and removed, with her own hands, my hat and shawl, murmuring all the while words of love and welcome, that made me feel at home in a little time.

"I am *so* glad you are come, darling! Aunt Minerva has gone out of town, to see about some old land deeds of her father's, which have made a world of dispute in the family. She will be gone a whole week."

The radiant face with which this last remark was added, was not a very flattering testimonial to that lady of her niece's regard.

"But your last letter was so mournful, so despairing. It was *that* brought me to you so quick."

The eyes, lighted up by the heart beneath, as a deep river lying in shadows is sometimes filled with sunset, grew sad again.

"I *was* despairing when I wrote it, for they told me next month I *must* marry him."

"So soon? Poor Esther!"

If I said it then, winding my arms about her, with the tears filling my eyes, how did I say it a little later when I learned all!

William Treat, (Esther's affianced husband,) was a retired merchant, and rich. He was an old friend of her uncle's, for they had been schoolboys together, and five years before, the childless widower had looked on Esther, and said to her uncle, "She will make a splendid woman; I like her spirit; keep her for me."

"What a fortune she will marry!" triumphantly perorated Esther's aunt and uncle, after discussing the whole matter. And so their niece's fortune was settled.

She was coming into her fifteenth year then, and thought little about the matter, beyond the rides, and the beautiful presents Mr. Treat gave her. She liked him as well as she did her uncle. Indeed, he seemed to her very much like another. Her heart had not yet spoken. *But it did five years later!*

Esther met Rufus Lee, a few weeks after her return from Meadow Brook. He was the nephew of her old nurse, and it was in the little back parlor of Mrs. Wilson's gable-roofed home, that the young minister and the plighted heiress first looked upon each other.

Mrs. Wilson was ill. Esther visited her frequently. Always she met there Rufus Lee. I need not write the rest; you have divined it.

One night (it was in the late autumn, and the day had gone out without her heeding it,) Esther sat chatting with the young minister and his invalid aunt, in the little gable-roofed home.

"What *will* aunt say to me; and it's quite dark out doors?" she cried, springing up in her haste, and hurrying out of the house, almost without an adieu.

There were footsteps by her side before she had gone many rods, and a voice, whose deep manly tones had grown to be her heart's sweetest music, was asking "You will not refuse to let me accompany you home this evening, Miss Phillips?"

In that walk from the brown house, he told her the sweetest words woman's ear ever listens to; the sweetest story the Angel of Memory ever writes and lays away in the "hidden closet" of a woman's soul.

But Esther heard it with a pang, and answered with a shudder, "*I am plighted to another.*"

They did not speak afterward. Only when she reached the steps of her home, he bent down and looked in her face. She did not know what he read there, but his own was white as one is when the coffin lid is screwed over it.

"Is there no hope?" he said.

And Esther thought of her proud uncle and aunt; of the princely home whose granite front was rising on Fifth Avenue, and she said one word, but it was the death sentence of two hearts. "*None.*"

They had never met since!

She told me all this, with her head lying in my lap, and my hand pityingly stroking the world of rich brown curls that fell over it.

Then we sat very quiet. My heart was aching for her.

"Have you never told your aunt this, Esther?"

"Goodness! Myra! You would not ask if

Digitized by Google

you knew her. She and Uncle Aaron would never forgive me for falling in love with a poor minister, and would only hasten my union with Mr. Treat."

"Tell *him* the whole, then; that you cannot love him as a wife should. Appeal to his generosity—anything, rather than perjure yourself with that ALTAR-LIE, the greatest woman can take on her own soul."

She shook her head, sadly. "It would do no good, Myra; he would not resign his claims."

"And so you expect to marry him—to give your young life to one that measures three times your own—to stain your soul with a false oath, and sell your heart, your mind, *yourself*, for money?"

"What *can* I do, Myra? My fate hems me in on all sides. There is none to counsel me. You are the only friend whose heart I can trust, and so I sent for you."

Perhaps, now, you are thinking my heroine was very weak—that by her own moral courage and strong will she should have met calmly and bravely all these circumstances, and *conquered* them?

I do not deny it. But look at her whole life—at her early training—at the warping, preventing influences that had ever surrounded her. Was not wealth, social aggrandisement, the *ultima thule* of her relatives' ambition? Had not their whole aim been, as is that of many another parent, to destroy all that is deepest, and freshest, and *best* in her?

And remembering all this, I looked at Esther, as she knelt there, with her bright head in my lap, and pitied her, though the single diamond that flashed that winter sunbeam over her small, white fingers, would have bought all I possessed on God's green earth.

"I will try and help you, Esther, I said, in my pity, though my heart was not very hopeful for her.

Two days had passed. Esther had one of "those faces that have a story to tell." I was thinking of this, as she leaned over her drawing that morning; and had you seen the new expression that had come over the full, sweet mouth, and the calmer intensity of the deep clear eyes, you would, if you are a physiognomist, have felt at once she had taken some new resolution to her soul;—taken it calmly, determinately.

There was a knock on the door, and a domestic entered.

"Mr. Treat sends his compliments, and this for Miss Phillips," she said.

There was no joy in Esther's face, as she unrolled the white papers from the package, and revealed the elegant jewel-case. The spring flew back, and there sleeping on their bed of snowy velvet, like stars, from which rolls back a fold of white March cloud, lay a set of diamonds—fitting gift for a millionaire to his betrothed.

Our eyes met. "It is your last chance, Esther. When Mr. Treat comes to-night, go down stairs with these in your hand, and a strong purpose in your heart, and tell him all. Will you do this, darling?" And, leaning over her chair, I drew back her head, and looked down through her gray-blue eyes into her soul.

"I *will* do it, Myra," And she closed the jewel-case quietly.

It was late evening. I sat alone in Esther's chamber, where she had left me two hours before, in the shadow of the window-curtain, looking out on the stars. Large and bright as they always are on a clear winter night, they leaned down to me, for I had gone to them to find quiet, for my heart was troubled.

It calmed me to look on those stars; to have them speak their deep, solemn, glorious messages to me—for they have a language—and, though the lips cannot interpret, the soul hears it. So I sat by the window, often praying for, always pitying Esther.

At last she burst into the chamber.

"Myra, are you here?" for the room was dark, and I had not lighted the gas.

"Yes, by the window, where you left me."

She came up to me. "I have told him all, and it has done no good. Oh, Myra, I wish, when my mother laid down to die, seventeen years ago, she had wound her arms around me, and taken me with her!"

The full moon was toppling over the tall roofs of the houses opposite, and by it I saw the white, working face of Esther Phillips. I cannot recall what I said, or did, just then. I know that I talked very earnestly for awhile, and afterward that she lay quiet and exhausted, with her head on my lap.

I did not learn, until several days subsequent, all that had occurred that night between Esther and her betrothed, but I knew enough. She had, in accordance with my advice, secured the gentleman's promise of secrecy, and then, returning to him his gift of the morning, Esther had honestly, truthfully, told him all that was in her heart.

"I cannot be to you a true and a loving wife," she said; "I am not responsible in that I have promised to be this, for I was but a child when you sought me, morally and mentally subjugated by others. You have been very kind, very generous to me; but I should only sell myself, were I to marry you. Let us be always the truest of friends, and forgive me that I cannot love you."

"I may forgive you, Esther, but I cannot resign you. It is too late now, for the world knows our engagement. You *must* be my wife," answered the millionaire.

And then, in her despair, Esther told him of her love for another.

He was angry, almost fiercely so; but, (and I think despite his want of all manliness and soul nobility, the man must have loved her,) he would not relinquish her.

Harsh words were spoken between him and his young betrothed; and at last, Esther rose up, and stood proudly, defiantly before him. "You may compel me to marry you, but

Digitized by Google

remember, if I do, God alone can keep me from *hating* you!" And she left him.

"There is nothing more that *can* be done, is there, Myra?" She moaned over the words, as she lay there.

"I hope so, Esther. God always opens a gate, when the way seems hedged up all around us. But this terrible scene has completely exhausted you, darling. It is best you should retire now; and, in the morning, we will see what we can do."

Esther had one of those sensitive, nervous organizations, which are the frequent accompaniment of deep, intense natures like her own. The excitement and suffering of the evening had completely prostrated her, and she followed my suggestions like a very little child.

That night, while I lay on my sleepless pillow, (for my anxiety for Esther chased away all repose,) a scheme for her deliverance flashed across my bewildered brain.

It was a bold one, very bold, for such a timid, minosa nature as mine, to plan and achieve. But it was Esther's only salvation. Long, very long, I revolved the plan in my own mind; and I know that far off, the gray feet of the new day were coursing over the hills of Meadow Brook, when I sunk to sleep.

There it stood — Nurse Wilson's house! I knew it at once, as I cast my eyes eagerly up the long street, and saw its yellow-brown front and gable roof.

My heart was very strong, and I stepped boldly up, and lifted the great brass knocker.

An old woman, dressed in black, with a mild, *winning* face, came to the door. I recognized her at once, from Esther's description; and as I had left that young lady surreptitiously, I inquired abruptly: "Can you tell me, my dear madam, where I can see your nephew, the Rev. Rufus Lee?"

"He is here now; he came round not more than five minutes ago. Will you walk in?" looking at me, with some curiosity.

"I will thank you, if you will permit me to see him alone, a few moments!" And I entered the house.

He came into the little parlor, where the moments I had awaited him seemed like so many hours. His face was thin and pale, with dark, half melancholy eyes, that seemed not so much to look at my face, as at the heart beyond it—a mouth grave and self-reliant, but whose smile I felt, intuitively, must be a very sweet one.

"Mr. Lee, I believe? I am Miss Phillips' friend, Myra Darling," was my informal presentation.

He answered, with newly-lighted eyes, as he grasped my hand, "I have heard her speak of you often!"

We sat down together, and, for the next half hour, I talked very earnestly—sometimes with tears in my eyes. I cannot remember *what* I said; I never can, when my subject — not my ideas—engrosses me.

I remember that pair of dark, bright eyes, looking all the time into mine — a few quivers crossing the proud mouth; and, at last, the one question, eager, yet husky with emotion: "You are certain, very certain, that I possess Esther's heart?"

"Certain! because she has solemnly assured me of it! Of course she does not dream of my coming here. But her aunt will return next week; and, what is done, must be done quickly."

I have since asked the Rev. Mr. Lee, whether himself or I first suggested the idea of his marrying Esther, without the knowledge of her relatives; but he could not answer me. Of one thing, I am confident, however; he told me he had been recently appointed pastor of a pleasant country parish, some two hundred miles from New York, and he had anticipated leaving the city the next day, to enter upon his new parochial duties.

Did his religion and his position demand that he should leave the woman of his love, to a life that would to her be worse than death?

It was a question the young minister's conscience asked, and, I believe, answered.

"To-morrow night, at seven o'clock, Mr. Lee!"

"To-morrow night, at seven o'clock, my good angel!" He clasped and kissed the hands I gave him; and so we parted.

I returned to Esther's. It was her aunt's reception morning; and, though Mrs. Phillips was absent, the parlors were crowded with visiters to her niece. She had not discovered my absence. Poor Esther! I looked at her smiling face, and thought of the aching heart which it masked!

I did not tell her of my visit and its results, until evening, for I had no opportunity, and it was as well. No wonder there was no sleep for either of us that night.

I look back now, and wonder at my calmness through all the next day. I went about quietly, packing my own trunk and Esther's, and making all the necessary arrangements for our departure. A severe headache, induced by the excitement, kept her perfectly quiescent; and I would not permit her to leave her bed until noon, knowing she would require all her physical and mental strength for the evening.

Everything favored us. Her uncle came to an early tea, and informed us some business engagements would keep him from home till a late hour.

It was seven at last. The deep voices of the city clocks were telling it to each other, when Esther and I stood on the steps of Nurse Wilson's yellow-brown house.

Ten minutes before, the heiress of one of the richest merchants on Wall street, the betrothed of a millionaire, had turned her last, tearful glance, on the stately home from which she was shutting herself out forever!

"Esther!"

"Rufus!"

It was all that was spoken, as the minister met us at the front door, and led us into the little parlor. Mrs. Wilson and the clergyman were there. We left the young couple alone,

Digitized by Google

perhaps for a half hour; and, when we returned, all traces of agitation had vanished from Esther's face, and she said, with her old, beaming smile, "I am quite ready now!"

And so, in the small front parlor, with no witnesses but Mrs. Wilson and myself, were Rufus Lee and Esther Phillips married!

What a contrast that marriage was to the one they had destined for the bride! I thought of the gorgeous parlors, with their floods of silver lamp-shine, with the rich fragrance of rare exotics surging through them—the flashing of many jewels, the envying gaze of a thousand guests; and yet, thinking on all these things, I said to myself: "But this wedding is the richer one—for LOVE is here—and what are diamonds, and palaces, and admiring crowds without it?"

Esther's marriage quite electrified the people of Fifth Avenue, and well nigh maddened her relatives and Mr. Treat. They have never met since.

But I left her very happy in her little, shadowy, cosy parsonage-house; and that fair, sweet face of the young bride seems beaming up to me now, as it did on the day that we parted, and she said to me, "If it had not been for our good angel, where would Rufus and I be now?"

And so I, Myra Darling, have come back to my cottage-home, to the little chamber, and my old place at the round table. The hills and the meadows wear the deep frosting of January—but there is no winter in my heart—for I have *lived*, not *written*, a great truth in my absence!

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.—A worthy old colored woman, in the city of New York, was one day walking along the street, on some errand to a neighboring store, with her tobacco-pipe in her mouth, quietly smoking. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing down the street, and when opposite our good Phillis, saucily crowded her aside, and with a pass of his hand, knocked her pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment, when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner, and giving him a dignified look of sorrow, kindness, and pity, said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do!" It touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar; he felt ashamed, condemned, and repentant. The tear started in his eye; he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error, and thrusting both hands into his two full pockets of "change," forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, "God bless you, kind mother, I'll never do so again."

ANECDOTE OF REV. JOHN WESLEY.—When Mr. Wesley visited America, he sailed in the same vessel with General Oglethrope, the Governor of Georgia. Hearing an unusual noise in the General's cabin, he went to inquire the cause of it. "Mr. Wesley," the old soldier fumed out, "You must excuse me. I have met with a provocation too great for a man to bear. You know the only wine I drink, is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me better than any other. I therefore provided myself with several dozens, and this villain Grimaldi (his foreign servant, who stood by almost dead with fear,) has drank up the whole of it But I will be revenged. I ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man-of-war which sails with us The rascal should have taken care how he used me, for I never forgive." "Then I hope, sir," said Mr. Wesley, "you never sin." The general was confounded. Putting his hand into his pocket, he took out his bunch of keys, which he threw at Grimaldi, saying, "There, sir, behave better for the future." A word spoken in due season, how good it is!

LITTLE PITCHERS WITH GREAT EARS.—"Mother," said little Agnes, "what made you marry father? You told Aunt Charlotte you had all the money."

"Hush, child! what *are* you talking about? I did not say so."

"Why, yes, mother—you said he was poor, and had you thought of being burdened with so many 'country cousins,' as you call them, you never would have had him. Don't you like Aunt Phœbe, and Aunt Polly, and Aunt Judy? I'm sure I do."

"Why, Agnes, you are crazy, I believe! When did you ever hear your mother talk so? Tell me instantly."

"Yesterday, ma, when I sat in the back parlor, and you and aunt were in the front one. I'm sure you said so, dear mother, and I pity you very much—for you told aunt there was a time, before I was born, when father drank too much—and then, you know, you spoke of the 'pledge,' and said how glad you were that the temperance reform saved him."

"My dear, I was talking of somebody else, I think. We were speaking of uncle and his family."

"But they have no Agnes, mother, and you know you told about father's failure in business—uncle never failed. And you said, too, when you moved in this house, *your* money paid for everything, but the world did not know it, and——"

"You've told quite enough, my child. What do you stay listening in my back parlor for, when I send you up stairs to study! It has come to a pitiful pass, if your aunt and I must have all our privacy retailed in this way. I suppose you have already told your father all you heard?"

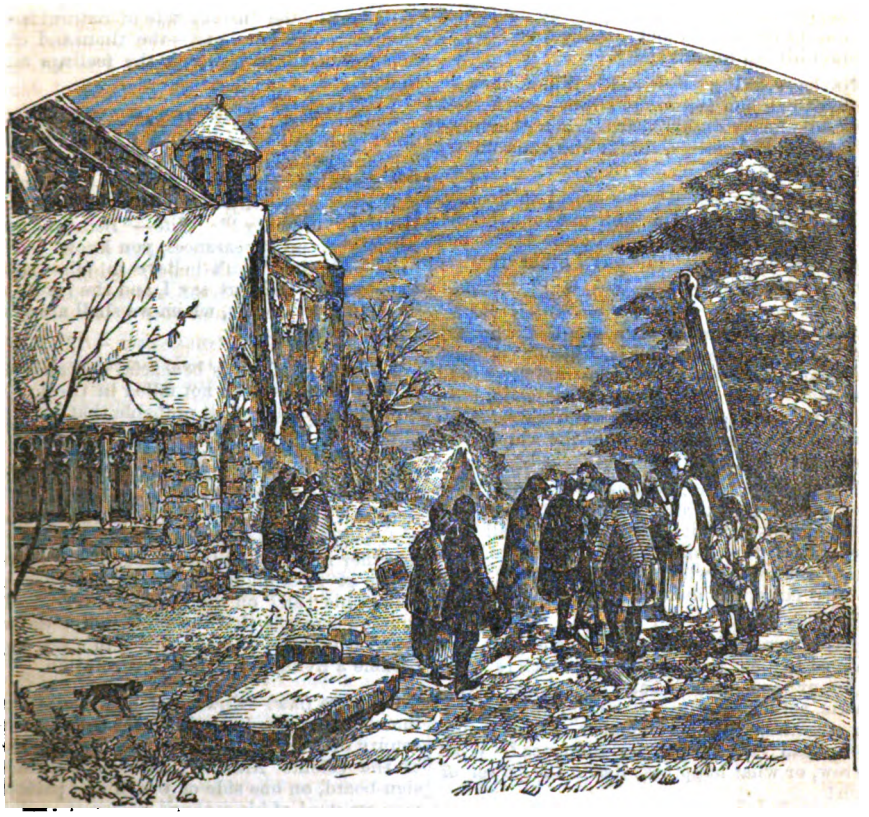
"No mother, I haven't, because I thought it would hurt his feelings. I love my father, and I never tell him anything to make him unhappy."

Digitized by Google

Agnes sat looking in the fire, and asked, "Mother, if people really love others, do they ever talk against them? Didn't you tell me never to speak of any home difficulty; and if Edward and I say wrong words, you tell me never to repeat them, and *I never do.*"

"Agnes," said the rebuked mother, "listeners are despicable characters. Don't you let me know of your doing the like again. *You don't hear right*, and you make a great deal of mischief in this way."

www.libtool.com.cn



THE DEAD.

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side:
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

Digitized by Google

A PAGE OF VARIETIES.

CLEVER FELLOWS.—People who spend fifteen dollars every time they earn ten.

WHY SHOULD the tailors be formed into a regiment of heavy dragoons? Ans. Because they are splendid fellows for charging.

IF YOU have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—defended you when persecuted and troubled, be sure to sustain him in his adversity.

NEVER FORSAKE a friend. When enemies gather thick and fast around him—when sickness falls heavy on his heart—when the world is dark and cheerless, this is the time to try true friendship.

WE ARE not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that must be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily.

THE APPROBATION of our families, who are with us in our secret hours, hear our private converse, know the habits of our lives, and the bent of our dispositions, is, or should be, to us, far more pleasing and triumphant than the shouts of the multitude, or the worship of the world.

"A LIGHTED lamp," writes M'Cheyne, "is a very small thing, and it burns calmly, and without noise, yet it giveth light to all who are within the house." And so there is a quiet influence, which, like a flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance.

EACH SEPARATE Christian home has been likened to a central sun, around which revolves a happy and united band of warm, loving hearts, acting, thinking, rejoicing, and sorrowing together. Which member of the family group can say, I have no influence? What sorrow, or what happiness lies in the power of each!

WHEN THE political editor says that the remarks of some adversary "are amusing," be sure that he feels about as much "amused" as a boy stung with nettles. If falsehood, calumnies, vituperative language and double-dealing "amuse," we know of some political hacks who must be the merriest people alive.

A TOURIST who was lately at the Alps, writes:—"I was lost in rapture and amazement, and was in all the enjoyment which such a scene inspires, when I was disturbed in my reverie by the heavy breathing of a man, better described as puffing and blowing. I turned round, and beheld the very type and figure of a railway contractor. He looked at me, and, putting his huge paw upon my shoulder, asked, in *such* a voice, '*His them the Halps?*'"

A LOVELESS HOME.—There is no loneliness, says Mrs. Ellis, there can be none in all the waste or peopled deserts of the world, bearing the slightest comparison with that of an unloved wife! She stands amidst her family like a living statue amongst the marble memorials of the dead—instinct with life, yet paralyzed with death—the burning tide of natural feeling circling round her heart—the thousand channels frozen, through which the feelings ought to flow.

SHOW YOUR TRUE HEART.—Wife—"Why don't you call oftener? you might. Now, do call, and be sociable." [Gate closes.] "There, I'm glad she's gone." Husband—"If you are glad she's gone, why did you press her to come again so urgently?" Wife—"Because we've got to keep up appearances, you know." Husband—"Well, I don't believe in false colors. Show your true heart, say I, and the result will be a few true friends, whom we shall always be glad to see indeed."

A LITTLE bad luck is beneficial now and then. If Patrick Henry had not failed in the grocery business, it is not at all probable that he would ever have been heard of as an orator. He might have become celebrated, but it would not have been from his eloquence, but the great wealth he acquired by a speculation in bar soap and axe handles. Roger Sherman became a signer of the Declaration of Independence for no other reason than that he could not make a living at shoe-making. He cut bristles and staked his "all" on the "rights of man." The consequence was, that the same individual who found it bootless to make shoes, in a few years became a living power in our revolution.

GOING TO LAW.—Upward of eighty years ago there was in the town of Hatherleight, in the county of Devon, an inn, known by the name of the Clients' Arms. There was a swinging sign-board, on one side of which was painted a man stripped of his coat and waistcoat, exclaiming: "I've been to law and have won." And on the other side of this sign-board was painted a man stark naked, crying out: "Oh! what shall I do? I have been to law, and have lost."

The origin was this. Two men had a dispute about a little spot of land, respecting which they could not agree; recourse was had to legal proceedings, which ended in the verdict of a jury. The man against whom the verdict was given, could not pay the costs, and the winner had to pay all his own. In fact, the loser was stripped of all his property; the victor was obliged to sell his little estate; then took an inn, and set up the above-mentioned sign as a warning to others Some of the descendants are now living.

Digitized by Google



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

PARLOR PASTIMES.

THE MAGIC WAND.—The principal performer attires himself in a robe, paper cap, spectacles, and other appointments necessary to the complete outfit of the Wizard of the North, or any point of the compass he may choose to fix on. He is armed with a magic wand, by means of which he is supposed to exercise his mysterious calling, and with which he makes a circle on the ground—muttering, at the same time, the unearthly words of some potent spell. After communing profoundly for some minutes with some imaginary familiar, he appears decided, and touches one of his confederates with his wand, ordering him to go to the other end of the room, and there blindfold his eyes. This order executed, and the audience satisfied that the confederate is really blindfolded, the wizard orders him to summon up all his skill, and guess the person on whom the wand shall rest. He (the wizard) then proceeds to touch several persons lightly with the wand, saying, at each, "the wand moves;" and at length letting it rest on the shoulder of the *person who has last spoken*, (the key to the trick,) exclaims, "the wand rests!" The confederate will at once name the person touched, who (being a confederate also,) has purposely *spoken last*. The latter then takes the place of the first accomplice, and the wizard touches the players with his wand as before; his accomplices, without any apparent design, exciting the uninitiated to talk. Silence is then called for, and the wizard immediately touches the *last speaker*, (this time one not in the secret,) who is immediately named by the blindfolded confederate, with whom he changes places. He then has to *guess* the player touched, (having no knowledge of the trick to guide him,) and for each mistake pays a forfeit. Chance may enable him to hit upon the right one, and he is succeeded by a seer equally unskilled, who, in his turn, will be found to contribute largely to the public treasury. The wizard himself may resign his post to a confederate, and take the place of the seer, when he will startle the company by the correctness of his powers of divination. The interest and mystification of the trick, if properly managed, may be kept up for a considerable time. Meanwhile, numbers, fancying they have discovered the secret, and wishing to put their theories on the subject into practice, will produce more forfeits than can well be disposed of. At the end of the game, when the trick has been exposed, the indignant public may turn the tables on the diabolical professors, and insist upon their being burnt for witchcraft. To appease this tumult, and escape the terrible punishment with which they are threatened, the witches or sorcerers will be only too happy to perform any act of penance that may be imposed upon them.

FRANKLIN AS A BOOKSELLER.

One fine morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounger stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more looking over the books, etc., and finally, taking one in his hand, asked the shopboy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar!" said the lounger; "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed, when the lounger asked, "Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes; he is in the printing-office."

"I want to see him," said the lounger.

Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounger, with book in hand, addressed him thus: "Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter? Why, your young man asked only a dollar!"

"True," said Franklin; "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar then, than to have been taken out of the office."

The lounger seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said, "Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it."

Digitized by Google

"One dollar and a half."

"One dollar and a half? Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The lounger paid down the price, and went about his business, if he had any—and Franklin returned into the printing-office.

FAMILIAR SCIENCE.

Should a ploughshare, or any other iron instrument, be suffered to remain a few nights exposed to the action of the moist atmosphere, it will acquire a coating of a brown color, termed rust. This is caused by the oxygen of the air uniting with the iron, and forming an oxide. It is owing to iron, in this condition of oxidation, that a brown or yellow color is communicated to clay, sand, &c.

In cutting an apple with a polished steel knife, the part of the blade which has come into contact with the fruit, will have been observed to have become black, as if stained with ink. This stain is occasioned by the acid of the apple, (malic,) combining with the iron, and freeing from it the carbon with which it was united, in the formation of the material,—steel.

By rubbing an unripe apple upon a grater, and washing the portion which is rasped off, in cold water, starch will be collected; which starch, had the apple been suffered to remain until ripe, would have been converted into sugar, forming the sweet juice of the fruit.

THE TEN WORKMEN OF MOTHER GREEN WATER.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

The winter evenings have commenced at William's farm. After the work of the day, all the family assembles round the fireside, and a few neighbors come to join them there; for, in these solitary valleys of the Vosges, the houses are thinly scattered, and neighborhood constitutes a kind of relationship.

It is there, round the fire of fir-apples, that intimacies are formed or strengthened. The pleasant heat of the fire, the joy at meeting, the excitement of the conversation, promote confidence; hearts open to each other unwittingly; minds unite in a thousand ways; they put in common that inward life, without which the other is only an appearance, but which only reveals itself at these hours.

Occasionally, their cousin Prudence himself, in spite of the distance, came to take a part in the proceedings of the evening, and that, indeed, is a joyful occasion at the farm; for he is the cleverest story-teller of the district. He knows not only all that the Fathers have related, but also what is contained in books; he knows the origin of all the old dwellings, and the history of all the old families; he has learned the names of the large stones, covered with moss, which stand upon the heights, like pillars, or like altars; he is, in short, the chronicle of the country and its learning; he is, moreover, the wisdom of it; he has learned to *read hearts*, and it is very seldom that he does not discover the cause of the evil which torments them. Other people know of remedies for the infirmities of the body; the old peasant, on his part, knows how to cure the sorrow of the mind; and it is on that account that the popular voice has given him the respected name of the Goodman Prudence.

This is the first time, since the New year, that he has appeared at the evening meeting, and everybody, on seeing him, has called out with joy. They have given him the best place near the fireside; they have made a circle round him; William has taken his pipe, and just sat down opposite. The Goodman Prudence has, by turns, inquired about everybody, and everything; he has wished to know where they had left off sowing the seed, if the last foal was growing strong, and how the poultry yard was getting on. The young farmer's wife has answered *all* his questions without over-much eagerness, indeed, as if her thoughts were elsewhere; for the beautiful Martha often thinks of the great village where she was brought up!—She pines for the dances under the elm trees, for the long walks along the corn fields, with the young girls who laughed and joked as they gathered the wild flowers in the hedges, and for the long gossippings at the baking-house, and at the well. Martha also very often rests with her arms hanging down, and her pretty head reclining, when her thoughts travel back to the past.

This evening again, when the other women are working, the farmer's wife is seated before her spinning-wheel, which does not turn; the distaff continues at her girdle, full of flax, and her fingers play heedlessly with the piece of thread which is hanging on her knees.

The Goodman Prudence has observed everything with the corner of his eye, but without saying anything, for he knows that counsels are like bitter medicines which people give to children; in order to make them be accepted, it is necessary to choose the means and the moment. Nevertheless, the family and the neighbors surround him.

"Goodman Prudence, a Tale! a Tale!"

The countryman smiled, and cast a side glance towards Martha, still unoccupied.

"That is to say," said he, "it is necessary to pay entrance-money here; very well, it shall be done according to your will, my good people.—On the last occasion, I spoke to you about the old times, when the armies of the Pagans ravaged our mountains; that was a narrative made for the men. To day I shall speak (if it pleases you) for the women and the little children. It is necessary that each should have his turn.—We, then, were occupied with Cæsar; we shall now, for this hour, pass to Mother Green Water."

Every one shouted with laughter; they ar-

Digitized by Google

ranged themselves quickly; William relighted his pipe; and the Goodman Prudence resumed:—

"This tale, my dear friends, is not of those which are left to nurses, and you might read it in the Almanack with the true stories; for the adventure happened to our grandmother Charlotte, whom William knew, and who was a woman of wonderful courage. Grandmother Charlotte *had* once been young, which one could scarcely credit when one saw her gray locks, and her nose almost touching her chin when she spoke; but those of her own age said that no girl had a better countenance, nor a disposition more inclined for cheerfulness. Unfortunately, Charlotte had remained alone with her father, at the head of a large farm, which was burdened with more debts than with revenues, so that work succeeded to work, and the poor girl, who was not made for so many cares, fell into despair, and set herself to do *nothing*, in order to try and find out the means of doing *everything*. One day, therefore, that she was sitting before the door, with both her hands under her apron, as a lady who has chilblains, she began to say to herself in a low voice—'God forgive me, the task which has been assigned me is not one for a Christian woman; and it is a great pity that I alone am tormented, at my age, with so many cares! Although I were to be more diligent than the sun, more swift than water, and stronger than fire, I should not get through all the work of the house. Ah! why is the Good Fairy Green Water no longer in this world, or why was she not invited to my baptism? If she could hear me, and if she was willing to help me, perhaps we could get rid —I of my care, and my father of his discomfort.'

"'Be then satisfied; behold me!' interrupted a voice.

"And Charlotte perceived Mother Green Water standing before her, looking at her, and supported on a small stick of holly. For the first instant, the young girl was afraid, for the fairy was attired in a garment seldom used in the country; she was clothed entirely with a frog's skin, the head of which served as a hood, and she herself was so ugly, so old, and so wrinkled, that even with a dowry of a million she could not have found a husband. However, Charlotte set about quick enough, to ask the fairy, Green Water, in a voice rather tremulous, but very polite, what she could do for her.

"'It is I who come to *serve you*,' replied the old woman. 'I have heard your complaint, and I have brought you what will get you out of trouble.'

"'Ah! Are you in earnest, good mother?' cried Charlotte, who grew familiar all at once. 'Do you come to give me a piece of your wand, with which I shall be able to do all my work with ease?'

"'Better than that,' replied Green Water; 'I bring you ten little workmen, who will execute all that you may please to order them.'

"'Where are they?' cried the young girl.

"'You shall see them directly.'

"The old woman opened up her cloak, and *ten dwarfs* of unequal size came forth. The two first were very sharp, but large and strong.

"'These,' added she, 'are the most vigorous; they will help you in all the works, and will make up to you in *strength* what they want in dexterity. Those whom you see, and who follow them, are taller and more skillful; they know how to milk cows, how to draw flax from the distaff, and will attend to all the household works. Their brothers, whose high shape you may remark, are chiefly clever at their needle, as is proved by the little brass thimble with which I have decked them. Here are two others, less learned, who have a ring for their girdle, and who can do little beyond assisting in the general work; as well as the last, whose good will you most especially value. I dare say that all the ten will appear to you as of very little moment; but you shall see them now at work, and you shall judge of them.'

"At these words the old woman made a signal, and the ten dwarfs started out. Charlotte saw them execute successively the most rough and the most delicate works. They applied themselves to everything, accomplished everything, put everything in order. Utterly amazed, she gave a cry of joy; and stretching out her arms towards the fairy—'Ah! Mother Green Water,' cried she, 'lend me these ten workmen, and I shall ask nothing more from the Creator of the world.'

"'I shall do better,' replied the fairy; 'I shall give them to you—only as you could not carry them about with you everywhere without being accused of sorcery, I shall order each of them to diminish himself, and hide themselves in your ten fingers.' When this was accomplished: 'You know now,' resumed Mother Green Water, 'what treasure you possess; all will depend on the use you make of it. If you do not know how to govern your little servants, if you allow them to grow stupid in idleness, you will derive no benefit from them; but direct them well; and, lest they should fall asleep. never leave your fingers at rest, and the work with which you were wont to be frightened, will find itself done as by enchantment.'

"The fairy had spoken the truth; and our grandmother, who followed her advice, succeeded, not only in re-establishing the affairs of the farm, but she managed to gain a dowry, with which she married happily, and which aided her in bringing up eight children in ease and honesty.

Ever since, it is a tradition amongst us that she has transmitted Mother Green Water's workers to all the women of the family; and that, however little they may bestir themselves, the little workmen put themselves in action, and cause us to profit greatly. Also, we are accustomed to say amongst us, that it is in the movement of the ten fingers of the housekeeper that all the prosperity, all the joy, and all the good living of the house consist."

In pronouncing these last words, the Goodman Prudence had turned himself towards Martha. The young woman blushed deeply,

Digitized by Google

lowered her eyes, and took up her distaff.—William and his cousin exchanged looks. All the family in silence reflected on the history just related. Each sought to understand its full meaning, and each applied its lesson to himself; but the farmer's pretty wife had already understood that which was addressed to her, for cheerfulness had again returned to her countenance, her wheel went round rapidly, and the flax was disappearing from her distaff.

THE GOOD ARE BEAUTIFUL.

"Oh! what an ugly little creature."

"She will be beautiful in heaven, ma'am," replied a lady.

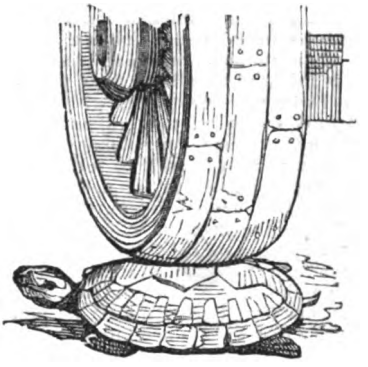
"Will she, indeed!" returned the individual who spoke so lightly of the homely child. "I should like to know how you can tell that?"

"In the other life," returned the woman, "the good are all beautiful, and the evil deformed and ugly. No matter how fair a face a person may have had in this life, it will, in the next world, be changed into beauty or ugliness, according as he has been good or evil."

"How do you know this?" inquired the first speaker.

"Any one who opens his eyes may see and know that this will be true," was replied. "Is not the most beautiful face rendered disagreeable when any bad passion is felt and exhibited? And does not the homeliest face become pleasant to look upon, when good affections are in the heart? In the other life, we shall all appear as we really are, and, of course, evil passions will deform the face, and good affections make it beautiful. And she will be beautiful in heaven, for she is a good little girl, homely as her face now is."

And the woman was right.



A HARD-SHELL.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

If in cities we have many luxuries, comforts, and advantages unknown elsewhere, we miss the pure, invigorating atmosphere,—the freedom and health which those who live in the country enjoy. One of the most delightful and health-giving recreations, that of horse-back riding, is, in the city, a costly luxury; while, in the country, horses are a necessary part of almost every home arrangement, and all the children, from four-year old Johnny, up to Miss Ada, the reigning belle of the neighborhood, can ride with safety and ease. You can imagine the happy rider, in the picture, to be Miss Ada, bounding away on her pony, and accompanied by her favorite Bruno. It is a pleasant sight, and will quicken the blood in the veins of many who look upon it, and revive in others' hearts an old longing for the woods and fields, and fragrant airs of the country.



Digitized by Google

Hints to Housekeepers.

www.libtool.com.cn

[The following directions for making various kinds of soup, are taken from a cheap and excellent little book, called "The American Home Cook Book," published in New York, by Garrett & Co.:]

SOUPS AND BROTHS.

The chief art in making good soup lies in the judicious blending of the different flavors, so that nothing shall predominate.

The scum should be taken off before the soup boils, or it will not be clear. All the fat is to be taken off.

Simmer very softly. If soup be suffered to boil quickly, the goodness of the meat can never be extracted.

Put the meat into cold water; let it be long on the fire before it comes to a boil; allow about two table-spoonfuls of salt to a gallon of soup, if it have many vegetables; less if the vegetables be few.

If the water waste, and more is to be added, use boiling water. Cold or lukewarm water will spoil the soup.

Keep the pot in which your soup is boiling closely covered, or the strength will fly off with the steam.

Soup will be as good the second day as the first, if heated to the boiling point. It should never be left in the pot, but should be turned into a dish or shallow pan, and set aside to get cold. Never cover it up, as that will cause it to turn sour very quickly.

Before heating a second time, remove all the fat from the top. If this be melted in, the flavor of the soup will certainly be spoiled.

Thickened soups require nearly double the seasoning used for thin soups or broth.

Soups are the substance of meat infused in water by boiling, and are of many different kinds, but may be divided into two classes, namely: *brown* and *white*. The basis of brown soups is always beef, while the basis of white soups is generally veal. Broths are preparations of soup, but more simple in their nature, and usually containing some kind of vegetables, or matter for thickening, as rice, barley, &c.—Soups of every description should be made of sound, fresh meat, and soft water. It is a general rule to allow a quart of water for every pound of meat; al- , to boil quickly at first, to make the scum rise, which is assisted by adding a little salt; and, after skimming, to simmer gently.

To make Brown or Gravy Soup.—Take a shin or piece of the rump of beef, and break it in several places. Cut the beef from the bones; take out part of the marrow, and lay it on the bottom of the pot. If there be no marrow, use butter. Then lay in the meat and bones to brown. Turn the whole, when browned on one side, and take care it does not burn. When it is thoroughly browned, add a pint of cold water to draw the juice from the meat; also a little salt; and in a quarter of an hour after, fill in the quantity of cold water that may be requisite.—Now add the vegetables, as, for instance, two carrots, a turnip, and three or four onions, all sliced; also, a stalk of celery, some sweet herbs, with some whole black pepper. Let the soup boil slowly for from four to five hours; after which take it off, and let it stand a little to settle. Then skim off the fat, and put it through a hair sieve to clear it. The soup, if cleared, may now be either served or set aside for after use. It should have a clear, bright look, with a brownish tinge. Frequently, it is made the day before using, in order that it may be effectually skimmed of fat. In such a case it is heated again before serving. On some occasions, it is served with a separate dish of toasted bread, cut in small squares.

The meat which has made the soup, is supposed to be divested of nearly all its nourishing qualities; but where thriftiness is consulted, it may form an agreeable stew, with vegetables, a little ketchup, and pepper and salt.

Brown Soup, made as above directed, forms what is called *stock;* that is, a foundation for every other soup of the brown kind; also as a gravy for stews where richness is required.

Beef or Mutton Soup.—Boil very gently in a closely covered saucepan, four quarts of water, with two table-spoonfuls of sifted bread raspings, three pounds of beef cut in small pieces, or the same quantity of mutton chops taken from the middle of the neck; season well with pepper and salt; add two turnips, two carrots, two onions, and one head of celery, all cut small; let it stew with these ingredients four hours, when it will be ready to serve.

Cheap Broth for a Large Family.—Put a cupful of pearl barley into a pot with three quarts of cold water, and let it boil; then put in two pounds of neck of mutton; boil it gently for an hour, taking care to skim it occasionally, and watch it to prevent it boiling over. Then put in one grated carrot, and two turnips cut in small squares; an onion or two, sliced thin, or a leek, and two or three pieces of carrot and turnip, uncut. Some persons add the half of a small cabbage, chopped small; boil for an hour longer, have some bits of stale bread cut into fingers laid in the bottom of your tureen, pour the soup over it, and send to table.

White Soup.—Take a knuckle of veal, or two or three short shanks; boil it in four quarts of water about four hours, with some whole white

Digitized by Google

pepper, a little mace, salt, two onions, and a small piece of lean ham; strain it, and when cold, take off all the sediment; beat up six yolks of eggs, and mix them with a pint of cream; then pour the boiling soup upon it.—Boil the cream before putting it in the soup.

PLAIN CALF'S HEAD SOUP.—Boil the head in just enough water to cover it; when tender, remove the bones, cut the meat in small pieces, and season with sweet herbs, cloves, pepper, and salt. Put all back into the pot with the liquor, and thicken it with a little batter; stew gently for an hour, and just as you dish it up, add a glass or two of sherry wine, and the yolks of a few eggs, boiled hard.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.—Take a calf's head, the skin having been scalded, and the hair scraped off clean, wash it thoroughly; take out the brains and boil them separately till done enough. Put the head into a pot with more water than will cover it. Skim it frequently till it boils, and let it boil for an hour, but very gently. Take it out, and when cool cut the meat into pieces of about an inch square.—Srape and cut the tongue in the same manner. Lay all these pieces aside; then put into the water in which the head was boiled, about three or four pounds of leg of beef, and a knuckle of veal—the meat cut small and the bones broken. Add four or five onions, a carrot and turnip, sliced, a small bunch of sweet herbs, and some whole black pepper. Boil all together slowly, for four or five hours; then strain it and let it cool, when take off the fat. Now melt a lump of butter in a stew-pan, put to it two handfuls of flour, and let it brown, stirring it all the time. Add a little of the soup, and a few sprigs of parsley. Boil this for a quarter of an hour, strain it through a sieve, put it, with the pieces of meat, into the soup, with the brains pounded, and boil all together for an hour. Add half a teacupful of ketchup, the juice of a lemon, cayenne pepper, and salt, to taste; also, four glasses of sherry; and, when dished in a tureen, put in two dozen force-meat balls, and the same quantity of egg-balls, which are made as follows:—

EGG-BALLS.—Boil four or five eggs till they are quite hard. Take out the yolks and beat them in a mortar, with salt and cayenne pepper. Make this into a paste with the white of egg. Roll the paste into balls the size of small marbles. Roll them in a little flour, and fry them in butter, taking care they do not break.

FORCE-MEAT BALLS.—Cut half a pound of veal and half a pound of suet fine, and beat them in a mortar. Have a few sweet herbs shred fine; dried mace beaten fine; a small nutmeg grated; a little lemon-peel cut very fine; a little pepper and salt, and the yolks of two eggs; mix all these well together, then roll them in little round balls; roll them in flour and fry them brown. If for white sauce, put them in a little boiling water, and boil them for a few minutes, but do not fry them.

SOUP A LA JULIENNE, OR VEGETABLE.—Cut various kinds of vegetables in pieces, celery, carrots, turnips, onions, &c., and having put two ounces of butter in the bottom of a stew-pan, put the vegetables on the top of the butter, together with any others that may be in season; stew or fry them over a slow fire, keeping them stirred, and adding a little of the stock occasionally; soak small pieces of crust of bread in the remainder of the broth or stock, and when the vegetables are nearly stewed, add them, and warm the whole up together.

PEAS SOUP.—This is an excellent soup, if well made, and is one of the cheapest soups that can be put on the table, for it may be formed of cold meat or marrow bone, or, what is cheaper still, merely water, or the liquor in which any piece of mutton, lamb, or veal, has been boiled. We give the following two recipes for making it:—

PEAS SOUP WITH MEAT OR BONES.—Take a good marrow-bone, or the bones of cold roast beef; a slice or shank of ham may be added, if the flavor be liked. Break the bones, and put them in the pot with four quarts of cold water. According to the thickness and quantity required, take two or three pounds of the best split peas, and put them among the cold water and bones; add to this two carrots, two turnips, half a dozen small onions, a stalk of celery cut in pieces, a bunch of thyme, and some whole black pepper. Let all this boil for two hours, stirring frequently, as the soup is very apt to burn.—When the peas are quite soft and broken down, take the soup off and put it through a sieve, into another pot; rub it well through until the pulp be mixed with the soup. Add salt melted amongst a little water, and boil the soup again for a few minutes. When to be served, cut a slice of toasted bread into small square pieces, and put in the tureen with the soup.

PEAS SOUP WITHOUT MEAT OR BONES.—Put two pounds or pints of peas in five quarts of water. Boil for four hours; then add three or four large onions, two heads of celery, a carrot and a turnip, all cut up; and season with salt to taste. Boil for two hours longer. If the soup become too thick, add a little water. The peas may be boiled the evening before being used, and the longer they boil, the smoother and more mellow the soup will be; but do not put in the vegetables until the day the soup is to be used. By this plan the soup does not require straining.

CLAM SOUP.—Take forty or fifty clams, and wash and scrub the outside of the shells till they are perfectly clean. Then put them into a pot with just sufficient water to keep them from burning. The water must boil hard when you put in the clams. In about a quarter of an hour, the shell will open, and the liquor run out and mix with the water, which must be saved for the soup, and strained into a soup-pot, after the clams are taken out. Extract the clams from their shells, and cut them up small. Then put them into the soup-pot, adding a minced onion, a saucer of finely chopped celery, or a table-spoonful of celery seed, and a dozen

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

blades of mace. No salt, as the clam-liquor will be quite salt enough. If the liquid is not in sufficient quantity to fill a large tureen, add some milk. Thicken the soup with two large table-spoonfuls of fresh butter rolled in flour. Let it boil a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Just before you take it from the fire, stir in, gradually, the beaten yolks of five eggs, and then take up the soup and pour it into a tureen, the bottom of which is covered with toasted bread, cut into square dice about an inch in size.

OYSTER SOUP.—Take two quarts of oysters, and drain them with a fork from their liquor; wash them in one water to free them from grit; cut in small pieces two slices of lean bacon; strain the oyster liquor and put in it the bacon, oysters, some parsley, thyme, and onions tied in a bunch as thick as the thumb; season with pepper and salt, if necessary; let it boil slowly, and when almost done, add a lump of butter as large as a hen's egg, rolled in flour, and a gill of good cream. It will take from twenty to thirty minutes to cook it.

MAKING A FIRE

Making a fire these cold mornings, is a very necessary domestic item, and to do it certainly and quickly, will save more growls, and whines, and blessings "over the left," than the glibbest tongue could "*get over*" at a two-forty rate in a year. Not only will it prove a saving of passion, but a saving of pence; for as it usually happens, the right way is the cheapest way in the end.

In the first place, if you are a bachelor or a maid, it is discreditable to you, if you do not kindle your own fires. What life it would infuse, how perfectly it would wake up a lazy, sleeping child, if compelled to bounce out of bed at daylight, of a winter's morning, and light the anthracite! It sends the lazy, sleeping blood to the remotest extremities, and quickens the whole body—it vitalizes the man. *General Washington made it a practice to build his own fire at Mount Vernon;* and shame be on the young man or young woman, however rich the parents may be, who would feel it discreditable to kindle the fire of their own rooms

THE WAY TO DO IT.—Have your kindling wood cut not over five inches long, and split in pieces not larger than an inch square, but some of them should be mere splinters; take half a newspaper, and a quart or two of small coal, or coke. These should be all placed near the grate over night; clean out the grate, at least the centre of it, crumple up the paper, and lay it on the iron, set up the pieces of kindling in the shape of a tent or stack of arms, or an inverted funnel, the smaller splinters next the paper pressed closely against it; then lay the smaller pieces of coal, not much larger than the first joint of the thumb, close against the wood until the wood is hidden, then light a detached piece of paper with a match, and place it under the grate, holding it close to the paper already there, let that paper fairly catch, put on the blower, and in about five minutes the coal will be ignited; then add one or two shovelsful more, and replace the blower, and soon you will have a glowing fire without one failure in a whole winter; and it will not consume five minutes' time, after the grate is cleaned out.

But you must know the philosophy of all this, or you will not remember the details five minutes.

The wood must be small, and in close proximity to the paper; for before anything burns, it must be saturated with caloric, it must get hot, and the smaller the piece of wood is, the sooner it will get hot, and the less heat, or caloric, will make it so; and as paper gives out but little heat, unless the wood is small, and close, it will be scattered, and thus fail to ignite. The same is particularly true of anthricite coal: it must be thoroughly heated before it takes fire, and it is easy to see that it requires a less amount of caloric to heat a small piece of coal than a larger one, and less time, too;—thus it is, that the most effectual way of putting out a "poor" coal fire, is to fill up the grate with fresh coal; for there was enough caloric to have heated a few small pieces to the kindling point; but when distributed to a larger amount, none of it was raised to the degree requisite for ignition. *Therefore always put on a little coal at a time* In this way, as much wood four or five inches long, as may be grasped in one hand, is abundantly sufficient for kindling one fire promptly of anthracite coal, and certainly, thus we have kindled a fire two seasons with one load, that is, a third of a cord of pine wood. Families will economize by having the "lengths" theoretically four feet, practically, three and a half scant, cut six times; it gives more shillings to the sawyers, but fewer dollars to the woodman. It will be of additional economy and interest to know, that in cleaning out the grate in the morning, you will have a good substitute for coke, if, after separating the ashes, the pieces of partially burnt coal are thrown in a pail of water to be used next morning. They thus derive a new supply of oxygen from the water, and kindle easily with a bright flame. Whereas, if placed on the fire without having been soaked in water, they moulder away, giving but little light or warmth. Only the black-looking pieces in the water are fit for burning again. If you do not have these, you must have coke, or use more wood.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE GRIDIRON AND FRYING-PAN.

THE RESULTS OF THEIR RIVALRY IN DOMESTIC COOKERY. BY SOYER.

Your favorite utensil, the frying-pan, Eloise. is, without doubt, the most useful of all kitchen implements, and like a good-natured servant,

Digitized by Google

is often imposed upon, and obliged to do all the work, while its companion, the gridiron, is quietly reposing in the chimney-corner.

The following scene was witnessed by those two faithful servants, the other afternoon, in a domestic establishment, where the sly dog of a gridiron often laughs between its bars at the overworked frying-pan.

The husband, who is employed by a railway contractor, and a man who is what the world calls middling well off, and who has risen by his own exertions and abilities from a more humble position, arrives home, and asks his wife what he can have for dinner, the hour of her dinner, and that of the children, having long past. "What would you like to have, my dear?" was her question. "Anything you have." "Let's see! why — we have nothing, but I can get you a mutton chop, or steak." "Can I have nothing else; I am tired of chops and steaks." "Why, my dear, what can be better than a chop or a steak?" "Well, let me have a steak." "You had that yesterday, my dear: now, let me get you a chop. I always make it my duty to study your comfort; and as I have been reading, not long since, a medical work on diseases of the skin, written by Dr. Erasmus Wilson, in which he says that nothing is so wholesome as a change of food, since which time I have made a point of varying our bill of fare, as they call it in that useful work." "Very well, send for two chops." In about twenty minutes the servant returns, saying she could get no chops, but has got a nice piece of steak. "Very well. That will do as well, will it not, my dear?" to her husband, who is reading a periodical. "Yes; but how long will you keep me here before it is done?" "Not a minute, my love. Now, Jane, do that well on the gridiron." Jane descends, but quickly returns, saying, "Please, ma'am, the fire is not fit for broiling." "Well, fry it," is her answer. The husband, who hears it, exclaims, "Drat the frying-pan, it is always so greasy." "Then, my dear, how would you like to have it?" "Not at all," was his reply, throwing down the paper, and exclaiming, "Bother the place, there is no getting any victuals properly cooked here. I must go to the cook-shop, and have it." He seizes his hat, and slamming the door, makes his exit in a passion.

The mistress blames Jane, and begins to beat the child for having upset the milk on the toast. Jane kicks the cat, and gives warning. The night comes. There are no candles in the house. She is sent out for them, but does not return in proper time. The husband arrives, and finds all in darkness. They quarrel, and swear they must separate, in order to "*live comfortably together*." Jane comes home, and is ordered to pack up her boxes, in order to be off the first thing in the morning, by which time, however, their tempers have had time to cool, and Jane is accordingly reinstated in her former position.

Moral (not on fable, but on truth): A man disappointed in something to eat, consoles himself with something to drink. If he has no stimulus in wholesome food, he will have it in pernicious spirits. He is quarrelsome, scolds his wife, beats his children, frequents the dram-shop, and becomes what is called a bad husband. It is not altogether his fault the dinner was not eatable, and he must have something to support him, which he foolishly finds in spirits; and thus, by the want of attention on the part of the wife, is made what he is. In no country in the world do the annals of police courts show such scenes as are daily noticed in the public journals of London, which the increase of punishment by a modern law has not yet succeeded in putting down.

PAPERS FOR ROOMS.

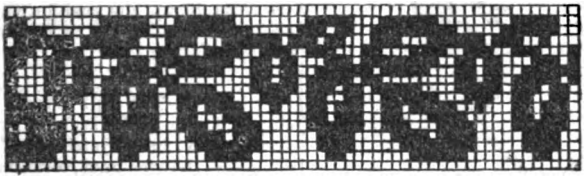
Many elegant patterns are displayed on colored grounds: the effect may please in one room, which in another will be displeasing; yet the cause will be inexplicable: light, more or less, will account for the difference. Colored grounds, however pale, will always be too gloomy in rooms which have not much light. In cities this is an essential matter of consideration; even in the country the aspect and number of windows will produce a surprising difference in the general effect. Nor ought any erroneous idea to be entertained, that a paper with much white in it will quickly soil, and therefore must be more extravagant; for if white soils, colors fade. A room, then, scantily supplied with windows, ought never to be papered with a colored ground: for the same reason, the doors, dados, and other woodwork, should invariably be white. Apartments well supplied with light may rejoice in a less confined range of colors—may even sport a drab ground, and drab paint to match. Another failure in effect—little suspected, in the choice of colors—even where light can be commanded to an unlimited extent, is the want of consideration of the hue that will best "light up." Exquisite as is pale blue in itself, it is heavy in a mass; and even when sparingly introduced—ay, even in small portions, among gilding and pure white (as in large concert rooms,) it dulls the whole. A blue dress by candle-light is satisfactory, and a room with blue grounded paper and blue paint to correspond, will never light well at night; an apartment similary decorated with buff or "flesh" color, that would require but six wax candles to produce a cheerful and sufficient illumination, if blue would swallow up the light of eighteen candles, and *then* not produce an agreeable impression. Pale flesh or pink, and buff, are very charming hues, but are ill for the complexion; few persons look in health with much of these colors around them; and blue is trying: white with a *hint* of blush, or tint of stone, is good. The most perfect—or rather the nearest approach to perfection—is a paper with a pure white ground, and running pattern of shaded slates, and white paint "picked in" with pale slate to correspond

Digitized by Google

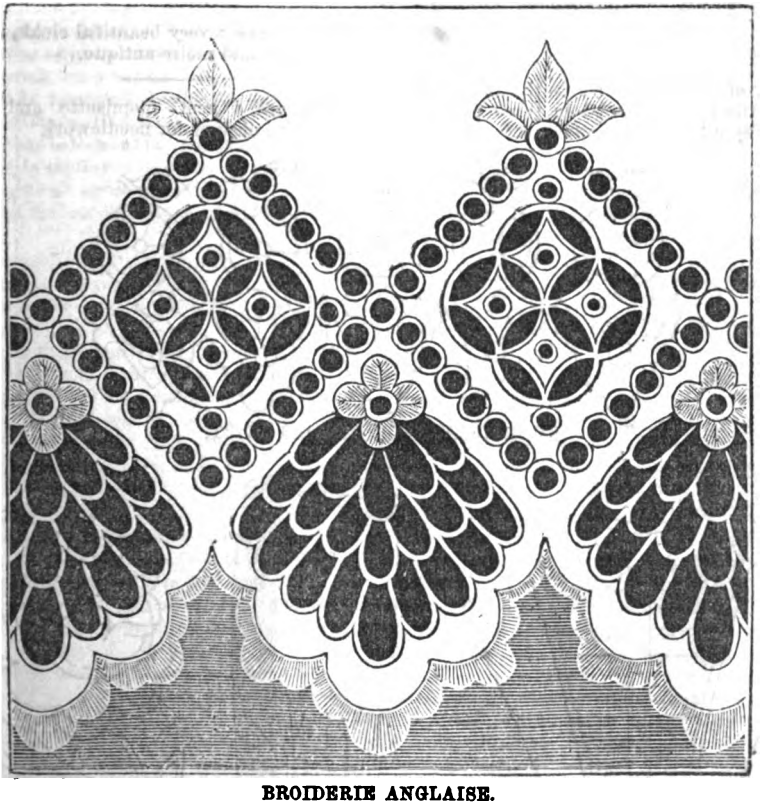
The Toilet and Work Table.

An ornamental chair, of the style of Louis XIII, may be made after the following directions. Get a chair of stained oak, low, square, heavy, and with a high back. Then buy three quarters of a yard of coarse canvas, cut it into strips of about five inches wide. Purchase also zephyr wool, scarlet and white, a quarter of a pound of each. Work these strips in cross-stitch, in the pattern given below; the dark being worked in white, and the grounding being of scarlet.

When the bands are worked, turn them on



the wrong side, wet them slightly, and then iron them flat with a moderately hot iron. Now buy three quarters of plush, such as is used for furniture, gray or brown will look well with white and scarlet, cut it up into strips also, and sew them to the worsted work, alternating the one with the other. Three strips of worsted work for the seat, with four of velvet—one for the back with two of velvet. The chair, when mounted, should be finished by a heavy fringe, put on with brass-headed nails round the seat.



BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

This pattern can be worked all white, or the scollop flowers and leaves in red, and the rest in white.

On next page is a graceful style of dressing the hairfor a young person, when simplicity is to be preserved. It is merely of full *bandeaux*,

Digitized by Google

slightly waved: the flowers, a light drooping spray, are arranged in the *bandeaux*, instead of



the back of the hair, or across the brow. The back of the hair is dressed in three puffs, and secured by a low, ornamental comb.

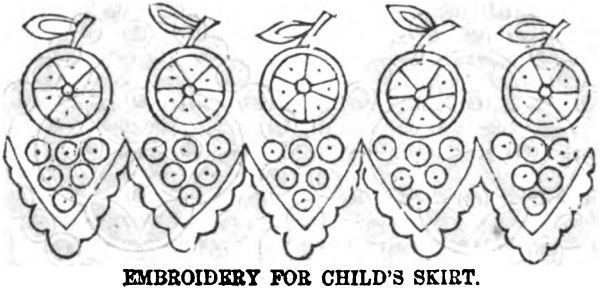
BEAUTIFUL CUSHION.—*Materials—5 colors of shaded double Berlin, half an ounce of each—green, scarlet, purple, blue and amber.*

Work 1 row of each. Commence with green. Make a chain of 120 loops. Put 3 long stitches into 3 successive stitches, then make a chain of 3 loops, again 3 long stitches, missing 3 stitches on the chain. Every row afterwards put the three long stitches into the large hole. Use the colors in the order named. When all are wrought up, the cushion will be sufficiently large. It is made up in the same manner as the last pattern.

FASHIONS.—The full length figure gives an elegant and graceful style of costume. A silk dress, with broad stripes of black velvet. Sleeves with three puffs, terminated by a flounce. Under-sleeves of *tulle*, trimmed with lace. Cloak of lady's cloth, turtle-dove color, with a trimming of broad blue braid. A cape forming a point behind. A bonnet of white satin, fluted, and trimmed with black lace; on the side of the front, a bunch of scarlet geraniums, with blades of reed-flags.

We also give a very beautiful cloak, made of black velvet and moire antique.

Below are a neat chemisette and under-sleeve, with designs for needlework



EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S SKIRT.







FLOWER PATTERN.

www.libtool.com.cn
Digitized by Google

Editor's Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1856.

With this number, we commence the seventh volume of the Home Magazine. What its name implies it will continue to be. As from the beginning, it will aim to instruct the mind, and elevate the affections. To impart, through the most pleasing vehicles of thought, true principles of action. The frivolous it has always avoided, as well as the dullness of mere fine writing; and these will still be avoided.—Yet the graceful, the elegant, and the humorous, will combine with the vigorous, the strongly descriptive, the narrative, and the romantic. The true end of literature is an elevation of the mind above things sensual, selfish, and evil, into a region where thought finds a more vigorous activity, and the heart warmer and nobler impulses. Especially should this end be regarded in all periodicals that find their way into the home circles of our land, claiming the attention of young and old. Their pages should be especially guarded, lest a word, a sentiment, or an example should be presented therein; for these, like evil seed, will produce evil fruit.

The variety to be found in our pages, on all subjects of interest, is another of its claims to public favor.—Something for all tastes we endeavor every month to present; so that all may find mental aliment and recreation.

To please the eye, excite the taste, and give to the mind accurate images of things in nature and art, we offer a varied series of illustrations, on steel and on wood.

The price of the Magazine is the same as in the beginning, when no illustrations were given, and when the typography was altogether inferior to what it is at present. The amount of reading and engravings furnished each month is large, when the low rate at which we supply clubs is considered. Nearly all the "matter" is set in "solid" types, not with "leads" between each line, as is usual, by which means a page contains one-fifth more of reading than it would if leaded. It does not look so light, but more solid and substantial, as it really is. We merely refer to this, in order that our readers, who look at "quantity" as well as "quality," may know just what they are receiving.

We refer particularly to our prospectus for 1856, on the fourth page of the cover, for more particulars in regard to the coming volumes of the Magazine.—It will be seen there, that to those who would like to obtain the Home Magazine in connexion with some other periodical or newspaper at a clubbing rate, we furnish either "Harper's Magazine," or "Godey's Lady's Book" and the "Home Magazine," one year, at the low rate of $3·50; or the Saturday Evening Post and our Magazine, at $3.

HUMORS OF REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

In the letters of Rev. Sydney Smith, published in the volumes of Memoirs, by his daughter, Lady Holland, there are many flashes of humor, and pleasant hits at men and things. He had a genial spirit for a clergyman, and a happy faculty of looking on the bright side. We make a few selections of pleasant things, taken at random.

In answer to an invitation to visit the opera, he replies: "Thy servant is threescore-and-ten years old; can he hear the sound of singing men and singing women? A Canon at the opera! Where have you lived? In what habitation of heathen? I thank you, shuddering, and am, ever, your unseducible friend."

In closing a brief letter to Lord Mahan, he says: "Pray present my benediction to your charming wife, who, I am sure, would bring any plant in the garden into full flower by looking at it, and smiling upon it. Try the experiment from mere curiosity." This is very neat, indeed.

"I find I am getting old," he remarks, in another letter, "and that my bodily feelings agree with the parish register. You seem to have had a very amusing life, with singing and dancing, but you cannot excite my envy by all the descriptions of your dramas and melo-dramas; you may as well paint the luxuries of barley meal to a tiger, or turn a leopard into a clover field. All this class of pleasures inspires me with the same nausea as I feel at the sight of rich plum-cake or sweetmeats; I prefer the driest bread of common life."

Writing to Lord Murray: "If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one-half of what you *could* eat and drink. Did I ever tell you my calculation about eating and drinking? Having ascertained the weight of what I could live upon, so as to preserve health and strength, and what I did live upon, I found that, between ten and seventy years of age, I had eaten and drunk forty four-horse wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved me in life and health! The value of this mass of nourishment I considered seven thousand pounds sterling. It occurred to me that I must, by my voracity, have starved fully a hundred persons to death. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true; and I think, dear Murray, *your wagons would require an additional horse each!*"

To his grandchild, on sending him a letter overweight: "Oh, you little witch! Your letter cost me four-pence. I will pull all the plums out of your puddings; I will undress your dolls, and steal their under petticoats; you shall have no currant jelly to your rice; I will kiss you till you cannot see out of

Digitized by Google

your eyes; when no body whips you, I will do so; I will fill you so full of sugar plums that they shall run out of your nose and ears; lastly, your frocks shall be so short that they shall not come below your knees."

An excuse for not wishing to be present at some private theatricals: "If real actors cannot amuse me, how should pretended actors do so? Can mock-turtle please where real turtle is disliked?"

At seventy-four, he thus puts off a French writer for the press, who asks for some particulars of his life: "I am living among the best society of the Metropolis, and at ease in my circumstances; in tolerable health; a mild Whig; a tolerating Churchman, and much given to talking, laughing, and noise. I dine with the rich in London, and physic the poor in the country; passing from the sauces of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am, upon the whole, a happy man."

"Among the many ills of getting old, one is, that every illness may probably be your last. You feel like a delinquent who knows that the constable is looking out after him."

In a recent letter from our highly valued correspondent, W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., were inclosed a couple of choice little poems for the readers of the Home Magazine. We give one of them in this number:—

EXHORTATION.

Why by these forests linger,
When there the ocean spreads;
And still the sun's bright finger
Rich gleam of promise sheds?
Here wouldst thou struggle vainly,
Thy better powers unknown,
Or waste, in toils ungainly,
A life unloved, alone!

Alone is still the mortal
Who, born to lead his kind
To Truth's mysterious portal,
Still leaves the rest behind;
They follow, but they madden
That he should still be first,
And curse the gifts which gladden,
And hate the giver worst!

How gladly—could you show them
That he who sways them now,
Stood, in his youth, below them—
Would they rejoice to know!
They'd rather see how feebly
His master-sway began,
Than now behold how ably
He rules the realms of man!

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

One of the engravings in this number, will excite the pleasantest kind of fancies in the minds of our young readers. How fondly, for weeks, do children dwell on the approaching Christmas; and what castles of toys, and good things for the palate, do they build in the regions of imagination. Don't forget this, ye who have in your keeping the happiness of these little ones. Be sure to fill the stockings, hung in such unwavering faith by the chimney side; or prepare the Christmas tree, and load its branches with strange, but tempting fruit. Those who make innocent children happy, are co-workers with angels.

There is a touching Christmas story in this number, from the pen of Miss Bremer, which old and and young may read with pleasure.

TRUE WORDS.

We find this beautiful and true passage floating in the newspapers, and give it a more permanent place on one of our pages:—"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's smile of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handsful of flowers in green and daisy meadows—with birds' nests admired, but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees, and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself."

HOME.

Sydney Smith says:—"The most friendless of human beings has a country which he admires and extols, and which he would, in the same circumstances, prefer to all others under heaven. Tempt him with the fairest face of nature, place him by living waters under shadowy trees of Lebanon, open to his view all the gorgeous allurements of the sunniest climates, he will love the rocks and deserts of his childhood better than all these, and thou canst not bribe his soul to forget the land of his nativity."

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS.

Mothers in the country, who see their children growing up with few of the advantages that young people in cities enjoy, often suffer from painful discouragement in regard to them. A word of encouragement to such, we find in a recent number of the *Ohio Cultivator*, and copy it for their benefit. The writer says:—

"The wives and mothers of our farmers need more encouragement in the labor of love that falls to their lot. Their round of duties often seem monotonous, their lives ungraceful, their homes lacking in refinement. How often the sigh escapes them, 'Oh for more intellectual food for myself and my children!' When they go out into the world, will they not feel themselves so far behind their fellows, that discouragement will take the place of noble ambition, and their lives will become a failure.

"There is a charm against this which every mother should understand. Childhood demands simply that its tastes shall all be led, like its body, on simple, coarse fare. Give them just enough for growth, and culture and pruning will come in after years. All that a mother need feel solicitous for in early childhood is, aliment enough for the healthy growth of all the faculties. The tendency in country life is to neglect the finer elements belonging to the region of the ideal, while the practical, the unpoetical, is cultivated and praised, till the child feels that nothing is truly valuable that cannot be counted in dollars and

Digitized by Google

cents. The city is liable to the opposite extreme. External grace must be cultivated often at the expense of truth and integrity.

"My observations have convinced me that no mother needs despair who uses even the most limited means for the culture of her children. I remember some little girls who used to love colors, and they could gratify their artistic tastes in no way but by expressing the juice of leaves and flowers. They were rude works of art which the little artists produced, but they kept alive the soul of art. Years have fled, and now their homes are rendered beautiful by artistic hands, and their children's garments are beautified by such embroidery as the wealthy purchase at great cost, but to them it is the filling up of moments of half leasure, when the presence of a guest compels them to forego coarser avocations. Now, as formerly, this is their recreation. I thought of the mother who had encouraged their little efforts, and fed their little loves and tastes, so that now they were able to both appreciate beauty and poetry, and to contribute largely to their production."

BE GENTLE TO THY HUSBAND.

Some one has written a companion poem to that excellent one, "Be Gentle to thy Wife," which we must copy, even at the risk of being charged with magnifying the wife's duties, which, in her little world of home, are varied and perplexing enough. Of the husband's anxieties, disappointments, and troubles in the busy, struggling marts of business, she can have but a feeble comprehension; nor of the painful discouragements from which he often suffers. Kind, soothing words, may often fall like oil on the troubled waters of his spirit; and what wife who loves her husband, would not gladly be to him a minister of rest and peace?

"Be gentle to thy husband,
Remember, all day long,
Amid the din and tumult,
He battles with the throng.

"No wonder that the noble brow
Grows clouded with the care
That presses on his heart and hands
While he is struggling there.

"And when the night has gathered home
The loved one to his rest,
Be gentle—if no smile appears,
There's sorrow in his breast.

"'Tis true, you miss the welcome voice,
Whose tones are always kind,
And long to raise the cloud that casts
A shadow on his mind.

"Yet, never fear, that through it all
Thy presence is not blest;
For like the sunshine through the storm,
It brings sweet thoughts of rest.

"And many times, when labor-tossed,
Thy gentle tones have come,
And made glad music in his heart,
'Thanks be for thee—and home.'

"Be sure, although he *speaks* it not,
Thou art the star, whose ray
Makes life, and love, and gildeth all
In life's dark, rugged way."

"THE HAPPY FAMILY."

This steel engraving makes a pleasant variety in our illustrations for the month. The family group appears to be well harmonized, and each individual in the best possible humor.

"THE FOUR ERAS OF LIFE."

How thought-suggesting this picture! Few can look upon it without pleasing or sad emotions. It is the history of a life in its four most important eras. First, the infant is introduced by the waters of baptism into the church, and more intimately associated in the mystic rite with angelic spirits. Next comes the second era. The infantile state is passed; youth has glided away, and now, in the freshness and beauty of dawning womanhood, the young communicant takes, solemnly, the bread and the wine, and offers her heart to Him who gives to every hungry and thirsting spirit, the bread of His love, and the wine of His truth.

The third era comes. Higher and holier duties in life are to be assumed. At the marriage-altar stands the young bride. What a new world is opening before her! How earnestly does she look far away into the coming time! What beautiful visions arise!—Her heart trembles with excess of joy.

One more era—the most important of all. The probation is over—the pilgrimage at an end; and, obeying the voice which says, "Come up higher," the tired, tempted, but conquering spirit, is about to withdraw itself peacefully from its earthly tabernacle, and ascend upwards, to a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

TO THE MORNING GLORY. BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Pale, waxen flower, thou comest in the morn,
Damp with the chill night showers;
Thy heart-shaped leaves the roughest spots adorn,
And bend adown with wealth of creamy flowers.
The purple drops which gem the pearly white,
Seem like rich jewels set in beds of snow,
With fair, sweet beauty, pure and shining bright,
They light thy blossoms with a fairy glow

But like all lovely things, before the Day's hot breath
Thou pal'st and fadest dreamily away;
Cold are thy petals 'neath the touch of Death,
And sink'st thou down to premature decay.
We love thee better, gentle flower, for this;
Happy are they who early from us flee,
Who tire of earth, and long for purer bliss
Within the sunlight of Eternity!

Farmington, New Hampshire.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIVES OF BRITISH HISTORIANS. By EUGENE LAWRENCE. 2 vols. New York: *C. Scribner.*

Here we have a very important contribution to English literature, and one for which the industrious author will receive many thanks, and, we trust, a still more substantial return. It is a little singular, that the first popular biographies of the older British historians should originate on this side of the Atlantic, and issue first from an American press. The fact shows how rapidly we are progressing in literature,

Digitized by Google

as well as the useful arts. Already the tide is turning, and British readers are looking to the United States for their most attractive books. Mr. Lawrence has shown excellent taste in his work, and has composed it not only with care, but in a style that gives it an additional value. To pass from the grave, severe pages of the laborious historian, to a familiar narrative of his daily life, habits, manners, and conversation — in a word, to become acquainted with him as a man, is a transition delightful to every reader. Such a pleasure is in store for all who have studied the pages of Raleigh, Camden, Burnet, Fuller, Bentson, Smollet, Hume, Macpherson, Hooke, Ferguson, Gibbon, Bacon, and other eminent historians of the past time, and desire to have with them a closer personal acquaintance. The author intimates his intention to continue the series down to the death of Arnold. We hope he will be encouraged to do so.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. Thoughts in Verse, for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year. By Rev. John Keble. Elegantly Illustrated, by Schmolze. Philadelphia: *E. H. Butler & Co.*

"Keble's Christian Year" has become a household book among all lovers of devotional poetry. The present edition, which is exquisitely illustrated with engravings on steel from original designs, is an elegant one in all respects, and highly creditable to the publishers by whom it is issued. Messrs. Butler & Co. have gained a reputation for elegant issues of illustrated volumes, that every book from their press but serves to confirm. Their holiday publications are always among the most beautiful that appear.

GOD REVEALED IN THE PROCESS OF CREATION, and by the Manifestation of Jesus Christ. Including an Examination of the Development Theory contained in the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." By James B. Walker, Author of "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation." Boston: *Gould & Lincoln.* New York: *Sheldon, Lamport & Co.*

A volume of speculations touching the moral nature of the Supreme Being, that will not, we think, very greatly aid the inquiring skeptic. Like nearly all modern writers on similar themes, the author is a groper in the dark, seeking, by mere finite human reason, to find out God. We are very much inclined to think, that in nearly all skepticism in regard to the being and goodness of God, there is latent a pride of intellect that will make the subject hopelessly blind to all arguments opposed to his favorite doubts.

HOARYHEAD AND McDONNER. By Jacob Abbott. Very greatly Improved. With numerous Engravings. Being Vol. IV of "The Young Christian Series." New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

An old friend in a new dress, and welcome in its improved attire. New generations of children will read of Fergus and of McDonner with the same delight felt by the first boy that grasped the book, scarcely yet dry, from the press. Our young people owe Mr. Abbott a large debt of gratitude.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE; Or, The Heaven of the Bible. By James M. Macdonald, D. D. New York: *C. Scribner.*

A series of discourses on Heaven, by a Minister of the Princeton Theological School. His reading of the Bible is somewhat literal, and his speculations on Heaven in accordance with his reading. The style of the discourses is impressive, and often highly eloquent

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE HEROES OF HISTORY. Edited by Dr. Francis L. Hawks, D. D., LL. D. New York: *James S. Dickerson.*

The first volume of this attractive series contained a narrative of the eventful career of "Richard the Lion-Hearted." We now have a second volume, devoted to a no less prominent, but far more important character in the world's history, Oliver Cromwell. If the youth of the present generation fail to obtain accurate knowledge of the world's great men and their actions, it will not be through lack of well written books, like those embraced in this series. The responsible name of Dr. Hawks as editor, will give the public entire confidence in them.

THE STANDARD FIRST READER FOR BEGINNERS. By Epes Sargent. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

Among the best school readers extant, are those of Mr. Sargent. They number from one up to five, the highest being known as the "First Class Standard Reader." The first of these is the one to which we would now call attention. It is made up of easy lessons, liberally illustrated, and both at home and at school will be found well adapted to the young scholar just learning to read. The aim of the book is to awaken thought in the child, at the same time that it is acquiring a knowledge of the signs of language.

CROCHETS AND QUAVERS; Or, Revelations of an Opera Manager in America. By Max Maretzek. New York: *S. French.*

Of its class, and for the readers it is designed to interest, this is altogether a "taking" book, and will considerably enlighten our music-loving people in regard to the way in which foreign artists have managed to create for themselves comfortable fortunes in America, with almost Aladdin-like celerity. Max, it seems, by his own confession, is by no means guiltless of having deliberately played upon the public credulity, *a la* Barnum; and we do not see that he feels much ashamed of himself. Truth and honor must be indeed at a low ebb, when men can invent a falsehood to mislead the public, and then parade the trick unblushingly, and chuckle over its success. The talented manager would have stood much higher in people's estimation, if he had left the story of Parodi's introduction in this country out of his book. If it was the only instance in which he stooped to an unworthy means to gain his ends, the manner in which the circumstance is related does not show any true sense of the meanness of the transaction.

If sundry libel suits do not grow out of this volume, it will be because certain parties assailed therein have no characters worth upholding.

CASTE. A Story of Republican Equality. By Sidney A. Storey, Jr. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

Another novel based upon the existence of slavery in our country, and the consequent social evils that arise therefrom. We have merely glanced through the volume. It appears to be written with ability; and considerable descriptive power.

[Notices of quite a number of volumes are deferred for want of room. They will receive due attention next month.]

☞ We complete the story of "The Good Time Coming," in the present issue. In order that it might not encroach upon the reading matter of the number, we print it in an extra sheet, as will be seen. This story has been printed in a handsome volume by J. W. Bradley, of this city. Price $1.00.

Clubbing with Harper's Magazine and The Lady's Book.—We will send either of these Magazines, and the Home Magazine, one year, for $3.50. See Prospectus.

Digitized by Google

EXTRA SHEET.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE GOOD TIME COMING.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[CONCLUDED FROM DECEMBER NUMBER.]

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Our Father in heaven never leaves us in a pathless desert," said Mrs. Markland, light breaking through her tear-filled eyes. Her husband had just related the conversation held with Mr. Willet. "When the sun goes down, stars appear."

"A little while ago, the desert seemed pathless, and no star glittered in the sky," was answered.

"Yet the path was there, Edward; you had not looked close enough to your feet," replied his wife.

"It was so narrow, that it would have escaped my vision," he said, faintly sighing.

"If it were not the safest way for you and for all of us, it would not be the only one now permitted our feet to tread."

"Safest it may be for me: but your feet could walk, securely, a pathway strewn with flowers. Ah me! the thought that my folly——"

"Edward," Mrs. Markland interrupted him, in a quick, earnest voice, "if you love me, spare me in this. When I laid my hand in yours on that happy day, which was but the beginning of happier ones, I began a new life. All thought, all affection, all joy in the present and hope in the future, were thenceforth to be mingled with your thought, affection, joy, and hope. Our lives became one. It was yours to mark out our way through the world; mine to walk by your side. The path, thus far, has been a flowery one, thanks to your love and care! But no life-path winds always amid soft and fragrant meadows. There are desert places on the road, and steep acclivities; and there are dark, devious valleys, as well as sunny hill-tops. Pilgrims on the way to the Promised Land, we must pass through the Valley and the Shadow of Death, and be imprisoned for a time in Doubting Castle, before the Delectable Mountains are gained. Oh, Edward, murmur not, but thank God for the path he has shown us, and for the clear light that falls so warmly upon it. These friends, whom he has given us in this our darkest hour, are the truest friends we have yet known. Is it not a sweet compensation for all we lose, to be near them still, and to have the good a kind Father dispenses come to us through their hands? Dear husband! in this night of worldly life, a star of celestial beauty has already mirrored itself in my heart, and made light one of its hitherto darkened chambers."

"Sweet philosopher!" murmured her husband, in a softened voice. "A spirit like yours would illuminate a dungeon."

"If it can make the air bright around my husband, its happiness will be complete," was softly answered.

"But these reverses are hard to bear," said Mr. Markland, soberly.

"Harder in anticipation than in reality. They may become to us blessings."

"Blessings? Oh, Agnes! I am not able to see that. It is no light thing for a man to have the hard accumulations of his best years swept from him in a moment, and to find himself, when just passing the meridian of his life, thrown prostrate to the earth."

"There may be richer treasures lying just beneath the surface where he has fallen, than in all the land of Ophir toward which he was pressing in eager haste," said Mrs. Markland.

"It may be so." Markland spoke doubtingly.

"It must be so!" was emphatically rejoined. "Ah, Edward, have I not often warned you against looking far away into the future, instead of stooping to gather the pearls of happiness that a good Providence has scattered so profusely around us? They are around us still."

Markland sighed.

"And you may be richer far than imagination has yet pictured. Look not far away into the shadowy uncertainties of coming time for the heart's fruition. The stones from which its temple of happiness is to be erected, if ever built, lie all along the path your feet are treading. It has been so with you from the beginning—it is so now."

"If I build not this temple, it will be no fault of yours," said Markland, whose perceptions were becoming clearer.

"Let us build it together," answered his wife. "There will be no lack of materials."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

When the offer of Mr. Walker's cottage was made known in the family, there was a passiv

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by T. S. ARTHUR & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Digitized by Google

acquiescence in the change on the part of all but Aunt Grace. Her pride was aroused.

"It's very kind in Mr. Willet," she said—"very kind, but scarcely delicate under the circumstances."

"Why not delicate?" inquired Mr. Markland.

"Did they think we were going into that little pigeon-box, just under the shadow of Woodbine Lodge. If we have to come down so low, it will not be in this neighborhood. There's too much pride in the Markland blood for that!"

"We have but little to do with pride now," said Mrs. Markland.

Her husband sighed. The remark of his sister had quickened his blood.

"It is the best we can do!" he remarked, sadly.

"Not by any means," said Grace. "There are other neighborhoods than this, and other houses to be obtained. Let us go from here; not remain the observed of all curious observers—objects of remark and pity!"

Her brother arose while she was speaking, and commenced walking the room in a disturbed manner. The words of Grace had aroused his slumbering pride.

"Rather let us do what is best under the circumstances," said Mrs. Markland, in her quiet way. "People will have their own thoughts, but these should never turn us from a right course."

"The sight of Woodbine Lodge will rebuke me daily," said Mr. Markland.

"You cannot be happy in this neighborhood." Grace spoke in her emphatic way. "It is impossible!"

"I fear that it is even so," replied her brother.

"Then," said Mrs. Markland, in a firm voice, "we will go hence. I place nothing against the happiness of my husband. If the sight of our old home is to trouble him daily, we will put mountains between, if necessary."

Markland turned toward his wife. She had never looked more beautiful in his eyes.

"Is self-negation to be all on her part?" The thought, flashing through his mind, changed the current of his feelings, and gave him truer perceptions.

"No, Agnes," he said, while a faint smile played around his lips, "we will not put mountains between us and this neighborhood. Pride is a poor counsellor, and they who take heed to her words, sow the seeds of repentance. In reverse of fortune, we stand not alone. Thousands have walked this rugged road before us; and shall we falter, and look weakly back?"

"Not so, Edward!" returned his wife, with enthusiasm; "we will neither falter nor look back. Our good and evil are often made by contrasts. We shall not find the way rugged, unless we compare it too closely with other ways our feet have trodden, and sigh vainly over the past, instead of accepting the good that is awarded us in the present. Let us first make the 'rough paths of peevish nature even,' and the way will be smooth to our feet."

"You will never be happy in this neighborhood, Edward," said his sister, sharply; for she saw that the pride her words had awakened was dying out.

"If he is not happy here, change of place will work no difference." Mrs. Markland spoke earnestly.

"Why not?" was the quick interrogation of Grace.

"Because happiness is rarely, if ever, produced by a change of external relations. We must have within us the elements of happiness; and then the heart's sunshine will lie across our threshold, whether it be of palace or cottage."

"Truer words were never spoken," said Mr. Markland, "and I feel their better meaning. No, Agnes, we will not go out from this pleasant neighborhood, nor from among those we have proved to be friends. If Woodbine Lodge ever looks upon me rebukingly, I will try to acknowledge the justice of the rebuke. I will accept Mr. Willet's kind offer to-morrow. But what have you to say, Fanny?" Mr. Markland now turned to his daughter, who had not ventured a word on the subject, though she had listened with apparent interest to the conference. "Shall we take Mr. Walker's cottage?"

"Your judgment must decide that, father," was answered.

"But have you no choice in the case, Fanny? We can remove into the city, or go into some other neighborhood."

"I will be as happy here as anywhere. Do as seems best, father."

A silence, made in a measure oppressive by Fanny's apparent indifference to all change, followed. Before other words were spoke, Aunt Grace withdrew in a manner that showed a mind disturbed. The conference in regard to the cottage was again resumed, and ended in the cheerful conclusion that it would afford them the pleasantest home, in their changed circumstances, of any that it was possible for them to procure.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Preparation was at once made for the proposed removal. Mr. Walker went back to the city, and the new owner of the cottage, Mr. Willet, set carpenters and painters at work to make certain additions which he thought needful to secure the comfort of his tenants, and to put everything in the most thorough repair. Even against the remonstrance of Mr. Markland, who saw that his generous-minded neighbor was providing for his family a house worth almost double the rent that was to be paid, he carried out all his projected improvements.

"You will embarrass me with a sense of obligation," said Mr. Markland, in seeking to turn him from a certain purpose regarding the cottage.

"Do not say so," answered Mr. Willet; "I am only offering inducements for you to remain with us. If obligation should rest anywhere, it will be on our side. I make these improvements because the house is now my own pro-

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

perty, and would be defective, to my mind, without them. Pray, don't let your thoughts dwell on these things."

Thus he strove to dissipate the feeling of obligation that began to rest on the mind of his unfortunate neighbor, while he carried out his purpose. In due time, under the assignment which had been made, Woodbine Lodge and a large part of the elegant and costly furniture contained in the mansion, were sold, and the ownership passed into other hands. With a meagre remnant of their household goods, the family retired to a humbler house. Some pitied, and stood at a distance; some felt a selfish pleasure in their fall; and some, who had courted them in their days of prosperity, were among the foremost to speak evil against them. But there were a few, and they the choicest spirits of the neighborhood, who only drew nearer to these their friends in misfortune. Among them was Mr. Allison, one of those wise old men whose minds grow not dim with advancing years. He had passed through many trying vicissitudes, had suffered, and come up from the ordeal purer than when the fire laid hold upon the dross of nature.

A wise monitor had he been in Markland's brighter days, and now he drew near as a comforter. There is strength in true words kindly spoken. How often was this proved by Mr. and Mrs. Markland, as their venerable friend unlocked for them treasures of wisdom!

The little parlor at "Lawn Cottage," the name of their new home, soon became the scene of frequent reunions among choice spirits, whose aspirations went higher and deeper than the external and visible. In closing around Mr. Markland, they seemed to shut him out, as it were, from the old world in which he had hoped, and suffered, and struggled so vainly; and to open before his purer vision a world of higher beauty. In this world were riches for the toiler, and honor for the noble—riches and honor far more to be desired than the gems and gold of earth, or its empty tributes of praise.

A few months of this new life wrought a wonderful change in Markland. All the better elements of his nature were quickened into activity. Useful daily employment tranquilized his spirits; and not unfrequently he found himself repeating the words of Longfellow—

> "Something attempted, something done,
> Had earned a night's repose."

So entirely was everything of earthly fortune wrecked, and so changed were all his relations to the business world, that hope had yet no power to awaken his mind to ambition. For the present, therefore, he was content to receive the reward of daily toil, and to be thankful that he was yet able to supply the real wants of his family. A cheerful tone of feeling gradually succeeded the state of deep depression from which he had suffered. His spirit, which had walked in darkness, began to perceive that light was breaking in through the hitherto impenetrable gloom, and as it fell upon the path he was treading, a flower was seen here and there, while the roughness his imagination had pictured became not visible.

Nearly a year had glided away since the wreck of Markland's fortune, and little or no change in his worldly prospects was visible. He was sitting late, one evening, reading aloud to his wife from a book which the latter had received from Mrs. Willet. The rest of the family had retired Mrs. Markland was plying her needle busily. Altered circumstances had made hourly industry on her part a necessity; yet had they in no way dimmed the cheerful brightness of her spirits.

"Come, Agnes," said her husband, closing the book, "it is growing late; and you have worked long enough. I'm afraid your health will suffer."

"Just a few minutes longer," replied Mrs. Markland, smiling. "I must finish this apron for Frank. He will want it in the morning." And her hand moved quicker.

"How true is every word you have been reading!" she added, after a few moments. "Manifold indeed are the ways in which a wise Providence dispenses good to the children of men. Mercy is seen in the cloud as well as in the sunshine. Tears to the spirit are like rain to the earth."

"The descent looked frightful," said Markland, after a pause—"but we reached the lower ground uninjured. Invisible hands seemed to bear us up."

"We have found the land far pleasanter than was imagined; and the sky above of a purer crystal."

"Yes—yes. It is even so. And if the flowers that spring up at our feet are not so brilliant, they have a sweeter perfume, and a diviner beauty."

"In this land," said Mrs. Markland, "we see in the visible things that surround us, what was rarely seen before—types of the invisible things they represent."

"Ah, yes, yes! Scales have fallen from my eyes. I have learned a new philosophy. In former times, Mr. Allison's words seemed full of beautiful truths, yet so veiled, that I could not see their genuine brightness. Now they are like sudden gleams of sunlight on a darkened landscape."

"Seekers after happiness, like the rest of the world," said Mrs. Markland, resting her hands upon the table by which she sat, and, gazing earnestly into her husband's face, "we had lost our way, and were moving with swift feet in the wrong direction. Suddenly, our kind Father threw up before us an impassable mountain. Then we seemed shut out from the land of promise forever, and were in despair. But he took his weeping, murmuring children by the hand, and led them gently into another path!"

"Into a narrower way,"—Mr. Markland took up the words of his wife—"and sought by few; yet, it has already brought us into a pleasant region."

"To speak in less ideal language," said Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Markland, "we have been taught an all important lesson. It is this: That there is over each one of us an intimate, providential care, which ever has regard to our eternal good. And the reason of our many and sad disappointments lies in the fact, that we seek only the gratification of natural life, in which are the very elements of dissatisfaction. All mere natural life is selfish life; and natural ends gained only confirm this selfish life, and produce misery instead of happiness."

"There is no rest," said Markland, "to the striving spirit that only seeks for the good of this world. How clearly have I seen this of late, as well in my own case as in that of others! Neither wealth nor honor have in themselves the elements of happiness; and their increase brings but an increase of trouble."

"If sought from merely selfish ends," remarked his wife. "Yet their possession may increase our happiness, if we regard them as the means by which we may rise into a higher life."

There followed a thoughtful pause. Mrs. Markland resumed her work, and her husband leaned his head back, and remained for some minutes in a musing attitude.

"Don't you think," he said at length, "that Fanny is growing more cheerful?"

"Oh, yes. I can see that her state of mind is undergoing a gradual elevation."

"Poor child! What a sad experience, for one so young, has been hers! How her whole character has been, to all seeming, transformed. The light-hearted girl suddenly changed to a thoughtful, suffering woman!"

"She may be a happier woman in the end," said Mrs. Markland.

"Is that possible?"

"Yes. Suffering has given her a higher capacity for enjoyment."

"And for pain, also," said Mr. Markland.

"She is wiser for the first experience," was replied.

"Yes, there is so much in her favor. I wish," added Mr. Markland, "that she would go a little more into company. It is not good for any one to live so secluded a life. Companionship is necessary to the spirit's health."

"She is not without companions, or, at least, a companion."

"Flora Willet?"

"Yes."

"Good, as far at it goes. Flora is an excellent girl, and wise beyond her years."

"Can we ask a better companion for our child than one with pure feelings and true thoughts?"

"No. But I am afraid Flora has not the power to bring her out of herself. She is so sedate."

"She does not lack cheerfulness of spirit, Edward."

"Perpetual cheerfulness is too passive."

"Her laugh, at times, is delicious," said Mrs. Markland, "going to your heart like a strain of music, warming it like a golden sunbeam. Flora's character is by no means a passive one, but rather the reverse."

"She is usually very quiet when I see her," replied Markland.

"This arises from an instinctive deference to those who are older."

"Fanny is strongly attached to her, I think."

"Yes; and the attachment I believe to be mutual."

"Would not Flora, at your suggestion, seek to draw her gradually forth from her seclusion?"

"We have talked together on that subject several times," replied Mrs. Markland, "and are now trying to do the very thing that you suggest."

"With any prospect of accomplishing the thing desired?"

"I believe so. There is to be a company at Mr. Willet's next week, and we have nearly gained Fanny's consent to be present."

"Have you? I am indeed gratified to learn this."

"Flora has set her heart on gaining Fanny's consent, and will leave no influence untried."

"Still, Fanny's promise to go is withheld?"

"Yes; but I have observed her looking over her drawers, and showing more interest in certain articles therein, than she has evinced for a long, long time."

"If she goes, she will require a new dress," said Mr. Markland.

"I think not. Such preparation would be too formal at present. But, we can make that all right."

"Oh! it will give me so much pleasure! Do not leave any influence untried."

"You may be sure that we will not," answered Mrs. Markland; and, what is more, you have little to fear touching our success."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The efforts of Flora Willet were successful; and Fanny Markland made one of the company that assembled at her brother's house. Through an almost unconquerable reluctance to come forth into the eye of the world, so to speak, she had broken; and, as one after another of the guests entered the parlors, she could hardly repress an impulse to steal away and hide herself from the crowd of human faces thickly closing around her. Undesired, she found herself an object of attention; and, in some cases, of clearly-expressed sympathy, that was doubly unpleasant.

The evening was drawing to a close, and Fanny had left the company, and was standing alone in one of the porticos, when a young man, whose eyes she had several times observed earnestly fixed upon her, passed near, walked a few paces beyond, and then turning, came up and said, in a low voice—"Pardon this slight breach of etiquette, Miss Markland. I failed to get a formal introduction. But, as I have a few words to say that must be said, I am forced to a seeming rudeness."

Both the manner and words of the stranger so startled Fanny, that her heart began to throb wildly, and her limbs to tremble. Seeing her clasp the pillar by which she stood, he said, as he offered an arm—

Digitized by Google

"Walk with me, for a few minutes at the other end of the portico. We will be less observed, and freer from interruption."

But Fanny only shrunk closer to the pillar.

"If you have anything to say to me, let it be said here," she replied. Her trembling voice betrayed her agitation.

www.libtool.com.cn

"What I have to say, concerns you deeply," returned the young man, "and you ought to hear it in a calmer mood. Let us remove a little farther from observation, and be less in danger of interruption."

"Speak, or retire!" said Fanny, with assumed firmness, waving her hand as she spoke.

But the stranger only bent nearer.

"I have a word for you from Mr. Lyon," said he, in a low, distinct whisper.

It was some moments before Fanny made answer. There was a wild strife in her spirit. But the tempest was of brief duration. Scarcely a perceptible tremor was in her voice, as she answered,

"It need not be spoken."

"Say not so, Miss Markland. If, in anything, you may have misapprehended him—"

"Go, sir!" And Fanny drew herself up to her full height, and pointed away with her finger.

"Mr. Lyon has ever loved you with the most passionate devotion," said the stranger. "In some degree he is responsible for the misfortune of your father; and now, at the first opportunity for doing so, he is ready to tender a recompense. Partly for this purpose, and partly to bear to you the declaration of Mr. Lyon's unwavering regard, am I here."

"He has wronged, deeply wronged my father," replied Fanny, something of the imperious tone and manner with which she had last spoken abating. "If prepared to make restitution in any degree, the way can easily be opened."

"Circumstances," was answered, "conspired to place him in a false position, and make him the instrument of wrong to those for whom he would at any time have sacrificed largely, instead of becoming the minister of evil."

"What does he propose?" asked Fanny.

"To restore your father to his old position. Woodbine Lodge can be purchased from the present owner. It may become your home again."

"It is well," said Fanny. "Let justice be done."

She was now entirely self-possessed, bore herself firmly erect, and spoke without apparent emotion. Standing with her back to the window, through which light came, her own face was in shadow, while that of her companion was clearly seen.

"Justice will be done," replied the young man, slightly embarrassed by the replies of Fanny, the exact meaning of which he did not clearly perceive.

"Is that all you have to communicate?" said the young girl, seeing that he hesitated.

"Not all."

"Say on, then."

"There are conditions."

"Ah! Name them."

"Mr. Lyon still loves you with an undying tenderness."

Fanny waved her hand quickly, as if rejecting the affirmation, and slightly averted her head, but did not speak.

"His letters ceased because he was in no state to write; not because there was any change in his feelings toward you. After the terrible disaster to the Company, for which he has been too sweepingly blamed, he could not write."

"Where is he now?" inquired the maiden.

"I am not yet permitted to answer such a question."

There came a pause.

"What shall I say to him from you?"

"Nothing!" was the firm reply.

"Nothing? Think again, Miss Markland."

"Yes; say to him, that the mirror which once reflected his image in my heart, is shattered forever."

"Think of your father," urged the stranger.

"Go, sir!" And Fanny again waved her hand for him to leave her. "Your words are an offence to me."

A form intercepted at this moment the light which came through one of the doors opening upon the portico, and Fanny stepped forward a pace or two.

"Ah! Miss Markland, I've been looking for you."

It was Mr. Willet. The stranger moved away as the other approached, yet remained near enough to observe them. Fanny made no response.

"There is a bit of moonlight scenery that is very beautiful," said Mr. Willet. "Come with me to the other side of the house."

And he offered his arm, through which Fanny drew hers without hesitation They stepped from the piazza, and passed in among the fragrant shrubbery, following one of the garden walks, until they were in view of the scene to which Mr. Willet referred. A heavy bank of clouds had fallen in the east, and the moon was just struggling through the upper, broken edges, along which her gleaming silver lay in fringes, broad belts, and fleecy masses, giving to the dark vapors below a deeper blackness. Above all this, the sky was intensely blue, and the stars shone down with a sharp, diamond-like lustre. Beneath the bank of clouds, yet far enough in the foreground of this picture to partly emerge from obscurity, stood, on an eminence, a white marble building, with columns of porticos, like a Grecian temple. Projected against the dark background were its classic outlines, looking more like a vision of the days of Pericles than a modern verity.

"Only once before I have seen it thus," said Mr. Willet, after his companion had gazed for some time upon the scene without speaking, "and ever since, it has been a picture in my memory."

"How singularly beautiful!" Fanny spoke with only a moderate degree of enthusiasm,

Digitized by Google

and with something absent in her manner. Mr. Willet turned to look into her face, but it lay too deeply in shadow. For a short time they stood gazing at the clouds, the sky, and the snowy temple. Then Mr. Willet passed on, with the maiden, threading the bordered garden-walks, and lingering among the trees, until they came to one of the pleasant summer-houses, all the time seeking to awaken some interest in her mind. She had answered all his remarks so briefly and in so absent a manner, that he was beginning to despair, when she said, almost abruptly—

"Did you see the person who was with me on the portico, when you came out just now?"

"Yes."

"Do you know him?"

"He's a stranger to me," said Mr. Willet; "and I do not even remember his name. Mr. Ellis introduced him"

"And you invited him to your house?"

"No, Miss Markland. We invited Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, and they brought him as their friend."

"Ah!" There was something of relief in her tone.

"But what of him?" said Mr. Willet. "Why do you inquire about him so earnestly?"

Fanny made no answer.

"Did he in any way intrude upon you?" Mr. Willet spoke in a quicker voice.

"I have no complaint to make against him," replied Fanny. "And yet I ought to know who he is, and where he is from."

"You shall know all you desire," said her companion "I will obtain from Mr. Ellis full information in regard to him."

"You will do me a very great favor."

The rustling of a branch at this moment caused both of them to turn in the direction from which the sound came. The form of a man was, for an instant, distinctly seen, close to the summer-house. But it vanished, ere more than the dim outline was perceived.

"Who can that be, hovering about in so stealthy a manner?" Mr. Willet spoke with rising indignation, starting to his feet as he uttered the words.

"Probably the very person about whom we were conversing," said Fanny.

"This is an outrage! Come, Miss Markland, let us return to the house, and I will at once make inquiry of Mr. Ellis about this stranger."

Fanny again took the proffered arm of Mr. Willet, and the two went silently back, and joined the company from which they had a little while before retired. The latter at once made inquiry of Mr. Ellis respecting the stranger who had been introduced to him. The answers were far from being satisfactory.

"He is a young man whose acquaintance I made about a year ago. He was then a frequent visiter in my family, and we found him an intelligent, agreeable companion. For several months he has been spending his time at the South. A few weeks ago, he returned and renewed his friendly relations. On learning that we were to be among your guests on this occasion, he expressed so earnest a desire to be present, that we took the liberty sometimes assumed among friends, and brought him along. If we have, in the least, trespassed on our privileges as your guests, we do most deeply regret the circumstance."

And this was all Mr. Willet could learn, at the time, in reference to the stranger, who, on being sought for, was nowhere to be found. He had heard enough of the conversation that passed between Mr. Willet and Fanny, as he listened to them while they sat in the summer-house, to satisfy him that if he remained longer at "Sweetbrier," he would become an object of the host's too careful observation.

CHAPTER XL.

A few weeks prior to the time at which the incidents of the preceding chapter occurred, a man, with a rough, neglected exterior, and face almost hidden by an immense beard, landed at New Orleans from one of the Gulf steamers, and was driven to the St. Charles Hotel. His manner was restless, yet wary. He gave his name as Falkner, and repaired at once to the room assigned to him.

"Is there a boarder in the house named Leach?" he made inquiry of the servant who came up with his baggage.

"There is," was replied.

"Will you ascertain if he is in, and say that I wish to see him?"

"What name, sir?" inquired the servant.

"No matter. Give the number of my room."

The servant departed, and in a few minutes conducted a man to the apartment of the stranger.

"Ah! you are here!" exclaimed the former, starting forward, and grasping tightly the hand that was extended to receive him. "When did you arrive?"

"This moment."

"From——?"

"No matter where from, at present. Enough that I am here." The servant had retired, and the closed door was locked. "But there is one thing I don't just like."

"What is that?"

"You penetrated my disguise too easily."

"I expected you, and knew, when inquired for, by whom I was wanted."

"That as far as it goes. But would you have known me if I had passed you in the street."

The man named Leach, took a long, close survey of the other, and then replied—

"I think not, for you are shockingly disfigured. How did you manage to get that deep gash across your forehead?"

"It occurred in an affray with one of the natives; I came near losing my life."

"A narrow escape, I should say."

"It was. But I had the satisfaction of shooting the bloody rascal through the heart." And a grin of savage pleasure showed the man's white teeth gleaming below the jetty moustache.

"Well, you see I am here," he added, "boldly venturing on dangerous ground."

Digitized by Google

"So I see. And for what? You say that I can serve you again; and I am in New Orleans to do your bidding."

"You can serve me, David," was answered, with some force of expression. "In fact, among the large number of men with whom I have had intercourse, you are the only one who has always been true to me, and" (with a strongly uttered oath) "I will never fail you in any extremity."

"I hope never to put your friendship to any perilous test," replied the other, smiling. "But say on."

"I can't give that girl up. Plague on her bewitching face! it has wrought upon me a kind of enchantment. I see it ever before me as a thing of beauty. David! she must be mine at any sacrifice!"

"Who? Markland's pretty daughter?"

"Yes."

"Better start some other game," was bluntly answered. "Your former attempt to run this down came near ruining every thing."

"No danger of that now. The ingots are all safe;" and the man gave a shrug.

"Lyon——"

"My name is Falkner. Don't forget it if you please!" The speaker contracted his brows.

"Falkner, then. What I want to say is this: Let well enough alone. If the ingots are safe, permit them to remain so. Don't be foolhardy enough to put any one on the scent of them."

"Don't be troubled about that. I have sacrificed too much in gaining the wealth desired ever to hold it with a careless or relaxing grasp. And yet its mere possession brings not the repose of mind, the sense of independence, that were so pleasingly forshadowed. Something is yet lacking to make the fruition complete. I want a companion; and there is only one, in the wide world, who can be to me what I desire."

"Fanny Markland?"

"Yes."

"You wish to make her your wife?"

"She is too pure to be happy in any other relation. Yes; I wish to gain her for my bride."

"A thing more difficult than you imagine."

"The task may be difficult; but, I will not believe, impossible."

"And it is in this matter you desire my service?"

"Yes."

"I am ready. Point the way, and I will go. Digest the plan, and I am the one to carry it out."

"You must go North."

"Very well."

"Do you know how her father is situated at present?"

"He is a poor clerk in a jobbing-house."

"Indeed! They stripped him of every thing?"

"Yes. Woodbine Lodge vanished from beneath his feet as if it had been an enchanted island."

"Poor man! I am sorry for him. I never contemplated so sweeping a disaster in his case. But no one can tell, when the ball leaves his hand, what sort of a strike will be made. How does he bear it, I wonder?"

"Don't know. It must have been a terrible fall for him."

"And Fanny? Have you learned nothing in regard to her?"

"Nothing."

"Did you keep up a correspondence with the family whose acquaintance you made in ——"

"The family of Mr. Ellis? No; not any regular correspondence. We passed a letter or two, when I made a few inquiries about the Marklands, and particularly mentioned Fanny; but heard no further from them."

"There are no landmarks, then?" said Lyon.

"None."

"You must start immediately for the North. I will remain here until word comes from you. Ascertain, first, if you can, if there is any one connected with the Company who is yet on the alert in regard to myself; and write to me all the facts you learn on this head immediately. If it is not safe to remain in the United States, I will return to the city of Mexico, and we can correspond from there. Lose no time in gaining access to Miss Markland, and learn her state of mind in regard to me. She cannot fail to have taken her father's misfortunes deeply to heart; and your strongest appeal to her may be on his behalf. It is in my power to restore him to his former position, and, for the sake of his daughter, if needful, that will be done."

"I comprehend you; and trust me to accomplish all you desire, if in human power. Yet I cannot help expressing surprise at the singular fascination this girl has wrought upon you. I saw her two or three times, but perceived nothing very remarkable about her. She is pretty enough; yet, in any company of twenty women, you may pick out three far handsomer. What is the peculiar charm she carries about her?"

"It is nameless, but all-potent, and can only be explained psychologically, I suppose. No matter, however. The girl is necessary to my happiness, and I must secure her."

"By fair means, or foul?" His companion spoke inquiringly.

"I never hesitate about the means to be employed when I attempt the accomplishment of an object," was replied. "If she cannot be prevailed upon to come to me willingly, stratagem—even force—must be used. I know that she loves me; for a woman who once loves, loves always. Circumstances may have cooled, even hardened the surface of her feelings, but her heart beneath is warm toward me still. There may be many reasons why she would not voluntarily leave her home for the one I promised her, however magnificent; but, if removed without her own consent, after the change, she may find in my love the highest felicity her heart could desire."

"My faith is not strong," said Leach, "and

Digitized by Google

never has been, in the stability of love. But you have always manifested a weakness in this direction; and, I suppose, it runs in the blood. Probably, if you carry the girl off, (not so easy a thing, by the way, nor a safe operation to attempt,) you can make all smooth with her by doing something handsome for her father."

"No doubt of it. I could restore Woodbine Lodge to his possession, and settle two or three thousand a year on him beside."

"Such arguments might work wonders," said the accomplice.

A plan of operations was settled during the day, and early on the next morning the friend of Mr. Lyon started northward.

CHAPTER XLI.

The first letter received by Mr. Lyon, gave only a vague account of affairs.

"I arrived yesterday," wrote Leach, "and entered upon my work immediately. The acquaintance with Mr. Ellis has been renewed, Last evening I spent with the family, and learned that the Marklands were living in a pleasant little cottage within sight of Woodbine Lodge; but could glean few particulars in regard to them. Fanny has entirely secluded herself. No one seemed to know anything of her state of mind, though something about a disappointment in love was distantly intimated."

The next letter produced considerable excitement in the mind of Mr. Lyon. His friend wrote:

"There is a person named Willet living in the neighborhood, who is very intimate in Markland's family. It is said by some that he more than fancies the daughter. And he is rich, and of good reputation and appearance, he may be a dangerous rival."

About a week later, Leach wrote:

"This Willet, of whom I spoke, is the owner of an elegant seat not far from Markland's. He resides with his mother and sisters, who are especial favorites among all the neighbors. Next week they give a large party. In all probability Miss Markland will be there; and I must contrive to be there also. Mr. Ellis and his family have recently made their acquaintance, and have received invitations. Your humble servant will be on the ground, if asking to go under the shadow of their wings will gain the favor. He is not over modest, you know. If Fanny Markland should be there, depend upon it, the golden opportunity will not pass unimproved. She shall hear from you."

Another week of suspense.

"Don't like the aspect of affairs," wrote the friend. "I was at Mr. Willet's and saw Miss Markland. The whole family were particularly gracious to her. It was her first appearance in any company since her father's failure. She looked pensive, but charming. In truth, my friend, she is a girl worth the winning, and no mistake. I think her lovely. Well, I tried all the evening to get an introduction to her, but failed, being a stranger. Fortunately, at a late hour, I saw her leave one of the elegant parlors alone, and go out upon the portico. This was the opportunity, and I seized it. Boldly addressing her, I mentioned, after a little play of words, your name. Said I had a message from you, and, as guardedly as possible, declared your undying love. But I could not just make her out. She showed great self-possession under the circumstances, and a disposition to throw me off. I don't think her heart beats very warmly toward you. This was the state of affairs when Mr. Willet made his appearance, and I drew myself away. He said a few words to her, when she placed her arm within his, and they walked into the garden alone. I followed at a distance. After admiring a bit of moonlight fancy-work, they strayed into a summer-house, and I got close enough to hear what they were talking about; I found that she was making particular inquiries as to my identity, and that he was unable to give her the information she desired. I did not feel much encouraged by the tone in which she alluded to me. Unfortunately, I rustled a branch in my eagerness to catch every word, and so discovered myself. Beating a hasty retreat, I went back to the house, took my hat, and quietly retired, walking most of the way to the city, a distance of several miles. I have not called upon the family of Mr. Ellis, and am still in doubt whether it will be wise to do so."

This communication almost maddened Lyon. There was evidently a rival in the field, and one who had over him an immense advantage. Impatiently he waited for the next letter. Three days elapsed before it came. Tearing open the envelope, he read—

"I don't think there is much chance for you. This Willet has been a particular friend of the family since their misfortunes. He bought the cottage in which they live, and offered it to them at a moderate rent, when almost every one turned from them coldly. The two families have ever since maintained a close intimacy; and it is pretty generally thought that a closer relation will, ere long, exist between them. I called upon the Ellises yesterday. Their reception was far from cordial. I tried to be self-possessed, and as chatty as usual; but it was up-hill work, you may depend on it. Once I ventured an allusion to the party at Willets; but it was received with an embarrassed silence. I left early, and without the usual invitation to repeat my visits. To-day I met Mr. Ellis in the street, and received from him the cut direct! So, you see, affairs are not progressing very favorably; and the worst is, I am in total ignorance of the real effect of my interview with Miss Markland upon her own mind. She may yet retain the communication I made as her own secret, or have revealed it to her father. His reception of the matter, if aware of what occurred, is a problem unsolved. I can, therefore, only say, keep as cool as possible, and wait as patiently as possible a few days longer, when you shall know the best or the worst."

A mad imprecation fell from the lips of Mr. Lyon, as he threw this letter from him. He was baffled completely. Two more days of wearying suspense went heavily by, and then another letter came to the impatient waiter.

"This place," so Leach wrote, "will soon be too hot to hold me, I'm afraid. If not mistaken in the signs, there's something brewing. Twice, to-day, I've been inquired for at the hotel. To-morrow morning early I shall prudently change my quarters, and drop down to Washington in the early cars. A little change in the external man can be effected there. On the day after, I will return, and, under cover of my disguised exterior, renew operations. But I can't flatter you with any hope of success. It's pretty generally believed that Willet is going to marry Fanny

Digitized by Google

Markland; and the match is too good a one for a poor girl to decline. He is rich, educated honorable; and, people say, kind and good. And, to speak out my thoughts on the subject, I think she'd be a fool to decline the arrangement, even against your magnificent proposals. Still, I'm heart and hand with you, and ready to venture even upon the old boy's dominions to serve a long-tried friend. There is one significant fact that makes strong against you. It is said that Mr. Willet is about making a change in his business, and that Markland is to be associated with him in some new arrangements. That looks as if matters were settled between the two families. In my next letter I hope to communicate something more satisfactory."

On the day after receiving this communication, Lyon, while walking the floor in one of the parlors, saw a man pass in from the street, and go hurriedly along the hall. The form struck him as strangely like that of his friend from whom he was hourly in expectation of another letter. Stepping quickly to the door of the room, he caught a glimpse of the man ascending the staircase. To follow was a natural impulse. Doubt was only of brief continuance.

"David!" he exclaimed, on reaching his own apartment, "In the name of heaven! what does this mean?"

"That you are in danger," was replied, in a tone that made the villain's heart leap.

"What?" The two men retired within the apartment.

"I fear they are on our track," said Leach.

"Who?"

"The law's fierce bloodhounds!"

"No! impossible!" The face of Lyon grew white as ashes, and his limbs shook with a sudden, irrepressible tremor.

"Speak out plainly," he added. "What evidence is there of danger?"

"In my last letter, you will remember, I expressed some fear on this head, and mentioned my purpose to go to Washington and assume a disguise."

"I do, and have felt troubled about it."

"Well, I was off by the early train on the next morning. As good or bad luck would have it, the very man who sat next me in the cars, was an individual I had met in the family of Mr. Ellis. He knew me, but played shy for some time. I pretended not to recognise him at first, but turning to him suddenly, after we had been under way for ten minutes or so, I said, as if I had but just become aware of his identity, 'Why, how are you? I did not know that I had an acquaintance by my side.' He returned my warm greeting rather distantly; but there was too much at stake to mind this, and I determined to thaw him out, which I accomplished in due time. I found him a free sort of a man to talk, after he got going, and so I made myself quite familiar, and encouraged him to be outspoken. I knew he had heard something about my adventure at Mr. Willet's, and determined to get from him the stories that were afloat on that subject. All came in good time. But the exaggeration was tremendous. Fanny had concealed nothing from her father, and he nothing from Mr. Willet. I was known as your agent and accomplice, and there was a plan concocting to get possession of my person, and, through me, of yours. 'Take a friend's advice,' said the man to me, as we stepped from the cars at Washington, 'and give —— a wide berth in future.' I did take his advice, kept straight on, and am here."

"Confusion!" The pallid face of Lyon had flushed again, and was now dark with congestion.

"When will the next boat leave for Vera Cruz?" inquired Leach.

"Day after to-morrow," was answered.

"We are in peril here every hour."

"But cannot leave earlier. I hope your fears have magnified the danger."

"If there be danger at all, it cannot be magnified. Let them once get you in their hands, and they will demand a fearful retribution."

"I am well aware of that, and do not mean to be left in their power."

"The telegraph has, no doubt, already put the authorities here on the alert. My very arrival may have been noted. It will not do for us to be seen together."

"Ha! I did not think of that!" Lyon was more deeply disturbed. "You had better go from here at once. Where is your baggage?"

"I ordered it to be sent up."

"Let me see after that. At once pass over to the Levee; go on board the first boat that is leaving, whether bound up the river or for Galveston. Only get off from the city, and then make your way to Mexico.—You will find me there."

Fear had now seized upon both of the men, and each saw consternation in the other's face.

"I am off at the word," said Leach, as he grasped the hand of his campanion.

"Be discreet, self-possessed, and wary." Lyon spoke in a warning voice.

"I will. And you take good heed to the same advice."

The men were yet standing face to face, each grasping the other's hand, when both partly turned their heads to listen. There was a sound of feet at the upper end of the passage, just at the landing, and it came rapidly nearer. A breathless pause marked the deep interest of the listeners. A few moments of suspense, in which Lyon and his companion grew deadly pale, and then the noisy footsteps were silenced at their very door. A smothered sound of voices was followed by a trial of the lock, and then by a decided rapping. But no answer was made to the summons.

Noiselessly, Mr. Lyon drew from a deep side-pocket a loaded revolver; but the hand of his companion was laid quickly upon his arm, and his lips, in dumb show, gave the word—

"Madness!"

Lyon shook him off, and deliberately pointed his weapon toward the door.

"Hallo, there! Are you asleep?"

This loud call came after repeated knocking and rattling. But there was no response, nor the slightest indication of life within the chamber.

"They are here, I am certain." These words were distinctly heard by the anxious inmates.

"Then we must break in the door," was resolutely answered.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, put up that pistol!" hoarsely whispered Leach. "Such resistance will be fatal evidence against us. Better open the door, and put a bold face upon it."

"Too late!" was just whispered back, when the door flew open with a crash, and the body of the man who had thrown himself against it with a force greatly beyond the resistance, fell inward upon the floor. At the same instant, Lyon exclaimed, in a quick, savage voice—

"Back, instantly, or you are dead men!"

There was such a will in the words he uttered, that, for a moment, the men, four in number, fell back from the open door, and in that instant, Lyon sprung past them, and, ere they could recover themselves, was beyond their reach. His friend made an attempt to follow, but was seized and made prisoner. The time spent in securing him was so much of a

Digitized by Google

diversion in favor of Lyon, who succeeded in getting into the street, ere the alarm extended to the lower part of the house, and passing beyond immediate observation. But escape from the city was impossible. The whole police force was on the alert in half an hour, and in less than an hour he was captured, disguised as a sailor, on board of a vessel already cleared and making ready to drop down the river. He yielded quietly, and, after being taken before the authorities in the case, was committed for hearing in default of bail. The arrest was on a requisition from the governor of New York.

CHAPTER XLII.

Fanny had not hesitated a moment on the question of communicating to her father the singular occurrence at Mr. Willet's; and Mr. Markland was prompt, not only in writing to two or three of the principal sufferers by Lyon in New York, but in drawing the attention of the police to the stranger who had so boldly made propositions to his daughter. Two men were engaged to watch all his movements, and on no pretence whatever to lose sight of him. The New York members of the Company responded instantly to Markland's suggestion, and one of them came on to confer and act in concert with him. A letter delivered at the post office to the stranger, it was ascertained, came by way of New Orleans. A requisition from the governor of New York to deliver up, as a fugitive from justice, the person of Lee Lyon, was next obtained. All things were thus brought into readiness for action, the purpose being to keep two police officers ever on the track of his accomplice, let him go where he would. Inquiries were purposely made for this man at the hotel, in order to excite a suspicion of something wrong, and hasten his flight from the city; and when he fled at last, the officers, unknown to him, were in the cars. The telegraph gave intelligence to the police at New Orleans, and all was in readiness there for the arrival of the party. How promptly action followed has been seen. On the day after Lyon's arrest, he was on his way northward, in custody of two officers, who were already well enough acquainted with his character to be ever on the alert. Several attempts at escape were made, but they succeeded in delivering him safely in New York, where he was committed to prison.

On the day, and almost at the very hour, when the iron doors closed drearily on the criminal, Fanny Markland was alone with Mr. Willet. At the earnest desire of Flora, she had gone over to spend the afternoon at "Sweetbriar." The brother came out from the city at dinner-time, and did not return again—the attractions of his fair guest being more than he could resist. There had been music and conversation during the afternoon, and all had been done by the family to render the visit of Fanny as agreeable as possible; but she did not seem in as good spirits as usual—her eyes were dreamy, and her voice had in it a shade of sadness.

Toward evening, she walked out with Flora and her brother. The conversation turned on the beautiful in nature, and Mr. Willet talked in his earnest way—every sentence full of poetry to the ears of at least one absorbed listener. In a pause of the conversation, Flora left them and went back to the house. For a little while the silence continued, and then Mr. Willet said, in a tone so changed that its echo in the maiden's heart made every pulse beat quicker,—

"Fanny, there is one question that I have long desired to ask."

She lifted her eyes to his face timidly, and looked steadily at him for a few moments; then, as they fell to the ground, she replied—

"You can ask no question that it will not give me pleasure to answer."

"But this, I fear, will give you pain," said he.

"Pain, you have taught me, is often a salutary discipline."

"True, and may it be so in the present instance.—It is not unknown to me that Mr. Lyon once held a place in your regard—I will go further, and say in your affections."

Fanny started, and moved a step from him; but he continued—

"The question I wish to ask is, does there yet remain in your heart a single point that gives back a reflection of his image? In plainer words, is he any thing to you?"

"No, nothing!" was the emphatic, almost indignant, answer."

"It is said," resumed Mr. Willet, "that you once loved him."

"He came to me," replied Fanny, "a young, artless, trusting girl, as an angel of light. Nay, I was only a child, whose ears were unused to warmer words than fell from the loving lips of parents. Suddenly, he opened before me a world of enchantment. My whole being was on fire with a delicious passion. I believed him true and good, and loved him, because, in my eyes, he was the embodiment of all human perfections. But time proved that I had only loved an enchanting ideal, and my heart rejected him with intense loathing."

"Enough," said Willet; "I feel that it must be so."

The two remained silent for the space of nearly a minute; Mr. Willet then resumed—

"Forgive me if my question has seemed indelicate, and be assured that I asked it from no idle curiosity. Let me go a little further; and, my dear young lady, retain your calmness of spirit. Look into your heart, but keep every pulsation under control. Since our first meeting, I have felt a deep interest in you.—What you have suffered has pained me seriously; but the pain has given way to pleasure, for out of the fire you have come up pure and strong, Fanny! I have but one word more—there is a sacred place in my heart, and your image has long been the inhabitant. Here is my hand—will you lay your own within it, that I may grasp it as mine for life?"

Willet extended his hand as he spoke. There was only a moment's hesitation on the part of Fanny, who stood with her head bent so far down that the expression of her face could not be seen. Raising her eyes in which joy shone through blinding tears, she extended her hand, which was seized, grasped tightly for an instant, and then covered with kisses.

CHAPTER XLIII.

No sooner was Lyon completely in the power of the men he had wronged to an extent that left no room for mercy, than he made offers of compromise. A public trial involved not only public disgrace, but he had too good reasons to fear conviction and penal retribution. This was the greatest evil he had to dread, and so he made up his mind to part with at least a portion of his ill-gotten gains. Interview after interview was held with the parties representing the Company for which he had been agent, and a final arrangement made for the restitution of about two hundred thousand dollars—his release not to take place until the money, or its value, was in the hands of his creditors. Nearly three months passed in efforts to consummate this matter, and at last the sum of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars was obtained, and the miserable, disgraced man set free. He went forth into the world again with the bitterness of a life-disappointment at his heart, and a feeling of almost murderous hate against the men whose confidence he had betrayed, and who obtained from him only a partial recompense.

Of the sum restored, there fell to Mr. Markland's share about

Digitized by Google

twenty-five thousand dollars. Its possession quickened in his heart the old ambitious spirit, and he began to revolve in his thoughts, the ways and means of recovering, by aid of this remnant of his fortune, the wealth which a scheming villain had wrested from his grasp. Mr. Willet, whose marriage with his daughter was on the eve of taking place, had made to him certain proposals in regard to business, that promised a sure, but not particularly brilliant return. All the required capital was to be furnished. He had not yet accepted this offer, but was about doing so, when expectation ended in certainty, and his proportion of the money recovered from Lyon was paid into his hands.

A rapid change of feelings and plans was the consequence. On the day that checks covering the whole sum awarded to Mr. Markland were received from New York, he returned early in the afternoon from the city, his mind buoyant with hope in the future. As the cars swept around a particular curve on approaching the station at which he was to alight, "Woodbine Lodge" came in full view, and with a sudden impulse he exclaimed, "It shall be mine again!"

"The man is not all crushed out of me yet!" There was a proud swelling of the heart as Markland said this. He had stepped from the cars at the station, and with a firmer step than usual, and a form more erect, was walking homeward. Lawn Cottage was soon in view, nestling peacefully amid embowering trees. How many times during the past year had a thankful spirit given utterance to words of thankfulness, as, at day's decline, his homeward steps brought in view this pleasant hiding-place from the world! It was different now: the spot wore a changed aspect, and, comparatively, looked small and mean, for his ideas had suddenly been elevated toward "Woodbine Lodge," and a strong desire for its re-possession had seized upon him.

But if, to his disturbed vision, beauty had partially faded from the external of his home, no shadow dimmed the brightness within. The happy voices of children fell in music on his ears, and small arms clasping his neck, sent electric thrills of gladness to his heart. And how full of serene joy was the face of his wife, the angel of his home, as she greeted his return, and welcomed him with words that never disturbed, but always tranquillized!

"There is a better time coming, Agnes," he said in an exultant voice, when they were alone that evening. He had informed her of the settlement of his affairs in New York, and the reception of the sum which had been awarded to him in the division of property recovered from Mr Lyon.

"A better time, Edward?" said Mrs. Markland. She seemed slightly startled at his words, and looked half timidly into his face.

"Yes, a better time, love. I have too long been powerless in the hands of a stern necessity, which has almost crushed the life out of me; but morning begins to break, the night is passing, and my way in the world grows clear again."

"*In* the world, or *through* the world?" asked Mrs. Markland, in a voice and with an expression of countenance that left her meaning in no doubt.

He looked at her for several moments, his face changing until the light fading left it almost shadowed.

"Edward," said Mrs. Markland, leaning toward him, and speaking earnestly, but lovingly, "you look for a better time. How better? Are we not happy here? Nay, did we ever know more of true happiness than since we gathered closer together in this pleasant home? Have we not found a better time in a true appreciation of the ends of life? Have we not learned to live, in some feeble degree, that inner and higher life, from the development of which alone comes the soul's tranquility? Ah, Edward, do not let go of these truths that we have learned.—Do not let your eyes become so dazzled by the splendor of the sun of this world as to lose the power to see into the inner world of your spirit, and behold the brighter sun that can make all glorious there."

Markland bent his head, and for a little while a feeling of sadness oppressed him. The hope of worldly elevation, which had sprung up with so sudden and brilliant a flame, faded slowly away, and in its partial death the pains of dissolution were felt. The outer, visible, tangible world, had strong attractions for his natural mind; and its wealth, distinctions, luxuries, and honors, looked fascinating in the light of his natural affections; yet glimpses had already been given to him of another world of higher and diviner beauty. He had listened, entranced, to its melodies, that came as from afar off; its fragrant airs had awakened his delighted sense; he had seen, as in a vision, the beauty of its inhabitants, and now the words of his wife restored all to his remembrance.

"The good time for which all are looking, and toiling, and waiting so impatiently," said Mrs. Markland, after a pause, "will never come to any, unless in a change of affection."

"The life must be changed."

"Yes, or, in better words, the love. If that be fixed on mere outward and natural things, life will be only a restless seeking after the unattainable—for the natural affections only grow by what they feed upon—desire ever increasing, until the still panting, unsatisfied heart has made for itself a hell of misery."

"Thanks, angel of my life!" returned Markland, as soon as he had, in a measure, recovered himself. "Even the painful lessons I have been taught would fade from my memory, but for thee!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

A few weeks later, and "Lawn Cottage" was the scene of an event which made the hearts of its inmates glad even to tears. That event was the marriage of Fanny. From the time of her betrothment to Mr. Willet, a new life seemed born in her spirit and a new beauty stamped upon her countenance. All around her was diffused the heart's warm sunshine. As if from a long, bewildering, painful dream, she had awakened to find the morning breaking in serene beauty, and loving arms gathered protectingly around her. The desolating tempest had swept by; and so brilliant was the sunshine, and so clear the bending azure, that night and storms were both forgotten.

Old Mr. Allison was one of the few guests, outside of the families, who were present at the nuptial ceremonies. The bride—in years, if not in heart-experience, yet too young to enter upon the high duties to which she had solemnly pledged herself—looked the embodied image of purity and loveliness.

"Let me congratulate you," said the old man, sitting down beside Mr. Markland, and grasping his hand, after the beautiful and impressive ceremony was over, and the husband's lips had touched the lips of his bride and wife. "And mine is no ordinary congratulation, that goes scarcely deeper than words, for I see in this marriage the beginning of a true marriage; and in these external bonds, the image of those truer spiritual bonds which are to unite them in eternal oneness."

"What an escape she made!" responded the father, a shudder running through his frame, as there arose before him, at that instant, a clear recollection of the past, and of his own strange, consenting blindness."

"The danger was fearful," replied Mr. Allison, who understood the meaning of the words which had just been uttered. "But it is past now."

"Yes, thanks to the infinite wisdom that leads us back into right paths. Oh! what a life of unimagined wretchedness would have fallen to her lot, if all my plans and hopes had been accomplished! Do you know, Mr. Allison, that I have compared my insane purposes in the past to that of those men of old who made their children pass through the fire to Moloch? I set up an idol—a bloody Moloch—and was about sacrificing to it my child!"

"There is One who sits above the blinding vapors of human passion, and sees all ends from the beginning; One who loves us with an infinite tenderness, and leads us, even through struggling resistance, back to the right paths, let us stray never so often. Happy are we, if, when the right paths are gained, we walk therein with willing feet. Mr. Markland, your experiences have been of a most painful character; almost crushed out has been the natural life that held the soaring spirit fettered to the perishing things of this outer world; but you have felt that a new and better life has been born within you, and have tasted some of its purer pleasures. Oh, sir! let not the life of this world extinguish a fire that is kindled for eternity."

"How wonderfully has the infinite mercy saved me from myself!" returned Mr. Markland. "Wise, skilful in the ways of the world, prudent, and far seeing in my own estimation, yet was I blind, ignorant, and full of strong self-will. I chose my own way in the world, dazzled by the false glitter of merely external things. I launched my bark, freighted with human souls, boldly upon an unknown sea, and, but for the storms that drove me into a sheltered haven, would have made a fearful wreck."

"Then sail not forth again," said Mr. Allison, "unless you have divine truth as your chart, and heaven's own pilot on board your vessel. It is still freighted with human souls."

Digitized by Google

"A fearful responsibility is mine." Mr. Markland spoke partly to himself.

"Yes," replied the old man; "for into your keeping immortal spirits have been committed. It is for them, not for yourself, that you are to live. Their good, not your own pleasure, is to be sought."

"Ah, if I had comprehended this truth years ago!" Markland sighed as he uttered the words.

"This is too happy an occasion," said Mr. Allison, in a cheerful voice, "to be marred by regrets for the past. They should never be permitted to bear down our spirits with sadness. The bright future is all before us, and the good time awaiting us, if we but look for it in the right direction."

"And where are we to look for it, Mr. Allison? Which is the right direction?"

"Within and heavenward," was answered, with a smile so radiant, that it made the wan face of the old man beautiful. "Like the kingdom of heaven, this good time comes not by 'observation;' nor with a 'lo, here!' and a 'lo, there!' It must come within us, in such a change of our ruling affections, that all things good and true, which are real and eternal verities, shall be the highest objects of love; for if we love things that are real and abiding, and obtain as well as love them, our happiness is complete."

"Thanks for the many lessons of wisdom I have received from your lips," replied Mr. Markland. "Well would it have been for me, if I had earlier heeded them. But the ground was not hitherto prepared. Now, after the rank weeds have been removed, the surface broken by many furrows, and the ground watered with tears, good seed is falling into its bosom."

"May it bring forth good fruit—some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred-fold!" was said, low and fervently, by the aged monitor; and, in the pause that followed, his ear caught a whispered "Amen."

And the good seed did spring up in this good ground, and good fruit came in the harvest time. Strongly tempted, indeed, was Mr. Markland, by his love of the world, and the brilliant rewards it promised to the successful, to enter a bold combatant in its crowded arena; but there were wise and loving counsellors around him, and their words were not unheeded. Instead of aspiring after "Woodbine Lodge," he was content to purchase "Lawn Cottage," and invest the remainder of what he had received in property that not only paid him a fair interest, but was increasing in value. The offer of Mr. Willet to enter into business was accepted, and in this his gains were sufficient to give him all needed external comforts, and a reasonable prospect of moderate accumulation.

How peacefully moved on again the pure stream of Mrs. Markland's unambitious life! If her way through the world was not so thickly bordered with brilliant flowers, humbler blossoms lined it, and she gathered as sweet honey from these as ever from their gayer sisters. She, too, had grown wiser, and could read the pages of a book whose leaves she had once turned vainly, searching for truth.

Even Aunt Grace was beginning to feel that there were some things in the world not dreamed of in her commonsense philosophy. She looked on thoughtfully, pondering much of what she heard and saw, in her heart. She had ceased to speak about the annoyance of having "Woodbine Lodge" "forever staring down," with a kind of triumph, upon them; though it was hard for her, at all times, to rise above this weakness. The "Markland blood," as she said, was too strong within her. What puzzled her most was the cheerful heart of her brother, and the interest he took in many things once scarcely noticed. Formerly, when thought went beyond himself, its circumference was limited by the good of his own family; but now, he gave some care to the common good, and manifested a neighborly regard for others. He was looking in the right direction for "that good time coming," and the light of a better morning was breaking in upon his spirit.

As years progressed, the day grew broader, and the light of the morning became as the light of noonday. And as it was with him and his, so may it be with us all. In each of our hearts is a dissatisfied yearning toward the future, and looking for a brighter day than any that has yet smiled down upon us. But this brighter day will never dawn except in the world of our spirits. It is created by no natural sun of fire, but by the sun of divine love. In vain, then, do we toil and struggle, and press forward in our journey through the world, fondly believing that in wealth, honor, or some more desired external good, the soul's fruition will be gained. The immortal spirit will never be satisfied with these things; and the good time will never come to the erring seeker.

THE END.

COSMOPOLITAN Art Association!

SECOND YEAR

ARRANGEMENTS for the Second Annual Collection of this new and popular Institution for the diffusion of Literature and Art, have been made on the most extensive scale.

Among the works already engaged, is the far-famed

"GENOA CRUCIFIX,"

which originally cost Ten Thousand Dollars.

In forming the new collection, the diffusion of works of AMERICAN ART, and the encouragement of American genius, have not been overlooked. Commissions have been issued to many of the most distinguished American Artists, who will contribute some of their finest productions. Among them are three Marble Busts, executed by the greatest living Sculptor—HIRAM POWERS—from single blocks of Serravezza Marble, of

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

The Father of his Country;

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

The Philosopher;

DANIEL WEBSTER,

The Statesman.

These great national works are expected to arrive in this country, from Florence, Italy, about the first of September.

A special agent is also in Europe, to make careful and judicious selections of foreign works of Art, both in Bronze and Marble; Statuary and choice Paintings from the great Art repositories of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Dusseldorf, Munich, and Florence.

The whole forming a large and valuable collection of Paintings and Statuary, to be distributed FREE, among the members of the Association for the Second Year.

Terms of Membership.

The payment of three dollars constitutes any one a member of this Association, and entitles him to either one of the following Magazines for one year, and also a ticket in the distribution of the Statuary and Paintings.

The Literature issued to subscribers consists of the following Monthly Magazines: Harper's, Putnam's, Knickerbocker, Blackwood's, Graham's, and Godey's Lady's Book, and the Quarterly Reviews re-printed in New York—Edinburgh, Westminster, London Quarterly, and North British.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE (weekly) is furnished one year, and two memberships, for $6.

Persons taking five memberships are entitled to any five of the Magazines for one year, and to *six tickets* in the distribution.

The net proceeds derived from the sale of memberships, are evoted to the purchase of works of Arts for the ensuing year.

The Advantages Secured

by becoming a member of this Association, are—

1st. All persons receive the *full value of their subscriptions at the start*, in the shape of sterling Magazine Literature.

2d. Each member is contributing towards purchasing choice Works of Arts, which are to be distributed among themselves, and are at the same time encouraging the Artists of the country, disbursing thousands of dollars through its agency.

Persons in *remitting funds* for membership, will please give their *post-office address in full*, stating the month they wish the Magazine to commence, and write the word "Registered" on the envelope to prevent loss; on the receipt of which, a certificate of membership, together with the Magazine desired, will be forwarded to any part of the country.

Those who purchase Magazines in Bookstores, will observe that by joining this Association, *they receive the Magazine and free Tickets in the annual distribution*, all at the same price they now pay for the Magazine alone.

For Membership, address

C. L. DERBY, Actuary C. A. A.,

At either of the principal offices—

"Knickerbocker Magazine" office, 348 Broadway, New York

Western Office, 86 Water street, Sandusky, Ohio.

Subscriptions are also received by GEORGE S. JONES, Hon. Secretary, at office of "Godey's Lady's Book," 113 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

Dr. Phelp's Trusses.

The great number of radical cures of HERNIA within the last few years, by the use of DR. J. W. PHELP'S SPIRAL SPRING TRUSSES, has given them the preference over all others. His apparatus for the correction and cure of all kinds of deformities, are used at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and are recommended by the first Surgeons in Europe and America.

At the Sign of the Golden Eagle, 68 Tremont Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

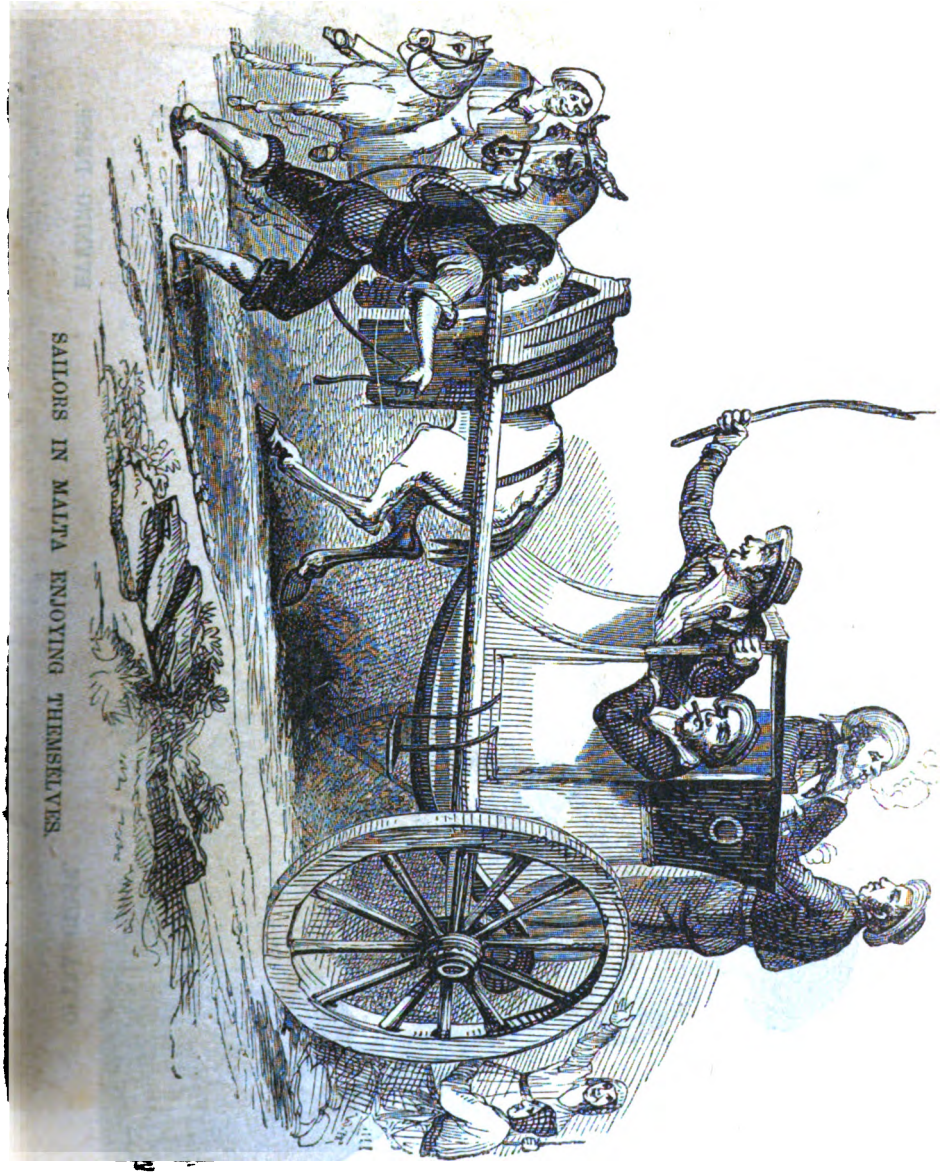
Digitized by Google



www.tbtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



SAILORS IN MALTA ENJOYING THEMSELVES.

Digitized by Google



OPERA CLOAK.



EVENING DRESS.

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

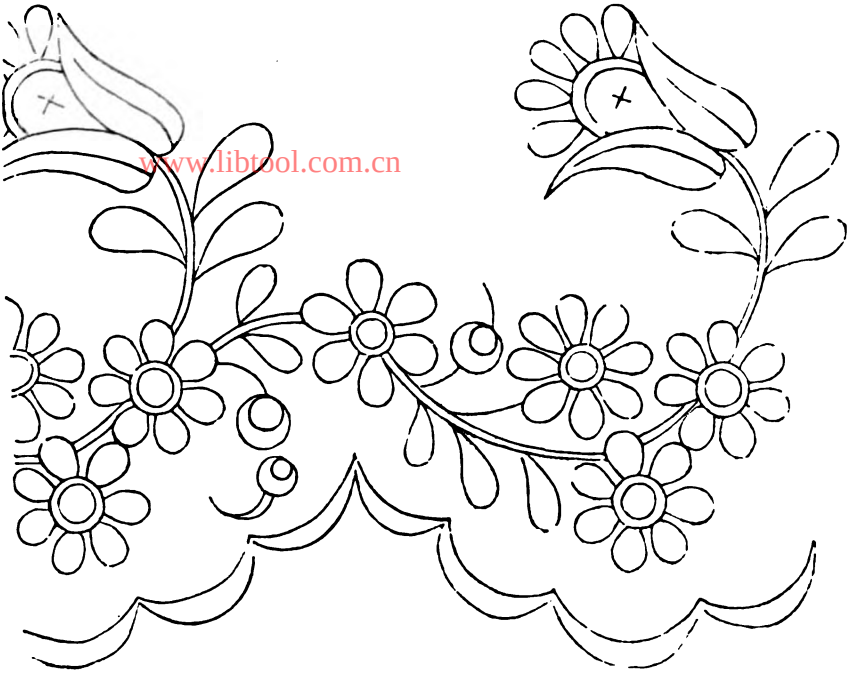
www.libtool.com.cn



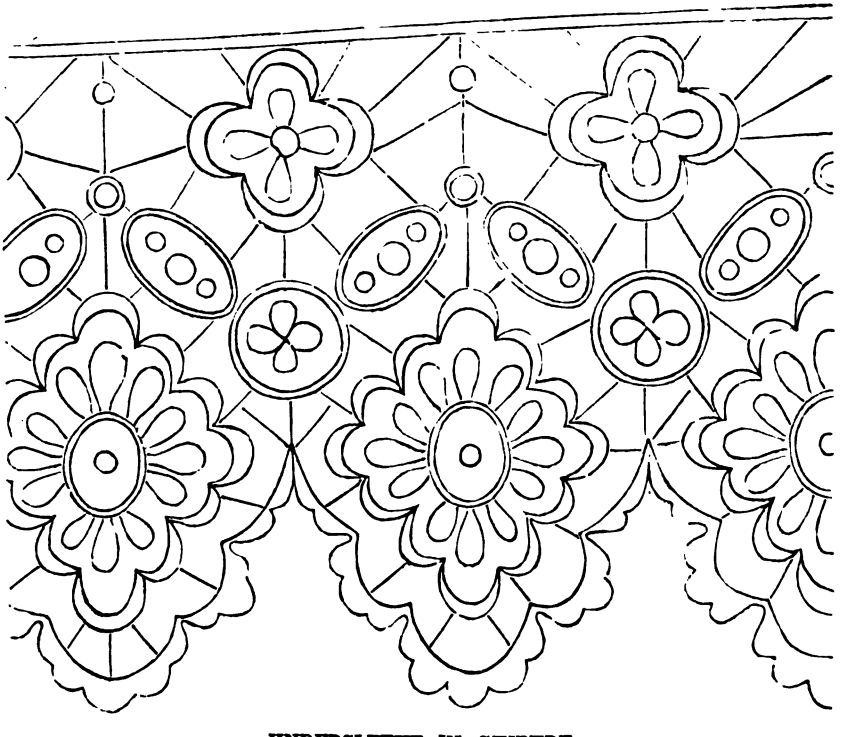
TIMUR BEC, OR TAMERLANE.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



EMBROIDERY FOR FRILL OR SKIRT.



UNDERSLEEVE IN GUIPURE.

Digitized by Google

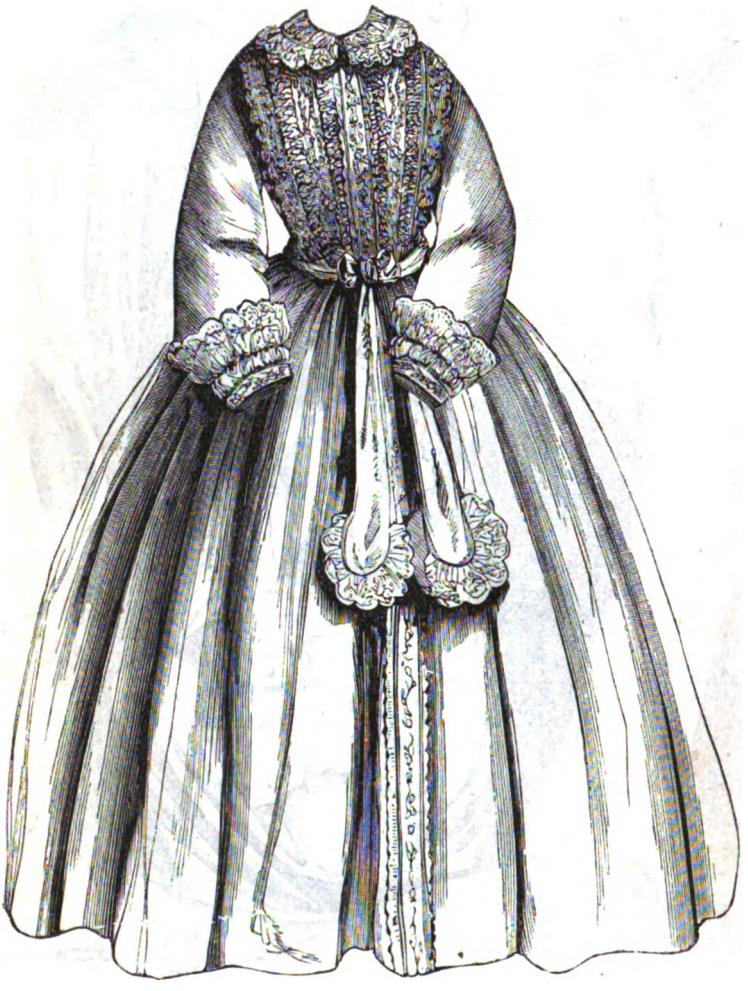
www.libtool.com.cn



THE FORSAKEN.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

Digitized by Google

ARTHUR'S
www.libtool.com.cn
Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1856.

MAGDALENE:

A YOUNG GIRL'S STORY.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

CHAPTER III.

"Rich in the present, but poor in the past,
I yearn for the future—vague and vast."—TUPPER.

In the quiet village life of Deerfield, time's changes were gently wrought. There were a few more silver hairs in the thin locks, that were brushed back with unvarying precision from Deacon Colburn's temples. His wife moved with the same cheerful alacrity about her well-ordered house, and in the kindly errands of comfort and help to those in need or sickness. Her full, fair face was as motherly and benignant as ever, and if a shadow crossed it at times, it was thoughtfulness, and not sorrow. Her husband, and his interest, were a part of herself; her pride centred in the two young girls who followed them up the middle aisle, Sunday after Sunday, into the pew which had been theirs since the good man had been made deacon.

If pride in any guise can be innocent, Aunt Colburn's was of that harmless species. She admired these young girls so much, that she wished every one else to do so. Delia—well grown, but not nearly as tall as her mother—had a rosy freshness of face, and sparkle of manner and expression, all the more conspicuous for the serious gravity of Magdalene's usual mood and colorless, though clear, complexion. Magdalene was taller by far, and still wanting in roundness, both of face and form; but the characteristic of her childhood, imperiousness, had given way to an earnest strength of purpose, which stamped every movement with a quiet dignity. They were the same sincere friends as of old, though with still less in common; and Magdalene was the prime confidant of three decided love affairs her foster-sister had already gone through with, and her present more sincere interest in the well being and future course of Charlie Gilman, the Squire's eldest son.

And Magdalene had also her heart-secret, which had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. To a less resolute nature, the knowledge of her birth and adoption might have brought weak shame and repining. These she had never felt. A mere selfishly imaginative mind, feeding thus upon itself, might have built up stately air-castles, founded on the position and wealth of this unknown father. This she had never suffered herself to do. He had set himself without the reach of her interest by his one act—the desertion of her mother. It was on the shadowy portrait of this mother that all the tenderness and romance of her nature centred. So early and so sorely tried—this young mother, in her living widowhood, toiling for *her*—parting with her in the bitterness of death, while the out-stretched baby arms still called her back; this yearning, suffering, bereaved, forsaken woman—called out as deep a love and reverence in the heart of her child, as even her dying prayers could desire.

For this mother, beyond the reach of earthly succor, she could do nothing; but for those who had received her into their house, she earnestly desired to make some recompense. What could she do? They did not need outward reward—and she had nothing to offer them. Their own child gave them a frank, though wayward, love and duty. She was not needed in the household, for even if Delia married, she could never leave home—that had been long understood. What *could* she do to prove her gratitude? was the ever-recurring question. Confidant she had

Digitized by Google

none as she grew to womanhood, but she found a friend in her teacher, a noble-hearted woman, of larger worldly experience than any other, perhaps, in the narrow circle at Deerfield. She it was who, without knowing the problem she was solving, gave an aim to the restless questioning, saying to this favorite pupil that every one had a direct purpose in life, and if the future was in darkness, it was that the present might be trodden by more patient and careful steps.

"You, Magdalene"—for they had been speaking of others—"have leisure, and abundant means of cultivation. Your sister has not the taste and talent; it will not be required of her. Studying with a purpose of gaining all within your reach, a way of using to its best advantage what has been thus sought for, will be opened to you."

So Magdalene quieted the craving for this unknown future, by earnest application, and forced herself to become familiar with the details of daily life, at the same time. It was well that she did this, preserving a healthy equipoise of mind and body, though she had no real liking for household tasks—and Aunt Colburn knowing it, would fain have spared her, in the old spirit of indulgence.

"Now just you never mind," said the dear old lady—for we re-introduce you to the comfortable apartment in which we first made her acquaintance. "Never you mind that cup-cake, Maggie. I've baked sugar gingerbread, and I guess that's good enough for a Sunday night tea, when we've got custards and preserves, into the bargain. Just run away now, and finish your new book. Delia's all through."

"But Delia began before me, and father never could think he had finished his tea without it. No—no—" and she playfully put aside the hand stretched out to take the egg-beater from her—"I choose to, and I've done the worst part of it, for I do hate to sift flour."

"Somehow *I hate* to see you working 'round, Maggie, always," said Aunt Colburn, reluctantly standing still to watch the rapid motion of the round, slender arm, bared to the elbow. "It don't seem right, and Delia and me is capable of doing all that 'Lindy *don't* do, Mondays and cleaning days."

"Mother," Maggie said with a sudden pause, "that's just what I've been thinking."

"Have you, dear? Well that's a good girl, and now let's make a bargain, for you don't seem to have a great deal of strength, somehow. S'pose you help along with the sewing, and let us do the rest." Aunt Colburn looked relieved.

"You don't need me even for *that*—" and there was a slight faltering of tone, as if it was hard to confess how unnecessary to others her life really was. "Mother,"—and the old impulsiveness hurried out the words,—"I've made up my mind to go away."

Never since the day in which Magdalene had questioned her of her birth, in that very room, had Aunt Colburn been so utterly confounded.

"I'm going to teach—if you and father will let me. Miss Ayer has found me a situation, in a family she knows all about, and all that troubles me is, that I had to keep it from you till it was all settled; for I knew how hard you'd take it."

"I won't hear a word of it!" said Aunt Colburn, stirring up the batter and sugar Magdalene had made ready for her, with a zeal that was a great relief at that instant. "Tell the man you can't come; your father will never let you, in the world."

"Father says people must always keep their engagements, even if it's to their own hurt.—I've heard him say that often enough."

"Well," said Aunt Colburn, baffled, but opening a fresh attack, "a pretty thing it'll be for people to say, that we've sent you out to take care of yourself at this late date."

"People know you and father well enough to be sure you could not do anything that was not right."

"The best of us have our failings, child," said Aunt Colburn, with the curtness of voice and manner she always assumed to conceal softened feelings.

"Don't say no, without thinking about it," pleaded Magdalene. I could not do anything you do not approve of, you know; but I feel, and I have felt all along, since *that day*, almost, that I ought to go out into the world, when the time came, and do what I could. Please don't think I want to leave this dear old home, or you and Delia, and father, though. It's very hard, anyway."

The allusion to that day of childish grief and trouble, the first Magdalene had ever made, moved the good woman greatly, and in the momentary silence, a recollection of that evening's conversation with her husband, and Mrs. Rusel's words came into her mind: "She is not always going to be contented to tread in your path."

"Maybe the Lord *is* guiding her feet into another! 'Tisn't for me to set my hand against the Lord's!"—and yet she only said, with a hastiness which gave little token of the inward struggle and conviction—

"Well, well, talk to your father; he won't hear to it, I tell you *now;* and these eggs would stand alone any minute—they're beat enough Turn 'em right in here, and just see if the oven's scorching that custard."

CHAPTER IV.

"High, straight forehead, nose of eagle, cold blue eyes, of less expression
Than resistance—coldly casting off the looks of other men,
As steel arrows."

Magdalene had gained her point. She had won over her foster-father to see that a life of active personal exertion was necessary for her; that her spirit fretted and chafed in the daily round of duties and pleasures, which were all in all to Delia and her mother; that the dependence hitherto gratefully and lovingly recognised, would grow a yoke heavy to be borne in the future. Delia was at first inconsolable, and, indeed, resentful at Magdalene, for the very

Digitized by Google

thought of leaving them, and complained to Charlie Gilman, that "Miss Ayer had put a foolish, school-keeping notion into Maggie's head."

It was on this memorable evening that the young gentleman proposed himself to fill the vacancy in Delia's heart and confidence; and, full of her new happiness, the young girl was only human enough to be more readily consoled than she ever expected to be.

Magdalene had gained a real, though reluctant, consent to the darling project of years.—The bustle of preparation was over; her new dresses—not the half of what Aunt Colburn would have pressed upon her—were packed for her first journey. The plain straw bonnet, with its fresh trimming, even her gloves and shawl, lay upon upon a chair, ready for the early departure of the stage in the morning. Yet at the threshold of this new life, her heart fainted within her. Her purpose did not falter; but the novelty, the charm of change, the glowing earnestness of a desire to be of larger use to others, the youthful certainty of success, seemed faded and dim, leaving the dull outlines of reality. She was going out of her own free choice, from a home where she had been sheltered with more than common tenderness; the hard, actual struggle of life began to be dimly realized, and the inexperience, the powerlessness—for all their boasted strength—of her own energies. Her heart sent up a bitter cry for aid, that she might give up her own will and purpose, even yet, if she had listened only to that as a guide, almost craving to feel that it was so, that she need not leave this kind old home, after all. But no—the response brought another meed of comfort and strength—"*Fear not, neither be dismayed, for I am with thee.*"

She had need of this reliance, even before her first day's experience was at an end. The weary weight which the parting had left on her spirits, had not been dispelled by this close contact with strangers. The good-natured curiosity of her fellow passengers, as to her belongings and her destination, annoyed her, and, shrinking into her corner, a more defined dread of the plunge she was about to make into her new life, pressed upon her. Nearing the city at night-fall, and seeing the long, dimly-lighted streets of a metropolis, for the first time, wondering what these new associations might be, and realizing, with sudden keenness, that she could no longer exercise freedom of wish and action, but was bound down to the contact of others, she found herself arriving at her new home.

In the day time, with sunlight, and stir of passers by, the house might not have looked so gloomy. The street, almost perpendicular in its ascent, and built in the close, narrow fashion of by-gone days, was in reality a fashionable quarter, where a few old families still entrenched themselves in traditional dignities, and looked down upon the showy modern residences of their neighbors. The houses were all of the same dull fashion; with shutterless windows, blinds close down on the inside, giving forth no ray of welcome; a narrow doorway, imbedded in the thick masonry; and down this uninviting vestibule stretched an iron chain on either side, the links drawn through square granite pillars, with the proportions and something of the architectural beauty of mile-stones. Yet such was the fashion of our forefathers, a hundred years ago in the good city of Boston, and comprehending only the sombre exterior in contrast to the broad, cheerful air of her country home, the new governess, with her trunk standing beside her, shivered on the threshold.

Yet it was a kindly voice that greeted her, as she followed the servant into the narrow hall. She knew whose it was, though, from Miss Ayer's description; a maiden cousin of the family, who had filled the responsible post of housekeeper, since the death of the mother of her new charge. "Cousin Martha," busied about many things, had suggested to Mr. Winthrop the plan of a governess, by no means a usual arrangement in this thrifty city. She catered for the table, for the wardrobes of the children, and taught them sewing, morals, and manners, after her somewhat prim, and orderly way. But there her capabilities and her aspirations ended, and it was in this way that Magdalene came to be introduced to her little pupils.

Two neat, sedate little figures came at cousin Martha's bidding to welcome her. They were the same in height, in complexion, in hair, almost in voice, and dressed precisely alike; others than their new teacher had been puzzled to distinguish the twins apart. Their names did not mend the matter greatly, Helen and Ellen, the same but for the aspirate. Magdalene, looking to them chiefly for the love which had been a daily blessing to her heretofore, passed her hand softly over the smoothly brushed hair of one of them, and took the passive hand of the other. She had never seen childhood in such a shape as this; devoid of eagerness or rudeness, neither bold nor shy, they seemed to have imbibed the prim formality of their home, and to be a part of its polishing, rather than its sunlight.

They did not share her room, although there was a communicating door between the two apartments; and the general supervision was at once yielded up by Cousin Martha.

"They are nice children, nice children," she said to Magdalene, as, having seen them deposited in their tiny white beds for the night, she summoned their future guardian to the tea table. "I hope you will not mind sitting in the dining-room after tea, Miss Colburn; we scarcely ever open the parlors in Mr. Winthrop's absence, and he is gone a good deal of the time in winter—nice little things, as obedient and well-mannered as heart could wish, though *I* say it; and as for sewing, they are really wonderful with their needles. Helen has just finished hemming a cambric handkerchief for her father; why, I have to put on my glasses to see the stitches. I have not quite came to glasses yet, as you will see, Miss Colburn, as a general thing; but really, I had to put

Digitized by Google

them on; and Ellen's over seam is quite as remarkable. You could not tell it from a card. Sewing is too much neglected in these days; don't you think so, Miss Colburn?—that is *my* opinion, though I should not like to differ from any one. Frank has the most spirits, though. He is more as his father was in his young days; you never would think so now, to see Cousin John, as you will, of course, when he returns from Washington. The twins are more like their mother, though; she was a quiet, domestic woman, Cousin Harriet, a little too much, perhaps, but that suited John. He went *his* way, and she went hers, which was only to stay at home, though; so perhaps that cannot be called 'a way,' strictly speaking, as she never set foot out of doors when not really obliged to. She was a Quincy, though—an excellent family, you know, and if there's one thing above another that the Winthrops look to, it's family. I can't say they are money-lovers, but family is all in all with them, and it was just so with Cousin John's father before him.

"You see, my dear Miss Colburn," continued Cousin Martha, lifting a double eye glass, in slender, old fashioned setting, and scrutinizing her snow-white napkin closely—"I beg your pardon, but I thought Jane had neglected to change my napkin; you see, I tell you these little particulars, that you may feel more at home among us, for really, I am pleased with your appearance. Agreeably surprised, I may say, for if you will excuse it, Miss Ayer mentioned in her letter, that you were not generally considered handsome, which is one reason why Cousin John thought you would do, he being a widower, you know, and Boston people are such gossips."

Magdalene's clear cheek, not less transparent than Cousin Martha's character, flushed into positive color, which, with the peculiar expression of her eyes when suddenly lifted, gave, for the moment, evidence against Miss Ayer's opinion.

The quick pride of her nature was touched, not roused, by the allusion, and an instant resolution to avoid Mr. Winthrop, and Boston gossips generally, passed through her mind; but no one could be really angry at the absence of tact, rather than delicacy, which was Cousin Martha's distinguishing characteristic.

"So, if you please," she continued, entirely unconscious of her random shaft, "we will settle into routine at once. Nothing disturbs me so much as to be put out of my way. And now what can I do to amuse you this evening, for I see that you have finished your tea? Jane!" and here the thin, but kindly features endeavored to assume an expression of stern rebuke—"I am positive there is a scratch on these sugar tongs! It is some carelessness, I am convinced; please make no remarks, but do not let such a thing occur again, for this is family silver, and in duty to my cousin's children, I must see that it is preserved for them."

The trim handmaid collected the spoons and forks in a meek silence, which, to Magdalene's quick eyes, nearly approached habitual unconcern. Miss Martha's little foibles, and her own actual position had been made clear to her in the short, but suggestive monologue, for conversation it could scarcely be called. Wax candles, in high, old-fashioned, silver candlesticks, were placed on the little round table, when the tea things were removed, and Miss Martha drew forth her netting, having first drawn a cumbersome easy chair to the opposite side of the fire place, for her guest, and placed a footstool, as she might have done for an invalid. Magdalene, sufficiently wearied by excitement and travel to appreciate the thoughtfulness—leaned back in its morocco depths, and looked around her.

A more entire change in style and manners of living could scarcely have chanced to her. In her old home, natural refinement had barred anything approaching to vulgarity, but fashion or style there was none. Here, well-trained servants anticipated every wish, the furniture, though dating far back, was exquisite in form and finish—the table service, the damask, the carpets, the dark, tufted Turkey rug—the pictures in their time-worn frames, all spoke of wealth and cultivation, descending from generation to generation.

Had a blessing, or a curse, came with that inheritance? Magdalene involuntarily wondered, prone to search into the mysterious bonds linking families together, and recalling the content and humble Christian trust that her foster-father and mother treasured as their heir-looms from like humble-hearted parents. Who could tell? An air of ease, and even luxury, was the natural atmosphere of the whole house. Magdalene recalled these truant thoughts, as intruding upon its kind hospitality, to the upright, silent figure at her side. This was her principal companion—this house her habitation—the children her duty; that was sufficient for her, narrow as the limits seemed to a fresh, unshackled imagination. She leant over the white, narrow beds, before she sought her own; but the regular, delicate features of the children, calmer than ever in sleep, gave no token of what her mission might be to them.

She was spared the usual first trial of a teacher. The twins had been so habitually subject to control, that rebellion from any new authority was undreamed of. They brought her their school books, and studied their lessons, and recited them, as a matter of course. Magdalene would have liked a few more trials better, perhaps. She had nerved herself for hardships and indignities. On the contrary, her room, her attendance, was the same as if she had been an honored guest. Miss Martha did not believe in long lessons, or too scrupulous practice hours, and their maid took the children in charge for a daily walk, immediately after an early dinner. Magdalene grieved over these two shaded, cheerless little lives, but she did not know how to help them—how to come nearer to the sealed fountain of childish hopes and sorrows. If they were not sufficient in

Digitized by Google

themselves, they were in each other, and while Magdalene wondered over it, and sought carefully to gain an entrance to their sympathies, Mr. Winthrop arrived, and she understood better how they had faded into trance-like existence.

www.libtool.com.cn

Unseen for the instant, she watched their meeting. Mr. Winthrop, a tall, slight, but elegant man, no longer young, laid down his paper, which he had unfolded to air before the fire, and taking a hand of each, kissed them in turn upon the forehead. He had arrived the night before, but they had not been round to see him, and Magdalene knew he had not gone to look at them sleeping.

"Good 'morning, my daughters"—that was all, and each little figure moved away, and took its accustomed seat at table, as if they had parted but the evening before. Helen, indeed, looked up with a shade more animation than usual, as if she had something to tell; but her father had already resumed his paper, and the light faded away from her face as quickly as it came.

His salutation to herself was marked by the ease of a man of the world, and by perfect good breeding.

Magdalene had not expected more, but she received only the same attention which he bestowed upon the children. The courtesies of the table, a few words of civility about her little charge, but no inquiries, no suggestions, no wishes. She felt repulsed, as if she had sought more at his hands, and been refused. She had unconsciously, though not with reference to herself. But this she soon grew accustomed to. The routine of the house went on as usual, save when Mr. Winthrop gave his small, but elegant dinner parties, when Miss Martha, busier than ever, would beg her supervision of the dessert, before she retired to her own room with her pupils, seeing nothing, and scarcely ever hearing the arrivals and departures.

"Most people don't believe in second marriages," said Miss Martha, on one of these occasions; "but for my part, I should be glad and thankful if John would take such a notion into his head. You see I have enough to make me comfortable, and sometimes I do think I shall have to give up. Not that my faculties are failing in the least, Miss Colburn, I would not have you think that for an instant; on the contrary, I never enjoyed better health in my life. But John is *so* particular, and the servants so careless, that between the two I lead a life of it. John's very peculiar about ladies' society, though, for all he is so courted, being a widower, and rich; and there are so few good matches in Boston, I don't think he cares for it at all. They *do* say he was very wild once, but dear knows, that's no one's business now. Many a man does things he ought not to, and settles down into a good old age, with everything comfortable around him, and, there—thank you—that will do—John will be sure to notice it. I can't think, sometimes, where you get all your beautiful taste from—that basket is really superb—being brought up—excuse me, my dear, in a common little country vilage, among such plain people."

Magdalene, turning the massive silver fruit-stand around, adding a grape leaf to this side, and a cluster to that, sometimes echoed Miss Martha's wonder. With her little pupils, she had come to take things about her as a matter of course. She accepted this new life with the ease and naturalness of one bred to it, where Delia would have been perpetually entangled in fresh embarrassments; but she sometimes yearned for the freedom, and genuine good-heartedness of her own home, where Mrs. Colburn sang through the routine of household tasks, that would have been considered menial here; and Delia was coquettishly accepting the gallantries of a regular New England engagement from honest Charlie Gilman.

She was grateful to Miss Martha, and self-possessed and reserved before Mr. Winthrop; but she had no companionship in Hancock street, but her books and her own thoughts, which always ended, sooner or later, in disturbed speculations as to why she had been sent there, and when this dreary monotony would deepen into the quick current of actual existence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cunning,
Not to the man of creeds,
Not to the one whose passion
Is for a world's renown,
Not in a form of fashion,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the blazoned crest,
Not to the sordid worldling,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the folly blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal-minded,
Not to unholy fame;
Not in neglect of duty,
Not in the monarch's crown,
Not at the smile of beauty,
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the one whose storehouse
Yieldeth the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors,
Fearless of foe or frown;
Unto the kindly-hearted,
Cometh a blessing down.

[MARY FRANCES TYLER.

Digitized by Google

A DAY DREAM.

BY GERAL SIDNEY.

Coming now through the mists and shadows of long-gone years, I see a form that in my childhood blest my father's fireside; and with it comes the remembrance of a grave, green and mossy; and a cold, white stone, with a tall, snowy rose bending to the breezes over its chiseled surface. Though years have passed, and my hair, then sunny with youth, is silvered with many winter snows—and my eyes, then bright with hope, are forever shut from the light and beauty of earth, yet I am again a child—again I feel the gentle clasp that led my tottering steps down through the old farm gate, and over the meadow to the hill-side where the first blue eyed violets and anemones lifted their frail heads to catch the warm south breezes and the new-born sunshine—and memory, like a carrier dove, spreads its wings, and unwearied flies through the storms and tempests of life, and pauses not to rest where chance rays of sunlight may have fallen—but on, and still on, until it nestles worn and weary beneath the bonghs of its *first home*—until it catches the wind-tones that sigh around its own familiar nest, and feels the sweet security of the holy quiet that used to linger there.

It was a summer Sabbath morning, and, coming clear and sweet from the distant village, I heard the church bells pealing solemnly and slow, a call to prayer; sister Alice took my hand, and led me through the meadow path, and over the rude stile towards the house of God; I remember now, her face was sweet and smiling, and her voice soft and gentle as she told me of the Saviour, and his love to little children; how he blest them and said, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." She told me of Calvary, and the glorious victory over sin achieved by the blood of the Lamb, and as she spoke, her face shone with her soul's light, and a smile illumined her lips and eyes, so heavenly, that I said, in my childish admiration, "Alice, Alice, don't *you* fly away."

"Fly away, darling, what do you mean?" she said.

Little skilled in grammar, or worldly wisdom of any kind, I replied: "Like mamma flewed, me meant, to Heaven, Alice. You said mamma wouldn't stay where they put her, in the ground, but that she would go to Heaven; and you looked then like mamma, and me was afraid that you would go too—and *me, me* can't fly." The tears were in her eyes, and she gently banished my fears, and by pointing to a bird's nest that hung in a thicket of hazel, and to the flowers that grew in our path, she diverted my attention, and I was soon happy again, though *her* face grew very thoughtful.

At the church door we met a young man who saluted Alice, and spoke to her in a low tone. I liked him, for he patted my ringlets, and said: "She looks like you, Alice." And after the service he walked by Alice all the way home. She seemed very happy. After that he came often, and would sit by Alice in the porch while I played in the garden walk; and once, as he was about to go, he knelt down by me where I was industriously building sand houses, and fencing them in with pebbles from the brook, and playfully putting back my hair, he kissed me, and said: "Good bye, sister Minnie;" and as he turned away, I heard him say, "So like Alice!" and I loved him more and more.

I ran to Alice, and told her he called me "*sister Minnie*," and she said: "Would you like him for a brother, Minnie?" "Oh! me would—me would!" I exclaimed, "for he said me was like you, Alice, and you be so beautiful."

It was the spring time, and the soft south wind had wakened many flowers, and I, a child, was wild with delight. I begged Alice to take me to the hill side, for the early violets were there, and the woods were full of music. But she could not, for through the long, cold winter she had grown so pale, and *now* her cheek was *so* bright, and her eyes so intensely blue, as she lay on her couch, and looked out upon the budding forest, that I knew she wished to go.

But through the dear old path, where every shrub and tree was familiar to me, I went, alone, and alone returned, with a few first flowers for Alice.

The spring passed, and the June roses were in bloom, and the summer had decked the earth with beauty; but one night, when the stars looked upon a sleeping world, and the wind whispered only to the dreaming flowers, I arose from my bed and went to Alice; she was dying—and although her pulse beat but faintly, and her cheek was cold, she pressed me in her arms and blessed me. And he, whose bride she was to have been, knelt with me to receive her parting words.

Before the morning dawned, and when the stars were slowly fading with the waning night, the gates of Heaven were opened, and another spirit added to the throng of the redeemed.

Again it was the Sabbath, and I heard the bell tolling—and again I went through the meadow, and over the stile, towards the church, and *not alone*, for they bore a bier covered with a black pall before me, and behind a long procession wound through the green path. Again I entered the church, and heard the solemn tones of the organ, and the voices of the singers, but Alice's voice was not there. A chaplet of snowy flowers lay upon the pall above her head, and in her waxen hands one snowy bud, emblem of her pure young life. I heard the words of the holy man at the desk, but all around me was a *blank*. I looked in every countenance, and searched for what was

Digitized by Google

lost; but only when I looked in the coffin did I see what I sought—what was so dear to me—my sister Alice—the only mother I had ever known.

And to the church-yard, where all around stood grave stones, with a sad, heavy heart I went. And home again to that cottage, now robbed of its only light. It was home no longer. We left in the church-yard the form that cheered that fireside—the voice that made music in our hearts. Oh! it was sad for *me*, so young, to be bereft of her kind care—so young, to lose the only light my soul had ever known. And it was *sad* for *him* who waited but for the autumn to make her his bride.

Ever when I am alone come dreams that waft me far above the trials of this earth, and when I *awake*, I press my sightless eyes, and wish for a resting place near that grave, where for long years the same stone has marked out for me my *sister Alice's* resting place.

Dreams are but *visions*, not *realities;* but I know the dream of Heaven, and meeting with my sister Alice, is not only ideal, but will *soon* be a *blessed* reality.

LADY MARION.

BY MRS. COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

She knew that she was beautiful,
And yet she was not vain;
She knew her eyes were like the blue
Reflected in the main;
And that her voice was sweeter far
Than soft æolian strain.

She knew her smile was witchery,
Her brow divinely fair,
And like the silk-worm's glossy web
Her darkly shining hair:
She knew all this—and yet she wore
A modesty most rare.

She knew all eyes on her were bent
Whene'er she moved along;
All hearts she felt resigned to her
Amid the festive throng;
She knew her name was then the toast,
Her beauty all the song.

All this she knew—and yet no pride
Dwelt on her beaming face;
She smiled on all, yet one alone
In her young heart had place;
When others sought her love, they were
Refused with gentle grace.

And him she dearly, deeply loved.
With all a woman's truth;
Her gentle heart was his alone—
Her own, her dark-eyed youth;
And his affections all were hers—
They were betrothed, in sooth.

But, ere the marriage day appeared,
A change grew o'er the maid;
Her cheek grew pale, her eyes grew dim,
Her lips began to fade;
And ere a month had passed away,
She slept—among the dead.

Her dying glance was turned on *him*,
Her hand in *his* lay press'd;
She could not speak—one sigh alone
Scarce heaved her gentle breast;
One smile of love on *him* was cast,
And thus—she went to rest.

Her lover's grief was deep, oh! deep;
Sore, bitterly, he wept;
And in his bosom gemmed with tears
Her sacred image kept;
As oft he wandered to the spot
Where peacefully she slept.

Lone, lone was life to him—he thought
No more of earthly bliss;
His soul had gone with her above—
A spirit's love was his!
He had one wish—to die like her,
And prayed for naught but this.

But time heals every wound, and tho'
He ne'er could *her* forget,
His heart's grief slowly passed away;
His friends again he met,
As he had once of old, and thought
He might be happy yet.

And in another land he found
A maiden scarce as fair;
He met her decked in all her pride,
And deemed her beauty rare;
But oh! how different from the maid
Who once had all his care.

He woo'd her—loved her, so he thought,
While lingering at her side;
Nor saw in darkly flashing eyes
The look of haughty pride;
He only bent a lover's knee—
And she became his bride.

THE NEW YEAR.

Dip down upon the northern shore,
Oh sweet New Year, delaying long;
Thou doest expectant Nature wrong
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can troubles live with April days,
Or sadness in the Summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the fox-glove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

Oh thou, New Year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

—TENNYSON.

Digitized by Google

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

NO. V.—JULIUS CÆSAR.

www.libtool.com.cn

Caius Julius Cæsar, the Dictator, may be justly regarded as the Napoleon of ancient times. In all the leading characteristics, there is a remarkable resemblance between the Roman and the Corsican hero. Cæsar was born on the 12th of July, B. C. 100. Connected by birth with Marius, and afterwards by marriage with Cinna, he was naturally placed in opposition to the Dictator Sylla; and the injuries and insults which he received from the dominant party led, perhaps, to that settled purpose of breaking the power of the aristocratical party, which he cherished from his first appearance in public life. At an early age he distinguished himself both in the camp and in the forum; and had he devoted his great mind to the study of eloquence, he would, doubtless, have been a formidable rival of his great contemporary, Cicero. At the age of twenty-three, (B. C. 77,) he made his first appearance in the forum as a public accuser; and though forced for some time by his youth to act a subordinate part, he steadily kept in view the grand object which he had proposed to himself, and used every means to increase his popularity. He served as quæstor in Spain, B. C. 68, was elected ædile for B. C. 65, and in the following year was made pontifex maximus at the age of thirty-six. When prætor-elect in B. C. 63, during the famous Catilinarian conspiracy, his avowed hostility to the aristocracy excited a suspicion that he was himself privy to it, but no proof was adduced, even by his enemies. In the following year he obtained the province of Further Spain, and there first displayed that genius for war which has entitled him to be ranked among the greatest generals of the world. Returning to Rome in B. C. 60, he found Pompey ready to desert the aristocracy; and having succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between him and Crassus, he formed with them the coalition which is known in history as the First Triumvirate. By the influence of his new friends he was elected to the consulship for B. C. 59, and, while in office, obtained the provinces of Transalpine Gaul, Cisalpine Gaul, and Illyricum, with six legions, for five years. Having thus obtained the command of an army, and the management of an important war, he proceeded to prepare himself for the struggle which he forsaw was impending at Rome. His field of operation afforded him peculiar advantages; the Gauls were the hereditary enemies of the Romans, and the glory of subduing them could not fail to increase his popularity; while the opportunity of passing the winter in the north of Italy enabled him to watch the proceedings of parties in the Capitol. During the next nine years he was occupied in the subjugation of Transalpine Gaul; having also twice (B. C. 55 and 54) landed in Britain, and received the submission of the inhabitants of the southern portion of the island. The interval of Cæsar's absence from



CÆSAR CROSSING THE RUBICON.

Digitized by Google

Rome had produced a great change in the state of parties. Pompey, jealous of the fame of a man to whose elevation he had mainly contributed, had effected a reconciliation with the aristocratical party; and, aided by their support, resolved to crush the conqueror of Gaul. Accordingly, in B. C. 49, a decree of the senate was passed, "that Cæsar should disband his army by a certain day, and that if he did not do so, he should be regarded as an enemy of the state;" the predominant party relying on the influence of Pompey, to whom the management of the contest had been intrusted. But the feelings of the army were entirely with Cæsar; and he, finding that his men were ready to follow him, crossed the Rubicon, which separated his province from Italy, and thus commenced the civil war, the issue of which invested him with dictatorial power. In three months he made himself master of Italy. Proceeding next to Spain, the stronghold of Pompey, he reduced it to subjection; and, after passing a short time in Italy, followed his opponent into Greece, and brought the contest to a final issue on the plains of Parsalia, 4th Aug., B. C. 48. The battle of Parsalia decided the fate of the Roman empire; Pompey fled to Egypt, but was murdered as he landed on the coast; and Cæsar, who followed him, speedily quashed all opposition in the eastern portion of the empire. After a short residence in Rome, in B. C. 47, he proceeded to Africa to prosecute the war against Scipio and Cato, who had there collected a large army, and finally brought it to a close on the 6th of April, B. C. 46, by the battle of Thapsus, in which the Pompeian party were completely defeated. In his absence, Cæsar had been elected dictator for ten years; and his return to Rome was signalized by four magnificent triumphs. Devoting himself now to the duties of a legislator, he corrected various abuses which had crept into the state; reformed the calendar, thereby conferring a real benefit on the civilized world; and exercising his unlimited power with a degree of moderation which affected even his enemies with surprise. But his career was destined to be short: a conspiracy against his life was formed at the beginning of B. C. 44; and on the Ides, or 15th of March, he perished by the hands of assassins in the Senate House, in the fiftieth year of his age. As a warrior, a statesman, and a man of letters, Cæsar was one of the most remarkable men of any age.



DEATH OF CÆSAR.

Of all the illustrious men of Rome, none has furnished the theme of so many eulogies as Julius Cæsar. Commencing with the orations of Cicero, who was never tired of praising his clemency and magnanimity, and passing down the long line of Roman historians, who generally use his name with the epithet of *divine*, we find him the acknowledged prince of heroes in the writings of the middle ages, as well as of modern times. Shakspeare accepts his superiority among great men as an established fact, and the poets who succeeded the great dramatist, have rendered Cæsar's greatness as familiar to us as household words.

It is not merely in military talent that Cæsar resembles Napoleon. In the grandeur of his views, in public spirit and patriotism, the ancient even surpasses the modern hero. By

Digitized by Google

destroying the power of the profligate Roman aristocracy, he put an end to faction, and to its consequent proscriptions, those terrible massacres, which caused the streets of the city to be deluged with the blood of its best citizens. Where Marius and Sylla murdered, Cæsar pardoned. Where hatred and revenge had previously followed a political triumph, clemency and magnanimity now shed the soothing influence of peace and forgiveness. By comparing the disturbed condition of Rome, before and after Cæsar's attaining the supreme power, we learn to estimate the value of his public services, and to recognize him as a benefactor to his country. He has been called the destroyer of Roman liberty, but this is a mere declamation. Liberty, as we understand the term, was never known in ancient Rome. The people were robbed and oppressed by the magnates, from the time of Romulus to the end of the so-called republic. Those whom we call "the masses," never had a better friend than Julius Cæsar.

JOTTINGS BY MY WINDOW SILL.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

NO. VIII.—A YOUNGER SISTER.

Ah! who has ever paused to pay a tribute to her? who has ever flung out from his quiet study a little waif that communed with the sweet experience of other hearts—and made fond memories come trooping up along the dim windings of half-forgotten years?

> They gather round our bed, they climb to share
> Our kisses, and with gentle violence there,
> Break in upon a dream not half so fair!

Did you ever stand by the cradle of a younger sister? Softly and sweetly she nestled there—her taper fingers shut up in a tiny hand, itself a marvel—her soft, velvet cheeks wearing a glow that a faint breath would almost seem to displace—her dark ringlets shading her angel face, or shrinking away among the folds of the snow-white pillow—her gentle eyes opening with a dream-like beauty, growing glorious as they neared the full extent of wakefulness—eyes that seemed to tell she wandered out of Paradise one quiet eve when the gates were left ajar.

What strange, undefinable emotions crowded upon your soul! Far, far beyond, in your mind's eye, did you follow her pathway into futurity.

You saw her standing on the threshold of her womanhood—her early beauty just developed. Superb in figure, rich in intellect, blessed with a loving, trusting disposition; admired, beloved, and dear to all!

Came there another picture the reverse of that—or another in which you saw a deep strange darkness steal over those angel eyes—heard the thick and labored breathing—saw them lay her in her child-like beauty in the silent tomb—you turned away from it. You felt that she *was* to live—and to be *beautiful* and *good!* You seemed to *know* that you were to stand by her side—your eyes flashing back the proud, loving glances of her own—strong and noble in your manhood, beautiful in your soul's inner light—stately as the mountain pine.

A sister's love—who has not felt its influence? That man is indeed to be pitied who has never felt the soft, tender love of a sister; much more that man who, by his own waywardness, has rendered himself incapable of realizing her disinterested affection and anxiety.

"I was drunk but once," said a young man to us the other day, "and I shall never forget it. In company with several jovial fellows, I was induced to drink pretty freely, and by the time I got home, I scarcely knew where I was, or what I was doing. I was put to bed, and how long I lay there I do not know; but when I awoke, my sister was sitting by the bed-side, engaged in sewing. The moment her eyes fell upon my face, she burst into tears, and wept as if her very heart would break. Overwhelmed with shame for my conduct, I then formed a resolution that I would never get drunk again. I have adhered to it for many years, and I mean to keep it."

Highly incensed, one day, at the conduct of an absent friend, I had just burst out into a withering tirade of abuse, when I felt a soft hand placed within my own. Turning round, I beheld my younger sister, yet only a child. With her lovely features all aglow with health, and a tear trembling upon the long, silken lash, she said—"Brother, remember that poem you wrote yesterday. It was *so* beautiful—each stanza ending with, "To resent an injury is manlike, but 'tis Godlike to forgive."

Her touching, well-timed reproof went to my heart. The heavy scowl passed away before such a wealth of sunshine, and catching her up in my arms, I pressed her fervently to my bosom.

We often speak about the hallowed influence lingering around an elder sister; but round a younger there is a glory one half of which has not, as yet, been told.

> The young! Oh, what should wandering fancy bring
> In life's first spring-time, but the thoughts of spring!

EVERY SORROW we meet is a billow on this world's troublesome sea, which we must cross to bear us nearer home.

Digitized by Google

A FEW WORDS

TO THE COUNTRY GIRL ABOUT TO ENTER A BOARDING-SCHOOL.

Yes, my dear girl, an especial message for you, before you go, and I beg for it an attentive ear, even though "the folks" are waiting to say their loving "good-byes."

You have been living your fifteen years of life in the dear, beautiful, God-made country. You are as well taught as a child can be, in the mysteries of field and forest; but it was not much that they could give you of "book learning, and the ways of the world," in the little log house where you have been head-scholar so long; and so they are going to send you to a seminary of large pretensions in a far-distant city.

I know you have but small acquaintance with the new scenes to which you are going, and I would therefore mingle, in my farewell, some whispers of preparation and advice. Everything, indeed, will be *new* to you in that great seminary. It will be, for a few days, a very Tower of Babel, with all its ringing of bells, its din-dinning of pianos, tinkling of guitars, hum of study, and the running to and fro, and the laughter and talking of many girls. You will be confused and tired, but do not despair; keep your soul in patience. In time, all those sounds will be familiar, and have some interest for you; they will no more disturb you than do now the shrill, monotonous voices of the katydids, grasshoppers, and crickets in your father's meadows.

All will be new; dress, manners, even the very language of your companions will seem strange to you. There will be many things for which you know no name; you will hear phrases that convey no intelligence to your ear; and there will be over all an air, so grand, and matter-of-course, that you will feel half ashamed of your ignorance and simplicity; and when you overhear the beautiful, tall girl, whom, at first sight, you admired so much, whisper something about "new-comer—greenness—stupidity," you will believe that she is "half-right." But, don't cry—you are *not* stupid—be quiet, persevering. Before the term is out, you will love the tall girl dearly, and she will have repented of her rudeness. Only take it as your first lesson at school, and learn to treat the stranger with thoughtful kindness, and be sure to *practise* it when the next trembling, bashful girl comes among you.

Do not be overcome by the rustling of silks, and flutter of pretty ribbons. Misses fashionably attired will look at you boldly, with long glances that will take you all in, from your comb to your shoes—glances, that will decide at once your claims to companionship with "the clique." Be thankful to your dress if it proves too plain to associate with the elegant wrappers, and wee silk aprons, trimmed with wide ruffles, and "sweet little pockets." For, these girls have not yet learned true politeness—you are not to form your manners after their pattern. Only be quiet, and wait; they will not always be so foolish and proud.

You will feel, for a day or two, as if somebody had lost you; but among the many, many faces, there will be some to smile upon you—some one will find you, and put an arm around you, and will call you "Nelly," just as they did at home. You feel attracted by her generous devotion, she is "so confiding, so communicative." If, however, she offer to initiate you into the faults of the pupils, or the partialities of the teachers, and to give you histories of parentage, wealth, respectability, &c., then it is high time to be wary, to turn the conversation into a different channel. Let her see by your indifference to such gossip that your intimacy must be founded on a safer basis.

Avoid receiving second-hand opinions of any of your companions, for you know not that they were formed in charity, and without prejudice. Trust only *true* impressions which experience and fair trial shall fix upon your heart.

I think it likely that you will have an attack of the home-sickness that lurks in all boarding-schools. You will hear the complaint of it twenty times during the day of your arrival. You will be tempted to give your sympathy to pale girls with red eyes. They sit in corners and read over precious letters, and they wish in such earnest tones that "they were out of the old prison, and safe back again with father and mother," that you are half inclined to weep with them—to forget your studies—to be grandly miserable, and to be surrounded by a little court of girls kissing and pitying you! *Will* you be so foolish and weak? I trust not, my girl; for, believe me, these wretched ones with their "prison" wailings, are, for the most part, indolent, frivolous; are, to sum up all in two words—*very selfish.*

I know that there *is* a disease called home-sickness. There is a weakness, a pain felt by the heart which is so suddenly shut out from familiar objects of care and love. There is a longing for old occupations, an unsatisfied listening for well-known voices. Yet, no truly feminine and noble heart will suffer in this way long. Its loving instincts will lead it into fresh plans of activity, and by serving *new* friends, will quiet the cravings of famished affection. I once knew a lady who was called amiable and lovely, who took pride in cherishing these home-sick feelings, believing them to be a proof of a refined and affectionate nature! Ah! she was very much mistaken. Cherish all kindly and pleasant memories of home. All the loved inmates of the old house, even the chickens and faithful Bounce, may have large portions of your *cheerful, generous* thoughts!

Akin to these sighings after home, is the undue demand for letters. Such importunate and impertinent inquiries are made of the

Digitized by Google

postman! Such threats of "going home if no letters come by the next mail." You will see the young lady who gives herself up to a morbid expectation, made sick by her crying, and unable to attend the class-room. She may, possibly, be a real victim of careless relations, "too busy to write;" but I hope you will not be drawn into this hue and cry, for it is mostly roused by a contemptible love of exciting attention, or by a habit of complaining.

Boarding-school girls have a strange fancy for complaining about their meals! They hold it as their right, and no matter how really bountiful may be the supply of food, there are always lady-gourmands to make bitter and silly grumbling of the "meanness of the table." They make a plea of starvation for purchasing, "on the sly," cakes, crackers, and candies, which they, shut up in their rooms, eat with the air of martyrs, but really with the satisfaction of spoilt babies that cry for sugar. You will observe that these abused ones are very plump, and that they eat more than the others of the despised viands How disgusting and wearisome are all these selfish murmurings to the wise and affectionate teacher! There is, now and then, an "establishment for young ladies" founded upon the Squeers system—but *you* are not going to any such place.

Note-writing is a very fashionable employment at boarding school. The misses think it looks mysterious and important to be reading little bits of paper in a corner, to laugh and exclaim over them, to the great wonder and curiosity of the uninitiated. It is such an elegant way of wasting one's time—this pencilling of one's imaginary woes to a room-mate, with whom there may be any amount of loud honest talk in recess hours. These sentimental scribblers are, strange to say, very poor at a composition. Do not, dear Nelly, be one of these scribblers. Do not have any dear confidant, who will demand your time and attention, to the entire exclusion of all other companions. Secret gossippings are sad wasters of time and paper, sound sense, and healthy affection.

Oh! there are many customs peculiar to a female seminary, which are seemingly innocent, and which have a charm for the new pupil, and yet bear with them insidious evils, powerful to retard progress in studies, fostering frivolity and indolence, and undermining all that is worthy in the character.

I have mentioned a few that will attract your immediate attention, and you will be warned by "Querie" to shun them. Go, my girl, to the boarding-school with brave heart, yet gentle demeanor. Be not afraid of the proud dolls who will amuse themselves with your rustic dress. Wear your garments as your dear mother prepared them, trusting that the wearer's kindness and good will towards all will make them seem better than gay and fashionable ones.

Do not defy any one; *that* would be unwomanly. You will be in the midst of human beings, each one of whom has a claim in some way upon your interest. They are to be, in a degree, the educators of your heart. From them you are to learn what is true, good, and beautiful in humanity.

It may be that your exterior is rough and unpolished; do not be ashamed to confess it to yourself, nor obstinately adhere to peculiarities not in vogue in fashionable society. Be observant of the polite forms which will greet you, and, aided by a sincere desire to be kind to all, they will become to you mediums by which you can easily approach your fellow beings, and so increase your usefulness.

Now that I *must* bid you good-bye, I've a great deal to say; but the hints I have given you may be sufficient to awaken your thought. They are calling you to go. Kiss them all, these dear ones, that you will not see again for one whole year. Be brave, and yet be meek. Resolve that when you next see the old maples that shade your cottage home, you will bring a wiser head and better heart—a heart uncorrupted by vanity and affectation; that you will be worthier of these affectionate hearts—knowing better how to *serve* them than you do now.

Just one word more. Mother shall have that "last kiss" that has more power, I trust, than all my words. Remember that the great object before you is to learn to *love wisely*. The knowledge you gain from books and teachers, is to be the instrument through which your love of usefulness may act. Do not look to the *future* for the fruits of your education, nor deem that when you become the head of a family, your new wisdom will alone be needed. You are to live, and think, and act *every day* as an earnest, sensible school-girl seeking to do her duty. So shall you return to this dear, old home a blessing and a joy. QUERIE.

DAY OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

"Oh! what if the prospect be clouded?"

Oh! what if the prospect be clouded,
And what if the sunlight be fled?
The bright Sun himself may be shrouded,
And the bright crown be torn from his head.
But he yields never long to the legions
Of the tempest that beats on his form:
And he comes forth anon full of vigor,
More glorious because of the storm.

From the Sun let the Soul take its moral,
Nor shrink 'neath the battle of life;
Near the cypress grows ever the laurel,
And we pluck, as we please, from the strife!
Though the foe presses fierce with his legions,
And ye stoop for the hour at his will,
Keep your calm in the turbulent legions,
And the triumph inures to you still.

LOVE IS a heavenly feast, which none but the sincere and honest partake. It is as impossible for any dishonest man truly to love, as for a hypocrite to go to heaven

Digitized by Google

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Old Mr. Cleveland sat by his comfortable fireside one cold winter's night. He was a widower, and lived alone on his plantation; that is to say, he was the only white person there; for of negroes, both field hands and house servants, he had enough and to spare. He was a queer old man, this Mr. Cleveland; a man of kind, good feelings, but of eccentric impulses, and blunt and startling manners. You must always let him do everything in his own odd way; just attempt to dictate to him, or even to suggest a certain course, and you would be sure to defeat your wisest designs. He seemed at times possessed by a spirit of opposition, and would often turn right round and oppose a course he had just been vehemently advocating, only because some one else had ventured openly and warmly to approve it.

The night, as I have said, was bitter cold, and would have done honor to a northern latitude, and in addition to this, a violent storm was coming on. The wind blew in fitful gusts, howling and sighing among the huge trees with which the house was surrounded, and then dying away with a melancholy, dirge-like moan. The old trees rubbed their leafless branches against the window panes, and the fowls which had roosted there for the night, were fain to clap their wings, and make prodigious efforts to preserve their equilibrium. Mr. Cleveland grew moody and restless, threw down the book in which he had been reading, kicked one of the andirons till he made the whole blazing fabric tumble down, and finally called, in an impatient tone, his boy Tom.

Tom soon popped his head in at the door, and said, "yer's me, sir."

"Yer's me, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Cleveland, "what sort of a way is this to build a fire?"

"I rispec you is bin kick um, sir," said Tom.

"Hey? What? Well! suppose I did bin kick um, if it had been properly made, it would not have tumbled down. Fix it this minute, sir!"

"I is gwine to fix um now, sir," said Tom, fumbling at the fire.

"Well! fix it, sir, without having so much to say about it; you had better do more, and say less," said Mr. Cleveland.

"Yes, sir," answered Tom.

"You *will* keep answering me when there is no occasion!" exclaimed Mr. Cleveland; "I just wish I had my stick here, I'd crack the side of your head with it."

"Yer's de stick, sir," said Tom, handing the walking cane out of the corner.

"Put it down, this instant, sir," said Mr. Cleveland: "how dare you touch my stick without my leave!"

"I bin tink you bin say you bin want um, sir," said Tom.

"You had better tink about your work, sir, and stop answering me, sir, or I'll find a way to make you," said Mr. Cleveland. "Bring in some more lightwood, and make the fire, and shut in the window shutters. Do you hear me, sir?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tom.

"Well, why don't you answer, if you hear, then? How am I to know when you hear me, if you don't answer?" said Mr. Cleveland.

"I bin tink you bin tell me for no answer you, sir," said Tom.

"I said when there was no occasion, boy; that's what I said," exclaimed Mr. Cleveland, reaching for his stick.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, as he went grinning out of the room.

Mr. Cleveland was in the main, a very kind master, though somewhat hasty and impatient. Tom and he were forever sparring, yet neither could have done without the other; and there was something comical about Tom's disposition which well suited his master's eccentric and changeable moods. Tom evidently served as a kind of safety valve for his master's nervous system, and many an explosion of superfluous excitability he had to bear.

On the night in question, Mr. Cleveland was particularly out of sorts. The truth is, he was naturally a generous, warm-hearted man, but in consequence of early disappointment, had lived a solitary life, and was really suffering for the want of objects of affection. His feelings, unsatisfied, unemployed, yet morbidly sensitive, were becoming soured, and his untenanted heart often ached for want of sympathy.

He rose and took several diagonal turns across the room. At length he opened a window and looked out upon the stormy night. "What confounded weather!" he muttered to himself, "it makes a man feel like blowing his brains out! There are no two ways about it, I'm tired of life. What have I to live for? If I were to die to-morrow, who would shed a tear?"

Then whispered conscience, "It is thine own fault. A man need not feel alone because there are none in the world who bear his name, or share his blood. All men are thy brethren. Thou art one of the great human family, and what hast thou done to relieve the poor and suffering around thee? Will not thy Master say to thee at the last day, 'I was an hungered, and you gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and you gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and you clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and you visited me not. Inasmuch as you did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, *you did it not to me.*'"

This was a strong and direct appeal, and it was not without its effect. Then muttered Mr. Cleveland to himself again, "Well, how can I help it? It has not been for want of inclination. Heaven knows I am always ready to put my hand in my pocket whenever people call on me for charity. How can I help it if

Digitized by Google

the poor and suffering do not make their wants known to me?"

Then again spake Conscience: "Thou art trying to deceive thyself, but thou canst not deceive nor silence *me*. Thou hast known of the existence of suffering, and thine indolence has prevented thee from going abroad to relieve it. Did thy Master thus? Did he not *go about* to do good? Did he not sit down to meat with publicans and sinners? Can you stand here, and look out upon such a night as this, and not think of those who are exposed to its bitterness? Can thy human heart beat only for itself when thou thinkest of the thousand miseries crying to Heaven for relief? Resolve, now, before thy head touches its comfortable pillow, that with the morning's dawn thou wilt resolutely set about thy work; or, rather, thy Master's work."

"It is very hard," still muttered Mr. Cleveland to himself, "that these thoughts will continually intrude themselves upon me. They give me no peace of my life. Stifle them as I may, they come with tenfold force. People have no business to be poor. I was poor once, and nobody gave charity to me. I had to help myself up in the world as well as I could. I hate poor people; I hate unfortunate people; in fact, confound it! I hate the world and every body in it."

Then answered once again the still, small voice: "For shame, Mr. Cleveland, for shame! You will ruin your soul if you thus darken the light within. You know better than all this, and you are sinning against yourself. You want to be happy; well, you may be so. There is a wide field of duty open before you; enter, in God's name, and go to work like a man. What you say about having helped yourself, is perfectly true, and you deserve all credit for it. But remember that the majority of the poor are entirely destitute of your advantages. You had the foundation rightly laid. A thousand circumstances in your early life conspired to render you energetic and self-relying. You had the right sort of education, and Providence also helped to train you. Besides, once more I ask you, did your Master stop to enquire how human misery was brought about before he relieved it? Away with this unmanly, selfish policy. Follow thy generous impulses, follow out the yearnings of thy heart, without which you never can have peace; above all, follow Christ."

Mr. Cleveland shut the window, heaved a deep sigh, and took several more turns across the room. "I believe it is all true," at length he said, "and I have been a confounded fool. I'll turn about, and lead a different life, so help me Heaven! I have wealth, and not a chick nor a child to spend it on, nor to leave it to when I die, and so I'll spend it in doing good, if I can only find out the best way; that's the trouble. But never mind, I'll be my own executor." He now rang the bell for Tom.

Tom immediately appeared, with his usual "Yer's me, sir."

"Tom," said Mr. Cleveland, "put me in mind in the morning, to send a load of wood to old Mrs. Peters."

"Yes, sir," said Tom, "an' you better sen' some bacon, 'cause I bin yerry (hear) little Mass Jack Peter say him aint bin hab no meat for eat sence I do' know de day when. I rispec dey drudder hab de meat sted o' de wood, 'cause dey kin pick up wood nuf all 'bout."

"You mind your own business, sir," said Mr. Cleveland, "I'll send just what I please. How long is it since I came to you for advice? Confound the fellow!" he muttered aside, "I meant to send the woman some meat, and now if I do it, that impudent fellow will think I do it because he advised it. Any how, I'll not send bacon, I'll send beef or mutton."

Just at this moment, there was a knock at the door, and Tom, going to open it, admitted Dick, the coachman.

"What do you want, Dick, at this time o' night?" inquired his master.

"Dere's a man down stays, sir," replied Dick, "and he seem to be in great 'fliction. He says dey is camping out 'bout half a mile below, sir, and de trees is fallin' so bad he is fraid dey will all be killed. He ask you if you kin let dem stay in one of de out-houses tell to-morrow."

"Camping out such a night as this?" exclaimed Mr. Cleveland, "the Lord have pity on them! How many are there of them, Dick?"

"He, an' his wife, and six little children, sir," answered Dick.

"No negroes?" inquired his master.

"Not a nigger, sir," said Dick. "I aint like poor buckrah, no how, sir, but I 'spect you best take dese people in, lest dey might die right in our woods."

Tom, knowing his master's dislike of advice, and fearing that Dick had taken the surest method to shut them out, now chimed in, and said, "Massa, ef I bin you, I no would tek dem in none 't all."

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Cleveland; you surely must be taking leave of your senses. Dick, you'll have to give that boy of yours a thrashing. I'll not stand his insolence much longer. Don't stand there grinning at me, sir."

"No, sir," snickered Tom, skulking behind Dick, who was his father.

"Let the man come up here, Dick," said Mr. Cleveland.

When the traveller made his appearance, Mr. Cleveland was startled at his wan and wo-begone appearance. "Sit down, my man," said he.

"I thank you, sir," replied the stranger, "but I must be back as soon as possible to my family. Can you grant us a night's lodging, sir?"

Certainly, sir," replied Mr. Cleveland; "have you any means of getting your family hither? I am told you have six little ones."

"They must walk, sir," replied the stranger, "for our only horse has been killed by a falling tree; but I have not a word to say. It might have been my wife or one of my little ones,

Digitized by Google

and, poor as I am, I can spare none of them."

Mr. Cleveland, whose feelings were at this time in an unusually softened state, got up, and walked rapidly to the book-case to conceal his emotion, dashed away a tear, and muttered to himself, as was his wont, "'Tis confoundedly affecting, that's a fact." Then turning to the stranger, who was in the act of leaving the room, he said, "If you will wait a few moments I will have my carriage got; your wife and little ones must not walk on such a night as this."

"God bless you, sir," said the stranger, in a trembling voice, "but I am too uneasy to stay a moment longer."

"Well, go on," said Mr. Cleveland, and the carriage shall come after you, and I will go in it myself." The stranger brushed his hand across his eyes, and left the room without speaking a word; while Dick and Tom exchanged glances of surprise at their master's uncommon fit of philanthropy, Tom feeling fully assured that the "poor buckrahs," as he termed them, owed their good fortune to his seasonable interference.

The carriage was soon in readiness, and Mr. Cleveland rode in it to the spot. He found the family all gathered around the dead horse, and lamenting over it; while the father having just arrived, was expatiating upon his kind reception by Mr. Cleveland. It took them some little time to stow themselves away in the carriage, and Mr. Cleveland actually carried two sturdy children on his knees. Yes, there he was, riding through the dreadful storm, in danger every moment from the trees which were falling all around him, with an infant in its mother's arms squalling with all its might, and a heavy boy on each knee, and squeezed almost to death into the bargain, for there were nine in the carriage—and yet feeling so happy! ay, far happier than he had felt for many a long day. Truly, charity brings its own reward.

When they arrived at Mr. Cleveland's house, instead of being stowed away in an out-building, as the poor man had modestly requested, they were comfortably provided for beneath his own roof. That night, as he laid his head upon his pillow, he could not help feeling surprised at his sudden accession of happiness. "Well, I will go on," he soliloquized; "I will pursue the path I have this night taken, and if I always feel as I do now, I am a new man, and will never again talk about blowing my brains out." He slept that night the sleep of peace, and arose in the morning with a light heart and buoyant spirits.

His first care was to take the father of the family aside, and gather from him the story of his misfortunes. It was a long and mournful tale, and Mr. Cleveland was obliged, more than once, to pretend a sudden call out of the room, that he might hide his emotion. And the tale was by no means told in vain. True to his new resolutions, Mr. Cleveland thankfully accepted the work which Providence had given him to do, and the family of emigrants, to this day, mention the name of Cleveland with tears of gratitude and love, and, when they implore God's mercy for themselves, never forget to invoke, for their kind benefactor, Heaven's choicest blessings. Nor is that the only family whose hearts glow at the mention of Mr. Cleveland's name. Far and wide his name is known, and honored, and beloved.

And Mr. Cleveland has found out the real secret of happiness. It is true that he and Tom still have their squabbles, for Tom is really a provoking fellow, and Mr. Cleveland is, and always will be, an eccentric, impulsive man but his heart, which, when we first introduced him to our readers, was far from being right with God, or with his fellow-men, is now the dwelling place of love and kindness, and the experience of every day contributes to strengthen the new principles he has imbibed, and to confirm him in the right.

Reader! art thou sad or solitary? I can offer thee a certain cure for all thy woes. Contemplate the life of Him who never spake as man spake. Follow him through all those years of toil and suffering. See him wherever called by the sorrows of his human brethren, and witness his deeds of mercy and his offices of love, and then—"go thou and do likewise."

OLD ROMANCE.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Have you ever indulged your fancy
  In a dream of old romance,
And heard and seen, with a fearful joy,
  The crash of the shivering lance?
Have you gazed with quaint Sir Walter
  On the radiant scenes of old—
The Passage of Arms at Ashby,
  And the Field of the Cloth of Gold?

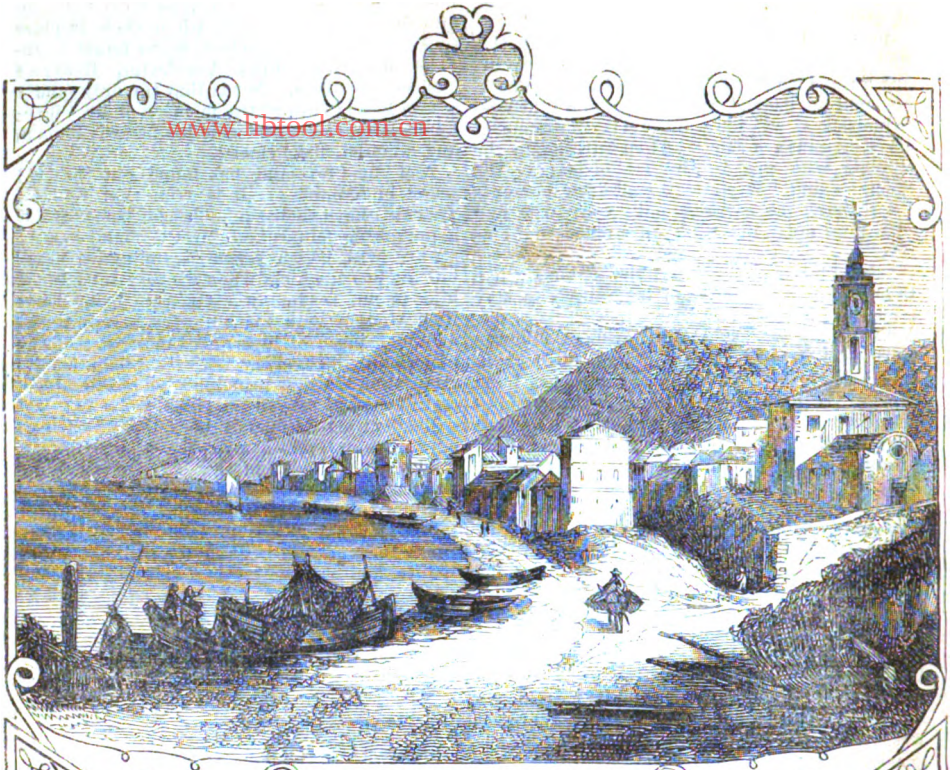
Have you watched in the tournament's mêlee
  The deeds of some dauntless knight,
Who glittered in gorgeous armor,
  While he fought with a fierce delight?
Have you seen, when the lists were over,
  Where the eyes of the lovely glow,
The Queen of Beauty, with courtly grace,
  The conqueror's crown bestow?

I have dreamed such dreams in my younger days
  But they visit me seldom now,
For sorrow, the trace of sterner thoughts
  Has written upon my brow;
Yet I welcome them ever with gladness,
  And sadden when they depart,
Though they only wait, like summer friends,
  On the happy and light of heart.

They instil a beautiful spirit—
  Those dreams of the olden time;
For the knights of our fancy are ever brave,
  And courteous and free from crime:
And the ladies all are peerless
  And gentle in word and tone;—
And the traits we love in vision
  We may win to be our own.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



COGOLETO, A VILLAGE NEAR GENOA.
Supposed to be the birth-place of Columbus.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Of the infancy and boyhood of Christopher Columbus, nothing certain is known. His very origin is involved in obscurity. Several places contend for the honor of having given him birth. It is generally supposed that he was born in some part of the Genoese dominions, about the year 1446; and the weight of evidence appears to be in favor of Cogoleto, a village situated on the Genoese coast. A like contention has arisen with respect to his lineage. More than one noble family has laid claim to him, since his name has become so illustrious as to confer rather than receive distinction.—He does not, however, appear to have been of noble descent, for his father, Domenico, followed the trade of a wool-comber or carder, and was of humble, though reputable origin. This fact is too well known to be set aside. Columbus was one of nature's noblemen. Endowed with strong natural genius, he appears to have made himself. The very difficulties and privations which he had to encounter at the outset of his career, only developed the natural fortitude and intrepidity of his character, and led to those brilliant discoveries which have ennobled his name, and rendered him the admiration of posterity. It is certainly more honorable to his memory for noble families thus to contend for the honor of his alliance, than to be able to prove the most illustrious descent. His son, Ferdinando, who wrote his history, relinquishes all pretensions to nobility of birth, admitting the poverty and obscurity of the family. Ferdinando is by no means anxious to ascertain that his predecessors were ennobled, and had formerly kept hawk and hound; but he is content that the nobility of the family should date from the period of the discoveries of his father. Nobility and greatness of character are not the exclusive attributes of the rich and renowned. The noblest spirits rise up in the obscurest spheres.

Columbus received his education at the University of Padua, and entered on his nautical career when he was only fourteen years of age. Whilst at school, he is said to have distin-

Digitized by Google

guished himself by the rapid progress which he made in his studies. He excelled especially in geography, astronomy and mathematics. His first voyages appear to have been confined to the Mediterranean. He afterwards resided with his brother at Lisbon, where he improved his knowledge of nautical geography by carefully studying such charts and journals as were accessible to him, and making frequent voyages to the Canaries. He continued thus occupied for several years, during which time various circumstances induced in him the firm belief that a great country existed west of Europe, across the Atlantic. A sailor, who had been driven by a storm 150 leagues west of Cape St. Vincent, found a piece of timber floating out at sea, which was curiously carved, and apprised Columbus of the fact; others had seen on the ocean far away to the west, canes large enough to hold two gallons of water between each joint, and Columbus was well aware from his own personal observation that plants and trees, natives of neither Europe nor Africa, were frequently driven by the westerly gales on the shores of the Azores.

It is certain, however, that Columbus possessed no positive knowledge of the existence of the American continent prior to his transatlantic expedition. This is evident not only from the manner in which it was conducted, but also from the difficulties which he had to encounter in endeavoring to secure patronage. After having in vain sought the aid of the rich and powerful in the Genoese republic, he applied to the kings of Portugal and England only to be refused; he nevertheless persevered in his applications, and finally obtained the necessary aid from Ferdinand and Isabella, the king and queen of Spain.

On the 2d of August 1492, having received the royal sanction, he set sail from the port of Palos, with three small ships, manned by one hundred and twenty men. He had previously publicly implored the protection of heaven, and on the morning of his departure the shores were crowded with spectators, who sent up fervent supplications to the Almighty for the prosperous issue of the voyage.

Columbus first directed his course for the Canaries, where he obtained a fresh supply of water. On the 6th of September he left the usual track, and steering due west, ventured boldly over a vast and unknown ocean. After proceeding for three weeks in a westerly direction without discovering anything, the ship's crew became mutinous, and even threatened to throw him overboard if he persisted in an undertaking which now appeared to them foolish and fraught with danger. He succeeded in quieting their apprehensions; but in a few days they became more violent than ever. All other arguments having failed, he agreed to return if in three days he did not discover land, which he now felt confident they were approaching. He had observed vast flights of birds in the air and masses of sea-weed drifting in the waters, and on the evening of the 11th of October, these signs of land increased to such an extent that Columbus ordered the sails of the ships to be furled and the strictest watch to be kept lest they should be driven on shore. No man slept that night; all kept gazing intently on that part of the horizon where the land was expected to make its appearance. Columbus was the first to discover it. When the morning dawned all doubt disappeared. A beautiful island was seen two leagues to the north, covered with verdant fields and forests and well watered with rivulets. The *Te Deum* was sung, and the crew, lately so rebellious, now asked the forgiveness of their noble and intrepid commander, and prepared joyfully to go on shore. The land discovered proved to be one of the Bahama islands, and was named by Columbus San Salvador.

We have not space for even a sketch of the subsequent history of this wonderful man. The meeting of the old and new world has been the theme of poets, and has furnished a subject worthy of being commemorated on the canvas of the painter. That first meeting was friendly and unsuspecting on the part of the natives. No angry words were uttered; no blood was shed. There was a language spoken by the white man which these simple savages understood. Kind and friendly actions on his part won their confidence. It is not for us to speak of subsequent meetings, and of those acts of aggression which gradually converted the friendly savage into a bitter and implacable enemy. Ever since the first European settlement was planted on the shores of America, the Indians have diminished in numbers. They have fought bravely for their rights, and every step of the white man's progress has been marked with blood. They have seen their hunting grounds diminished, their forests swept away by their white foes, and the smoke of the Christian village now rises where once their council fires blazed. The native Indians are now a mere handful of people, which the wave of emigration is fast rolling to the shores of the western ocean.

If we were only half as lenient to the living as we are to the dead, how much happier might we render them, and from how much vain and bitter remorse might we be spared, when the grave — "the all-atoning grave" — has closed over them.

All labor of mind required of children before the seventh year, is in opposition to the laws of nature, and will prove injurious to the physical organization, and prevent its proper and mature development.—[Hufeland.

The best capital for young men to start with in life, is industry, good sense, courage and the fear of God. It is better than all the credit or cash that was ever raised.

Next to its heroic benefactors, the world will always have in admiring remembrance, the fathers and mothers of such benefactors.

Digitized by Google

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—THE MOGUL, OR TARTAR DYNASTY.

NO. I—TIMUR BEC, OR TAMERLANE.

The subject of this, and the succeeding papers, is the Mogul, or Tartar dynasty in Hindustan, of which it is purposed to give a slight historical sketch, from the period of its founder, Baber, in the year 1525, down to its extinction in the person of Shah Aulum, who resigned his rights as emperor to the East India Company, and became its pensioner. Before commencing a notice of Baber, it seems necessary, in order to make the narrative of his conquest intelligible, to exhibit succinctly the principal of those events that prepared the path for him by the disorganization of the empire. This was the invasion of India by Timur, from whom Baber was not very remotely descended.

In 1241, the Moguls first invaded India under one of the sons of Ghengis Khan, the great Asiatic conqueror; and although from that period to the invasion by Timur,* in 1398, their successes were partial, and their defeats many, they evidently yearned to possess themselves of a land which, compared to their own, seemed to flow with milk and honey; and every fresh inroad, whatever its result, seemed only, by refreshing their knowledge of its wealth, to make them more and more eager for the conquest. Mahmood, the brother of the preceding emperor, was but an infant when he was placed on the throne by the nobles of the empire, at the period at which we are about to speak. These haughty and ambitious guardians distracted the country with their dissentions; the standard of revolt was reared in almost every quarter; most of the governors of provinces, according to their invariable custom, declared themselves independent. Jehan, Mahmood's vizier, went to the east to quell the rebellions there, and having succeeded in putting them down, ended by setting up himself with the title of King of the East. Saring, governor of the western provinces, played precisely the same game. A conspiracy formed against Sadit, one of the great Omrahs of the court, during the emperor's march against some of the revolters, having failed, its chief promoter, Eckbal, a cruel, reckless, and ambitious noble, fled to Delhi, where Muckirrib, the captain-general of Mahmood's forces, received him, and, under pretence of protecting him from Sadit's vengeance, shut the gates of the city against both Sadit and Mahmood on their return.

On these trivial grounds, a three months' siege took place, until, as the Persian historian Ferishta informs us, "the King, being assured that the war was commenced and continued on account of Sadit, accomodated matters with Muckirrib, and was admitted into the capital," leaving Sadit with a powerful force outside the walls. Muckirrib now marched out and attacked him, but was driven back with loss; upon which Sadit took possession of Feroseabad, a suburb of Delhi, declared Nuserit, a grandson of the emperor Ferose, monarch, and under cover of his zeal for Nuserit, collected large forces, intended, we may safely presume, to enable him, at the proper season, to declare himself independent, perhaps emperor. And thus, while all the warfare that ensued was nominally between Mahmood and Nuserit, the real combatants were the ambitious nobles who supported them. Sadit's adherents soon became divided among themselves; one party carried off Nuserit, and left Sadit exposed to considerable danger, which, with a feeling that should have ensured him a better fate, induced him to seek the protection of his old enemy, Muckirrib, who infamously put him to death. Nuserit's cause was still warmly supported; and a civil war, unparalleled even in the bloody annals of India, raged between the contending parties, whose head-quarters were in the same capital, for three years. During all this time "it was not a state of war," says Ferishta, "but a continued battle; thousands were killed almost every day, and the place of the slain constantly supplied by reinforcements from different parts of the empire," which was rapidly falling into a state of utter anarchy; confusion became indeed worse confounded; violence, rapine, and slaughter reigned over all, the presiding deities of the scene! At this period came the news that Pere Mohammed Jehangire, the grandson of Timur, had entered India. The favorable hour had come, and Timur was not reluctant to take advantage of it; and it is almost impossible to avoid looking on the terrible visitation which his presence in India proved, otherwise than as a just and natural punishment for the crimes that had so prepared his way. The intelligence, instead of at once repressing all these infamous cabals, and combining the different parties into one body at the head of the people, seemed only the signal for their being more recklessly put in operation. Eckbal, who had espoused Mahmood's cause, now deserted him and joined Nuserit; but in three days quarrelled with his new emperor, conspired against his power, drove him from the city, and, in his retreat, fell upon him and scattered or destroyed all his forces. He next took possession of Feroseabad, slew his former protector, Muckirrib, by treachery, and ultimately made himself master of Mahmood's person, to whom, afterwards, he left nothing but life, and the name and appearance of rule; himself, as vizier, exercising all authority. In this state were the affairs of the empire when the accounts arrived that Timur had crossed the Indus, and was doubtless about to fulfill the schemes which had induced him to send his grandson into the country the previous year.

* Timur, or Timur Bec, known in this country generally by the name of Tamerlane.

Digitized by Google

A few words respecting the personal history of Timur, may not unfitly precede our account of his transactions in India. He was born in Sebzar, a village about forty miles south of Samarcand, in the kingdom anciently known, at different periods, by the names of Transoxiana and Maver-ul-nere, now called Bokhara, where his ancestors, who possessed the rank of the commander of a toman* of horse, enjoyed considerable local influence. The courage and address he exhibited in repelling the continual inroads of the Tartars upon his native country, raised him at last so highly in its estimation, that he became, at the age of thirty-four, after experiencing severe reverses, and enduring great personal hardships, sovereign of the kingdoms of Zagatay, which includes Caubul as well as Bokhara. His conquests had extended all over Persia into Nothern Tartary, and as far as the Arctic circle, when he directed his attention to India. According to the custom Mohammed had introduced, Timur assembled his council, and thus addressed them: —"Fortune, my dear friends, furnishes us with such happy conjunctures, that she seems to offer herself to us, and invite us to lay hold of the favorable opportunities which present themselves; for as we have already seen the empires of Iran and Touran, and almost all Asia, under our command, she shows us India, through the disorders of the princes who govern it, opening its gates to receive us. My name has spread terror throughout the universe, and the least motion I make is capable of shaking the whole earth. It is therefore time to attack the kingdom of India, where, having overcome what opposes our designs, we shall oblige the kingdom to acknowledge no other sovereign but me. What think ye, my dear friends, who are the companions of my victories, of this great enterprise? Speak, all in general, and every one in particular, your opinion of this proposal, which appears reasonable, since fortune has not yet withdrawn its protection from us."

As we may readily conclude, this speech was received in the spirit of its utterer; and in March, 1398, Timur set out at the head of his army from Samarcand, and soon reached the Hindu Coosh, the great chain of mountains which divides India from Caubul and Bokhara. Here his difficulties began, Nature herself interposing all but insuperable obstacles in the precipitous and desolate mountains that he had to cross. "Though the sun was in Gemini, the snow lay in so great abundance that the feet of most part of the horses which the lords would have carried up, failed them; yet some of them were spurred on so much during the night and the frost, that they were constrained to get up; but day being come, and the snow turned into ice, they kept their horses under felt till evening, when they contrived to ascend the mountain; so that at length they arrived at the top, and then sent for the rest of the horses. And as the Infidels dwelt in narrow passages and in precipices, and there was no road to get to them but what was covered with snow, some of the emirs and soldiers descended with cords, while others, lying on the snow, slid down to the bottom. They made a sort of raft for Timur, to which they fastened a ring, that they might tie cords to it of 150 cubits in length, for him to sit upon it, while many persons let him down from the top to the bottom of the mountain, as far as the cords would reach. Others dug with pickaxes in the snow a place where he might stand firm; and they who were on the top, having gently descended, they let down Timur again in the machine. The place also was marked out where he should stay next, and so on, till the fifth time, when he arrived at the foot of the mountain. Then the monarch took a staff in his hand to rest on, and walked on foot a great way."

These natural obstacles overcome, Timur's further progress through the mountains was impeded by the natives, who defended themselves vigorously for three days, with great obstinacy and slaughter to both parties, before they were overpowered. This conquest "gave the greater pleasure to Timur, in that these people had never been conquered by any prince in the world, not even by Alexander the Great."

Timur crossed the Indus on a bridge of boats, and descended the Jhylum as far as its confluence with the Chenaub, where were the fort and town of Tolumba. From thence he sent forward reinforcements to relieve his grandson, Jehangire, who was shut up in Moultan by the Indians, and reduced to great distress. He now passed on toward Delhi, plundering and destroying at every step. At Battenir, the entire male population were slaughtered because he had been opposed, and the stench of the dead bodies drove him away immediately after. At Myrthe, or Merut, the men were flayed alive for what he conceived to be an insolent answer to his summons, and the women and children carried away captive. On approaching Delhi, the number of his prisoners (100,000) alarmed him, and he coolly ordered a general massacre, and in one hour the whole perished. Imagination sickens at the recital of this man's atrocities, perpetrated in the name of religion, and possibly in the belief that he was thereby promoting the cause of the prophet.

On the 3rd of January, 1399, Mahmood and Eckbal marched out to attack Timur, with 40,000 guards, 10,000 mailed horsemen, and 120 elephants of war, whose tusks were armed with poisoned daggers, and beside whom marched "flingers of fire and melted pitch, as also rockets, armed at the ends with iron, which gave several blows one after another, wherever they fell."

Timur caused the front of his army to be guarded by buffaloes, tied by their feet and horns, and bearing on their backs great bundles of brambles, which were to be fired at the advance of the elephants.

*Ten thousand.

Digitized by Google

Ere the battle began, Timur "fell on the earth, and after several times bowing, besought God to give him the victory;" then, amid the stunning uproar caused by the drums, trumpets, and cymbals, and the shouts of the soldiery, the armies met. Victory soon declared for the Moguls. The Indian elephants were routed, without the assistance of the fire, by a mode of attack that maddened the animals, and rendered them quite as dangerous to their employers as to those they were arrayed against—that was, cutting off their trunks, of which a considerable number were strewed over the field. "The most valiant Indians always endeavored to defend themselves, but their defence seemed rather like the struggling of sheep going to the slaughter, than a vigorous resistance." The sultan and Eckbal "re-entered the city, repenting," says Ali, and as we can very well believe, "that they had ever undertaken to go out;" from whence they fled at midnight into the deserts. Timur's son, the Mirza Calil Sultan, who was but fifteen years old, signalized himself on this occasion, by bringing to his father's tent one of the Indian war-elephants, whose guards he had killed, and reduced the animal itself to obedience. On meeting his emirs after the battle, the biographer says, "Timur burst into tears of joy; he blessed God for having given him such brave children, and such faithful subjects." The inhabitants of Delhi, to save themselves from the horrors that appeared ready to burst upon them, agreed to pay an enormous sum of money for their safety. But disturbances broke out in spite of the treaty, and ended in the city's being given up to sack and slaughter. The wretched Hindus slew their wives, and then fell upon their enemies with all the recklessness of despair, but their desultory efforts were of little avail against the regular array of the Moguls. The streets flowed with blood; the palaces and temples were burned to the ground; tho devotees slain at the altar, and so ended the principal scene of this bloody tragedy.

From Delhi, Timur marched toward the upper Ganges, whence, probably in consequence of news from home, he turned suddenly towards his own kingdom, and passed along the lower range of the Himalaya mountains, opposed in vain at every step by its brave inhabitants. He re-crossed the Indus within five months after he first set foot in Hindustan. Lust of power was the ruling principle of Timur's soul, which his religion sanctified, and which no tenderness of heart, or scruples of conscience interfered with. He does not seem to have been destitute of generous impulses, but they were only allowed to influence him when he saw no earthly reason against such indulgences. His intellect was no common one; he retained as well as conquered where it was an object with him to do so, and thus left his vast dominions in comparative peace to a son, who added to his father's ability, the infinitely more valuable qualities of justice and humanity.

Timur's influence in India did not immediately disappear, owing, perhaps, to two reasons—fear of another visit, and the desire of the nobles to pursue their schemes under the apparent sanction of his countenance. Coin was accordingly for some time stamped in his name; prayers were read for him in the mosques; he remained nominally emperor. But all this soon vanished. Mahmood struggled continually to recover his authority, in which he partially succeeded, but the whole empire was in a dreadful state of disorganization. At Mahmood's death in 1413, Chizer, viceroy of Moultan, under Timur, seized and held the imperial throne in Timur's name, but really exercised himself imperial rule. He reduced the conflicting elements into a more peaceful and harmonious state, and although the empire was shorn of its dimensions, it appeared under his sway to have regained somewhat of its pristine grandeur and dignity. But from this period unto the time of Baber, India was gradually declining in spite of the partially successful efforts of individual monarchs; we shall therefore dismiss in few words the times and the men that intervened, as neither in themselves sufficiently interesting for us to dwell on them, or as necessary to a due understanding of the subject. The throne was successively filled by Mubarick II., who was assassinated by his vizier; by Mohammed V. and Alla II., during whose reigns the empire was nearly dissolved; by Beloli, who regained the power they had lost; by Secunder I., and by Ibrahim II., who still reigned, when one of the most extraordinary men Indian history exhibits, Baber, appeared to contest it with him. To him the next paper will be devoted.

Borrowing Trouble.—The newspaper called the "*State of Maine*," published at Portland, gives the following illustration of the propensity of some people to be distressed by imaginary evils.

"Borrowing is a bad thing at best, but 'borrowing trouble' is perhaps the most foolish investment of 'foreign capital' that a man or woman can make. An amusing instance of this species of 'operation' is set forth in a down-east newspaper, wherein a man thus related his experience in a financial way, on the occasion of the failure of a local bank:

"'As soon as I heard of it, my heart jumped right up into my mouth. Now, thinks I, 'sposin' I got any bills on that bank! I'm gone if I hev—that's a fact! So I put on my coat, and put for home just as fast as my legs would carry me; fact is, I run all the way, and when I got there, I looked keerfully, and found that I hadn't got no bills on that bank—*or any other!* Then I felt easier.'

"There have been a thousand instances of 'borrowing trouble' when it was not a whit better 'secured' than in the present example."

Digitized by Google

LITTLE LIZZIE.

"If they wouldn't let him have it!" said Mrs. Leslie, weeping. "O, if they wouldn't sell him liquor, there'd be no trouble! He's one of the best of men, when he doesn't drink. He never brings liquor into the house; and he tries hard enough, I know, to keep sober, but he cannot pass Jenks' tavern."

Mrs. Leslie was talking with a sympathizing neighbor, who responded by saying, that she wished the tavern would burn down, and that, for her part, she didn't feel any too good to apply fire to the place herself. Mrs. Leslie sighed, and wiped away the tears with her checked apron.

"It's hard, indeed, it is," she murmured, "to see a man like Jenks growing richer and richer every day out of the earnings of poor working men, whose families are in want of bread. For every sixpence that goes over his counter, some one is made poorer—to some heart is given a throb of pain."

"It's a downright shame!" exclaimed the neighbor, indignantly. "If I had my way with the lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, I'd see that he did something useful, if it was to break stone on the road. Were it my husband, instead of yours, that he enticed into his bar, depend on't, he'd get himself into trouble."

While this conversation was going on, a little girl, not over ten years of age, sat listening attentively. After a while, she went quietly from the room, and throwing her apron over her head, took her way, unobserved by her mother, down the road.

Where was little Lizzie going? There was a purpose in her mind—she had started on a mission. "O, if they wouldn't sell him liquor!" These earnest, tearful words of her mother had filled her thoughts. If Mr. Jenks wouldn't sell her father anything to drink, "there would be no more trouble." How simple, how direct the remedy. She would go to Mr. Jenks, and ask him not to let her father have any more liquor, and then all would be well again. Artless, innocent child! And this was her mission.

The tavern kept by Jenks, the laziest man in Milanville—he was too lazy to work, and therefore went to tavern keeping—stood nearly a quarter of a mile from the poor tenement occupied by the Leslies. Toward this point, under a hot, sultry sun, little Lizzy made her way, her mind so filled with its purpose, that she was unconscious of heat or fatigue.

Not long before, a traveller alighted at the tavern. After giving directions to have his horses fed, he entered the bar-room, and went up to where Jenks stood, behind the counter.

"Have something to drink?" inquired the landlord.

"I'll take a glass of water, if you please."

Jenks could not hide the indifference at once felt towards the stranger. Very deliberately he set a pitcher and a glass upon the counter, and then turned partly away. The stranger poured out a full tumbler of water, and drank it off with an air of satisfaction.

"Good water, that of yours, landlord," said he.

"Is it?" was returned, somewhat uncourteously.

"I call it good water, don't you?"

"Never drink water by itself." As Jenks said this, he winked to one of his good customers, who was lounging in the bar. "In fact, it's so long since I drank any water, that I forget how it tastes. Don't you, Leslie?"

The man to whom this was addressed, was not so far lost to shame as Jenks. He blushed and looked confused, as he replied:

"It might be better for some of us, if we had not lost our relish for pure water."

"A true word spoken, my friend!" said the stranger, turning to the man, whose swollen visage, and patched, threadbare garments, too plainly told the story of his sad life. "'Water, pure water, bright water;' that is my motto. It never swells the face, nor inflames the eyes, nor mars the countenance. Its attendants are health, thrift, and happiness. It takes not away the children's bread, nor the toiling wife's garments. Water!—it is one of God's chiefest blessings! Our friend, the landlord here, says he has forgotten how it tastes; and you have lost all relish for the refreshing draught! Ah, this is a sad confession—one which the angels might weep to hear."

There were too or three customers in the bar besides Leslie, to whom this was addressed; and all of them—in spite of the landlord's angry and sneering countenance—treated the stranger with attention and respect. Seeing this, Jenks could not restrain himself; so coming from behind his bar, he advanced to his side, and laying his hand quite rudely on his shoulder, said, in a peremptory manner:

"See here, my friend! If you are about making a temperance lecture, you can adjourn to the Town Hall, or the Methodist Chapel."

The stranger moved aside a pace or two, so that the hand of Jenks might fall from his person, and then said mildly:

"There must be something wrong here, if a man may not speak in praise of water, without giving offence."

"I said you could adjourn your lecture!" The landlord's face was now fiery red, and he spoke with insolence and passion.

"O, well, as you are president of the meeting, I suppose we must let you exercise an arbitrary power of adjournment," said the stranger, good humoredly. "I didn't think any one had so strong a dislike for water as to consider its praise an insult."

At this moment a child stepped into the bar-room. Her little face was flushed, and great beads of perspiration were slowly moving down her crimson cheeks. Her step was elastic, her manner earnest, and her large, dark eyes bright with an eager purpose. She

Digitized by Google

glanced neither to the right nor the left, but walking up to the landlord, lifted to him her sweet young face, and said, in tones that thrilled every heart but his:

"Please, Mr. Jenks, don't sell papa any more liquor!"

"Off home with you, this instant!" exclaimed Jenks, the crimson of his face deepening to a dark purple. As he spoke, he advanced towards the child, with his hand uplifted in a threatening attitude.

"Please don't, Mr. Jenks," persisted the child, not moving from where she stood, nor taking her eyes from the landlord's countenance. "Mother says, if you wouldn't sell him liquor, there'd be no trouble. He's kind and good to us all, when he doesn't drink."

"Off, I say!" shouted Jenks, now maddened beyond self-control; and his hand was about descending upon the little one, when the stranger caught her in his arms, exclaiming, as he did so, with deep emotion:

"God bless the child! No, no, precious one!" he added; "don't fear him. Plead for your father—plead for your home. Your petition must prevail! He cannot say nay to one of the little ones, whose angels do always behold the face of their Father in Heaven. God bless the child!" added the stranger, in a choking voice. "O, that the father, for whom she has come on this touching errand, were present now! If there were anything of manhood yet left in his nature, this would awaken it from its palsied sleep."

"Papa! O, papa!" now cried the child, stretching forth her hands. In the next moment she was clinging to the breast of her father, who, with his arms clasped tightly around her, stood weeping and mingling his tears with those now raining from the little one's eyes.

What an oppressive stillness pervaded that room! Jenks stood subdued and bewildered, his state of mental confusion scarcely enabling him to comprehend the full import of the scene; the stranger looked on wonderingly, yet deeply affected. Quietly, and with moist eyes, the two or three drinking customers, who had been lounging in the bar, went stealthily out; and the landlord, the stranger, and the father and his child, were left the only inmates of the room.

"Come, Lizzy dear! This is no place for us," said Leslie, breaking the deep silence. "We'll go home."

And the unhappy inebriate took his child by the hand, and led her towards the door. But the little one held back.

"Wait, papa; wait!" she said. "He hasn't promised yet. O, I wish he would promise!"

"Promise her, in Heaven's name!" said the stranger.

"Promise!" said Leslie, in a stern, yet solemn voice, as he turned and fixed his eyes upon the landlord.

"If I do promise, I'll keep it!" returned Jenks, in a threatening tone, as he returned the gaze of Leslie.

"Then, for God's sake, *promise!*" exclaimed Leslie, in a half-despairing voice, "*Promise, and I'm safe!*"

"Be it so! May I be cursed, if ever I sell you a drop of drink at this bar, while I am landlord of the 'Stag and Hounds!'" Jenks spoke with an angry emphasis.

"God be thanked!" murmured the poor drunkard, as he led his child away. "God be thanked! There is hope for me yet."

Hardly had the mother of Lizzie missed her child, ere she entered, leading her father by the hand.

"O, mother!" she exclaimed, with a joy-lit countenance, and in a voice of exultation, "Mr. Jenks has promised."

"Promised what?" Hope sprung up in her heart, on wild and fluttering wings, her face flushed, and then grew deadly pale. She sat panting for a reply.

"That he would never sell me another glass of liquor," said her husband.

A pair of thin, white hands were clasped quickly together, an ashen face was turned upwards, tearless eyes looked their thankfulness to Heaven.

"There is hope yet, Ellen," said Leslie.

"Hope, hope! And O, Edward, you have said the word."

"Hope, through our child. Innocence has prevailed over vice and cruelty. She came to the strong, evil, passionate man, and, in her weakness and innocence, prevailed over him. God made her fearless and eloquent."

A year afterwards, a stranger came again that way, and stopped at the "Stag and Hounds." As before, Jenks was behind his well filled bar, and drinking customers came and went in numbers. Jenks did not recognize him until he called for water, and drank a full tumbler of the pure liquor with a hearty zest. Then he knew him, but feigned to be ignorant of his identity. The stranger made no reference to the scene he had witnessed there a twelvemonth before, but lingered in the bar for most of the day, closely observing every one that came to drink. Leslie was not among the number.

"What has become of the man and the little girl I saw here, at my last visit to Milanville?" said the stranger, speaking at last to Jenks.

"Gone to the devil, for all I care," was the landlord's rude answer, as he turned off from his questioner.

"For all you care, no doubt," said the stranger to himself. "Men often speak their real thoughts in a passion."

"Do you see that little white cottage away off there, just at the edge of the wood? Two tall poplars stand in front."

Thus spoke to the stranger one who had heard him address the landlord.

"I do. What of it?" he answered.

"The man you asked for lives there."

"Indeed!"

"And what is more, if he keeps on as he has begun, the cottage will be all his own in another year. Jenks, here, doesn't feel any

Digitized by Google

good blood for him, as you may well believe. A poor man's prosperity is regarded as so much loss to him. Leslie is a good mechanic—one of the best in Milanville. He can earn twelve dollars a week, year in and year out. Two hundred dollars he has already paid on his cottage; and as he is that much richer, Jenks thinks himself just so much poorer—for all this surplus, and more, too, would have gone into his till, if Leslie had not quit drinking."

"Aha! I see! Well, did Leslie, as you call him, ever try to get a drink here, since the landlord promised never to let him have another drop?"

"Twice, to my knowledge."

"And he refused him?"

"Yes. If you remember, he said, in his anger, '*May I be cursed*, if I sell him another drop.'"

"I remember it very well."

"That saved poor Leslie. Jenks is superstitious in some things. He wanted to get his custom again—for it was well worth having—and he was actually handing him the bottle one day, when I saw it, and reminded him of his self-imprecation. He hesitated, looked frightened, withdrew the bottle from the counter, and then, with curses, drove Leslie from his bar-room, threatening at the same time to horsewhip him if ever he set a foot over his threshold again."

"Poor drunkards!" mused the stranger, as he rode past the neat cottage of the reformed man a couple of hours afterwards. "As the case now stands, you are only saved as by fire. All law, all protection, is on the side of those who are engaged in enticing you into sin, and destroying you, body and soul. In their evil work, they have free course. But for you, unhappy wretches, after they have robbed you of worldly goods, and even manhood itself, are provided prisons and pauper homes! And for your children"—a dark shadow swept over the stranger's face, and a shudder went through his frame. "Can it be a Christian country in which I live, and such things darken the very sun at noonday?" he added, as he sprung his horse into a gallop, and rode swiftly onward.

T. S. A.

"AN OBEDIENT WIFE COMMANDS HER HUSBAND."

["Nellie Nye," as she signs herself in the "*Springfield Independent American*," gives a little, plain talk to wives on the subject of managing husbands, which we copy, slightly demurring as we do so, at some of the slang phrases used by the writer, who hardly needs these resources to give force to her sprightly sentences:]

A word to you, young wife! Just drop out of your vocabulary all the "I-wills," "I-shalls," "I-sha'n'ts," and I-won'ts;" the quicker, the better, by a long chalk. They are naughty words, any way; and a wasp does not disfigure the soft-tinted rose leaves of the newly blown rose, than one of these the lips of the bride—besides, they don't *pay!* You wish to rule your husband, you are a strong stickler for human rights, of course you are; but remember, that it's the yielding bow that sends the truest and the most powerful arrow. Did you ever read the fable of the warm sunshine, that took the cloak from the back of the traveller, that all the four winds of heaven couldn't "stir a peg?" Well, then, just try it on your husband, and my word for it, it won't be many days before off will come all his bad *habits*, and you can lead him like a little child. But look cross, show your ivory, stamp your little foot, get up a small lightning flash, to correspond to the thunder of your tongue, and let it be followed by a copious shower of angry tears! Just try it, and see what the effect will be. I'll tell you what, if he's a man, he'll take his Kossuth, stalk out of the door, and leave you to "dry up" at your leisure. That he will. No! no! you can't chain the "lord of creation" with any such material. The links of love are the only ones that hold him fast—these, these are stronger than all the bars of all the prison-doors; these firmer than all the ice bands that hem in the North Pole.

Oh, sisters, would that ye all knew this truth, and practised upon it, then would the world be the domain of woman's heart, and every arm her champion. But I fear, sisters, that few, who know, *do*. I know, that *you* know the worth of smiles, for as I meet you on the street, in the church, in the assembly, your faces are wreathed with smiles, and your lips drop words covered with the honey of womanly kindness; but I fear, yes, I fear, that like your last new bonnet, you put them "*right away*" as soon as you get home, and don't allow them to be touched, till you go out again. It must be so, or else that husband of yours would never be such a miserable looking object as he is—a beacon to every man who thinks of steering his bark to the Isle of Matrimony, saying in words, as plain as need be, "Come not here!" Now do, for once, get out your husband's slippers, when he comes home, try and think as he does, and the first thing you know, he'll drop the moody incrustation that covers him, and shine like a diamond—and, then, a word in your ear—it will be your diamond, you know, and you can do what you like with it. Won't that be so nice?

TRUTH.—Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge, and the business of the understanding; whatsoever is besides that, however authorized by consent, or recommended by rarity, is nothing but ignorance, or something worse.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTERS ON BIRDS.

NUMBER SEVEN.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE RING DOVE.

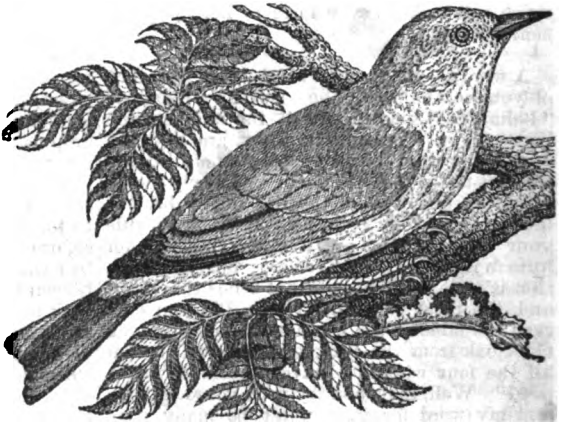


THE RING DOVE.

This is the largest of the pigeon tribe, and is found in all the temperate countries of Asia and Europe. The plumage is principally of a faint blue. The tail feathers are tipped with black, and most of the greater quills of the wing edged with white. A white line extends to some distance from the point of the wing. On the hinder part of the neck, there is a semi-circular line of white, above and beneath which the feathers are glossy, and of a varying hue, according to the light in which they are seen. It is from this ornament that the bird derives its name.

Bechstein, in his volume on cage-birds, commends the ring dove for its beauty, its tameness, and for its longevity in confinement. Its loud cooing, he remarks, is particularly pleasing, during which it makes very grotesque motions, jumping backwards and forwards, from side to side, moving its head in every direction. The food of the ring dove, in its wild state, consists of the seeds of all the fir tribe, of most grains, pulse, and juniper berries. In confinement, it should be familiarized with wheat, after which they will eat all kinds of grain, excepting oats.

THE SUMMER YELLOW BIRD.



THE SUMMER YELLOW BIRD.

A lively, unsuspicious, and well-nigh familiar little bird, and its brilliant golden hue renders it very noticeable, as it flies about, in pursuit of its insect food, among the blossoms of fruit trees and shrubberies. It is found in all parts of the American continent, from the borders of the Arctic circle to Mexico. During the month of May it arrives in the middle States, departing southward again some time in September. Its nest is built with extreme neatness, most commonly in the triangular fork of some shrub, near or among briar bushes. The eggs are usually four or five in number, of a dull white, thickly sprinkled at the larger end with pale, brownish specks. To draw observation from its nest, when sitting, or when the young are still unfledged, the old bird will simulate lameness, hanging her head and tail, and fluttering feebly along in the path of the invader upon her household.

The summer yellow bird is five inches long. The general hue of the upper plumage is greenish yellow; of the under, a brilliant golden yellow. The breast and sides are streaked with dark red.

According to Wilson, the yellow bird has but a few shrill notes, scarcely deserving the name of song. Nuttall speaks more favorably of its singing, as being frequently melodious, and pleasingly modulated.

THE BLACK CAP.

This is a small song bird, whose notes are so sweet and full, that it has obtained the name of the mock-nightingale. It is found throughout the whole of Europe, inhabiting groves in mountainous districts, and in the plains. Its

Digitized by Google

length is about five inches. The general color of its plumage is ashy gray, deeply tinged on the back, with olive green. In the male, the crown of the head is black, and it is from this striking mark that the bird derives its name.

From the flute-like clearness, and various melody of its song, the black cap is highly esteemed in Europe as a cage bird. It will thrive well upon the ordinary universal food of roll crumbs, intermixed occasionally, with a little crushed hemp, and a few red and black elder berries. In winter it tends to preserve the bird's health, if he has given to him dried elder berries, soaked in water. He is fond of bathing, and therefore requires fresh water daily.

The black cap is one of those birds which have often attracted the notice of the poets, and accordingly we find its tuneful powers alluded to in their writings. We regret that our limited space will not permit us to make quotations, in which his vocal charms are celebrated



THE BLACK CAP.

THE DYING WIFE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"The sun is sinking low, Harry,
And crimson is the west,
The evening chill is on me,
Oh, take me to your breast;
My eyes are growing dim, Harry,
My hands are cold and white—
'Tis very dark around me, love;
It cannot yet be night.

"Oh, the orange groves are white, Harry,
And the air is full of sweets;
The glorious sunshine all around
My fading vision greets;
But I am getting worse, Harry,
The air is strange to me—
The flowers are not like those bright ones
Which bloom beyond the sea.

"Oh, take me to our home, Harry,
I'll dread not ocean's roar,
I'll care not for the seething waves—
Oh, take me home once more!
I'd lay me once again, Harry,
On my little bed at home,
And watch upon the painted wall
The shadows go and come.

"This land is fair, I know, Harry,
The skies are rich and clear,
And flowers bloom, and birdlings sing
Through all the sunny year;
But sad their songs to me, Harry,
And far off seem the skies,
They carry not the old love-look,
That met my childhood's eyes.

"You will not let me die, Harry,
Here in this stranger land,
Far from the friends I've loved so well,
The cherished household band.
Must my mother ne'er again, Harry,
Bend my soft pillow o'er,
Must I behold my father smile,
Upon his child no more?

"My little sister, too, Harry,
Oh how I long to feel
Her gentle kiss upon my brow,
Where Death hath set his seal;
'Twould cool my fevered lips, Harry,
'Twould soothe this rending pain,
Could I but breathe my native air,
The air of *home* again.

"Your tears are falling fast, Harry;
Why does my darling weep?
This weariness will be relieved
By one night's quiet sleep.
Why do you press me close, Harry,
And kiss my burning brow,
Why do you grieve in anguish, love—
Oh! am I dying *now?*

"You make me no reply, Harry,
I read it in your eye;
Oh! 'tis a dreadful, dreadful thing
Away from home to die!
Oh! hold me very close, Harry,
And let me feel your breath;
Speak to me once again, dear love,
And tell me, is this death?

"I'm going very soon, Harry,
My pulse is hushed and still;
You'll meet me very, very soon,
I know, sweet one, you will!
I'm cold—oh, cold as ice, Harry,
Here in your arms I die—
Death's hand is on my heart, Harry—
Good-bye—a last good-bye!

Farmington, Strafford Co., N. H.

Digitized by Google

"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ESTHER WETHERALD.

www.libtool.com.cn

If the first person who asked this question was an idler, we may suppose he lived among industrious people who knew how to make a proper use of time, since they knew how to measure it. Yet how many precious hours are lost by us, who possess this knowledge—hours in which we might be assisting a friend, consoling the wretched, or performing some other good work.

The Egyptians taught the Greeks to say "what o'clock is it," but who taught the Egyptians? This question we are unable to answer. Anaximander, says Pliny, made the first dial which appeared in Greece. Some centuries later they were taken to Sicily, and Valerius Messala took one to Rome from Catania. Under the consulate of Scipio Nasica, they were replaced by hydraulic clocks. How many difficulties had to be vanquished before one could even tell what o'clock it was!

The caliph Haroun sent a clock which struck the hours, to Charlemagne, who had not one of that description in all his vast empire. During the night, men were employed to call the hours, thereby, doubtless, awakening many who would have been glad to sleep on undisturbed by the remembrance of pain and grief. Now we are all able to tell the hour for ourselves, and how incessantly we ask "what o'clock is it?" there must surely be some secret attraction in the words.

He who is asking about the present hour, is generally less occupied with it, than with the one which is to follow. This bringing together of two different times has this advantage: whilst thinking of what we are going to do, we are often led to reflect on what we are doing. This question, "what o'clock is it?" gives activity to our thoughts, motion to our lives, a direction to our projects. How many people neither know what they think—what they do—nor what they are going to do, for want of asking themselves sufficiently often, "what o'clock is it?"

I am persuaded that he who wrote these words on every door, and had them constantly in his thoughts, would never lose a moment. To appreciate time, we must measure it; we should then keep ourselves busy, and should reproach ourselves with forgetfulness, or negligence, as a sin against ourselves, against others, and against God. It is only when far from the world, and the tumult of cities, that each hour has an interest, and that we can judge of its length. At Paris we pass away our lives, forgetting that we live, and death surprises us whilst we have a thousand things unfinished, or uncommenced. A certain philosopher once wrote upon the door of his dwelling, "Traveller, time passes." He had learned more, perhaps, and knew more than many philosophers of our day.

Of how much consequence is it to parents, and to those to whom is confided the education of young children, that they should make judicious use of this question; each moment brings new ideas, new cares; there is not an hour to spare; think frequently "what o'clock is it?"

The old, and the young man asks this question. The one foresees, the other fears. Both are in the right. These words are a lesson to all ages.

The tired peasant sees from afar the roof of his dwelling rising above the trees, and thinks of the wife and children who are awaiting his return—how they will hasten to meet him when they hear the sound of his footsteps, or the barking of his dog. He asks himself "what o'clock is it?" and looks at the shadow of the walnut tree beside the road; his strength is renewed, his courage revives, the hour he looks forward to shortens that which is passing.

That man, bent by age, and leaning upon his staff, who puts back with a trembling hand his white locks, was once young and handsome.

That woman, who stands beside him, and who rivals one of the Fates in appearance, has a thousand times been compared to the Graces; in her youth she was a belle. That infant who sleeps so peacefully on the bosom of his mother, will one day be seated in a large arm chair, with his feet propped up with a cushion—his head heavy—his eyes dull—watching with interest, (perhaps with some regret for his own best days now passed,) the sports of his grandchildren. The successive changes wrought in us are remarkable at the principal epochs of life, but their continuity is never interrupted, they go on during the intervals which separate infancy, youth, maturity, and old age; each hour is marked by the steps of time, which increases, perfects, dims and destroys.

"What was I? What am I? What shall I be? are all comprised in this question, "What o'clock is it?" When we have performed a noble action, and an opportunity for such performance comes frequently, if we will avail ourselves of it, look at the clock; that hour will become a sweet lesson for the future, and a sweeter recollection of the past. Happy he who has many such actions to look back upon—who feels that he has worthily filled the hours past, and who is earnestly desirous that no future one shall pass by him unimproved; he will frequently find himself asking the question, "what o'clock is it?"

Digitized by Google

MALTA.

Malta is an island in the Mediterranean sea, belonging to the British Government. It is seventeen miles in length, nine miles in breadth, and contains about 103,000 inhabitants. This island is of an irregular oval shape, its surface presenting the appearance of an inclined plane; on the south and southwest side the land rises perpendicularly from the water's edge to a height of 1200 feet, gradually sloping down to the northeastern shores. Malta was anciently little else but a barren rock amid the waves; but vast quantities of soil were brought from Sicily and Africa, which continued industry and tillage have rendered fertile. The crops of cotton grown on the island average annually four millions of pounds; its soil also produces an abundance of fruits, vegetables, and grain, as well as excellent pastures for cattle. There is neither lake nor river in the island, but there are some excellent springs which serve the purpose of the agriculturist, and the coasts are well supplied with fish.

Valetta, the capital of Malta, was built in 1566, by the Grand Master Frederick John de Valetta. It possesses an excellent harbor for shipping, and is wonderfully strong, both by nature and art. The number of inhabitants is about 2000.

Among the most remarkable institutions of the middle ages was that of chivalry. Those who devoted themselves to chivalry were called knights. Admission to the order of knighthood was long reckoned the highest kind of honor. The knights were bound, "by God, by St. Michael, and St. George," to be loyal, brave, and hardy; to protect the innocent, to redress the injuries of the wronged; and, above all, to uphold and defend the character of woman. Malta was for a long time in the possession of the Knights of the Order of St. John, who won for themselves imperishable renown on the pages of history by their brave defence of the island against the attacks of the Turks, in 1565. The Turks, after many dreadful assaults, from the 18th of May to the 13th of September, were obliged to abandon the enterprise, after having expended 78,000 great shot, and lost about 24,000 men. The Christians lost only 5,000 men. These knights gave to Malta its admirable fortifications and its many excellent public works. In 1798, Malta was taken by Bonaparte, on his way to Egypt. It was afterwards retaken by the English in 1800, and has ever since remained under their protection.



MALTESE LADY AND SERVANT.

The Maltese have generally thick lips and dark complexions, with black, shining eyes. The men are about the middle height, robust, active and very laborious. The great bulk of the population are employed either in agriculture or in quarrying and cutting stone for transportation. Several hundreds are annually employed in the fisheries, and almost every branch of handicraft is represented in the island. The women, although small, have graceful figures, with florid and rather handsome features.—There is very little that is at all remarkable in the costume of the Maltese. The dress of the English, or a very close approximation to it, is worn by the higher classes. The ladies of Malta wear a black silk veil, called the "faldetta," which is as charming in appearance as the mantilla worn by the beautiful women of Spain. The dress of the peasantry consists of a short loose waistcoat, covering a cotton shirt, loose trowsers, and shoes which resemble the ancient Roman sandal in appearance, consisting of a leathern sole, fastened with strings or thongs to the feet and legs.

The Maltese of all classes are frugal and industrious, mild and amiable in disposition, and can endure misfortune with exemplary

Digitized by Google

patience and fortitude. They are passionately fond of music, dancing and other relaxations. The village churches are spacious, the services in them well conducted, and no where has the Catholic church a more devoted and zealous flock. The engraving represents a Maltese lady wearing the "faldetta," and accompanied by her servant.

The central position, excellent port, and strong fortifications of Malta, make it a good naval station for the repair and accommodation of men-of-war and merchant ships. No inland sea, or even any part of the ocean, is so thronged as the Mediterranean. Hence, in no place in the world, of equally circumscribed extent, is there so great a confluence of strangers as at Malta. It is constantly visited by the trading vessels from France and Italy; and steam packets on their way to Gibraltar, Beyrout, or Alexandria, find it absolutely necessary to stop at Malta for a supply of coal.

The political importance of Malta to Great Britain is inferior only to that of Gibraltar, and one or more of her ships of war are almost always to be seen lying anchored off Valetta, or undergoing repairs in the harbors of that town. Living is cheap and good at Malta, and there is plenty of means of amusement.

Among our illustrations in this number of the Magazine, will be seen a party of English sailors enjoying their brief sojourn ashore. They have hired a Maltese calesse, the better to indulge their freaks. The calesse of Malta is an uncouth-looking vehicle, slung upon a clumsy pair of wheels and shafts, which is drawn by one horse, and carries two outside and two inside passengers. The driver runs by the side of it. In this instance the quadruped is a most wretched specimen. The Maltese are celebrated all over the Mediterranean for their intrepid seamanship, and English sailors are decidedly favorites with them. The jolly tars appear to be making themselves quite at home in the island. Mr. Slade, an English officer, in his work on "Turkey, Greece, and Malta," says: "Sailors love the place; returning to it from a cruise is like returning home. Expressly calculated for our wishes, our follies, our wants, all enjoy it, from the captain down to the cabin boy. Balls are gay, dinner parties are numerous, horses are fleet, wine is cheap, grog is plentiful, fruit is abundant, the police are civil, the soldiers are friendly, the ship lies near the shore."

OUR JAMIE'S CHAIR.

BY FANNY FALES.

Nay, leave it, it will comfort me,
I dream he's sitting there;
Put by his gilded toys, his books,
His curls of sunny hair.

But leave the little rocking-chair
That in the corner stands;
'Tis dearer to my stricken heart
Than work of cunning hands.

It was our Jamie's cozy seat
When bounding in from play;
He knelt beside at even-fall,
With folded hands, to pray.

He ran behind it when he heard
His father's footsteps near;
For well he knew that loving eyes
Would seek for Jamie dear.

He strode it for a horse, sometimes,
With tiny whip in hand;
And rode away to "Banbury cross,"
Like knight to Holy Land.

He drew it softly to my side,
When wearied out with play;
How like a rose-leaf seemed his cheek,
As on my lap it lay!

He used to sit, and rock, and sing,
Anear the glowing embers;
His half-formed words, his winning ways,
How my poor heart remembers!

I know he's with the angels now,
And yet I see him there,
Methinks, in night-dress fold his hands,
And breathe his simple prayer.

Nay, chide not! take them if you will,
His curls of golden hair,
Books, pictures, little whip and hat,
But leave my darling's chair!

VALENTINE.

Go, Valentine, and tell that lovely maid
Whom fancy still will image to my sight,
How here I linger in this sullen shade,
This dreary gloom of dull, unvarying night.
Say that from every joy of life remote,
At evening's closing hour I quit the throng,
Listening in solitude the ring-dove's note,
Who pours like me her melancholy song.
Say that her absence calls the sorrowing sigh;
Say that of all her charms I love to speak,
In fancy feel the magic of her eye,
In fancy view the smile illume her cheek;
Court the lone hour when Silence rules the grove,
And heave the sigh of Memory and of Love.

—[SOUTHEY.

Digitized by Google

CASH DOWN.

"Oh dear! I wish there was no money in the world," said Jacob Jones, as he crumpled in his hand a piece of paper which he had just taken from an envelope; "or," he added, in a lower voice, "that I had a great deal more of it than has, thus far in life, fallen to my lot."

"What have you there?" inquired the wife of Mr. Jones, looking up from her work, and speaking in a subdued voice.

"Parker's bill," answered the husband.

"Ah! How much is it?"

"Seventy dollars."

"No!" Mrs. Jones gave a start as she made the ejaculation, while a slight paleness overspread her face.

"It's too true; though I didn't dream of its being over thirty or forty. But, *running* accounts always make long journeys in a short time. Ah, me! Money—money—money! It is the bane of my life."

"Money or credit, Jacob?" Mrs. Jones looked up timidly as she said this, and in evident doubt as to the effect of her question; for Mr. Jones was one of your sensitive, self-willed men, who can never bear to be thought in the wrong.

The question was so pertinent and timely, that it reached home. And it came so unexpectedly that Mr. Jones hardly knew whether to be vexed, angry, amused, or convicted of error. The reader will better understand the case after a brief retrospection.

The income of Mr. Jones was not large, yet sufficient for the comfortable support of his family, if he had not been afflicted with a singular mental malady, which showed itself in a strange aversion to paying cash for anything—that is, anything useful. Mrs. Jones, on the contrary, had a particular horror of running up accounts. If she lacked the means of buying any needed article, she preferred doing without it altogether to purchasing on credit. Mr. Jones liked to have money in his pocket. It made him feel uncomfortably poor if his purse was empty.

But, unfortunately, he was a man of many wants, and, we fear, with a little vein of covetousness in his heart, for to look upon an attractive thing was instantly followed by a desire to possess it. This being so, it is not strange that the money carried in his pocket was ever diminishing, and that he could not always tell what had become of it.

"I am going out this morning," said Mrs. Jones, about six months previous to the time our story commences, "and I wish you would let me have ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!" Mr. Jones shrugged his shoulders. "What are you going to buy?"

"I want a piece of muslin, for one thing, and—"

"Oh, well, Mary, I can arrange all that for you, easily enough. I havn't the money to spare, this morning; but I'll stop in at Parker's as I go down, and tell him to let you have whatever you want. You'll find him a very pleasant man to deal with, and glad to get our custom."

"It don't matter, particularly, to-day," said Mrs. Jones, her countenance falling, and her voice becoming a little husky; "I can wait until to-morrow."

"But, I'm not so sure that I'll have the money to spare to-morrow. Business is dull, and I have considerable to pay about these times. No—I'd rather you'd get what you want at Parker's."

Mrs. Jones never opposed her husband very strongly in anything. She felt acutely, and had her own clear views in regard to what was useful and proper; but her disposition was yielding—a little too much so, it may be admitted.

"Very well," she answered, almost meekly, "if you desire it, I will get what I want at Parker's."

Mr. Jones was relieved by this expedient, and his money remained in his pocket, reserved for some stronger appeal. It never for a moment occurred to him that he was requiring his independent, sensitive-minded wife to submit to something like humiliation in going to a storekeeper and requesting him to charge the goods she bought.

"You'd better get all you want, Mary," he said, in a light, cheerful way, as he was leaving the house; "the bill won't come in until the end of the year."

Mr. Jones had nearly twice the sum in his purse that his wife had asked for, and the fact that it was still in his possession gave him a comfortable feeling of ease in money matters. On his way to his place of business, a pair of china vases captivated his fancy, and, on the impulse of the moment, he stepped into the store and inquired the price.

"Fifteen dollars," was the answer.

"Dearer than I supposed," said he, in rather a disappointed voice. And Jones was turning away, when the storekeeper, reading his customer at a glance, said—

"For the price, sir, they're the cheapest pair of vases in the store. I sold Mrs. Gardener—she lives out Walnut street—just such a pair for eighteen dollars. She says she wouldn't take twenty for them. They're very chaste in design."

And the dealer handled the vases dexterously, and showed them to the best advantage.

"They're handsome enough, and I should like very well to own them, but money is money, now-a-days. We look at fifteen dollars twice, before we conclude to spend that sum for an article we may do without.

"Take them for fourteen," said the dealer; "that is only a little above cost."

Mr. Jones could not resist this temptation.

"Very well. Send them home," said he, thrusting his hand into his pocket and drawing out his purse.

Digitized by Google

"What a pleasant surprise I will give Mary," thought Mr. Jones, as he stepped from the china dealer's store. "Our parlor mantel-pieces need some ornaments, and these vases are just the thing. And they are so cheap."

Fourteen dollars from twenty left but the small balance of six. Mr. Jones was expert at figures, and it did not take him long to do this sum in subtraction. He felt considerably poorer on reaching his place of business, and half inclined to call himself a fool for spending so much money for an article in no way necessary for home-comfort. The presentation of a bill of ten dollars from a blind-maker, who had been called upon early in the spring to give a better appearance to the parlor windows, depressed the thermometer of his feelings somewhere in the neighborhood of zero. But the blind-maker had to wait. Nothing could be spared, on that day, from the business fund, as there were several payments to be met, and Mr. Jones had a partner who kept the cash, and who always looked a little sober when the drafts on private account were larger or more frequent than he thought the business justified. His partner had as large a family to support as Mr. Jones, but he managed to do it on several hundred dollars less in the year.

It did occur to Mr. Jones to pay half of the blind-maker's bill; but, as that would leave him only one dollar, he dismissed the thought instantly. To be left with only one dollar in his pocket would never answer in the world.

At dinner time Mr. Jones started homeward, thinking, as he walked along, of the beautiful vases, and of the pleasure they had given his wife. He still had six dollars in his pocket. Partially recovered from the depressing effect of the blind-maker's bill, he began, once more, to feel a little comfortable in money matters. Six dollars made a very nice little sum; and, as his eyes glanced into the shop windows as he moved along, he began to admit the tempter once more into his heart. A box of building blocks, just the thing for little Eddy, caught his eye as he passed the "Temple of Fancy," and he could not resist the desire he felt to go in and ask the price.

"One dollar," said the ready salesman.

"A cheap pleasure," thought Mr. Jones, and—"I'll take them," fell from his lips.

With five dollars safely resting in his purse, and a package of building blocks for little Eddy in his hands, Mr. Jones now pursued his way homewards, elate with pleasure at the thought of how gratified his wife would be with her pair of vases, and how delighted Eddy would be with his building blocks. Arrived at home, his dead-latch key turned briskly in the lock, and he entered with light, almost springing footsteps. First glancing into the parlor to see if the vases had arrived, he found them adorning the marble mantel. They really looked elegant, and threw an air of taste over the whole apartment. A little while he remained, enjoying the sight, and then went up to his wife's sitting room.

Mrs. Jones received her husband with her accustomed smile, though it was not as bright a one as he had expected to see illumine her countenance.

"What is this?" she inquired, as he laid the package he had brought home in her lap.

"Some building blocks for Eddy."

"Dear little fellow! He will be so delighted. murmured Mrs. Jones, as she broke the string and removed the wrapper from the box.

"Where is he?" inquired the father.

"He's asleep."

"Oh! How do you like your vases?" Mr. Jones spoke as if the vases had just come into his thoughts, though, if the truth be told, they had been uppermost in his mind since his step had passed the threshold of his door.

"They are very beautiful, Jacob," replied his wife, as she looked up affectionately into her husband's face. Yet were the words not uttered with a heartiness that satisfied his expectations. Nor was he altogether sure that it was not increased humidity that gave to her eyes their unwonted lustre.

"I knew they were just what you wanted, dear," said Mr. Jones, in so tender a voice that his wife could not give words to what was in her heart.

More pain than pleasure had the vases already given to Mrs. Jones; for she had yet too distinct a remembrance of her husband's words in the morning, when she asked him for money to buy things needed in the family, to feel comfortable in the possession of what was merely ornamental.

"They were only fourteen dollars," said Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Jones did not respond.

"And so cheap," continued the husband, "that I could not resist the temptation to buy them.

If his ear did not deceive him, a faint sigh had breathed through the lips of his wife. He looked earnestly at her, but her head was bent down, and he was not able to see distinctly the expression of her face.

The thermometer of Mr. Jones's feelings began to fall. He had anticipated a delighted enthusiasm on the part of his wife, and was not, therefore, satisfied with her quiet expression of pleasure; and the less so when it was plainly evident that this pleased exterior was but a veil to cover a more sober state of mind.

"Did you go to Parker's this morning?" he inquired, changing the subject.

"Yes." Mrs. Jones smiled as she looked up.

"You found him pleasant enough, I presume?"

"Of course. He would have sold half the goods in his store, I believe."

"A very agreeable man."

"Too agreeable for me," said Mrs. Jones. "The fact is, I have been on the stool of repentance ever since I came home. I wanted only about ten dollars' worth of dry goods; but when the articles I selected arrived, with the bill, lo and behold! my purchases had reached the sum of twenty-six dollars!"

"These storekeepers understand their customers," replied Mr. Jones, laughing.

Digitized by Google

"Indeed they do. But, I know one thing: if I'd been dealing for cash, Mr. Parker's bill would not have exceeded my limit of ten dollars. It is such a temptation to buy when you don't have to pay the money right down. Excuse me, Jacob, for saying what now comes to my lips. Don't take it unkindly, for it is not meant so."

And Mrs. Jones looked at her husband almost timidly.

"Say on, Mary. I will never take anything unkindly from you, for I am sure that nothing you will ever say to me can spring from a feeling of unkindness.

"I was thinking of that pair of vases, Jacob."

"Were you?"

"And it has just occurred to me, that they have cost more than fourteen dollars—perhaps twice that sum."

"How can you make this out?"

"If you had given me ten dollars this morning, I would have limited my purchases to that sum, of necessity. Of course, the vases would not have been bought. As it is, they have cost, besides the fourteen dollars you have paid for them, the difference between ten dollars and the amount of my credit bill at Parker's."

"Rather a confused statement of the case, Mary, and rather a forced conclusion," replied Mr. Jones. "Still I'm ready enough to admit that an error has occurred. I ought to have given you the ten dollars you wanted when I had it in my pocket. If I had done so, the aspect of things would have been changed. Instead of possessing a pair of handsome vases, not absolutely needed for home comfort or happiness, and having a debt of twenty-six dollars at Parker's, which will have to be paid at the end of the year, we would both have enjoyed the needful things you bought, unalloyed by the consciousness that a draft had been drawn upon the future which it might be no easier to meet when due than at present. Ah me! I'm afraid I shall never learn wisdom, Mary."

It always grieved Mrs. Parker to see her husband in trouble from any cause, and, now that she had disturbed the cheerful current of his feelings, she instantly sought to restore its peaceful flow. So she spoke lightly of what had occurred, praised the vases, and said they were just what she had long wanted.

"I will be very economical," said she, "and so will you, dear. In a little while we can save all the vases cost, and so have them without any drawback."

Very ready was Jacob Jones to accept comfort, particularly from this quarter. The words of his wife were like the sun's rays melting through a cloud. The husband was himself again.

But, was he any the wiser for this little episode? Not much, we are sorry to say. The shadow had passed from his spirit too quickly to leave even a memory of its gloom behind. On the very next day, he spent five dollars in things superfluous; and even while he was doing this his wife, from economical considerations, was musing over the propriety of making her last season's bonnet answer, with some fresh trimming, instead of buying a new one.

And so matters went on until the year closed, when there came a summing-up of the year's accounts.

"Money or credit, Jacob?" Mrs. Jones had said, in answer to the exclamation of her husband that money was the bane of his life; and Mr. Jones, thrown considerably a-back by the question, which came home upon him with a telling force, was in a state of mind nearly balanced between anger, confession of error, and amusement at the aptness of his wife's interrogation.

"Credit, Mary, credit!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, with a forced emphasis. "You have struck the nail on the head. No—not money; but credit; that is the bane of my life! Why am I such a fool? I run up accounts with a sort of pleasure, as if I were getting things for nothing, but feel sensibly poorer whenever I pay out the ready money for a needed article."

As Mr. Jones closed this sentence, the waiting maid opened the door and handed in another letter. He broke the seal with a foreboding of something unpleasant. A long, narrow piece of paper was revealed, with some unmistakable words printed at the head, among which were, "Bought of—" and below which were almost interminable lines of writing and figures. A hurried falling of the eyes to the footing up of the column of figures gave the unwelcome result. It was the grocer's bill, and the sum total one hundred and thirty-one dollars. His exclamation of surprise fell with a smiting sound on the ears of his wife.

"What is it?" she asked, almost falteringly.

"Green's account."

"Oh! His bill can't be very large; for I never sent the pass book when I had the money to buy what I wanted."

"It is a hundred and thirty-one dollars."

"That seems impossible."

"I presume it is all right. But you can look over it yourself."

The bill was carefully scanned, though without discovering any error of consequence. Two barrels of flour, a basket of wine, and a few other items, counted up heavily.

"Jacob," said Mrs. Jones, speaking in a low, winning, but very earnest voice, "there is something wrong in all this. No reason, in the world, exists why we should have these bills to trouble us."

"I don't know about that," replied Mr. Jones, somewhat moodily I wish I could believe so."

"We ought to pay the cash for every thing we buy"—Mrs. Jones ventured upon a more decided position.

"It is easy enough to say that," retorted her husband, evidently fretted by the words. "But how is the cash to be paid down when we havn't the cash in our purses?"

"Are you really desirous to have this question of paying cash solved?" Mrs. Jones queried, in a pleasant way.

"Oh, certainly. Read me the riddle and I shall be eternally obliged."

Digitized by Google

"I believe I can show that there was no need of running up these two bills, at least."

"Parker's and Green's?"

"Yes."

"I am all attention."

"The two amount to over two hundred dollars?"

www.libtool.com.cn

"Yes."

"If I can show you where, during the past six months, one hundred dollars have been spent needlessly, in pretty round sums, will you concede that smaller sums have gone, in the same way, to an equal amount?"

"O yes; I'll concede it without a moment's hesitation."

"Very well; take your pencil and set down the items as I name them."

Mr. Jones took his pencil and a piece of paper.

"There are fourteen dollars for that pair of vases."

Mr. Jones winced a little, but did not reply. The vases had been purchased solely to gratify his wife—at least he had always, in his own mind, assumed this to be the case—and her mentioning these articles first seemed a little unkind.

"And twenty-three for the pier glass."

This article Mr. Jones had bought at a public sale, where it went off "temptingly low." It proved too wide for their pier, and rather marred than increased the beauty of the parlor.

"Very well; go on," said he, in a voice that was not over cheerful.

"Six dollars for the engraving of Franklin at the French Court, and eight for the frame—that makes fourteen more."

"You are counting up pretty fast, Mary."

"These are the heaviest items. I will now gather up some of the smaller ones."

"We have attended four concerts, at a dollar a ticket; and had to engage a carriage on two of these occasions, in consequence of rain. Twelve dollars were expended here."

"But we must have some recreation. Both of us are fond of music."

"True, Jacob. Yet, if we are among the thousands who cannot afford these luxuries, we should bear the privation cheerfully."

"But we certainly can afford a concert now and then, Mary."

"It seems not, Jacob. At least, we have not enjoyed these entertainments during the past season without the penalty of debt. While we were paying out our dollars for music, we had no money to send to the store for sugar and coffee. Isn't this so?"

Jones gave his shoulders a quick shrug, implying forced conviction.

"My beautiful pencil case, the gift of which I gratefully acknowledge, cost five dollars. Forgive me for naming this. It is one of the items. As is, also, this exquisite little breast pin, that lured from your pocket the only ten dollar piece it contained at the time, and compelled me to send the pass book again to Green's. The old music stool was a little shabby; but it would have done a year or two of good service yet. Seven dollars gave us a new one. And six dollars went for the tulip shades to the gas chandelier. How much does that count up?"

"Ninety-seven dollars," replied Mr. Jones, after running his eyes along the figures he had set down.

"Shall I go on?"

"No—that will do. We'll just call it a round hundred, and I'll concede the other hundred you bargained for. So there are two hundred dollars almost trifled away, while bills were running up at the dry goods' store and grocery."

"There is only one remedy, Jacob," said his wife, firmly.

"Name it.

"Cash down," replied Mrs. Jones.

"And cash down it shall be!" said Mr. Jones emphatically.

"Not cash down for superfluities, Jacob."

The wan smile with which this was said soothed the slightly chafed feelings it occasioned, and Mr. Jones answered, promptly and heartily—

"No, not for superfluities, but for necessities. The superfluities can come afterwards, provided there be anything over. Vases, mirrors, jewelry, concerts, and the like, must take the place of secondaries, not primaries."

"Hold fast to this, Jacob," said his companion, "and I will never again hear the words from your lips—'Money is the bane of my life.'"

T. S. A.

THE RAILWAY STATION.

Look! the train is coming, coming,
Back the white cloud streams afar;
Hark! 'tis like to distant thunder,
Cat'ract, or the approach of war.

Onward with majestic power,
Sweeps the fiery caravan;
Right, and resolute, and rapid,
Subject but to thee, O man.

From the world's last Railway Station,
When these travellers part as now,
Whither will they bend their footsteps?
Thoughtless mortal, where wilt thou?

PARENTS' WORK.—The father and mother of an unnoticed family, who, in their seclusion, awaken the mind of one child to the idea and love of goodness, who awaken in him a strength of will to repel temptation, and who send him out prepared to profit by the conflicts of life, surpass in influence a Napoleon breaking the world to his sway.—[CHANNING.

IT is the little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather, even with artillery. Forty little debts of one dollar each, will cause you more trouble and dunning than one big one of a thousand.

Digitized by Google

ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE PETUNIA AND TROPŒOLUM MAJUS.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

THE PETUNIA.—This plant is deservedly popular in the flower garden, and will well repay the trouble bestowed in its cultivation. Petunias continue in bloom till late in the fall, and are of all shades of color, from the darkest purple to the purest white. They will thrive in almost any kind of soil, although a rich light



THE PETUNIA.

loam appears to suit them best. Petunias show to the most advantage when the different varieties are planted together in the same bed, and allowed to intermix their procumbent stems, and spread over its surface. They are easily propagated by layering, which is done as follows:—A little earth is thrown over one of the procumbent branches, which causes it, in a few weeks, to develope roots in the soil. The branch is then cut from the stem, and potted. Those young plants which are obtained in this manner are the most capable of being preserved in the house during the winter.

Petunias are so well known that a description of their peculiar botanical characteristics seems to be almost unnecessary. It may, however, be proper to state that the Petunia belongs to the natural order Solanaceæ, or the night shade family, and is somewhat closely allied to the tobacco plant. If our readers will only take the trouble to compare the Petunia with the tobacco plant, they will be surprised to see how much they are botanically alike. The foliage of both is pubescent and slightly clammy, the seeds numerous and very small. The corolla is in both plants monopetalous, contains five stamens of unequal length, which are inserted on its tube, and one pistil with a capitate sigma. The calix, which is more leaf-like in the Petunia than in the tobacco plant, remains about the ripe capsule, which is two-celled, and opens in the upper part with two valves. Besides this, the egg-plant, the potato, and the tomato, all belong to the same natural order as the Petunia.

THE TROPÆOLUM MAJUS, OR NASTURTIUM.—This is another well-known and popular garden plant. It is cultivated not only on account of the beauty of its leaves and blossoms, but for the sake of the excellent pickles which its fruit affords. This plant grows wild in Peru, from which country it was first obtained.

There are many varieties of the Nasturtium. They may be found of all intermediate shades, from a color almost white to the most brilliant dark scarlet. Our engraving below represents a branch of the *Tropæolum Majus;* variety, *venustum.* This is the most suitable for pot-culture of all the Nasturtiums. It is dwarfish in growth, of a very compact habit, and is generally covered with a profusion of flowers.



THE TROPŒOLUM MAJUS.

The common garden Nasturtium is a smooth herbaceous plant, with a slender twining stem, which bears alternate, roundish, target-shaped

Digitized by Google

or peltate leaves. Its flowers are particularly deserving of notice on account of the incongruity of their parts and the peculiarity of their appearance. They are solitary, and supported on long axillary peduncles. In the specimen before me the calyx and the corolla approach each other in color, the former being a light yellow, the latter a yellow orange. The calyx is somewhat bi-labiate in form, and consists of five united sepals, the three sepals forming the upper lip being produced into a hollow spur.—The petals of the corolla are five in number, the two upper beautifully pencilled with dark purple stripes, and the three lower ones fringed at the base and unguiculate, or supported on long, narrow, tapering claws. The corolla encloses eight unequally developed stamens.—The pistil is composed of three united carpels, which are one-seeded, indehiscent, and separate from the common axis when mature. These three carpels are united together into a triangular fruit. The unripe carpels are used in pickles as a substitute for capers. The whole plant is acrid, and has the taste of cress, for which reason it has been called Indian cress, as well as Nasturtium. Although it exhibits no organic characters which ally it to cruciferous plants, yet it possesses their properties.—Decandolle observed that the caterpillars of the cabbage butterfly feed upon its leaves.

No garden ought to be without these ornamental plants.

All the species and variations require nearly the same treatment. They thrive best in a soil composed of equal parts of plat, loam, and a little sand. When growing they require plenty of water. They are early raised from seed, which should be sown in the spring of the year, and also from cuttings, which strike readily with a little bottom heat, or without it if covered with a hand-glass.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

Just look at it now. It is one of those pictures that must speak to your heart, either of your own days, or of your grandfather's. Blessed comic interlude in the red school-house experiences of two generations by-gone!

This one, with that thorough contempt for architectural proportions which especially characterises all edifices devoted to intellectual improvement, was squatted down on the sunniest corner of the road, with an orchard of stunted apple trees behind, and straggling blackberry bushes in front.

What a half-picturesque, half-poetic and thoroughly ludicrous gronping! For our own part, we would like to step down into that *resurrectionised* summer afternoon, and become one of those red faced, rollicking youngsters. What rare fun it must be to beard that awful dispensor of birch rod, and blue noses—to stick pins *almost* into his round shoulder blades, or carefully unwind the corner of his red cotton handkerchief, till it soars, a gloriously independent "top knot" just over his organ of Approbativeness! Then what emphatic pokes and pantomimes! what contortions of faces, and convolution of legs! what grimaces and grins! what snorings from the old throat, and snickerings from the young ones!

We hardly know which to envy the most, the boy with his big toe balanced on the topmost slat of the chair, or the one who has just planted the iron-bowed spectacles on his nose, but believe we must give our suffrage in favor of the latter.

What a perilous undertaking the dislodging of those same spectacles must have been! Think of the boldness, the skill, and the patience necessary to the achievement of that crowing, ludicrous result. A false movement, an unsteady muscle, and woe to the disciple of Murray and Malte Brun.

Well! a short time, and a merry one to you, young gentlemen, for we can well forestall the awakening. What a scudding and scampering there will be! what a sudden elongating of limbs, and eliminating of sober faces! what an episode of birching, and blubbering!

The "Village School" has a thorough nationality throughout it. It belongs to New England. It is the indigenous growth of her peculiar, social and physical life as it was; not as it is; for the old red school houses, with their stores of blessed memories, and old-time associations, are passing away. Their glory is departing from the green hills and the shady valleys, and you oftenest meet them now in out-of-the-way country roads, with broken doors, and falling chimneys. But they have a history—a literature—aye, an immortality, especially their own, and the artist has given us a perfect translation in one of its phases in the engraving before us.

THE FORSAKEN.

Wife and mother, sitting there,
With thy pale face wrapped in prayer!—
With the locks of sunset brown,
Flowing thy white bosom down,
With thy young arms wildly press'd
Round thy fair child's sunny rest.
To thy mightiness of grief
Angels bring thee swift relief,—
Bring to thy worn heart the balm,
Gathered in the White Fields calm!

In thy large and mournful eyes,
What a *dumb despair* there lies!
And that still face doth translate
Thy heart's wild cry, "desolate!"
Tearfully we stand and gaze,
Looking upward for the rays,
Woman wronged, and woman saint,
Which upon thy brow shall paint,
Glories such as seraphs wear
When they loose the white gates *there!* T. S. T.

Digitized by Google

MY STEP-MOTHER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"She's an old maid, isn't she, papa?"

"I s'pose so, Eva; she was just your mother's age. It is twelve years since I saw her."

How well I remember that night! There was no light in the broad, old-fashioned kitchen, but the great pine logs Tom had heaped on the andirons, filled it with a deep, ruddy glow, such as an October sunset sometimes weaves over the forehead of a mountain.

It was November now. Out doors the wind had struck the key-note of the year's doxology. The dead leaves were piled thick about the roots of the trees, the grass was beaten and tangled by the rains, and lay in gray locks along the edges of the road. And the darkness outside was like the darkness within our hearts, my father's and mine, as we sat by the kitchen fire that evening.

Four weeks ago, that day, a coffin had been carried out of the front door, and across the bend of the river, to the little grave-yard, whose green feet bathed themselves in its waves.

And the neighbors looked sorrowfully at my father and me, and whispered, "To be left a widower with that motherless child!"

After this, every day walked with heavier feet over our hearts, every night gathered about them a new fold of that darkness which was the shadow of death, and at last my father said to me abruptly, "I can't endure the old house any longer, Eva; it stifles me. I shall travel this winter."

"And you will take me with you, papa?"

"No, my poor child. Your mother lifts her dead face from the grave every time you look on me. Next spring, when I come back to you, my heart will be stronger, and I shall bless God that He has set your mother's image in your face."

"But where shall I go, then?" What a chill, and blank of desolation lay behind the words.

"You shall go to your Uncle David's, my child. You will be well cared for in the old home that was your mother's."

I was a quiet, undemonstrative child, though my life had climbed up to its thirteenth year; so I did not demur at all this. But every day I used to go to the south window, and looking through the yellow maple leaves, toward the little grave-yard, wish that, instead of taking me to Uncle David's, they would bear me in a coffin, just like my mother's, only smaller, through the front door, and across the bend of the river, and lay me down close, very close, to her side.

My father was a quiet, grave man, but his heart was a very deep one, and his love for my mother had been the one tenderness, the one passion of his life.

He was still a young looking man, who, though ostensibly a farmer, passed most of his time among his books and drawings, leaving the supervision of the farm to Cousin Reuben Steele, who had lived with him since his marriage.

I loved my father with a kind of silent idolatry, of which he little dreamed, and this separation from him was the second great trial of my life. But he knew little of this, and that November night, as I sat by the pine fire, and asked him the question with which I have opened my story, was almost the first one I had ventured to offer respecting my future home.

"How does she look, papa?" I continued, gazing into the blaze, out of which my imagination was shaping a thin, sharp face, with long, wiry, yellow curls, and lips whose very smile had something sharp and chilly in it.

"She was not handsome, Eva; but the more you looked in her face, the better you loved it. Her hair and eyes were brown, and her smile, it was not so beaming, but almost as sweet as your mother's."

"But why didn't she ever get married?"

"I don't know, it is very strange," answered father, with his deep eyes fastened on the curl of the blaze. "Mary has had many good offers, I know, and she was especially fitted with her deep, loving nature to bless the life of some man. I have often thought she might have formed some unreciprocated attachment. But it is hardly probable. The deep currents of her woman's being have never been stirred, or they have flowed out in a thousand gentle streams, refreshing many hearts, if they have never *filled* one."

I did not clearly understand this, but it slightly modified my previous conceptions of my mother's cousin.

"And next week we are going, papa?"

His hand sought my curls, and it was gentle as my mother's.

"Yes, darling, you will be very happy in your new home. Aunt Mary will be to you a second mother, and though Uncle David is a kind of rheumatic, splenetic old gentleman, you must not mind his humors, for his heart is in the right place."

"Edward, Deacon Mix has been over here, looking at the brown steers. What do you say to letting him take 'em at a round price?" said Cousin Reuben, as he came in from the barn, shaking the drops of rain from his gray coat, and settling his large, brawny figure into a chair, on one side of the fire-place.

"I wish you wouldn't talk about steers, now," I poutingly interposed. "Papa's telling me about my new home."

"Is he, puss?" A pair of strong hands were laid on my shoulders, and the next moment I was seated on Cousin Reuben's knee.

"Well, I can tell him 'twill be much more to

Digitized by Google

his interest to talk about his own a little while, so be a good girl if you want to see the barberry bushes to-morrow."

This ultimatum was successful, and when papa and his cousin were thoroughly engrossed in a discussion of the comparative merits of sandy and dry soils, I slid quietly from Cousin Reuben's knee.

www.hbtool.com.cn

It was a broad, pear-shaped valley, dipping among great hills; and we entered it, my father and I, just at night fall. The day had been warm and pleasant, as though it had wandered out from the opening of October, and set its golden feet on the barren earth-way, up which its white sisterhood were soon to pass.

Purplish crimson clouds were folded heavily about the sun, as we drove into the village, and up to the old homestead where my mother passed her early life. It was a large, yellow-gray house, with quaint wings and gables, and a deep front yard, filled with fruit and shade trees.

"Edward, is that you?" A small, slender figure, with a handkerchief wound carelessly over the head, came bounding down to the gate, and clasped my father's hands before he had time to alight.

The face, so full of welcome, as it turned up to him, was a pale, and by no means pretty one, but my heart went out to it at once.

"I have brought you my motherless Eva, Mary. You will take good care of her;" said my father, in a hoarse voice, as he lifted me from the buggy.

Aunt Mary did not answer him, I knew *why*, by the quivering of her lips, as they bent down to my forehead.

"Now, good bye, Eva; God bless you, my child," and papa strained me a moment to his heart, and then gave his hands to Aunt Mary. I had given her this title, though she was, in reality, my cousin.

"Why, Edward, you are coming in?"

"No, no, Mary; do not urge me. I cannot yet look on the old places. I cannot yet bear the sight of the rooms where I won, and wedded her. You will understand, and forgive me."

His horse turned, and we stood looking at him, till he wound beyond the bend of the road. Once only he looked back, and flung us a double kiss.

When I again looked at my aunt, her hands were clasped over her heart, her face was very white, and her eyes were strained off on the road where my father had disappeared.

There was something in her face, that made me forget my own sorrow, at this abrupt pausing, and I stood looking into it, with a kind of blank wonder, during the several moments in which she did not heed me.

At last she turned round, with a little start. "Poor child! those eyes are Cousin Annie's." And she led me over the blue flag stones, into the great house.

I see that old parlor now, with its carpet of broad, green palm leaves, linking themselves through the brown ground work, the huge, old-fashioned chairs, with buttons on the back, and the high mantel, with the faded roses, and tulips in the large glass cases.

Uncle David stood at the window, leaning on his crutches. He was a very, very old man, with gray hairs straggling over his forehead.

Of his five children, Mary, the youngest, was the only one that remained to his old age.

"Why didn't Edward come in, child?" he asked querulously, as we entered.

"He's gone on, father. He couldn't bear the sight of the old place," she answered, unfastening my bonnet strings. "This is Annie's child."

"Bring her here, so my old eyes can see her," he cried, hastily setting his heavy silver glasses on his nose.

I remember standing close to him while he pushed away the yellow curls from my forehead, and peered with his dim eyes into my face.

"She is her mother," he murmured, "every inch of her. Annie was a sweet child—it seemed, somehow, as if a great light went out of the old house, and never got back to it, when Edward took her away."

I looked up into my uncle's face, and I knew he was gazing through the years when I was not, and that my mother, not *I*, was standing by his side.

The winter at Uncle David's passed pleasantly and swiftly into spring. Aunt Mary was indeed "a mother to me," and the love that had been hers who slept in the little grave-yard that sloped down to the river, now folded itself about her cousin.

I soon grew used to Uncle David's whims, and querulousness, and in his more genial moments I would draw the stool to his feet, and listen to the stories he would tell me of my mother.

She had lived with him from her early childhood, for both her parents died before she knew them, and so she and Mary grew up as sisters in the gray old homestead.

With the opening of spring, a contagious fever visited the village, and I was among the first who succumbed to it. For three days they despaired of my life, but the fourth my constitution rallied.

"Darling, can I do anything for you?"

It was an April morning, bright and balmy, and I had lain for two hours, watching the shadows of the plum tree run like dark feet over the chamber-wall, when Aunt Mary came softly into the room, and leaned over my pillow with those loving brown eyes, which were the glory of her face, the *translation* of her soul. I was a convalescent, and a very peevish one, too.

"It seems as if you'd been gone an age," I remarked, without heeding her question.

"I know it must, Eva, but I couldn't help it. Your uncle's last attack makes him terribly nervous, and he won't allow any body to even pour his tea, but myself. I've been busy every moment."

Digitized by Google

Her cool fingers on my forehead, and a fresh draught of tamarind water, dissipated my ill humor.

"Aunt Mary, won't you tell me a story? Something about your childhood?"

She stood there a few moments in perplexed thought, and then turning to her bureau, opened the top drawer, which she always kept locked."

She returned to the bedside, bringing with her a journal, over which her eyes ran a moment hastily.

"Oh! I have brought the wrong one, and—"

"Miss Mary," interrupted the housekeeper, putting her pale face inside the door, "won't you come down stairs quick? Your father's fell and hurt himself."

With a low cry, my aunt flung the book on the foot of the bed, and rushed out of the room.

So I was left again, with nothing to do but watch the plum tree shadows climb over the wall.

This soon grew very irksome, and I began to cast longing glances toward the book which lay at the foot of the bed.

The doctor had interdicted my reading, but I forgot this and the impropriety of examining my aunt's private records, in the morbid craving of my mind for some occupation.

Carefully balancing my dizzy head on one hand, I rose slowly, and, leaning forward, grasped the book with the other.

I accidentally opened to the latter part of this, and the first lines entirely absorbed my attention.

Monday Evening.—It is strange, very strange, that Edward and Annie do not come. I wish I were not so restless to-night, and that this autumn wind, as it tramps through the dry corn fields, did not have such a sigh, like that of a wounded heart.

What a chill and darkness there is upon mine to-night, as though the future were calling down to the present some prophecy of evil, and my spirit heard and *understood* it.

Nonsense, how terribly sentimental that does sound! I must be laboring under a visitation of the "blues," and I'm just going to be ridden of them.

It is a year since Edward came to us. I told him this to-day, as we sat eating apples after dinner.

"So it is, isn't it, Mary?" fastening his dark, dreamy, *beautiful* eyes on my face, "and it has been the happiest of my life, too. Do you remember how feebly I came through the door yonder, expecting that in a few weeks another door would be open for me—the door of the grave, Mary?"

"I remember, Edward; do not talk about it now."

"You are a tender-hearted little girl," he said, stroking my curls, for the tears had fallen on them.

"I remember just how you and Annie looked, and where you sat on the lounge, yonder—she was reading, and you were netting a purse."

"And you thought Annie a great deal the prettier? Now confess it, Edward." It was the half-unconscious utterance of a foolish feeling, that of late has been haunting me. I was very sorry I had asked him.

He looked at me a moment, half earnest, half quizzically.

"What my first impressions were is of no consequence. There is a great charm about your face, Mary. The more one looks in it, the better do they love it."

"Thank you. So silly a question did not deserve so complimentary a reply. If I had thought twice I should not have asked it."

"Then never think but once, my little sister. Will you be this to me always, Mary?"

Somehow the name did not sound sweetly, as it used to. Was it because I had noticed he had not, of late, called Annie this? I was spared the necessity of replying by father's entrance.

"Edward," he said, "it's full five miles to the Fort, and the clouds in the west look like foul weather."

"It'll take Annie at least two hours to say good-bye to all the folks there, so I advise you to be off before long."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir."

But he sat still, looking dreamily into the fire, and smiling to himself. I knew his thoughts were pleasant ones. Papa rattled his paper uneasily. At last I ventured a remonstrance.

"You know, Edward, Annie isn't very strong, and a ride in the rain might give her a cold."

He was up in an instant.

"What a lazy scoundrel I am; or rather, a forgetful one. And yet if you knew my thoughts, Mary, you would forgive me."

"Tell me, then, and I will."

"Not now, some other time, perhaps," and he kissed his hand to me as he went through the door.

They ought to have been home an hour ago. Papa has gone to the window twenty times, at least, looking at the gray black clouds, and muttering to himself—

"Careless children! Why don't they hurry along, when it's likely to pour any minute?"

Darling Annie! I am longing now for the kiss of her ripe lips upon my cheek—hark, hark! I hear the rumble of distant wheels through the bend of the hollow. They draw nearer, they stop—oh that is Annie's footstep!

Tuesday Night.—Only twenty-four hours, and what an age I have lived in them! Oh, Edward! Edward! the wild cry of my heart *must* be stifled, the moan of my great agony *must* be dumb!

I listened to her calmly. Her head, that beautiful Grecian head, with its curls of autumn brown, was laid on my lap, and she told me of Edward's love.

No wonder the purple night-shadows hung over the mountains before they reached home.

"Oh, Mary! I am so happy I can only cry," she said, laying my hands over her wet eyes.

And I kissed and soothed her with loving words! *I* who had not a hope, or a joy, or a wish left in the world!

It was well the truth came suddenly. Had

Digitized by Google

it not struck out at once all the life within me I must have betrayed myself.

"To think, Mary, I never dreamed of his entertaining for me anything but a quiet sort of brotherly affection, and yesterday if any one had asked me if I loved Edward well enough to marry him, I could not have answered it."

"But you could now, Annie?"

She lifted her head, and the light in her eyes was like beams shining far, far across deep waters, as she answered me,

"Yes, yes, from the innermost deeps of my wo[illegible] nature, I can say now, *I love him!*"

A[illegible]hat look, and those words, silenced me forever.

They shall never dream that my heart is only a grave, where the winds blow up mournful memories from the past.

And yet how I loved him! Oh! if it were not for these gushes of tenderness coming over and weakening my resolves!

I am only twenty years old, too, and God may give me a long life—ah, me! how barren, and cold, and dark it reaches up the future. No wonder, though, he loved Annie better, my sweet cousin, with her wondrous eyes, and her lips like the breaking open of crimson dahlia buds.

I hope they will be very happy together. God, who looks down into my heart this moment, knows I do—and for me—well, He will give me strength in my weakness, and I shall go on calmly, in the way He hath made for me; and my face shall wear its old light, and my voice its old gaiety.

"Have you told Mary, Annie?"

Edward asked this question, as he met us at the parlor door.

"Yes, everything."

He took my hand. "You know now, dear, of what I was thinking as we sat by the fire after dinner——"

There was a hurried foot-fall on the stairs. I knew it, and tossed the book to the foot of the bed before Aunt Mary reached the landing. I was lying back on my pillow intently studying the flowers on the paper hangings when she came in.

She glanced eagerly toward the book, but it lay in its old position, and she thought it had not been removed.

I saw her lip quiver as she returned it to the drawer, and gazed down with affectionate sadness on the brown covers.

"Is Uncle David hurt?"

"No, Eva. His fall was only a slight one, though Mrs. Martin was terribly frightened."

When the green feet of April came softly over the mountains my father returned. His winter's travel had greatly benefitted him, physically and mentally.

A few days later, he had a severe attack of his old headache.

Aunt Mary was suddenly called to one of the neighbors, who was ill, and he laid on the lounge, while I combed away the rich brown hair from his temples, and thought——

No matter, only a little later I went up stairs, and, taking a key from Aunt Mary's escritoir, unlocked the private drawer, and returned with the book which had been such a revelation to me.

"Papa, I want you to read two pages of this."

He glanced at it carelessly. "I can't, my dear. My head aches too violently now."

"But it is only two pages, and won't take ten minutes. I'll come back in that time," and slipping the book into his hands I left him.

When I returned he was sitting up, looking very thoughtful.

"Eva, where did you find this?"

I explained briefly.

"It was not right to avail yourself of your aunt's absence to do this. Take it away, my child."

He laid his head back on the lounge and shaded his eyes with his hands, but I saw their dark brightness was misty now.

Aunt Mary returned about an hour later. She looked pale and tired. My father sprang up, and removed her bonnet, smoothing her rumpled hair, and telling her that she was sacrificing her life for others.

I saw her mouth tremble as she sank into the rocking chair—that was all—eighteen years had the sweet face been learning the lesson of calmness.

"Mary, come and sit down here on the sofa, I want to have a long talk with you. Why, what in the world is this?" said my father, one evening, as he came into the parlor, and laid his hand on the head I lifted from the sofa back, for twilight was growing into night.

"It's only *I*, papa. I'm going straight out," for I had an intuitive conviction that my presence would not then be desirable.

"Good night, papa. Good night, Aunt Mary." Three hours later, when I went into the parlor and said this, I found them seated in the old place.

"Eva, dear child, how would you like to say 'MOTHER,' instead of Aunt Mary?"

"Much, oh so very much, papa!" and then I understood all about the conversation.

Five years *she* has been the happy wife of her first, last love! My step-mothe[illegible] Beautiful, gentle, loving incarnation of all that is deepest, and noblest, and purest in woman, accept the homage of love and admiration I bring thee! And thou, oh! sainted mother, whose feet walk through the white radiance of the eternal meadow lands, on whose crowned forehead now drop down the fragrant dews from mountains whose sapphire foundations tremble only to the hosannahs of eternity—thou angel-mother, look down for a moment, and bless her who hath taken *thy* place unto me!

THE WORLD is full of poetry, the earth is living with its spirit, and the waves dance music to the sound of its melody.

Digitized by Google

Selected Miscellany.

www.libtool.com.cn

HE NEVER KEPT HIS WIFE WAITING.

[Mrs. Abbott, of the *Valley Farmer*, gives the following sensible remarks under the above heading:]

"She never kept her Husband Waiting," is the title of a piece we saw in an exchange paper. We wish we could say the same of all husbands—they never keep their wives waiting; but there are many—too many—wives who burn the midnight oil, waiting the tardy return of their husbands. Is it not enough for a half sick and weary mother, to watch the greater part of the night with a sick and restless infant, but she must, in too many cases, wait and watch many anxious hours for him who ought to share her sorrows, and lighten her cares. *He* is enjoying himself away among some congenial friends, while she is at home, mourning over his coldness and neglect, and perhaps weeping over a frail and drooping child. We wish none but drunken and dissolute husbands kept their wives waiting; but it is often the case the husband is thoughtless; perhaps he meets a friend, dinner waits, and the wife, who does her own work, is wondering what can keep her husband; she fears something has happened to him. He surely would not make her wait so; and in this anxious state she waits, hour after hour, for her husband has been persuaded to dine with a friend, and he is too thoughtless to send his anxious wife word, and she spends the whole afternoon, nervous and anxious, feeling too careworn to have an appetite for her lonesome dinner. But her children must be attended to, and her domestic affairs must go on, notwithstanding her sad and dejected condition. After spending the greater part of the day in this manner, she is kept awake through the night with a restless babe, which none but a mother can soothe. Would it be a wonder if the next morning, she should rise—if able to rise at all—with an aching head, pale and careworn countenance, instead of a fresh and smiling face, and elastic spirits? Would it be surprising if she would be rather slow in preparing breakfast, or that her husband had to wait, if that care-worn mother had to do her own work, as too many mothers have to? Need husbands, who keep their wives waiting, wonder that they fade so soon, and look sickly? A real, true wife and mother is necessarily confined at home the greater part of her time, and seldom sees any company but that of her children and husband, and it is the duty of the husband, and ought to be his choice, if he loves his wife, to give her as much of his time as he can possibly take from important business, interesting himself in all that interests her. She thinks more of his company than any one else in the wide world does, and when the hour for dinner arrives, she watches with a cheerful expectation of spending a little time in kind and familiar conversation, with one whose company she prizes more than all the world beside, and in her lonely and retired life, these dinner and tea times are eras of joy, giving a cheerful change to the sameness of her never-ending duties.

Husband, if you love your wife, do not keep her waiting; if you meet a friend on your way to dinner, do not let him keep you, for your bosom friend is waiting and watching for you. When the business of the day is over, do not talk politics, or take a stroll with a companion, for tea is ready, and a tired and half-sick wife is waiting for your company and sympathizing words. If she enjoys your society so much, ought it not to be reciprocal? *She*, who gave herself alone to you in all her youth and beauty, and who is willing to stay secluded at home to care for your comfort, and watch over little ones—ought you not to prize her company more than all besides?—more than societies, clubs, or the most intelligent and brilliant companions? There are many men, who are respectable and industrious, and think they love their wives, and are doing their duty, but allow this, that, or the other society or club, to take the time they ought to give their wives.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
Its hallowed limit. —[Southey.

Let others seek for empty joys,
In ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst, far from Fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away,
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own fireside!

My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise,
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide?
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask, what joys can equal thine?
A babe, whose beauties half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may Love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou—my own fireside?

Digitized by Google

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife and care;
Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there;
There all is cheerful, calm and fair;
Wrath, Envy, Malice, Strife or Pride
Hath never made its hated lair
By thee—my own fireside!

Shrine of my household deities!
Bright scenes of home's unsullied joys;
To thee my burdened spirit flies
When Fortune frowns, or Care annoys!
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth has oft been tried;
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own fireside!

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary;
Whate'er my future years may be,
Let joy or grief my fate betide,
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside!—[ALARIC WATTS.

BE PATIENT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

[A word to teachers, from the *Michigan Journal of Education*:]

Be patient with the little ones. Let neither their slow understanding nor their occasional pertness offend you, or provoke the sharp reproof. Remember the world is new to them, and they have no slight task to grasp with their unripened intellects the mass of facts and truths that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength through years of experience, and it ill becomes you to fret at the little child that fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently, as God teaches you, "line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little." Cheer him on in this conflict of mind: in after years his ripe, rich thought shall rise up and call you blessed.

Bide patiently the endless questionings of your children. Do not roughly crush the springing spirit of free inquiry, with an impatient word or frown, nor attempt, on the contrary, a long and instructive reply to every slight and casual question. Seek rather to deepen their curiosity. Convert, if possible, the careless question into a profound and earnest inquiry; and aim rather to direct and aid, than to answer this inquiry. Let your reply send the little questioner forth, not so much proud of what he has learned, as anxious to know more. Happy thou, if in giving your child the molecule of truth he asks for, you can whet his curiosity with a glimpse of the mountain of truth lying beyond; so wilt thou send forth a philosopher, and not a silly pedant into the world.

Bear patiently the childish humors of those little ones. They are but the untutored pleading of the young spirit for care and cultivation. Irritated into strength, and hardened into habits, they will haunt the whole of life like fiends of despair, and make thy little ones curse the day they were born; but, corrected kindly and patiently, they become the elements of happiness and usefulness. Passions are but fires that may either scorch us with their uncontrolled fury, or may yield us a genial and needful warmth.

Bless your little ones with a patient care of their childhood, and they will certainly consecrate the glory and grace of their manhood to your service. Sow in their hearts the seeds of a perennial blessedness: its ripened fruit will afford you a perpetual joy.

THE INVALID WIFE.

[We find in the *Ladies' Enterprise* a sketch with this title, and transfer it to our pages, in the hope that it may awaken a truer sympathy in the hearts of some who give not to the drooping invalid in their dwellings the tender sympathy for which her spirit yearns. It is difficult for a strong, healthy man, with a springing vigor in every muscle, to comprehend the depressing weakness suffered by one whose life is wasting away under the pressure of disease; and it is well, therefore, to draw for such a picture, that they may see the truth as in a mirror. It may be well, at the same time, to whisper in the invalid's ear a word of counsel; and remind her, that "complainings" rarely awaken sympathy, but rather stifle that feeling; while patience, gentleness, and Christian endurance attract the hearts of others like loadstone, and win the tenderest consideration:]

"Always sick," from month to month, and year to year, friends become accustomed to her pale face, and long, bony fingers, her slow step, and short, quick breath, and weary of that faint smile, and inattention to dress, and reluctance to going out; and they say impatiently, "all she needs is air, exercise, and cheerfulness; what a drone she has become! I pity her husband."

The doctor looks at her with a meaning smile, saying, "you are too sedentary in your habits, Madam—your temperament is nervous, little troubles destroy your equanimity—take the world easy, care less for household affairs, never mind how the dinner is served up, and take no thought about the children. You have no organic disease, Madam, no liver affection, no consumption; it is all nervous—all mental. Good morning, Madam. *I pity her husband.*"

"All nervous! this dreadful headache, this knife-like pain in my side, this loss of appetite? But it must be so, the doctor ought to know; and I will try to believe him, and forget my cares;" and she leans back in her chair with a new resolution to be cheerful.

"Johnny" comes in, screaming at the top of his lungs, with his new pantaloons slitted from top to bottom; the cook makes the pie crust of bread dough, and dresses the steak with the ends of tallow candles, because the butter is down cellar; and a friend comes home with her husband to dinner, and he looks thunder-

Digitized by Google

bolts, and the friend consternation—but never mind—"dress, laugh, and go out"—forget death, and it will forget you—either be well, or die, quickly, for friends are all "sorry for" your *husband*.

"Complaining women never die," is an old saying, handed down to us from the lips of some rough country quack, who deserved to have had his teeth extracted, for his want of sympathy with suffering; and the same unkind thought is written on the sarcastic mouth of many a modern M. D. to whom the poor invalid appeals for help, as she drags her weary limbs over the rough path of life, without hearing one word of sympathy, or seeing a single finger raised to help her. None realize that her life strings are snapping asunder, so slowly and so noiselessly; and when the last gives way, and she sinks into the friendly grave, friends hardly miss her; because they have learned so gradually to do without her labors of love.

She is gone; the world feels not the shock of her departure, as when some great human light fades from the firmament of mind; and social institutions are not saddened by her loss, for her pale face was almost a stranger in their halls.

But there are little loving hearts which miss her gentle tone, earnest kiss, and loving blue eyes; and her husband misses for a little time, her sweet, mournful smile, which seemed to say "I would do more to promote your happiness—but I am so feeble,"—and then he forgets, and another more beautiful is taken to his heart and home; and, with dewy eyes and quivering lips, those babes pronounce again the name of "Mother."

But not to her bosom do they confide all their little griefs and wrongs—not there do they sob themselves to sleep. She is long an object of doubt and dread; and angel although she may be, it is long, very long, ere she will win them to confidence and love. Every dying mother thinks of this; and every step-mother should realize it; and have patience and piety to begin her work; for the heart of the child will appeal from the mother that *is*, to her who is not, when the requirements of the former approach even the shadow of injustice.

Husbands of invalid wives, (in nine cases out of ten,) *we do not pity you*—you who go in and out so carelessly, asking no questions, and never saying, in a soft, earnest tone, "would to God that I could help you, dear wife!" You who do not try to realize the capriciousness of the appetite which longs for everything beyond its reach; who have no sympathy with morbid fears, and no true hearted mother's apprehensions, lest your babes may be prematurely cast upon the sympathies of the world—that sympathy which freezes by the coldness of its healing hand.

Sympathy for you? What do you suffer aside from inconvenience? Think! impatient men, as you look upon that faded form, of what she was, remember her as you took her, a beautiful bride, away from the bosom of her mother, and her father's strong, protecting arm—did *she make no sacrifice for you?* Know that for your love she fettered herself with those cares which have racked her brain, until they undermined her slender constitution; and do not cause her now to say in her heart's deep agony "I have become an incumbrance, and he will not miss me when I am gone."

Pity the invalid. Part the damp locks upon her forehead, and kiss it tenderly, leave her not long alone, love her, and cherish her as you did when the white bridal rose lingered in her sunny tresses, and the carnation of health was upon her rounded cheek; for surely, though slowly, she is dying; and when she is gone, an angel will have gone up to Heaven before you, to plead for you at the Eternal Bar, saying: Father, remember him in mercy, as he remembered me, after all others forsook me, and life was one long agony.

CONTENTMENT.

A FABLE FOUNDED IN FACT.

Once on a dark autumnal day,
When rain was falling heavily,
A traveller, as I've heard say,
Took refuge underneath a tree.

Misfortune had its influence shed,
And gloomy thoughts were gathering;
When suddenly above his head
A merry redbreast 'gan to sing.

And loud and clear the ditty was,
As if commission'd from the sky;
So, looking up, he ask'd the cause,
Nor waited long the bird's reply.

"I sing to think what happy days,
Have pass'd since I first tried my wings,
Not larks themselves, who warble praise
At heaven's gate, are happier things.

"My bread I have for picking up,
I never learn'd to spin or plough;
Water from ev'ry stream I sup,
And hop, at will, from bough to bough.

"Then for the present—though 'tis wet,
I have my health and liberty;
And o'er my head a good house yet,
Enough for fifty birds like me.

"'Tis true, we must expect, I'm told,
The winter soon with frost and snow;
But then I never yet felt cold,
And fear will not prevent, you know.

"Besides, *that* God who cares for man,
Careth for wild brids, and for flowers;
And we will praise him while we can,
Singing through sunshine and through showers."

The traveller hasten'd on his way,
For now the rain had ceas'd to fall;
But lessons he was taught that day,
Might usefully be learned by all.

Past joys we should in fairness set,
'Gainst present sorrow, less or more;
Nor "precious promises" forget,
When troubles threaten us before.

Digitized by Google

"THE OLD FOLKS."

[A brief article in the *American Messenger*, under this title, is worthy of re-producing. When we hear young men refer, indifferently, to their fathers and mothers, as the "old folks," we are certain that something is wrong. The term involves a want of respect; and want of respect for parents is an almost certain evidence of moral defection.]

"I suppose I must go down and see the old folks, pretty soon, but it is a dull job," said a fashionably dressed young man to me one evening. "The country is so dull, after living in the city, that I dread to go there; there is nothing to look at, and nowhere to go; but mother is getting pretty feeble, and I ought to go."

I perceived that the "old folks," he so disrespectfully spoke of were no other than his own father and mother.

"I could get along with one day well enough," he said, "but the old folks are never satisfied unless I stay a week, or three or four days, and I get heart-sick of it, it is so dull. I used to go and see them once or twice a year, but now it is between two and three years since I have been there. I could go oftener, but it is so tedious; and then they make so much of me, and cry so when they see me, that it makes me feel bad, because I do not go as much as I ought; so sometimes I think I will not go at all."

How little had this careless son thought of his aged parents, and how daily, how hourly, had those aged parents thought of him, and how many fervent prayers had ascended to God for him from that quiet fireside. He knew not how many evils those prayers had averted from his ungrateful head, or how many blessings they had poured upon him.

But all sons are not thus ungrateful. A young friend of mine, who has resided sixteen years in the same great metropolis, has never failed twice a year to visit his parents, and goes oftener, or whenever it is possible for him to leave his business. I accidentally saw a letter he addressed to a sister a short time since, which shows that a young man can be immersed in extensive business, and yet find time to love and venerate his mother.

"I received a short note from mother," he writes, after hearing that she had been ill. "I am fearful that she is not improving. If she is any worse, or becomes dangerously sick, I desire to know it. I dread the thought that my, our mother, cannot be spared to us many years at best—it may be but a few months. I have thought of it very much for a few weeks. Although she has lived nearly her threescore years and ten, and nature has become almost exhausted, yet how I should miss her; how we all should mourn for her! What a mother she has been to us; what a woman; what an example; what a Christian! I am sure of it, I know it, that she has been my dearest object of love and affection all the days of my life. However I may have strayed from her bright examples and her teachings, my mother has always been before me, beckoning me to walk in the right way; and if I have not prayed myself with the fervor and devotion that I should, I have always felt that she was supplicating for me. How much she has loved us, how much she has cared for us! What a sacred treasure, even to the end of our lives, will be the memories of our mother.

"I see her now, as she looked to me, when she stood by the bedside of our dying brother, cheering him in his sufferings; and I hear her say, "The same clock that told the hour of his birth, is now telling the hour of his death!' What a scene was that! We know, dear sister, that these things must be, and it is not in a melancholy strain that I write; but every indication of the approaching end of my mother, stirs within me all the tenderness of my heart. Her removal will be to the *brightest* heaven, die when she may. Old age is but the threshold of death, and after a life spent as our mother's has been, the portals of another world can have no dreary look."

How ennobling, how touching are this young man's words. We cannot but respect him for his beautiful reverence and love for his mother. Years of a life in New York, subject to every snare and every temptation, engaged in an engrossing and extensive business, with the heat and passion of youth upon him, yet the one steady flame of deep love for his mother burned undimmed in his heart.

Mothers, she was a mother worthy of such a son. She was a Christian mother. Would you inspire similar love and reverence, be, like her, an earnest and heartfelt follower of the blessed Redeemer.

And let every heartless, neglectful son remember the thorns of agony his thoughtlessness implants in the hearts of his parents. Let him call to remembrance the helpless years of his childhood, and all the self-sacrificing love that fills their hearts, and now return to them and to God the love and gratitude which are so justly due.

OBEDIENCE, HOW TAUGHT TO CHILDREN.

[Unless taught in earliest infancy, obedience cannot be taught, or very imperfectly, and with ten-fold difficulty. The following scene, from Grace Aguilar's *Home Influence*, affords an illustration of the lessons which there are frequent opportunities of inculcating in every young family.]

Mrs. Hamilton is a young mother, and the little boy her only child. Eleanor, Mrs. Hamilton's sister, thinks firmness with so young a child unnecessary severity.

The day before Eleanor's intended departure, the sisters were sitting together, and little Percy, who now ran firmly without any falls, was playing about the room. He had already displayed a high spirit and passionate temper, with their general accompaniment, self-will, even in trifles, that Mrs Hamilton felt would render her task a trying one; but she was firm as

Digitized by Google

she was gentle, and faced the pain of contradicting her darling bravely.

"Do not touch that, Percy, love," she said, as her little boy stretched out his hand towards a beautiful but fragile toy, that stood with other nick-nacks on a low table. The child looked laughingly and archly towards her and withdrew his hand, but did not move from the table.

"Come here, Percy, you have not played with these pretty things for a long time;" and she took from her work-box some gaily colored ivory balls, which had been his favorite playthings, but just at present they had lost their charm, and the young gentleman did not move.

Mrs. Hamilton knelt down by him, and said quietly:—

"My Percy will not disobey mamma, will he?"

"Me want that;" he replied, in the pretty, coaxing tone of infancy; and he twined his little round arms caressingly around her neck.

Mrs. Hamilton felt very much tempted to indulge him, but she resisted.

"But that is not a fit plaything for you, love; besides it is not mine, and we must not touch what is not ours. Come and see if we cannot find something just as pretty, that you may have."

And after some minutes' merry play in her lap his mother hoped he had forgotten it; but the little gentleman was not, he thought, to be so governed. The forbidden plaything was quietly grasped, and he seated himself on the ground in silent but triumphant glee.

Surprised at his sudden silence, Mrs. Hamilton looked towards him. It was his first act of decided disobedience, and she knew she must not waver. Young as he was, he had already learned to know when she was displeased, and when she desired him very gravely to give her the toy, he passionately threw it down, and burst into a violent fit of crying. His nurse took him struggling from the room, and Mrs. Hamilton quietly resumed her work: but there was such an expression of pain in her countenance, that Eleanor exclaimed:—

"Emmeline! I have been watching you for the last half-hour, and I cannot comprehend you. Do explain youself."

"I will if I can;" and Mrs. Percy looked up and smiled.

"Why would you not let that poor little Percy have that toy?"

"Because it would have been encouraging his touching or taking everything he sees, whether proper for him or not."

"But he could not understand that."

"Not now, perhaps; but I wish him to know that when I speak he must obey me. It is, I think, a mistaken doctrine, that we ought to give children a *reason* for all we desire them to do. Obedience can then never be prompt, as it ought to be. And in fact, if we wait until they are old enough to understand the reasons for a command, the task will be much more difficult, from the ascendancy which wilfulness may already have obtained."

"But then why were you so cruel as to send the poor child up stairs? Was it not enough to take the toy from him?"

"Not quite, for him to remember that he must not touch it again."

"And do you really think he will not?"

"I can only hope so, Eleanor: but I must not be disheartened if he do. He is an infant still, and I cannot expect him to learn such a difficult lesson as obedience in one, two, or six lessons."

"And will he love you as much as if you had given it to him?"

"Not at the moment, perhaps, but when he is older he will love me more. And it is that hope which reconciles me to the pain which refusing to indulge him costs me now," replied the young mother.

"And voluntarily you will bear the pain which had almost brought tears into the eyes of the severe and stoical Mrs. Hamilton!" exclaimed Eleanor.

"It was a foolish weakness, my dear Eleanor, for which my husband would have chidden me; but there must be pain to a mother if called upon to exert authority, when inclination so strongly points to indulgence."

"Well, if ever I have anything to do with children I certainly shall not be half as particular as you are, Emmeline. I really cannot imagine what harm gratifying yourself and Percy could possibly have done."

"If ever you have children, my dear Eleanor, may you have strength of mind and self-control sufficient to forget self, and refuse the gratification of the present moment for the welfare of future years!"

And so it came to pass. The contrast afforded by the domestic history of the families of the two sisters, as developed in Grace Aguilar's beautiful narrative, affords abundant illustration of the truth, that lessons of obedience must be commenced at life's earliest dawning. The good fruit is, usually, not long in appearing. A few years' patient and kind firmness, will be rewarded by habitual, cheerful, and instant obedience.

OUR HOMES.

Genius hath its triumphs, fame its glories, wealth its splendor, success its bright rewards, but the heart only hath its home. Home only! What more needeth the heart? What more can it gain? A true home is more than the world—more than honor and pride and fortune—more than all earth can give—the light the noonday sun may not yield, and yet the tiny flame of one pure beam of love enkindleth, and sympathy makes to burn forever.

Home! How more than beautiful thou art!—how like an untaught religion!—a golden link between the soul and heaven!—when the presence of a pure heart makes thee radiant, and the music of their affection floats like the chorals of unseen cherubims around their tranquil hearth!

Digitized by Google

SCENES ON THE PACIFIC.

ENTRANCE TO THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO.—One of the engravings in this number presents a view to the entrance of the beautiful bay of San Francisco. We annex a brief description from the narrative of a voyager who made a visit to the gold region in 1849:

At 10 A. M. of Sunday, we hove in sight of the Farallones, two large detached rocks in the sea at the southern side of the magnificent gateway or straits, opening through the coast range into the Bay of San Francisco.

The morning was clear and beautiful, the deep blue sky, covered here and there with a fleecy cloud, while the fine norwest breeze, fresh from the ocean, chased the gambolling waves clear into the open portals of the hills. The tide was setting in at the rate of five miles an hour, and our gallant steamer ploughed her way through the sea with yards ataunto, and streamers flying; her decks, shrouds, and wheel-houses covered with an excited multitude, eager for the promised haven. As we entered the mouth of the Narrows, here some two or three miles wide, our eyes rested on a high, rounded bluff on the south side, backed by a few rods of yellow sand beach, and on the north a range of bolder hills, some two hundred to five hundred feet high, maintaining their forms unbroken to the ocean, where they seem to have been cut off by some huge spade or cleaver, presenting perpendicular cliffs of rock and bluish clay to the roaring surf. Covered with green grass and low shrubs, but no trees, these hills present a picturesque yet barren appearance, affording, nevertheless, a beautiful contrast with the flat, sandy coast of the Atlantic. The innumerable ravines are clothed with patches of wild flowers, and the ridges covered with herds of wild cattle and horses, grazing in every direction.

Sailing, as it were, into the midst of the hills for about three or four miles, the great Bay of San Francisco gradually opened to our view, a miniature ocean. Right ahead appeared Bird Island, with the white surf foaming at its base, and thousands of wild-fowl filling the air above it; yet farther on our starboard bow, Wood Island lay in front of the cove of San Francisco, while on our larboard uprose the dark heights of Angel Island, the largest of the three, with the beautiful little Bay of Saucelito under its lee on the main.

This is a beautiful little cove on the northerly side, and just at the inner termination of the Narrows. Enclosed on three sides by high and almost perpendicular hills, it is entirely protected from the strong norwest gales of the ocean, while towards the Bay of San Francisco it is shielded by Angel Island. Having a great depth of water and good holding ground, vessels of the largest class anchor close to the shore.

On the following day, leaving Racoon Straits and Angel Island on our larboard hand, we passed Bird Island, and coming up with Wood Island, cast anchor in the cove of San Francisco, between that and the main, a distance of eight or nine miles from Saucelito. This cove lies on the westerly shore of the bay, aad is concealed from view as you enter the Narrows by the high hills on their southern shore. Emerging from these, the town and anchorage suddenly present themselves to the excited stranger.

OLD MISSION AT SAN FRANCISCO.—Near the entrance to the Narrows is the old *presidio* or fort; and about three miles from the town, toward the bay, lies the old Catholic Mission of San Francisco Dolores, a view of which we give. The buildings are in a dilapidated state, or were a year or two back. It is said that the priests at this mission, Jesuits, were, more than a century ago, cognizant of the existence of gold in abundance in California, but prudently kept their secret, knowing too well, that were such tempting treasures known to exist in the region, there would come an overwhelming tide of Protestant emigration from the eastern part of the continent, as well as from Europe. They certainly kept their secret close.

BAY OF MONTEREY.—The town of Monterey, capital of Monterey County, California, lies about ninety-four miles S. S. E. from San Francisco. It is situated near the sheltered bay, or "bight" as it is termed in nautical phrase, a view of which we have given. The place has not yet acquired much celebrity or commercial importance. The soil in this region is productive. Stock raising is extensively carried on. Gold and silver exist, but they have not yet been found in tempting profusion.

REDEEMING TIME.—Dean Swift, when he claimed, at the usual time, the degree of A.B., was so deficient as to obtain it only by "special favor," a term used to denote want of merit. Of this disgrace he was so ashamed that he resolved from that time to study eight hours a day, and continued his industry for seven years, with what improvement is sufficiently known. This part of his history deserves to be remembered; it may afford useful admonition to young men, whose abilities have been made, for a time, useless by their passions or pleasures, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair.

WHEN MR. WILBERFORCE was a candidate for Hull, England, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother, on which she was saluted with the cry, "Miss Wilberforce forever!" "I thank you, gentlemen," remarked the lady, "but, really I do not wish to be *Miss* Wilberforce forever."

Digitized by Google



Boys and Girls' Treasury.

INDIAN FAIRY TALES.

[The publishers, Mason & Brother, of New York, have just given the young folks a curious book of Indian Fairy Tales. Its title is, "The Indian Fairy Book, from Original Legends." These legends were gathered by Mr. Schoolcraft from among our North American Indians, and the author of the volume has dressed them up in his own language. In the legendary tales of all people, the giant and dwarf play a conspicuous part; we find both these extremes of humanity in the "Indian Fairy Book." We make a selection for our young readers:]

HE OF THE LITTLE SHELL.

Once upon a time, all the people of a certain country had died, excepting two helpless children, a baby boy and a little girl.

When their parents died, these children were asleep. The little girl, who was the elder, was the first to awake. She looked around her, but seeing nobody beside her little brother, who lay smiling in his dreams, she quietly resumed her bed.

At the end of ten days her brother moved, without opening his eyes.

At the end of ten days more he changed his position, lying on the other side, and in this way he kept on sleeping for a long time; and pleasant, too, must have been his dreams, for his little sister never looked at him that he was not quite a little heaven of smiles and flashing lights, which beamed about his head and filled the lodge with a strange splendor.

The girl soon grew to be a woman, but the boy increased in stature very slowly. It was a long time before he could even creep, and he was well advanced in years before he could stand alone. When he was able to walk, his sister made him a little bow and arrows, and hung around his neck a small shell, saying:

"You shall be called Dais-Imid, or He of the Little Shell."

Every day he would go out with his little bow, shooting at the small birds. The first bird he killed was a tom-tit. His sister was highly pleased when he took it to her. She carefully prepared and stuffed it, and put it away for him.

The next day he killed a red squirrel. His sister preserved this, too. The third day he killed a partridge, and this they had for their evening meal.

After this he acquired more courage, and would venture some distance from home. His skill and success as a hunter daily increased, and he killed the deer, bear, moose, and other large animals inhabiting the forest.

At last, although so very small of stature, he became a great hunter, and all that he shot he brought home and shared with his sister; and whenever he entered the lodge, a light beamed about his head and filled the place with a strange splendor.

He had now arrived at the years of manhood, but he still remained a perfect infant in size.

One day, walking about in quest of game, he came to a small lake.

It was in the winter season; and upon the ice of the lake he saw a man of giant height, employed killing beavers.

Comparing himself with this great man, he felt that he was no bigger than an insect. He seated himself on the shore and watched his movements.

When the large man had killed many beavers, he put them on a hand-sled which he had, and pursued his way home. When he saw him retire, the dwarf hunter followed, and, wielding his magic shell, he cut off the tail of one of the beavers, and ran home with the prize.

The giant, on reaching his lodge with his sled-load of beavers, was surprised to find one of them shorn of its tail.

The next day the little hero of the shell went to the same lake. The giant, who had been busy there for some time, had already loaded his sled and commenced his return; but running nimbly forward and overtaking him, he succeeded in securing another of the beaver-tails.

"I wonder," said the giant, on reaching his lodge and overlooking his beavers, "what dog

Digitized by Google

it is that has thus cheated me.' Could I meet him, I would make his flesh quiver at the point of my javelin."

The giant forgot that he had taken these very beavers out of a beaver-dam which belonged to the little shell-man and his sister, without permission.

www.libtool.com.cn

The next day he pursued his hunting at the beaver-dam near the lake, and he was again followed by the little man with the shell.

This time the giant was so nimble in his movements that he had nearly reached home before the Shell, make the best speed he could, could overtake him; but he was just in time to clip another beaver's tail before the sled slipped into the lodge.

The giant would have been a patient giant, indeed, if his anger had not been violent at these constant tricks played upon him. What vexed him most was, that he could not get a sight of his enemy. Sharp eyes he would have needed to do so, inasmuch as he of the little shell had the gift of making himself invisible whenever he chose.

The giant, giving vent to his feelings with many loud rumbling words, looked sharply around to see whether he could discover any tracks. He could find none. The unknown had stepped too lightly to leave the slightest mark behind.

The next day the giant resolved to disappoint his mysterious follower by going to the beaver-dam very early; and accordingly, when the little shell man came to the place he found the fresh traces of his work, but the giant had already gone away. He followed hard upon his tracks, but he failed to overtake him. When he of the little shell came in sight of the lodge, the stranger was in front of it, employed in skinning his beavers.

As Dais-Imid stood looking at him—for he had been all this time invisible—he thought:

"I will let him have a view of me."

Presently the man, who proved to be no less a personage than the celebrated giant, Manabozho, looked up and saw him.

After regarding him with attention, "Who are you, little man?" said Manabozho. "I have a mind to kill you."

The little hero of the shell replied:

"If you were to try to kill me you could not do it."

With this speech of the little man, Manabozho grabbed at him; but when he thought to have had him in his hand, he was gone.

"Where are you now, little man?" cried Manabozho.

"Here, under your girdle," answered the shell-dwarf; at which giant Manabozho, thinking to crush him, slapped down his great hand with all his might; but on unloosing his girdle he was disappointed at finding no dwarf there.

"Where are you now, little man?" he cried again, in a greater rage than ever.

"In your right nostril!" the dwarf replied; whereupon the giant Manabozho seized himself by the finger and thumb at the place, and gave it a violent tweak; but as he immediately heard the voice of the dwarf at a distance upon the ground, he was satisfied that he had only pulled his own nose to no purpose.

"Good-by, Manabozho," said the voice of the invisible dwarf. "Count your beaver-tails, and you will find that I have taken another for my sister;" for he of the little shell never, in his wanderings or pastimes, forgot his sister and her wishes. "Good-by, beaver-man!"

And as he went away he made himself visible once more, and a light beamed about his head, and lit the air around him with a strange splendor; a circumstance which Manabozho, who was at times quite thick-headed and dull of apprehension, could no way understand.

When Dais-Imid returned home, he told his sister that the time drew nigh when they must separate.

"I must go away," said Dais-Imid, "it is my fate. You, too," he added, "must go away soon. Tell me where you would wish to dwell."

She said, "I would like to go to the place of the breaking of daylight. I have always loved the East. The earliest glimpses of light are from that quarter, and it is to my mind the most beautiful part of the heavens. After I get there, my brother, whenever you see the clouds, in that direction, of various colors, you may think that your sister is painting her face."

"And I," said he, "I, my sister, shall live on the mountains and rocks. Then I can see you at the earliest hour; there are the streams of water clear; the air is pure, and the golden lights will shine ever around my head, and I shall ever be called 'Puck-Ininee, or the Little Wild Man of the Mountains.' But," he resumed, "before we part forever, I must go and try to find what manitoes rule the earth, and see which of them will be friendly to us."

He left his sister and travelled over the surface of the globe, and then went far down into the earth.

He had been treated well wherever he went. At last he came to a giant manito, who had a large kettle which was forever boiling. The giant, who was a first cousin to Manabozho, and had already heard of the tricks which Dais-Imid had played upon his kinsman, regarded him with a stern look, and, catching him up in his hand, he threw him unceremoniously into the kettle.

It was evidently the giant's intention to drown Dais-Imid; in which he was mistaken, for by means of his magic shell, little Dais, in less than a second's time, bailed the water to the bottom, leaped from the kettle, and ran away unharmed.

He returned to his sister and related his rovings and adventures. He finished his story by addressing her thus:

"My sister, there is a manito at each of the four corners of the earth. There is also one above them, far in the sky, a Great Being who assigns to you, and to me, and to all of us, where we must go. And last," he continued, "there is another and wicked one, who lives deep down in the earth. It will be our lot to escape out of his reach. We must now sepa-

Digitized by Google

rate. When the winds blow from the four corners of the earth, you must then go. They will carry you to the place you wish. I go to the rocks and mountains, where my kindred will ever delight to dwell.

Dais-Imid then took his ball-stick and commenced running up a high mountain, and a bright light shone about his head all the way, and he kept singing as he went:

Blow, winds, blow! my sister lingers
For her dwelling in the sky,
Where the morn, with rosy fingers,
Shall her cheeks with vermil dye.

There my earliest views directed,
Shall from her their color take,
And her smiles, through clouds reflected,
Guide me on by wood or lake.

While I range the highest mountains,
Sport in valleys green and low,
Or, beside our Indian fountains,
Raise my tiny hip-hallo.

Presently the winds blew, and, as Dais-Imid had predicted, his sister was borne by them to the eastern sky, where she has ever since lived, and her name is now the Morning Star.

PARLOR PASTIMES.

THE DOUBLE MEANING.—Place a glass of any liquor upon the table; put a hat over it, and say, "I will engage to drink every drop of the liquor under that hat, and yet I'll not touch the hat." You then get under the table, and after giving three knocks, you make a noise with your mouth as if you were swallowing the liquor. Then getting from under the table, you say, "Now, gentlemen, be pleased to look." Some one, eager to see if you drank the liquor, will raise up the hat, when you instantly take the glass, and drink the contents, saying, "Gentlemen, I have fulfilled my promise. You are all witnesses that *I* did not touch the hat."

COMIC CARDS.—Get a number of cards of the same size, and draw and color on them faces (male and female) as grotesque as your humor can invent. Decorate the heads of your pictures with night-caps, old hats and new hats, wigs of all colors, and warriors' helmets. The compass of each face should occupy the same space. Then divide each card into three pieces, cutting it in a straight line just below the eye, and across the upper lip. All the tops and middles should be of the same width, and the bottoms about the same size as the tops. Endless changes may be obtained by placing the forehead of one card in contact with a chin or nose on a second and third card. We have a little friend who is very clever at drawing out characters on these cards, and who has often made us hold our sides with laughter at the humorous effects the boy produced by placing the moustached lip and fiery eyes of a dashing young officer upon the chin of some old grandmother, or the night-capped head of an invalid, or the dimpled cheek of a smart young lady.

TO LIGHT A CANDLE WITH WATER.—Get the smallest piece of phosphorus, and with a little tallow place it on the rim of a tumbler: next get a lighted candle, blow it out, then hold it to the glass, and it will at once ignite.

TO ASTONISH A LARGE PARTY.—With some lycopodium, powder the surface of a large or small vessel of water; you may then challenge any one to drop a piece of money into the water, and that you will get it with the hand without wetting your skin. The lycopodium adheres to the hand, and prevents its contact with the water. A little shake of the hand, after the feat is over, will dislodge the powder.

HOW TO MAKE EGGS DANCE.—Boil an egg hard, and break off a little piece of the shell at either end; then thrust in a quill, filled with quicksilver, and sealed at each end. As long as the egg is warm, it will continue to dance.

LUMINOUS WRITING.—Place a small piece of solid phosphorus in a quill, and write with it upon paper. If the writing then be taken to a dark room it will appear beautifully luminous.

THE TWO BOYS.

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read as he'd devour it all,
Which when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call:—
"You sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look."
The boy passed slowly on, and, with a sigh,
He wished he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need.

Of sufferings the poor have many,
Which never can the rich annoy.
I soon perceived another boy,
Who looked as if he'd not had any
Food for that day at least, enjoy
The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder.
This boy's case, thought I, is surely harder;
Thus hungry longing, thus without a penny,
Beholding choice of dainty-dressed meat;
No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learned to eat.



A PLUM PUDDING.

Digitized by Google

Hints to Housekeepers.

www.libtool.com.cn

HOME MANAGEMENT.—Though the art of managing a house may at first sight seem a very simple affair, yet there are very few people who do it well. Most women so often dislike the worry of over management almost as much as neglect. The great art is to hit the happy medium quietly, and to keep the servants to their duty, without scolding them. It is a great point to live always in the same manner as regards style, to have the cloth laid as carefully when alone as when there is company. When this is the case, no wife feels afraid of her husband bringing in an unexpected guest; and it is gratifying to a husband to find a guest of this kind received quietly; whereas, nothing can be more disagreeable to a husband than to see his house thrown into confusion, his wife cross, and his servants scrambling to change the things laid on the table; and in short, everything going wrong, simply because he has asked a friend to dine, without giving a day or two's notice of his intention to do so. It would be in better taste to allow the stranger to sit down to a meal served as roughly as a country laborer's in a hovel, than to attempt to receive him with extempore finery, for the awkwardness and blunders of the servants will soon show him the real state of the case.

ORANGE AND PINK COLOR ON SILK.—A correspondent inquires of us how to dye the above named colors, and having overlooked them in the articles on dyeing, we will now present them. The pink is dyed by using a small quantity of brazil wood liquor, with some chloride of tin, in a clean vessel, and handling the silk in this liquor until it is about the depth of shade required. It is then lifted, washed in cold water, run through a solution of clean soap suds, then washed again, and it is fit to be dried. The soap suds give the shade that delicate blue tinge necessary to the pink shade. Enough of the chloride of tin should be used to give the liquor a sharp, sour taste. The color is very easy to dye.

ORANGE.—This color is dyed on silk by handling the goods in a strong solution of anotta boiled in soda, until the silk acquires a deep yellow color, when it is taken out, washed, and then handled for ten minutes in dilute sulphuric acid—the taste should be moderately sour. The silk is then washed and dried. This also is an easy color to dye.—*Scientific American.*

HOW TO MAKE NO-MATTERS.—This is an article of food, says the *Oxford Democrat*, which has for many years been confined to the descendants of a single family of this town. Its excellence will commend it to the attention of those housewives who wish to make a good display of culinary skill upon their table, at the same time having a due regard to economy. The lady who furnishes the recipe has given frequent opportunities of tasting their delicious flavor; and if any are inquisitive, perhaps she might be induced to inform them how the cakes obtained their homely name.

To three teacupfuls of buttermilk add three tablespoonfuls of rich cream, and a small quantity of sugar. Stir in flour until it is of a consistency of paste for dough-nuts. Roll out size of a large breakfast plate, and fry in lard to a rich brown color.

As each comes from the fire, cover with apple sauce made from tart apples, sweetened to the taste, and spiced with nutmeg or cinnamon, and continue the process until the plate is well heaped.

FRIED APPLES.—A dish of fried apples is quickly prepared for the table, which is often a consideration of no small importance. Wash them—cut them in two, take out the stem, core and calyx, and, unpeeled, put into a tin pan with butter, or the gravy of baked pork, with some water, in proportion to the quantity to be fried, cover them with a lid, set them on the stove, stir them occasionally until they become soft—and be careful not to burn them. Romanites, which are often almost worthless, baked or raw, "disappear with good gusto when fried." We may truthfully pronounce despicable Pennocks, when fried, *good;* but the Porters, Bellflowers, Tallman sweets, and a long list which we might name, when fried, are really a luxury. Sour apples do not fry well; they fry to pieces too much.

CHEAP AND EXCELLENT CANDLES.—The following recipe, says a correspondent of the *New England Farmer*, I have tried twice, and find it all that it is cracked up to be. I have no doubt that it would have been worth more than $20 to me if I had known it twenty years ago. Most farmers have a surplus of stale fat and dirty grease, which can be made into good candles at a trifling expence.

I kept both tallow and lard candles through the last summer, the lard candles standing the heat the best, and burning quite as well, and giving as good a light as the tallow ones.

Directions for making good candles from lard:

For twelve pounds of lard, take one pound of saltpetre and alum in a gill of boiling water; pour the compound into the lard before it is quite all melted; stir the whole until it boils, skim off what rises; let it simmer until the water is boiled out, or till it ceases to throw off steam; pour off the lard as soon as it is done, and clean the boiler while it is hot. If the candles are to be run, you may commence immediately; if to be dipped, let the lard cool first to a cake, and then treat as you would tallow.

Digitized by Google

The Toilet and Work Table.

www.libtool.com.cn

FASHION.—On this subject, so full of interest to lady readers, the *Philadelphia Ledger* has a most excellent article, which we transfer to our pages. They will find it well worthy of perusal:

"*The Philosophy of Fashions.*—There are many would-be reformers who defeat ends that are good in themselves, by the violence of the methods they make use of to carry them. Amongst those there are some persons who have employed the most extreme methods to push into notoriety their peculiar opinions with regard to *female costume.*

"A year or two since, some well-meaning persons conceived that the fashion of long, heavy skirts, hanging from the waist, and trailing on the ground, was untidy, extravagant and absurd, and that the whole arrangement of ladies' dresses was unhealthful and highly inconvenient, preventing them from taking exercise, and interfering with their daily occupations. In all these views there was undoubtedly a measure of truth; and had a number of ladies made real improvements in dress, and quietly adopted them *by degrees*, so that the eye should become accustomed to them, they doubtless might have shortened and narrowed the skirts to any suitable proportions, without opposition or ridicule. If the principle of action had been *simply to introduce a fashion that should remedy each inconvenience with the least possible interference with established customs*, all the proposed good effects might have been accomplished.

"But when the Bloomers came out, their authors at once showed that they knew less about the æsthetics of dress than those they sought to supersede. Dress, and particularly ladies' dress, is designed to answer a variety of purposes. Protection against the extremes of weather is one of these, ornament another, but a certain expression of character, and especially of modesty, is also one principal feature. Suppose, then, that the Bloomers had succeeded in establishing superiority as to the first two of these ends, the very way in which they went to work to introduce them showed they understood nothing of the latter.

"The perfection of modesty and good taste in dress is that it shall so suit and set off the person, that the spectator, *forgetting the dress, shall only admire the wearer.* All dress in man that costs obvious thought, and draws attention to its own appearance, is foppery, and all dress in woman that renders itself, and thus its wearer, conspicuous, is immodest. On this account alone, the violent effort that the proprietors of the Bloomers made to attract attention and to defy public opinion, drawing crowds night after night on Chestnut street and Broadway, was enough of itself to awaken prejudice in the minds of sensible people against the fashion, however intrinsically excellent the innovation might otherwise have been. It proved, moreover, to every one, that the philosophy of dress was but little understood by those who had attempted this sudden alteration, and those whose opinions had weight, preferred to adhere to the Paris fashions, which, though adapted for a different sphere, was yet based on some established principles.

"Nothing, indeed, proves so completely the inability to appreciate all the higher laws of appropriateness in costume, as the very argument by which the innovators undertake to prove Bloomer dresses not immodest. They say that Greeks and Turks think it immodest for ladies to show their faces—that St. Paul thought it immodest for women to sit in public assemblies with uncovered heads—English and American women think differently, therefore the dislike of Bloomers is only a *prejudice.* St. Paul better knew the laws of modesty than these reformers. His idea was that all which by violating the innocent customs and usages of society for sheltering woman from an undue conspicuousness, is immodest, and ought to be avoided simply on that account. Hence, in civilized society, all radical changes of fashion in ladies' dress are brought about by degrees, so that the eye of good taste may never be offended, as it would be by any sudden alteration.

"It will be said that if conspicuousness in dress be always a fault, many of the leaders of fashion, or rather the followers of the newest fashion in this country, are eminently wrong. And this is unquestionably the case. Those who thus follow are generally destitute of taste, and run blindly into the maddest and most indelicate extremes. The Paris head-dress, suited only for the opera, will, if just imported at two hundred dollars, grace the head of some young lady promenading on Broadway, or making a morning call; and dresses only fit for evening parties are there exhibited in broad daylight continually by our would-be fashionables. Thus also it comes to pass that long skirts and dainty slippers, and other fashions, fit only for the velvet carpets of a drawing-room, or the inside of a close carriage, are trailed through the mud of public streets.

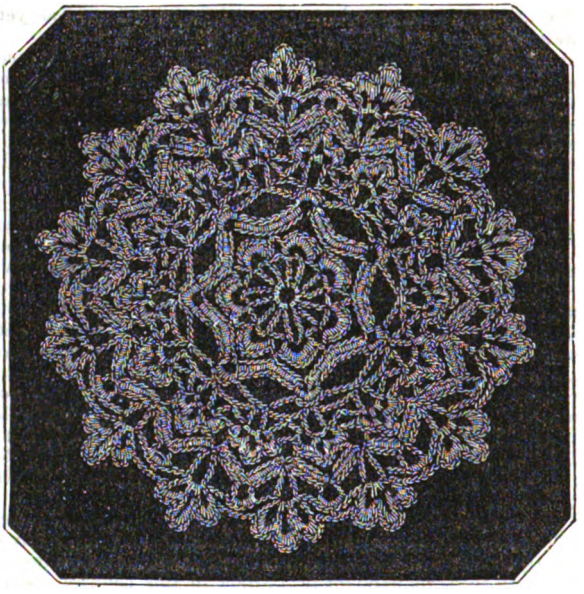
"We believe there is no city in the United States where so great an amount of good taste is to be seen in ladies' dress as in Philadelphia, and this is owing to the quiet avoidance of all extremes, the perfect modesty that avoids conspicuousness. At present in this country, we have generally followed the fashions of Europe, and particularly those of France, because there is a class of persons there who devote them-

Digitized by Google

selves to the study of what is becoming in dress. They know how to introduce endless variety of costume, all harmonious and becoming, without being unpleasantly conspicuous, because all belong to one general style which changes only gradually, and to remedy some inconvenience.

"But it must be borne in mind, that our circumstances are very different here from those of the fashionable ladies of Paris. We hope they may ever be so. In France it is well known that the revival of the gorgeous costumes of Louis XIV. and Madame de Pompadore, is, in fact, the representation in dress of the political effort of Louis Napoleon's career, *i. e.*, to reproduce the gorgeousnes and splendor of the fashions at Versailles in the most luxurious days of that iniquitous monarchy which destroyed France to build a palace.

"It is said that we republicans are as fond of gaiety and extravagance as any other people. But persons of good taste, in every part of the world, by degrees adapt the fashions to their own circumstances, and a due knowledge of the philosophy of dress has in it the advantage of enabling the possessor to unite convenience with good taste, and to ensure all the advantage of comfort and even economy, without inconvenience or conspicuousness."



D'OYLEY PATTERN IN CROCHET.

Work a chain of 7 stitches, and unite it by a single stitch.

1*st Round.*—Work 11 chain and 1 plain in the foundation chain 7 times. Work 5 single stitches in the first chain of 11.

2*nd Round.*—1 plain, 11 chain, 1 plain (both these plain stitches are to be worked in the 11 chain of 1st round); 3 chain, miss 10, repeat and end with a single stitch.

3*rd Round.*—11 plain, 3 chain, miss 5, repeat, end with a single stitch.

4*th Round.*—14 chain, miss 13, 1 plain in the 3 chain of last round, repeat.

5*th Round.*—Miss 1, 7 plain, 5 chain, 7 plain; repeat, end with 6 single stitches.

6*th Round.*—7 plain, 9 chain, miss 12; repeat, end with three single stitches.

7*th Round.*—1 plain, 9 chain, 1 plain (both these plain stitches worked in the centre of the 7 plain of last round), 7 chain, miss 7; 1 plain, 9 chain, 1 plain (both these plain stitches worked in the 9 chain of 6th round), 7 chain, miss 7, repeat; end with 2 single stitches

8*th Round.*—1 plain, 7 chain, 1 plain, 9 chain, 1 plain, 7 chain, 1 plain (these 4 plain stitches worked in the 9 chain of 7th round), 5 chain, miss 4, 1 plain in the centre of the 7 chain in the 7th round, 5 chain, miss 4, repeat, end with a single stitch.

9*th Round.*—7 plain, miss 1, 9 plain, miss 1, 7 plain, 3 chain, miss 13; repeat, end with 4 single stitches.

10*th Round.*—13 chain, miss 15, 1 plain, 3 chain, miss 9, 1 plain; repeat, at the end, turn back, and work 3 single on the last 3 chain, turn back.

11*th Round.*—6 chain, 9 plain, 7 chain, 9 plain, repeat.

12*th Round.*—1 plain, 11 chain, 1 plain, 13 chain, 1 plain, 11 chain, 1 plain (these 4 chain stitches in the 6th chain of 11th round), 3 chain, miss 9, 5 plain in the 7th chain of 11th round, 3 chain, miss 9; repeat, and end with 1 single stitch.

13*th Round.*—9 plain, miss 3, 11 plain, miss 3, 9 plain, 3 chain, miss 7, 1 plain in the centre

Digitized by Google

of the 5 plain in last round, 3 chain, miss 7; repeat, end with one single stitch. Fasten off.

This may be worked in colored crochet thread, making the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd rounds amber; the 4th, 5th, and 6th green; the 7th, 8th, and 9th amber; 10th and 11th green, 12th and 13th amber.

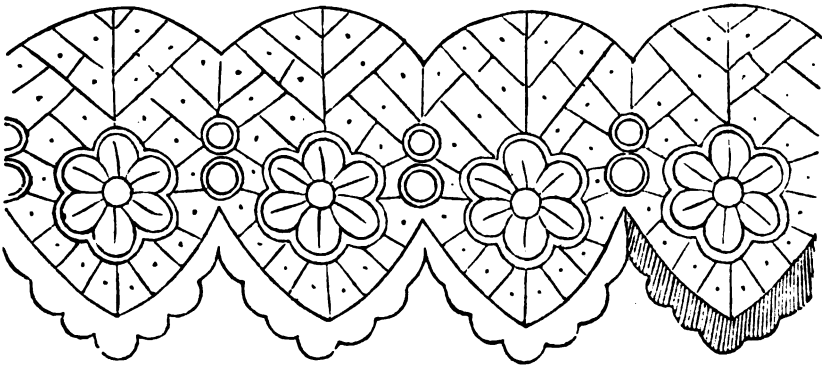
It may also be worked for a lamp-mat in Berlin wool, in which case the 10 first rounds will make it large enough, and five shades of worsted between the darkest and lightest, will have a pretty effect.

Worked with coarse linen, it may be used as a table-mat, as these are now more fashionable than the straw mats.

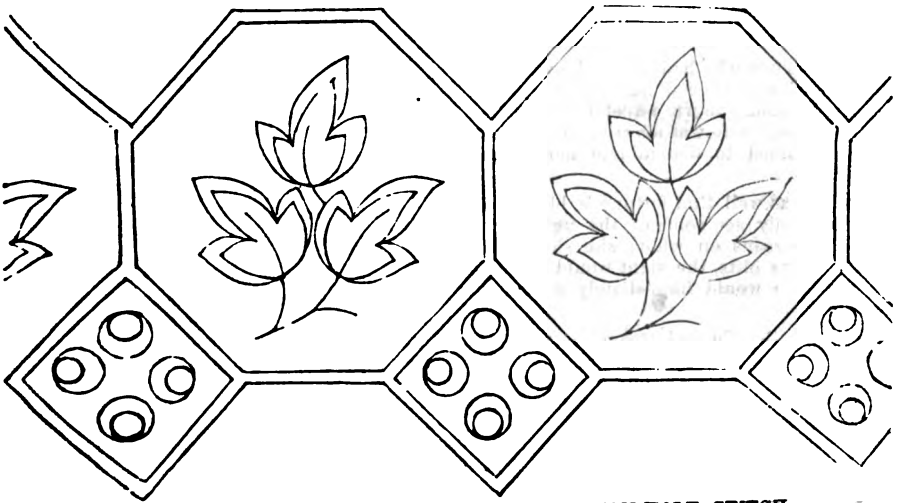
FASHIONS.—We give an "Evening Dress" of silk. The skirt has three flounces, finished with a brocaded border of flowers. Corsage low in the neck, and square across the bosom; finished at the waist by a deep basque, having a narrow border like those on the flounces. The sleeves are formed of two deep ruffles, falling over each other from the shoulders, and are worn with undersleeves.

The beautiful "Opera Cloak" is in form a Talma—material scarlet cloth, with a piece of white cloth, inserted about four inches from the bottom. Each edge defined by a narrow moss fringe in tufts of scarlet and white. Border of fringe, ten inches deep. The upper portion is arranged in a net-work of small scarlet and white tassels, from which descend groups of long scarlet and white tassels delicately crimped. A pretty hood forms a finish to the neck.

We also give in this number an elegant Robe de Chambre of nansook muslin. A band of fine needlework insertion runs up the front, passing to the throat, where it is fastened with small thread buttons. The sleeves are gathered full up at the wrist; above this is a full puff, finished by a rich ruffle of needlework, which falls back upon the arm like a gauntlet. The waist is bound with a muslin sash.



DESIGN FOR SKIRT OF BABY'S ROBE.



UNDERSKIRT PATTERN—THE LINES IN BUTTON-HOLE STITCH

www.fbtool.com.cn
Digitized by Google

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

Milk is the best food for infants, but curd should be avoided, nor should the child have its whey.

www.libtool.com.cn

Pie-crust is bad for children, and in the nursery neither pie-crusts nor promises should ever be broken.

Why is a mushroom like a dandy? Because it is rapid in its growth, slim in its trunk, and thick in its head.

Why is an address pronounced on board a ship like a finger ring? Because it is a deck-oration (decoration.)

Fashion has been well described as "the race of the rich to get away from the poor, who follow as fast as they can."

An ingenious youth said, he should like to go to school in Scotland, because he understood it was the Land of Cakes.

A fashionable young lady, hearing of *Coleridge's Aids to Reflection*, wished to know if they were *toilette candles?*

The Welsh have a saying that if a woman was as quick with her feet as with her tongue, she would catch lightning enough to kindle the fire in the morning.

A Cockney wag of uncultivated aspirations was heard to say, that bakers' bread reminded him of the Middle Ages: because he always associated the idea of it with *Hallam*.

A young lady, after dancing all night and several hours longer, will generally find, on consulting the looking-glass, that the evening's amusement will not bear the morning's reflection.

Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, has received from his friends a new overcoat. He is as enthusiastic about it as a boy in his first boots, and says: "It fits us as well as if we had been melted and poured into it."

A philosopher who had married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call her "Brown Sugar," because, he said, she was sweet but unrefined. Another, whose wife was affectionate and stout, was accustomed to denominate her, "Lump Sugar."

It is just as well that fortune is blind, for if she could only see some of the ugly, stupid, worthless persons on whom she showers her most precious gifts, the sight would so annoy her, that she would immediately scratch her eyes out.

On board the Cunard steamers, the church service is read every Sunday morning. The muster roll of the crew is called over, and they attend service. A gentleman, one day said to one of the sailors:—

"Are you obliged to attend public worship?"

"Not exactly *obliged*, sir," replied Jack; "We should lose our grog if we didn't."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He loves you better who strives to make you good, than he who strives to please you.

The power of books to excite the imagination is a fearful element of moral death when employed in the service of vice.

If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things that they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.

The mind, in order to be kept pure, must be employed in topics of thought which are themselves lovely, chastened, and elevating.

Never jest with the sorrows and frailties of men. Frailties are misfortunes, and the most sacred thing on earth to each heart, is its own sorrow.

God made for some of the martyrs a prison sweet as a garden of flowers: what then will be Heaven? If afflicting mercy be so great, what will be crowning mercy?

Great evil has arisen to individuals, and to the community, from allowing fallacies and falsehood to pass uncontradicted and unexposed in those channels through which poison is conveyed to the public mind.

In this country no young man need be unemployed. Wealth and respectability are conditions to which he may attain. He has no right to be ignorant; he has no time to be vicious; and, generally speaking, no man has a right to be poor.

Curran, speaking of Madame de Stael, who was by no means handsome, but a splendid conversationalist, said that she "had the power of talking herself into a beauty." Ladies should think of this. Beauty lies in other things than fine features and cosmetics.

A man at a hotel is like a grape-vine in a flower-pot, movable, carried round from place to place, docked at the root and short at the top! There is nowhere that a man can get real root-room, and spread out his branches till they touch the morning and evening, but in *his own house*.

No house, says Henry Ward Beecher, is complete without two pieces of furniture—the cradle and the old arm chair. No house is full that hath not in it a babe and a grandfather or a grandmother. Life becomes more radiant and perfect when its two extremes keep along with it. The two loves which watch the cradle and serve the chair are one. But how different in all their openings and actions. To the child the heart turns with more tenderness of love. To the aged parent, love is borne upon a service of reverence. Through the child you look forward—through the parent you look backward. In the child you see hope, joys to come, brave ambition, and a life yet to be drawn forth in all its many-sided experiences. Through the silver-haired parent, you behold the past, its scenes enacted, its histories registered.

Digitized by Google

Editor's Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

There are few readers of the HOME MAGAZINE who have not admired the charming productions of this young writer, who gives more than usual promise of literary eminence. Unheralded, and without the influence of partial friends, she presented herself before the public, first in the pages of this magazine, and afterwards in other periodicals, and was at once recognised as a new star in our firmament, destined to a brilliant culmination. Since then, she has continued to write, each fresh production showing a steady development of power, and a clearer appreciation of her own mental resources. There is yet lacking, in the very nature of things, critical accuracy, extended observation, and a larger knowledge of the human heart; but these come with time and experience, and the quick intuitions of Miss Townsend's mind will soon grasp all that now seems wanting. Already, she touches with rare skill the chords of emotion, and paints nature to the eye with many touches of a master's pencil, while much that she writes is full of poetic beauty.

Miss Townsend's home is New Haven, Conn., but she has recently removed to our city, and will, hereafter, bear a closer relation to our readers, as Assistant Editor of the HOME MAGAZINE. We congratulate them on an arrangement that will give to our work a new and higher interest, and throw over its pages the genial warmth and fine fervor of a woman's mind.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS AND INCREASED ATTRACTIONS.

The new year has opened so propitiously for the HOME MAGAZINE, that we at once make further arrangements for giving its pages increased attractions, and a higher interest. Already we have secured a deeply interesting story from ALICE B. NEAL, now in the course of publication; and another from MRS. MARY A. DENISON, entitled "Idyl;" which, with a new continuous story from our own pen, will fill one department of our Magazine for the year. We now, as mentioned in the preceding article, have secured the services of Miss VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, well known to our readers as the author of "The Door in the Heart"—"Right Across the Street," and many other articles that bear upon them the unmistakable impress of genius, as assistant editor of the HOME MAGAZINE. She will enter upon her duties with the March number.

In this new arrangement, increased interest for all readers must be secured. There will be another mind looking upon the world from a different point, and seeing all things in a different aspect, engaged in the work of gathering material for its pages, and in giving to readers the hue of its own perceptions. A magazine designed especially for the hearts and homes, as is this one, cannot fully serve its purpose, unless a woman's taste, and a woman's thought be in its pages. Defective here has been the HOME MAGAZINE from the beginning, and no one has been more conscious of this than the Editor himself. But now the defect will be supplied, and the Magazine come to the reader, each month, with a fresher and more varied interest.

LOCKING PEW DOORS.

The practice of keeping pew doors locked, which prevails in some of our churches, is one against which considerable outcry is made; and it is one that does seem at variance with the spirit of Christianity. But it has been forced upon pew owners in certain churches, in consequence of the unscrupulous liberty taken by a set of "wandering stars" in the religious firmament, who are never content to remain long in any constellation—novelty-lovers in church matters, who run after every new or popular preacher, and thrust themselves into any body's pew that happens to come in their way, with a selfish disregard of the owner's rights, or that of his family and friends. To lock the door upon such is no very serious wrong; and even their entire exclusion from the body of the church in which they have secured no congregational rights, would hardly endanger their souls' salvation. Remarking on this subject, the *Philadelphia Ledger* gives some thoughts that are worth remembering:—

"It is extremely annoying for a pew owner, or pew renter, in a thronged church, to have his family deprived of their seats, unless they go to church an hour before the time. We have known churches, in which the preacher was so popular that crowds rushed in, the moment the doors were opened; and in which to be courteous and surrender a seat, involved the necessity of standing through the services, or retiring. It is too much the habit with ladies to flock to hear every new divine of eloquence, and by monopolizing the seats, in virtue of their sex, exclude gentlemen. Some years ago, when the Rev. Mr. Kirk, a popular Presbyterian minister, visited this city, it was nearly impossible for a gentleman to hear, solely on this account. Practically, it is these religious gad-abouts, if we may use such a word, who are the persons principally affected by the locking of pew doors. Bona-fide strangers in the city, we have no doubt, would always receive the politest reception, at the hands of pew owners or pew renters, if it was not for these gossips and gad-abouts."

MAKING A NAME.

"I used to feel a sort of inspiration," says a lady correspondent, "that prompted me to write, and that made writing a most pleasurable excitement. They

Digitized by Google

told me, I might win, if I chose, a bright, enduring fame. But fame has many aspirants, many mortified and disappointed ones. If I had any desire to enter the arena for so uncertain a prize, it was conquered by an overruling passion. The love of one human heart, and a green spot of earth to call my home, were more to me than fame. At present, my only hope that my name shall live after me, rests in a trio of merry, loving, little girls, on whose hearts and minds I hope to leave an impress that shall be better and more enduring than fame."

The mother's heart spoke truly there. Fame is a luring meteor, but the love of home and children a strong and steady light, that warms, and cheers, and guides to heavenly felicities.

THE GODEY COMPLIMENTARY DINNER.

Mr. Godey, publisher of the *Lady's Book*, was complimented on Thursday, December 20th, with a dinner, by a number of his warm friends, most of them booksellers, and members of the Philadelphia press. The testimonial was the more gratifying, because made from a genuine personal regard, by men who, for years, have been in close business and friendly relations with him they sought to honor. For over twenty-five years, Mr. Godey has occupied his present position of publisher of the *Lady's Book*, and of the many hundreds of persons who, during that long period, have had business intercourse with him, few, if any, can be found, who will not bear earnest testimony to his inflexible integrity, his generous regard for others, and the nobleness of his heart. Nature largely endowed him with the better qualities of humanity; and while she gave him an active mind, with that concentration of purpose which compels success in any pursuit, she gave also those kindlier impulses, that, in the home and social circles, diffuse warmth and radience—the heart's bright sunshine.

We have known Mr. Godey, intimately, for some fifteen years, and during the whole of that period, few weeks have passed in which we have not met him in business or friendly intercourse: and in bearing our testimony to his worth as a man, we speak from the closest personal knowledge. That he is a fast friend, we have the best reason to affirm—a friend whose heart does not grow cold, nor his face grave, when the shadow of misfortune falls dark across another's threshold. We should be unjust to him, did we not, on so fitting an occasion, bear this truthful testimony in his favor.

The number of tickets issued for the complimentary festival was limited. Between sixty and seventy persons were present. The committee of arrangements for the occasion were Messrs. W. A. Blanchard, Morton M'Michael, J. B. Lippincott, James Crissy, Moses Thomas, Charles Magargee, H. Cowperthwaite. H. C. Lea, Charles Desilver, and E. H. Butler. Jno. Grigg, Esq., presided on the occasion, assisted by Messrs. Henry C. Carey, and Abraham Hart, as vice presidents. Among the guests were Messrs. Appleton and Putnam, of New York. Mr Grigg, on taking the chair, made a happy address, in which a just tribute was paid to the character of Mr. Godey. Mayor Conrad, Wm. B. Reed Esq., Messrs. Morton M'Michael, Robert Morris, Prof. Coppee, of the Penn University, and others, gave addresses during the evening.

Referring to the occasion, Mr. Morris said:—"I have known Louis A. Godey intimately and long. I have had many and various opportunities of seeing his character developed, and his principles illustrated—and I have yet to learn of the first act of his that has not been MANLY, WARM-HEARTED, HIGH-MINDED, and HONORABLE. The testimonial of to-night, therefore, is every way merited and due. And while it is intended more particularly for one individual, every member of the editorial fraternity, cannot but feel complimented and gratified."

Mr. Godey's response to the address of the chairman, or at least a portion of it, we must give, as well for its revelation of the man, as for its glance at the history of periodical literature in this country:

"I began the Lady's Book over twenty-five years ago, with but little capital, but many good friends, most of whom I have had the satisfaction to retain, and now see around me. It was considered a bold undertaking for the time; the country was not prepared for a work of this kind; but as the King's name is said to be a tower of strength, so, also, was that of my title, the "Lady's Book." It succeeded from the first, and has never retrograded. It was commenced as an illustrated magazine, and the first engravings were purchased from my friend Hart, then Carey & Hart—the plates that were used in their annuals. I paid them twelve dollars a piece for them, and when, in succeeding years, they raised the price to fifteen dollars, I was inclined to strike, and not pay so exhorbitant a price for an illustration. I have since paid two hundred and seventy-five dollars for a single plate, and in one number of my book have published engravings that cost me over five hundred dollars. My friend Carey used to smile and joke with me about using second-hand plates. The titles I of course changed to suit my purpose; this was a hint upon which my friends the booksellers have since acted upon to perfection, for I have seen plates appear originally as the Grecian Maid, then changed into another publication as Miranda, then Joan of Arc, and then Cassandra, and then go through all the poets until they got down to plain Marys and Janes. For this saving, I think, they are indebted to me, and they ought to make the proper acknowledgement. The magazines have cultivated a taste for the fine arts, which, but for them, would still have been somewhat in its infancy. It used to be an old saying, "it is good enough for the country," but that won't now do; they know a good engraving in the country just as well as we do in the city. When I paid for my first copy, I thought ruin would come upon me; about one article in a number, "written expressly for this magazine," was quite enough for my pocket in those days. Since then, what has been paid for original matter, by the Philadelphia Magazines, to the Holmes', Longfellows, Bryants, Coopers, Willis', Hentzs, Pauldings, and others? I have seen one number of a Philadelphia magazine, the literary matter in which cost $1200, and my friend Graham was the man who paid it.

The Philadelphia Magazines were the first publications in this country to purchase original matter as a regular business, and this continued to be the case for a long series of years, and would probably have been continued, had not another magazine, with not

Digitized by Google

a line of original matter, obtained a circulation of over one hundred thousand copies. We, of Philadelphia, then came to the conclusion that our American people did not care who wrote the articles they read, provided they were good, and the practice of paying for original matter has somewhat abated.

Your Chairman has been pleased to compliment me upon my industry. For the nearly twenty-six years that I have conducted the book, I have never been absent from the city but on three occasions, when the time amounted to two weeks. Not a number has ever gone to press without my seeing and reading every page of it. My orders at the printing office are to query every article upon religion or politics, for fear that it might escape my eye—for I will allow no man's religion to be attacked or sneered at, or the subject of politics to be mentioned in my book; the first is obnoxious to myself, and to the latter the ladies object, and it is my business and my pleasure to please them, for to them—God bless the fairest portion of His creation—am I indebted for my success.

I may mention one fact in regard to the popularity of the 'Lady's Book' among the ladies—a fact that sometimes makes me feel as if I was growing old in years, I never can in heart—I sometimes receive letters from ladies who take the book for their children, whose mothers subscribed to it for them.

Untiring industry are the words of your Chairman. I am untiring—I work ten hours a day through nine months of the year, and for the other three months I am at my office until eleven o'clock at night. A friend, seated not far from me, once told me he was never great in small matters. *Pam.* I pay as much attention to a letter containing twenty-five cents, as I do to one containing twenty-five dollars.

I have stated that I began without capital. I did—but I had credit. I have bought my paper of Messrs. Megarge & Co. since I have been in business, and I can proudly say that I have never asked a favor of them, except to make me good paper. If I had wanted a favor, it would have been granted, for there is no man who has a kindlier heart than Charles Megarge. My bills with them have been about $3,000 a month—from present appearances, this year they will be much larger.

Messrs. T. K. & P. G. Collins have printed the book so long, that I cannot remember when they commenced. The junior of the firm, P. G. Collins, was a man who was not fully understood but by those who knew him well. He was a man of a very superior mind, and who, under a rough manner, had the kindest of hearts; a man who was, perhaps, better informed on the topics of the day, and of matters past, than many who write professor to their names—no offence intended to the several professors here present. The senior of the firm, who is now present, that jolly, fat gentleman there, familiarly known as Old Collins—but why that prefix I know not—is my *just*, my firm, my good friend—I wear him in my heart of hearts.

Adhesiveness must be a prominent phrenological development in me, for the binder who served up the first number of the book, still continues to bind it. She has never followed any other business, is now living in her own house, and the business is conducted by her son, in partnership with his mother.

My clerks have been with me a long time. One of them, now present, has been with me fifteen years, and I honor him as I would a brother. One of my clerks, who was with me from boyhood, became your Postmaster; two of them are brokers, and one a stationer, doing a very large business. I give employment to about eighty women, and men innumerable.

These details may amuse some of my publishing friends here present, but remember, gentlemen, this is a single publication; you have many. I have always rewarded labor well, as those who work for me can testify. I have never had a note protested, and have always fulfilled every business obligation.

It would take me the whole evening to give a history of my friends here present; but I must not omit one, 'my halved heart.' In 1828 I was introduced to him over an imposing stone, which, I presume, has had its influence upon our friendship. He has always been my mentor, my rock of refuge when any mooted point has arisen in my business. I have consulted him, and his decision has always been final with me. An uninterrupted friendship of twenty-seven years is something to boast of; may it continue for our lives! Need I name the man who is so popular with us all?—Morton McMichael.

When I commenced the Book, although a younger man than I am now, though not better looking, I was determined that the 'Lady's Book' should be a moral work; and it is a source of great comfort to me that I can now say that not an oath can be found in the whole fifty-one volumes of the book. * *

In conclusion, Mr. Chairman, permit me to say, that to yourself and the other gentlemen who have had the conducting of this affair, I reiterate my thanks, my everlasting gratitude. Before taking my seat, I wish to offer a toast. Who could expect any other from me than the PRESS? To my friends of the city press, with every member of whom I am on terms of perfect friendship, I return my thanks. But to the country press I wish particularly to allude; they have been to me as a band of brothers. To them I owe especial thanks for the many, very many acts of kindness I have received; I can never forget my obligations to them. I give you, gentlemen,

THE PRESS."

ROYAL MANNERS.

The state of good breeding, even in the royal family, was, a hundred years ago, far below the standard of decent good behavior at the present time, even among the humbler classes in life. The man, in our day, no matter what his condition, who would speak to his wife as George the Second did to his queen, Caroline, would be set down as a vulgar brute. Dr. Doran, in his gossipping "Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover," gives us this glimpse of Royal manners:

"But Caroline herself was often snubbed by the king. One evening, when they were seated together, Lord Hervey came into the room: the queen, who was knotting, while the king walked backwards and forwards, began jocosely to attack Lord Hervey upon an answer just published to a book of his friend Bishop Hervey's on the Sacrament, in which the bishop was very ill-treated; but before the queen had uttered half what she had a mind to say, the king interrupted her, and told her she always loved talking of such nonsense, and things she knew nothing of; adding if it were not for such foolish people loving to talk of these things when they were written, the fools who wrote upon them would never think of publishing their nonsense, and disturbing the government with impertinent disputes, that nobody of any sense ever troubled themselves about. Much more followed in the same strain; when the poor queen, thinking to change the conversation, expressed her disapproval of giving *vails* to the servants of the house at which a person has been visiting. She remarked that she had found it no inconsiderable ex-

Digitized by Google

pense, during the past summer, to visit her friends, even in town. 'That is your own fault,' growled the king; 'for my father, when he went to people's houses in town, never was fool enough to give away his money.' The queen pleaded that she only gave what her chamberlain, Lord Grantham, informed her was usual,—whereupon poor Lord Grantham came in for his full share of censure. 'The queen,' said her consort, 'was always asking some fool or another what she was to do, and none but a fool would ask another fool's advice.' Lord Hervey gently hinted that liberality would be expected from a queen on such an occasion as her visit at the house of her subjects. 'Then let her stay at home, as I do,' said the king. 'You do not see me running into every puppy's house, to see his new chairs and stools.' And then turning to the queen, he added: 'Nor is it for *you* to be running your nose everywhere, and to be trotting about the town, to every fellow that will give you some bread-and-butter, like an old girl that likes to go abroad, no matter where, or whether it be proper or no.' The queen colored, and knotted a good deal faster than before, whilst tears came in her eyes; but she said not a word."

A fair sequel to this is the king's conduct on the death of his consort:

"The king kissed the face and hands of his departed consort with unaffected fervor. But his conduct continued to be as irregular as ever. He was superstitious, and afraid of ghosts; and it was remarked on this occasion, that he would have people in his bedroom, as if their presence could have saved him from the visitation of a spirit. In private the sole object of his conversation was 'Caroline.' He loved to narrate the whole history of her early life and his own: their wooing and their wedding, their joys and vexations. There was a constant flow of tears shed for her who was gone. They seemed, however, to come and go at pleasure; for in the very height of his mourning, and depth of his sorrow, the king happened to see Horace, the brother of Sir Robert Walpole, who was weeping for fashion's sake, but in so grotesque a manner, that when the king beheld it he ceased to cry, and burst into a roar of laughter. Lord Hervey foretold that his grief was not of a lasting quality, and in some degree he was correct; but it must be conceded that the king never ceased to respect the memory of his wife."

THE NEW CHURCH HERALD.

This is an earnestly conducted weekly religious paper, advocating the doctrines of Swedenborg. It is published in this city at $2 a year, and is edited by Rev. Sabin Hough. The *New Church Herald* takes the negative side of the question, "Can spirits move material things?"—and regards all persons who believe that they have seen dead material objects moved through the sole agency of spirits, as having been, for the time, the victims of a phantasy produced by the spirits under whose influence they had permitted themselves to come. This is our own view of the matter. If neither time nor space can be predicated of spirits, how can they move things *in space?* If they are immaterial, how can they touch *material* things? If evil spirits have power to overcome the law of gravitation, so far as a table or chair is concerned, they have power to do so in things of more importance: to throw down a house, set fire to a curtain by raising to it a lighted candle, or drawing a linch pin from a carriage wheel—nay, to stop the earth in its diurnal motion! The thing is too absurd.

A cloud of witnesses, the most respectable and truthful, bear undoubting testimony on the subject of table moving; but it is far easier for us to believe that spirits shadowed their external senses for a time, and deceived them by cunning phantasies, than that they could do things which our reason tells us it is impossible for them to do.

We are gratified to see the paper above referred to, take what we believe the true position in regard to a question that is sorely perplexing many honest minds.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PRISON OF WALTEVREDEN; And a Glance at the East Indian Archipelago. By WALTER M. GIBSON. Illustrated From Original Sketches. New York: *J. C. Riker.*

We hardly know how to class this book—whether as a semi-serious narrative, or a kind of Munchausen story. If the author meant that it should be received as a veritable history of things seen and heard, his style is a little unfortunate. His own account of the volume is as follows:—"It embraces some mention of early influences, which led the author to adventure in the East; his voyage thither in his own vessel, visiting many small islands but little known, in the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans; his arrival in the Malayan Archipelago, and sojourn in the interior of Sumatra; where he saw apparent evidences of semi-human beings, and became acquainted with princes and nobles of the island and their families; visiting them at their homes, partaking of their hospitality, studying their literature, and observing their religion, laws, customs and social habits—as peculiar to the Malay race, and as affected by European influences—and forming intimate friendships and relations, which were interrupted by the jealousy of the Dutch officials; causing his arrest, and the seizure of his vessel, and his confinement for fifteen months in the prison of Waltevreden, in the island of Java; where he underwent a most extraordinary and oppressive prosecution at the hands of the government of Netherland India; and at the same time meeting in his cell a most novel and interesting experience of Malay and Javanese character; finding teachers of all that he wished to learn of these isles, and docile pupils to listen to all he wished to impart; finding many evidences of a refined and tasteful civilization, of a happy disposition to receive truths of a more convincing creed than their own, and a simplicity of character, and a heroism of devotion—in many instances bordering on the regions of romance—which brightened many prison hours, and finally enabled him, when his life was in danger, to effect his escape."

The volume has many striking illustrations.

EXPERIMENTAL INVESTIGATIONS OF THE SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS: Demonstrating the Existence of Spirits and their Communion with Mortals; Doctrine of the Spirit World Respecting Heaven, Hell, Morality and God. Also, The Influence of Scripture on the Morals of Christians. By ROBERT HARE, M. D. New York: *Partridge & Britain.*

As a teacher of science, and an expounder of the laws of Nature as far as she reveals herself, through induction, to the searching eye of the philosopher, Dr. Hare has done good service in his day and generation, and won for himself an honorable place among men. But, in leaving the world of scientific demonstration, and entering, without a guide, through modern enchantments, the invisible world, he has lost his way, and become a passive subject in the hands of vain, false, tricky and wicked spirits, who hold his reason

Digitized by Google

passive, while they pour into his mind a bewildering flood of truth and falsehood, mixed up in confusion inextricable. Like Judge Edmonds, Talmadge, and a few others, eminent in position and natural acquirements, he stands a sad spectacle to sound-minded men; and a warning to all not to venture with too much self-confidence upon this dangerous ground of so-called Spiritualism.

www.libtool.com.cn

Of Dr. Hare's honesty in the matter, no one who knows him can entertain a moment's doubt. He began his inquiries an unbeliever, and with the determination to try the spirits by chemical and mechanical tests. But, the spirits proved an overmatch for him, and soon led his reason and sense captive, even to the extent of entire belief in their power to act upon dead matter. He constructed a machine, drawings of which are given in his book, and by means of this machine talks, telegraphically, with spirits, giving and receiving communications; and his book is filled with their crude, puerile, and often infidel teachings, in which there is just sufficient admixture of truth to deceive the over-credulous, many of whom would far rather attempt the ascent to heaven by this outside rope of sand, than by a life in strict subordination to the Divine law as given in the Commandments.

When spirits make men believe that their incongruous utterances are of higher value than the Bible, it is not hard to determine on what side they belong; nor difficult to believe that a true word comes from them only when a lie will not suit their purposes.

Swedenborg, who, with reason balanced, entered the spiritual world *consciously*, and saw and heard therein with the eyes and ears of his spirit, while he yet remained in the body—a remarkable psychological condition in which no other man had ever come—has stated the laws of the spiritual world, and the mode of its action upon the natural world, and given large information touching the life and activities of spirits, as well as their qualities. Sensual and corporeal spirits, or the spirits of men who, while living in this world, found their highest delight in mere sensual and corporeal things, after separation from their natural bodies, Swedenborg tells us, most earnestly desire, for a time, to get back into their lost delights. These are the spirits who, hovering, as it were, on the confines of this world, enter the minds of men who seek for intercourse with spirits; and they are, says Swedenborg, "liars and deceivers above all others." No one who reads, with even a shadow of credence, his relation of the delusive arts of spirits, and the fantasies they produce in the minds of other spirits, can wonder at their power to delude men who are ignorant of their quality, and weak enough to credit their revelations. Modern spiritualism, is, indeed, one of the saddest spectacles of the nineteenth century; and we know of no antidote to the evil, where the virus is once active, but a careful study of the laws of the spiritual world, as given in the writings of Emanual Swedenborg.

But, we have wandered from Dr. Hare's book. What more shall we say of it? Only, what may be said of all others of its class, that to read it is a waste of time; and to put any faith in what the communicating spirits relate, a folly that borders on insanity.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF AUGUSTINE DUGANNE. Philadelphia: *Parry & McMillan, (Successors to Carey & Hart.)*

It is not often that a poet meets with a friend and admirer who is able, and at the same time willing, to give him an introduction to the public in a style of such elegance as we find in the instance before us. James Lesley, Jr., Esq., of our city, a friend and admirer, offered to get up, at his own cost, a complete edition of Mr. Duganne's poems, and in a style of unequalled beauty; an offer promptly accepted by the young poet. The pledge on the part of Mr. Lesley has been fully met. We believe no single volume of poems by an American author has equalled this in unique typography, or exquisite letter press. The fine, hot-pressed paper is of a delicate cream color; the binding in green and gold.

As a poet, Mr. Duganne has abilities of a high order. He writes with a bold, vigorous pen, throwing off his independent sentiments with an impulse that fails not to quicken the reader's heart. In a certain sense, he is the "Corn Law Rhymer" of America; and in the "Iron Harp" division of his volume, are poems full of the stern, indignant spirit with which Ebenezer Elliot once wrote, and quite worthy of his pen. But we like the poetry of this part of his book better than we do the philosophy; and we think the time will come when the poet's vision will be clearer. We much regret to see the "Parnassus in Pillory," which a few years ago created a stir in literary circles. A poet, even if spurned by neglect or wrong into writing a satire against his brother poets, should repent of the act, and suffer the offspring of weakness, rather than manly strength, to sink, undisturbed, in the waters of oblivion. Its reproduction in this elegant volume, we must regard as an error, and frankly say so. He could well have spared its revival.

We give a single specimen from the volume, taken almost at random:

"A FANTASIE.

"I sit beside my gentle one;
Her hand is laid in mine,
And thus we watch the parting sun
In golden haze decline.
Across the fields the shadows creep,
And up the misty hill;
And we our twilight vigils keep,
At our own cottage sill.

"The distant brooklet's murmurs come,
Like bell-notes through the leaves;
And many an insect's mazy hum
Its dreamy music weaves.
The dove's last notes, in rippling beats,
Upon the air departs;
The breath of all our garden sweets
Is creeping to our hearts.

"The russet woodbine round our porch
In clustering ringlets twines;
The honeysuckle's crimson torch
Gleams through the dusky vines;
The sunset rays are trembling now
Amid the trellis bars—
They paint upon my darling's brow
A glory like the stars.

"Her cheek is nestling on my breast,
Her eyes are bright with tears;
A prayer half breathed, and half repress,
My listening spirit hears.
Oh! blessed be the changeless love
That glorifies my life!
All doubt, all fear, all guile above—
My own true-hearted wife!"

THE ELM TREE TALES. By F. Irene Burge Smith. New York: *Mason & Brothers.* Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson.*

The volume contains three stories, "Jennie Grigg; the Street Sweeper," "Nannie Bates; the Huckster's Daughter," and "Archibald Mackie; the Little Cripple." These stories cannot fail to awaken sympathy for the poor, helpless, neglected children, so many of whom crowd our large cities, a living rebuke to Christians, and a stain upon the escutcheon of Charity.

Digitized by Google

THE PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID; Or, Three Years in the Holy City. Being a Series of the Letters of Adina, a Jewess of Alexandria, Sojourning in Jerusalem in the Days of Herod, Addressed to her Father, a Wealthy Jew in Egypt, and Related as by an Eye Witness, all the Scenes and Wonderful Incidents in the Life of Jesus of Nazareth, From his Baptism in Jordan to his Crucifixion in Calvray. Edited by Rev. Professor J. H. INGRAHAM, Rector of St. John's Church, Mobile. New York *Pudney & Russell.*

We give the full title of this volume, which is an imaginary work, written by Mr. Ingraham, with the the hope of tempting "the daughters of Israel to read what he wrote, and receive and be convinced by the arguments and proofs of the divinity of Christ as here presented." The time embraced in the narrative includes the last four years of our Lord's stay upon the earth, and the few facts recorded of him in the Gospel are made the basis of familiar personal details and conversations. New characters and incidents are introduced, and language put into our Saviour's mouth, of which we find no record in the Sacred volume. This naturally results from the plan of the book. But, it is a book that we shrink from reading. A page or two was sufficient to create the same feelings that we have when an imaginary head of the Saviour is presented, and from which we soon withdraw our eyes, as from the desecration of a sacred thing. Deprecating the conclusions to which very many would arrive in regard to his book, the author says:—"There can be no charge of irreverence where none is intended, and where the writer has trod 'with his shoes off his feet,' and with the most cautious steps." Better, we think, not to have ventured on the ground at all, even with the feet bared. If there is no direct irreverence in the act, there is at least a want of reverence.

THE LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE, to Her Daughter and Friends. Edited by Mrs. SARAH J. HALE, author of "Woman's Record," "Northwood," "Vigil of Love," &c. New York: *Mason & Brothers.* Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson.*

This volume is the first of a series entitled "The Library of Standard Letters," in which the best epistolary productions of the last two centuries are to be reproduced. We know of no American author better fitted by reading, taste, and habits of thought, for this work, than Mrs. Hale. The first volume of the series contains the delightful letters of Madame de Sevigne, with a brief sketch of her life. This lady lived in what the French consider their Augustan age; but it was an age of fearful moral defection. Yet amid all the temptations and fascinations of the period, Madame de Sevigne preserved an unblemished reputation, and gave to the world a charming example of purity and domestic virtue. Her letters are frequently referred to in literary circles, yet few in this country have read them. The present volume will, therefore, be all the more acceptable. The author died in 1696. "Her illness, the result of fatigue and uneasiness she had endured for some months on her daughter's account, took her by surprise, and was announced by no symptoms. It was short. In her last moments she was resigned and perfectly calm. Thus died Madame de Sevigne, aged about seventy, and was interred in the Collegiate Church of Grignan, leaving to posterity in the record of her blameless life, and in her exquisite writings, the brightest and purest model which her age affords."

HOME GARNER; Or, The Intellectual and Moral Store House: Gathered for the Family Circle, from the Rich Experience of Many Faithful Reapers. By Mrs. MARY C. CLARKE. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

We have in this octavo volume of over four hundred pages, a large variety of miscellaneous reading more particularly designed for the home circle. The subjects are of special interest to mothers, and particularly designed to give them aid, counsel, and comfort in their various and arduous duties. A religious vein runs through many of the articles. The volume is one that will do great good in any household. Mrs. Clarke is an earnest worker in the good cause of moral, intellectual and religious culture.

LOVE OF COUNTRY; Or, Sobieski and Hedwig. Compiled and Translated from the French. Boston: *Crosby & Nichols.*

These Stories, or Sketches, from Polish History, have the double interest of romance and reality. They are pictures from history, in which our interest is kept active through sympathy with the individual. Such books inspire our children with a love of country, and show them how far beyond all price is the civil liberty we enjoy. "Sobieski and Hedwig," remarks the translator, "are types in many points worthy of imitation; and the peculiar manners of their time, the customs of their country, their own characters, and the romantic and important events in which they took so prominent a share, render their lives most interesting as well as instructive."

THE POETRY OF GERMANY. Consisting of Selections from Upwards of Seventy of the Most Celebrated Poets.—Translated into English Verse, with the Original Text on the opposite page. By ALFRED BASHERVILLE. Second Edition. Philadelphia: *John Weik, 47 South Eighth street.*

Not only to lovers of poetry will this volume prove eminently attractive, but also to the student of the German language, as the original of each poem is given on the page opposite to that containing the English version. That the selections are well made, is evident in the fact that the book has already passed to a second edition. There is a beauty, peculiarly its own, in the poetry of Germany; and, like the poetry of all nations, it exhibits the national heart. It shows us the feelings and sentiments of the masses, opens a window in the breast, and reveals the inner man. We can never truly know a people until we are familiar with their poetry, The volume before us we can warmly commend.

THE SKEPTICAL ERA IN MODERN HISTORY; Or, The Infidelity of the Eighteenth Century, the Product of Spiritual Despotism. By T. M. POST. New York: *Charles Scribner.*

The object of this work is to show, that the wide spread infidelity of the last century, is solely traceable to the dominion over men's minds which the dominant ecclesiastical power in Europe had obtained, and in no way referable to the great movement of the Reformation. It was simply a violent reaction upon the spiritual despotism of the Church. This is no doubt the true exposition. The volume is earnestly written, and will meet a hearty response in the Protestant mind.

THE COMMENTARIES OF CÆSAR ON THE GALLIC AND CIVIL WARS: With the Supplementary Books attributed to Hirtius: Including the Alexandrian, African, and Spanish Wars. Literally Translated. With Notes, and very Elaborate Index. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

THE ANABASIS; Or, Expedition of Cyrus, and the Memorabilia of Socrates. Literally Translated from the Greek of Zenaphon. By Rev. J. S. WATSON; With a Geographical Commentary. By W. F. AINSWORTH. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

CICERO'S THREE BOOKS OF OFFICES; Or, Moral Duties; Also, His Cato Major, an Essay on Old Age; Lælius, an Essay on Friendship; Paradoxes; Scipio's Dream, &c. Literally Translated. With Notes. By CYRUS B. EDMONDS. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

These volumes are new editions in the excellent series known as "Harper's Classical Library," and are books too well known to readers of history to require critical notice. Among the large accumulation of modern books, too many of them light and superficial, the old standards are in some danger of being forgotten. Young men of the present day will do well to include these "classics" in the range of their literary studies.

Digitized by Google

MODERN PILGRIMS: Showing the Improvements in Travel, and the Method of Reaching the Celestial City. By GEORGE WOOD, author of "Peter Schlemihl in America." Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.* 2 vols. Philadelphia: *Smith & English.*

These volumes are dedicated to Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland, of Brown University, and were suggested, the author states, by Hawthorne's allegory of "The Celestial Railroad." "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" gives, of course, the general idea of the work, though the imitation is remote. The Modern Pilgrims, on their way to the Celestial City, go by a very different road, and meet with very different characters and adventures from those that befel Christian, Christiana, Great Heart and Mercy. Babylon the Less, (or New York,) is the City of Destruction from which our Pilgrims set forth, and the house they leave is a modern palace in the "Fifth Avenue." Of all their adventures among the sectaries of the Church, and also among the gentiles, we cannot write. Strong minded women, Fourierites, Spiritualists, and advocates of the varied isms of the day, are all met by our pilgrims, and their characters are pretty distinctly portrayed. Of course, the Pilgrims find the right road, according to the author, and in the end reach the Celestial City.

The book is ingeniously written, but the matter-of-fact things of the day are blended so incongruously with the slight allegory, that much seems ridiculous which the author may have written soberly.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By JOHN BONNER. New York: *Harper & Brothers.* Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

The only wonder is, that so long a time has been permitted to elapse since the suggestion of such a work as this was given before the idea was carried out. The Child's History of England, by Dickens, so admirably written, made every one feel the want of a similar book on the United States. Over two years ago, we conversed with an American author of fine abilities, who had written much on the history of our country, about such a volume, and he talked seriously of beginning the work at once. But, other pursuits claimed his immediate attention, and the good purpose never flowed down into act. No matter, however, by whom the acceptable work is done, so that it is done well. There is now a clear and carefully written Child's History of the United States, published in handsome style, in two neat volumes; of which fact we advise all parents, and suggest the importance of placing it promptly in the hands of their children. True love of country cannot be implanted in the barren soil of ignorance. Knowledge precedes patriotism.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY. By HENRY REED. Philadelphia: *Parry & McMillan.*

As a model of style, and as a volume of chaste criticism, this work must take a first position. Professor Reed, whose loss to the University of Pennsylvania can scarcely be repaired, was a close, clear thinker, a pure-hearted man, and a ripe scholar. In giving two volumes of his lectures to the public, his friends have done a good service to American literature. The present series of lectures is on English history, as illustrated by Shakspeare. They are very clearly written, and possess almost a poetic charm. No thoughtful reader can open the book without finding himself captivated by the author's elegant diction, and lucid criticisms. To the student of history his suggestions are invaluable.

THE INDIAN FAIRY BOOK. From the Original Legends. With Illustrations. New York: *Mason & Brother.*

During the sojourn of Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft among the North American Indians, he collected quite a number of their curious traditionary legends. From this material the present "Fairy Book" has been constructed. The stories, as the author asserts, are "not the coinage of our own times, but such as are, and have been, time out of mind, recited around the lodge-fires, and old trees of America, by the Indian story-tellers, to soothe and entertain the audiences of the red children." The specimens of Indian legendary lore here given, are curious enough. The myth of the dwarf and giant; the talisman that protects from evil; the charmed girdle, or shell that makes the possessor invisible; and the talking beasts, with which we are so familiar in European legendary lore, are all familiar to the red men of our forests, half believed by the old, and listened to with eager credulity by the young. This new book of fairy tales will be eagerly sought for by the little folks.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA; Or, Interesting Anecdotes and Remarkable Conversations of the Emperor during the Five and a Half Years of his Captivity. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. With Illustrations. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

Whilst we cannot for an instant admit, with the author of this volume, who is certainly in love with his subject, that "the Emperor Napoleon, by almost universal consent, is pronounced to be, intellectually, the most illustrious of mankind;" nor with Lamartine, that he is "the greatest of the creations of God" (!), we concede to him gigantic abilities, and a wonderful power of will, that could mould even victories to his purposes. During his captivity at St. Helena, his ever active mind was busy with a world of thoughts, reminiscences and suggestions, and his conversations with the few who had access to his person were always of an interesting character, though not always of as much real value as his admirers would have us believe. Mr. Abbott has made the most of his subject, and given to the public a volume of no ordinary interest. It is profusely illustrated.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN ESCAPED NOVICE FROM THE SISTERHOOD OF ST. JOSEPH'S, EMMETTSBURG, MARYLAND; the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. By JOSEPHINE M. BUNKLEY. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

The escape of Miss Bunkley, a Novice in the Catholic Institution at Emmettsburg, Md., which occurred near the close of 1854, caused considerable excitement at the time. We now have a full statement of her experience at the Nunnery, the motives which led her to escape, and her view of the character and secret operations of the community. The case is put in a strong light, and presents an aspect in no way flattering to the Institution. Miss Bunkley's narrative, will, of course, command a large number of readers.

GODFREY MONCTON; Or, The Faithless Guardian. By SUSANNAH MOODIE. Author of "Roughing It in the Bush," "Flora Lindsey," &c., &c. New York: *Dewitt & Davenport.*

Mrs. Moodie's "Roughing It in the Bush" has, so far, proved her most entertaining volume. There was a freshness and a naturalness about the book that captivated all readers—even though few were ready to accept all the stories she told as sober verities. "Life in the Clearings" rather disappointed the admirers of her previous volume. In the field of novel writing, Mrs. Moodie has not won very distinguished laurels. Her stories are good, but do not produce a sensation; though they are quite up to the average of wants of novel readers. "Godfrey Moncton" is, probably, equal to the best of her romances.

ROSE CLARK. By FANNY FERN. New York: *Mason & Brothers.* Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

This new volume from the pen of Fanny Fern has received from the press quite a diverse reception. As a romance, it will not bear to be judged by common rules of criticism, but must be taken as a novelty in fiction, the product of a mind possessing singular vitality, acuteness of observation, and courage to ex-

Digitized by Google

press thoughts, and give words to feelings that most writers would deem it prudent to conceal. There are passages of rare beauty and passages of overflowing pathos in "Rose Clark," as there must be in any book from the pen of Fanny Fern. Yet the volume, as a whole, is not to our liking.

HELEN LEESON; A Peep at New York Society. Philadelphia: *Parry & McMillan*

The writer's aim in this story of real life in America is, to lift the veil which conceals the weakness and vanities that distinguish our fashionables, yet, at the same time to show that even among them are to be found many who are right at heart, and who possess a full measure of those virtues that adorn humanity. "Our only motive," says the accomplished author, "in exposing to the public gaze the smiles and frowns of our home circles, has been a feeling of love and charity—an earnest desire to promote that improvement which would secure for future generations happiness and stability, and spare them the aching trials which modern extravagance must necessarily bring in its train." A worthy aim, worthily worked out. The fair author, we see it stated, was, a few years ago, a reigning belle in New York, and she writes, therefore, from observation and experience.

AN OUTLINE OF THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF GRAMMAR. By Rev. J. Graeff Barton, A. M. New York: *Harper & Brothers.* Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

This grammar has been used for nearly three years by the students in the preparatory class in the Free Academy, New York. The object of the compendium is to take from the study of our language the dryness of mere formularies, and to help the student to think while he learns. It seems to be a treatise of considerable value, and takes the side of good Saxon English against the affectation of a Latinized style. The Introduction contains some valuable hints, profitable to authors as well as teachers.

MOLLY AND KITTY; Or, Peasant Life in Ireland. With Other Stories. Translated from the German. Boston: *Crosby & Nichols.*

THE BEARS OF AUGUSTUSBURG: An Episode in Saxon History. By Gustave Niebuhr; With Other Tales. Boston: *Crosby & Nichols.*

Two neat volumes, illustrated with colored engravings, prepared for young people. Besides the interest of the stories themselves, they have a value to the youth in this country beyond the narrative; for they show, by contrast, the invaluable blessings they enjoy, when the condition of children in other ages and other lands is seen. The work of translation seems well performed, and the style is easy and attractive.

THE ONYX RING. By Jno. Sterling. With a Biographical Sketch. By Charles Hare. Boston: *Whittemore, Niles & Hall.*

The author of this, one of the brilliantly written stories that graced the pages of Blackwood, has twice been the subject of a biographical volume, the last by Carlyle. He was the author of many fine papers in Blackwood, among which the fragments, "Crystals in a Cavern," will be remembered. His life was restless, eventful, eratic; and he accomplished but little, when his fine powers are considered. Had the full force of his mind been spent in a single useful direction, the world would have honored him as one of its benefactors.

MAN-OF-WAR LIFE; A Boy's Experience in the United States' Navy. Being a Voyage Around the World, in a Ship of the Line. Cincinnati: *Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co.*

There is a charm about all narratives of life on shipboard that captivates old and young, a charm that has lured many thoughtless boys away from home and comfort, and led them into the endurance of cruel hardships. The author of the present attractive volume was one of the victims of this fascination, and his experience ought to deter every dissatisfied youth who contemplates a like adventure, from committing a folly which repentance cannot cure.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—Among the new books for children that we can cordially recommend, is a pleasant volume by Ella Rodman, entitled "A Christmas Wreath for Little People." It is published by Parry & McMillan, and is made up of five stories —"Hetty's Little Boy;" "The Gold Piece;" "Allie's Kitten;" "The Lost Money;" and "The Little Orphan." Ella Rodman is a lady of our city who has written many fine stories, and we are pleased to see that she feels interest enough in the children to favor them with some of the creations of her graceful fancy.

From Whittemore, Niles & Hall, of Boston, through T. B. Peterson, there comes to us "Little Paul, and other Stories." By Lizzie Amory, a volume of pleasant reading for the little ones. The stories are finely told.

From G. P. Putnam & Co., we have another volume of that charming series, "Ellen Montgomery's Book Shelf," by the author of the "Wide Wide World," and "Dollars and Cents." It is entitled "Casper." Not a word more need be said to ensure the book a welcome reception from the juveniles.

"Saint Gildas; or, The Three Paths." By Julia Kavanagh, is another excellent volume for youth, from the press of Whittemore, Niles & Hall, Boston, in which a fine moral is blended with an attractive narrative. The story has the rare merit of novelty.

Another volume from the author, of "Heart's-ease." "The Heir of Redcliffe," &c., will be hailed with pleasure by readers, young and old. It comes from D. Appleton & Co., New York, and is an English historical story called "The Lances of Lynwood." Mr. T. B. Peterson has it for sale in this city.

Notices of several volumes have to be deferred to the March number, among them, Prescott's History of Philip the Second.

W. H. CARPENTER.

We are pleased to notice that this gentleman has purchased an interest in that long-established daily paper, the *Baltimore Patriot*, and is now occupying the editorial chair thereof, a position for which he is admirably fitted. Mr. Carpenter is not only one of our best read men in the history and politics of the country, but is known as a writer of more than common ability. In poetry, fiction, and history, he has already taken rank among our best authors. The Cabinet Histories of the States, twelve volumes of which have been issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of our city, are mainly the work of his pen, and do him great credit.

It is thus, that the newspaper and periodical press in this country, continues to absorb our finest talent. We trust, in the present case, that we shall not lose Mr. Carpenter entirely from the world of books. We have heard something of a volume of his poems being in preparation by one of the first publishing houses of our city. How soon will it be forthcoming?

Digitized by Google

BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO'S. PIANOS.

We particularly refer such of our readers as are interested in the subject, to Boardman, Gray & Co's. advertisement of pianos. The testimony in favor of these instruments, from eminently reliable sources, is very strong. The corrugated sounding board, for which a patent was issued in 1855, is regarded as an improvement of great value, as it presents a larger surface, and increases the tone in proportion. The Dolce Campana Attachment, is also a well known feature. One great excellence of Boardman, Gray & Co's. pianos, is their durability. Charles Grobe, the composer and pianist, says of them, they "are most admirable instruments, pleasant in quality of tone, and excellent in touch; they cannot be surpassed as regards their keeping tune." Jenny Lind, who used them several times while in this country, bears favorable testimony in regard to them; also Gottschalk, and other eminent pianists.

PEOPLE'S LITERARY INSTITUTE, OF PHILADA.

This new association has, thus far, been successful in attaining the object for which it was formed. A series of lectures, quite as brilliant as those delivered before the old Mercantile Library Company in its palmiest days, has been arranged for the season, several of which have been delivered to crowded audiences. Horace Mann, Bayard Taylor, Mr. Chapin, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and others, have already appeared in the course, and some of the most distinguished lecturers in the country are yet to follow. The objects of this institution are in every way commendable, and we heartily wish for its success.

Mr. Wm. H. Richardson, Jr., the secretary of the Institute, deserves much credit for the active, energetic manner in which he has conducted its affairs. The citizens of Philadelphia owe him a debt of good will for the rich intellectual feasts he has helped to provide them.

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

Few of our readers but will regret to hear that this sweet poetess has closed her life on earth, and that for them her voice will be silent forevermore. She died at Mount Carmel, Ill., on the 19th of December, of typhoid fever. In our March number, we will refer more particularly to the departed one, who was deeply loved by those who knew her intimately.

MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

For the past year, this gifted lady has been residing at Florence, N. J., with her husband. But, she has recently removed to Boston, and is now permanently engaged as the sole editor of the *Ladies' Enterprise*, and assistant editor of the *Olive Branch*. The readers of the HOME MAGAZINE are to have a story from her pen during the current year.

CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall always be pleased to hear from C. J. "Midnight Musings" declined.

THE HOME JOURNAL, speaking of "The Diamond Cross," by Clara Moreton, says:—

"A book of pleasant tales and moral teachings. A few poems diversify its pages, some of which are richly chased with imagery, and sparkle with ideal picturings. 'A Day in Midsummer' is a gem of itself, and imparts a lustre to the setting of the whole book. Pleasant reading for the young, of an evening, when the curtains are drawn, and the family circle are grouped about the study-table."

The fair author is a resident of our city, and highly esteemed by a large and attached circle of friends. We believe that she is now engaged on a longer, and mory carefully elaborated story than any she has previously written. We are pleased to know that she is trying her fine talents in a more sustained effort, and have no fears in regard to the result.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

We commence, in this number, a series of articles, first published many years ago, on the Mogul or Tartar Dynasty in Hindostan, to be accompanied with portraits, from beautiful miniatures painted in India. Among these are likenesses of Baber, Acbar, Aurungzebe, Nadir Shah, &c., seven in number. The articles will comprise a brief but accurate history of the domination of the Moguls, and the brilliant achievements of their rulers, and mingle with the lighter articles on our pages a subject of graver interest.

THE EXTRA COPY.

The getter up of a club of 14 for HOME MAGAZINE, says:—"Send the extra copy to Mrs. ——, a worthy widow lady, who has three little girls to educate, and not as able to struggle with the cold and selfish world as I am myself." The giver of a cup of water to the little ones, shall not lose his reward.

"*Providence, Jan.* 3, 1856.

"GENTS:—Is it proper to say teacupfuls, spoonfuls, pailfuls, &c., in giving quantities of articles for recipes &c.? Should it not be teacupsful, spoonsful, pailsful, &c.? It seems to me that the latter is the right way, and is of sufficient importance to receive a passing notice by men who make so near a perfect thing as the HOME MAGAZINE. This *little* thing annoys me very much whenever I see it. QUERY."

This matter was pretty thoroughly discussed by the newspapers, several years ago, and the weight of opinion rested on the side of the old usage of teacupfuls, mouthfuls, &c. If we say cupsful, the idea of more cups than one is given. Three cupsful, or three mouthsful mean three different cups, or mouths full.

RETURNING MANUSCRIPT.

Editors are frequently desired to return manuscript by mail, if not accepted for publication. This would be done oftener than it is, if postage stamps for prepayment were enclosed.

Digitized by Google

The Widow Bedott Papers

Has evidently made an impression. Editors in all parts of the United States agree that it is

THE MOST ORIGINAL VEIN OF HUMOR THAT HAS YET BEEN OPENED

IN THIS COUNTRY.

www.libtool.com.cn

Says the St. Louis (Mo.) *Democrat*, "As Yankee papers, they are vastly superior in delicacy and justness of perception of the humorous side of that character to any of the efforts of Judge Haliburton. If you are troubled with dyspepsia, heart-ache, misanthropy, hypochondria; if you are haunted with the hallucination that you are a poet, or remarkably fine writer, and are dying with chagrin that your claims upon the public eye and ear have been stupidly ignored by the blunt-minded fraternity of the paste-pot and scissors, get this book and if it does not restore you, your case must be hopeless indeed. 'Elder Sniffles' alone would chase a whole legion of blue devils into the dim regions of abstractions and possibilities."

Says the *New Orleans Crescent*—"The most original production of the kind we have ever seen: abounding in wit, humor, and satire; dissecting the characters of people with anatomical nicety, and yet with none of that savage spirit evinced by many who undertake the task; running over with fun, and constraining the most hardened cynic to be, for a time, a worshipper of Momus."

Says the *Portland Argus*—"It contains the very cream of fun—genuine fun; and if anybody can read these sketches without hearty laughter, we can only pity him—his case is hopeless. The book is warranted a sure cure for all kinds and degrees of hypo, and is worth six times its price."

Says the *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*—"The Widow Bedott is a rival to Sam Slick, and, in some respects, is much the most ludicrous and mirth-provoking of the two. She is made the medium of the most humorous sketches of Yankee character, which it is impossible to read without laughing immoderately."

Says the *Worcester* (Mass.) *Palladium*—"They open up a broad vein of Yankee character, and display it in master sketches of humor unsurpassed by any writer; evincing in the author a keen sensibility to the ridiculous in human character and conduct, and yet never wounding by tipping with malice the shafts of satire."

Throughout the humorous pages are interspersed some of the most original "poetry" extant.

The Widow, in speaking of her late relict, Deacon Hezekiah Bedott, says:—

He never jawed in all his life,
He never was onkind—
And, (tho' I say it, that was his wife,)
Such men you seldom find.
I never changed my single lot,
I thought 'twould be a sin,
For I thought so much o' Deacon Bedott,
I never got married agin.
* * * * * * * *

And since it was my lot to be
The wife of such a man,
I tell the men that's after me,
To ketch me if they can.
* * * * * *
Whiskey and rum he tasted not,
He thought it was a sin:
The inconsolable widow o' Deacon Bedott
Don't intend to get married agin.

Shortly after, the inconsolable widow falls in love with the *preaching* of Elder Sniffles. The Elder is "laid up" with a cold, and receives the following epistle:

O, Reverend Sir, I do declare,
It drives me a'most to frenzy,
To think o' you a lyin' there,
Down sick with influenzy.
A body'd a thought it was enough
To mourn yer wife's departer,
Without such trouble as this 'ere
To come a follerin' arter.
But sickness and affliction is trials sent
By the will o' wise Creation.
And always ought to be underwent
With fortytude and resignation.

Then mourn not for yer pardner's death,
But to submit endevver,
For 'sposin she hadn't died so soon,
She couldn't *a lived* forever.
O, I could to yer bedside fly,
And wipe your weepin' eyes,
And try my best to cure you up,
If 'twouldn't create surprise!
* * * * * * * *
Both sick and well, you may depend,
Youle never be forgot.
By your faithful and affectionate friend,
PRISCILLA POOLE BEDOTT.

The tender sentiment of this poem has reached the Elder's heart, as acknowledged in a feeling response.—Shortly after, the widow retires to a grove in the rear of Elder Sniffles' house, sits down on a log, and sings as follows:

Ere love had teached my tears to flow
I was uncommon cheerful,
But now such misery I dew know,
I'm always sad and fearful!
What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
All on a Summer day!
But O, my comforts war destroyed,
When Shadrack crossed my way!

I heerd him preach—I heerd him pray—
I heerd him sweetly sing—
Dear Suz! how I did feel that day,
It was a dretful thing!
Full forty dollars would I give
If we'd continnered apart,
For tho' he's made my sperrit live,
He's surely bust my heart!

The Elder overhears the song, but does not yield until he hears the following:

Here sleeps Priscilly P. Bedott,
Late relict of Hezekiar—
How melancholy was her lot—
How soon she did expire!

She didn't commit self-suicide,
'Twas tribulation killed her.
O! what a pity she hadn't a died
Afore she saw the Elder.

After the widow's marriage to Elder Shadrack Sniffles, she contributes the following to the *Scrubble Hill Luminary:*

"Priscilly the fair, and Shadrack the wise,
Have united their fortunes in the tenderest of ties:
And being mutually joined in the matrimonial connection,
Have bid adoo to their previous affliction—
No more will they mourn their widdered sittiwation,
And continner to sythe without mittigation,
But pardners for life to be parted no more,
Their sorrers is ended, their troubles is o'er.

'O, Shadrack! my Shadrack!' Priscilly did speak,—
While the rosy red blushes surmantled her cheek,
And the tears of affection bedoozled her eye,
'O, Shadrack! my Shadrack! I'm your'n till I die.
The heart that was scornful and cold as a stun,
Has surrendered at last to the fortinit one;
Farewell to the miseries and griefs I have had,
I'll never desert thee, O, my Shadrack, my shad!'"

The future fortunes of the Elder and Mrs. Sniffles, and her sister, Aunt Maguire, are they not recorded in the book, with pictures to match?

THE WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS

Can be had on the cars, steamboats, and at the bookstores.

J. C. DERBY, Publisher, New York.

1t

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google



www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



BABUR.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



Digitized by Google

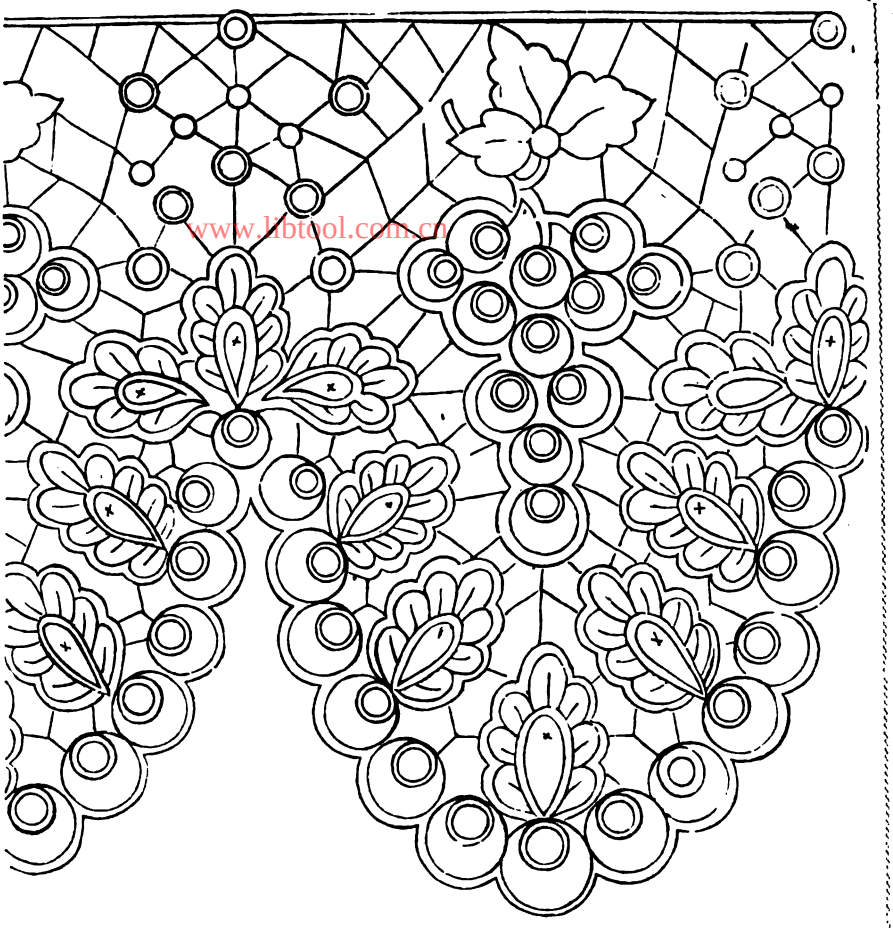
www.libtool.com.cn



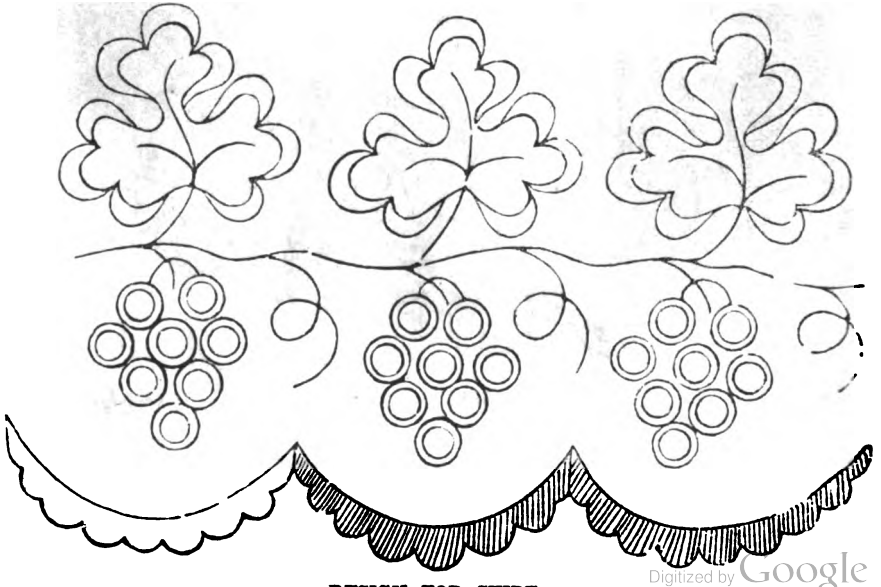
BABER.

[*See page* 183.

Digitized by Google



ELEGANT DESIGN FOR A FLOWING SLEEVE.
In imitation of guipure, worked on mansook or jaconet muslin.



DESIGN FOR SKIRT.

www.libtool.com.cn
Digitized by Google



DRESS CAP—No. 1. [*Page* 199.



DRESS CAP—No. 2. [*Page* 199.



CANZOU, OR MUSLIN WAIST.



BONNET. [*Page* 199.



RIBBON AND LACE BERTHA.



CHEMISETTE.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



DRESS FOR MORNING VISITS.

[*See page* 199.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



CHILD'S DRESS.—Front and Back View.

To Mr. Godey, of the Lady's Book, that indefatigable caterer for the ladies, we are indebted for this handsome design.

Materials.—Glacé silk, both for body and skirt, or silk body, and white muslin skirt. The body is much fulled in at the waist and trimmed with narrow lace from the point in front to the waist behind. The skirt is trimmed with three rows of broderie Anglaise, gradually widening, at each end of which is a small bow of ribbon, with ends just long enough to hang over the one below. The upper edge of the lace is bound with a narrow band of the same colors as the trimming of the body. The undersleeves are bell or bishop sleeves.

Digitized by Google

Before and After the Party.



Scene I.—The Punctual Guests, or Half an Hour too Early.

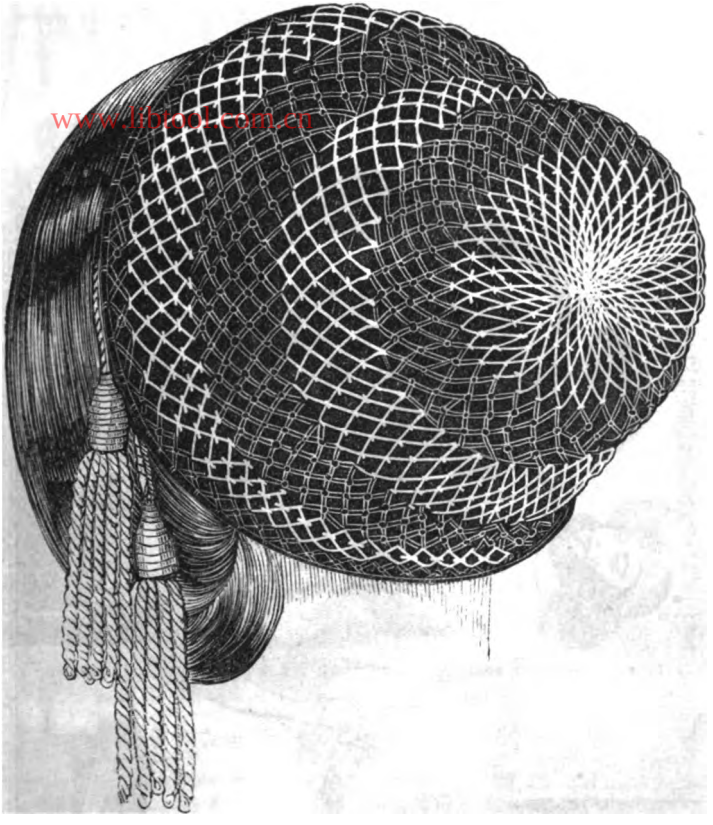


Scene II.—Last retiring Guest unfortunately Returns for a missing Glove. What he Saw.

[See page 204.

www.fotool.com.cn
Digitized by Google

www.libook.com.cn



A NET FOR THE HAIR. [*See page* 200.



CAP.



CHEMISETTE.



CAP.

Digitized by Google



KING HENRY THE SECOND AND THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD. [See page 175.

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1856.

www.hutool.com.cn

MAGDALENE:

A YOUNG GIRL'S STORY.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

CHAPTER V.

A noble boy—
A brave, free hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of books, and love of fun,
His clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile.

WILLIS.

"Really, Cousin John, I consider that we have been remarkably fortunate in securing Miss Colburn for the children," said Miss Martha, in a faint essay at entertaining Mr. Winthrop.

"She seems a very deserving young person," vouchsafed Mr. Winthrop, laying down a heavy volume of law reports, not because Miss Martha had spoken, but because he had finished looking up the point he was in search of. Miss Martha gained audience too seldom to allow him to escape at once.

"Deserving!" said she, with an intonation between offence and expostulation. "That is the way we speak of the poor. Miss Colburn's relations are very comfortable people, I understand."

"I dare say," returned Mr. Winthrop, absently.

"Do you consider that Miss Ayer was right in calling her plain?" pursued the undaunted spinster, desirous of having her course approved, with relation to some further arrangements for Magdalene's comfort.

"Well, really, Martha, I would not undertake to say, having never yet looked at her."

"She is very good to the children—and now we are on the subject, is Frank to have the long room again, and what day of the month do the holidays commence?"

Mr. Winthrop's face brightened as it had not done before. "On the 20th—the long room—let me see—no, I think you may give him the chamber next to mine; it is time he had broader quarters; mine, as a boy, it was, if you recollect. Ring for candles, will you, Martha. I think I will look over some papers there, in the side closet of the mantel, now, before you put it to rights."

Taking the candle from the servant, Mr. Winthrop still stood for a moment before the parlor fire. Evidently, he hesitated as to whether he should go, after all; and as he stood there, the light fell upon a heavily framed miniature, hanging over the mantel. It was the mother of his children, she of whom Miss Martha had told Magdalene, a fair, still face, with little expression.

Beside it was an older picture—his own features in feminine softening—the same piercing eyes, the same resolute mouth, and dark, abundant hair, though it was turned back from the temples, and a single crimson rose laid against the ear. Mr. Winthrop saw both unconsciously—then, with sudden recollection; and a wavering look, between pain and defiance, passed over his features. At any rate, that glance had changed his purpose; perhaps he did not care for an hour's silent communion with his lost boyhood. He went out instead, and it was Miss Martha who turned the key upon the side closet, with its unexplored contents, before handing the room over to the tender mercies of the chambermaids.

Even preparing for the school-boy's arrival, gave a life and stir to the old house, and when he really arrived, Magdalene was full of wonder at the change. The servants followed him about with delighted eyes, Miss Martha tolerated caps and comforters upon the parlor

Digitized by Google

side-board, and the twins showed as much eagerness as their natures were capable of, to have him notice them. But in Mr. Winthrop the change was complete. Pride and affection both went out to this handsome, light-hearted boy, full of freshness, and life, and energy. Magdalene looked from father to son, and wondered if the reserved, courtly man, could ever have resembled him. But the old servants said so, and Miss Martha repeated it, and Magdalene could only speculate as to how the transformation had been brought about.

For the first time in her reign, the school-room was invaded the morning after Frank's arrival; and the twins showed a restlessness that only needed a little encouragement to break out into open naughtiness.

"Miss Magdalene, I am astonished!" said Frank, advancing deliberately to the desk where Magdalene sat, with a mock dignity and seriousness of expression, that for the first time brought out the resemblance to Mr. Winthrop. "Lessons in holidays!" and he lifted his hands with a gravity of reproof that would have become Miss Martha, lecturing the delinquent Jane, all the more irresistible for the natural gaiety of the lad.

Magdalene's heart went out to him instinctively, with a warmer feeling than any one in her new home had yet called forth. He was so frank, so cheerful, so handsome and manly withal. She did not wonder at even Mr. Winthrop's pride and affection. And yet, as she looked at her little charge, soon to grow up into dutiful and ladylike daughters, at this noble boy, and thought of the uninterrupted prosperity of Mr. Winthrop's life, her old speculative mood, natural to a mind so early turned upon itself, made her wonder if the sins of a man's youth were less grievous in the eyes of Heaven, than a woman's errors. Mr. Winthrop had been wild, Aunt Martha said—and so were other men who settled down in after years to prosperity and domestic happiness; while her mother, that tenderly beloved mother, for one fault of her unguided youth, had died a broken-hearted, deserted, and suffering woman. Magdalene had never for an instant wronged her mother's memory. Accepting the charitable judgment of the kind heart that had been her only friend in sorrow, doubt of its truth had never crossed her mind. To the staid integrity and uprightness which formed a part of her natural character, the long continued deception involved in a private marriage, against the wishes, and in defiance of the authority of parents, had been her mother's sin. Had the punishment been meted out with impartial hands?—and a rebellious doubt of the mercy and infinite justice of her Father in Heaven rose up bitterly. She little knew the strength of the temptation, against which her better nature was roused in instant, but unequal combat.

Frank meantime surveyed her, as she sat unconscious of his boyish scrutiny.

As she looked up, a pleasant smile met her involuntary expression of good will.

"You haven't got a bit of 'school marm' about you, have you?" said he. "Now I'm going to own up. I did not mean to like you at all when I found you were here, and I meant to teaze the life out of you. But I shan't—you needn't be afraid, and I'll tell you what I *will* do, and then you'll see how much I like you. No I won't tell, either—you see that snow! well, just wait!"

With which oracular sentence, Master Frank took his departure. Anne, their maid, came for the little ones, and Magdalene was left alone in the comfortable room to watch the snow fall. It was the first heavy storm of the season, and darkened the air so that she was obliged to sit by the window to accomplish anything; but presently the work dropped upon her knees, and lulled by the muffled stillness without and within, Magdalene indulged in the day dream which the snow flakes had wafted to her.

She knew that the storm extended as far as her home. She pictured to herself the shouts of the school children; the boisterous pranks, to which the snow gave license; the hard balls, quickly moulded, and singing through the air, to light in the most unlooked for and indecorous manner, it might be between Deacon Colburn's very shoulders, or on the doctor's nose. The tumbling, and scrambling, and healthy laughter, the red cheeks, and cold hands, snapped and shaken to restore vigor enough to pursue their frolic, with which the village boys rose, and fell, and floundered in the great high banks upon the road side. Even the clumsy team of the selectmen, loaded down with every idler they could press into service to "break the road" passed before her, as she had watched its slow progress a hundred times, while impatient of the delay. Charlie Gilman hunted up the clearest peal of bells, and drew out his father's lightest cutter for the moonlight drive with his merry lady love. Ah, her home! she could see that, too—the eaves loaded with the smooth, soft fall—the gate blocked up by a curved and spotless "drift," the spruce trees on each side the garden walk frosted, with their faintly glittering sheen of beauty borne up on their outstretched arms, calm, and pure, and still.

She yearned for those that she knew sat within, perhaps speaking of her, and wishing for her at that very moment. Her foster mother's openness, the deacon's wide-world charity, and even Delia's honest heartiness, had gained a new charm from the narrow and artificial life which surrounded her. Yet she had excited herself for this!—no, it was for *duty's sake* alone, aided by a craving impulse for a larger knowledge of life and its conflicts, which had brought her where she sat, dreaming away the long, noiseless afternoon; and with this renewed assurance that the sacrifice had been asked at her hands, not given rashly, or without aim, she rose up, strengthened anew for the weary present, and the unknown future.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VI.

The silence now
Was void of expectation. Something felt
Always before, and loved without a name,
Joy from the air, hope from the opening door,
Welcome and life from off the very walls.
WILLIS.

An' forward tho' I canna see,
I guess, and fear.—BURNS.

Frank's mystery was solved by the appearance of the family sleigh, with its prodigal buffalo robes, and steady, reliable horses, the next afternoon. The air was keen, but clear, the sky as blue as in midsummer, there was an exhiliration in the atmosphere, in the rapid motion, in the life and sparkle of all around, to which Magdalene had long been a stranger. Her pleasure was greatly enhanced, indeed her acceptance of Frank's thoughtful attention was won, by finding that Mr. Winthrop was not to be of the party. Even Cousin Martha was detained at home by some household emergency, "tried to the last degree," she assured Magdalene, "by the cook's delinquencies."

Frank, who considered them all his especial care, tucked in the twins and Magdalene, though John and the box seat claimed his presence "when there was any fast driving to be done."

Magdalene thanked him warmly, and admired him more every moment, as he turned around to tell her how he happened to think of it.

"You see, I heard Cousin Martha tell father that she wished he would speak to you about going out more."

Magdalene longed to ask what the reply had been, as the lad looked around for a moment to give John his desired route; but her pride restrained curiosity. She had never varied from her first opinion, or her first resolve with regard to Mr. Winthrop.

"Father said, you see"—"Ah!" thought Magdalene, "now I shall hear what Mr. Winthrop condescended to say of his governess"—"that he did not wish to put any restraint whatever on Miss Colburn's movements. So after he was gone, she told me, because there was no one else to hear, that she was afraid you shut yourself up too much, and wasn't in good spirits. D'ye see, that's the way of it, and *so*, I asked father to let us have the sleigh all to ourselves, to see if we couldn't have a good time. Hey, old girl!"

Which last was addressed to Helen, who, with mouth half open, and fixed eyes, always listened, no matter what the subject, when Frank was speaking. So astonished was she by the abrupt and unlooked-for salutation, that she shrunk into the buffalo robe, and subsided into the peaceful meditations which had seemed to absorb Ellen from the first.

"But you don't drive fast enough," said Frank, presently, to John's remonstrance at his attempt to take the reins in hand. "I'll show you when I get my pony in father's little cutter. I like to go like the wind, Miss Magdalene—there, like that!" as some gay young men rushed by, like the wind indeed, the horse's neck outstretched, his eyes dilated, and his small ears laid back in the excitement of the race. The Neck, with hundreds of such vehicles, as well as many more substantial family sleighs like their own, was a new scene to Magdalene, who enjoyed it keenly. The very sight of so many faces after her long retirement, was a relief and a pleasure, and the visible enjoyment of those she met enhanced it.

Frank was quite satisfied with the result of his kind-hearted experiment, and talked so much of Magdalene to his father that evening, that for the first time Mr. Winthrop was roused to anything like interest in her, and missed her from the tea table, where he had thought to find her.

Miss Martha, pleased by the unusual inquiry, launched forth into praise of her favorite. "She would not come down, because Helen seemed to have taken a little cold, and being awake and feverish, Miss Colburn could not leave her.

"If she was their mother, she could not be more devoted; morning, noon, and night. It is well she is, for I even let her overlook their sewing now, a thing I never expected to trust to anybody's hands. *My* time is entirely occupied with Jane, and Anne, and cook, and really, Cousin John, I shall have to part with Jane, she is getting very careless; she broke a coffee mug this morning, belonging to your mother's wedding set. It grieved me to the heart to see that fine old china lying there such a wreck, and it was quite pleasant to have Miss Colburn's sympathy, I assure you."

That she did not have Mr. Winthrop's, was very evident from his wandering expression at the end of Miss Martha's unusually long communication; and Frank, truly respectful to her, with all his boyish ways, burst forth with a question he had only been awaiting a pause to ask.

"Hasn't she got *splendid* eyes, though, father?"

Mr. Winthrop, already far away in a political reminiscence, vaguely looked up into Miss Martha's small, gray orbs.

"Miss Colburn, hasn't she?" said Frank, pressing his object with his own peculiar pertinacity.

"Really, Frank, I never formed an opinion on the subject," and Mr. Winthrop smiled more at having looked into Cousin Martha's eyes for splendor, than at Frank's boyish admiration of Miss Colburn.

The feverishness that Helen complained of did not pass away in the morning; and her sister too seemed drooping.

Mr. Winthrop was inclined to think they had not been sufficiently wrapped up the day before, but sent nevertheless for the family physician. Miss Martha assured him it was not the result of carelessness, for she had attended to that herself, and so it proved. Dr. Jackson gave his directions with much more seriousness than any cold would warrant, and in the end pronounced them both to be stricken with scarlet fever of a malignant type.

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

Miss Martha, hitherto really enjoying the cares of an old-fashioned routine of nursing, was almost helpless at the announcement. So prevalent, so fatal a disease to childhood, already in the house, making such a rapid advance; what would become of them? Frank had gone through with it as a child—there was no danger for him, but Anne—the nursery maid, had not, and refused to enter the room from the time she heard Dr. Jackson's opinion. Neither had Magdalene; and when Miss Martha discovered this, her small remnant of fortitude forsook her entirely. But Magdalene had not the faintest desire of deserting her post, and, though Miss Martha blamed herself for allowing her to stay exposed to what she considered infection, the relief was indescribable.

Gradually the whole house, brightened as it had been by Frank's presence, settled down with more than its original gloom. The blinds were seldom drawn, Mr. Winthrop was more than ever at his office, the servants moved with measured footsteps, and Frank, gentle as a girl, gave up his cherished holiday plans to relieve Magdalene.

Within the sick room it was pitiful to see the patience with which acute suffering was borne, and Magdalene's watchfulness was unwearied through all the fluctuations of hope and despondency. Dr. Jackson no longer addressed himself to Miss Martha, but placed his prescriptions at once in Magdalene's hands, assured of her instant comprehension and her fidelity. She was worn with mental and bodily fatigue, her figure looked frailer, and her eyes more brilliant than ever, but she scarcely knew it. She had found an active exercise for all her energy and endurance at last, and in Frank a reliance and comfort which she would have wondered at if she could have paused to define it.

Twice a day, Mr. Winthrop came to inquire for the children. Magdalene learned to expect him at the regular hour, to offer him his chair at the bed side, to reply to his almost formal questioning. He seemed troubled, but not anxious; there was no softening of tone or manner; no restless eager waiting for the physician's opinion, or Magdalene's hopes, such as she expected to see in a father, even in him, when the lives of his children were in danger.

They, lying side by side in their narrow beds, so white and straightened, scarcely seemed conscious of his presence. There was no delirium, even when the fever was at its height, only a patient moaning at intervals, more pitiful to hear. Their little hands were locked and rigid with endurance, not tossed wildly, as other children would have done—their lips parched and blackened by fever, moved only in plaintive, whispered requests for water, or a change of posture, to be held in turn on Magdalene's lap, and there she sat for hours, one or the other lying heavily on her arm, with the little weary head pressed down upon her bosom.

Helen died thus—at midnight—with Frank kneeling beside her, and clasping one little hand, and the light, which neither of them could stir to replace, flickering out on the hearthstone. Ellen lingered until morning, and breathed out her patient, unfolded spirit, to be borne where it should have more genial culture.

Magdalene, almost tottering with weakness, now that the strain was over, was still busied about her little charge, in last sad offices, which she would not trust to any other, when Mr. Winthrop entered the room. Shocked he certainly was, as he stood motionless but outwardly calm, and looked down upon those thin, wasted unchildlike faces; but tear, or prayer, there was none, and Magdalene sighed unconsciously—a sigh that startled him, though she did not know it, as he turned to leave the room.

The long, anxious watch was over, the physician's daily visits ceased, Miss Martha grieving as she never had grieved before in her life, so devoid of the nearest and dearest ties, went about restlessly, finding comfort in the discharge of all the forms of strict funereal observance. The whole house took, if possible, a more chill and formal air; the seldom used drawing-room was darkened, the mirrors and pictures were covered by spotless damask; and in the centre of the room stood the two little coffins, still unclosed and waiting for the burial.

It was Magdalene who had arrayed these little ones—captives no longer—in their snowy shrouds, smoothed for the last time their soft, fair hair, from brows that had never known the softened lines of babyhood, and clasped their passive, wasted hands in that last prayer, the dumb supplication of the dead. The waxen petals of flowers, as pure and as silent, encircled them, and then, bending down, she who had pillowed their heads in mortal anguish claimed the last kiss as her recompense.

And now, for the first time in many weeks, the future once more claimed its old accustomed share of her lonely hours. Lying on her own bed, so near that vacant room, where she almost listened for the light steps and subdued voices of her little charge, Magdalene tried in vain to win the rest she needed.

Mr. Winthrop met her in the hall, and she had stopped in answer to his more than ever before kindly salutation. Though silent, he was by no means insensible to her claims upon his consideration. If he had been unobservant, his boy and Cousin Martha would have told him all.

He had held out his hand to her, for the first time since she had been beneath his roof, and she had given her own to its measured greeting.

"You need rest, Miss Colburn," he said, "I beg you will take it. Of course you will not think of leaving us until after the funeral."

She had not thought of it at all, so absorbed had she been in the heavy responsibility which had been so unexpectedly placed upon her. Still she understood it at once, that Mr. Winthrop, ever careful of proprieties, had suggested as gently as he could, courteous, even in the house of mourning, that her engagement was at an end.

Worn with previous excitement, rest was im-

Digitized by Google

possible. In vain she closed her eyes and buried her head in the pillow, or rose to shut out the faint ray of light which had stolen in through the closed shutters. Where was her fortitude, her courage, her daring now? This future, which had ever fled before her a bright and luring vision, had changed to a goading phantom. She had dared to follow it, and she must go on. There might be a pause, a rest for her in the dear home, but it never again could be an abiding place. She thought of Miss Martha's almost motherly kindness, of Frank's true affection, of all the comfort and care she had experienced beneath this roof. And now it was at an end; she must go among strange faces, and encounter unloving spirits. Even Mr. Winthrop's quiet consideration gained a new value in her eyes, as she shrunk from this unknown contact with coarser minds. Must it be always so, she asked herself? Always change—always a rending of bands, unclasping sympathies that went out so freely? And what would be the end? Even old age rose up mockingly before her; the friends of early life all gone—laid in their green graves with the generations who had gone before them. Her foster sister wrapped in new interests, with only a passing thought for her. No staff for her feeble steps—no young and loving eyes to aid her failing vision. She saw herself going on her solitary way, friend less, homeless, and without hope.

Then came a thought of the never-failing Providence that had thus far so wonderfully shielded and led her. Her lips murmured—"Forsake me not when my strength faileth me!" tears sprang to her strained and stiffened eyelids, dropped warm and fast upon the pillow, tears of grateful thanksgiving and of trust. The wild phantoms vanished, sounds grew faint and afar off, the chain of thought was broken, and the weary Magdalene, the first time for many weeks, slept the long calm sleep of a heart at rest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE MAGGIE.

BY MRS. S. A. WENTZ.

A wayward imp thou art, Mag! Child of poverty, spoiled darling of a widowed mother. True it is, that thy half timid head too often peeps in at neighbors' doors, gazing at wonderful furniture not seen at home. And delicately reared children are not allowed to play with thee long. True it is, that thou hast a tremendous pair of lungs, as mine ears can testify. Sometimes on a summer's day, their discord has floated in at the window, until in desperation I have hastened to the gate with an apple to bribe silence, when over the tearful face would break the happiest shine, and the great, clear eyes would look up, half in awe, half in confidence, to see if I designed any severity for the screaming. And then suddenly, under that look, would melt away from my lips the intended reproof. Well, little Mag, hast thou learned to read countenances; and strange is the fidelity with which thou dost instantly reflect the cold looks that fall on thee. Ah! poor little one! thou art not the only child that looks prayerfully for love; such little hearts are beating all around us, dying under coldness. Thy wandering feet, Maggie, go where they list, almost the livelong day; for motherly hands cannot heed thee, and provide thee bread at the same time.

Maggie seldom ventured in my house unless the doors stood open. One day she came in timidly, casting a fearful look at me as she did so. Finding I was disposed to let her remain, she advanced, and stood with clasped hands before the mantel piece, gazing at a pair of lamps.

"Did Mr. W—— buy them for you?" she asked, with an air of intense interest.

"Yes," I answered.

"Did he buy that for you?" pointing to a little clock.

"Yes."

"Is this rocking chair yours?"

"Yes."

"Does he buy you everything you want?"

"Yes; isn't he good?"

"Yes; my father used to buy things. Is Mr. W—— your father?"

"Not exactly; he said one day if I'd live with him he'd buy me dresses, and shoes, and aprons, and parasols, and everything; so I left my father and mother to live in his house."

"O, did you?" and Maggie's eyes opened at such a remarkable proceeding. "Did your father and mother say you might?"

"Yes."

"Do they know where you are?" asked Maggie; she evidently thought the plan of leaving a parent's home for a stranger's was original with me.

"Yes," I've been to see them often." Maggie's presence reminded me that I had been negligent in running in to see how her mother got along. I left the child in the kitchen, and went to her mother's cottage. In answer to my inquiries, Mrs. Kreutze said with a smile:

"O, I ought not to complain. I get washing, and once in a while I get a dollar. The people that don't have work, they're to be pitied."

"Your son has no work?" I asked.

"No," she returned; "he hasn't had this three months. If my work should stop, I'd be as badly off as the poor in New York."

"Yes," I said, and related some instances of great suffering I had heard of; then fearing that in her simplicity she could not understand

Digitized by Google

why God permitted all this, I added, "but when trouble comes it makes people think of God and Heaven."

"O yes;" she answered, and her countenance shone with hope.

"Can you keep your cow, Mrs. Kreutze?" I questioned, knowing the high price of hay.

"I guess so. I'd rather not have quite enough myself, and feed her."

"The children go to school, do they?"

"Yes, ma'am; sometimes they hate to carry home the clothes I wash. I tell them how it would be if I hadn't them to wash. I told them so to-day when they were eating breakfast, and said God gave me plenty of work, so that they had enough to eat. When I said so, Maggie jumped down from her chair, and said, "Mother, I'm going to pray, and thank God this minute for giving us so much."

I returned from the widow's cottage more benefitted than if I had been worshipping in some great temple. I recalled a summer's night when she was made a widow, and stole from the house of death into the silent church opposite there, wrestling with her agony, kneeling before the altar. I recalled her husband's dying hours, his terrible agonies; and saw again her coarse hand gently take his, until the frightful torment abated; and then she bent over him, and spoke in tenderest whispers. Her attention even caught the faint words hovering on his ashen lips: "It is all good; God does all right." Surely God's angels wonderfully supported him, for the spectacle of his sufferings blanched every cheek to the hue of death, and sent a ghastly terror to the heart. And now, at spring and summer twilight, the widow's wearied frame bends over the flower beds which *he* loved and toiled in after his day's labor, making his scanty dooryard a little Eden. Yes, dear neighbor, God be thanked that in the humble homes of our country, there beat such hearts as thine; that below a rough exterior, flows a well of charity which the rich might well reverence. More than once she has refused to take money for her labor, and when it is insisted upon, there lurks in her eyes a regret that poverty chains the impulses of her generous heart. How bitter and heavy to a noble nature is this restraint of circumstance; but we hasten to a world where awards will be given to the truly generous, rather than the seemingly so, who ofttimes are incapable of self-sacrifice.

How would Mrs. Kreutze shriek with astonishment at the idea of being a heroine! She, with her honest, homely visage. She, who probably is this moment bending over her ironing table, (for this is her ironing day,) never dreaming that the hard prose of her simple life shall one day be converted into a sweet, triumphal song, when she shall enter

> "Another golden chamber of the King's,
> Larger than this, and lovelier."

Methinks, in her simplicity, she has gathered within her heart that knowledge which the "Ancient of Days" came on earth to teach; and methinks when we shall begin life again in the everlasting world, her brow shall be radiant with a "pearl of great price," which the learned, the scornful, and mighty of earth would fain buy.

One day I was passing along the street, occupied with absorbing thought. A childish figure stood alone on the side walk. It was little Maggie, who stood leaning with one little hand upon a fence, as if half weary, and wondering where she should go, or what she should do. I should not have noticed her at all, if she had not looked up in my eyes so very wishfully—so prayingly. I smiled, as a matter of course, and a sort of pity went to my heart, as the sudden, glad sunshine irradiated her little face. I passed on, and when the little creature supposed I was out of hearing, I heard her jumping up and down, and clapping her hands with the exclamation:

"She laughed at me! she did! she laughed at me!"

How many more smiles would flit over our cold faces, if we could bend down, and look into little hearts starving for kindness! When death has borne a child to gentler friends, then does our careless pre-occupation magnify itself into cruelty. But rarely, until it is too late to bless and cheer, do we realize the harvest of regrets we are daily gathering. The pitiful hour comes to all, when a drop of the heart's best blood would be sold, if we had been to some suffering soul all we might have been. Twilight tears are wept a thousand times over the irrevocable, the eternally past. The future? Shall we stud its heaven with stars of more happy radiance?

TO PŌESY.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Sweet Pŏesy, soother of sorrow,
Wilt thou come to me ever again?
How long shall I look to each morrow,
And sigh for thy presence in vain?
My spirit, by care-laden hours,
In ceaseless succession oppressed,
Still longs in thy beautiful bowers
To fold up its pinions and rest.

In thy glorious dream-land of waking,
No cloud on the heaven is seen;
There the sunlight forever is breaking
O'er a landscape all pure and serene;
There the flowers of fancy are springing,
And the stream of sweet memories glides;
There the birds of bright thoughts are still singing,
And Peace, the calm hermit, abides.

Ere the troubles of earth-life rebelling,
My Eden had entered to blight,
I lived in a radiant dwelling,
In thy beautiful kingdom of light.
Bright colors, and forms ever fairest,
Before my 'rapt vision appeared;
And I listened to music the rarest,
And sweetest that ear ever heard.

The bright and the beauteous of vision,
Illuming the realms of my thought,
Made earth-life itself seem elysian,
With objects of loveliness fraught.
What though the blest scenes ever present,
Were baseless, illusive as fair,
E'en a dream of delight is more pleasant
Than the chilling reality—care.

Digitized by Google

A HEART HISTORY.

BY FANNY FALES.

He turned and left her, knowing not
She struggled to be strong;
He turned and left her, knowing not
He drew her heart along.

"God bless you," faltered from her lips,
Was echoed from his own;
A moment lay her hand in his,
And then she stood alone.

No drop from wells adown her heart
Sprang glittering to her eye;
"O, God!" fell from her white, white lips,
And trembled to the sky.

She heard his step adown the stair—
The shutting of the door;
Then, like a broken lily, fell—
Her heart could bear no more.

'Tis well no curious eyes were there,
To wonder, or to blame;
She rose, changed even from that hour,
The same, yet not the same.

Her face was paler than a star,
That paleth in the dawn;
Her face was paler than a drift
Of snow upon the lawn.

She trembled like the fading star—
Was colder than the snow;
Yet not a moan escaped her lips,
For dumb is deepest woe.

Her frail, her sweet hopes died, as flowers
Die in the early frost;
The rosy perfume of her life
Was gone—forever lost.

She drew the diamonds from her hand;
And, from her raven hair
The cluster of spring violets
He, sportive, braided there;

And kissed them o'er and o'er again—
If weakness, 'twas the last—
And pressed them wildly to her heart,
While blessed tears fell fast;

Then turned, and locked them from her gaze,
To perfume otherwhere,
And prayed, as only sorrow prays,
She might be strong to bear.

And He who ever pitieth,
As tender fathers here,
Drew her the closer to His side,
With holy words of cheer.

She went forth to the worn and tried,
The wretched lacking bread;
And by the couch of suffering
Stole in her gentle tread.

He won a gay belle for his bride;
But, ere long, felt his love
Wasted upon a heartless form;
His bird was not a dove.

Dross her heart's censer only held,
Her purse held all the gold;
Beneath one roof they dwelt apart—
Their meetings brief and cold.

Was't strange that sometimes of soft eyes
Turned smiling to his own,
He dreamed, as by the hearth he sat,
In twilight dim and lone?

He wondered, as one gentle face
Illumed the dark'ning hour,
He had o'erlooked the sweet wild-rose,
Nor sought to wear the flower.

And wondered if he could have won,
Had he but sought to win;
And by the whit'ning embers dreamed—
Dreamed of what *might have been.*

He knew not, and he ne'er will know
He drew her heart along;
He knew not, and he ne'er will know
She struggled to be strong.

We are unskillful workmen—lo!
The jewels made for us
Are set in lives they cannot fit;
'Tis ever, ever thus!

LINES.

BY ELIAN GRAY.

I am alone, oh God!
And now my suffering spirit bows to thee,
And prays thee that thy heavy, chastening rod,
May not so threaten me.

Love's chain hath scarce a link,
Bright and unbroken, and the gems of life,
Are hidden from my sight. And yet I drink
The cup of care and strife.

This chalice gleaming so—
Not with love's light—its jewels bright and rare,
But, with a bitter draught of grief and woe,
I have but one to share.

I have lain in the grave
A sunny head, a childish form, whose grace,
And light, and love, my heart will ever crave,
Until our souls embrace.

A part of my own life
Went with her, when she left her robe of clay—
When shall I leave this scene of eager strife,
And see the "perfect day?"

And so the turf hath hid
All but the one I plead for from my sight—
All sleep beneath the crumbling coffin lid—
So, Father, cease to smite!

Let thy wide wings be spread
Over our pathway when the tempests rave—
Give unto us of love our daily bread,
While toiling towards the grave.

Digitized by Google

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

NO. VI.—LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

www.libtool.com.cn



L. E. Landon

About thirty years ago, Miss Landon made her first appearance in the literary world, under the signature of L. E. L., by which designation only she was known for many years. Her earliest efforts were *Poetical Sketches*, which appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, in 1824. Afterwards, says Chambers, she published the *Improvisatrice*, which was followed by two more volumes of poetry. She also contributed largely to magazines and annuals, and was the authoress of a novel entitled *Romance and Reality*. From a publication of her *Life and Literary Remains*, edited by Mr. L. Blanchard, it appears that her history was in the main a painful one; and yet it is also asserted that the melancholy of her verses was a complete contrast to the vivacity and playfulness of her manners in private life. She was born at Hans Place, Chelsea, in 1802, the daughter of Mr. Landon, a partner in the house of Adairs, army agents. Lively, susceptible, and romantic, she early commenced writing poetry. The friendship of Mr. Jerdan, of the *Literary Gazette*, facilitated her introduction to the world of letters, but it also gave rise to some reports injurious to her character, which caused her the most exquisite pain. Her father died, and she not only maintained herself, but assisted her relations by her literary labors, which she never relaxed for a moment. In 1838 she was married to Mr. George Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, and shortly afterwards sailed for Cape Coast with her husband. She landed there in August, and was on the point of resuming her literary engagements in her solitary African home, when one morning, after writing the previous night some cheerful and affectionate letters to her friends in England, she was (October 16) found dead in her room, lying close to the door, having in her hand a bottle which had contained prussic acid, a portion of which she had taken. From the investigation which took place into the circumstances of this melancholy event, it was conjectured that she had undesignedly taken an over dose of the fatal medicine, as a relief from spasms in the stomach. Having surmounted her early difficulties, and achieved an easy competence, and a daily extending reputation, much might have been expected from the genius of L. E. L., had not her life been prematurely terminated. Her latter works are more free, natural, and forcible than those by which she first attracted notice.

Miss Landon's poetry resembled that of Mrs. Hemans in the important and striking feature of sensibility. The feelings of the writer give life, glow and spiritual significance to every one of her compositions. In learning, judgment, and richness of imagination, as well as in felicity of diction, she falls far below Mrs. Hemans. The poem quoted below, affords a not unfavorable specimen of her general style:

LAST VERSES OF L. E. L.

[Alluding to the Pole Star, which, in her voyage to Africa, she had nightly watched till it sunk below the horizon.]

A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light;
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me;
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,*
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
That I may see no more?

* These expressions, it is almost unnecessary to say, are not true to natural facts, as the Pole Star has not a quotidian rising anywhere, and it shines on the whole northern hemisphere in common with England.

Digitized by Google

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says—We meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love;
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

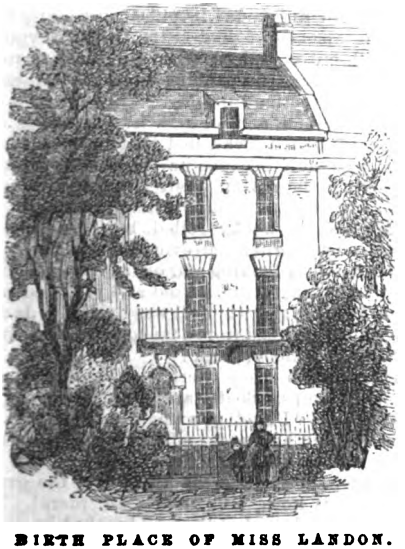
Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell! ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light!
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
And little needed too;
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you.



BIRTH PLACE OF MISS LANDON.

THE WHIRLIGIG.

BY JOHN H. CANOLL.

In the year 1812, the United States government purchased three hundred acres of land, lying nearly opposite the southern part of the city of Albany, N. Y., and erected barracks, and other buildings thereon, for the use of a division of the army, and the reception of recruits. The barracks comprised at least twelve distinct buildings, constructed of wood; the greatest number of which were each of two stories and a basement, having a front of one hundred feet, and a depth of thirty feet; and all were united by colonaded galleries, which facilitated communication between the respective buildings.

The undertaking had been projected with great liberality, and, although in its details, the original plan was not accurately adhered to, the accommodations were ample and extensive, and, including the cost of the grounds, must have involved the expenditure of nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

The commanding officer, at this post, was Major General Dearborn, of whose eccentricities of government many instances might be adduced. One of the peculiar features of the establishment was a mode of punishment called *riding the whirligig*. The instrument employed was a rudely formed box, or cage, made to revolve with great rapidity around an upright post that passed through it, sustaining the relation of a pivot. The invention of this mode of punishment has been very erroneously imputed to Gen. Dearborn, who merits only the equivocal honor of extending its application to a wider range of offences than that to which it had been restricted. The evidences of its use may be traced back into military antiquities. In Reese's Cyclopedia, is a brief description of the contrivance in question, which is copied, almost verbatim by Dr. Webster, in his lexicon, as follows: "WHIRLIGIG.—An instrument for punishing petty offenders, as sutlers, brawling women, etc.; a kind of wooden cage turning on a pivot, in which the offender was whirled round with great velocity."

At the cantonment opposite Albany, the box was composed of a great number of slats, widely separated; the occupant was consequently exposed to the view of an idle crowd, which this spectacle never failed to bring together, and whose vitiated tastes were thereby developed. The effect originally contemplated, was, probably, the public humiliation of the culprit. Practically, however, other results ensued. The prisoner's hands being secured to the upper side of the box, it was made to revolve with a rapidity that soon caused extreme giddiness, and prevented the subject of this discipline from retaining an erect position, who, however, was prevented from falling, his hands being immovably fixed. Of course, the arms were subjected to unwonted strain, and dislocations and other injuries were frequent. While the box was revolving, the sufferings of the culprit became momentarily more acute, and, if long sustained, finally reached a crisis of agony that was frequently followed by temporary unconsciousness, and sometimes, by permanent intellectual disturbances.

"THE MOTHER'S breath is a blessing to a house," is said to be an Irish proverb. It is certainly a beautiful mode of expressing filial affection.

Digitized by Google

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

www.libtool.com.cn

I.

All was still in the deep heart of the coal mines. The throb of toilsome life, the tumultuous echoes of harsh voices, the thunder of iron wheels and implements, was hushed. It was midnight;—midnight always there, but calmer now.

Under a great chain of light, which, like a shining serpent, curved and quivered for miles away, sat two boy-watchers in the dead night. They rested, in a half-embrace, upon the ground, the arm of one thrown carelessly, but firmly, around the other. Dick and Boatswain were fellow-workers in the mines; born in its dusky bosom, reared under the influence of its harsh theories, bound to it, body and soul by their stern task-master—Destiny; they had never beheld God's glorious sunlight, never! His wide, beautiful world was only a traditionary tale to them.

"Tell it again, Boatswain, dear Boatswain, tell it again," whispered little Dick, looking up timidly into the bold blue eyes, that shone above him with a clear, stern light.

Boatswain's glance rested, for a moment, upon the childish face before him. Those dark, serene eyes, so like sweet, mournful pictures; the masses of tangled brown hair, making a shadowy outline about those slender features; the graceful lips, red and smiling, were all dear images to him.

Then, in his calm, flowing voice, he related what Dick loved so well to hear, and what he had visioned many and many a day.

"It's like another country lyin' miles and miles, over head from this, with high mountains leanin' against a great blue sky, wider an' wider than you could ever dream of. Then there's rivers a-dashin' and foamin' over queer rocks, and talkin', forever an' ever, about how the sunshine is a-rockin' itself to sleep in oceans of grass and flowers, (just think o' that, Dick!) that goes quiverin' and throbbin' from mornin' till night, like a real human heart.

"And then there's woods that makes pleasant shade, and spreads out green fingers like, to hide themselves. And oh! if you could only think how thousands and thousands of birds pierces thro' and thro' them green sort of fingers, with whistlin' and singin' all the while. Then, when it comes night, there's the moon 'stead of the sun, hangin' like a silver basin 'way up high, and makin' a grand shine, only 'taint gold-like, but white, you know. Oh! oh! Dick, it's that that crushes me! To think how it must be, like a fine glory, up there now, and we, may-be, never to see it. Never, never, Dick!"

Boatswain's voice had fallen to a whisper, and his blue eyes shone fiercely, defiantly, down. Dick clung closer to him, the tears all wet on his cheeks, and trickling down to his red lips.

"Oh! don't, Boatswain: you promised we should see it, some day, the beautiful world."

"Yes," replied Boatswain, with terrible vehemence, in his usually calm voice. "Yes we shall see it."

"You have promised!—you have promised! And when, with God's help, you get out of this, you won't forget me. You won't forget poor Dick, who loves you better than worlds an' worlds put together."

Boatswain half raised himself, on one arm, and gazed earnestly upon the loving, devoted being, beside him, who had toiled with him, suffered with him;—who now hoped with him.

Then Dick heard him say, in a voice scarcely audible, from emotion and passionate tenderness—"Never!"

II.

Boatswain, (they called him that in the mines, because he was so bold and cheery)—Boatswain was a foundling. He was a hardy plant, which had crept up in the stubble-field of life; whose brighter flashes of color, and gaudy aspect, concealed a chill and wintry heart within. Only one drop of kindly dew ever fell into its rude bosom,—only one gush of April tenderness ever quickened its pulsations,—and that was the essence of poor little Dick's devotion.

Shrill, but mellow, was the whistle that roused his young companions at the commencement of every lamp-lit day. They blessed its cheerful sound, and obeyed its summons willingly, though it awakened them to toil again. They blessed it because its fresh notes aroused answering chords in their own hearts,—not quite withered, not quite tuneless yet.

And now, as weeks rolled by, that whistle grew bolder, sterner than ever; the gay blue eyes seemed always looking afar off, as if they beheld ever in the dim future, a fixed and revealed purpose. Every night, when all was hushed, a dauntless whisper echoed from a far corner of the wall:

"Are you there, Dick?"

Then, when they were seated under the shining lamps, Boatswain would say, prophetically: "I'll tell you what, Dick, it's comin', it is. 'Tain't half so far off, but comes nearer,—so near, that I can hear foamin' rivers and the wind a-sweepin' its great wings over the grass. Oh! how it nods, an' rushes, an' roars! I've laid twenty plans, but they all breaks like glass, yet I know it's comin', I feel it just here."

Boatswain took Dick's hand and laid it on his sturdy breast, where it remained, fluttering with excitement, like a small brown bird.

"Boatswain, how grand and brave you are! Seems like I couldn't ever climb up such a great way that lies 'tween you and me. But when we're out of this, if harm ever comes of your daring, it'll be me who'll stand by you till the last drop of blood. Then maybe the great way a-tween us might grow shorter like than 'tis now."

Boatswain made a movement, half-caressing, half-imperious, and thought how short the way

Digitized by Google

was between their two loves, and how the time Dick spoke of would never come.

"Hist!" said Boatswain, impressively, and speaking very low; "there'll be searching for us, not many nights from this. Two miles from this wall there's an old shaft that hasn't been worked for years an' years. It's so long and so narrow that never a bit of light dare come only to the edge of it. I never *saw* it, Dick, but I *dreamed* of it, and I could find it in the dark, I tell you. No human foot ever climbed that place—no human creature dare venture it. *But I've sworn to escape that way;* I'll dig fast-holds for our feet and hands, my boy. Ha! they'll never find us again."

Dick trembled, and shrank away instinctively from the strong arm embracing him.

"Dick!" whispered Boatswain passionately, "I'll dare it for *you!* It'll be me that'll help you, or *die!*"

III.

'Twas the middle of the night, and the late moon shone aslant around the edges of an old shaft belonging to the mines. Thick and green lay the long leaves over it, tangled with a red mass of flowers. Something was at work below where the moon reached, for faint noises and low whispers murmured underneath. Two dark, climbing figures made their way slowly but steadily towards the light above.

"Ho! Dick! Dick!" cried Boatswain, half-aloud, in a voice trembling with terrible emotion, "hurra! we're almost there! Do you see that white shine, glimmerin' and winkin' at us? That's our savin' light, I tell you! It's the blessed moon's light, a-waitin' for us!"

Dick drew in his breath, and felt as if he should swoon away, before he could make another hold in the shaft's side. Then he felt Boatswain's strong hand supporting him, and lifting him higher, where he could see the white shine plainer above him.

But suddenly the great bell of the mines thundered below them, the clang of iron bars and the muffled tramp of an hundred feet came upon their listening ears.

"Three more! only three more!" almost shrieked Boatswain, "oh, Heaven! *only* three more, and we are free *forever!*"

Nearer and nearer came that heavy tramp, and the clanging iron.

"Help! help! Boatswain, dear Boatswain, oh, help! You promised *never* to leave me—*never* to forget me. Oh, I am going! Save me! You promised—you prom—"

Yes, he *had* promised; but wasn't the moon hanging out of the sky letting its glory flood over his face—and the red flowers helping those green fingers of leaves to beckon him on? Wasn't the beautiful, new world spread out before him; its wide arms even now embracing him?

Still the wild clinging arms hung about his feet with despairing energy; still they retarded him from the glory above, for the coming evil below.

"Boatswain! dear Boatswain!"

"Dick!" answered a hoarse voice, deep with rage and terror, "*let go*, I tell you! It's too late now; I couldn't save you no how. Let go!"

With one vigorous movement, he shook off those wild arms; with one leap, and the help of his strong arms, he reached the top.

He was no longer a slave, but free as air; free forever!

Down, down, fell that slight childish form, in a whirlwind of torn red flowers. Down, with a broken heart, and a trust as rudely shattered.

All mangled, and covered with blood, his limbs quivering in agony, lay poor little Dick, at the bottom of the old shaft. The white shine was no longer visible to his sight, but he could distinguish, far above him, a faint hurrah! that told him Boatswain was no longer a slave. It told him, with its jocund voice, that faith, and truth, and love, were all merry, merry mockeries.

The heavy tread of feet drew around him, and a group of haggard, hard faces crowded over him, with curious, cruel eyes. They raised him in their arms rudely, with jeers and fierce shouts of triumph. They put the penitential irons on his slender limbs, wounded and bleeding as they were.

But he bore it all patiently, only turning away his head, and murmuring, with ashen lips—

"'Pears like I'd clomb so high up, by this time, 'twant such a long way a-tween us, after all. But, oh! it is so lonesome like, up here. I'll never forgive him. I swore it by that grand white shine, I did."

IV.

Months passed away, and still on his miserable pallet, under the gleaming lights, lay poor, helpless Dick. It seemed to him as though a hard, bitter spot kept deepening and widening in his heart. The serene eyes began to wear a severe, dusky look; the pleasant, trusting smile had all faded out of the once red lips, leaving a grieved, old expression there. He never spoke to those around him, only whispering to himself, as he watched the swinging light,

"Yes, I'm comin', I am, one of these days, white shine. Tell him—it's a hard word when I says it of him—that I can't forgive, *never*. Tell him how the red flowers sickened me, a-lyin' down there, all bloody, and how I takes 'em up and presses 'em on this hard spot, just here, and promises never to forgive."

"Poor child! Poor little fellow! What are you saying?"

The pleasant, sunshiny voice caused Dick to turn, suddenly, in its direction.

"Only talkin' to the white shine, sir," he replied, his eyes fixed upon the strange figure bending beside him. It seemed, to him, to wear a scarlet cloak which flung out a glow over the low pallet. But it was only the genial beaming of a benevolent face gazing down on him.

"Better pray, child. They tell me you have rebelled, and caused, deservedly, this misery."

"Oh!" groaned little Dick, with his hands pressed over the bitter spot, "oh, Boatswain, Boatswain!"

Digitized by Google

The glow of the scarlet cloak fell closer round him; he felt himself raised, tenderly, and lying in its folds.

Dick never could tell afterward how it happened that, all at once, the hard, bitter spot melted quite away; how the old trust came rushing into its place, like the river Boatswain talked of; and how he told, with lips grown red from the glow of the scarlet cloak, his sad, sad story.

"Dick," murmured the pleasant voice, made rich and soft by tenderness, "I am alone in the wide world, as you are, my poor boy. But there's wide room in my heart for you to lie within it. Will you go with me?"

Three days after that, five hundred pounds were laid in the hard palm of the master miner. Three days, and Dick, holding fast the hand of his deliverer, under shadow of the scarlet cloak, walked out into the world of blessed sunlight.

"Didn't I tell you I was a-comin', white shine, some o' these days?" he murmured, looking into the great blue sky above him; "oh, Boatswain! it 'pears like I could most forgive you now, if 'twant for the smell of the red flowers, an' the promise I made down there."

V.

Bright and beautiful looked the spring-time sunlight into Burleigh Hall. Mr. Richard Summerset watched it, falling aslant into the bosom of a red plant, as he sat in his pleasant library. He was a fine, handsome man, about three-and-thirty, with serene brown eyes, and mellow-tinged cheeks. And as he sat thus, intent upon his business papers, his curved lips compressed with habitual determination, his muscular form expressive of firm will in the right, and severe power in the wrong of life, you could scarce recognize trusting, dependent Dick of olden days.

He had lately returned from a long tour across the seas; returned to find his benefactor gone to his home beyond the skies, and himself heir of Burleigh. The scarlet cloak had fallen upon his shoulders now, to be borne through life as a sacred trust. Its still folds covered him closely, save that one place in his heart where the hard, bitter spot had lain of yore. *There* its gleaming fell away, faintly.

Years had passed, and still the revengeful feelings held pre-eminent sway; still Boatswain's whereabouts was an unsolved mystery. Yet Mr. Richard Summerset never despaired, for he had sworn a solemn vow, and *that* vow he should fulfill.

The door of the pleasant library opened, and a man entered, bearing a letter in his hand.

"Aha! John, what's this?" and Mr. Richard turned over the red seal, which bore the strange device of an half-moon.

"From the gentleman of the Shires, sir; his gardener brought it over it over last night."

Mr. Richard tore open the letter, and read this brief sketch, written in a bold, round hand:

"*To the Master of Burleigh:*

I have read, in this morning's columns, your advertisement concerning a certain man, or lad, who escaped, years ago, from the Brighampton mines. I *know* this man, and can deliver him into your custody, or that of the parties concerned. With your permission, I will ride to Burleigh on the 20th.

Yours, &c.,

SHAFTESBURY OF THE SHIRES."

"Who *is* this gentleman of the Shires?" demanded Mr. Richard, suddenly, looking up, with a hot flush on his brow.

"A fine, honorable sort of man, sir. He used to be a great favorite with old master Geoffry, in days past, who helped him along, in his usual way, bless him! But times change, and he's grown unfortunate, they say, poor man! Perhaps you might better him, Mr. Richard, sir," said John, with a little sprinkle of feeling in his voice; "seeing how he was a favorite of the old master. You won't forget that, Mr. Richard?"

"No, I shall *not* forget it," replied Mr. Richard, briefly. "You may go now, John. A fine, honorable man;" he muttered, between his closed teeth, "and *this* is honor!"

VI.

The gentleman of the Shires was ushered to the threshold of a wide, sunny apartment in Burleigh Hall. As he stood there, he could take in, at a glance, its quaint dimensions, a handsome, benign face opposite him, and particularly a strange red plant flourishing in a high window.

Mr. Richard Summerset arose from his chair with a sudden movement; he received his guest with a low bow—so profound as to cause a painful flush to come athwart cheeks, and lips, and brow.

The man before him was of stalwart frame, and a little past the meridian of manhood. There was something haughty, yet noble, in the bold, restless glance of his eyes. Yet the wrinkles around lips and brow told how he had battled with the world—perhaps vainly.

"I am indebted to my advertisement for this visit," said Mr. Richard, in a strange, husky voice; "are you prepared to assert, verbally, what you have here written?"

He referred to the red-sealed letter lying beside him.

"I am," was the distinct and firm reply.

Mr. Richard shuddered slightly, but continued—

"You know this man; you are willing to deprive him, of what seems to me dearer than life itself, his *liberty?*"

The gentleman of the Shires remained proudly silent, yet his face blanched.

"You are aware, too, that you will receive a reward for this deed?"

This time his guest nodded imperatively, and a light sprang into his cold blue eyes.

"Ha!" cried Mr. Richard Summerset bitterly, reaching out for a handful of red leaves, which he crushed in his fingers. "And for a few pieces of glittering gold—for a paltry sum of this red metal, you will barter a life-time! A living, breathing human being like yourself; a

Digitized by Google

soul, which, however base, has God's own seal upon it! You will *dare* to do this?"

The man rose from his seat, crossing over calmly to where the master of Burleigh sat in his severe anger. He stood before him with a proud majesty.

www.libtool.com.cn

"Mr. Richard Summerset," said he, in a voice firm, but threaded with little quivering lines of emotion—"I *will*, I *do* dare it! I have a young wife, whose life is of my life, whose springtime has scarce blossomed into maturity. Would you have me blight its fragrance or its beauty? I have a child, and shall I, with a coward heart, press upon its faint existence the seal of *Poverty?* Never! That paltry sum, that glittering metal, shall be *their* saving providence. I bless it! I bless *you*, that you can give it them!"

"And yourself?" murmured Mr. Richard breathlessly; his whole face melting in a gush of awe—of admiration."

"*I am that man!* and have I not the right to barter my *own* existence, my own living, breathing body?"

His head dropped; he buried his face in his hands.

Aye! toss away those red flowers, Mr. Richard Summerset; crush out the hard, bitter spot from your heart forever; and wipe away those big drops coming thick and fast into your eyes! Have you ever—with your wide benevolence, your benign justice—say, have you ever *dreamed* of nobility like this?

The master of Burleigh rose out of his chair with faint steps, and the meekness of a little child. He laid his hand tenderly, oh! *so* tenderly, upon the man's shoulder.

"Boatswain!"

"Great Heaven! little Dick!"

"Be quiet, Boatswain; don't struggle, don't look at me so, with your wild blue eyes. Listen to me! For *twenty* years I have sought for you—for *twenty* years I have vowed to be revenged. I shall *never* break that oath."

"Never!" repeated Boatswain, with his proud, firm voice. "No, never!"

"You shall suffer, I tell you. Your wife and child shall feed of my bounty—my gold shall dower them. And you, Boatswain——"

The wretched man groaned aloud in bitter agony.

"Oh! *you*—shall come into these arms a *free* man! *Your* proud head must bow—to rest upon my bosom. Stand up, Boatswain!—be a man! and, if you can find room in your noble heart for such as I—forgive me!"

Mr. Richard Summerset's voice grew thick with sobs, and the words could scarce find utterance.

"Bless you! bless you! my noble Dick! my brave, brave Dick! Bless you!"

And they were locked in each other's arms.

—

Oh! blessed are the merciful; for *they* shall *obtain* mercy.

LYING ON THE GRASS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I've been a happy little girl—
A merry, romping child,
A being full of dreamy thoughts,
And many fancies wild.
I passed my blissful childhood
With the birds, the bees, and flowers—
And never dreamed that time would bring
Ere long, grief's bitter showers.

When the summer sun shone brightest,
And the blossoms all were gay,
I would lie upon the em'rald turf
Through all the glorious day;
And gazing out in joyousness
To watch the shadows pass,
I grew enwrapped in happiness
While lying on the grass.

The skies were soft and fleecy,
Across the dome above,
And the breeze sang in the shrubbery,
Sweet melodies of love.
And I saw the gold-green beetles
Through the scented flowers pass—
And my heart was full of happiness
While lying on the grass.

The gorgeous wingéd butterfly
With radiant, rainbow light,
Used to flit about in beauty,
A thing of splendor bright
And the rivulet shone softly,
Like a plate of burnished glass,
And my soul was filled with wondrous love
While lying on the grass.

The sunshine wove its 'broidery
Across the verdant sod,
And the little golden star-flowers
Looked meekly up to God;
While the bees went buzzing merrily
From lily-bell to rose,
And sipped honey from the lavender
Till "evening's dewy close."

And oh, what strange, sweet feelings
Swept o'er my waiting soul!
Like deep and unseen harmony,
Wild dreamings o'er me stole;
And I sighed with deepest sorrow
When I thought it could not last,
This sportive play of childhood—
This lying on the grass.

But, oh! the mystic happiness
Of childhood's blithesome hours,
Is a balm to make me cheerful
When dark misfortune lowers;
And I bless the holy Father
That He my childhood gave—
That blessed portion of my life,
This side the gloomy grave.

Farmington, N. H.

Digitized by Google

MY FIRST MONTH AT THE PARSONAGE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

We wound slowly through the gorge between the mountains, not speaking often to each other, unless it might be with our eyes, which turned sometimes from the wild, grand, rugged pictures that hung upon either side, to exchange glances of sympathetic appreciation.

October had "come from afar with her dyed garments." The light of a day, drawing near the end of its race, poured down into the gorge, and illuminated it as though great lamps were hung up at either end, and we were riding in their waves of golden red light.

But farther up it flashed and flamed like a vast fire among the trees that covered the mountain sides. These were now yellow, crimson and black-green; so that when the wind wavered among the leaves the whole seemed like a tri-colored Niagara rolling down to us.

It was one of those landscape passages and experiences which lift up the soul from the life valleys into the upper calms where God is. I was very happy, very courageous then, and my heart did not tremble, even when the driver's loud voice called out to Bryan—

"We're a-most out o' the ridge now, sir, and the village opens just beyond, at the right."

"Do you think there'll be anybody at the house, Bryan, when we get there?" I asked.

He smiled. "Quite likely, a dozen or two, at the least. They'll have a laudable curiosity to see how the new parson and his bride look and act. You do not fear the ordeal, Bertha?"

"Not as much as I thought I should. If I could only get used to that new name, *parson's wife*. But somehow it seems as if it would never *set* well on me. I shall only be little Bertha Clarke all the days of my life. I wonder how you dare run the risk of marrying me."

Bryan smiled his own sweet, serene smile, and pressed the hand that somehow, when I am talking, has a strange proclivity to hiding itself in his.

"I do not fear for you, my wife of the last four days," he said. "Your heart is in the right place, and so you *live out* the gentleness, the freshness, the sweetness of Bertha Clark, you will be such a 'parson's wife' as shall make a long happiness of all the days of my life."

I tried to answer him, but the tears came instead.

"Look, look, Bertha!" and, seated on a broad, half-moon shaped valley, the village opened on us.

It looked very pleasant, with its meadows and orchards, and picturesque white houses, and in the setting sunlight it seemed to wear a smile of welcome. But I had only time to glance at these, when we whirled into a broad, retired street, and drew up before the parsonage.

I took in its exterior at a glance, while Bryan assisted me to alight.

It was a very, very pleasant white cottage, with long windows and green blinds, and two large maple trees in front, for birds to make nests and songs in, from April to November.

The path leading up to the front door was flanked with flower beds, where I already projected dahlias and rose bushes for another summer.

I took Bryan's arm, and walked up quite demurely, as I presume a minister's wife should, to the front steps.

Curious faces were at the front door, and others at the windows, which my embarrassment magnified into ten times their real number. Friendly hands and voices met us here, but after this all seems like the phantasmagoria of a dream. I look back on the hour that followed my entrance into the parsonage, and strange faces flit about me, and lead me into strange rooms—all very pleasant and neatly furnished though, and some with a dim, cosy, after-supper kind of look, that takes my heart captive at once.

They took me all over the house, and at last led me into the kitchen, where a large wood fire was blazing on the hearth, and sending its torrents of flame-glow about the room. In the centre stood the table, with its mounds of buscuit, and pyramids of cake, and the steam rolling in a gray, vapory fold out of the mouth of the tea-urn.

And to think *I*, Bertha Clarke, was mistress of all these things! I kept repeating it over to myself, to be certain I was not dreaming, and looking into Bryan's calm eyes for the strength I am always certain to find there. It was not until very late evening that I found myself all alone with him in the sitting-room.

My first question was asked very eagerly, as I seated myself on the arm of the great chair I had mentally appropriated to his use at the first glance, "Well, Bryan, how have I behaved myself."

"Perfectly, perfectly, my little wife;" and he smoothed back my curls with his loving hands; "you have passed the Rubicon, and exceeded even my expectations."

"But it is such a solemn thing to be a minister's wife. 'A light that is set on a hill cannot be hid.' I am so young, so impulsive, so thoughtless. Oh, Bryan! these thoughts lie heavy on my heart to-night. If I should fail anywhere in my walk, in my example before this people."

"Place your hands in the Great Father's, and He will lead you, Bertha, my wife," said my husband, in those low, solemn tones that always quiet my heart, as my mother's lullaby did in the days when she sang by my cradle.

"Do not be 'careful and troubled about many things.' Nothing like trust in God can give us quiet and self-reliance. We are apt to be too mindful of the impressions we make upon

Digitized by Google

others—of the pleasing *effect* of our appearance and actions. Now all this is a weakness, an amiable one, I grant; but it is *noble* to act and live fearlessly, earnestly, leaving all with God. But I shall not preach you a sermon to-night, little wife, for I am certain you will *live* half-a-dozen for me to-morrow."

www.libtool.com.cn

We knelt down together in that new home, on that new night, and Bryan's first prayer was a two-fold consecration, a consecration of ourselves and our house to God. There was no more fear in my heart when I rose up, tired, very tired, but with *God's great peace in my soul!*

A week has passed. It has gone by with swift footsteps, for I have been very busy all the time. The days are wearing toward November, and so the nights fall early, and the tasks I lay out with the rising of the sun are not always finished with its going down.

I am a novice, too, in housekeeping, and the responsibility of supervising all this domestic machinery lies heavy on my mind.

The salary of a country minister is never very enormous, and we can afford to keep but one girl, to whose hands I find I must be always *head*. We have a great deal of company, too; constant callers, whose "fifteen minutes" steal away the day. But I am very happy. The people are very kind, and have won strangely upon my affection already. I must not forget to write mamma, they have voted me President of the Ladies' Sewing Circle, and Directress of the Young People's Aid Society. What *will* she think of her "little Bertha" being so conspicuous a personage! Had a letter yesterday from cousin Hester. "I don't believe it, and I won't," she says, "till I have had occular demonstration of the matter, that my little cousin has gone and buried up her sweet face in that out-of-the-way country-place, with a Methodist parson! And you might have been the bride of a millionaire, the mistress of a house on Fifth Avenue, this winter. I won't forgive you, Bertha Clarke, indeed I won't, for thus incarcerating yourself, not even when you put up your little rose-bud mouth for the kiss I am coming to give you."

Bryan and I had a hearty laugh over all this. My fashionable cousin does not dream that love is greater riches than a millionaire's money and a "house on Fifth Avenue."

Aunt Jane made me a present of my bridal hat. It came just before I left home, and I had not time to unpack it. Last Saturday afternoon I opened the bandbox, and what a beauty revealed itself! It was just the daintiest bit of millinery inspiration that ever gladdened the eyes of a bride. White watered silk, the front margined with heavy lace frills, and inside were moss buds, their rich, red lips cleaving through the dark, green leaves, and over all, like a filmy vapor, lay the folds of silk lace.

But the crowning beauty of the hat was the three white plumes that dropped gracefully over one side, liked a thick fall of snow flakes. I tried this on, and the little French mirror in my bed-room told me an unusually flattering story.

At last, I went into the library. Bryan had just finished his sermon.

"Now, Mr. Raymond," I said, making a mock curtsey, "what does your reverend self think of the lady who is to walk out with you to-morrow?"

"She looks very, very charming," he said, turning me round, and alternating his admiring glances from the hat to my face.

"Isn't it a beauty, Bryan?"

"Which? The hat or the wearer?"

I was improvising a pout at this, which broke down to a laugh, as I caught Bryan's roguish eyes.

But in the sudden movement of my head he saw the plumes, which had been turned from him.

"Why, Bertha," he said, "you must have endeavored to incarnate your ideal of bonnet beauty in that hat!"

"No, I didn't. It was aunt Jane's gift. One of *my* selection would have been a less elaborate, certainly a less *beautiful* matter."

"How much did it cost?"

"I don't know. Twenty-five dollars, perhaps. But, Bryan," looking into his deep eyes, "you have grown sober. Of what are you thinking?"

"That those plumes are rather expensive matters for a minister's wife—perhaps hardly appropriate for her position."

"But they are so graceful, Bryan. It would spoil the hat to remove them."

"Are you certain of it? Remember, Bertha, *no woman's example in dress is so powerful as that of a minister's wife.*"

"Then you think it may be wrong to wear the plumes?"

"What do *you* think, Bertha? This love, this *passion* for dress, for display, has, I am convinced, become a fearful social evil. You *understand* me."

"Every woman should aim at taste, beauty, congruity in her dress. God never gave us this love of the beautiful and interdicted its development, only its excess."

"But you know your position, and its responsibilities. A bonnet like that would, in the way of example, give almost any latitude to others. I leave it to your own conscience, my Bertha."

Just then the bell rang. "Somebody for the minister," said Bridget, putting her round face inside the door.

I sat down in the chair Bryan had vacated, and taking the little scissors that lay on the writing desk, severed the plumes from the bonnet. The hat looked plainer, but very pretty still.

Just as I had finished this, my husband returned. I held up the plumes.

"My wife. Bless you!"

He leaned over me, and pressed his lips to my forehead, but those words more than repaid me for any sacrifice I had made.

Really, I had no idea my dress would be a matter of so much consequence and criticism

Digitized by Google

God knows that I desire to do "all the right" in this matter, that I came among this people with my newly assumed responsibilities, honestly purposing to order my life and conversation for His glory. But it is not always doing this to yield to the whims and narrow-minded prejudices of others.

www.libtool.com.cn

I ought to have remembered this yesterday morning, when I went down to see if the pudding was nicely browning for dinner, for Bridget has her full share of that let-things-take-care-of-themselves notion, so indigenous to her branch of the Celtic family.

I heard voices as I drew near the kitchen and an eager pronunciation of my name arrested my steps.

"Shure, an' it's a mortal shame for 'em to say that same, an' the curls lyin' round her swate young face, just like autumn sunshine when the days begin to grow short."

"Well, Biddy, it's nothing as concerns me, you know," was the rather mollifying rejoinder. "Only, I once heerd Mrs. Parsons tellin' Miss Wheeler, last night, that she *did* wish Mrs. Raymond wouldn't wear such a heap of curls behind her ears. It wasn't settin' a good example, and didn't look sober, and staid like, as a minister's wife ought to."

I had heard enough. I walked deliberately into the kitchen, to the manifest confusion of Biddy and Mrs. Parsons' girl, who, I suppose, partially reassured themselves with the hope that I had not overheard their conversation.

Bryan came home to dinner, in a hurry, bringing company with him. He had made an engagement for the afternoon, and so I had no opportunity of speaking with him on this matter.

But it weighed heavily on my heart. A very rebellious one it was, too, I fear, for the right way did not seem very clearly defined before me.

In the first place, my curls are perfectly natural; and I should be obliged to expend twice the time I now do on my hair, to overcome their sinuous inclination.

In the second, I have always worn them, and nature intended that I should, by making them especially becoming to me.

God has given me a deep love for the beautiful, the graceful, the harmonious; and who shall *dare* to rise up, and say that I have no right to develop these elements of my nature; that I shall warp and stultify a part of my mental being.

And because He has not given this *beauty-love* to all men, because, from ignorance of mind or heart, their eyes are darkened that they cannot see, and hence, out of this very ignorance, set themselves up to judge those that can—is it a duty to sacrifice our outward tastes and harmonies to their narrow-mindedness? So argued my reason; but I remembered Mrs. Parsons was a very influential woman in the church, and that my position would demand many sacrifices. Doubtless plain dress was one of my duties.

So at last I went to the glass, and devoted more than an hour, which might have been employed to much better purpose, in coaxing my refractory hair to lie in plain folds behind my ears. With the aid of a brush, and considerable energy, this was achieved at last; but the result was anything but satisfactory. I hardly knew myself.

"Bertha, where are you?" It was growing into twilight, when Bryan's voice came up stairs to me, as I sat reading by the window. I ran down to him, but instead of the kiss that I was certain of finding at the foot of the stairs, he held me off from him, peering curiously into my face, and asking, "What in the world ails you?"

I laughed. "Why, don't you like my looks?"

"No, indeed, I don't;" (very emphatically. "what has possessed you to arrange your hair in that barbarous style?"

"Because, you know, a minister's wife shouldn't indulge her hair in any curling propensity. But come in here, and I'll tell you all about it."

He suspected something of the truth; I saw he did, by the expression of his face, as he removed his overcoat.

Then we went into the sitting room, and I told him all—but, somehow, my tears came with the commencement of the story, and my sobs concluded it, for Mrs. Parsons' remarks had wounded my feelings more than I was aware.

We sat before the bright grate fire. Bryan in his easy chair, and I on a smaller one, my head bowed on the arm of his.

He did not speak as I finished, but sat still a few moments, looking into the flames. Then he lifted me up, and carried me to the mirror. "There, Bertha," setting me down, "come back to me when you have taken down your hair."

It was but the work of a few moments, for the loosened folds rolled back to their natural ringlets.

Then I returned to Bryan. "Now, Bertha Raymond," he said, drawing his arm around me, "never, till your hair has grown gray, let me see you wear it in any other manner. Your curls are, to me, a part of you. When I first looked on your face, the fairest among women, they lay a bright frame-work around it, and in my memory, they will lie there always. Nature gave them to you—you have a *right* to keep them."

After this, my husband talked a long time, of the duties we owe to ourselves, and to others, and my mind saw these things much more clearly, when Bridget called us to supper.

What a sweet girl Minnie Dutton is! I am writing it with tears blurring my eyes; they are happy ones, though, for Minnie's heart and mine are very close to each other now.

She struck me, especially, when I saw her the first time at church. She has one of those pure, delicate, Saxon faces, with blue eyes and bronze hair, which always carry one back to the old feudal days, when the bright heads of English maidens beamed out from the lattices on

Digitized by Google

the knights who rode with white plumes and *flashing* spears, into the court below.

Minnie lives with her mother and her uncle, (her father is dead,) in the pretty white cottage on the hill.

Her brother Eldredge is at college, and she is attending the village high school.

This is an abridgment of the knowledge I gleaned of Minnie's antecedents the next week.

But we met soon after, at the society. I hardly know how it was we became so well acquainted in so little time. I think *our souls must have looked at each other.*

Bryan says we are somewhat alike, which is, I suppose, the highest compliment he could bestow upon any woman.

At any rate, last Saturday, Minnie passed the day with me, and an amusing time I had of it, listening to her humorous description of her first profound dread of the parson's wife. "But it's all gone now," she says. .

Last evening, I went up into the back chamber to see the sunset move, with its red feet, up the gray mountain on the west, when Minnie's voice came up to me from the kitchen. "No, Biddy, don't call Mrs. Raymond; I came in this way on purpose to find her all alone, and, as you say she is up stairs, I'll go to her."

I ran to the balustrade as she set her foot on the lowest stair.

"May I come up, Mrs. Raymond?"

"Certainly, dear."

"I saw that something was troubling her, with my first glance into the sweet face. It was very pale, now, and the small mobile mouth was tremulous with the sobs below it.

I took her into the chamber. "What in the world brought you in the back way, Minnie?"

"Because I was afraid I should meet some one in the front hall. Oh! Mrs. Raymond, I am very, very wretched;" breaking down in a storm of sobs.

"Minnie, darling, don't give way so. Tell me what is troubling you. Am I not your true friend?"

"I know you are, and it is this thought that has brought me here, but ——," her fast flowing tears finished the sentence.

It was long before I drew the story from Minnie. Her uncle, who is the guardian of the few thousands her father left the family, is, it seems, a stern, exacting sort of man, with whom his relatives have very little sympathy.

Eldredge, Minnie's idolized brother, has entered on his third year at college, but his parsimonious old uncle will hardly allow him funds to defray his expenses.

Last year, the young gentleman incurred a debt of a hundred dollars, for which he has been constantly harassed this term by the creditor, who is one of the under stewards.

The man threatened at last to write to Minnie's uncle, and had fulfilled his threat, but she had taken it from the office that day without her uncle's knowledge.

"There is no use," wrote her brother, "in my trying to get on this way any longer. Uncle Aaron's stinginess has reduced me to all sorts of miserable shifts and annoyances during this term, and I can't bear it any longer. This paltry debt, too, is like a nightmare upon my energies, and pay it I must and shall, in the only way that lies open to me. The sin be with him who brought me to it. Only you get possession of the letter that, despite my entreaties, (I've descended to this, Minnie!) will, I know, be sent this week; for, you see, if our precious uncle gets hold of it, he'll neither pay it, or defray the remainder of my college expenses."—And so ran the despairing letter of the young collegian.

"Oh! Mrs. Raymond, if you only knew Eldredge! He is so noble, so generous, so proud, and I know what that dark hint of paying the debt means—he has resolved on gambling to obtain the money, and the very thought—it will break my heart."

"But, Minnie, why don't you show your brother's letter to your uncle? He surely couldn't resist *that.*"

"Yes, he would, and disgrace him, too, if possible. And Eldredge has one of those proud natures, that would never endure anything of the kind. Besides this, you know how very delicate mamma's health is, and any knowledge of this matter would throw her right back on her sick bed. If I could only raise that hundred dollars! There are my pin and rings, which *might* bring ten, but mamma would miss them, and then where would the rest come from?"

My heart ached for her. She said this so despairingly, with the tears standing still on her soft cheeks.

"Oh, Minnie!" drawing my arm around her, "If I only had the money, instead of my sympathy, to give you!"

Scarcely had the words passed my lips, when a new thought flashed into my mind. There were the parlor carpet and curtains I was intending to purchase before cousin Hester's visit.

I might do without these, for the ingrain carpet was a very tasteful one, and the embroidered curtains exceedingly graceful, but I felt a little anxious, in view of the scrutinizing glances of my fashionable cousin, and so had resolved upon a partial regeneration of the parlor for her advent.

I had consecrated the hundred dollars mamma gave me when I left home, to this matter. I had not even mentioned it to Bryan, but the next week I had resolved to send to the city for the furniture.

But I could do without it very well, and save Minnie's brother. There was a little struggle in my heart, as I had strangely set it on a new Brussels carpet, with white lilies winding through a ground-work of crimson.

But I did not tell this to Minnie. I only said, "Wait a moment," and I went down stairs.—Two minutes later I returned. "Minnie, here are a hundred dollars. Take them, and save your brother."

I cannot stay to write what followed. But oh! that look of wild joy that broke into Minnie's face, as the glad truth flashed into her soul, the cry with which she clasped her arms

Digitized by Google

around me, and called me her brother's earthly salvation, would have repaid me for a thousand Brussels carpets.

After Minnie left me, I went down stairs into the parlor, and it seemed to me the ingrain carpet, and the white curtains, looked fairer to me than any that were ever born of the looms of Kidderminster or Paris. There was a great calm and a great light in my own heart, and the world without reflected it all.

At last there was a footstep in the hall, which my ear learned long ago, and Bryan came into the room.

"Why, Bertha, how bright you look to-night!" was his first greeting.

"And so do you, Bryan."

"Then *my* looks must be the reflection of yours. You have been doing something very good. I know it, my Bertha, for your heart is in your face."

I laughed. "Well, it shan't be on my lips now, any way. But come, Bryan, supper's been waiting a half hour, and I know you are hungry."

Last evening, though, sitting on his chair-arm, I told him all. There were tears (the first I had ever seen there,) in the brown eyes of Bryan Raymond, when I concluded. After a while, he drew out a slip of paper from his pocket. It was a despatch from cousin Hester; "*Coming to-morrow, Bertha.*" I laid it down quietly. This could not stir the calm tides of my heart, though a few hours earlier I should not so quietly have received the announcement.

And all to-day, when I have been dusting the parlors, and preparing some of mother's "sponge cake" for cousin Hester's advent, there has been a joy at my heart that could only find its expression in the rhymes that have flowed over my lips—rhymes in which I have blessed God for the happiness of this present life, and the hope of the future one.

The sun is going down, while I sit writing by the window. It is quite time they were here. How quiet and happy I await them.—There is a carriage climbing the hill. That is Bryan, for a certainty, waving his handkerchief, for the light strikes on the window before me.

A lady's face reaches eagerly out of the carriage. Cousin Hester has come!

THE VEILED ANGEL.

BY JANE MARIA MEAD.

When our first parents were from Eden driven,
Through life-long years to bear a weary load,
Urging their slow, tired footsteps on to Heaven,
An Angel journeyed with them on the road.

The glory of his face was veiled and hidden;
Thus its sweet radiance they failed to scan;
Sin, by his voice, was ever, ever chidden,
He seemed the foe, and not the friend of man.

Whene'er they paused to gather deadly flowers,
Or pluck forbidden fruit from baneful boughs,
Or trifle with the solemn-footed hours,
God's Angel bent on them his awful brows.

If from the narrow path, in pleasing wonder,
They roamed for idols 'mid the works of God,
He called upon them in a voice of thunder,
And scourged them back with an avenging rod.

But if tow'rd Heaven their eager footsteps hurried,
And each, obedient, walked as God's dear child,
They felt not half the weary weight they carried;
The Angel softly spake, and sweetly smiled.

On—to the Night of Death; on—to Life's Morning,
This weeping pair were by the Angel driven,
With many a pensive smile, and solemn warning,
Until he left them at the gates of Heaven.

Then—when they nevermore his aid need borrow,
Then—he unveiled at last his radiant face;
He is the friend of Man—his name is *Sorrow*—
He walks with us, and all the human race.

DICTUM PROBOSUM.

BY ANNA M. D. M'COY.

That careless word! that careless word!
My soul is filled with keen regret,
That from my lips 'twas ever heard,
That I so thoughtlessly have erred,
I never can *forget*.

How it embitters every hour,
That careless word I breathed to-day;
O Memory! thou hast fearful power
To scathe my soul like lava shower;
And Peace has flown away.

What tempted me, that I should speak
That solemn word in thoughtless jest?
What, but a wicked heart, so weak,
So prone to evil, loth to seek
What only can make blest.

Thou who alone canst cleanse the heart
From every foolish thought and vain,
O make me choose the better part,
The path that leads to where Thou art,
And wash away each stain.

Wilt Thou not freely now forgive
The wanderer who would come to Thee?
Wilt Thou the sinful one receive,
Who, trusting, says, "Lord, I believe;
I would Thy follower be?"

Yes, in Thy word, Thou bidd'st me come,
Thou'lt give my wearied spirit rest;
Then, when on earth my work is done,
Thy angels will convey me home,
To be forever blest.

Digitized by Google

BESTOWING CHARITIES;

OR, DIFFERENT WAYS OF DOING THE SAME THING.

BY LIZZIE LINWOOD.

www.libtool.com.cn

The winter of 1854–5 was one of extreme severity. Provisions were high, and so great was the suffering of the poor, that exertions were made in almost every town, within our knowledge, for their relief. Particularly in the town of S——— did it become a *fashionable amusement*, among the wealthy, to seek out and bestow charity upon those less favored than themselves. Many were relieved and many were distressed by these efforts. Widow E——— who, with her only child, and he an invalid, lived just upon the border of the town, had escaped, for some time, the scrutiny of these eager doers of good deeds. She had been delicately reared, well married, and happily settled. But, a series of misfortunes, the last and greatest of which was the death of her husband, had reduced her to a situation where the strictest economy was necessary, and much exertion, to keep herself and child provided with the necessaries of life. Her own health had suffered from the exertions she had been obliged to make, which, with the illness of her child and the severity of the weather, had almost prevented her leaving home, and she began to fear that her slender means would fail her before spring, and that the pains of her cherished one would be increased for want of warmth and food.

"Do not fear for me, mother," said the suffering boy one day, as he saw her look of dejection, and fancied the cause. "Perhaps I shall nor live till spring, and then there will enough left with what you can do, to provide for your wants."

"There will not be enough left if *you* are gone, my child," replied the mother. "I fear I could have but little enjoyment, even of the luxuries of life, if my last living treasure were taken away. Better is poverty—yes, and want—than the heart's desolateness;" and the widow murmured a prayer for the life of her child.

"Who can that be, mother?" said the invalid, raising himself from his couch, to get a better view of a carriage that had stopped in front of their house.

"Who can it be? Surely," said Mrs. E——— "some one must have mistaken the place at which they were to stop." And wiping away the tears that had gathered in her eyes, she added another stick to their scanty fire, as if from an instinctive desire to make a stranger comfortable.

"See! mother! They are all getting out," said the boy, a flush of excitement stealing over his pale face.

There was a middle aged lady and two young ladies, all richly attired and well protected by firs from the coldness of the weather. The driver took from the carriage a basket, and followed them to the door.

The widow glanced around her room, but there was nothing out of place, and with that quiet self-possession that indicates a pure heart and refined feelings, she opened her door, and plesantly bade the strangers enter. The man set down the basket, and went back to the carriage, while the ladies, nodding familiarly, walked into the room and unceremoniously seated themselves.

"Want enough here, I guess," whispered one of the young ladies.

"Wish they'd keep a better fire such a cold day," said the other, loud enough for the sick boy to hear.

"We called," said the elder lady, "to see if you were in need of assistance. Some of us ladies in town who are able, have kindly undertaken the task of searching out the poor this winter, and relieving their wants. And a task it is, too. But I suppose we shall have our reward. We thought by the looks of this building that there must very poor people live here. But what does this boy do for a living?"

The widow's face burned. But without venturing a glance at her son, whose sensitive feelings she knew were hurt more than hers, she replied:

"My son is unable to labor at all. He is suffering from an injury occasioned by trying to saw and split our wood last winter. He was never strong, and the exertion was too much for him. He has never been well since."

"Oh, that was a child's complaint. Let him run in the street, and he'd be well enough. I wish my boy was as healthy looking as he is. He has a fine ruddy countenance. You'll ruin him if you let him mope about in the house so, thinking he is sick. It is a bad plan to indulge——"

"Oh, come, mother, hurry," interrupted one of the young ladies. "You said you wouldn't stay but a minute. I shall get the ague, it's so cold here, I do believe. And the two daughters of fashion shook and tittered and moved nearer the fire, while the poor invalid's face grew more "ruddy," the blood became hot in his veins, and his heart beat with a fearful quickness, and he wished he was a man—a strong man—that he could provide for his mother, and save her from insult in her own house.

"I suppose you have no husband," continued the benevolent lady. "What do you have to live upon?"

"I own this building, and rent a room in it for fifteen dollars a year," replied the widow. leaving her visiter's supposition unnoticed, for she felt disinclined to speak of her dear, lost companion.

"Fifteen dollars a year! Bless me—you don't live upon that, surely."

"It is all I have except what little I can earn by my own labor. But poor health, and my

Digitized by Google

son's——" But here she hesitated, for she did not wish to hear another reference to her child such as that to which she had just listened. "But," she continued again, wishing to end the conversation, "we have not wanted for bread yet, and perhaps may not."

"How much do you have to pay a cord for your wood?" persisted the bearer of charities.

"Five dollars."

"Coal would be a great deal cheaper for you."

"I know it would if I had a stove adapted to it. But I cannot get one at present.

"Do you burn oil?" still continued the lady, observing a lamp upon the shelf.

"We do."

"It would be better for you buy tallow and make candles."

Mrs. E——— knew to the contrary, but she remained silent. It was anything but pleasant to have her affairs searched into in so free a manner. She knew her child's feelings were being tortured, and she heartily wished her charitable friends were gone. Though for the sake of procuring more comforts for her suffering boy, she felt that she could gladly accept assistance.

"Do you buy your boy's clothing ready made?" asked the lady, seeming determined to make herself acquainted with all that concerned the poor woman.

"I do not," was the reply; "I get the materials and make them myself."

"Then you could alter part worn clothing for him?"

"Yes, I have frequently done so. He has worn out most of the clothing his———" she was going to say, his father left, but the word failed of being uttered, and, pausing a moment, she added, "but he does not wear out many clothes now."

"Oh, come, mother; *do* let us go," again urged one of the young ladies, shivering as if no one could feel the cold as she did. "I'll empty the basket. Come." And drawing off her gloves, she went to the basket and commenced removing its contents.

"What are you doing, Mary? Let them things alone," said the mother, observing her movements. And, approaching her, she took from her a faded, old-fashioned velvet cape, which she was holding up with a thumb and finger, and at arm's length, as though she feared the contagion of an unfashionable thing, and turning to the widow, the lady remarked:

"Here is a cape that will do you a great deal of good. It cost twelve dollars, and is as warm now as it ever was. And here is a linen coat. The sleeves are worn some, but you can fix them over for your boy. It will be warm enough for him to wear in the house." And the kind lady drew her firs closer around her. "And here is a calico dress. It is faded, but it will last you a great while if you are careful."

She then took from her pocket a costly purse, and drawing from it a dollar bill, she laid it upon the table, saying:

"We do not give much money; there is usually so little judgment used in spending it."

She now opened a little account book she carried in her hand, and with a pencil commenced making a note of the things, reading aloud as she wrote: "Twenty dollars worth of clothing, and one dollar in money, making in all, fifty dollars worth of clothing, and ten dollars in money that I have scattered among the poor to-day. What do you think Mrs. Russell will say to that, Julia?"

"I hardly think she has done as much," said the daughter.

"We shall hear about it to-night, at Mrs. O'Neal's party," said Mary.

"Come, come," said the mother, getting in a hurry at the mention of the party, "we must go;" and calling the driver to take the basket, they nodded to Mrs. E———, and took their departure as unceremoniously as they had made their entrance.

The widow felt relieved. She had stood on the floor and received the things as they had been offered to her, but was so undecided as to what she ought to say in return, that the benefactors were gone before she had fixed upon any manner of expressing her thanks. She was, however, reminded of her neglect by hearing, through the door which had been left open, one of the daughters remark:

"What an ungrateful set they all are. I declare! it is enough to discourage any one trying to do any thing for them." But the carriage started, and prevented the reply from being heard.

An embarrassing silence between mother and son followed the departure of the ladies. The feelings of both had been deeply wounded, but neither made any remarks. The invalid, whose firm, intellectual face had again become pale, laid himself down upon his lounge, with his face to the wall, to hide the tears that he could no longer suppress, while the mother laid away the things, the sight of which she feared would never be agreeable, and quietly commenced preparations for their evening meal.

They had scarce finished their plain repast, when they saw another visiter entering their gate. It was dusk, but they could see it was no one with whom they were acquainted.

"Oh! mother! I hope it is not another charitable lady," said the sick boy. "How dreadful it is to be poor!"

There was no time for reply, for the lady was already knocking for admittance. And with a silent prayer that her son's feelings might be spared, the widow again opened her door to admit a stranger.

"A pleasant looking lady entered with a bundle of tracts in her hand, and, after taking the proffered seat, and remarking upon the coldness of the weather, she said:

"I have some tracts here that are published for gratuitous circulation. They contain some excellent things." And removing two or three from the bundle, she handed them to Mrs. E———. In turning to do so, she noticed the poor boy, who had moved to the further end of the lounge, that he might, if possible, escape

Digitized by Google

observation, and approaching him, she kindly inquired if he was out of health.

"He is suffering from a difficulty in the back, occasioned by over exertion," said the mother. "I am fearful the spine is affected beyond cure. He walks with much difficulty."

"Poor boy," said the lady, "it must be hard to have to stay within doors. But do you not ride sometimes?" she asked, taking his thin, white hand in hers.

"No, ma'am," replied the invalid. "I have no father to take me to ride. But I like to stay here with mother, only it makes me feel bad to think I can not do any thing for her."

"Do you have any books to read?" asked the lady.

"I have a few, but I have read them through several times."

"He is very fond of reading," said the mother, "and it is often a matter of grief to me that I am unable to supply him with books."

"Have you had good medical advice during his illness?"

"I fear we have not had," was the reply. "I called in a physician once, but he said it would require a long treatment to do him any good," and the widow's eyes filled with tears.

"Mother can't afford to pay a doctor's bill for me," said the sick boy, encouraged by the lady's kind inquiries. "I am willing to be sick, and suffer, though I would like to get well for mother's sake."

"How long has your husband been dead?" asked the lady, kindly.

"Two years."

"It must be a great affliction to lose a companion. But God knows what is best for us. We must not doubt His wisdom, or wish to interfere with what He does, though we may do much towards mitigating grief by kindness to each other."

"My trust is in God," replied the widow, "and I have never, for a moment, doubted but that 'He doeth all things well.'"

"I will send your little boy some books to read, if you are willing."

"Oh! you are very, very kind," said the mother. "It would be a great comfort to him."

The poor boy's eyes grew bright at the thought of "books," and, unconsciously, he clasped the lady's hand, which had not yet been withdrawn, in both of his.

The lady was much affected by his mute eloquence, and could scarcely repress her tears, as she added:

"And you will let me send my family physician here. He is a very skillful man, and I dare say can do something to help this poor boy." And, disengaging her hand from the invalid's, she drew from her pocket her little porte monnaie, and taking from it a two dollar bill, she begged the widow to accept it, saying she could very well do without it, and perhaps it would purchase some little luxury that the sick boy would like. And without giving them time for any further expression of the gratitude she knew they felt, she took her leave, promising not to forget them.

A little aid, timely rendered, and kindly offered to the poor—how good it is!

KING HENRY II AND THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

That the ballads of "Henry the Second and the Miller of Mansfield" and "Edward the Fourth and the Tanner of Tamworth" are records of real events, is a belief common to the shepherd, the husbandman, and the mechanic, if not countenanced by the strict and scrupulous antiquary. They are true to the character of the people as well as to the characters of the two monarchs; they are remarkable for their jolly humor, their lively manners, and hearty and homely old English feelings. Such sallies sound a little different from the diplomatic reports of court-chroniclers now-a-days: an easy intercourse seems to have existed in former times between the prince and the people; and few have in these latter days ventured to renew it save the late emperors of France and Austria, who had the tact to be familiar without loss of dignity.

To Henry the Second, one of the best and most generous of the English monarchs, many romantic adventures are ascribed: his love-passages with the Fair Rosamond employed the pens of our early poets; his troubles, occasioned by his rebellious children, have called down the sympathy of all historians; while his encounter with the merry Miller of Mansfield not only furnished a theme for "a metre ballad-monger," but seems to have supplied Chaucer with a hint for his inimitable story of the "Miller of Trompington." Percy, indeed, seeks the original of the "Miller of Mansfield" in "John the Reeve," a poem on an adventure between Edward the First and one of the royal bailiffs. The resemblance is strong, but ballad-makers may say with the rural proverb, "Like is a bad mark among your neighbors' sheep:" it is impossible to settle originality by the aid of resemblance. The story was popular, and one poet reckoned he had as good a right to it as another. The ballad is very old, the humor genuine, and the incidents diverting.

King Henry, says the minstrel, rode on a time to Sherwood, to hunt the hart and the buck, which he did with such good will that he left all his lords far behind, and lost both his game and his way; the more he sought for a road, the more astray he went.

"Wandering thus wearily, all alone, up and down,
With a rude miller he met at the last:
Asking the ready way unto fair Nottingham
Sir, quoth the miller, I mean not to jest,

Digitized by Google

Yet I think, what I think, the sooth for to say,
You do not lightly ride out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think me, quoth our king merrily,
Passing thy judgment upon me so brief?
Good faith, said the miller, I mean not to flatter thee,
I guess thee to be but some gentleman thief;
Stand thee back in the dark, and light not adown,
Lest that I presently crack thy knave's crown."

The king smiled, and said, "I am not a thief, but a true gentleman. I have lost my way, and seek for a lodging." "Thou a gentleman!" exclaimed the miller; "why, all thy estate hangs on thy back, and hast not one penny in thy purse. Yet thou mayest be a true man; and if thou art, I will give thee a lodging." "A true man," said his majesty, "I have ever been; and there's my hand on it." "Nay, friend," observed the miller, "I shake no hands in the dark; I must know thee better before we cross palms: but come on, we are now close at my house." At the house the king soon arrived; it smelled strongly of puddings and seething souse, and was full of smoke; yet for all the smoke there was light enough for the miller to peruse the monarch's face by.

"I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face,
With my son Richard this night shalt thou lie;
Quoth his wife, by my troth it is a handsome youth,
Yet it is best, husband, to deal warilye.
Art thou no runaway, prithee youth tell?
Show me thy passport and all shall be well."

The young monarch bowed as the wife urged her scruples. "I am but a poor courtier," he said, "and have ridden out of my way; any kindness you can show me will be amply requited."

"Then to the miller his wife whispered secretly,
Saying, it seemeth this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turn him out certainly were a great sin.
Yea, quoth he, you may see he hath some grace,
When he doth speak to his betters in place."

The wife then said to King Henry: "Young man, thou art welcome; and as thou art welcome, thy lodging shall be of the best: I will give fresh straw to thy bed, and spread good brown hempen sheets upon it." "And when that is ready," observed the miller, thou shalt have for thy companion no one worse than our own son: but stay, art sure thou art not populous?" "An' he be," exclaimed the son, he shall not lie with me."

"This caused the king suddenly to laugh most heartily,
Till the tears trickled fast down from his eyes;
Then to their supper were they set orderlye,
With hot bag-puddings and good apple-pyes,
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a brown bowl,
Which did about the board merrylye trowl."

"I drink to thee, good fellow, and to all who are ruled by petticoats, wherever they be," said the miller, taking an enormous pull at the bowl. "And I pledge thee faithfully, host," replied the king, "and thank thee for this welcome; but let me mind manners and drink to thy son." "Prithee, friend," said Richard, "talk less and drink more; you detain the bowl." The good ale opened more fully the social miller's heart.

"Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth Lightfoot,
And of his sweetness a little we'll taste.
A fair venison-pasty brought she out presently:
Eat, quoth the miller; but mind me, no waste!
Here's dainty Lightfoot, in faith, said the king,
I never before ate of so dainty a thing."

"It is no dainty at all here, sir," said Richard, the son, we eat of it every day!" "Indeed," answered the king; "and in what town may it be bought?" "Bought!" exclaimed the other; "why we never pay a penny for it; we find it running beside us in merry Sherwood."

"Then I think, said the king, that it is venison,
Each fool, quoth Richard, full well may know that;
Never are we without two or three in the house,
Very well fleshed and excellent fat:
But prithee say nothing wherever thou go;
We would not for two-pence the king should it know."

"Doubt me not," replied Henry, "the king shall never know more on it for me;" and after a mighty draught of that provincial compound of ale and wine called lamb's wool, his majesty went to repose on his fresh straw and sheets of brown hemp. His courtiers, who had lost him at night, found him in the morning at the miller's door ready to mount and begone. They dropped on their knees and called him "Sire," which made the miller's heart start—he thought at once of his rough welcome, the perilous secret of the venison-pasty, and of the gallows.

"The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed;
The miller down did fall, crying before them all,
Doubting the king would have cut off his head.
But he his courtesie for to requite,
Gave him great living and dubbed him a knight."

When the king reached Westminster, and with his courtiers talked over all their sports and pastimes, he declared that the Miller of Mansfield's sport was the best, and vowed that he should not be satisfied till he had him with his wife and son to court. No sooner had the messenger delivered the royal order than the miller exclaimed, "I don't understand the jest: what are we to do at court?" "To be hanged at least," said the comforter Richard, remembering his own tattle in the matter of Lightfoot. "Not so, indeed," replied the messenger; "the king loves you, and provides a great feast for your sake."

"Then, said the miller, by my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worship full well;
Hold, here are three farthings to quit thy gentleness,
For these happy tidings which thou dost tell.
Let me see; hear thou me; tell to our king
We'll wait on his mastership in everything."

No sooner was the royal messenger gone than the miller and his household began to meditate on the expense as well as equipment suitable for this journey and visit. "Here come outlay

Digitized by Google

and charges indeed," exclaimed the miller; "but we must appear with dignity, though all we have gathered should go: we have need of new garments, of horses and servant men, of bridles and saddles; this will be a salt matter." The wit of his lady came to the help of the new-made knight of Mansfield.

"Tush, Sir John, quoth his wife, why should you fret or frown;
You shall ne'er be at no charges for me,
For I will turn and trim up my old russet gown,
With every thing else as fine as may be.
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillows and pannels as we shall provide.

In this most stately sort rode they unto court,
Their jolly son Richard rode foremost of all.
Whe set up for good hap, a cock's feather in his cap,
And so they jetted down to the king's hall;
The merry old miller with hands on his side,
His wife, like Maid Marian, did mince at that tide."

Now there can be no question that the miller and his household played off on this visit a little of the art and wit of the clouted shoe—appearing before Henry and his courtiers in rough country trim, abating no jot of rustic manners or dress. The contrast was to his majesty's liking, and the game was kept up with much spirit. "Welcome, Sir Knight," said the king courteously, "and welcome to your gay lady; and welcome to thee, too, young squire." "Abots on you; and do you know me?" said Richard. How should I forget thee?" replied his majesty gravely, "for thou wert my bedfellow, well I wot." "Ay!" answered Dick, "and by this token thou didst air the sheets royally." "Ah! knave," said the Knight of Mansfield, "thou hast no more manners than—" The coming of the queen interrupted this discourse; she spoke kindly and graciously, and gravely enjoyed the embarrassment of the miller's dame, who stood as stiff before her as the queen of spades, while she dropped a courtsey at every word. The dinner scene was the crowning glory of this visit; the miller ate all, and drank all that was offered, wine, ale and beer, without a word: he spoke at last.

"Quoth Sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire.
Aha, said the king, now I think of a thing,
Some of your Lightfoot I would we had here.
Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eat it and then to betray it."

"Thou sayest true, Richard," said the king; "but be not angry; let us have a cup of wine together." "Stay till I have dined; stay till I have dined," exclaimed the miller's son; "I make but small way among these twatling dishes of thine; a black pudding were worth them all." "Ay, marry would it, man," replied the monarch, remembering his hearty supper at the miller's house; "and I wish we had one here." "I have one," said Dick, pulling a large pudding out from his huge hose, to the great increase of merriment at the royal table. The king, observing the young rustic to be a vigorous lout, said, "If thou wishest to wed, look round among my ladies there, and choose thee a wife." Dick surveyed with some disdain the plumed groups of mincing and bridling madams, and exclaimed, "Why, my own love, Jugg Grumball, with the red head, is worth them all!"

"Then Sir John Cockle the king called unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'erseer,
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearly.
Take heed now you steal no more of my deer;
And once a quarter let's here have your view,
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu."

A HOME WITH THEE.

BY FANNY FALES.

Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am.—John 17, xxiv.

A home with Thee!
For this sweet prayer I thank thee. Undefiled!
And He who loved Thee ere Creation smiled
Will give Thee all the ransomed for Thine own—
From golden harps around the great white throne
Swelleth an anthem, soft, and clear, and sweet,
That all may join who in yon Heaven meet
To dwell with Thee.

With Thee! with Thee!
A home forever in the realms above
Where all is peace, and purity, and love—
To breathe the perfumed air in gardens bright
Where flowers are fadeless, and where comes no blight
Over the spirit singing like a bird;
Oh! *this* is joy no heart hath ever stirred,
Until with Thee.

A home with Thee,
Thou holy one! Thou blessed Son of God!
Thy feet the thorny paths of earth once trod;
Thou here wast tempted, and dost feel for all
The erring, weeping ones who on Thee call—
The cross, the cup were Thine, that we might claim,
Within the golden gates, in Thy dear name,
A home with Thee.

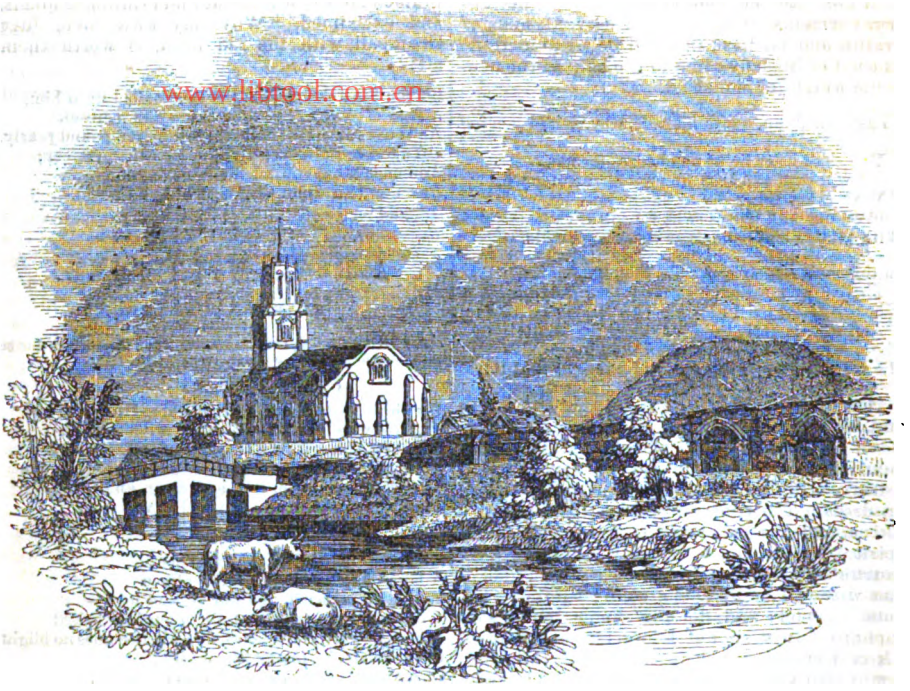
And if with Thee,
O! if with Thee *I* may at last sit down,
Beyond the grave, and wear the humblest crown;
Let the beloved ones Thou to me hast given,
Find by my side a home in yon blue Heaven—
Room for me, Father, by my angel-child!
Room for my dear ones, O, Thou Undefiled,
With Thee! with Thee!

HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST, standing in the street, heard some dreadful oaths and curses from a public house opposite. Having occasion to go across, he first buttoned up his pocket, saying to a by-stander, "I always do this, when I hear men swear, as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain, can also steal, or do any thing else that is bad."

"Do you think little Miss H—— very pretty and lady-like?" said one person to another. "I used to think so," was the reply; "but I once saw her treat a playmate very rudely, and she has never looked pretty to me since."

www.libtool.com.cn
Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



FOTHERINGAY CHURCH.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AT FOTHERINGAY CASTLE.

The village of Fotheringay, in the north-eastern part of Northamptonshire, is chiefly known as the place where Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded, after being a prisoner for more than eighteen years, in a country where she had expected hospitality, at least, if not the kindly reception of kinship.

The Castle of Fotheringay, now utterly demolished, and the place where it stood only designated by a mound, was built about the year 1084, by Simon de St. Litz, one of the Norman followers of the Conqueror. We give, above, a view of the church standing a short distance from the site of the castle. The village, once an important place, has now a population of only about three hundred, and is rarely visited by tourists.

At the period of the Doomsday Survey, the Countess Judith held land at Fotheringay, then called Fodringeia. By the second marriage of her daughter with David, King of Scotland, the manor of Fotheringay came into the possession of the Scottish King; and it was subsequently held by his sons, Malcolm and William, who were successively kings of Scotland.

During the fifteenth century, Fotheringay Castle belonged to several members of the Plantaganet family. Cecilia Neville, the wife of Richard, Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield. in 1460, spent many weary years of her widowhood in this strong-hold.

Henry VII gave the manor to Elizabeth, his wife; and his successor, Henry VIII, settled it upon his first queen, Catharine of Arragon. Leland describes it about this time as "fair and metely strong, with double ditches, and with a keep very strong and ancient. There be very fair lodgings in the castle, and, as I heard, Catharine of Spain did great costs of late time in refreshing of it."

The grand events in the annals of this castle, are the trial, and the tragical execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, by order of her implacable kinswoman, Elizabeth, of England.

But few days had elapsed after the execution of Babington and his associates, when orders were sent down to Sir Amyas Pawlet, to remove Mary with all possible care and vigilance from Chartley Castle, in Staffordshire, to Fotheringay. Sir Amyas, avoiding the public roads, led his captive about from one gentleman's house to another; and the Queen knew not whither she was going, until, on the 6th of October, 1586,

Digitized by Google

she saw herself shut up within the dismal walls of Fotheringay Castle.

When the English Queen heard that her royal prisoner was safely lodged there, her gratitude burst forth in an unusual enthusiasm to the able manager of the journey.

"Amyas, my most faithful and careful servant," she wrote to the gaoler "God Almighty reward thee trebleфold for thy most troublesome charge, so well discharged!"

On the 11th day of the same month, thirty-six out of the whole number of the English commissioners who had been appointed to try the Scottish Queen, arrived at Fotheringay. Several meetings, preliminary to the grand one of the trial, were held between the two parties; in these the commissioners endeavored to persuade the royal captive to plead guilty to all the charges about to be brought against her, but she refused compliance to everything that would really criminate her.

On the morning of the 14th, the commissioners assembled in the presence chamber of the castle. At the upper end of the apartment, upon a dais, was a vacant chair of state, royally canopied, for the absent Queen of England, and "below it, and at some distance over against," was a velvet chair, without any canopy, for the Queen of Scots. The commissioners and their assistants sat upon benches placed towards the wall on either side of the room. Mary herself had no assistant—no papers—no witnesses—for everything had been taken from her; and yet she displayed wonderful self-possession and address, and for two whole days kept at bay the hunters of her life.

As soon as she had taken her seat, the Chancellor Bromley told her that her mistress, Queen Elizabeth, being informed, "to her great grief and trouble of mind," that she had conspired the destruction of her person, and of the realm of England, and the subversion of religion, had appointed this present commission, to hear how she could vindicate herself from the charges, and make her innocence appear to the world.

Mary then rose, and said that she had come into England to solicit the aid which had been promised her, and had ever since been detained a prisoner; and then she uttered a protest against the authority of the court.

The Chancellor denied that any aid had been promised her; but there he stopped, not venturing to explain—promise or no promise—by what law Elizabeth had constituted her a state prisoner, or attempt to lessen the odium which had thereby been cast upon the natnioal hospitality. But he told her that as she had been living in England, she was subject to the laws of the realm, and that therefore her protest could not be admitted. It was, however, after some demur, agreed that her protest should be recorded, together with the Chancellor's reply to it. They then read their commission at full length; and, as it was wholly founded upon a late act made to meet the case, she protested against the said act as being made expressly against herself. Burleigh, who had been anxious for her death years before, told her that the validity of laws and acts of parliament did not depend on their antiquity—that new laws were as good as old ones, and equally binding—that it did not become her to speak against them—and that, in spite of her protests, they were all resolved to proceed against her by that said act of parliament.

Mary said that she was ready to hear and answer concerning any act against Queen Elizabeth.

Then Gawdy, the Queen's serjeant, opened the case against her, with an elaborate account of Babington's conspiracy; asserting, at the close of his oration, that she knew of it, approved it, assented to it, promised her assistance, and showed the ways and means of effecting it. When the learned serjeant had done speaking, sundry *copies* of letters, which were said to have been written to her by Babington, and by her to Babington, and others, were produced.

According to these second-hand documents, which contained a scheme of the whole conspiracy, the prisoner had not only invited foreign princes to the invasion of England, but had also encouraged Babington and his associates to assassinate their sovereign.

During the reading of these letters, Mary was calm; but when, in the latter, mention was made of the unfortunate Earl of Arundel, the son of the Duke of Norfolk, she burst into tears.

"Alas!" said she, "what has the noble house of Howard endured for my sake!"

But presently drying her tears, she replied to this part of the evidence, declaring that she knew not Babington, nor ever received any such letters from him, nor wrote any such to him; that they who pretended that she had written to Babington, ought to produce her letters in her own handwriting, and that if Babington wrote letters to her, they ought to prove that they had come into her possession. There was, indeed, she said, a packet of letters put into her hands about the time alleged, but they had been written almost a year before, and she knew not whence they came. She said that many persons, compassionating her hard fate, had secretly made her offers of service, but that she neither excited nor encouraged any of them, though she, a close prisoner, cut off from the world, and for long periods from all knowledge of what was being transacted in it, could not prevent their enterprises. She was not answerable for the deeds of others. She had, indeed, used her utmost endeavors for the recovery of her liberty, as nature itself dictated and allowed; and to this end she had solicited the assistance of her friends, both in England and abroad. Others might have attempted dangerous designs without her knowledge; and it was an easy matter to counterfeit ciphers and characters. Although she denied prompting an invasion of England, she was far less emphatic on that point than on the accusation of being privy to the plot against Elizabeth's life; here she vowed repeatedly she would never make shipwreck of

Digitized by Google

her soul by engaging in such a bloody crime. In reply to a letter said to have been written by her to provoke an invasion, she boldly declared that she suspected Walsingham was the author of that letter.

This direct and terrible attack agitated the accused, who instantly rose and exclaimed with the greatest energy—

"I call God to witness that I have done nothing, as an individual, not befitting an honest man, nor anything, as the servant of my royal mistress, unworthy of my office."

And, no doubt, the secretary thought that an honest man might even do more than he had ever done, for the sake of the queen and of the Protestant sentiment.

After a very lengthened conference, the Commissioners adjourned the assembly to the 25th of October, then to meet, not in presence of the prisoner, nor in Fotheringay Castle, but in the Star Chamber at Westminster.

On the appointed day, the Commissioners assembled; and, without much ceremony, the court pronounced sentence against the poor lady. This sentence was afterwards unanimously ratified by both houses of parliament.

Lord Buckhurst, Mr. Robert Beale, and others, were sent to Fotheringay to announce her doom to the "Queen of the Castle," as Burleigh ironically called the unfortunate prisoner. They were instructed to obtain, if possible, a confession of guilt from Mary, who, it was supposed, would lose heart and courage at the close prospect of death. But the English Queen had formed an erroneous estimate of the strength of her rival's character. Mary, whatever may have been her former errors or guilt, suffered and died like a heroine, and a martyr. She received the terrible message of her approaching death, not merely with firmness, but with cheerfulness, saying she was a-weary of the world, and glad that her troubles were about to end.

A few days after the arrival of the "conscience-shifters," Sir Amyas Pawlet and Sir Drew Drury informed her that, as she had refused to make any submission or confession, and as she was dead in law, she had no right to the insignia of royalty which hitherto had been left to her in her prison. Mary replied, with undiminished dignity, that she was an anointed queen—that in spite of Elizabeth, her council, and her judges, she would still die a queen. While Pawlet's servants took down her canopy of state, the starch Puritan himself sat down with his hat on in her presence, and otherwise insulted her.

Mary then wrote to her destroyer a last letter, full of dignity, but combined with that spirit of meekness and piety suitable to this concluding scene of her unfortunate life. She told Elizabeth that her mind was free from malice and resentment—that she thanked God He was now pleased to put an end to her troublesome pilgrimage—that the only favors she would ask were, that she might not be privately put to death, and that her servants and others might be allowed to be spectators and witnesses of her last moments—that her faithful attendants might have liberty to leave England without let or hindrance, and quietly enjoy the small legacies she had bequeathed them—and that her body might be conveyed for interment to France, to be laid in hallowed ground with the remains of her mother. These things she besought her to grant in the name of Christ, by their near relationship, by the memory of Henry VII, their common ancestor, and by her own royal dignity.

On the 7th of February, 1587, the arrival of the Earl of Shrewsbury at Fotheringay Castle, was announced to Mary, who knew what it meant, as Shrewsbury was Earl Marshal. He was attended by the Earls of Kent, Cumberland, and Derby; by one or two ministers of the gospel, and by Beale, the clerk of the Council. Mary rose from her bed, dressed herself, sat down by a small table, with her servants, male and female, arranged on each side of her. Then the door was thrown open, and the English noblemen entered with their suite. Beale at once proceeded to read the death warrant.

When the warrant had been read, Mary, without emotion, told them that she was ready for death—that death was most welcome to her, though she had hardly thought that, after keeping her twenty years in a prison, her sister Elizabeth would so dispose of her. She then laid her hand on a book, which happened to be near her, and solemnly protested that, as for the death of the Queen, their sovereign, she had never imagined it—never sought it—never consented to it.

The Earl of Kent interrupted her. "That is a Popish Bible," he said, with fanatic rudeness, "and, therefore, your oath is of no value."

"It is a Catholic Testament," replied Mary, "and therefore, my lord, as I believe that to be the true version, my oath is the more to be relied on."

The bigoted Earl then made a long discourse, advising her to renounce what he called her "superstitious follies, and idle trumperies of Popery," to embrace the true faith, and to accept in her last agonies the spiritual services of the Dean of Peterborough, a very learned, devout, and zealous divine, whom her Majesty had mercifully appointed to attend upon her.

Mary energetically rejected the Dean, and demanded the assistance of her own chaplain.

The Earl of Kent, upon this, began to insult her, by telling her that her death would be the life of his religion, as her life would have been its death. He cruelly refused her the attendance of her chaplain and confessor, affirming that it was contrary to the law of God, and the law of the land, and dangerous to themselves.

After a long and desultory conversation, in which she put the touching question, whether it were possible that her only son could have forgotten his mother, Mary calmly turned to the Earl Marshal, and demanded when she was to suffer.

Digitized by Google

"To-morrow morning, madam, about eight o'clock," was the Earl's answer.

The noblemen then departed, and no sooner was the doomed Queen alone with her attendants, than they ran to her, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, retaining a perfect composure of mind, bid them dry their tears, and gave orders that supper might be hastened, "for that she had a deal of business on her hands."

That night, after supper, having called her servants before her to the table, she drank to them all, and they pledged her in return upon their knees, mingling tears with the wine, and imploring her pardon for any offences they might have committed against her. She forgave them, and asked their forgiveness if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them; and then delivered some Christian advice as to their future conduct in life. She then, with affecting kindness, distributed the few things she had, in the shape of rings, jewels, and furniture, among them, and retired to her chamber, where she wrote her last will, and three letters—one to her confessor, one to the King of France, and the third to her cousin, the Duke of Guise. This done, she prayed and read alternately till four o'clock in the morning, when she threw herself upon her bed. Though her eyes were closed, it was evident to her attendants, from the slight motion of her lips, and a sort of rapture spread over her countenance, that she still continued addressing herself to Him on whom alone her hopes now rested.

At break of day she rose, assembled her little household, caused Bourgoin, her physician, to read to them her will, distributed all her clothes, except those she had put on, bade them farewell, and then, when all terrestrial cares were concluded, retired to her oratory, and knelt before an altar on which her almoner, before he was separated from her, had been accustomed to say mass to her in secret.

About eight o'clock, the sheriff of Northampton entered the small chamber, with a white wand in his hand, and told her that the fatal hour was come. She started up, took down the crucifix, and turned to take the last few steps which were between her and the grave. She came forth with a majestic mien, dressed in a gown of black satin, with a veil of lawn fastened to her caul, and descending to the ground. Her chaplet was fixed to her girdle, and she kept in her right hand the ivory crucifix which she had taken from the oratory. In an antechamber she was joined by the noble lords and her two cruel keepers, and presently she found standing in her path Sir Robert Melville, her house-steward, who had been denied access to her for the last three weeks. At the sight of his beloved mistress, the old and faithful servant fell upon his knees before her, and with abundance of tears lamented his hard fate, which would make him the bearer of such sorrowful news to Scotland.

"Good Melville," said the Queen to him, "cease to lament, but rather rejoice; for thou shalt now see a final period to Mary Stuart's troubles. The world, my servant, is all but vanity, and subject to more sorrow than an ocean of tears can wash away. But, I pray thee, take this message when thou goest, that I die true to my religion, to Scotland, and to France. God forgive them that have thirsted, without cause, for my blood, as the hart longeth for the water-brooks. Commend me to my son; and tell him I have done nothing to prejudice the kingdom of Scotland."

Old Melville still wept. The Queen wept also.

"Once more, farewell, good Melville," said Mary, embracing him; "grant the assistance of thy prayers to thy mistress and Queen."

She then addressed herself to the lords, requesting them to treat her servants with consideration, and permit them to stand by her at her death.

To the last request the Earl of Kent objected as inconvenient, saying it was to be feared that they would be troublesome to her Majesty, and unpleasing to the company—that, if they were present at the execution, they would not fail, as Papists all, to put some superstitious trumpery in practice; and, perhaps, there would be a dipping of handkerchiefs in her Grace's blood, which it was not decent in them, the Protestant lords, to admit of.

"My lords," said Mary, to all this intolerance, "I will give you my word they shall deserve no blame, nor do such things as you mention; but, poor souls, it would do them good to see the last of their mistress; and I hope your mistress, as a maiden queen, would not deny me, in regard of womanhood, to have some of my women about me at my death. Surely, you might grant a greater favor than this, though I were a woman of less exalted rank than the Queen of Scots."

Kent was silent, and the other lords did not choose to take the responsibility of granting what was requested. She perceived their hesitation.

"Am I not cousin to your Queen," exclaimed Mary, with some vehemence, "descended from the royal blood of Henry the Seventh—a married Queen of France—and anointed Queen of Scotland?"

At length, after much consultation, the lords decided that they could only comply with the Queen's desires in part; and Melville, with her apothecary and surgeon, and two of her maids, named Kennedy and Curle, were allowed to attend their mistress to the scaffold.

The gloomy procession now moved forward to the great hall of the castle, headed by the sheriff and his officers. In the hall stood the scaffold, which was raised about three feet from the ground, and was twelve feet square in extent. It was covered all over with black cloth, with rails round it. Upon this terrible dais were a chair, a cushion, and a block, all covered with ominous black.

The Queen mounted the scaffold with an unaltered countenance, beheld the dreadful ap-

Digitized by Google

paratus of death without dismay, and sat down upon the dismal chair. On her right hand stood the Earl of Kent, on her left the Earl of Shrewsbury; the rest of the company, consisting of about two hundred gentlemen and inhabitants of the neighborhood, stood in the hall without the rails. Immediately in front of her was the headsman from the Tower, in a suit of black velvet, with his assistant, also in black.

The warrant was read in a loud voice by Beale: when it was ended, the company cried,—

"God save Queen Elizabeth!"

At the same time the heroine of the tragedy looked cheerful and easy She bade the officials recollect that she was a sovereign princess, not subject to the laws and parliament of England, but brought to suffer by injustice and violence. She declared again that she had not sought Elizabeth's death, and said that she pardoned from her heart all her enemies.

Dr. Fletcher, the Protestant Dean of Peterborough, here stood up, and rudely interrupting her, began a long discourse upon her life, past, present, and to come. The Queen endeavored to stay him.

"Mr. Dean," said she, "trouble not yourself; I am fixed in the ancient Roman Catholic religion, and, by God's grace, I will shed my blood for it."

But the dean would not be silenced; he still pressed her earnestly to change her faith. He told her that his gracious mistress was very careful of the welfare of her immortal soul, and had commissioned him to bring her to the only right path. If she would recant, even now, there might be hopes of mercy.

"Good Mr. Dean," answered Mary, with more earnestness than before, "trouble not yourself about this matter; I was born in this religion, I have lived in this religion, and I will die in this religion!"

So saying, she turned aside from him; but the dean, turning round the scaffold, again faced her, and again thundered out his sermon; at last the Earl of Shrewsbury ordered him to cease preaching, and proceed to pray, and whilst the dean prayed in English, Mary prayed alone in Latin, repeating the Penitential Psalms with great warmth of devotion. When the dean had done, she prayed in English for the Church, her son, and Queen Elizabeth.

"As thy arms," said she, kissing her crucifix; "as thy arms, O Jesu, were stretched upon the cross, even so receive me, within the stretched-out arms of thy mercy!"

"Madam," cried the Earl of Kent, who was horrified at her kissing the crucifix, "you had better put such Popish trumpery out of your hand, and carry Christ in your heart."

"I can hardly bear this emblem," meekly replied Mary, "in my hand, without at the same time bearing him in my heart. Nothing suits the dying Christian better than the image of his Saviour."

The two executioners now came forward, and kneeling before her, asked forgiveness for their share in the drama. Her women began to perform their last office—disrobing their mistress; but the headsmen were in a hurry, and interfered, pulling off with their own rude and vulgar hands a part of her attire, upon which she observed to the earls that she was not accustomed to be undressed by such *valets-de-chambre*, or to put off her clothes before so much company.

Here her servants could no longer contain their feelings, but she put her finger to her lips, kissed them again, and bade them pray for her.

"Instead of weeping, rejoice," she said; I am very happy to leave this world, and in so good a cause!"

Then the maid Kennedy took a handkerchief, edged with gold, in which the Eucharist had formerly been enclosed, and fastened it over the eyes of her much-loved mistress. The executioner led her to the block, and the Queen, with undaunted fortitude, knelt on the cushion before it.

"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" she said, with a clear and unquailing voice.

Such was the end, equally heroic and tragical, of Mary Queen of Scots, in the forty-fifth year of her age, and the nineteenth of her captivity.

A black cloth was thrown over her remains. The English noblemen did not leave to the executioner, according to custom, the golden cross around her neck, the chaplet suspended to her girdle, nor the clothes worn by her at her death, lest those dear and venerated spoils should be redeemed by her servants, and transformed into relics. They, therefore, burned them. They also took great pains to prevent anything being kept that had been stained with her blood—all traces of which they caused to be carefully removed.

Just as they were lifting the body to remove it into the state-room of the castle, in order to embalm it, they perceived Mary's favorite little lap-dog, which had crept in beneath her dress, between the head and neck of his dead mistress. He would not quit the bloody spot, and they were compelled to remove him by force.

The body of the Queen of Scots was embalmed with little respect, wrapped up in cere-cloth, enclosed in a leaden coffin.

At the demolition of Fotheringay Castle, which some say was by the direction of her son, a portion of the stained-glass which ornamented the hall was removed from the windows, and placed in Milton House, where it still remains. Fuller, the historian, when he visited Fotheringay, before its destruction, records that he saw the following inscription on one of the windows, universally believed to have been traced by the Scottish Queen:—

"From the top of all my trust,
Mishap has laid me in the dust."

An Irishman complained of his physician that he stuffed him so with drugs, that he was sick after he got well.

Digitized by Google

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—THE MOGUL, OR TARTAR DYNASTY.

NO. II.—BABER.

Baber, or, to give him his titles at length, Zehir ul Dien Mohammed Baber, was the son of Sultan Amer, sovereign of the united kingdoms of Firghana and Indija in Western Tartary, and who was a great-great-grandson of Timur. So uncommon were the abilities displayed by Baber, even in boyhood, that when he was only in his twelfth year he was raised to the throne of Indija by his father, who, dying from a fall not long after, left his whole dominions to the youthful sovereign. The uncles of Baber, Ahmed, king of Samarcand, and Mahmood, king of Baduchshan, endeavored to take advantage of his youth and wrest from him his kingdom, in revenge for previous attacks by his father upon them. A sudden mortality among their troops while besieging the capital of Indija, compelled them to raise the siege, and entirely defeated their project. From this period the events of the succeeding years seem rather to belong to a romance than a history, for history shows us few instances of so many reverses endured and so much courage and ability exhibited in military enterprises by one so young. Having subdued different rebellious governors of provinces, Baber attacked and took Samarcand, the capital of the kingdom of that name; but lost a great part of his army in the moment of victory, because he would not allow the inhabitants to be plundered. Quitting Samarcand shortly after, to return to Indija, he heard on his way that he had lost both; his brother Jehanghire, with the assistance of the troops who had deserted him, having taken possession of Indija, and Samarcand having revolted almost as soon as Baber had departed. So hopeless now seemed his affairs, that only forty horsemen remained with him. He was now fourteen. Instead of being dispirited, Baber only the more earnestly set to work to collect adherents and make friends, and before two years had elapsed was again master of his own kingdom; having made peace with Jehanghire by ceding to him certain districts, and agreeing that should Samarcand again fall into his (Baber's) possession, Jehanghire should have the sovereignty of Indija. Baber now once more directed his steps toward Samarcand, but, owing to the desertion of his allies and the difficulties of the route he was compelled to take, he had only 240 men left when he reached Samarcand. The succeeding events have scarcely a parallel in history for the skillful audacity of their author. Baber quietly entered the city about dusk, while the gates were yet open, and went directly to the house of a chief well affected towards him, but finding no encouragement in the attempt he meditated, and learning that the whole city was by this time in an uproar at the news of his arrival, escaped without injury or loss to the environs. Scarcely was this done before he repented of his precipitate flight, but, being wearied, lay down to sleep, and was so encouraged by a dream, that he started up, and related it to his followers, who all agreed to return with him and conquer Samarcand. The indiscretion of this step is manifest, but not the less so is the enthusiastic, chivalrous character of Baber, who thus determined to attempt the taking of a place containing some thousands of soldiers, with an able and enterprising chief, Shubiani, king of the Usbecs, a descendant of Genghis Khan, at their head, who had himself but recently conquered the city, and whilst the alarm was still great at so significant a visit. About midnight the party reached a bridge without the walls; from thence Baber detached eighty of his men to a low part of the wall, which they scaled by the aid of a hook rope, passed quickly round to the entrance, slew the guard, and opened the gates. The whole party now moved rapidly through the streets, shouting Baber! Baber! His friends, little supposing him to be attended by a force so absurdly small, flocked to his standard; whilst his enemies, measuring his strength by the terror of his name, flew to and fro distractedly in search of their leaders.

Baber, in the meantime, pressed onwards so rapidly towards Shubiani and his troops, and was attended by such multitudes of the people, who made the air ring with their acclamations, that before Shubiani could collect his forces or clearly understand his danger, he was driven from the city, and left Baber, at the age of eighteen, a second time master of Samarcand. In a short period, however, Shubiani marched with a powerful army to attempt its recovery, and Baber went to meet him; but although he exhibited "on this occasion," says the Persian historian, "all the good qualities of the general and brave soldier, he was deserted by his allies, and soon after by his own troops. Only fifteen brave men remained at last by his side, with whom, seeing it in vain to contend any longer with fortune, he made good his retreat to Samarcand." He was now besieged by the victor for four months under circumstances of the severest distress. He sent round in all directions for succor to the princes of the house of Timur, who might be supposed to take an interest in the fortunes of their enterprising young kinsman, in vain; and he was at last under the necessity of abandoning the capital and kingdom at midnight with a hundred followers, to seek his fortunes elsewhere, being once more destitute of a home. After various unsuccessful endeavors to repossess himself of Indija, from which his brother Jehanghire had been driven, he found himself, at the age of twenty, in the court of Backer, prince of Balieh, to whom he said, "that being a long time the football of fortune, and, like a piece of wood on a chess-board, moved from place to place, vagrant as the moon in the sky, and restless as a stone on the beach, he would therefore be glad of his

Digitized by Google

friendly advice, as he had been so unsuccessful in his own resolves." Backer's answer was a recommendation to push his fortune in Cabul, which was then in a state of anarchy. Baber set out immediately, and in two years from that time was firmly seated on the throne of that kingdom.

www.libtool.com.cn

Some dreadful earthquakes occurred about this time in Cabul, and caused great distress and mischief among the inhabitants. Baber, by his unwearied care and extensive benevolence in mitigating the horrors of the time, completely gained the love and fidelity of his new subjects. He was not, however, allowed to retain his dominion in peace. The neighboring sovereigns and princes continually warred against him; and during his absence on one occasion from the capital, some of the principal Omrahs of the country set up a new monarch named Rysac. On the intelligence reaching Baber's camp, the greater part of his army returned suddenly home to defend their wives and families, and Baber, out of ten thousand horse one day under his command, beheld on the next scarcely five hundred. But he, who ever depended upon his own skill and energy of character rather than the number of his professing friends or uncertain followers, moved instantly toward the capital, in front of which he met Rysac with an army 10,000 or 12,000 strong. In desperate cases the boldest measure so often proves by its results to be the most prudent, that we can scarcely blame Baber's conduct upon this occasion, even on the latter score, whilst we cannot but admire the gallant boldness of the exploit. He first challenged Rysac to single combat, which was declined, and then in succession five of the principal Omrahs who supported Rysac, all of whom he slew, and thus filled the hearts of his opponents with such astonishment and admiration, that they not only refused to fight against Baber, but allowed Rysac to be taken prisoner, and then returned to Cabul, Baber's faithful subjects. As a fit conclusion to this act, Baber pardoned Rysac, who did not, however, profit by the clemency, for he was afterwards executed for his share in other disturbances. The death of Baber's principal enemy, Shubiani, in 1511, now opened the way once more to the throne of Samarcand, which he thus possessed for the third time. He also took Bokara; but was unable long to keep possession of either. We pass over the events of succeeding years, to that (the greatest of Baber's life) which more immediately concerns these papers, the conquest of Hindustan. The success of Timur's invasion—the scarcely erased vestiges of Timur's authority, which would give to a similar enterpise on the part of his descendant the color of a restoration rather than a conquest—the enormous wealth, size, and population of India—all this, added to the unhappy, dissatisfied state of the country, would naturally induce Baber to look on Hindustan as a fair field for the development of his ambition, and give him the most powerful incentives to attempt the realization of his hopes. He had now attained his thirty-sixth year. Frequent defeat had instructed without decreasing his ardor, and gradually given him the sole qualification he appears to have wanted in his youth, precisely because of his youth, namely, generalship. Ibrahim II now sat on the imperial throne of India. He was an able, energetic man, but unpopular with the people for his cruelty, with the nobles for his insolent arrogance. One expression recorded of him sufficiently explains his character. He said, "Kings had no relations, but that everybody should be the slaves of royalty." The first part of the remark naturally produced the events that then seemed to prove it true; his brother rebelled against him, but was overthrown, and privately assassinated by Ibrahim's order; while "everybody," by which designation we may understand the people, slaves as they might be, would by no means relish being told so, and accordingly Ibrahim's reign was one long scene of domestic warfare.

Baber first crossed the Indus in 1519, and advanced as far as Berah, in the Panjab: from thence he sent a message to Ibrahim, saying, that as that country had been for many years in the possession of the house of Timur, it was proper he should now relinquish his pretensions to it, and so prevent the war from being carried farther into India. He returned, however, for a short time to Cabul, after taking possession of a strong fort, in which he found considerable treasure. In the latter end of the same year he again entered India, but was suddenly recalled by the news of disturbances at home; and the same cause operated a third time to prevent his prosecuting his projects. At length, in 1523, he crossed the Indus a fourth time, and advanced to Lahore, and defeated on his way, with great slaughter, the Indian forces under the command of Ibrahim's officers. "According to the superstitious notions of the Moguls," Lahore was burnt, and Baber's army moved upon Debalpoor. Here the garrison resisted, and were according to the barbarous but almost invariable custom of the Mohammedan conquerers, put to the sword. Baber was here joined by Dowlat Lodi, one of the most powerful nobles of the country, and his three sons. The youngest of these, Delawir, becoming a great favorite of Baber's, exposed to him a scheme that his father and one of his brothers were endeavoring to put into execution, to ruin Baber by their treachery. This communication of course put Baber on his guard; but such was his noble nature, that he pardoned them and gave them great estates. They returned his generosity by instant desertion; and, in consequence, so greatly affected Baber's interest in Hindustan, that after taking measures to consolidate under his authority the province he had conquered, he returned for a time to Cabul. Here Baber's besetting fault, sensuality, seems to have overpowered him; and, according to Ferishta, he was only awakened from his "dream of indolence and luxury" by the intelligence that Alla, one of his officers, and who was a brother of Ibrahim, had been defeated, with Dowlat Lodi, by the emperor. He in-

Digitized by Google

stantly set out for India, where his presence quickly changed the aspect of affairs. Alla joined him on his way; but Dowlat Lodi shut himself up in Milwit, which Baber immediately invested and took. Dowlat having a few days before put on two swords, boasting what he would do to Baber, the latter ordered him to be brought into his presence with those same swords hung about his neck. This, however, was the only punishment inflicted, for Baber pardoned him, and again took him into favor.

Another circumstance connected with the defeat of Dowlat Lodi is too honorable to Baber to be omitted. When the gates of the fort were opened, the soldiers, entering in a confused manner, began to pillage. Baber mounted his horse, rode amongst them, and by actual force, as well as by exhortation, restrained them. He thus succeeded in saving the honor of Dowlat Lodi's family, and in preserving the noble library which Dowlat, who was a poet and a man of learning, had accumulated. Baber's whole conduct now stands out in striking contrast with that of his youth. His movements in India were guided by the strictest prudence; at every step he advanced he made good his ground before attempting another. Accordingly, he for some time took no decisive measures; but at last, "having in several actions," says Ferishta, "perceived the inferiority of the Indian troops to his own, he determined to delay no longer his final attempt upon the empire." He was further encouraged by letters from various influential malcontents in the capital. On reaching the banks of the Giger, he was opposed by the Governor of Firosa, but who was speedily overthrown by Baber's son Humaioon, greatly to the joy of his father, this being the first battle in which the prince had commanded. As Baber advanced, he was joined by one of Ibrahim's chiefs with 3000 horse. Near Shawabad a body of his troops defeated Ibrahim's vanguard, 27,000 strong, and captured some elephants and a great number of prisoners. The last, we are grieved to relate, were put to death by Baber, to strike terror in the hearts of his enemies. Not far from Paniput, which is about fifty miles from Delhi, Ibrahim and Baber met; the former having under his command 100,000 horsemen and 1000 elephants, the latter only 13,000 horsemen. Baber's army was drawn up in two lines and four great divisions, with a body of reserve at the rear of each, and a few light horse to skirmish in front. In the centre of the first line Baber took his stand to direct the blow that was now to be struck for an empire. Ibrahim, relying more upon the number of his troops than their skillful array, advanced in one great column of irregular depth, expecting to bear down the Mogul array by sheer force. The charge was directed to the centre of Baber's army, which, animated by his presence, resisted all efforts to force it from its position: the assailants were driven back, and whilst they were retreating in disorder, the two bodies of reserve wheeled round on either side, attacked them on their flank, and cut off and destroyed an immense number. The reserve having executed this feat with the greatest coolness and dexterity, fell back to its former position, and immediately Baber ordered the whole army to advance in the order we have described, which it did, repelling with great slaughter every attack. Ibrahim now saw his ruin impending, unless he could break by a tremendous effort the compact power of the Mogul forces, and accordingly advanced with the flower of his army, and threw himself with the utmost impetuosity on the enemy. The shock was partially successful; but the skill with which Baber had placed his little army saved it, and gradually its strength was found to be only the more concentrated by the press of the Indian multitudes, who were driven off like "surges from a rocky shore." On the small spot of ground where Ibrahim fought there fell that day five thousand men, including himself. The battle was won, and Baber thenceforward emperor of Hindustan.

"The conquest of Hindustan," observes Ferishta, "was certainly superior to that of any former conqueror. Mahmood of Ghizni was not only a powerful emperor, but the country was at that time divided into a number of kingdoms, which greatly facilitated his enterprises. Mohammed Ghori brought an army of 120,000 men with him, when the kingdom was not so powerful. The like may be said of Timur, who ravaged Hindustan when it was torn to pieces by civil commotions. But the army of Baber was but a handful in proportion to that of Ibrahim, who possessed all the countries between the Indus and the Behar, and could bring 500,000 men to the field; while Baber possessed only the poor countries of Cabul, Baduchshan, and Kandahar, the revenues of which were very inconsiderable. To what then can we attribute this extraordinary conquest, in a natural light, but to the great abilities and experience of Baber, the bravery of his few hardy troops, trained up to war for their subsistence, and now fired with the hopes of glory and gain? But what contributed most to weigh down the scale of conquest was the degeneracy of the Patans, effeminated by luxury and wealth, and dead to all principles of honor and virtue, which their corrupt factions and civil discords had totally effaced; it being now no shame to fly, no infamy to betray, no breach of honor to murder, and no scandal to change parties."

The conqueror lost not a moment in improving his good fortune. Humaioon was despatched to Agra, and another officer to Delhi; Baber himself entered the last named place a few days after.

It is noticeable, as a trait of Baber's character, that he divided the immense riches of the treasury of Delhi entirely among his nobles and troops, his subjects in Cabul and his other territories, and in charities, reserving "not a single dinar for himself." His difficulties were far from ended; the native princes and governors united their forces together, and thus placed an immense army under the command of Par Chan, to whom they gave the title of Sultan Mohammed, and, thus prepared, marched toward Agra. Mai, an Affghan chief, now deserted

Digitized by Google

Baber with all his adherents, provisions becan e scarce, and the heat of the climate killed many of the Mogul army. To sum up all, Baber received an address from his chiefs, begging him to return to Cabul. He replied, that death alone should wrest the kingdom from him, and, immodiately issued a proclamation to the effect that he was determined to abide in India, but that whoever among his adherents, preferring safety to glory, and ignoble ease to the manly toils and dangers of war, desired to return, might do so in peace, and leave to him only those whose valor would reflect honor on themselves and glory on their king and country. The chiefs were now ashamed; they smote their breasts, and swore never to forsake him. This very circumstance bruited abroad did Baber great service, as many of the influential natives, who had either opposed him or held off, thinking that, like Timur, he would pillage the country and leave it, now came to his assistance; for, on the one hand, they dreaded his prowess; on the other, they could not but admire the brilliant qualities of his character. And thus, by his address, courage, and, above all, by his indomitable will, Baber was gradually increasing his power and weakening that of his enemies, when some reverses once more caused his chiefs in council to advise a retreat, though this time only a partial one. "Baber," says the historian, "with a discontented aspect, fixed his eyes in silence upon the ground. He at length sternly asked the chiefs, what would the world say of a monarch whom fear of death should oblige to abandon such a kingdom? 'The voice of glory,' said he, 'is loud in my ear, and forbids me to disgrace my name by giving up what my arms have with so much difficulty acquired. But as death is at last unavoidable, let us rather meet him with honor, face to face, than shrink back, to gain a few years of a miserable and ignominious existence; for what can we inherit but fame beyond the limits of the grave?' The whole assembly, as if inspired with one soul, cried out at once, 'War! War!'" To this it is added that "the king having been formerly much addicted to wine, made a vow never to drink any more, should he on this occasion prove victorious."

The enemies with whom Baber had now to contend were united under the command of Mahmood, son of the emperor Secunder, who claimed the imperial throne. His force exceeded 100,000 horsemen; the amount of Baber's does not appear to have been recorded, but it was doubtless very small. As the battle that ensued was the last great effort made to oppose Baber, and as it strikingly exhibits his high military genius, the quality he has been said to have been most deficient in, we cannot resist succinctly relating the particulars. The Moguls were now drawn up in a single line, consisting of six brigades, exclusive of the king's lifeguards in the centre, where the king posted himself. In front of each brigade was placed a squadron of light horse, and, before all, the guns, chained together; and the wagons were ranged in three divisions, right, left, and centre. The attack was commenced by the artillery. The left of the Indian force, then advancing, attacked the brigade on the extreme right of the Moguls, and compelled it to give way.—Baber instantly ordered the brigade next to it to take up the lost ground, which manœuvre was successfully executed, and the Indians driven back with great loss.

The Indians now, endeavoring to avail themselves of their overwhelming numbers, extended their flanks so as completely to enclose Baber's army, and charged at once with all their might in every quarter. Baber instantly caused the brigades to the right and the left to fall gradually back, till his whole army presented a close and impassable circle to the enemy. In this position, hour after hour, the brave Moguls resisted, without giving way an inch, the assaults of the Indian multitudes, until the latter had wearied themselves out with their useless efforts. When Baber saw the decisive moment had arrived, he placed himself at the head of the central brigades, and rushing like "a lion from the forest," drove all before him; and, despite a most obstinate and bloody resistance, put the entire Indian army to flight. This battle was fought in 1526, and from that time, although Baber was engaged in continual warfare in defending and extending his empire, there was no serious opposition to his rule. In 1528 he fell sick, and was advised to write a poem in praise of one of the saints, Chaja Ahrar, to induce his intercession with God for the recovery of his health. Whatever Baber thought of the motive, he wrote the poem, to beguile probably the weariness of an eight months' illness. He recovered, but only to be seized soon after with a mortal sickness, of which he died in 1530, at the age of forty-nine.

The character of Baber is one that is pleasant to review. Brave even to imprudence, so was he merciful to a fault, and thus endangered, not unfrequently, his own safety. "He so often," says Ferishta, "pardoned ingratitude and treason, that he seemed to make a principle of rendering good for evil." Although, as we have seen, his name is not free from the stain of putting to death prisoners of war who had opposed him, it must be remembered that this custom was the rule with the Mohammedan conquerers generally; with Baber it was only the exception. Surrounded by partisans ever thirsting for wealth and plunder, he not unfrequently retarded his own success by refusing to give free way to their appetites; yet such wealth as he had was ever theirs. Though mixing in scenes of violence and bloodshed from his very infancy, he found means to cultivate literature in his own mind—he lost no opportunity of honoring it in others. His Commentaries, written in the Mogul language, and from which the knowledge of the principal events of his life is derived, are universally admired for their elegance and spirit; he was also a master of the arts of poetry and music. Of his justice, Ferishta relates the following, as an instance among many. "When he was prince of Firghana, a rich caravan of Chitta and China

Digitized by Google

which was crossing the mountains of Indija, was buried in the snow. He ordered all the goods to be collected, and sent messengers to China to proclaim the accident, and bring the owners or their heirs to his court. Upon their arrival at the end of two years, he entertained them hospitably, and returned them all their goods, not only refusing to accept a present, but even to be reimbursed for his expenses." To speak of his genius is unnecessary, as the events we have here but slightly shadowed forth are its best testimonials. In person he was a little above the middle height, well and vigorously made. As we have already mentioned, his habits, when he could afford to give way to them, were luxurious. "He sometimes used," says the historian, "when he had an inclination to make merry, to fill a fountain with wine, upon which was inscribed a verse to this purpose:—

"Jovial days! blooming springs!
Old wine and young maidens!
Enjoy freely, O Baber;
For life is not twice to be enjoyed."

He then would sit down in the midst of his friends, drink freely, and feast his eyes on the daughters of beauty, who danced before him." Baber had no time allowed him to interfere, to any purpose, in the domestic arrangements of the empire. As it was, however, he improved the public roads, built resting-places for travellers, had the country measured in order to tax it equitably, and planted extensive gardens.

SUNSET, TWILIGHT, NIGHT.

BY JOHN H. CANOLL.

I love an autumn sunset. 'Tis the hour
When Nature, in her richest drapery clad,
Glows with entrancing loveliness. I view
From some proud eminence a thousand forms
Of soul-entrancing beauty. All is still.
Above, the clouds are lingering on their way;
Below, far distant in the vale, a lake
Beside the forest pines seems lovingly
To nestle. Over all the sunlight rules
With genial sway; painting the sky with hues
Of sapphire brightness; winning even the lake's
Pure bosom to voluptuous life; scattering
Its wreaths so plenteously around, that now
Yon forest seems a mountain decked with dahlias!
His covenant arch the all-encircling love
Records, of Him who spans the universe;
An autumn sunset faintly images
His glory, inconceivable and unrevealed.

In autumn or in spring time, beautiful
Is evening's twilight hour, developing
The latent pictures of the heart, and oft
Surrounding us with gentle memories
That may not fellowship with sturdy day.

But thou, O Night! thou of the sable wing,
A deeper spell is thine. Thy coming wakes
A moral dawn within my breast, and soon
Grow dim the pictures of vain sophistry,
Although their hues were imaged in my soul.
And if the very heavens seem to bow,
And angels to forget their golden lyres,
To look upon that wondrous thing, the heart,
That wayward creature of strange impulses,
Of anxious yearnings and wild fantasies,
Then is thy mission truly glorious,
O Night! For through thy favoring shades this bird
Of the unwearied wing, the human heart,
Pursues its way unto the realms where Peace
Unfolds her rainbow splendors, and where Truth
Has firmly reared her elevating standard;
Where all the elevating influences
Of Christian virtues beautify the scene
Hallowed with their baptismal blessedness.

TO THE BIRDS.

BY RUTH RUSTIC.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love.—THOMSON.

Sweet birds that live in brake and dell,
And woo the day in reckless notes,
The secret of your bliss now tell,
That o'er each flow'r and fountain floats.

Your bosom by the zephyr cheered,
Seems rev'ling in life's narrow bound:
Your song in joyous strains is heard,
The woodland to its charm resounds.

To you seems luxury enough
To be, and feast, unchid each sense:—
Man plods a path unknown and rough,
A wretch until he's hurried hence.

Is't nature's law, which never fails,
That tunes your wildly-mellow voice,
And bids where innocence prevails
The bright creation to rejoice?

Or is it love that now inspires
Your little, fluttering, swelling breast,
With fond, responsive, true desires,
To mate, and carol near your nest?

The one is but a harmless state,
The other singly is but wo;
Combined they soothe the darkest fate,
And give to mortal life its glow.

Would, happy birds, it were my lot,
On the lone wild, or haunted stream,
To dwell, in some sequestered grot,
With innocence and love to dream.

Digitized by Google

MARRYING A MILLINER;

OR, WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

"Not Grace Allen, surely?" said Wilson Maynard, in tones of disappointment and surprise.

"Yes, Grace Allen," replied his friend.

"A milliner! There must be some mistake. She is too sweet, too intelligent, too accomplished a girl for that! I cannot believe it."

"Just as you please, Wilson. But if you have any particular interest in knowing, and will just step down with me to-morrow morning to Mrs. Millinett's, you can see her in all the glory of principal workwoman to that very useful individual."

"Well, it's a shame!"

"What's a shame?"

"Why, that a girl like Grace—for, that she is no common girl, a single hour spent in her company has convinced me—should have to stoop so low."

"Then, like a true knight, you should fly at once to her relief, and elevate her to what you think her true position in society."

"That I cannot do."

"Why? Do you not think her worthy?"

"O, as to that, I should think her in every way worthy, from the little I have seen of her; though, if I were to think seriously of marriage, I should wish to see a great deal more of her.—But I find that there is one positive objection."

"Indeed! What is that?"

"How can you ask? She is a milliner!"

"Well, what difference does that make?"

"What difference? How strangely you talk."

"I am sure, Wilson, that I am unable to see the great difference that it would make. For my part, it seems to me a recommendation."

"A recommendation! Really, I am unable to see what you are driving at."

"I will try and enlighten you. The father of Grace Allen, though not rich, was one of those foolish men whose affection for their children shows itself in a disposition to relieve them from all kinds of care and toil. A very industrious man himself, he was able to provide for his family sufficiently well to take away the necessity of labor, even in household affairs, from his daughter. She was provided with the best teachers, and no effort was spared to render her truly accomplished, so far as the storing up of the various branches of knowledge was concerned. Possessing, naturally, a good mind, none of these advantages were lost upon Grace, and her father had the pleasure of seeing her spring up to womanhood an honor to himself, and the pride of the social circle in which she moved. But in one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence, that meet us at every turn in life, the father of Grace was removed from this world. Having lived fully up to his income, there was nothing left for his wife and fondly-loved child.

"Now came the trial that was to prove her. Mrs. Allen was advanced in years, and in feeble health. Grace was in the freshness and vigor of early womanhood. Upon which do you think should have fallen the burden of supporting the other? It did not take Grace long to answer this question. She entered a milliner's workroom, and has ever since supported her mother."

"That was truly noble!" ejaculated the young man, while a glow of admiration lit up his countenance. "But"—and the glow faded—"*why* did she choose such an occupation?—Surely, with her education, she might have found employment at something far more respectable!"

"I am not able to see, Wilson, why a milliner is less respectable than—what shall I say?—a music or French teacher."

"I can, then."

"Enlighten me, then."

"Why—why—why you see a milliner is not half so respectable. Any body can see that."

"Then, as I cannot see it, of course I am no body," the friend said, laughing.

"But I am sure," returned Maynard, with a serious look and tone, "the employment is not esteemed respectable. You know that, at least."

"I know so, because it is plainly apparent, Wilson, that *you* do not think it respectable.—And it is probable that there are others who think as you do; but you must excuse me when I say that the employment in which Grace is so honorably engaged is not thus esteemed by the thinking and sensible portion of the community—those who can look beyond the surface—and, seeing, prize true worth, wherever it is found. Surely, were Grace to fold her hands in idleness, and suffer her mother to toil for her, when she is far more able to take care of her mother, you would not think her more respectable?"

"O, no. But then, as I said before, there is a choice of employments; and, in that choice, a person like Grace Allen should discriminate more wisely than she has done."

"As to that, Wilson, so far as I have been able to learn, in her choice of an employment, she discriminated with great wisdom. She has naturally a taste for such employments as the one in which she is now engaged. For years before her father's death, from choice, she made her own and her mother's bonnets, and I have heard my sisters say that none of their friends wore neater bonnets than Grace. All honest employments being in her eyes, as in the eyes of every really sensible person—you must excuse me, Wilson,—respectable, she chose that for which she had, naturally, the greatest predilection. The consequence has been, that, from taking an interest and feeling a pleasure in her occupation, she has come to be Mrs. Millinett's most valuable assistant. Indeed, that

Digitized by Google

individual's large custom mainly depends upon the tasteful air that everything has which comes from her establishment—and well she knows whom to credit for this. The consequence is, that the compensation received by Grace is far above what persons in her capacity ordinarily receive, and much more than she could hope to obtain at any other employment. And thus is she enabled to provide for her mother every desired comfort."

"Still, she is but a milliner," the young man responded, musingly.

"I cannot see what great difference that can make, Wilson," his friend replied. "It certainly does not take away, in the slightest degree, from the real worth of her character. Her ends of life, which really constitute the true quality of mind, remain the same. As your wife, or the wife of any one, she is not, individually considered, in the smallest iota less worthy, for having filled the station she now does. Indeed, as I before remarked, she is far more worthy than she was formerly. Because the selection, from principle, of her present employments, which, she must have known were not looked upon by some prejudiced individuals as 'respectable,' has strengthened her character, and given her a degree of independence, where right and principle are concerned, that must make her far better qualified to fill the position of a wife."

"That may all be so. But ——"

"But what, Wilson?"

"Why, what will the world say, if I were to *marry a milliner?*"

"I don't know that the world has anything to do in the matter," the friend replied. "It is your business—not that of other people."

"Still, they *will* meddle with it."

"Perhaps they will. But what of that?"

"I'll tell you what of it. It would be *my wife* that they talked about and sneered at; and I cannot bear that *my wife* should be alluded to in any such a way. And, besides, it would exclude her from good society."

"Not *good* society, Wilson."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that any persons who would exclude Grace Allen from their association, because she had been a milliner, would not be entitled to the name of good society. They might be 'exclusives,' '*elite*,' or 'fashionables,' or anything else you might choose to call them; but the title of 'good,' as applied to them, would be altogether out of place."

"It wouldn't do to let the world hear you talk in that way."

"I never conceal my sentiments—and never intend to conceal them. And what is more, my friend, I do not feel that there is the slightest necessity for doing so. The world is not so blind to true merit, nor so wonderfully exclusive as you seem inclined to think. The general opinion is always in favor of real worth, and is ever ready to elevate that worth to its true position. And you may rest assured, that if you neglect to pluck this beautiful and fragrant flower, now blooming unseen and unknown, there will be found some one, ere long, who will find it and wear it upon his bosom, the admiration even of the very world from whose imaginary sneer you shrink so sensitively."

"Well, let him risk it that chooses. I am unwilling. Still, she is a charming girl. The hour that I spent in her company last evening, the first time, you know, that I met her, was the pleasantest hour that I have passed for a long time. Intelligent, easy and graceful in her manners, a close and rational observer, combined with high personal attractions, she is one of the most lovely women that I have ever met. I have never seen one whom I would choose for a companion before her."

"You have thought of removing to the South," Maynard's friend said. "Her origin, or, rather, her present employments, would not be known there."

"True—not at first. But then I should live in daily fear of something occurring to make it known. No—no. I had better run no risks."

"Perhaps not," the friend said, in a changed tone, for he began to feel that Maynard was really unworthy of Grace, and that, in endeavoring to remove the difficulties that intervened, he was doing wrong.

"It seems to me a little strange," Wilson Maynard remarked, after a few moments' silence, "that Mrs. Carpenter would introduce her into company at her house. It will not only injure her standing, when the fact becomes generally known, but it throws young men who visit there into the danger of forming an unpleasant, and, perhaps, a very undesirable association. Suppose, now, that I had permitted myself, after meeting her for a few times, to show her marked attentions. The result would have been unpleasant to both of us, so soon as I came to know the truth."

"Of course. For no one thinks of concealing the occupation in which she is engaged. Grace herself would not have hesitated a moment to have given you that information. Indeed, she has told me, that she sometimes uses the fact that she is a milliner as a kind of touch-stone to try the sincerity of professed good feeling from certain quarters. It is surprising, she has said to me, how quickly the manner of some changes towards her, when it becomes known! But nothing of this moves her."

"There is no doubt of her being an excellent girl. I only pity the misfortune of her lot."

"By her it is esteemed a good fortune. She feels that it protects her from those who cannot discriminate between the real and the factitious; and she knows that if ever sought by a man of real intelligence and truth of character, it will be because he finds in her a likeness of his own mind—that he will take her for herself. And then she knows that she will be happy."

"May all the good fortune attend her that she desires, is my fervent wish," said Maynard, with something of regret in his tones. "The flower of the wilderness must bloom on another bosom than mine. I dare not risk the certain consequences."

His friend urged him no further. He felt that it would be wrong to do so—that, as has

Digitized by Google

just been said, Wilson Maynard was unworthy of Grace Allen.

About the same time that this conversation was in progress, a young physician, universally esteemed in the community for his superior intelligence and high-toned principles, sat in one of the richly furnished parlors of Mrs. Carpenter, engaged in earnest conversation with that lady. As to this conversation, we will commence at the beginning, and go regularly through with it, that the reader may perceive its full import:

"Who is that young lady whom I have met several times at your house, Mrs. Carpenter?" asked Doctor Norton, after he had been seated a few moments with the lady he addressed.

"Which one do you mean, Doctor?"

"Why, the most beautiful, interesting, and intelligent woman that was in these rooms last evening. Can you designate her by that description?"

"I think I can. But that will depend upon how near we estimate character and personal attractions alike."

"Oh, as to that, I think there is but little danger of going wrong. So speak out, if you please, madam."

"Did you mean the young lady, dressed in white, who sang and played, towards the close of the evening, with so much sweetness and taste?"

"Of course, I do."

"Her name, Doctor, is Grace Allen."

"Grace! She is truly named, that is certain. And now, who or what is she?"

"What she is, you have already said—a beautiful, intelligent, and interesting woman."

"Exactly. That is settled. Now, who is she?"

"A poor girl, who supports an aged mother, in ill health, with her needle. In plain terms, a milliner's chief workwoman."

"Surely you jest, Mrs. Carpenter!"

"You know me better, Doctor."

"I do. But your information astonishes me. That superior woman, in every way, a milliner! By what ill fortune has she been compelled to resort to such a means of livelihood?"

"By the death of a father who lavished every thing upon his child while living, and left her nothing when he did."

"Have you known her long?"

"Ever since she was a child. And the more I see of her, and the longer I know her, the more I esteem her. Humble as her sphere in life is, I know few, if any, whom I consider her equal."

"Just my opinion, formed from half an hour's conversation with, and an hour's observation of her," Doctor Norton said. Then, after musing a few moments, he resumed—

"I believe I may speak out my mind plainly to you, as a friend, Mrs. Carpenter?"

"Certainly, Doctor."

"Then, is this young lady—this Grace Allen—engaged?"

"I believe not, Doctor. But why do you ask? You certainly cannot think of marrying a milliner?"

"No—of course not. I think of marrying an intelligent, virtuous, and accomplished woman, if I can find one who comes up to my ideas. And from the little I have seen and heard of Miss Allen, I think she is just the woman I am search of. Of course, I wish to see more of her. As to her being a *milliner*, I have no interest in the matter, as I do not want any one in that capacity. Will she make a good *wife?* That is the question. If so, and she can fancy me, why it will be the easiest thing in the world to lay off the *milliner* and put on the *wife*."

"But what will people say, doctor?"

"They will say, I suppose, that I have a very sweet woman for a wife. What else can they say?"

"Why, they'll say—'But she was only a milliner.'"

"Indeed! Well, suppose they do? It will be very easy to retort."

"How?"

"Why, if they charge her with having been guilty of the crime of *making* bonnets, she can charge upon them the crime of *wearing* them. Now, pray, which is the greatest crime? If it is wrong to make bonnets—surely it is wrong for any one not only to pay another for making them, but to wear them after they are made! Is not that sound logic?"

"It seems so. And glad I am to find that my friend, Doctor Norton, can have the manliness and independence to discriminate thus wisely. I am sure he will find in Grace Allen a woman not only to love, but to be proud of. As for myself, I number her among my choicest friends, and though I can, but in few instances, prevail on her to be present here, when I have company, I always esteem her on such occasions, to be the chief attraction. Sometimes young men and young women have been present who did not treat her with the right kind of consideration, because they felt themselves above persons in her condition. Such, no matter to what families they belong, I never invite again to my house. I consider them to be unfit companions for myself or my friends. Their false ideas of life—their weak, vain, perverted notions, I wish not intruded upon her. Let them go to their own."

"Yes, let them go to their own," Doctor Norton responded, with warmth. "But when shall I be able to see Miss Allen again."

"I will invite her here on any evening that will be agreeable to you."

"Say to-morrow evening."

"Very well. Let it be to-morrow evening."

After Wilson Maynard had parted from his friend, the image of Grace still remained pictured in his imagination, and he felt drawn towards her, despite what he was pleased to call his better judgment. But he resisted this inclination, and reasoned against the absurdity of a man of his standing (a young merchant with a borrowed capital of four thousand dollars, and a business credit of five times that amount,) lowering himself so much as to marry a milliner!

"Good morning, Wilson," his friend said to

Digitized by Google

him, a few weeks afterwards. "Have you made up your mind to marry that milliner yet?"

"Don't talk about it, if you please. If I did feel a little inclination towards that girl before I knew what she was, I can assure you that I am perfectly cured now."

"It's as well, perhaps," was the reply.

"But I have found one who is just the thing," resumed the young man.

"Indeed! And who is she?"

"Not a milliner's girl, I can promise you."

"O, of coupse not! But who has so fully met your ideas?"

"Her name is Clarissa Howell. Do you know her?"

"Yes—very well."

"What do you think of her?"

"That she is a very good sort of a girl.—Amiable, and all that."

"You speak indifferently."

"Do I?"

"Yes. And I should like to know what you mean by it?"

"O, nothing. Only that I never happened to see anything particularly interesting about Miss Howell. Still, I have always found her a pleasant girl, and have passed many agreeable hours in her company. But I think her education defective, as also her views of society."

"How so?"

"In the first place, she has not been raised by her parents to do anything, except go to school. Consequently, she might do well enough for a man to dress up and place in his parlor, by way of ornament; but, certainly, she is not fit to govern a household, or to manage the economical affairs of a family."

"I don't see that as any great objection."

"You don't?"

"No. I do not wish to make a slave of my wife."

"Of course not. But you certainly expect your wife not only to take charge of your domestic concerns, but to take pleasure therein."

"Well—I don't know. I am no friend to making slaves of women. Certainly, I do not expect my wife to live in the kitchen."

"Nor does any man of right feeling. Still, there are duties connected with a wife's position that requires her to know a good deal about the practical part of housekeeping. An ignorance of how to perform these, will cause a derangement in her family, that none will feel to be more unpleasant and annoying than her husband."

"As to that, I am sure I am no judge. No doubt Clarissa's mother has taught her all that is necessary. Indeed, I am sure she has, for I have heard *her* called one of the best of housekeepers."

"You must judge for yourself, of course, Wilson," his friend replied. "But one thing is certain, Clarissa Howell is neither so handsome nor so intelligent as Grace Allen."

"That may be. But then she is a respectable girl, and moves in good society."

"I do not like to hear you talk in that way, Wilson," his friend said. "The inference of course is, that Grace is not respectable, and does not move in good society. Now, I know to the contrary, and so ought you. I am sure you met her at Mrs. Carpenter's. As to the amount of respectability attached to industry and idleness, it seems to me that the proportion is largely in favor of the former. And I am sure, that if you look at the subject with an unprejudiced eye, you will think the same."

"As to all that, I don't pretend to think much about it. But I do know that the world, that is, the genteel class, do not esteem a milliner, or a mantua-maker, or indeed any persons who have to work with their hands for a livelihood, as respectable. They are all classed with mechanics, and should associate together. They are well enough in their places, and useful.—But I am not going to connect myself with any of them."

"And yet, Mr. Howell was a saddler before he opened the store he now keeps."

"If he was, his daughter is not a saddler, nor a seamstress, and I am thinking about her, not her father. As to his having pursued a trade for a living, that is a fact of past times.—He is a merchant now, and Clarissa is the daughter of a merchant!"

"That is, if a man who retails groceries, and has to spend every dollar he makes in the support of four or five idle, expensive daughters, may be called a merchant. Don't look so indignant! I am only telling you the truth in homely language."

"O, as to that, talk on. It don't make any impression."

"Then there will be no use in my talking," the friend responded, and so the subject was waived.

The allusions of the friend were pretty true. Clarissa was about as fit to make a man a wife as most girls at the age of fifteen. She was one of five sisters, raised in idleness, their heads full of high notions, and contempt of every thing vulgar. She dressed well—talked pretty well, although there was no great deal of sense in what she said—sang well—danced well—and looked pretty well. Indeed, she was just the kind of a girl to captivate such a man as Wilson Maynard. And she did make a conquest of him—not by accident, but from design; for she made herself particularly interesting to him.—She studied his tastes and predilections, and modified her actions and the expression of her opinions precisely to suit his notions. She was, in fact, and so were all her sisters, mere husband-hunters. The business of her life was to get married; and everything she did, looked to that end.

In due time Maynard engaged himself to her, and in due time they were married.

Three days after that event took place, when he was again settling down to business, his friend, before introduced, came into his store to pass a word or two. While sitting and conversing, Maynard, who held a newspaper in his hand, let his eye fall accidentally on a portion of the sheet—

"Ha! what is this?" he said suddenly.

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

"What is it?" asked his friend.

"'Married, on Tuesday evening last, Doctor James Norton, to Grace, daughter of the late William Allen.'"

"Indeed!" cried the friend, in a delighted tone, striking his hands together under the impulse of an instantaneous emotion of pleasure. "Really, I am delighted!"

"But that don't mean, certainly, Grace Allen the milliner-girl?"

"Yes it does, though! Her father's name was William."

"There must be some mistake, surely," persisted Maynard.

"Why so?"

"Because I don't believe a man of Doctor Norton's standing would stoop so low."

"You can think of that as you please, Wilson; but I can tell you one thing—I have met Doctor Norton several times of late at Mrs. Carpenter's, and Grace was there every time; and, what is more, the Doctor paid her marked attentions."

"Well, if it is so, he is a great fool. He will never be able to introduce her into good society; that's certain."

"Don't be so sure of that, Wilson. The Doctor can introduce her where he pleases; and what is more, her own real worth of character will be her passport."

And now let us hear what the world will say about these two events—premising, by the way, that the opinions of one, or two, or three individuals, are generally set down as the opinion of "the world."

"What a lovely woman Dr. Norton's wife is!" remarked the lady of a wealthy and "respectable" citizen, a few weeks after the marriage, to the lady of another wealthy and "respectable" citizen.

"Indeed, she is a sweet woman."

"They say," resumed the first speaker, "that she was one of Mrs. Millinett's work-women when the Doctor married her; and that, by her industry, she supported her aged and invalid mother."

"So I have heard."

"I think the Doctor deserves credit for his discrimination. A man of less observation and good sense would never have discovered her."

"No, that is certain! Well, she is a sweet woman, worthy to fill any station. I, for one, feel proud of her acquaintance."

"And so do I, was the sincere response.

"And so Maynard is married!" said one lady to another, about the same time that the last brief conversation occurred, though in a different circle, and in a conventional grade below.

"Yes," was the reply, "and a pretty bargain he has made of it! He'd a great deal better have married a woman that knows how to do something; a milliner or a mantua-maker, for instance, or some one at least that has a few ideas above mere dress and show."

"So I should think. But that's the way with our young men now-a-days. They must have ladies for their wives. And pretty work they make of it! No wonder they don't get along any better than they do."

"No, indeed, it is not. Why, them Howell girls are no more fit for young men's wives, than they are for—for—I don't know what!"

"No matter; but they'll all be picked off by foolish young men, because they are ladies—that is, are above working."

Thus the world will talk! And if we study to conciliate its good opinion, with no other end in view, ten chances to one if we do not take a false step, and fail to secure the good opinion we have been seeking into the bargain. There is a more general common sense estimation of things in all classes, than a few seem willing to believe. The weak ones talk, and give out their narrow views as the ruling ones in the social circles. But common sense and common honesty, in the appreciation of character, are far more general than some profess to believe.

T. S. A.

OH! SING THAT SONG NO MORE.

BY RUTH RUSTIC.

Oh! sing that song no more! it was
The last her loved lips breathed,
Ere Death around her radiant brow
His blighting chaplet wreathed.

Ye marvel why *I* turn away,
When others throng thee round;
Undreaming of the pangs that lurk
In that glad music sound.

I once could listen to the strain
Unmoved, save by delight,
But now it seems a sacrilege
To sing those words—"good night."

TO A REDBREAST.

"Little bird with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee or me;
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.

"Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee,
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye;
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feathered friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane."

Digitized by Google

DINING THE PASSENGERS.

[The scene described in the following sketch, took place some few years back, when rail roads were a luxury but little known to the traveller, and the passage of the Alleghanies in a lumbering Troy coach was an event to be remembered:]

Persons who "staged it" a good deal, in those days are aware that the eating houses along the "pikes" were not always the best houses. The following brief dialogue between a driver on the National road and a landlord whose establishment was the most uninviting one to be met with in ten miles round, will partially elucidate this matter.

The name of Boniface is Screwler, and that of the driver Lewis.

"See here, sir," said Screwler, one day as Jehu came in for his glass of grog, after watering his team—"why can't you push on a little faster, and dine your passengers here?"

"Well, I d'no. We've dined at Parker's so long, that the passengers all expect to stop there"—throwing down his three cents for the liquor as he said this.

"O no—never mind that. Drink whenever you come along," said Screwler, pushing back the change, which Lewis pocketed without any compunctions. "I don't intend charging stage drivers any thing after this."

"I wish old Parker was only as considerate," the driver remarked half aloud.

"Old Parker's a hog!" said Screwler, with a curl of the lip. "He's got rich out of the passengers, and thinks he's safe for them just as long as he chooses to keep his house open."

"I don't know how that'll be," Jehu returned, musingly. "The passengers grumble a good deal, sometimes, at his fare."

"He don't know how to set a good table. He never was fit to keep a tavern."

"I'm half of your opin—"

"Hallo, driver! Are you going to keep us here all day?" screamed out an impatient passenger, at this stage of the confab.

"Don't burst your buttons off, Mister!" muttered the driver. Then, resuming—

"I'm half of your opinion. The fact is, the old scamp is getting crusty. He is got above himself—"

"Take another drink, Lu." And the landlord set out the bottle again.

Lu, nothing loth, helped himself freely.

"Driver! Hallo!" roared out another passenger.

"We'll talk this matter over again, when you come down. I can make it to your interest to dine here."

"Very well, landlord."

Lu walked very leisurely out, and mounting his box, cracked his whip, and was off.

When he came down, Screwler met him at the door, all smiles and attentions. The hostler was ordered to give the team water, while Lu was taken into the bar, and freely plied with the best.

"Well, landlord, I've been thinking of that matter a good deal since I saw you, and I don't know but one objection. I never get along here before half-past three, and that is so late. The passengers will grumble like anything. Breakfast, to throw customers in Wilford's way, who is agent, you know, is at six o'clock. From nine to ten hours is a long time. And then Grimes must have them to supper, and he is only two hours and a half from here. I really don't know how it will work. Grimes, you know, is an agent also, and will take care to tea the passengers. And besides, his consent, to any change must be gained

"Grimes? Oh! you can manage him?"

"How?"

"Tell him if the passengers dine here, they can't eat so much supper. Ha! ha! It'll be the very thing for him."

"So it will, by jingo! But, then, I shall have my hands full to get on with a stage load of hungry, grumbling passengers."

"Never mind, sir." And Screwler patted him on the shoulder. "Your grog shan't cost you a cent here. And that's something."

The driver still hesitated; and the landlord debated in his own mind whether he ought not to make a more liberal offer. At length he said—

"I'll tell you what, sir? If you'll manage to get Grimes to consent to make this the dining place, instead of Parker's, I'll give you a fip a head for every passenger you bring."

"Agreed!" quickly replied Jehu. "I'll do it."

"How soon?"

"In a week. I know Grimes. Every man has his price; if you take care not to offend him when you make the offer."

Sure enough, in a week Parker was notified by the agent that he need not provide dinner any longer, as the stage would go on to Screwler's. Parker, of course, fumed and fretted, but Screwler got the feeding of the passengers, who, if the truth must be told, profited little by the change.

It was not long, however, before he discovered, that, what with the per centage to Lewis, and the keen appetites of the passengers, who tasted nothing from six o'clock in the morning until half-past three in the afternoon, he was "advancing backwards" instead of improving his purse by the operation. This both troubled and mortified him.

"I don't know, Lu; I'm afraid I shall have to give up dining the passengers. It's a losing business, I find," said Screwler to the driver, with a long face, as that individual was helping himself behind the counter of his bar. "They have such confounded keen appetites, that each one eats up his full half-dollar's worth."

"That's bad," replied Lewis, who began to think of his fip a head. "What's to be done?"

Digitized by Google

"Can't you get in sooner?"

"No. My rout is only twenty-five miles, and I don't get my passengers until near ten o'clock. That's out of the question. But I'll tell you what I can do;" winking with a knowing expression.

"What can you do, Lu?" And Screwler's face brightened.

"I can be in a confounded hurry—always behind my time, you know. And you can—"

"What?"

"Be always behind your time also. Do you take?"

"Oh, certainly!"

The worthies then winked at each other, and separated.

On the next day, Lu had a load—full nine inside, and one outside. Two or three of his passengers had travelled that road frequently, and fully calculated on filling their hungry stomachs at Parker's. But, no. At two o'clock they were wheeled off, under the comfortable assurance that the dining house was ten miles ahead. Of course they grumbled, as all stage passengers must, having little else to do. At last, after jolting along for an hour and a half longer, until they become as keen as wolves, the stage drove up to Screwler's tavern. Every thing around looked uninviting; but hunger makes any place tolerable that gives an assurance of food.

After waiting for full a quarter of an hour, during which there were constant inquiries for dinner, the bell rung, and away went the ten hungry men, on the run, prepared to demolish every thing before them. It was alarming, the way bread, and meat, and vegetables disappeared, as if by magic. But this work had only been in operation for a few minutes when the driver's horn rang suddenly in the door of the dining room, causing every man instinctively to drop knife and fork, spring from the table, and rush out past the driver, as if he expected the coach, with all its precious baggage, to roll away before he could possibly get inside of it. As the last one tumbled in grumbling as hard as he could, Jehu shut the coach door with a hurried hand, sprung upon the box, and cracking his whip, dashed off at the top of his horses' speed. In anticipation of this, Screwler had taken the wise precaution of requiring the dinner fare to be paid at the bar before the bell was rung.

How the disappointed and still hungry passengers grumbled and growled at the driver for the next hour or so, need not be told. Jehu bore it patiently, and laughed all the while in his sleeve.

On the next day, the same game was played, and with like success; the new batch of passengers being as little on their guard as the old. Thus matters went on for a month or two, much to the delight of Screwler, who could now make something by the new arrangement.

It happened, about this time, that as the grumbling passengers were about leaving Parker's, the old dining house, a stout, hearty-looking man, comfortably dressed presented himself at the coach door, and took a vacant place on the middle seat. There were three ladies on the back seat, three men on the front seat, and now, that an additional passenger had been taken in, three on the middle seat, making a full stage load. The new passenger was quite chatty and sociable, and well acquainted with men and things, and full of anecdote. He proved quite an agreeable companion. But even his versatility and good nature failed to interest his fellow sufferers long. Hunger was too keen.

At last, Screwler's fifth rate house was gained, and after a long and tantalizing delay, dinner was announced. The gentlemen with ladies had barely found time to help them, and then get cleverly a-going themselves to the blessed tune of knife and fork, when

"Too—too—too—too–o–o–o–o–o!" rang the driver's horn at the door of the dining room, followed by his loud

"Coach right off, gentlemen! Take your seats, quick?"

Up sprang the passengers, and scrambled off, some swearing, and some too much under the fear of being left behind, to think of any thing else but getting inside of the stage.

But there was one among them, who was so much engaged that he did not seem to hear or see any thing of all this, until another blast rung into the door, and Boniface touched him on the shoulder, with—

"The stage is going, sir."

"But I've not half finished my dinner yet," returned the passenger, who proved to be the one taken in at Parker's, looking up in surprise, and sputtering forth portions of food from his well-filled mouth as he spoke.

"I'm sorry for that, sir," returned Screwler blandly. "But I can't help it. The driver will be off in a moment. He is behind time now, and must be in by a certain hour, or he will be discharged."

"Too—too—too–o–o–o–o–o!" Screamed the horn, louder than usual, followed by

"All aboard!" from the driver, who instantly disappeared.

"He's getting on his box now, sir, and will start in a moment," urged the landlord.

"And I've paid for my dinner? Too bad!—too bad! Well, hand me back my money; I never pay for what I do not receive."

"I can't do that, sir. Sorry for you. But the fault is not mine. My dinner has been all prepared, and you're welcome to eat it."

As matters were thus pressing, the passenger did not stop long to parley. Drawing from his pocket a clean white handkerchief, neatly folded as it had left the ironing table, he hastily spread it open on the table, and turning into it first a dish of boiled eggs, then two or three plates of bread, with sundry little nicknackeries, he tied it up quickly, muttering to himself all the while in an under tone. Then seizing a turkey in one hand, two roasted chickens and his well-filled handkerchief in the other, he bowed to the landlord, and said—

"Good day, sir! I'll finish my dinner on the road!"

Digitized by Google

Screwler was too much surprised and confounded to interfere.

Thus equipped, the passenger made his appearance at the coach door, and crowding in, took his place on the middle seat. The ladies tittered, the men laughed or looked grave according to their humor, but our hungry traveller seemed in no way disconcerted.

"Won't you have a dish, and a knife and fork?" asked the landlord, who had recovered his senses, and came forward, a few moments after the traveller had seated himself, with the articles he named, presenting them as he spoke with a mock polite air, intended to dash our hero. But he was not to be thrown off his guard.

"Thank you, kindly!" he said, bowing, as he received the dish and carving instruments. "I had forgotten these."

As soon as the pair of chickens and the turkey were adjusted upon the spacious dish, which the landlord already repented having put in the incorrigible traveller's way, the latter sung out at the top of his voice—

"All right, driver! Go ahead!"

Crack went the whip, and off rolled the stage, leaving Boniface vexed, angry, and yet amused at the ludicrousness of the whole scene.

As for the passengers, all shrunk instinctively from the meat, bread, &c., which had been so liberally provided, while the ladies turned up their pretty noses, and ejaculated in a soft, low voice—

"Disgusting!"

"Hold on here, stranger, will you?" said he of the chickens and turkey. "This ricketty old stage jolts at such a rate that I can't carve my turkey." Indicating with his finger, as he spoke, one side of the spacious dish upon which reposed his provender.

The individual thus addressed, could do no less than obey the request; and then the same was made to his other neighbor, who lent the required aid.

"And now, stranger, do you hold this bread bag;" extending his clean, well filled handkerchief to a passenger before him. He was, in answer to this request, politely relieved of his bread, eggs, etc.

The dish was now supported on his knees, and firmly held there by his next door neighbors, who began to enjoy the joke, as did most of his other fellow passengers. In dissecting the turkey and pair of chickens under all the disadvantageous circumstances, he showed himself a skillful carver. The different parts were nicely separated, and laid about the dish neatly, and quite temptingly. By this time, the odor of the fowls had awakened into keenness the unsatisfied appetites of the whole company, who were only waiting for an invitation to help themselves. In carving, the accomplished stranger had surrounded the edge of the dish with the pieces of turkey and chicken, leaving quite a space in the centre. Into this he emptied the contents of his pocket handkerchief, consisting of a dozen or so of boiled eggs, with bread, cheese, etc.

"Now, ladies," he said, lifting the dish, and turning partly round, so that it rested on the taut leathern strap that formed the movable back of the seat, and thus was fully presented to them—"Help yourselves! I know you are hungry."

The ladies looked at the tempting exhibition, colored, and hesitated.

"Don't be afraid," he urged. "Necessity knows no law."

The temptation was too great for one hungrier than the rest, who, hesitating no longer, took the wing of a chicken in one hand, and a piece of bread in the other, and forthwith commenced operations, not, however, before she had smiled, bowed, and said a courteous

"Thank you, sir."

The other two ladies followed suit quite naturally, and then the men went to work in right good earnest, nor paused, until turkey, chickens, bread, eggs, and all, had vanished. Of course, the sauce for all this was good humor, jokes and funny sayings, in no small quantity. After the eatables had fully disappeared, the empty dish was cast overboard, and all hands composed themselves, in the best temper possible with themselves, each other, and all the world, Boniface not excepted.

Two hours and a half afterwards, the stage brought up at Grimes' for tea. For some time past, the late dinner arrangement had not affected the appetites of the passengers as it had done at first, much to the surprise of the landlord and "agent," and not a little to his regret. On this occasion, however, his guests seemed more inclined to laugh than eat, and finally left the table after having taken only one cup apiece, with "fixins" in proportion. The secret of this leaked out before the stage moved on, to the great merriment of Grimes and the coterie in his bar-room, to whom one of the passengers related the joke. Among these, was the editor of a country paper.

On the next morning, the whole story appeared in print, with names, places and all, detailed with much point and humor. This account, Parker, who most people thought knew about as much of the whole matter as any body, had put up into the form of a hand-bill, two or three of which were circulated among the passengers in every stage. Of course, Screwler soon became aware of this fact, and did not venture again to cheat the passengers out of their dinner, when they would consent to eat at all. But it happened two or three times a week, that a whole stage load would refuse to dine, and thus he would come off the loser. Finally, he abandoned the profitless business of dining the stage, and fell back into his old ways.

Whoever goes that road now, gets a comfortable dinner, in good time at Parker's, and should the old man feel in the humor, will have added, by way of extra fare, a graphic sketch of the sayings and doings at Screwler's, with which our readers have just been made acquainted.

TALENTS, merit, beauty, rank, fortune, are responsibilities sufficient, without adding to them ostentation.

Digitized by Google



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

INTERESTING CONVERSATIONS AND STORIES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—NO. V.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE

"Oh! what a beautiful rainbow!" exclaimed many little voices, as they left the barn after the rain had ceased.

"Where, where? I don't see any," said Aggie.

"You are looking in the wrong direction, Aggie," replied her teacher, "the rainbow is always opposite the sun; don't you know that?"

"Always, Miss Mary? I didn't know that. But now I see it. Oh! isn't it splendid? And what beautiful colors! But why is it always opposite the sun, Miss Mary?"

"I must confess, Aggie, that I am rather astonished to hear you ask that question What does your little philosophy say makes the rainbow?"

"The sun shining through the drops of water while they are falling."

"And how could that be unless they were opposite each other?"

"It couldn't, Miss Mary, I see now; I didn't think of that before."

"What makes the rainbow of so many pretty colors, Miss Mary?" said Fanny Gray.

"Do you know what a prism is, Fanny?" replied her teacher.

Fanny said she did not.

"I know," cried Archie Dale, the youngest scholar in the school, "it's a place where they put bad people."

The children all burst into a loud laugh at Archie's mistake; even Miss Mary felt disposed to smile, but she did not. On the contrary, she looked very grave. She knew that a little boy like Archie could not well bear being laughed at in that manner, and, although it was but natural for the children to act as they did, yet Miss Mary gently checked them, and showed them that not only was such conduct a breach of good manners, but in direct violation of that law which bids us "do unto others as we would have others do to us," "for which of you," said she, "would like to be laughed at as Archie has been? Not one, I am sure."

Miss Mary then told the little boy that what he was talking about was a prison; spelled p-r-i-s-o-n; but that she was speaking of a prism—p-r-i-s-m—a different thing altogether.

"And now," she asked, "who can tell me what a prism is?"

Several of the girls replied, "A three-sided piece of glass," and one of them, putting her hand in her pocket, pulled out a broken drop of a girandole, which she showed to Miss Mary, and asked if a prism was not something like that.

Miss Mary replied that it was; then she told the little girl to look through it and tell her what she saw.

"Oh! I see a great many beautiful colors, just like the rainbow."

"Let me see! Let me see!" cried some half a dozen at the same time, Archie Dale among the rest.

The little girl good-naturedly allowed her school mates to look also, and when they had done Miss Mary told them that a ray of light was composed of all those different colors, and that when it was cast upon a triangular or three-sided piece of glass they were separated so that we could see each color distinctly.

"And when they are all mingled together they are white; that is a ray of light is white, isn't it, Miss Mary?" said Aggie.

"It is," was the reply.

"And do the drops of water divide a ray of light the same as a prism does?" asked Fanny Gray.

"Yes, Fanny; each drop of water is just like a prism, and that is why you see so many beautiful colors in the rainbow. But here we are at your grandmother's. Ah! and there she is, at the door, looking for you."

"Well, young ladies, you'll believe me next time when I tell you it's going to rain, *won't* you," cried old Mrs. Gray, as the little party halted before her door; "but I hope none of you got wet?"

www.libtool.com.cn
Digitized by Google

"None to hurt us," replied Miss Mary. "Our white dresses don't look quite so nice as they did this morning; but soap and water, and a little labor, will soon remedy that. We had a very pleasant time previous to the rain; and, as we have received no injury from the storm, I am sure we ought not to murmur, but ought to feel thankful our lives were preserved."

"Indeed, you are right there, Miss Mary; but I did feel quite uneasy about you when it was thundering so. Two men were killed up the cross-road; they got under a tree, and the lightning struck it."

"Poor souls! what a pity! How thankful should we be to our Heavenly Father for His goodness and protection! I hope, my dear children, you will not forget the hand that has preserved you, nor fail to return sincere thanks for such great mercy."

The children had but little to say during the remainder of the walk home, for they all felt somewhat impressed with the narrow escape, some of them, at least, had made from death; for, had they remained under the tree they fled to for shelter from the rain, more than one of them, in all probability, would have been killed.

TO LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

[The following story we copy from the *Happy Home*, a magazine published in Boston, and edited by Miss Mary Grace Halpine:]

When this publications comes to your house, I want you, children, to turn over the pages until you find the short article addressed to you. Now do not shut up the book and say, "It don't look interesting; I had rather read stories:" for I may tell you true stories before the end of the year. When you read them, I hope you will not skip the moral. I was once a little girl, and I know what girls and boys are apt to do. Do not read too fast what I write for you, so that you cannot understand it; but try to improve by what you read.

I remember when I was a child about eight years old, my dear father, who is now in heaven, promised my sister and myself a reward of a handsomely bound Bible, when we had read ours through in course. I was, as you will suppose, very anxious to obtain the beautifully gilded book, which was already purchased and lying upon the shelf; so I used to read on as fast as I could. Now, I had early been taught that the Bible was the word of God, and I knew better than to jabber it off in the way I did, merely for the sake of getting through it; but when I came to Leviticus and Numbers, there were whole chapters which I could not comprehend, and I thought the faster I got through them the better. I can see, now, that I ought to have gone to my father, and told him I did not like to read in those books, and to have asked him if it would not be better for me to postpone doing so until I was older. No doubt he would have allowed it, and then I should not have had so much cause for sorrow that I treated God's word with disrespect. Before I go on, I will tell you, as a moral to this part of my story, a copy I once wrote in my writing-book, and which I repeated so often that I never forgot it. It was this: "*Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.*"

In order to help you to understand one verse of Scripture, I shall relate a short account of a boy with whom I was once acquainted. When you have read it, I hope you will endeavor, as Harry did, to conquer a city. If you set about this work in earnest, you will have more assistance than even the Pasha of Turkey finds in the armies of the Allies, for the conquering of Sebastopol; for God himself has promised you his aid.

"He that ruleth his spirit, is better than he that taketh a city."—PROV. 16: 32.

Early one morning, Harry ran down stairs to breakfast, but met one of his brothers in the entry, who was not disposed to give him an arrow which he held in his hand. Harry began to kick, and scream, which caused his mother to leave the breakfast room, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. The little boy stopped screaming to tell his story; then Herbert told his: "He showed all that temper just because I wouldn't give him my new arrow, and when I told him I would make him one."

The kind mother took the little offender by the hand, and led him away into the parlor. Here, taking him in her lap, she said: "Harry, do you know how naughty it is for you to exhibit such a temper? If you do so, God will be displeased with you. No one will love you, and you will be very unhappy. Are you happy, now, my dear?"

"No, mamma."

"Then try to put away all your bad feelings. The Bible says, 'He that ruleth his spirit, is better than he that conquereth a city.'"

This was a new idea to Harry, and, making a great effort, he restrained his anger, and, looked up with a smiling face. His mother kissed him, and told him it made her very happy to see him try to be a good boy. Then they went out to breakfast. Harry ran up and put his arms around his father's neck, saying, "*I've conquered a city! I've conquered a city!*"

After this, there were so many cities conquered, that Mrs. ——— had to make a little book to put down the number. Even Willie, the baby boy, felt the effect of the example, and, when inclined to be fretful or impatient in play, would restrain himself and run to his mother, and say, "Put down in my book, I've conquered a city."

A short time since, I heard my little friend, Harry, say to his mother, "I have not had one city to conquer to-day;" and so every little boy and girl will find, if they set out in earnest to conquer all their naughty feelings, that every time it will be easier than the last; until, at length, as Harry said, "there will be no more cities to conquer."

Digitized by Google

Hints to Housekeepers.

Real New England Brown Bread.—Take equal proportions of sifted rye and Indian meal, mix them well together; add half a tea-cupful of molasses, and two gills of good yeast, to about three quarts of the mixed meal. Wet this with good new milk, sufficient to make a dough that can be easily worked, even with one hand. For economy's sake, milk that has stood for twelve hours, and from which the cream has been taken, may be a substitute for the new milk; or water which has been pressed from boiled squash, or in which squash has been boiled, is a much better substitute than pure water. But warm water is more commonly used. The ingredients should be thoroughly mixed, and stand, in cold weather, for twelve hours; in warm weather two hours may be sufficient before baking. If baked in a brick oven, a three-quart loaf should stand in the oven all night. The same quantity in three baking-pans will bake in about three hours. Serve this warm from the oven, with good sweet butter, and we could fast upon it every morning for breakfast from January to December.

Preparation of Food.—A good housewife, says the American Home Cook Book, suffers nothing to be lost or spoiled. Mere scraps which a careless individual would perhaps throw away, are put to a proper use, and, by means of certain auxiliary seasoning, brought to table in a new and attractive guise. Even if little or nothing be absolutely saved by these economical arrangements, the dressing of food in a tasteful manner is a point of some importance. When a dish has a slovenly appearance, is smoked, underdone, or prepared with rancid or unclean seasoning, both the eye and the appetite are offended, which is a serious evil in itself, independently of the injury which may possibly be done to the stomach of the eater. In every respect, therefore, it is consistent with good judgment to prepare food for the table in the most tasteful and agreeable manner

Eggs.—Put your tongue to the larger end; if it feel warm, the egg is fresh; or put the egg into a pan of cold water; if perfectly fresh it will sink immediately, and so in proportion to its freshness; a rotten egg will float on the top of the water.

Butter.—The only way to try butter is by the smell and taste; never trust to its external appearance. Do not buy that which is speckled with pinkish spots, nor that which has a milky appearance; such butter has not been well washed from the butter-milk, and will quickly turn sour or lose its flavor.

Boil Your Molasses.—When molasses is used in cooking, it is a very great improvement to boil and skim it before you use it. It takes out the raw taste, and makes it almost as good as sugar. Where molasses is used much for cooking, it is well to prepare one or two gallons in this way at a time.

Coffee.—Coffee should be purchased in the berry, and fresh roasted; it should always, when possible, be ground just previous to being made. After it is ground it should not be exposed to the air, as the aroma speedly flies off. If more is ground than required for the meal, keep it in a glass, closely-stopped bottle. Coffee, like tea, should be an infusion, not a decoction.

The best coffee is the Mocha, the next is the Java, and closely approximating is the Jamaica and Berbice.

Potted Veal.—This may be potted as beef, or thus:—Pound cold veal in a mortar, work up with it in a powder mace, pepper, and salt, shred the leanest part of tongue very finely, or ham is sometimes used; place in a jar or pot a layer of the pounded veal, and upon that a layer of the tongue, and continue alternately until the pot is full, seeing that every layer is well pressed down; pour over the top melted clarified butter. If it is desired, and which is frequently done, to marble the veal, cut the tongue or ham in square dice instead of shredding it, but care must be taken that they do not touch each other or the effect is destroyed.

Poulet a la Marengo.—The motive of semi-frying food is to have it done quickly; therefore, to fry a whole fowl, or even half, is useless, as it could be cooked in a different way in the same time; but to semi-fry a fowl with the object of having it quickly placed on the table, in order to satisfy a good, and perhaps fastidious, appetite, it should be done in a similar way to that practised in Egypt some 3000 years since, and of late years for Napoleon—that is, cooked in oil.

In France this dish is called "Poulet a la Marengo." It is related that the conqueror, after having gained that celebrated victory, ate three small chickens at one meal, done in this way, and his appetite and taste was so good, and he approved of them so highly, that he desired that they might always be served in the same way during the campaign.

Bran Bread.—Liebig says, "The separation of the bran from the flour by bolting, is a matter of luxury, and injurious rather than beneficial as regards the nutritive power of the bread."

It is only in more modern times, remarks Soyer, the sifted flour has been known and used, and has been followed by the poor, to imitate the luxury of the wealthy, at the expense of their health. Certain it is, that where whole meal is used as bread, the population have better digestive organs than where it is not.

Digitized by Google

The Toilet and Work Table.

www.libtool.com.cn

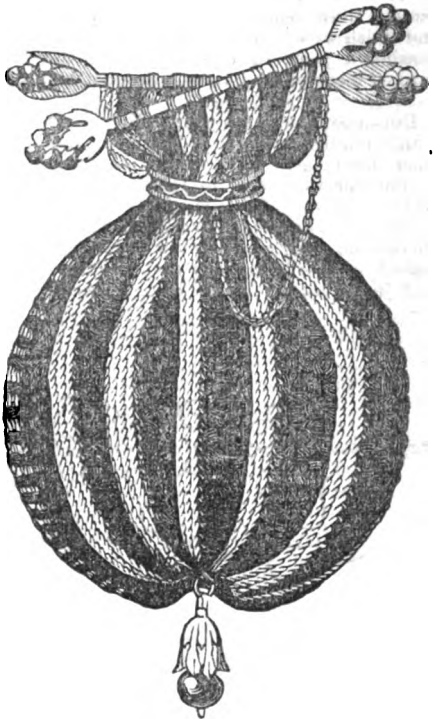
FASHIONS.—*Dress for Morning Visits.*—Robe of laurel green silk. The skirt has three broad flounces, edged with trimming of an unique and novel description. It consists of squares formed of black velvet and lace, disposed at equal intervals along the edge of the flounces. The corsage is high, and fastened up to the throat with ornamental buttons of black velvet and green silk. The basque and the bretelles are finished with narrow rows of black velvet and lace edging. The sleeves are formed of two deep frills, gathered in large quilled plaits. At the top of the lower frill, and in front of the arm, there is a bow and ends of green silk. The upper frill is placed at a little distance below the arm-hole. The collar is of Valenciennes lace, and the under-sleeves of two broad frills of the same. On one arm a snake bracelet made of garnet beads, and on the other a bracelet of gold and enamel. Bonnet of violet color imperial velvet, with a fall of black blonde, sewed to the edge and turned back. The bavolet of velvet is covered by a fall of black blonde. On one side of the bonnet a small plume of violet colored feathers, and on the other side a bow of velvet and blonde. Under trimming, convolvulus made of cerise velvet. In the carriage a cloak of black velvet or a large cashmere shawl may be worn.

DRESS CAPS.—(See engravings.)—No. 1.—The materials are blonde, and rose-colored Mantua ribbon. The crown is edged by a *ruche* of the ribbon and traversed by rows of inch wide black velvet; loops of the same in the border.

No. 2.—Dress cap of blonde and broad blue ribbon, with a purled edge. Large clusters of bows on each side of the face, and flat bows form the whole centre of the crown.

BONNET.—(See engraving.)—White silk ornamented with very narrow stripes of black velvet, broken up into pieces an eighth of an inch long. A narrow transparency is inserted, an inch from the front, finished by a fold of silk, and a row of narrow black velvet, which forms a heading to a rich fall of blonde which adorns the front. The transparent crown is enriched by puffings of silk edged with blonde, arranged in serpentine form. A rich fall of blonde forms a finish to the curtain. The sides are ornamented by clusters of black and white ostrich plumes mingled.

PURSE WITH BARS AND RINGS.—*Materials—One skein of scarlet, and one of rich, dark green, coarse purse silk, will be required; also two reels of the finest gold thread, and Penelope crochet needle No. 3.*—Make a chain, with green, of 51 stiches, and work 2 rows in single open crochet; the second row being worked into the holes over the chain stitch, instead of the loops of the chain; and, in order to keep the edges even, make 2 long stitches in the first and last hole of the first row of single open crochet. Now, with gold thread, work 3 rows in double crochet; then, with scarlet, work 2 rows the same as the green. Repeat the above alternately green and scarlet, dividing the two colors with 3 rows of gold in plain double crochet until you have 3 stripes of green, 2 of scarlet, and 5 of gold;



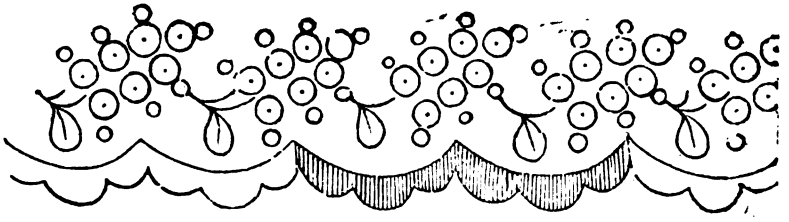
making 10 in the whole. This is half of the purse. It is necessary to leave an opening here; therefore work the first row of the eleventh stripe in the following manner:—Join on your silk, which, according to order, you will find must be scarlet; work in single open crochet, as before, to within 14 stitches of the end; leave the silk you are working with, but do not cut it off; take a short length of the same color, join it to the loop next to that you last worked into, and make a chain of 14 stitches; having done this, continue with the row you left unfinished, working into the loops of the chain you have

Digitized by Google

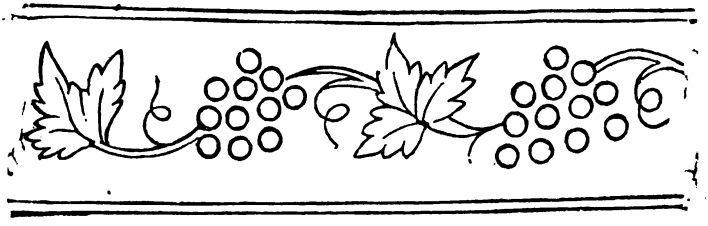
just made instead of the gold thread; finish this stripe by working another row, and proceed according to the directions before given until there are (for this side) 3 scarlet, 2 green, and 5 gold stripes, making 20 in the whole purse; crochet it together, leaving an opening of 14 stitches to correspond with the other side; finish with gold bars; sew one side on with scarlet silk, and the other with green; draw up the end and add a tassel to match.

A NET FOR THE HAIR.—*Materials—One skein of fine sized cerise and one of white netting silk; meshes Nos.* 12 *and* 15, *and two netting needles.*—With cerise make a foundation of forty stitches on mesh No. 15, join to form a round, and net seven rounds in plain netting. With white net two loops into every stitch on mesh No. 12, then net six rounds in honeycomb pattern; net the next six rounds in plain netting on mesh No. 15 with cerise; repeat the last twelve rounds twice. Draw together the foundation stitches, and finish with a silver cord and tassel, or by passing a piece of elastic through the last worked loops to draw the net around the head.

DIRECTIONS FOR EMBROIDERY.—There is no work which requires more care, judgment and taste than embroidery; and no more pleasing, either to the fair worker or to the favored one for whom it is worked. It is adapted to all kinds of articles, whether for wear or ornament; and there is no work where better materials are required, neither is there any where greater care and judgment in the choice of materials and colors can be shown. If the work is on white muslin, always choose soft embroidery cotton, coarse or fine, according to the boldness or delicacy of the work. Dick's embroidery cotton is the best. Let all your work be very regular and even; and never, or in very few instances draw it tight, but let it spread out to fill up between the threads, so that the muslin may not be seen between the stitches. If on satin, velvet, or leather, the same directions must be followed; but in the latter the greatest care must be taken that the work does not get soiled, for it cannot be washed. For satin, velvet, or leather, silk is invariably used, and in most instances it is a very soft silk; if the hard twisted silk is used it tears the material, especially leather, which must always be avoided, besides which it never fills the whole made by the needle. To draw the pattern upon muslin, first have your pattern drawn very strongly upon paper; then lay your muslin upon it, and go over the lines with a little indigo from a color box, in either a reed pen or a camel hair pencil: the indigo will not stain, and will wash out; or you may get paper the same as drapers use in their bill books, and lay that under your design, and trace through with a hard pencil or point. For satin, silk, velvet, or leather, puncture your pattern with a pin or needle, and rub either a little powdered flake-white, blue, or any color which you can cover up with your work; for in these materials you cannot wash the mark out again. In all fastenings of the ends let it be done at the under side, for there is nothing looks so untidy as loose ends and dirty places.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



VINE LEAF INSERTION.

Digitized by Google

Editor's Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

AN INTRODUCTION.

Last month we announced the fact that we had completed an arrangement with MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, to become assistant editor of the Home Magazine, and that she would make the more intimate acquaintance of our readers in this number. We now introduce her formally, and step aside to give her an opportunity to say a few words on the occasion:—

—

Now, dear reader, if we attempt to stand on our newly conferred editorial dignity, we shall not succeed at all; for we are anything but a stately personage, and never perpetrated a graceful "*entree*" in our life.

So we have concluded to waive all ceremony, and make this much dreaded advent, just as familiarly as though we were old friends, certain of a smile, and a warm, old-fashioned shaking of hands, into the bargain.

We have some claim to all this freedom, too, for we have talked with you many times before.

Our thoughts reach off, now, to a quiet, shady little home, nestled down in the green heart of a New England city. Grand old elm trees, through which the summer wind moved softly as an angel's rhythm, stood before it; a green lawn leaned away from the front door.—On one side of the house was a window, into which the sunshine always broke, tangled and dim, hovering about the small table in one corner, or hurrying over the cushioned arms of the great rocking chair where we sat, incarnating with this little pen of ours the visions that haunted, or the thoughts that stirred our heart.

But that old dream-life has gone out from the shadow of the elms, now, and taken for itself a wider range of thought and experience, more especially a new *purpose*, and a new *mission*.

The "HOME MAGAZINE" has always been what its title indicates. The mind and heart which first projected and vitalized it, was a sure prophecy of its high intellectual character, of its sound, healthful morality, of its earnest, practical object and mission, and it is our aim to infuse something of a woman's taste and feeling into all this; to impart to it somewhat of the life of our own heart and mind.

HOME! How much of beauty, and poetry, and religion that old Saxon word embodies! Is not this pre-eminently the case in our own country? Are not our homes the great moral, social, and intellectual nurseries of our land? The sweet springs which feed the fountains of whatsoever is beautiful, and good, and true in our national life?

The HOME MAGAZINE! Oh! in the broadest and highest, and deepest meaning of the word, may it be this! A guest that shall be always welcome, may it come to your hearthstones with the dawning of each new month, having always some ministration of light, or strength, or wisdom, till it takes its place among the Lares and Penates of your households.

And now, while the fierce March is lifting its head upon the mountains, and gathering up its wild winds for their hoarse chorus of triumph over the dead Winter, we send you, dear readers, our greeting. It will find some of you in lowly cottages, and some in city palaces—some in the cold North, where the soft fingers of Spring have not yet loosened the swaddling bands of Winter—some in the sweet South-land, where the epistles of a new resurrection unto another summer are written in springing grass, and budding flowers—some on eastern shores, wrapped in by the white arms of the Atlantic, and some where the prairies reach off gray and dim to the night stars And to each, and to all of you, may this, our *first editorial*, be the prophecy of some good, and before the year shakes its parting hands with you, may your hearts say to ours, "It is good that we have been together."

V. F. T.

"FRUITS OF INDUSTRY."

There it is! Simple, rustic, natural illustration of country life.

If you, reader, have sat down in just such an old farm house kitchen, and eaten from just such a pine table, covered over with just such a homespun linen cloth, then will you *feel* the *naturalness* of the scene before you.

It is sunset, and the last red light of the summer day flows in through the small window panes, and over the quaint rafters, and white washed walls, giving to the whole a picturesque expression, which an artist would detect at once. There is the parrot, reaching his dark, glossy head out of the wicker cage, edifying his hearers with that shrill loquaciousness, which reminds one so forcibly of a certain large class of the human species. Indeed, were we to award the bays to the one "who could *talk* most, and *say* least," we should sometimes, between the human and ornithological representatives, find ourselves in a state of most deplorable bewilderment.

There, too, are the bunches of pennyroyal and mountain mint—forcible reminders of next winter's influenzas and rheumatism—suspended over the shelf, in order that the fire may facilitate the "drying process."

Then, too, we like the mantel ornaments, even to the crimping iron, and broken lantern. They seem

Digitized by Google

to *belong* to the place, and are as suggestive of stormy nights, and grandmother's caps, with deep, plaited borders, as Hebe and Agate vases are of velvet carpets and carved ceilings.

On the right, too, are the large baskets piled with beets and potatoes. Do you see how the long, green tops hang over the rim, till they brush the oaken seat? Blessed commentary on home industry, and harvest plenty!

But that primitive table, framed round with honest, happy faces, is, after all, the *cream* of the picture. Isn't that father, in his farmer's *blouse*, and straw hat, a richer man, at this moment, than many a one who sits down in his gorgeous dining room to a table glittering with silver, and loaded with luxuries?

The crow of his baby girl, as she lifts up her small hands to the yellow peach he holds just above them, is sweet music to his heart, and his day of hard labor in the fields is a sure prophecy that *dyspepsia*, that attendant of luxurious idleness, will never haunt a repast of this kind.

There, too, is the round, honest, physiognomy of the wife and mother, as she places a brown platter, filled with a deliciously broiled chicken, in the centre of the table.

Oh! hunger-sharpened appetites! Oh! innocent, loving hearts! Parents and little children, under that gray roof, in that old-fashioned kitchen, how do we envy you!

But the *pathos* of the picture is on the right hand. The old man's face tells his story, better, we dare say, than his broken voice has done. The hair that overlies his wrinkled forehead is white as the fleece of the young lambs in the June grass; and the light of day went out of his closed eyes half a score of years ago.

"Old! blind! and poor!" But it is by *endurance*, as well as by action, that the Great Father is glorified, and the grave furrow will soon be turned for the old man here, and maybe another voice take up the great "triumph" of the *conquerors* there.

He cannot see, now, that fair face with the tears dripping from its long lashes, as it bends over his worn hat, but the angels do, *and they will not forget it*.

And this is country life, the country God's hand hath made, and written all over "with living epistles, known and read of all men." January spins its "cold wool" for the mountains and meadows—March reaches down its strong arms, and shouts its hoarse welcome to the timid May—June's green feet are wet with sweet dews and smothered in red buds and blossoms—October, in its crimson garments, like another Jeremiah, pours its deep "Lamentations" through the forests and the fields; and all these have a message and a ministry to the hearts that will receive them.

"Witnesses" sent of God, the months come to talk with us face to face, and though they have no pulses that beat in unison with the great, iron heart of the city; though their voices be not heard amid the roar of its hot, jarring life; still, out "under the shadow of the great rocks," by the sweet-voiced brooks in all quiet places, we shall find the lessons of the Great High Priests of Nature.

And is not life's best, truest, deepest teaching *Peace?* and do we not find it soonest in the calm heart of the country, where God sends to our souls a new baptismal of *quiet?*

There under the green trees we seem sometimes to catch glimpses of the purple mountains, on whose heights the "White City" sits in her serene, eternal beauty; and we feel somewhat of the meaning of those words—"There shall be no night there"—no night of the soul as well as of the outward life.

Well, our pen has wandered, as we might have been certain it would when we began, from the farm-house to the scenes around it, and we come back to take one more peep at the old kitchen and the happy faces, and say "blessed be the country."

V. F. T.

NO GLOOM AT HOME.

Mrs. Denison, in one of her brief contributions to the *Olive Branch*, gives a little ideal home picture, that many eyes will look upon with pleasure:

"Above all things, there should be no gloom in the home. The shadows of dark discontent and wasting fretfulness should never cross the threshold, throwing their large, black shapes, like funeral palls over the happy young spirits gathered there. If you will, your home shall be heaven, and every inmate an angel there. If you will, you shall sit on a throne, and be the presiding household deity. O! faithful wife—what privileges, what treasures, greater or purer than thine?

And let the husband strive to forget his cares, as he winds around the long, narrow street, and beholds the soft light illumining his little parlor, spreading its precious beams on the red pave before it. The night is cold and cheerless, perhaps, and the wintry gust battles with the worn skirts of his old overcoat, and snatches with a rude hand and wailing cry at the rusty hat that has served him many a year. He has been harassed, perplexed, persecuted. He has born with many a cruel tone, many a cold word, and nerved himself up to an energy so desperate, that his frame and spirits are weakened and depressed. And now his limbs ache with weariness; his temples throb with the pain-beat caused by a too constant application. He scarcely knows how to meet his wife with a pleasant smile, or sit down cheerfully to their little meal, which she has provided with so much care.

But the door is opened—the over-coat thrown hastily off. A sweet, singing voice falls upon his ear, and the tones are so soft and glad, that Hope, like a winged angel, flies right into his bosom, and nestles against his heart.

The latch is lifted, and the smiling face of his wife gives an earnest welcome. The shining hair is smoothed over her fair brow—indeed, she stole a little coquettish glance at the mirror hanging in its narrow frame, just to see if she looked neat and pretty before she came out. Her eye beams with love—her dress is tasteful—and—what? Why! he forgets all the trials of that long, long day, as he folds her in his arms and imprints a kiss upon her brow.

A home where gloom is banished—presided over by one who has learned to rule herself and her household—oh! he is thrice consoled for all his trials. He

Digitized by Google

cannot be unhappy—that sweetest, best, dearest solace is his—a cheerful home. Do you wonder that the man is strengthened anew for to-morrow's cares?"

MISS M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

We mentioned, briefly, in our February number, the death of this young western songstress, who was fast winning for herself a place in the hearts of a wide circle of appreciating friends. She died at Mount Carmel, Ill., on the 19th December. From one of her intimate friends, who was with her during her illness, we have a brief communication. The writer says:—

"Three weeks before her death, she took a severe cold, which terminated in a low form of typhoid fever. Her pure spirit took its flight on the 19th Dec., 1855. She was conscious most of the time; appeared to suffer but very little; often would answer us, she was very comfortable, felt quite pleasantly, spoke of all her dear friends far and near, and particularly of you. One evening, while watching with her, she said: 'Oh! how much I wish I could be with you, and finish the "Good Time Coming."' Dear girl! The good time coming was to be revealed to her in the future.

"I can scarcely describe her to you, but I will try. She would hardly be called handsome, but still, you could not look upon her frank and open countenance, overflowing with love and affection for every living creature, without feeling a strong sympathy and affection gushing up from the heart's fountain, for the pure and guileless girl she was. I can only say, those who knew her best, loved her most."

We expected from another source a longer account of Miss Chitwood, but it has not yet reached us.

Since penning the above, we find in the Cincinnati *Home Journal* the following:

THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF MISS M. L. CHITWOOD.

BY JANE MARIA MEAD.

The breast that glows the brightest,
First feels the deadly ball,
The wing that soars the highest,
Is saddest in its fall;
The stream that leaps the fastest
Will soonest reach the sea;
And she, whose heart was like them,
Is lost to thee and me.

The flow'r that droops in Spring-time—
It is the fairest flower;
The fruit we prize the highest
Doth stay the shortest hour;
The bird which sings the sweetest
Doth soonest quit the sky;
And those we love the dearest,
Are aye the first to die.

Earth—with its gloom and glory.
Its rapture, and its wo—
Is but a foreign country
Through which we trav'lers go;
We pause too oft, to gather
Frail gems, and flowers that die,
While all our Father's treasures
Are waiting us on high.

In vain we cherish idols,
Or make fine gold our stay;
Our idols fall to ruin—
Our treasures melt away.
Thus are our proud hearts chastened,
And weaned from earthly ties,
Or these charmed feet would loiter,
And never reach the skies.

RIGHT LIVING.

"To love and to labour is the sum of living; and yet how manie think they live who neither labour nor love."

What a gem-thought it is, set in this quaint, old Saxon! The first part of the sentence is a beautiful text for one's life, while the other is an equally sad commentary on the "living" of a great portion of humanity!

And are not these twain, the loving and the laboring, the one "royal law" of the Bible, and do they not bring with them their "own exceeding great reward?"

Ye who seek after happiness, behold, here is the *key!*

This sitting down, folding up one's hands, and moping away one's life in a vain yearning after affection, will never do you any good.

Just step out of yourself, and live *for* and *in* others. Go out with a brave spirit into the world, and minister to the wants of humanity. Everywhere hands are reaching out to you for help; everywhere bleeding hearts are needing the balm of sympathy and tenderness.

The little children want your smile, the old people want some *comforting* word; and the strongest and the best have their hours of weakness and of need!

So don't sit still, we pray you, for this is not living. But "Whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with your might," with a true, honest heart and purpose; and no matter how heavy may be the darkness of the night through which you are walking, the morning will rise, the flowers will blossom, and the birds sing about you. V. F. T.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE PARTY.

In these two engravings, the artist has indulged a little satirical humor, and hit off a certain class of party givers, who, aiming at display, seriously incommode themselves, and strain their purses to entertain people for whom they care not a fig, and who, in return, care not a fig for them. The too early guests find the preparations for company incomplete. The mortification entailed thereby is easily to be conceived. Too hurriedly, after the company has retired, does economy prompt to the extinguishment of lights and fire, and the guest who has returned for a glove, becomes witness of a scene in domestic life, as new, perhaps, as amusing.

THE CITY ITEM.

The success of this paper is a notable evidence of what industry and economy, united with an idomitable purpose, can accomplish. When Mr. Fitzgerald started his *Item*, some seven or eight years ago, there were not a few to prophecy its speedy dissolution, and the prophecy was well based, judging the projector by most men around him.

Digitized by Google

But our friend was not the man to be discouraged by ordinary difficulties. He resolved to succeed, and his will created success. The *Item* is now one of the weeklies of our city that promises a long life. May it be for the proprietor a prosperous one.

"MURDER DONE."

www.libtool.com.cn

This is a startling title, and a startling poem, too, by T. B. Aldrich. Its imagery is rarely beautiful, and the wail of sorrow that swells through it, strikes a shudder through one's being:—

"Lost, lost, lost!
A beautiful Soul is lost!
A beautiful Soul went down, down;
Down, like a ship at sea!—
Who knows if a Soul be lost?

"The moon went into a cave
Whose stalactites were pointed with stars,
With scintillant crescents of stars—
And a sweet south wind came over the rye
And broke on the lattice bars!

"Invisible fingers of Air
Just lifted the curtain's fold,
Just rippled the calm of her golden hair—
Liquescent and glittering gold!
And she stood like the thought of a sculptor, carved
In marble, snowy and cold!
But her pure, sweet look, was as foul a lie
As ever a woman told!

"Her shriek went up through the night,
To spheres that reeled overhead;
She lay at my feet, and her face was white,
It haunteth me now, 'twas so very white,
As I whispered it low, 'She is dead!'

"A statue lay chill at my feet!
She lay with her eyes in eclipse;
A darkness hung in the length of her hair,
And shadowed her perjured lips.
I strangled her voice, but, O God!
I would I could strangle the moan
That follows me out in the silent streets,
When I walk with the midnight alone!"

PRESERVING FRESH FRUITS BY HERMETICAL SEALING.

The introduction of a self-sealing fruit can, last summer, constructed on right principles, induced a large number of families to put up various kinds of fruit in their own juices, and these are now enjoying a delicacy not usually obtained in the winter season. This can is the invention of Dr. R. Arthur, of Philadelphia, and is known as "Arthur's Patent Self-Sealing Can." We find, in the *Philadelphia Merchant*, the following notice:—

"FRESH FRUIT AND VEGETABLES IN WINTER.—To enjoy summer fruits and vegetables at all seasons of the year is a luxury which all of us know how to appreciate; but until recent times, it was impossible to obtain. Now, however, thanks to Arthur's *hermetical self-sealing cans*, every one can have fruits at Christmas in as great perfection as in the midst of summer. These cans are so simple in their construction that they may be almost said to fasten themselves. We have in our family a variety of fruit preserved in these cans which we use through the winter with great satisfaction, and which our visiting friends pronounce as fresh as if they had been just gathered. Peaches, strawberries, cherries, raspberries, and many kinds of vegetables, can be ensured for the table at all seasons, at moderate cost. The great merit of these cans is that they can be resealed again and again with the same ease as on the first occasion.—Our friends from every section of the country, as they visit the city for their spring supply of goods, should certainly call at Messrs. Arthur, Burnham & Co's., and procure a large supply of these cans. If they will do this, we shall be sure to receive next winter, if not before, their hearty thanks for this timely notice."

To this we add, that every variety of summer fruit was put up in these cans in our own family last season, and that we have strawberries, raspberries, plums, cherries, blackberries, peaches, tomatoes, etc., as fresh in flavor as when sealed up. These are, indeed, luxuries, and may be secured by every one at small cost. Arthur, Burnham & Co., at 60 South Tenth street, who manufacture these self-sealing cans, put up a quantity of peaches, tomatoes, and rhubarb in them, which they have now for sale; thus demonstrating their reliability to any who have doubts, and supplying, at the same time, with luxuries those who failed to secure them last season.

THE CRAYON.

This well conducted American Journal of Art, is now issued monthly, instead of weekly. It contains thirty-two quarto pages, and is furnished with a cover. Published in New York by Stillman and Durand, at $3 per annum.

"THE Mother's Journal and Family Visitant," edited by Mrs. Mary G. Clarke, is a pure and excellent monthly magazine. It is published in this city at $1 a year.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PLANT; AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE ORGANIC LIFE OF THE ANIMAL. By HARLAND COULTAS; author of "The Principles of Botany, as Exemplified in the Cryptogamia."

In his two previous volumes on the Cryptogamia and Phanerogamia, Mr. Coultas gathered, arranged, and threw into a more intelligible form, facts in botany already familiar to students of this attractive science. His books were valuable, rather for their method and clearness, than for their originality. His present work, however, takes an advance position, addressing the higher intelligence of the scientific reader, and elevating the study of botany to a rank with that of animal physiology. The volume is one to arrest the attention of every thoughtful student in the world of nature. The parallelism which the author runs between the reproduction, nutrition and growth of vegetables and animals, is remarkably close, and will be new to a large class of readers. The style of the work is very clear.

Mr. Coultas is an enthusiastic lover of his favorite science, botany. To its study he devotes all the time he can claim from the every day work of providing for his family, and in poverty—the truth may as well be spoken—and discouragements that would utterly dishearten most men, he pursues his investigations, and writes down the results. But, his tasks are not

Digitized by Google

yet half done when his manuscript is ready for the press. Before he can get a publisher to undertake his little volume, which is regarded as a specialty in the trade, and not destined to a very remunerative sale, he has to go around and make up a subscription list, as a kind of prospective guarantee to the bookseller who becomes responsible for paper and printing. And still beyond this, he must take his book in his hand, and go and offer it for sale, copy by copy, before even a meagre return blesses his labor.

Now, Mr. Coultas is an unobtrusive, timid, sensitive, single-hearted man, easily depressed and discouraged. How painful must be his experiences, all can imagine. It is but justice to say that among professional men in this and other cities, Mr. Coultas has met with much kindness, and that, his books are freely bought by them. We wish that he could meet with some liberal-minded publisher, who would, for the sake of his singularly earnest devotion to a beautiful branch of science, relieve him from the anxiety and embarrassment that now attend the getting up of his books, produce them for him in the best style of printing and illustration, and thus put it in his power to reach the public with more satisfaction to himself, and with a larger and surer return for his labor. He clearly deserves this consideration.

LANMERE. By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, Author of "Farming Dale." New York: *Mason & Brother.*

We like this book. It is a simple, natural story, without any very startling adventures or denouments, but with a tone of sound, healthful morality running through all its pages. Bessie, the heroine, is a sweet, impulsive, and very lovable character, who enlists our sympathies with the first chapter, as much as her mother and sister repel them. But the heroine is especially refreshing, because she is not one of those *impossible* embodiments of sweetness and goodness which authors of late so much delight in. She has the elements of a very fine character, which symmetrically develop themselves among the trials and in the ungenial atmosphere of her life. The meeting between Bessie and her brother, after their long separation, is very natural and touching.

THE HOUSE BY THE SEA. By T. Buchanan Read. Philadelphia: *Parry & McMillan.*

From the *Ladies' Christian Annual*, edited by Mr. Challen, himself a poet of fine abilities, we take a passage or two in a review of this last poem of our highly esteemed townsman:

"It is a wild, wierd, and strangely constructed tale, designed to show the folly of giving up one's life to sorrow and misanthropy; and ends with restoring to a better state of mind the hero of the poem. We thought there was a striking defect in the disposition made of Ida. She turns out to be quite a different character from what the reader would suppose, and the eclaircissement finds no explanation in her previous history, unless it is the one we have given, and the warm and passionate impulses which she so naturally displays in the vessel.

"The poem throughout, has in it some fine passages, and the rhythm admirably corresponds with the characters introduced, and the subject-matter of their several stories. It will be read with pleasure by those who already appreciate the works of T. Buchanan Read, and will find a more extended hearing by a class of persons who have not hitherto formed his acquaintance. The interest of the story will not so much please the reader, as the fine and exquisite chasing in which it is found. Perhaps it was designedly involved in mystery to correspond with the nature of the subject on which it treats; and we venture to say that it was written under the pressure of those sore afflictions through which the author of the poem has recently passed. Its changeful tone, and varied measure—its alternations of hope and fear—its wreaths of fancy and sea of imagination—its wit and satire—its touches of the ludicrous, over which prevail a cloud of sadness—indicate the state of his mind, and show that it was written as a relief to a mind overburdened with a sense of weariness and woe, which this 'House by the Sea,' enabled him for the time being to seek shelter in. If we are correct in our estimate of the work, it will be read with a deeper meaning and interest than it otherwise would. Mr. Read is rapidly reaching that position among the American poets, which will give him a permanent hold upon the public mind."

THE HISTORY OF THE PELOPONNESSIAN WAR. By Thucydides. A new and literal version from the text of Arnold. By Rev. Henry Dale. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

THE TRAGEDIES OF SOPHOCLES. In English prose. The Oxford translation. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

HERODOTUS. A new and literal version. By Henry Carey, M A., Worcester College, Oxford. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

Three more volumes of "Harper's Classical Library," which gives us the best works from the Latin and Greek, in elegant English versions.

A PRACTICAL SYSTEM OF BOOK-KEEPING BY SINGLE AND DOUBLE ENTRY. By Ira Mahew. New York: *Daniel Burgess & Co.*

This little treatise will be found of great value to all persons engaged in business who have not adopted a systematic mode of account-keeping. It explains intelligibly the theory of debit and credit, and supplies forms and examples which render the modes of keeping all kinds of accounts perfectly simple.

SKETCH BOOK OF MEISTER KARL. By G. C. Leland. Philadelphia: *Parry & McMillan.*

These sketches, on a singular variety of subjects, are full of fun, and flavor, of "spunk" and spirit.—Meister Karl must have been a natural traveler, combining, it seems to us, a genial, sympathetic nature with rare powers of analysis and observation. Altogether, he is an agreeable, spicy companion.

THE THREE MARRIAGES: Or, Life at a Watering Place. By Mrs. Hubback. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

An interesting story, showing up some phases of English character clearly and vivaciously. Flora, the heroine, is one of those bright, effervescing natures, of whose depth and richness one can hardly guess from the surface. Miss Grant, a prominent character in the story, is an incarnation of selfishness and meanness—one of those persons from whom we believe we should intuitively move off. But she is a type of a large class of her sex, after all.

The author's previous volumes have gained for her an excellent reputation as a story writer, from which this new effort will in no way detract. Her pictures of English life have a captivating freshness about them, that every reader of taste will feel and admire.

THE BLUE RIBBONS. By Annie H. Drury. Illustrated. Boston: *Whittemore, Niles & Hall.*

A pleasant, lively child's story—just the thing to while away a rainy day, and keep the "little folks" from mischief, in the chimney corner. If not decidedly religious, it seems to have a healthful moral tone, which is of supreme importance in children's works. We recommend it to the little boys and girls.

THE HUNTER'S FEAST: Or, Conversations Around the Camp Fire. By Capt. Mayne Reid. New York: *Dewitt & Davenport.*

Another volume of imaginary adventures among the wild beasts and Indians of our Western world, by

Digitized by Google

Capt. Reid. Like the rest of his books, this is one that will fascinate the young reader, who will not stop to weigh very carefully the probabilities of the narrative. The captain has opened a new vein in the gold regions of literature, which he is working with commendable industry, and, we hope, with all the success he desires.

www.libtool.com.cn

OUR COUSIN VERONICA. Or, Scenes and Adventures Over the Blue Ridge. By Mary E. Wormeley, author of "Amabel, a Family History." New York: *Bunce & Brother.*

Another volume from the pen of Miss Wormeley cannot fail to receive a cordial welcome. Cousin Veronica will interest as well for the accuracy of its characterizations as for the fine pictures it gives of rural life, both in England and in Virginia. The story is one of genuine interest, and the style graceful and finished.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP THE SECOND, KING OF SPAIN. By Wm. H. Prescott. 2 vols. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

The history of Philip the Second, embracing as it does, the history of events among the most stirring and important the world has ever seen, because they were the beginnings of a great movement towards freedom of speech and freedom of conscience, is one of deep interest to the philosophic reader. Altogether different from his father, Charles V., except in cruel bigotry, he made quite as deep a mark upon the times, and exerted as stern and strong an influence. For the greater period of his reign, he was little more than a willing instrument of the Pope, and threw the whole power of his throne on the side of heretical persecutions, sustaining, in its terrific vigor, the bloody Inquisition.

In the composition of this history, we find all the peculiar and admirable features that have distinguished the previous works of the author. The same lucid style, the same patient sifting of authorities, and separation of truth from fiction; the same minuteness of description, that sometimes borders on tediousness. We may well be proud of such a historian.

ECONOMIC COTTAGE BUILDER. C. P. Dwyer, Architect. *Wanzer, McKim & Co.*, Buffalo.

We had occasion to notice a book published by Appleton of a similar character to this—although they do not class together since the *style* of cottage architecture in this volume is entirely different and even more economical. The present work has already had a large circulation in Canada, where it was introduced but a month or two ago, and we should think that it would have still a larger sale here. Not only does this book give plans of cottages for men of small means; but it also furnishes instructions for choosing the most economical materials afforded in different neighborhoods, together with many other very valuable and useful hints and suggestions. The opening chapters, consisting of words of advice to persons about to build, are well worthy of consideration.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, From the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Vols. III. and IV. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

The appearance of two more volumes of this History of England, has produced quite a sensation in the literary world. While, as history, the work does not fully meet the demand of criticism, it is yet so brilliant, so minute, so picturesque, that all classes of readers dwell on its pages with delight. Macaulay's sketches of character are masterly, while the glimpses he gives us of the social life of the period, how men lived and looked, how they employed or beguiled their time, invest his history with all the fascinations of a fiction, without detracting from its accuracy. The fourth volume only brings us down to 1697, three years after the death of Mary, (and close of the reign of William and Mary.) At this slow rate of progress, there is serious doubt as to the ultimate completion of the work, unless the remaining portions are in a state of great forwardness. The labor is that of a lifetime, and the author is already in his fifty-seventh year. No history has ever attained so great a popularity as this one, and the public will naturally look with considerable anxiety for its completion.

NOTES ON CENTRAL AMERICA; Particularly the States of Honduras and San Salvador; their Geography, Topography Climate, Population, Resources, &c., and the proposed Honduras Inter-Oceanic Railway. By E. S. Squier. With Original Maps and Illustrations. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

Mr. Squier's residence as a diplomatic representative of the United States in Central America, and the interest he has taken for years in Central American affairs, qualify him to speak intelligently of the country, its inhabitants and resources. His views on the subject of inter-oceanic communication, are valuable for the same reasons, and will have their weight with men of capital and enterprise. The route proposed by him, and surveyed by competent engineers in 1853, crosses the State of Honduras from the port of Cabellos on the Atlantic side, and terminates in the Bay of Fonseca on the Pacific side. The advantages of this route are ably set forth in the volume. Apart from any interest the reader may have in the specific object of Mr. Squier's book, he will find its general information in regard to Central America full and attractive. It forms a valuable addition to our literature.

KATE WESTON; Or, To Will And To Do. By Jennie De Witt. New York: *Dewitt & Davenport.*

We have not yet read this volume, but find in the New York Christian Intelligencer a favorable notice which we copy: "The book is worthy of commendation for its graceful and pleasing style, for its well-judged discrimination of character, for the easy flow and picturesqueness of its descriptive parts, for the sprightliness of its narrative, and for the fixedness of its aim. It teaches that morality, virtue, temperance, cannot exist without true piety; and this we look upon as one of its most commendable features. The book is gracefully dedicated to the Rev. Dr. Dowling, of Philadelphia, the father of the authoress, and deserves a wide circulation."

PANCOAST ON THE CURABILITY OF CONSUMPTION, Philadelphia, 1853.

Dr. S. Pancoast, of our city, treats consumption by medicated inhalation, and this volume not only exhibits his system but contains much important information, and many valuable suggestions to that large class who have weak or diseased lungs. Of the value of his system, we are not competent to speak; and therefore express no opinion, favorable or unfavorable. The Doctor has the reputation of having performed many important cures.

MRS. FOLLEN'S TWILIGHT STORIES. Boston: *Whittemore, Niles & Hall.*

In this series of charming stories for the little ones we have six volumes. Their titles are: 1st, True Stories about Cats and Dogs; 2d, Made Up Stories: 3d, The Pedlar of Dust Sticks; 4th, The Old Garret, Part 1; 5th, The Old Garret, Part 2; 6th, The Old Garret, Part 3. The six volumes are contained in a neat box, and will make a most acceptable present for young children. The price of the entire set is only $1,50.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



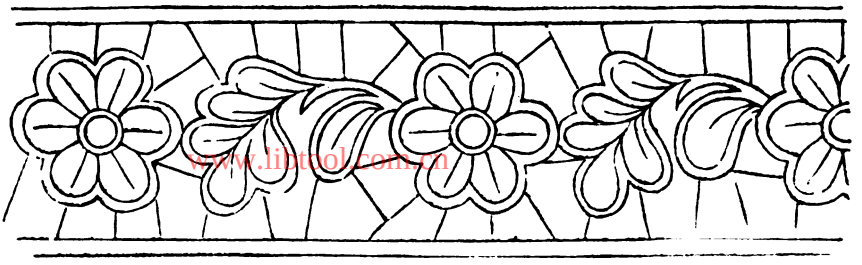
Digitized by Google



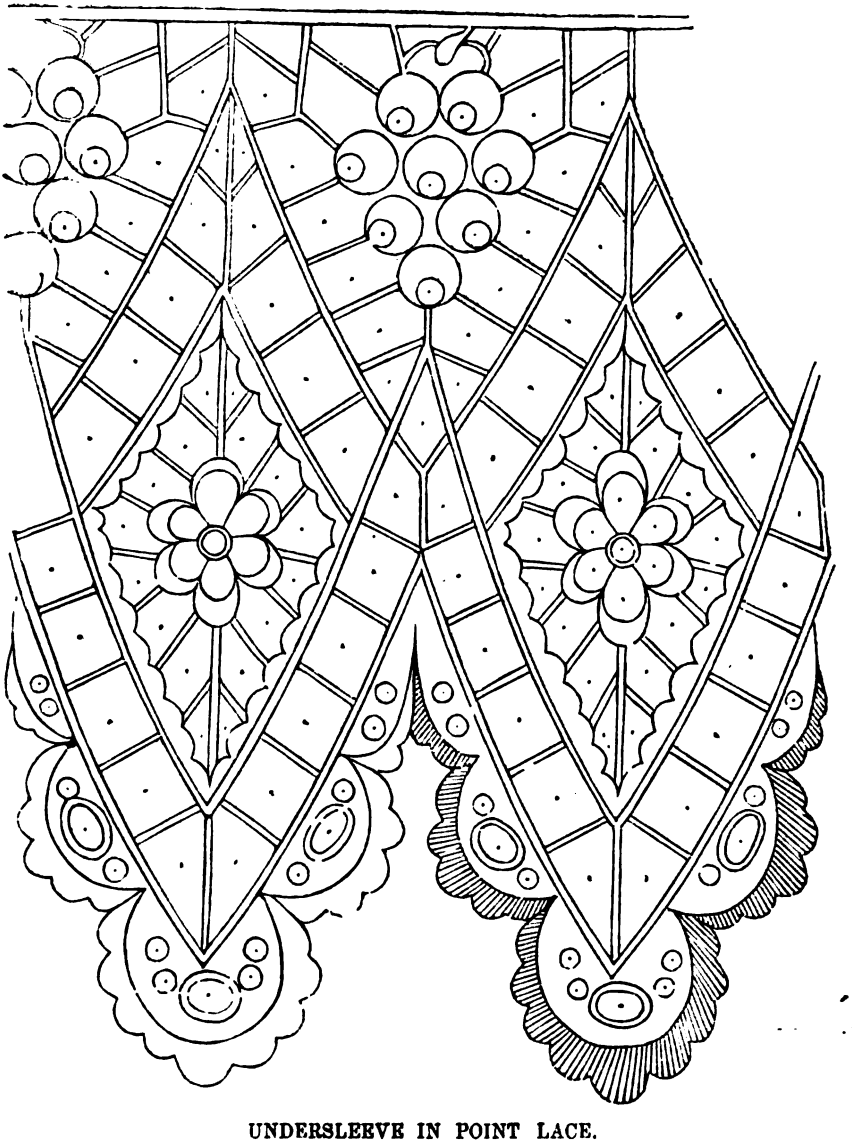
SILENCE.—From a Picture by Annibale Carracci.

[See page 260.

Digitized by Google



FRILL OF MUSLIN BASQUE.



UNDERSLEEVE IN POINT LACE.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



HUMAIOON. [See page 234.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



BRIDAL COSTUME. [*See page* 258.

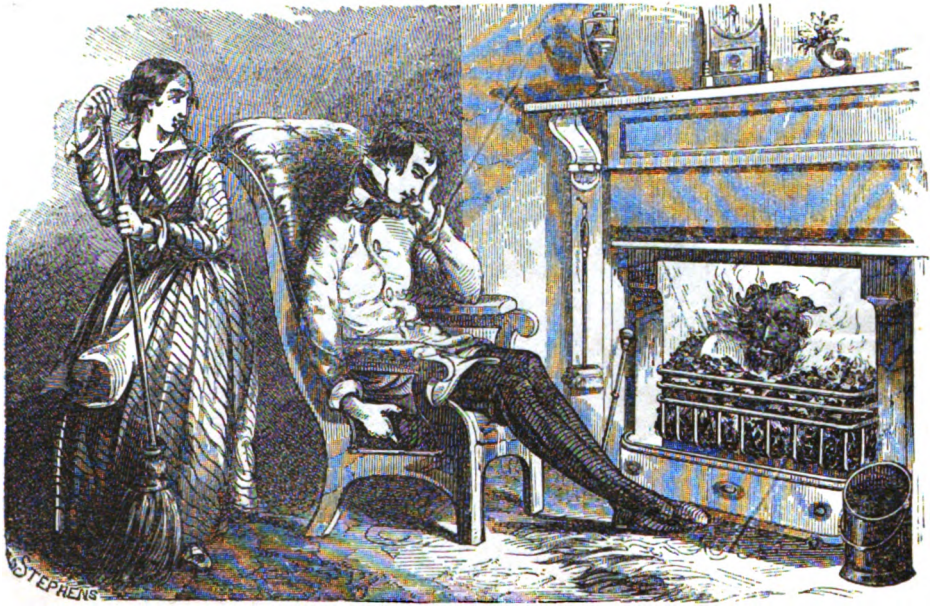
Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



SPRING FASHION. [*See page* 257.

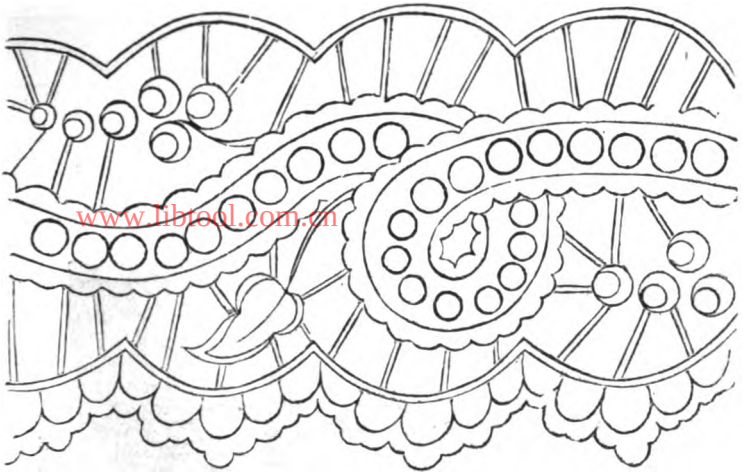
Digitized by Google



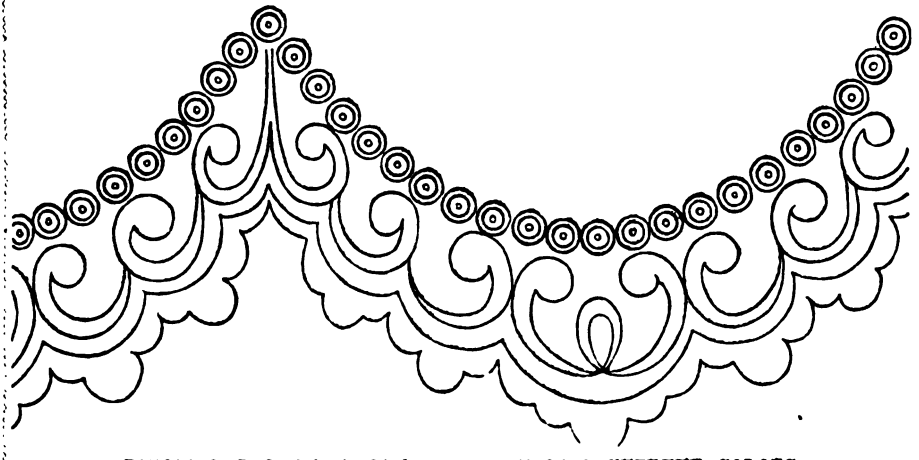
STORY OF A COAL FIRE. [See page 225.

www.libtool.com.cn

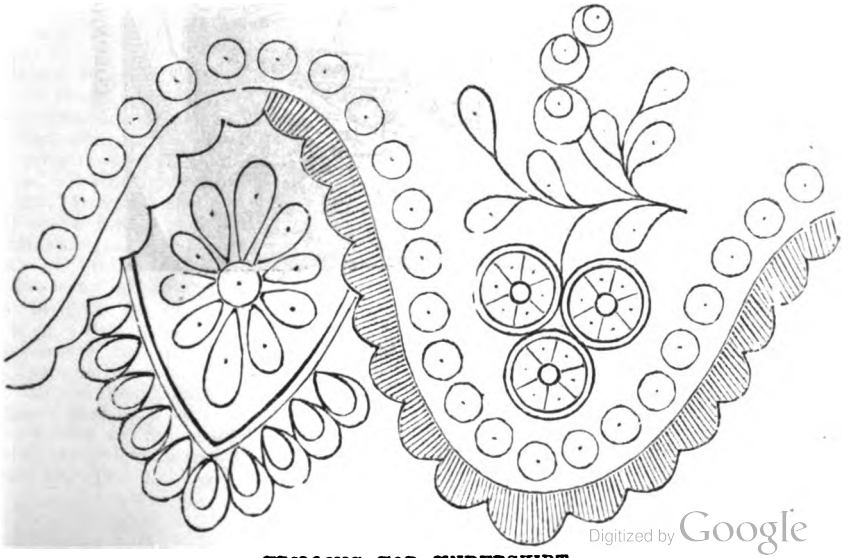
Digitized by Google



GUIPURE INSERTION.



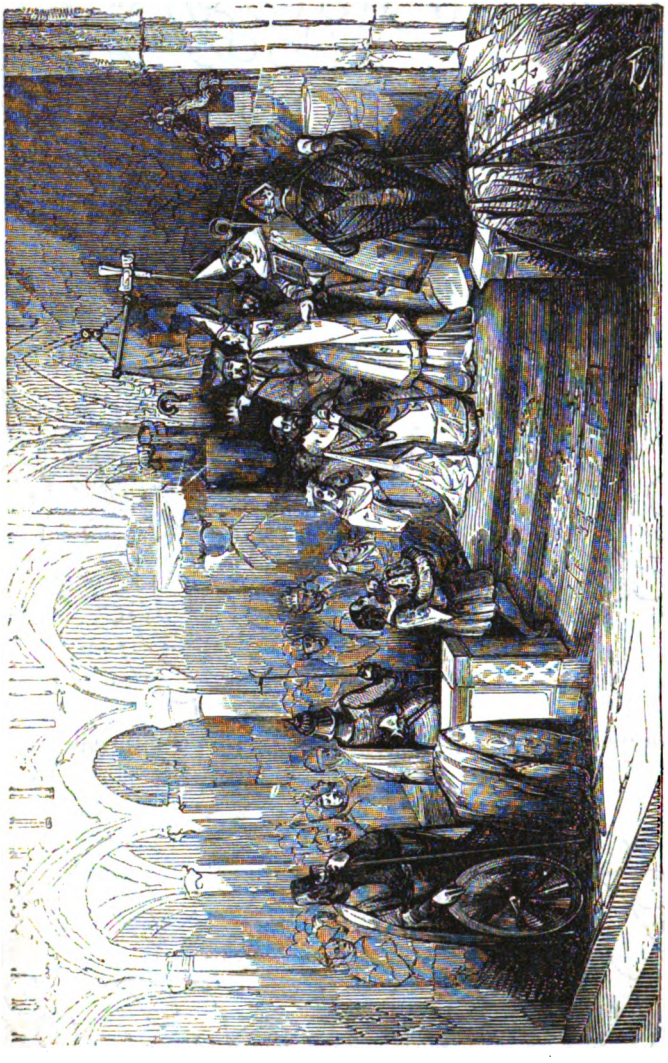
DESIGN FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF IN DIFFERENT COLORS.



FRILLING FOR UNDERSKIRT.

www.libtool.com.cn
Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE, AT ROME, IN THE YEAR 800.

Digitized by Google

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1856.

www.libtool.com.cn

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

No. VII.—CHARLEMAGNE.

The following masterly sketch of Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, is from the pen of Mr. ELIHU RICH:

This illustrious prince, the restorer of order and obedience in a state of society when only the most commanding talents and heroic steadfastness of purpose could have availed him in a struggle against anarchy and ignorance in their worst forms, was the grandson of Charles Martel, king of the Franks, and lived 742–814, master of an empire which embraced all France, a part of Spain, more than half of Italy, and nearly all of Germany. To feel his greatness adequately, it must be remembered that all the ancient landmarks of social order had been overthrown with the colossal Roman power, and that the whole civilized world was covered with its ruins, and infested with its crimes. The ancient seat of empire was divided among a score of petty tyrants; the Saracens had overrun Spain, and threatened the farther west; the northern kingdoms were only known as the cradle of adventurous armies, whose leaders in after years organized the feudal governments of Europe; Russia did not even exist; and England was just emerg-



CHARLEMAGNE, IN HIS IMPERIAL COSTUME.

Digitized by Google

ing from the confusion of the Heptarchy. Some two centuries before, 507–511, Clovis had founded the Frankish monarchy, and established himself at Paris, but his power was that of an absolute military chief, and he was succeeded by a line of phantom-kings, whose action is scarcely distinguishable from that of the barbarous fermentation proceeding around them. At length Pepin-Heristal, and his son, Charles-Martel, slowly paved the way for a new authority; the former by familiarizing men's minds with justness and goodness in the sovereign, and the latter by his heroic resistance of the Saracens, and the promise of an irresistible power in the government. The successes of Charlemagne were the natural issue of these circumstances under the command of his ambition and vast genius, favored by the compliance of the popes; who were willing to encourage a Christian protectorate in the west, as a counterpoise to the eastern empire of Irene, and the dreaded power of Haroun-al-Raschid. A catalogue of the principal events and dates is all that we can give in the space to which we are limited. In 768, Charles succeeded to the government, conjointly with his brother, Carloman; and on the death of the latter, in 771, became sole master of France, by wisely refusing to divide the authority with his nephews. In 770 he subdued the revolt of Aquitaine. In 772 he marched against the still idolatrous Saxons, and commenced a conflict which he maintained for upwards of thirty years. In 773 he crossed the Alps, and was shorly crowned king of Lombardy, and acknowledged suzerain of Italy by the pope, with the right of confirming the papal elections. In 778 he carried his arms into Spain, and pursued his victorious career as far as the Ebro, but was surprised on his return in the pass of Roncesvalles, where many of his knights perished, and among the rest Orlando, or Roland, his nephew, the hero of Ariosto. In 780, Louis-le-Débonnaire, his youngest son, was crowned by the pope, king of Aquitaine, and Pepin, his second son, king of Lombardy, both at Rome. Between 780 and 782, he visited a terrible retribution upon the Saxons, and compelled their chief to accept Christian baptism. Towards 790 we find him establishing seminaries of learning, and doing all in his power to elevate the character of the clergy, the most of whom had hitherto known little but the Lord's prayer; besides engaging in projects for the acceleration of commerce, the general improvement of the people, and the promotion of science. Before the end of the century he had invaded Pannonia, and extended his dominions in this direction to the mountains of Bohemia and the Raab. In 800 he was crowned at Rome emperor of the west; and in 803 was negotiating a union with Irene, in order to consolidate the eastern and western empires, when the empress was dethroned and exiled by Nicephorus. From this period to his death, which took place at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the seventy-first year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his reign, he was engaged in fortifying the coasts of France against the Northmen, and various matters relating to the security and the prosperity of the empire, including the settlement of the succession. In person and manners, Charlemagne was the perfection of simplicity, modesty, frugality, and in a word, of true greatness; was a good father, a tender husband, and a generous friend. He was indefatigable in all the duties of government, and whether in the camp or the court, had fixed hours for study, in which he took care to engage his courtiers by forming them into an academy. "For shame!" he exclaimed, to one who came before him attired more elegantly than the occasion demanded,—"dress yourself like a man; and if you would be distinguished, let it be by your merits, not by your garments." His nearest friend and companion was the illustrious Alcuyn, and his fame was so widely spread, that the only man, perhaps, of kindred genius in that age, the great caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid, courted his good-will, and complimented him by an embassage bearing presents. Before his death, he confirmed the succession in the person of his son, Louis, by an august ceremony. Placing the imperial crown upon the altar, he ordered Louis to take it with his own hands, that he might understand he wore it in his own right, under no authority but that of God. Perhaps we cannot conclude better, by way of further illustrating the character of Charlemagne, than with his words of advice to this prince:—"Love your people as your children," said he; "choose your magistrates and governors from those whose belief in God will preserve them from corruption, and see that your own life be blameless."

LET ME LINGER YET.

BY MRS. COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

Oh, let me linger yet a moment longer!
I cannot hence depart while *he* doth stay;
For with each look I feel the chain grow stronger
That binds me to him—take me not away!

Oh, let me linger yet! his eyes are beaming
With love's own sweetness when on me they rest;
And as their light within mine own is gleaming,
I feel each glance is buried in my breast.

Oh, let me linger yet! his lip is wearing
The winning smile it wore when first we met;
And his pale brow, so high and calm, is bearing
A look of pride—oh, let me linger yet!

Oh, let me linger yet! perchance ere morning,
He may be miles, long miles from me away;
'Tis midnight now—the castle clock gives warning—
Another hour; oh! let me, let me stay!

Oh! let me linger yet! whilst I may listen
To words that years shall not make *me* forget;
With truth, and love I see his dark eyes glisten—
Why *must* we part? oh! let me linger yet!

Sycamore Villa, near Brooklyn, L. I.

Digitized by Google

MAGDALENE:

A YOUNG GIRL'S STORY.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER VII.

The house is waste to-day,
The leaves have dropt from the spray.—[MRS. BROWNING.

It was the morning after the funeral, and everything still bore solemn witness to the departure of human life and love from the dwelling.

Mr. Winthrop lingered in the breakfast room, his head bent down upon his hands, alone with his own thoughts, although Miss Martha persued her customary domestic avocations, with rigid formality, at his side. Frank, listless and melancholy, for he, above all others, had loved and grieved over those little ones, who were never to return, stood gloomily before the window, looking out upon the black, wintry morning, unrelieved by sunshine, an icy, penetrating cold, almost visible, and scarcely shut out by the heavy curtains, and the glowing grate, from this home of ease and luxury.

"Only think of the poor people this morning, Miss Colburn," for Magdalene had stopped beside him for a moment, as she rose to go to her own room. "See how icy the pavements are, and how frosty the air is. How must anybody feel, who is keeping others from their just dues such a day as this. When *I* am a rich man"—and he looked up proudly—"I intend to be very benevolent—but first of all, I will be *very just*. Do you know"—and he spoke in a lower tone, though his father was still apparently absorbed by the fire side—"my father is very benevolent; I have heard gentlemen say so, and I read in one of the papers, while I was at school, of a great gift he had made to the new hospital. I shall be just like my father when I am a man."

Why was it that this simple praise, and childish glorying in his example thrilled the father's heart, as he unwittingly heard it, with more of pain than pleasure.

"My only son—my only child—alas! he *is* my only child, my pride, my *idol!*" Could it be a *man's* heart that spoke thus, and that man the cold, undemonstrative Mr. Winthrop, who rose up, presently, and said:

"You must not let him mope, Miss Colburn. I will leave him to you this morning. I have a case in court which will detain me from dinner, Martha. Do not wait. Frank, you had better drive out this afternoon—you can have my light cutter, and your own pony, if you like."

And when the boy turned, with his own bright, glowing smile for this thoughtfulness for his pleasure, the father's heart said again: "Oh, my God!—what would life be without *him!*" And he went out with a sudden, shuddering, nameless fear, that walked beside him in the busiest haunts of men all that day.

"I wish *I* had some little girls," said Miss Martha, drying a piece of china daintily, with a damask towel.

Magdalene looked up with a half smile at this sudden maternal aspiration on the worthy spinster's part, and Frank, for the first time since the shadow of their recent sorrow fell upon them, laughed outright.

"For you to teach," explained Miss Martha. "Of course, you know what I mean—so that you could stay with us. You seem so like one of the family, and I shall miss you so very much, that I cannot bear to think of it;" and she put the napkin to her eyes absently.

"Oh! I'd put up with them for *that*, myself," said Frank. "I know; Miss Colburn, stay and teach me."

Magdalene smiled faintly. "I could teach you very little, I am afraid."

"You can read Latin; I saw a Virgil among your books."

"But not Greek; and Harvard next year, recollect, Frank."

"Can you really read Latin?" Miss Martha's respect, always great, suddenly doubled. "Dear me, what a loss you will be to the family. Cousin John ought to know it—really, he ought to know it."

"I must not stay here and waste all my morning," said Magdalene, choking down the sudden rush of grateful feeling for their love and kindness, which both gave to her in such unstinted measure. "I have packing to do, since you have no little girls, Miss Martha, and Frank must have Greek;" but the pleasantry was forced, and the sob came back again.

"I thought Cousin John desired you to do something for Frank," suggested Miss Martha, to whom Cousin John's will was law.

"Yes, to take care of me; but never mind, I can look after myself; only don't go to packing, for it will be all wasted time—I know you won't go," said Frank, with boyish wilfulness.

Magdalene, at that moment, would fain have thought so; but she knew only too well that henceforth she had neither part nor lot with them; that her face was now set to a plainer home, and it might be far humbler surroundings. How strange it seemed, as she mechanically opened her drawers, and laid out her wardrobe, ready for journey, when Jane should be at liberty to disinter her trunk from the lumber room, that she was so soon to be entirely separated from this family.

Frank, with all his boyish friendship, would scarcely remember her name a year hence, and she knew Miss Martha's nature too well to think that her departure would cause more than a transient ruffling of its calm current.

Digitized by Google

She turned towards her old home with longing, yet it seemed hard to think of this room as empty hereafter, or given up to strangers, when Miss Martha's wishes should be accomplished, and Mr. Winthrop should bring home a new wife to fill the house with new and brighter guests than the sad memories which now haunted it.

www.libtool.com.cn

"It would be better for Frank," she thought. "I hope, for his sake, she will be young and genial. He needs a companion at home nearer his own age, and more sympathizing than his father or Miss Martha. I wonder if time will ever change him into the marble his father seems to have become. Ah, me! it is well for my little ones that they are taken away."

She looked with a sudden sense of loss and grieving towards the door of their now empty room, almost listening for the timid knock which heralded their intrusion on her leisure hours, and started as it opened quickly. But it was Frank's hand that was laid upon the lock.

"Oh! Miss Colburn, please forgive me. I can't imagine how I came to forget knocking, only I was so full of these;" and he held out a handful of old papers as an apology. "I was not thinking at all. Only see, some love letters, and I found them in the oddest place—the closet in my room. I was 'rummaging,' you see, for I can't keep quiet to-day, somehow. You know it's father's old room."

"Then these must be your father's papers," said Magdalene; pausing in her work to listen.

"Oh! no they're not; they were all rolled and crumpled up together, just so, to light the fire with, I suppose. I expect they are some of Jane's, or Eliza's; some woman or other, and a miserable hand. Just listen—isn't this funny?

"'*I cannot believe you love me; there is nothing in me for you to love. I wish you would not write to me again, or talk to me in the hall.*'"

"I guess you are right," said Magdalene, as Frank read the extract with mock-heroic emphasis. "But the girls might not like it, if they knew you had them."

"Oh, poh! Why, they were tossed down at the very bottom of the closet, under the sliding drawer; the drawer that is locked always. You see, they've been cleaning up the room sometime, and thrown them in out of the wood box or somewhere. Here's another:

"'*I did not mean to see you last night, but I could not help it. Don't ask me again to marry you,*'—only think, they got that far, Miss Colburn—'*it would not be right. I must go away, I know I ought to, and you will forget all about me, and marry some one to please your mother. Only I know what you will always be to me. Oh! how my heart aches! Sometimes I wish I could die, and that would end it all.*'"

Frank stopped suddenly, and looked up into Magdalene's face, surprised to see her listening so eagerly, and at the strained, painful expression of her eyes, that were fixed full upon him. Poor girl! this humble, unknown love, had touched the saddest memory of her life.

"I would not read any more, Frank; here, give them to me, it is not right. Whoever wrote them was in earnest, and in great trouble. They ought to be destroyed."

"Oh, you may have them, all for that matter. I'm going out the minute dinner is over. I can't breathe here;" and he looked towards the room through which he had just passed. "I thought I would come through it, and get accustomed, as soon as I could, to doing without them. But I can't go back that way. There!" and he threw the yellow, crumpled papers on the counterpane. "I don't believe I could laugh again to-day, even at them."

Magdalene looked after him with almost a sister's fondness, as he went out into the hall, while she pursued her work silently, until summoned to the abundant but formal dinner, over which Miss Martha presided in solitary dignity.

CHAPTER VIII.

Speak—teach!
To those who are sad already, it seems sweet,
By clear foreknowledge to make perfect, pain.
—[PROMETHEUS BOUND.

"Now, here are your mittens; I would really advise you to put them on, my dear."

"Mittens!"—and Frank, in cap and overcoat, looked from his monitor to Magdalene. "Only think, Miss Colburn!—*mittens to drive in!*"

"He always was above being spoken to," said Cousin Martha, so much accustomed to have her opinions disregarded that she only murmured over his obstinacy, instead of resenting the slight put upon her years and experience. "But I beg you will drive slowly, my dear boy, and be sure to walk your horse a part of the way. I must say, if he was *my* child, Miss Colburn, I would not trust him alone. But he's his father over again, and nothing that *I* say, ever did have an effect on cousin John."

"Now wasn't that ridiculous!" said Frank to Magdalene, as, by his special request, she threw a shawl about her, and went to the door to see him off. "Think of walking a horse such a day as this—and Black Prince above all horses. You never saw him before, did you, Miss Colburn? Isn't he a beauty?—black as night, and goes like the wind. Papa gave him to me last year. Wait till I'm out on the Neck." And Frank sprang down the steps, tying his comforter as he went, and into the sleigh in a single bound.

More like his father than ever, he seemed standing a minute to take the reins, and adjust the costly fur robes about him—so lithe and tall, so full of health and spirits, notwithstanding his morning declaration that he could not smile again that day.

Prince, enjoying the keen, clear atmosphere, scarcely needed a touch of the whip, and in a second he was out of sight, the bells sounding merrily through the frosty air.

Magdalene came back into the dim hall, and the house door shut with a heavy clang behind her. "It is hard to think he will forget me!"

Digitized by Google

she thought, going slowly up the stairs, with the tread of a tired heart.

Her own room was dim also. The blinds were down, the fire neglected, and the general air of disorder depressed her still more, as she entered it, and threw herself upon the bed, with an aimless, joyless feeling, the mood she thought to have banished returning. The papers Frank had so carelessly tossed aside, were within her reach, and she drew them towards her, thinking only to burn them as soon as she should rise. One, heavier than the rest, dropped away; it was an old print, torn and soiled, and on the margin was pencilled a few irregular lines, which she could scarcely decipher.

"*I send you back this picture,*"—she made out at length—"*I did not know I had it at first. I would rather have you keep it; because you have always said it looked like me. They will not believe me that we are married. I knew they would not; but I can bear it all, and more, for your sake. I have named our dear baby after the picture—she is so like you, John.*"

That was all—"*John*"—and the child's father was Mr. Winthrop—and the child!—her stiff, trembling hands tore the paper, as she tried to unfold it fairly, and a black mist hid the name beneath from her sight. It was a round, fair, girlish face—a low brow, with the hair swept back with a heavy braid; tender, womanly eyes, yet with a shadow in their deep earnestness,—such a face as the old masters have drawn for many a pictured saint, or still Madonna—yet the name—and she gasped for breath—

MAGDALENE!

Thought and life whirled around her in a wild and hopeless chaos, as she hid her face in her hands, and rocked to and fro in her old, childish, grieving way, while the afternoon wore on, and the early winter's night was closing in. One thought, struggling above the rest, that here she must not stay; no, not for a single night. It was all right—it was all best. She had been guided here, but the hand she had followed was beckoning her away again, with a fearful knowledge no one must share, and a burden which none could take up for her.

A stately tread, which she knew only too well, aroused her to actual life. She shivered as she sat up, and bound her disordered hair back from her throbbing temples. "God help me, if I must see him once more," she thought.—"Pity me, and guide me, for I am very weak!" She listened, with straining ears, until the footsteps had passed to the room above her own; and as they died away, another sound, like the tread of many feet below the window, a sudden halt, a quick, sharp peal, roused her fully to conscious action, and, urged by a fear at once irresistible and undefined, she flew to answer the summons; to pass Miss 'Martha, startled also; to anticipate the tardy Jane; to receive the messenger of evil tidings, and to see beyond him, borne in the arms of coarse but sympathizing men, the crushed and lifeless form of the noble boy she had parted with in the flush of health and vigor, only a few hours before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CLARAQUA—A BALLAD.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

We walked beside the crystal tide of fair Claraqua,
smiling bright
Beneath the moon's enamoured glance, the stars of
tranquil summer night;
The languid billow softly sighed responsive to the
wooing breeze,
And at our feet the waters beat a mimic music of the
seas.

The flowers' bloom a soft perfume, sweet atmosphere,
around us shed;
But sweeter far the sphere of peace that 'round our
souls the angels spread.
Within the lakes of thy bright eyes the heaven of my
love I traced,
While hand in hand we paced the strand and in that
clasp our hearts embraced.

Hope's pencil bright in hues of light the future of our
fortunes drew;
The earth was evermore to bloom, the skies forever
to be blue;
So pledged I thee in all my love's warm eloquence
of language, tone;
While thou each word didst make accord unto the
music of thy own

Ah! time and tide will not abide the will of man,
whate'er its might;
Yet, did they leave our hearts the same, but little
should we reck their flight;

O'er many a year we pledged to bliss my heart has
rung a funeral chime;
They leave to me but memory in mourning for that
happy time.

Again I stand upon the strand of fair Claraqua
flashing bright;
Again the moon doth calmly shine, the stars look
down with tranquil light;
The winds are soft, the flowers are sweet, as on that
blissful night of yore;
But to my heart they can impart the charm of hope
and joy no more.

For now beside Claraqua's tide alone I stand, alone
to pine
That now I clasp no trembling hand, no gentle eyes
look up to mine;
No loving voice to mine responds in tender words and
melting tone;
No fond heart pressed against my breast gives
warmer pulse unto my own.

Ah! thou art gone! The form, that shone a glorious
presence like the day,
Has now in earth no part, except to sanctify some
feet of clay:
And every hope that springs from time, and every
joy the world can give,
Are gone with thee—they died to me when that
bright form did cease to live.

Digitized by Google

THE ADVENTURES OF A BUTTERFLY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

www.libtool.com.cn

A butterfly of high degree, who lived near Paris, in the forest of Bellevue, and who had once saved my life, feeling herself about to die, entreated me to become the guardian of the child she was destined not to see, and whose birth was approaching.

After some very natural hesitation, gratitude at last induced me to accept this difficult task. I therefore promised my benefactress to consecrate my life to the egg she confided to me, and which she had deposited in the calyx of a flower. The infant saw the light the next day after the death of its mother.

I had the chagrin to see him make his début into life by an act of ingratitude. He left the bell-flower, his adopted mother, who had lent him the shelter of her heart, without ever bidding a last adieu to the poor flower, who bent to the very ground in token of affliction.

His early education was difficult; he was capricious as the wind, and of unparalleled levity. But light characters are unconscious of the evil they do; therefore, we often love them. I had, then, the happiness, or rather the misfortune, of experiencing a truly natural affection for this poor child, though he had, to tell the truth, all the defects of a little caterpillar.

I repeated to him a thousand times, and always in vain, the same lessons. I predicted to him a thousand times the same misfortunes. More incredulous even than man, the volatile creature paid no attention to my predictions.—If I happened, supposing him to be sleeping on a blade of grass, to quit him an instant, however brief my absence, I never found him in the same place. I remember that one day, and when his sixteen paws could hardly carry him, a visit that I made to some bees in the neighborhood being prolonged, he found means to climb, in a high wind, at the peril of his life, to the very summit of a tree.

However, his vivacity soon left him.

I thought, for a moment, that my counsel had taken effect; but I soon discovered that what I had taken for prudence, was a disease, during which he seemed oppressed with a general torpor. He remained from twelve to fifteen days without motion, as if in a lethargic sleep.

"How do you feel?" said I to him, sometimes. "What is the matter, my dear child?"

"Nothing," he would reply, in a feeble tone. "Nothing, my kind guardian; I cannot move, and yet I feel within me unknown impulses; the malady which affects me is indescribable; every thing wearies me; do not speak; it is best to be silent, and not to move."

He could no longer be recognized. His skin, of a pale yellow, assumed the appearance of a dried leaf; this life resembled death so closely, that I despaired of saving him, when one day, beneath a resplendent sun, I saw him by degrees revive, and very soon the cure was entire.—Never was transformation more complete; he was large, beautiful, and brilliant with the richest colors. Four azure wings sprang, as if by enchantment, from his shoulders; graceful antennæ rose from his head; six pretty little delicate paws moved beneath a fine corslet of velvet, spotted with red and black; his eyes opened; his glance sparkled; he shook, for an instant, his light wings; the chrysalis disappeared, and I saw the butterfly soar away.

I followed him with swift wing.

Never was course more vagabond. Never was flight more rapid. It seemed as if the entire earth appertained to him; as if all the flowers were his flowers; the light his light; and creation had been made for him alone.—This intoxication was such, and this entrance into life so impetuous, that I feared lest the strength of youth would not suffice for these unmeasured flights.

But his capricious fancy, soon tired of these meadows, so much loved at first; disdained these fields, already too familiar. Ennui succeeded; and against this malady of the rich and the fortunate, all the joys of air, all the festivals of nature were powerless. I saw him, then, seek in preference the plant beloved of Homer and of Plato, the asphodel, the symbol of pale reveries. He remained whole minutes on the flowerless lichen of the barren rocks, with drooping wings, having no other sentiment than that of satiety; and more than once I had to draw him away from the livid and sombre leaves of the belladonna and hemlock.

He returned one evening, much agitated, and related to me, with emotion, that he had just met, on a wild marigold, a very amiable butterfly, newly arrived from distant countries, of which he had related marvels.

The love of the unknown had ruined him.

It has been said, "Who has not some grief to distract, or some yoke to shake off?"

"I must travel or die!" exclaimed he.

"Do not die," said I to him; "we will travel."

Suddenly, life returned to him; he unfolded his reanimated wings, and we set out for Baden.

To describe to you his wild joy at our departure, his delight, his ecstacy, would be impossible; he was so radiant, so light, that I, a poor insect whose wings had been enfeebled by sorrow, could with difficulty follow him.

We stopped only at Château-Thierry, not far from the boasted banks of the Marne, which witnessed the birth of La Fontaine.

Shall I tell you what arrested his flight? It was an humble violet, which he perceived on the recess of a forest.

"How can one help loving you," said he to her, "little violet, you, who are so gentle and so modest? If you knew how simple and charming you are, how your pretty green leaves become you, you would comprehend that you

Digitized by Google

must be beloved. Be kind; consent to become my cherished sister; see how calm and quiet I am beside you. All around enchants and delights me; I love this tree, which protects you with its shade; this peaceful freshness, and this perfume which surrounds you; you do well to be blue, and graceful, and hidden! If you love me, what a sweet life will be ours!"

"Become a poor flower, like myself, and I will love you," said the sensible flower; "and, when winter comes, when the snow covers the earth, and the wind blows sadly through the departed branches, I will conceal you beneath these leaves which you love, and we will together forget the weather and its signs. Lay aside your wings, and promise to love me always."

"Always," repeated he, "always; that is a very long time, and I do not look forward to winter."

And he resumed his flight.

"Console yourself," said I to the sorrowful violet; "you have lost only misery."

Beneath us passed the fields, the forests, the cities, and the barren plains of Champagne.—Near Metz, a perfume from the earth attracted him.

"What a beautiful country!" said he to me. "What an extensive prospect! Through what fine meadows must this mountain stream flow!"

And I saw him direct his coquettish flight towards a rose which blossomed on the banks of the Moselle.

"What a magnificent rose!" murmured he. What lively colors! What a festal air, and healthy complexion!"

"How beautiful you are, and how full of attractions!" said he to her. "The sun never shone on a finer rose. Welcome me, I pray; I come from afar; suffer me to rest for an instant on one of your branches."

"Do not approach," replied the disdainful rose. "Do I know whence you come? You are presumptuous, and you know how to flatter; you are a deceiver; keep off!"

He approached, and suddenly recoiled.

"Naughty one," exclaimed he, "you have stung me!"

And he pointed to his wounded wing.

"I do not like roses," added he; "they are cruel and heartless. Let us resume our flight. Happiness is in inconstancy."

Near there, he perceived a lily; he was charmed with its distinction. But the aristocracy of its mien, its imposing nobility and whiteness, intimidated him.

"I dare not love you," said he to her, in his most respectful tone, "for I am only a butterfly, and I fear to agitate the air which your presence makes fragrant."

"Be spotless," replied the lily; "never change, and I will be your sister."

Never change! In this world, only butterflies are sincere; they make no promises. And a gust of wind carried him above the silvery sands of the banks of the Rhine.

I quickly rejoined him.

"Follow me," he had already said to a field-daisy; "follow me, and I will love you always, because you are simple and pretty; we will cross the Rhine; we will go to Baden. You will love those brilliant fêtes, those concerts, those decorations, those enchanted palaces, and those pretty blue mountains which you see on the edge of the horizon. Leave these monotonous banks, and you shall be the most graceful of all the flowers in the smiling country around Baden."

"No," replied the virtuous flower. "No, I love France; I love these banks, where I was born; I love these daisies, my sisters, who surround me; I love this earth, which nourishes me; it is here that I would live and die. Do not ask me to leave this spot. Daisies are beloved for their constancy. I cannot accompany you, but you can remain here; and, far from the sounds of this world, of which you speak, I will love you. Believe me, happiness is easy; confide in sweet nature. What flower will love you better than I? Count my leaves; omit none, neither those which I have sacrificed to you, nor those which sorrow has made to fall; count them again, and see that I love you, that I love you much; and it is you, ingrate, who do not love me at all."

He hesitated an instant, and I saw the tender flower hope.

"Why have I wings?" said he.

And he flew away.

"I shall die!" said the daisy, bending to the ground.

"It is very soon to die," said I to her; "believe me, your grief will pass away; one rarely places one's heart worthily."

And I recited, with Lamartine, that beautiful line which has consoled so many flowers:—

"N'est il pas une terre où tout doit refleurir?"

"*Vergiss mein nicht*, love me, love me; turn your white crown and your heart towards this little corner of earth, where you are adored; I am a little plant, like you, and I love all that you love," whispered to the desolate daisy a blue flower, her neighbor, who had heard all.

"Kind flower," thought I, "if flowers are made to love each other, perhaps you will be rewarded."

And I could rejoin, less sadly, my frivolous ward.

"I love motion; I have wings to fly," replied he, with melancholy. "Butterflies are much to be pitied! I will no longer look at anything on the earth. I will forget these motionless flowers; encounters with them have made me profoundly sad. This life is odious to me."

And I saw him dart towards the river, as if carried away by a sudden resolution! A fatal presentiment crossed my brain, and I hastened to the banks of the river, which I knew to be deep in this place.

But all was calm; and nothing appeared on the surface, but the floating leaves of the water-lily, around which aquatic spiders were describing grotesque circles.

Shall I confess it? My blood grew chill!

Digitized by Google

Fool that I was! I might have spared my fears; a tuft of reeds had concealed him from me.

"What have you been doing, so long, my wise guardian?" exclaimed he in a tone of raillery. "Do you take the Rhine for a mirror, or are you thinking of drowning yourself?—Come this way; and, if you have any affection for me, be happy, for I have found happiness! I love at last, and this time forever; not a sorry flower, fixed to the soil, and condemned to the earth, but a treasure, a pearl, a diamond, a daughter of air, a living and animated flower with wings, four delicate and transparent wings, enriched with precious jewels, wings more beautiful than my own, perhaps, to cleave the air and fly with me."

And I perceived, poised on the top of a reed, and gently swung by the wind, a graceful dragon-fly, of brilliant hues.

"I present to you my betrothed," said he.

"What!" exclaimed I, "have things already gone so far?"

"Already?" replied the dragon-fly; "our shadows have lengthened, and these gladiolas have closed since we became acquainted. He told me that I was beautiful, and I loved him immediately for his frankness, and for his beauty, equal to mine."

"Alas! Mademoiselle," said I, "if similarity is desirable in marriage, marry and be happy I shall not oppose it."

I must confess that they arrived at Baden almost simultaneously. They visited, together, the same day, with a rare conformity of caprice, the fine gardens of the Palace de Jeux, the old Château, the Convent, Lichtenthal, the Vallée de Ciel, and the Vallée de l'Enfer, adjacent. I saw them both enamored with the cool murmur of the same stream, and both quit it with equal inconstancy.

The marriage had been announced for the morrow. The witnesses were, for the dragon-fly, a gnat and capricorn of her family; and for the butterfly, a respectable moth, who was accompanied by his niece, a well-educated caterpillar.

We are assured that at the moment when the beetle, who married them, opened the Civil Code, at chapter VI., concerning the *respective rights and duties of husband and wife*, and pronounced, in a penetrating voice, these formidable words:—

"ART. 212. Husband and wife owe to each other, fidelity, assistance, tenderness.

"ART. 213. The husband owes protection to his wife; the wife, obedience to her husband.

"ART. 214. The wife is obliged to live with the husband, and to accompany him wherever he is obliged to reside;"

The bride made a movement of terror, which was perceived by the spectators.

An old dragon-fly, whom an intelligent perusal of the *Physiology of Marriage*, by M. de Balzac, had confirmed in her ideas of celibacy, and who had made of this book her *vade mecum*, said that these three articles could never have been dictated by a dragon-fly. The youngest sister of the bride, who was very susceptible, burst into tears, on this occasion to conform to the customs.

The same evening a great fête was given in the outskirts of the fine woods which surround the château of La Favorite, in the furrow of a wheat field which had been arranged for this purpose.

Letters of invitation, printed in colors and in gold by Silbermann, of Strasburg, on mulberry leaves, had been addressed to strangers of distinction, whom the pursuit of health or pleasure had brought to Baden, and to notable native insects whom the newly married couple wished to make witnesses of their happiness.

The preparations for this fête were so noised abroad, that the roads were soon covered with a throng of guests and spectators. The snails set out with their equipages; the hares mounted on the swiftest tortoises; the crawfish, full of fire, neighed and capered beneath the impatient whip of the coachman. You should especially have seen the thousand-leg worms galloping over the pavements. Every one strove to be the first to arrive.

The evening before, theatres had been arranged in the open air, in the neighboring furrows. A green grasshopper executed the boldest leaps on the flexible stalks of the clematis. The enthusiastic shouts of the admiring snails and tortoises were mingled with the drums of this herald of the indefatigable danseuse. The cricket made for himself a trumpet of the corolla of a tri-colored bird-weed.

The ball soon commenced. The assembly was numerous, and the fête brilliant. A fire-fly was charged to prepare an illumination, *a giorno* which should surpass all efforts of the imagination; glow-worms, those little stars of earth, suspended with infinite art to the light wreaths of the flowing convolvulus, produced such a marvellous effect, that everybody thought a fairy had passed that way. The golden stems of the astragals, covered with fire-flies, and lantern-flies, shed such a light, that the butterflies themselves could hardly endure its brilliancy; as for the moths, many withdrew, even before taking leave of the newly married couple, and those who persisted in remaining, esteemed themselves fortunate in being able, while the fête lasted, to hide their heads beneath their velvet wings.

When the bride appeared, the whole assembly burst forth into transports of admiration, so beautiful was she, and so magnificently dressed. She did not rest a moment, and every one complimented the fortunate husband, (who, on his part, did not lose a single country dance,) on the irresistible graces of her to whom he had united his destiny.

The orchestra, conducted by a drone, a skillful violoncellist, and pupil of Botta, played with great perfection new and admired waltzes by Reber, and the country dances, always so dear to grasshoppers, of the flowery meadows.

Towards midnight, a rival of Taglioni, Signorina Cavaletta, clad in the transparent robes of

Digitized by Google

a nymph, danced a saltarella, which, before the winged assembly, obtained only a tolerable success. The ball was then followed by a grand vocal and instrumental concert, in which appeared artists of every country, who were spending the summer at Baden.

A grasshopper performed, on a single string, a solo which Paganini had played a few hours before his death.

A cicada, who had created a *furore* at Milan, that classic land of the cicada, was much applauded in a melody of his own composition, entitled *The Perfume of the Roses*, whose monotonous rhythm resembled the epithilamium of the ancients. He sang with much dignity, accompanying himself on an antique lyre, which some ignoramuses took to be a guitar.

A young German frog sang an air, the words of which were borrowed from the *Sunlight Songs* of Victor Hugo. But the coolness of the night having somewhat affected the quality of her voice, the words were applauded rather than the songstress.

A nightingale, who found himself by chance a spectator of this almost royal wedding, yielded with infinite grace to the entreaties of the assembly. The divine singer, from the top of his tree, diffused amid the silence of night all the riches of his throat, and surpassed himself in a very difficult aria, which he had heard chanted only once, he said, with inimitable perfection, by a great artist, Madame Viardot-Garcia, the worthy sister of the celebrated Maria Malibran.

At last the concert was terminated by the fine chorus from *La Muette; I have fruits, I have flowers*, which was sung with a unity very rare at the Opera, by all the artists present.

During this last part of the concert, a supper, composed of the most exquisite juices, extracts from the blossoms of the jessamine, myrtle, and orange, was served in the calices of the most beautiful blue and rosy bell-flowers ever seen. This delicious supper was prepared by a bee, whose secret might have been coveted by the most celebrated confectioners.

At one o'clock the dance had resumed all its vivacity, the fête was at its apogee.

At half past one, strange rumors began to be circulated; every one was whispering; the husband, furious, some said, sought, and sought in vain, his wife, who had disappeared a few minutes before.

Some insects, among his friends, obligingly affirmed, doubtless in order to re-assure him, that she had just danced a redowa with a very genteel insect, and a good dancer, her relative, the same who had been present as a witness at the celebration of the marriage.

"The wretch!" exclaimed the poor husband in despair; "the wretch! I will revenge myself!"

I took pity on his misery.

"Come," said I, "compose yourself, and remember that revenge amends nothing. You have sown inconstancy; it is sad, but it is just that you should reap what you have sown. Forget; this time you will do well. You must not curse life, but endure it."

"You are right!" exclaimed he; "decidedly, love is not happiness."

And I succeeded in enticing him from this field, lately so animated, which news of his misfortune had made a desert.

The anger of butterflies is of short duration. The night was serene, the air clear; his good humor soon returned; and, as he left the gardens of La Favorite, he bade good night, almost gaily, to a marvel of Peru, which was watching beside a sleeping convolvulus.

On reaching the road, he said:

"Do you see that diligence on its return to Strasburg? Let us profit by the night, and place ourselves on the imperial; this travelling through the air fatigues me."

"No," replied I; "you have escaped the thorns, drowning, and despair; you would not escape men. There may be some snares in this heavy carriage. Believe me, let us return to France on our wings; the fresh air will do you good; and besides, we shall arrive sooner and without dust."

Very soon we had left Kehl, the Rhine, and its bridge of boats behind us. Arrived at Strasburg, it was with the greatest astonishment that I saw him pause before the spire of the cathedral, whose elegance and boldness he admired in terms which would have done credit to an artist.

"I love everything beautiful!" exclaimed he.

Light minds love always; it is for them a permanent and necessary state, it is only the object which changes; if they forget one it is to substitute another. A little farther on, he saluted the statue of Guttemburg, when I had told him that this bronze of David, was a homage recently rendered to the inventor of printing.

A little further still, he bowed before the image of Kleber.

"My good guardian," said he to me; "if I were not a butterfly, I would be an artist; I would build fine monuments; I would make beautiful books or statues; or rather, I would become a hero, and die gloriously."

I profited by the opportunity to inform him that it is not given to every hero to die in combat, and that Kleber died assassinated.

The day having dawned, it became necessary to think of an asylum; fortunately, I perceived a window open of an immense saloon, which I recognized as belonging to the City Library. It was full of books and valuable articles. We entered without fear, for, at Strasburg as elsewhere, the halls of science are always empty.

His attention was attracted by an antique bronze of the greatest beauty. He praised enthusiastically the noble and severe lines of this imposing Minerva, and I thought for an instant that he was about to listen to the iron counsels of imperishable wisdom. He contented himself with remarking that men make fine things.

"Yes," replied I; "almost all their cities possess a library, full of *chefs d'œuvres* which very few among them know how to ap-

Digitized by Google

preciate; and a museum of natural history which might make even a butterfly reflect."

This remark silenced him, and he kept still until evening. But after a whole day of rest, at nightfall nothing could stop him, and he resumed his flight.

"Wait for me!" exclaimed I. "wait for me; in these walls, inhabited by our enemies, everything is a snare, everything is to be feared."

But the insensate would not listen to me; he had perceived the brilliant flame from a gas-burner which had just been lighted; and, allured by this deceptive brilliancy, intoxicated by the dazzling light, I saw him hover around it for a moment, then fall.

"Alas!" said he to me; "my poor darling, help me; this beautiful flame has killed me; I feel it; my burn is mortal. I must die, and die burned! It is very vulgar. Die," repeated he; "die in the month of July, when nature is everywhere full of life! No longer see this enamelled earth! What terrifies me in death, is its eternity."

"You are mistaken," said I; "we think we die, but we do not. Death is but a passage to another life."

And I expounded to him the consoling doctrines of Pythagoras, and his disciple, Archytas, on the successive transformation of beings, and, to support them, reminded him that he had already been a caterpillar, chrysalis, and butterfly.

"Thanks," said he to me, in a tone almost resolute, "thanks; you have been kind to me to the last. Come then, death, since I am immortal! "And yet," added he; "I should like to have seen, before I died, those flowery banks of the Seine, where the days of my childhood passed so pleasantly away."

He gave also one regret to the violet and the daisy; remembrances of them revived his strength. "They loved me," said he; "if I could return to life, I would seek beside them repose and happiness."

These smiling projects, so sad in the face of death, reminded me of those gardens where the little children of men plant in the sand branches and cut flowers, which are withered on the morrow.

His voice suddenly grew weaker.

"I hope," said he, in so low a tone that I could scarcely hear him, "I hope that I shall be resuscitated neither a mole nor a man, and that I shall revive with wings."

And he expired.

He was in the flower of his age, and had lived but two months and a half, scarcely half the ordinary life of a butterfly.

I wept for him; and yet, when I thought of the sad old age his incorrigible levity was preparing for him, I began to think that all was for the best, in the best possible of worlds. For I am of the opinion of La Bruyere, a frivolous and light old man is a great deformity in nature.

As for the dragon-fly, whom he had espoused, if you wish to know what became of her, you may find her, fixed at last, by means of a pin, under No. 1840, in the collection of a German Grand Duke, a passionate lover of insects, who was catching them in nets, on his estates situated a few leagues from Baden, on the day after the fatal wedding.

You will see beside her a beautiful insect, fixed in the same manner under No. 1841. The dragon-fly and the insect were taken on the same day, with the same cast of the net, by the fortunate prince whom Heaven seemed to have ordained to serve as the blind instrument of its inexorable justice.

AUTUMN RAIN

BY MARY H. LUCY.

With a desolate sound of wailing,
The winds go hurrying by;
And the clouds like bannered armies,
Are trooping o'er the sky.

And I listen to the music,
Of the pleading autumn rain
As it wildly seeks admittance,
Tapping at my window pane.

It bringeth me many memories,
Bright dreams of other years;
And some are like summer sunshine,
And others are dim with tears.

The loneliest hour I ever knew,
With its sense of unquiet pain,
Was sitting alone in the twilight hour
Listening the autumn rain.

AN OLD BALLAD.

[The following eccentric ballad is somewhat modernized from one given in the "Songs and Carols, printed from a MS. in the Sloane Collection." It was written about the year 1450:]

I have a young sister,
Far beyond the sea;
Many are the presents
That she sent to me.
She sent me a cherry
Without any stone,
She sent me a pigeon
Without any bone;
Without any thorns
She sent me a briar;
She bade me love my lover,
And that without desire.

How can a cherry
Be without a stone?
How can a pigeon
Be without a bone?
How can a briar
Be without a thorn?
And who e'er loved without desire,
Since true love first was born?

When the cherry was a blossom,
Then it had no stone;
When the dove was in the egg,
Then it had no bone;
When first the briar sprouted,
Never a thorn it bore;
And when a maiden has her lover,
Oh, then she longs no more.

Digitized by Google

THE TRUE STORY OF A COAL FIRE.

[The volume from which the following article is taken—"Sunshine on Daily Paths; or, a Revelation of Beauty and Wonder in Common Things"—is one combining interest, romance, and solid instruction, in a higher degree than any book of its class that we know. The illustrations, one of which we present in this number, are admirable, and give to it additional attractions. Messrs. Peck & Bliss, of our city, are the publishers. The "Story of a Coal Fire" is a charming piece of writing.]

One winter's evening, when the snow lay as thick as a great feather bed all over the garden, and was knee-deep in the meadow-hollows, a family circle sat round a huge fire, piled up with blocks of coal of that magnitude and profusion which are only seen at houses in the neighborhood of a coal mine. It appeared as if a tram-wagon had been "backed" into the room, and half its load of great loose coal shot out into the enormous aperture in the wall which lies below the chimney, and behind the fire place in these rural abodes. The red flames roared, and the ale went round.

The master of the house was not exactly a farmer, but one of those country personages who fill up the interval between the thorough farmer, and the squire who farms his own estate; a sort of leather-legged, nail-shoed old gentleman, whose elder sons might easily be mistaken for gamekeepers, and the younger for ploughboys; but who, on Sundays, took care to "let them see the difference" at church. Their father was, therefore, never called farmer Dalton, but old Mr. Dalton, and almost as frequently Billy-Pitt Dalton—the coal-mine in which he held a share being named the "William Pitt." His lands, however, were but a small matter; his chief property was a third share he had in this coal-mine, which was some half a mile distant from the house. His eldest son was married, and lived close to the mine, of which he acted as the charter-master, or contractor with proprietors for the work to be done.

Among the family group that encircled the huge coal fire, was one visiter—a young man from the city, a nephew of old Dalton. He had been sent down to this remote coal country by his father, in order to separate him from associates who dissipated his time, and from pursuits and habits that prevented his mind settling to any fixed occupation and course of life. Flashly was a young man of kindly feelings, and good natural abilities, both of which, however, were in danger of being spoiled.

Various efforts were made from time to time, to amuse the dashing young fellow "from town." Sometimes the old gentleman related the wonders of the coal-mines, and the perilous adventures of the miners; and on more than one occasion the pastor of the village endeavored to interest him in the grand history of the early world, and especially of the period of antediluvian forests, and their various transmutations. All in vain. He paid no attention to them. If any thing they said made any impression at all, it was solely due to the subtle texture of the human mind, which continually receives much more than it seeks, or has wit enough to desire.

A word or two about this young man. Flashly Dalton had some education, which he fancied was quite enough; and was very ambitious, without any definite object. His father had proposed several professions to him, but none of them suited him, chiefly because, to acquire eminence in any of them, so long a time was needed. Besides, none seemed adequate to satisfy his craving for distinction. He looked down rather contemptuously on all ordinary pursuits. The fact was, he ardently desired fame and fortune, but did not like to work for either. One of the greatest injuries his mind had sustained, was from a certain species of "fast literature," which the evil spirit of town life has squirted into the brains of our young men during the last three or four years, whereby he had been taught and encouraged to laugh at everything of serious interest, and to seek to find something ridiculous in all ennobling efforts. If a great thing was done, he endeavored to prove it a little one; if a profound truth was enunciated, he sought to make it out a lie; to him, a new discovery in science was a humbug; a generous effort a job. If he went to see an exhibition of pictures, it was to sneer at the most original designs; if to see a new tragedy, it was only in the hope of its being damned. If a new work of fiction were admirable, he talked spitefully of it, or with supercilious patronage; and as to a noble poem, he scoffed at all such things with some slang joke at "high art;" besides, he *wrote* himself, as many a young blade now attempts to do, instead of beginning with a little study, and some decent reading. To Flashly, all knowledge was a sort of absurdity; his own arrogant folly seemed so much better a thing. He therefore only read books that were like himself, and encouraged him to grow worse. The literature of indiscriminate and reckless ridicule and burlesque, had taught him to have no faith in any sincere thing, no respect for true knowledge; and this had well nigh destroyed all good in his mind and nature, as it unfortunately has done with too many others of his age at the present day.

Sitting silently in front of the fire for some half an hour, the others of the family having retired for the night, Flashly gradually fell into a sort of soliloquy, partaking in about equal degrees of the grumbling, the self-conceited, the humorous, and the drowsy.

"What a place this is for coals! What a smutty face nature wears! From the house

Digitized by Google

upward, all alike—dull, dusky, and detestable. Pfeu! Smell of fried mutton-fat! Now, then, old Coal-fire, hold up your head. I'm sleepy myself. This house is more like a hearse, than a dwelling-place for live-stock. The roadway in front of the house is all of coal dust; the front of the house is like a sweep's, it only wants the dangling sign of his 'brush.' The window-ledges have a constant layer of black dust over them; so has the top of the porch; so have the chimney-pieces inside the house, where all the little china cups and gimcracks have a round black circle of coal-dust at the bottom. There is always a dark scum over the water of the jug in my bed-room. How I detest this life among the coals! Where's the great need of them? Why don't the stupid old world burn wood?"

The fire had by this time sunk to dull, red embers, and gray ashes, with large, dark chasms around and behind. The shadows on the wall were faint, and shifting with the flickering of the last candle, now dying in the socket. Flashley's eyes were closed, and his arms folded, as he still continued to murmur to himself. Sooth to say, the ale had got into his head.

At length he made an effort to rise; but instead of doing so, he fell sideways over one arm of the chair, with his arms hanging down. Staring up helplessly from this position, he saw a heavy, dwarfed figure with shining eyes, coming out of the darkness of the room! He could not distinguish its outline; but it was elf-like, black, and had a rough, rocky skin. It had eyes that shot rays like great diamonds; and through its coal-black, naked body, the whole of its veins were discernible; not running with blood, but filled with stagnant gold. Its step was noiseless, yet its weight seemed so immense, that the floor slowly bent beneath it; and, like ice before it breaks, the floor bent more and more as the figure came nearer.

At this alarming sight, Flashley struggled violently to rise. He did so; but instantly reeling half round, dropped into the chair, with his head falling over the back of it. At the same moment, the ponderous elfin took one step nearer; and the whole floor sank slowly down with a long-drawn moan, that ended in a rising and rushing wind, with which Flashley felt himself borne away through the air, fleeter than his fast-fleeing consciousness.

Not daring to unclose his eyes, Flashley gradually returned to consciousness, and heard a voice speaking near to him, yet in tones that seemed like the echoes of some great cavern, or deep mine.

"Man lives to-day," said the voice—and the youth felt it was the black elfin with the diamond eyes and golden veins, that was speaking—"Man lives to-day, not only for himself and those around him, but also that by his death and decay, fresh grass may grow in the fields of future years: and that sheep may feed and give food and clothing for the continuous race of man. Even so the food of one generation becomes the stone of another. And the stone shall become a fuel—a poison—or a medicine. Awake, young man! awake from the stupor of an ignorant and presumptuous youth, and look around you!"

The young man, with no little trepidation, opened his eyes. He found he was alone. The strange being that had just spoken was gone. He ventured to gaze on the scene that surrounded him.

The place in which he found himself seemed to partake, not in distinct proportions, but altogether, so far as this was possible, of a wild forest of strange and enormous trees—a chaotic jungle—a straggling woodland, and a dreary morass, or swamp, intersected by a dark river, that appeared to creep toward the sea, which embraced a part of the distant horizon with a leaden arm. The moist mound whereon he stood was covered with ferns of various kinds—the comb-fern, the wedge-fern, the tooth-fern, the nerve-fern—and of all sizes, rising from a crumpled crust bursting through the earth, to plants of a foot high, of several feet, and thence up to lofty trees of forty or fifty feet in height, with great stems and branching crowns. The green-stemmed and many-pointed mare's-tail was also conspicuous in number and in magnitude; not merely of two or three feet high, as in the present period of the earth, but large, green-jointed trees, shooting up their whisking spires to fourteen or fifteen feet. Thickly springing up in wild and threatening squadrons over the morass, they bent their heads in long rows after rows over the edge of the muddy river, with sullen, moveless, and interminable monotony. Here and there, enormous sombre shrubs oppressed the scene. The collective clumps resembled the inextricable junction of several of our thickest-foliaged trees, as though several oaks had agreed to unite their trunks, and make one; several beeches, the same; several poplars; several limes; though not one of them bearing likeness in trunk or foliage to oak, or beech, or poplar, or lime, or any known tree of present date.

Looking round with a forlorn and overawed, yet inquiring face, he discerned something like two keen stars of arrowy light at the foot of a gigantic fern-tree, at some distance from him. The darting rays seemed directed toward him. They were eyes; they could be nothing else! He presently perceived that the rough, black elfin figure, with the veins of stagnant gold, was seated there, and that its eyes were fixed upon him!

"The scene amid which you stand," said the elfin, in his echo-like voice, and without moving from his seat beneath the tree, "is the stupendous vegetation of the elder world. The trunks and stems of the antediluvian earth erect their columns, and shoot up their spires toward the clouds; their dull, coarse foliage overhangs the swamps, and they drink in, at every pore, the floating steam impregnated with the nutriment of prodigies. No animal life do you behold, for none is of this date, nor could it live amid these potent vapors which feed the vege-

Digitized by Google

tution. And yet these vast trees and plants, this richly poisoned atmosphere, this absence of all animal life, of man, and beast, and bird, and creeping thing, is all arranged in due order of progression, that man may hereafter live, not merely a savage life, but one civilized and refined, with the sense of a soul within—of God in the world, and over it, and all around it—whereof comes man's hope of a future life beyond his presence here. Thus upward, and thus onward ever.

"And all this monstrous vegetation above ground shall be cast down and embedded deep in the dark bowels of the earth, there, under the chemical process of ages to become a fuel for future generations of men, yet unborn, who will require it for their advance in civilization and knowledge. Yes; these huge ferns, these trunks, and stems, and towering fabrics of trees, shall all crash down—sink deep into the earth, with all the rank enfolding mass of undergrowth—there to be jammed and mashed up between beds of fiery stone and grit and clay, and covered with oozy mud and sand, till stratum after stratum of varied matter rises above them, and forms a new surface of earth. On this surface the new vegetation of the world will commence, while that of the old lies beneath; not rotting in vain, nor slumbering uselessly in darkness, but gradually, age after age, undergoing transmutation by the alchemy of nature, till verdure becometh veriest blackness, and wood is changed to coal."

As the elfin uttered these last words, the great trees around sank with crashing slant one over the other;—then came rushing, like a sudden tempest, down upon the earth; and the young man was overwhelmed with the foliage, and instantly lost all further consciousness.

But what does young Flashley now behold? He is aroused from his trance, and is again conscious of surrounding objects. He is seated, so that he cannot move, on a little wooden bench, beneath a low wooden shed, such as laborers "knock up," by way of temporary shelter, in the vicinity of some great works. Great works are evidently in hand all around him.

Laborers with pickaxes and spades came hurrying to the spot, and began to dig a circular hole, of some seven feet in diameter. Then came others, with a great wooden roller on a stand, with a thick rope, like a well-rope, wound round it; and fixing this across the top of the hole, they let down a basket, ever and anon, and brought it up filled with earth and stones. It was evident that they were employed in sinking a shaft.

They worked away at a prodigious rate, the descending baskets continually taking down men with pickaxes and spades; and next with carpenters' tools, and circular pieces of woodwork, with which they made an inner frame round the sides of the shaft below. Bricklayers, with hods of bricks, were next let down in the baskets, and, with the support of the circular frame beneath, they rapidly cased the inside of the shaft with brickwork, up to the top.—More and deeper digging out then took place; more wooden frame-work below, with more brick-work round the sides, and gradually sinking lower and lower. This was continued again and again, till suddenly loud cries from below announced some new event. The diggers had arrived at springs; water was gushing in upon them!

Up came the rope and basket, with three men standing up inside, and holding on the rope, and two men and a boy clinging round rope and basket, and round each other as they best could, and with no small peril to all.—Leaping, scrambling, or lugged to the side, they relieved the basket, which rapidly ran down again to bring up others.

Meanwhile came laborers, heavily trotting beneath the weight of pumps and pump-gear; and they rigged up the pump, and as soon as all the men and boys were out of the shaft, up came the water, pouring in a thick volume, now mud-colored, now clay-colored, now gray and chalky. At length the volume became less and less, and soon there was no more. Down again went basket after basket, with more men or boys in them. Flashley shuddered, as something within him seemed to say, "*Your* turn will come!" Up came the clay, and the sand, and the gravel, and the chalk, as before; and soon a mixture of several earths and stones. Thus did they toil and toil, below and above, winding up and winding down, till at last a shout of success was heard faintly echoing from the deep pit beneath, and presently up came a basket, full of broken limestone, and grit, and red sandstone—and coals!

Flashley now observed a great turmoil above, but all with definite intention, and preparations for new and larger works. A steam-engine was fitted up in a small brick edifice, at a hundred yards' distance, from which came a strong rope, that passed over a large drum or broad wheel. The rope was then extended to the shaft, over the top of which a small iron wheel was erected; and over this they carried the rope, which was to take down men and bring up coals. A larger measure than the basket, called a *corve*, was fastened to this rope by chains, and up and down it went, bringing great heaps of coals to the surface. After a time, wood-work and iron-work, of various kinds, were sent down, and sledges and trucks with little wheels; and then broad belts were put round horses, by means of which they were raised, kicking and capering wildly in the air, and staring with horrified eyeballs into the black abyss, down which they were lowered, every limb trembling, and their ears sharpened up to a single hair.

At this sight, Flashley's ears began to prick and tingle in sympathy, for he felt that he should not much longer remain a mere spectator of these descents into the lower regions of the earth.

And now corve after corve full of coals rose in regular succession from the mine, and tramroads were laid down, upon which little black wagons constantly ran to and fro, carrying away the coals from the pit's mouth. While all this had been going on, a second shaft was sunk, at

www.liverpool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

no great distance; but no coals were seen to issue from it. It was for air, and ventilation of the mine.

The men sometimes went down standing up in the corve, but generally each man sat in the loop of a short chain which he hooked on to the rope; and, in this way, six or seven went swinging down together in a bunch; sometimes ten or twelve in a bunch; and now and then, by some using longer chains than the others, in a double bunch, amounting to as many as twenty, men and boys.

A voice, which seemed to come from beneath the earth, but which poor Flashley recollected too well as that of the elfin who had carried him so recently into the antediluvian forests and swamps, now called him by his name, with a familiarity that made him shudder. Instantly he found himself borne away from the wooden shed, and placed on the brink of the first shaft. A strange apparatus, composed of a chain with a loop at bottom, and an iron umbrella overhead, was now attached to the rope by three chains. It had very much the look of some novel instrument of torture. Into this loop Flashley's legs were placed in a sitting posture.

"Straddle your legs!" cried an old black-visaged miner, as the young man was swung off from the brink, and suspended over the profound abyss below. Not obeying, and, indeed, not instantly understanding the uncouth injunction, Flashley had omitted the "straddling;" in consequence of which the chain loop clipped him close around, and pinched his legs together with a force that would have made him utter a cry, but for the paramount terror of his position. Down he went. Round and round went the shaft-wheel above—faster and faster—and lower and lower he sank from the light of day, between the dark circular walls of the shaft.

At first the motion was manifestly rapid. It took away his breath. It became more rapid. He gave himself up for lost. But presently the motion became more smooth and more steady; then quite steady, so that he thought he was by no means descending rapidly. Presently, again, he fancied he was not descending at all—but stationary—or, rather, *ascending*. It was difficult to think otherwise. The current of air rising from below, meeting his swiftly descending body, gave him this impression.

He now saw a dim light moving below. It became stronger, and almost immediately after he saw three half-naked demons of the mine, as he thought, who stood ready to receive him.

For the first time he ventured to cast a forlorn look upward. He beheld the iron umbrella, with a light from beneath flashing upon it. Again, he turned his eyes below. He was close down upon the demons. One of them held a lamp up to his face as he descended among them. Whereupon these three demons all uttered a jovial laugh, and welcomed him.

"Oh, *where* am I?" exclaimed Flashley, in utter dismay.

"At the first 'workings' of the Billy-Pitt Mine!" shouted a voice. "Steady the chains!"

The chains were steadied, and in a moment Flashley felt himself launched into a new abyss, down which he descended in utter darkness, and in utter silence, except from the rushing of the air-currents, and the occasional grating of the iron umbrella against the sides of the shaft.

Down the lower shaft the young man continued to descend in silence and darkness. He did not know if he descended slowly or rapidly. The sense of motion had become quite indefinite. There was a horrible feathery ease about it, as though he were being softly taken down to endless darkness, with an occasional tantalizing waft upward, and then a lower descent, which made his whole soul sink within him.—But he grasped the chain in front of him with all his remaining force, as his only hold on this world—which in fact it *was*.

From this condition of helpless dismay and apprehension, poor Flashley was suddenly aroused by a violent and heavy bump on the top of his iron umbrella! He thought it must be some falling miner, or perhaps his ponderous-footed elfin abductor, who had leaped down after him. It was only the accidental fall of a loose brick from above, somewhere; but the dead bang of the sound, coming upon the previous silence, was tremendous. The missile shot off slanting from the iron umbrella, seemed to dash its brains out against the side of the shaft, and then flew down before him, like a lost soul.

Flashley now felt a wavering motion in his descent, while an increasing current of air rose to meet him; and almost immediately after, he heard strange and confused sounds beneath.—Looking down into the darkness, he not only saw a reddening light, but, as he stared down, it became brighter, until he saw the gleam of flames issuing from one side of the shaft. He fully expected to descend into the midst, and "there an end;" but he speedily found he was reserved for some other fate. The fire was placed in a large chasm, and appeared to have a steep red pathway sloping away behind it.—He passed it safely. From this moment he felt no current of air, but his ears were assailed with a variety of noises, in which he could distinguish the gush of waters, the lumbering of wood, the clank and jar of chains, and the voices of men—or something worse. Three black figures were distinctly visible.

In a few seconds more his feet touched the earth, which seemed to give a heave in answer. His descent from the upper surface had not occupied longer time than has been necessary to describe it, but this was greatly magnified to his imagination by the number, novelty, and force of the emotions and thoughts that had attended it. He was now at the bottom of the William Pitt Coal Mine, nine hundred and thirty feet below the surface of the earth.

A man all black with coal-dust, and naked from the waist upward, took hold of Flashley, and extricating him from the chain girdle and iron umbrella, led him away into the darkness, lighted only by a candle stuck in a lump of

Digitized by Google

clay, which his conductor held in the other hand.

Over all the various sounds, that of rushing waters predominated at this spot; and very soon they turned an angle which enabled Flashley to descry a black torrent spouting from a narrow chasm, and rushing down a precipitous gully on one side of them to seek some still lower abyss. Another angle was turned; the torrent was no longer seen, and its noise grew fainter almost at every step.

The passage through which they were advancing was cut out of the solid coal. It was just high enough for the man to walk upright, though with the danger of striking his head occasionally against some wedge of rock, stone, or block of coal, projected downward from the roof. In width, the sides could be reached by the man's extended hands. They were sometimes supported by beams, and sometimes by a wall of brick; and the roof was frequently sustained by upright timbers, and limbs or trunks of trees. In one place, where the roof had evidently sunk, there stood an irregular row of stunted oak trunks, of grotesque shapes and shadows, many of which were cracked and gaping in ragged flaws from the crushing pressure they had resisted; showing that, without them, the roof would certainly have fallen, and rendering the passage more 'suggestive" than agreeable to a stranger beneath. Here and there, at considerable distances, candles stuck in clay were set in gaps of the coaly walls, in the sand-stone, or against the logs and trunks. The pathway was for the most part a slush of coal-dust, mixed with mud and slates, varied with frequent nobs and snags of rock and iron-stone. In this path of intermediate ingredients, a tram-road had been established, the rails of which had been laid down at not more than fifteen inches asunder; and moving above this, at no great distance, Flashley now saw a dull vapory light, and next descried a horse emerging from the darkness ahead of them. It seemed clear that nothing could save them from being run over, unless *they* could run over the horse. However, his guide made him stand with his back flat against one side of the passage; and presently the long, hot, steamy body of the horse moved by, just moistening his face and breast in passing. He had never before thought a horse's body was so long. At the creature's heels a little low black wagon followed with docility. The wheels were scarcely six inches high. Its sides were formed by little black rails. It was full of coals. A boy seemed to be driving, whose voice was heard on the other side of the horse, or else from beneath the animal's body; it was impossible to know which.

They had not advanced much farther when they came to a wooden barricade, which appeared to close their journey abruptly. But it proved to be a door, and swung open of its own accord as they approached. No sooner were they through, than the door again closed, apparently of its own careful good-will and pleasure. The road was still through cuttings in the solid coal, varied occasionally with a few yards of red sand-stone, or with brick walls and timbers, as previously described. Other horses drawing little black coal-wagons were now encountered; sometimes two horses drawing two or more wagons, and these passed by in the same unpleasant proximity. More *sesame* doors were also opened and shut, as before; but Flashley at length perceived that this was not effected by any process of the black art, as he had imagined, but by a very little and very lonely imp, who was planted behind the door in a toad-squat, and on this latter occasion was honored by his guide with the title of an "infernal small *trapper*," in allusion to some neglect of duty on a previous occasion. It was, in truth, a poor child of nine years of age, one of the victims of poverty, of bad parents, and the worst management, to whose charge the safety of the whole mine, with the lives of all within it, was committed; the requisite ventilation depending on the careful closing of these doors by the trapper-boys, after anybody has passed.

Proceeding in this way, they arrived at a side-working, close upon the high-road, in which immense ledges of rocks and stones projected from the roof, being embedded in the coal. In cutting away the coal, there was danger of loosening and bringing down some of these stones, which might crush the miners working beneath. A "council" was now being held at the entrance, where seven experienced "undergoers" were lying flat on the ground, smoking, with wise looks, in Indian fashion, and considering the best mode of attack, whereby they might bring down the coals without being "mashed up" by the premature fall of the rocks and stones, together with the black masses in which they were embedded.

Among all the gloomy and oppressive feelings induced by this journey between dismal walls, faintly lighted at best, so as to display a most forbidding succession of ugly shadows and grotesque outlines, and sometimes not lighted at all for a quarter of a mile, there was nothing more painful than the long pauses of silence—a silence only broken by the distant banging of the trappers' doors, or by an avalanche of coal in some remote working. After advancing in a silence of longer duration than any that had preceded it, Flashley's dark conductor paused every now and then, and listened—then advanced; then stopped again thoughtfully, and listened. At length he stopped with gradual paces, and turning to Flashley, said in a deep tone, the calmness of which added solemnity to the announcement—

"We are now walking beneath the bed of the sea!—and ships are sailing over our heads!"

Several horses and wagons were met and passed after the fashion already described. On one occasion, the youth who drove the horse walked in front, waving his candle in the air, and causing it to gleam upon a black pool in a low chasm on one side, which would otherwise have been invisible. He was totally without clothing, and of a fine symmetrical form, like some young Greek charioteer doing penance on

Digitized by Google

the borders of Lethe for careless driving above-ground. As he passed the pool of water, he stooped with his candle. Innumerable bubbles of gas were starting to the surface The instant the flame touched them, they gave forth sparkling explosions, and remained burning with a soft blue gleam. It continued visible a long time, and gave the melancholy idea of some spirit, once beautiful, which had gone astray, and was forever lost to its native region. It was as though the youth had written his own history in symbol, before he passed away into utter darkness.

"You used to be fond," observed Flashley's companion, with grim, ironical composure, after one of these close encounters with horseflesh—"You *used* to be fond of horses."

Flashley made no reply beyond a half-suppressed groan of fatigue and annoyance.

"Well, then," said the other, appearing to understand the smothered groan as an acquiescence, "we will go and look at the stables."

He turned off at the next corner on the left, and led the way up a narrow and steep path of broken brick and sandstone, till they arrived at a bank of rock and coal, up which they had to clamber, Flashley's guide informing him that it would save a mile of circuitous path. Arriving at the the top, they soon came to a narrow door, somewhat higher than any they had yet seen. It opened by a long iron latch, and they entered the "mine stables."

A strong hot steam, and most oppressive odor of horses, many of whom were asleep and snoring, was the first impression. The second was a sepulchral Davy-lamp hanging from the roof, whose dull gleam just managed to display the uplifting of a head and inquiring ear, in one place, the contemptuous whisking of a tail in another, and a large eyeball gleaming through the darkness in another! The stalls were like a succession of narrow black dens, at each side of a pathway of broken brick and sand. In this way sixty or seventy horses were "stabled."

"This is a prince of a mine!" said the guide; "we have seven hundred people down here, and a hundred and fifty horses."

They emerged at the opposite end, which led up another steep path toward a shaft (for the mine now had four or five,) which was used for the ascent and descent of horses. They were just in time to witness the arrival of a newcomer—a horse who had never before been in a mine.

The animal's eyes became more frightfully expressive, as with restless, anticipatory limbs, and quivering flesh, he swung round in his descending approach to the earth. When his hoofs touched, he made a plunge. But though the band and chain confined him, he appeared yet more restrained by the appalling blackness. He made a second plunge, but with the same result. He then stood stock-still, glared round at the black walls and the black faces and figures that surrounded him, and instantly fainted.

The body of the horse was speedily dragged off on a sort of sledge, by a tackle. The business of the mine could not wait for his recovery. He was taken to be "fanned." Flashley understood this to be a mine joke; but it was not entirely so. A great iron wheel, with broad fans, was often worked rapidly in a certain place, to create a current of air, and to drive it on toward the fire in the up-cast shaft, assisting by this means the ventilation of the mine; and thither, or, at all events, in that direction, the poor horse was dragged, amid the laughter and jokes of the miners, and the shouts and whistles of the boys.

How silent the place became after they were gone! Flashley stepped forward toward the spot immediately beneath the shaft. It was much nearer to the surface than any of the other shafts, and the daylight from above-ground just managed to reach the bottom.—Under the shaft was a very faint circle of sad-colored and uncertain light. The palest ghost might have stood in the middle of it, and felt "at home."

The "streets" of the mine appeared to be composed of a series of horse-ways, having square entrances to "workings" at intervals on either side, and leading to narrow side-lane workings. Up one of these his guide now compelled Flashley to advance; in order to do which they were both obliged to stoop very low, and, before long, to kneel down and crawl on all-fours. While moving forward in this way, upon the coal-dust slush, where no horse could draw a wagon, a poor beast of another kind was descried approaching with his load. It was in the shape of a human being, but not in the natural position; in fact, it was a boy degraded to a beast, who, with a girdle and chain, was dragging a small coal-wagon after him. A strap was round his forehead, in front of which, in a tin socket, a lighted candle was stuck. His face was close to the ground. He never looked up as he passed.

These narrow side-lane passages from the horse-road varied in length from a few fathoms to half a mile and upward; and the one in which Flashley was now crawling being among the longest, his impression of the extent of these under-ground streets and byways was sufficiently painful, especially as he had no notion of what period he was doomed to wander through them. Besides, the difficulty of respiration, the crouching attitude, the heated mist, the heavy sense of gloomy monotony, pressed upon him as they continued to make their way along this dismal burrow.

From this latter feeling, however, he was roused by a sudden and loud explosion. It was so impregnated with sulphur, that Flashley felt nearly suffocated, and was obliged to lie down with his face almost touching the coal-slush beneath him, for half a minute, before he could recover himself. Onward, however, he was obliged to go, urged by his gruff companion behind; and in this way they continued to crawl till a dim light became visible at the farther end. The light came forward. It proceeded from a candle stuck in the front of the head of a boy, harnessed to a little narrow

Digitized by Google

wagon, who pulled in front, while another boy pushed with his head behind. A side-cutting, into which Flashley and his companion squeezed themselves, enabled the wagon to pass. The hindermost boy, stopping to exchange a word with his companion, Flashley observed that the boy's head had a bald patch in the hair, owing to the peculiar nature of his head-work behind the wagon. They passed, and now another distant light was visible; but this remained stationary.

As they approached it, the narrow passage widened into a gap, and a rugged chamber appeared hewn out in the coal. The sides were supported by upright logs and beams: and farther inward were pillars of coal left standing, from which the surrounding mass had been cut away. At the remote end of this sat the figure of a man, perfectly black and quite naked, working with a short-handled pickaxe, with which he hewed down coals in front of him, and from the sides, lighted by a single candle stuck in clay, and dabbed up against a projecting block of coal. From the entrance to this dismal work-place branched off a second passage, terminating in another chamber, the lower part of which was heaped up with great loose coals, apparently just fallen from above. The strong vapor of gunpowder pervading the place, and curling and clinging about the roof, showed that a mass of coal had been undermined and brought down by an explosion. To this smoking heap, ever and anon, came boys with baskets or little wagons, which they filled and carried away into the narrow, dark passage, disappearing with their loads as one may see black ants making off with booty into their little dark holes and galleries under ground.

The naked miner in the first chamber now crept out to the entrance, having fastened a rope round the remotest logs that supported the roof of the den he had hewed. These he hauled out. He then knocked away the nearest ones with a great mallet. Taking a pole with a broad blade of iron at the end, edged on one side and hooked at the other, something like a halbert, he next cut and pulled away, one by one, by repeated blows and tugs, each of the pillars of coal which he had left within. A strange cracking overhead was presently heard. All stepped back and waited. The cracking ceased, and the miner again advanced, accompanied by Flashley's guide; while, by some detestable necromancy, our young visiter—alack! so very lately such a dashing young fellow "about town," now suddenly fallen into the dreadful condition of receiving all sorts of knowledge about coals—felt compelled to assist in the operation.

Advancing with great wedges, while Flashley carried two large sledge-hammers, to be ready for use, the miners inserted their wedges into the cracks in the upper part of the wall of coals above the long chamber that had just been excavated, the roof of which was now bereft of all internal support. They then took the hammers and began to drive in the wedges. The cracks widened, and shot about in branches, like some black process of crystallization. The party retreated several paces; one wide flaw opened above, and down came a hundred tons of coal in huge blocks and broad splinters! The concussion of the air, and the flight of coal-dust, extinguished the candles. At this the two miners laughed loudly, and pushing Flashley before them, caused him to crouch down on his hands and knees, and again creep along the low passage by which they had entered. A boy in harness, drawing a little empty wagon, soon approached, with a candle on his forehead, as usual. The meeting being unexpected, and out of order, as the parties could not pass each other in this place, Flashley's special guide and "tutor" gave him a lift and a push, by means of which he was squeezed between the rough roofing and the upper rail of the empty wagon, into which he then sank down with a loud "Oh!" His tutor now set his head to the hinder part of the wagon, the miner assumed the same position with respect to the tutor—the boy did the same by the miner—and thus, by reversing the action of the wheels, the little wagon, with its alarmed occupant, was driven along by this three-horse power through the low passage, with a reckless speed and jocularity, in which the ridiculous and hideous were inextricably mingled.

Arriving at the main horse-road, as Flashley quickly distinguished by the wider space, higher roofing, and candles stuck against the sides, his mad persecutors never stopped, but increasing their speed the moment the wheels were set upon the rails, they drove the wagon onward with yells and laughter, and now and then a loud, discordant whistle, in imitation of the wailful cry of a locomotive; passing "getters," and "carriers," and "hurriers," and "drawers," and "pushers," and other mine-people, and once sweeping by an astonished horse—gates and doors swinging open before them—and shouts frequently being sent after them, sometimes of equivocal import, but generally *not* to be mistaken, by those whom they thus rattled by, who often received sundry concussions and excoriations in that so narrow highway beneath the earth. In this manner did our unique cortége proceed, till sounds of many voices ahead of them were heard, and then more and more light gleamed upon the walls; and the next minute they emerged from the roadway, and entered a large, oblong chamber, or cavern, where they were received with a loud shout of surprise and merriment. It was the dining-hall of the mine.

This cavern had been hewn out of the solid coal, with intervals of rock and sandstone here and there in the sides. Candles, stuck in lumps of damp clay, were dabbed up against the rough walls all round. A table, formed of dark planks laid upon low tressels, was in the middle, and round this sat the miners, nearly naked, and far blacker than negroes, whose glossy skins shine with any light cast upon them, while these were of a dead black, which gave their robust outlines and muscular limbs the grimness of sepulchral figures, strangely at variance

Digitized by Google

with the boisterous vitality, and physical capacities of their owners. These, it seemed, were the magnates of the mine—the "hewers," "holers," "undergoers," or "pickers,"—those who hew down the coal, and not the fetchers and carriers, and other small people.

Before he had recovered from his recent drive through the mine, Flashley was seated at the table. Cold roast beef, and ham, and slices of cold boiled turkey were placed before him, with a loaf of bread, fresh dairy butter, and a brown jug of porter. He was scarcely aware whether he ate or not, but he soon began to feel *much* revived; and then he saw a hot roast duck; and then another; and then three more; and then a great iron dish, quite hot, and with flakes of fire at the bottom, full of roast ducks. Green peas were only just coming into season, and sold at a high price in the markets; but here were several delphic dishes piled up with them; and Flashley could but admire and sit amazed at the rapidity with which these delicate green pyramids sank lower and lower, as the great spoonfuls ascended to the red and white open mouths of the jovial black visages that surrounded him. He was told that the "undergoers" dined here every day after this fashion; but only with ducks and green peas at this particular season, when the miners made a point of buying up all the green peas in the markets, claiming the right to have them before all the nobility and gentry in the neighborhood.

While all this was yet going on, Flashley became aware of a voice, as of some one discoursing very gravely. It was like the voice of the elfin who had wrought him all this undesired experience. But upon looking forward in the direction of the sound, he perceived that it proceeded from one of the miners — a brawny-chested figure, who was making a speech. Their eyes met, and then it seemed that the miner was addressing himself expressly to poor Flashley. Something impelled the latter, averse as he was, to stand up and receive the address.

"Young man!" said the miner, "you are now in the bowels of old mother Earth—grandmother and great-grandmother of all these seams of coal; and you see a set of men around you, whose lives are passed in these gloomy places, doing the duties of their work without repining at its hardness, without envying the lot of others, and smiling at all its dangers. We know very well that there are better things above-ground—and worse. We know that many men and women and children, who are ready to work, can't get it, and so starve to death, or die with miserable slowness. A sudden death, and a violent, is often our fate. We may fall down a shaft; something may fall on us and crush us; we may be damped to death;* we may be drowned by the sudden breaking in of water; we may be burned up by the wildfire,† or driven before it to destruction; in daily labor we lead the same lives as horses and other beasts of burden; but for *all* that, we feel that we have something else within, which has a kind of tingling notion of heaven and a God above, and which we have heard say is called the 'soul.' Now, tell us—young master, you who have had all the advantages of teachers, and books, and learning among the people who live above-ground—tell us benighted workmen, how have *you* passed your time, and what kind of thing is your soul!"

The miner ceased speaking, but continued standing. Flashley stood looking at him, unable to utter a word. At this moment, a half-naked miner entered hurriedly from one of the main roads, shouting confused words—to the effect that the fire which is always placed in the up-cast shaft to attract and draw up the air for the ventilation of the mine, had just been extinguished by the falling in of a great mass of coal, and the mine was no longer safe!

"Fire-damp!"—"The sulphur!"—"Choke-damp!" ejaculated many voices, as all the miners sprang from their seats, and made a rush toward the main outlet. Flashley was borne away in the scramble of the crowd; but they had scarcely escaped from the cavern, when the flame of the candles ran up to the roof, and a loud explosion instantly followed.—The crowd was driven pell-mell before it, flung up, and flung down, dashed sideways, or borne onward, while explosion after explosion followed the few who had been foremost, and were still endeavoring to make good their retreat.

Among these latter was Flashley, who was carried forward he knew not how, and was scarcely conscious of what was occurring, except that it was something imminently dreadful, which he momentarily expected to terminate in his destruction.

At length only himself and one other remained. It was the miner who had been his companion from the first. They had reached a distant "working," and stopped an instant to take breath, difficult as it was to do this, both from the necessity of continuing their flight, and also from the nature of the inflammable air that surrounded them. Some who had arrived here before them, had been less fortunate. Half buried in black slush lay the dead body of a miner, scorched to a cinder by the wild-fire; and on a broad ledge of coal sat another man, in an attitude of faintness, with one hand pressed, as with a painful effort, against his head.—The black-damp had suffocated him: he was quite dead.

Beyond this, Flashley knew nothing until he found himself placed in a basket and rising rapidly through the air, as he judged by a certain swinging motion, and the occasional grating of the basket against the sides of the shaft. After a time he ventured to look up, and to his joy, not unmixed with awe, he discerned the mouth of the shaft above, apparently of the size of a small coffee-cup. Some coal-dust and drops of water fell into his eyes; he saw no more; but with a palpitating heart, full of emotions, and prayers, and thankfulness for his prospect of deliverance, continued his ascent.

Just at this juncture he heard a familiar

* The *choke-damp*, carbonic-acid gas.
† *Fire-damp*, also called *the sulphur*—hydrogen gas.

Digitized by Google

voice, "Have you been sleeping here all night in the arm-chair?" Then a vivid flame shot over Flashley's eyelids—there was a great fire blazing before him, in the midst of which he saw the head of the elfin, who gave him a nod full of meaning, and also like bidding farewell, and disappeared in the fire—while at his side stood Margery with the carpet-broom.

It was six in the morning, and she had just lighted the parlor fire. Without replying to any of her interrogations of surprise, Flashley rose, and went out to take a few turns round the garden; where he fell into a train of thought, which in all probability will have a salutary influence on his future life.

JOTTINGS BY MY WINDOW SILL.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

NO. IX.—"SO THEY SAY."

"So they say," exclaimed a voice under my window. I did not see the speaker; I did not even look, for the street was so thronged that I would have been unable to define him. And yet I was as certain that the remark was the world-wide guarantee to some piece of scandal, as I was that the voice was coarse, ill-tempered, and masculine.

Some writer has represented "old Mr. They-say" as an arrant paradox, who exists and does not exist, who is everywhere and nowhere, who is responsible and irresponsible. Without attempting to continue this figure, or to trace up the genealogy of the character, we could not help thinking that those three short simple words, "*So they say*," have been productive of incalculable mischief and misery in the world.

They are words that have blasted reputations, severed the most sacred ties, darkened many a hearthstone, poisoned throbbing hearts, and dishonored female virtue. They are the covert of the slanderer; his musty refuge from the searching eye of inquiry.

If there is any curse upon society, any excrescence that should be lopped off of it, it is the slanderer, the scandal-monger, the Jew-vender of blighting inuendoes and vital stigmas, the pawnbroker in "hinted doubts," "hesitated dislikes" and "shoulder-shrugged decrepancies."

These "soft buzzing slanderers, the silk moths that eat an honest name," are often found among the opposite sex; women who have warmed themselves into a sort of paltry independence, through legacies left them as the wages of toad-eating.

The dark insinuation, the half-suppressed sentence, the low whisper, the undefined intimation—these are the weapons used by those who should have the brand of infamy burnt deep in their foreheads, and be hung higher than Haaman in the scorn of the world.

Envy is generally the prompter to Slander. No passion of perverted human nature can sink one lower in the scale of moral qualities than envy. No species of envy is admissable, save that which hurts neither ourselves nor others, but spurs us to greater efforts—making us essay to be equal to or above the subject exciting such envy. What an amount of this passion often lies hid beneath "the cold words that hide the envious thought," as Willis expresses it.

Emulation may be noble; ambition may be glorious; competition may be praiseworthy; but envy is the very blackness of the soul—the turbidness that rises from the fountain's depth below. "It is not an ardor kindled by the noble example of others;" it is not an eager, commendable desire after preferment and superiority; but, on the contrary, is a jealousy awakened by whatever may exalt others—or gives them pleasures and advantages which we desire for ourselves—bearing the impress of malevolence and malignity.

"Of all the passions," says a writer, "envy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is, to watch the *success* of our enemy; its wages, to be *sure* of it!"

Slander is more particularly directed against defenceless woman. She is more the creature of impulse than less excitable, colder and more calculating man. She is more instinctive and less reasoning; "she is truer to nature and nearer to God; last made in the order of creation, in moral eminence she stands first!" Character is all that the female has to depend on in the wide, wide world. Oh, then why should any, even in jest, whisper words which, whether true or not, may throw a blight upon a spotless reputation? A thought may be stifled at its birth; but a word spoken can never be recalled. The story you whispered will return to you in tones of thunder—astounding even yourself, who were the first guilty wretch to repeat so malignant a falsehood.

Envy and censure can never extenuate calumny. The following sweet, yet simple lines, by Mrs. Osgood, speak volumes on the subject:

A whisper woke the air—
  A soft light tone and low,
  Yet barb'd with shame and woe,—
Now, might it only perish there!
    Nor farther go.

Ah me! a quick and eager ear
  Caught up the meaning sound!
Another voice has breathed it clear,
  And so it wanders round,
From ear to lip—from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
  And *that—it broke!*

Digitized by Google

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—THE MOGUL, OR TARTAR DYNASTY.

NO. III.—HUMAIOON.

Humaioon, the son of Baber, inherited, as might be expected, a troubled and uncertain sovereignty; and for which, too, his individual tastes little fitted him. He was an astronomer and astrologer. He fitted up seven halls of reception, dedicated to as many different celestial bodies; his military officers were received in the hall of Mars, his judicial in that of Mercury; whilst ambassadors, poets, and travellers were accommodated in the hall of the Moon. He had, however, little leisure for the indulgence of these fantastic tastes. His brother, Camiran, already in possession of Cabul, demanded the north-western portion of India, called the Panjab, which Humaioon, rather than commence an unnatural warfare, conceded; we shall see how these amiable feelings were reciprocated. Mahmood, the son of the emperor Secunder, rose again an army in the East; he was soon defeated by Humaioon. A more formidable enemy now appeared, Shere Khan, regent of the kingdom of Behar, during the minority of the reigning prince. He was an Affghan, whose ancestors had entered the service of an Omrah of the court of Beloli, who rose, ultimately, to be king of the East. Shere, whose name was originally Ferid, received this more popular designation, which signifies "lion," from having killed an enormous tiger in the presence of his king. At one period he had attended the imperial court, and whilst there, spoken to a friend of the possibility of driving out the Moguls from India by a union of the Patans, adding, that should fortune ever favor him, he imagined himself equal to the task. A few days after, Shere dined with Humaioon, and a solid dish was put before him, with a spoon instead of a knife. Shere having called for the latter in vain, drew out his dagger, and with it carved his meat without further ceremony. Humaioon, who was watching him, immediately observed, "That Affghan is not to be disconcerted with trifles, and is likely to be a great man." Shere now perceived that he had been betrayed, and thinking himself in danger, withdrew himself, on the first opportunity, from the capital, and opposed the emperor in arms. He now held the fortress of Chunar, which he refused to yield to Humaioon, and the latter was unable to compel obedience, for Bahadur, king of Guzerat, had commenced hostilities against him; and to complete the perplexity of his affairs, a conspiracy was formed among his own adherents in favor of another prince of the house of Timur. The plot, however, was timely discovered, the principal actor being pardoned; Bahadur was soon overthrown by the emperor's vigor and skill, who exhibited in two incidents of this campaign, all his father's nobleness of character and brilliancy of courage, verging even upon audacity. At one favorable period, he delayed attacking Bahadur, who was besieging a city, the taking of which would greatly strengthen him, and which he was allowed to take unmolested, on account of Humaioon's religious scruples—the besieged were infidels! The other circumstance to which we allude, is the attack on the fort of Chapanier, in which were Bahadur's chief treasures. This was defended by Achtiar, who prepared to hold it for an indefinite period by laying in fresh provisions daily. For this purpose, a part of the citadel, covered by a thick wood, was used, which Humaioon having discovered, he seized a body of the country people engaged in the business, made them carry him in disguise to the spot, where he made his observations, and retired in safety. A parcel of iron spikes were instantly prepared, and with these the emperor and a party of 300 men marched at midnight to the destined place of assault, under cover of a series of feigned attacks made at the same time upon every part of the fort except that where the danger really existed. Thus the small party were enabled to accomplish the hazardous and difficult task of fixing the spikes in the wall, and ascending slowly to the top, which was first reached by Humaioon, and forty of his officers. Before sunrise, the whole were within the walls; a signal was now displayed to the army without, which immediately rushed on to a real and overwhelming assault, while Humaioon and his troop fought their way, step by step, to one of the gates, which they opened, and thus immediately gained the fort. This was an exploit that would have made Baber's heart leap with joy could he have lived to witness it. The fortress of Chunar was next reduced, and then the countries of Bengal, the government of which had been usurped by Shere, and the rightful sovereign expelled. He was stopped in the midst of these successes by the news of domestic and fraternal treason; that his brothers, Camiran and Hindal, were doing all they could to dispossess him of the imperial throne. In vain did he affectionately warn them that their family quarrels would certainly, in the end, lose them the mighty empire which had cost their father so much pains to conquer, and involve the family of Timur in one common ruin; that it was, therefore, advisable to join against the common enemy, and afterwards divide the empire among themselves. They turned a deaf ear to all but the promptings of their insane and criminal ambition.

Humaioon returned towards Agra, but on his way was stopped by Shere, who was again at the head of a numerous army, and Humaioon, instead of instantly attacking him, spent a considerable period in negotiations, which, being settled, the armies were allowed to mingle freely together. This had been Shere's object; he now basely attacked the unprepared emperor and compelled him to fly. This was in 1539.

Digitized by Google

At Agra his brothers gathered their strength around him, and all might yet have been well, but Camiran, at a decisive moment, deserted Humaioon, whose army, thus weakened, was again defeated by Shere, and himself now left without a kingdom or a home. He fled from one place to another, enduring frequently the greatest personal hardships and danger. He was deserted by Hindal, as he had been before by Camiran, and plots were laid to deliver him up to Shere by those to whose hospitality he committed himself. Happily, he escaped this danger. His horse, at one time, dropped dead with fatigue under him, and one of his chiefs, refusing to give up the one he was riding, Humaioon was constrained to mount a camel, "till one Koka dismounted his own mother, gave the emperor her horse, and, placing her upon a camel, ran himself by her side." He was now crossing the desert, and on one occasion, the troops having had no water for two days, many of them were becoming mad, and others dying. At last they reached a well, and so great was the impatience of the crowd, that the moment the bucket appeared, ten or twelve persons threw themselves upon it, broke the rope, and were precipitated into the abyss. The scene of misery that now presented itself, as described by Ferishta, was truly horrible. At Amercot, the Rana, or prince, received Humaioon kindly, and here Acbar, the future monarch of India, destined to raise its greatness to the highest pitch, was born in the midst of his father's severest distresses. On reaching the dominions of his brother, he was attacked by one of Camiran's officers, his son Acbar taken prisoner and delivered to Camiran, whilst the unhappy Humaioon was constrained to fly with his sultaness to Chorassan. From thence he set forward to the Persian court, where he was received in the noblest manner, and enabled to support all the external appearance of his imperial rank.

Shere was now undisputed sovereign of India; he assumed the title of Shah, and exerted himself in improving the condition of the country, which he traversed in every direction, reducing the authority of the governors, and increasing his own. He bestowed great attention on the military and the finances. He built caravanserais at every stage from the Indus to Bengal, a distance of three thousand miles, and dug a well at the end of every two miles. He also raised magnificent mosques, and planted rows of trees along the high roads; he established horse posts for the quicker conveyance of intelligence from one part of the country to another. It is recorded that he divided his time into four equal parts, which he devoted, one to the administration of justice, one to the care of his army, one to worship, and the last to rest and recreation. "Such was the public security during his reign," says Ferishta, "that travellers and merchants, throwing down their goods, went, without fear, to sleep on the highway."

Shere was killed, in 1545, at a siege, by an accidental explosion of gunpowder, after having reigned five years.

Shere left two sons, Adil, and Jelâl-eddin: the former, being the eldest, was, of course, the rightful sovereign, but the younger brother succeeded in obtaining the imperial sway, and took the name of Selim. The Omrahs, during the contentions of the brothers, rebelled, as usual, and were with difficulty subdued. After this, however, Selim reigned some years in peace. He was disturbed, at one period, by the news of Humaioon's having crossed the Indus, and made preparations, accordingly, to resist him. But the latter returned to Cabul, after erecting a fort, in which he placed a strong garrison, on the banks of the Indus, to facilitate his future enterprises. Selim died in the year 1553, the tenth of his reign. He built an intermediate caravanserai between those erected by Shere, and left various other architectural evidences of his taste for the magnificent. He had neither the great abilities, nor the great vices of his father, and was, therefore, less distinguished, but appears on the whole to have been a moderate and able prince.

Selim's son was now only twelve years of age, and after reigning three days, was murdered by his uncle, Mubarick, in the arms of his mother, who was Mubarick's own sister. He ascended the throne under the title of *Adil*, or the *Just*, which the people wittily altered to *Adili* (the *Fool*). Feebleness of mind, which only served to show the absurdity of his desires for reputation, debauchery, in all its native grossness, ridiculous and wasteful profusion, seem to have been the characteristics of Mohammed. Accordingly, he had neither the respect of the people, nor the obedience of the nobles. His brother Ibrahim drove him from Delhi, and seized the imperial throne. Another relation, Ahmed, assuming the name of Secunder Shah, also advanced to claim sovereign authority. Ibrahim attacked him without success, and was immediately after, himself attacked, by Mohammed's vizier, and compelled to fly. Secunder now obtained possession of Agra and Delhi, whilst Mohammed was hotly engaged in Bengal, whither he had flown, and where, after some successes, he ultimately lost both the kingdom and his life.

We now return to Humaioon. His misfortunes had excited so deeply the sympathies of the sister, and some of the principal nobles of Shah Tamasp, the Persian Sophi, that in 1545, after three years of exile, Humaioon obtained the assistance of ten thousand horse to recover his dominions, in and around Cabul, from his brothers. For some years he pursued this object with varying results, the principal obstacle being his brother Camiran, whom no generosity could influence, no treaty bind. At one of the sieges of Cabul, Camiran exposed Acbar, Humaioon's son and his own nephew, on the walls, to deter the father from the assault he meditated. Humaioon, however, having given the monster to understand that if Acbar was injured, every soul in the place should be put to death, took no further notice of the threat, which Camiran did not dare to carry into execution. Not long after this, Camiran fell into his brother's hands,

Digitized by Google

who, in spite of all his treacherous and unnatural behavior, to which, in fact, he has been indebted for the loss of an empire, received him with respect and kindness, and was again repaid, at the first opportunity, by the blackest, basest perfidy. In justice to Hindal, it must be observed, that through all these later struggles he supported Humaioon nobly, and had the satisfaction of expiating his past conduct by dying in his service. Camiran at last having fallen again into Humaioon's power, all the Mogul chiefs solicited that he might be put to death, to prevent his distressing them any more. Humaioon's refusal nearly produced a revolt in his army, which was naturally unwilling to lose so just and favorable an opportunity of relieving itself for ever from a dangerous and wicked enemy. He at length agreed, reluctantly, that Camiran should be blinded by means of antimony, which was done. A few days after, the king went to see him: Camiran rose to meet him, saying, "The glory of the king will not be diminished by visiting the unfortunate." Humaioon burst into tears, and wept bitterly, although Camiran endeavored to console him by acknowledging the justice of his punishment. Camiran requested leave to proceed to Mecca in expiation of his crimes, which was granted, and in the holy city, this restless and ambitious man spent his last days.

Now it was that Humaioon took the fruitless journey into India we have before mentioned. On the death of Selim, and the consequent intestine broils, the inhabitants of Delhi and Agra besought Humaioon to seize so favorable a conjuncture for reëstablishing his authority. "But Humaioon," says Ferishta, "was in no condition to raise a sufficient army for that enterprise, and he became extremely melancholy." Some of his chiefs seeing this, acted upon his superstitious belief in omens, and induced him to believe that Heaven would favor the attempt. He roused himself boldly to the enterprise, and with a small force crossed the Indus in 1554, and took possession of Lahore. The emperor Secunder sent a large army to oppose his progress, which was defeated by Humaioon's vizier, Byram, who advanced almost to the walls of Delhi. Secunder now, himself, marched out to resist the invader, with 80,000 horse, a great number of elephants, and a large train of artillery. Byram shut himself up in Sirhind, that he might husband his resources, and avoid any decisive battle till he should be joined by Humaioon, which he speedily was. The young prince, Acbar, whose impatience could with difficulty be restrained, was now permitted to draw out the forces, and, after a bloody struggle, Secunder was totally defeated. "The Moguls," says Ferishta, "were so animated by the behavior of that young hero (Acbar), that they seemed even to forget that they were mortal men." Humaioon was now, for the second time, emperor of Hindustan. He reëntered Delhi in 1554, but did not long enjoy his success, for he died in the following year. His death is thus described by the Persian historian: "One evening he walked out upon the terrace of the library, and sat down, to enjoy the fresh air. When the emperor began to descend the steps of the stair from the terrace, the crier, according to custom, proclaimed the time of prayers. The king, conformably to the practice of religion, stood still upon this occasion, and repeated the culma (creed), then sat down till the proclamation was ended. When he was going to rise, he supported himself upon a staff, which unfortunately slipped upon the marble, and the king fell headlong from the top to the bottom of the stairs." About sunset, on the fourth day after, "his soul took her flight to Paradise." And thus died one of the most virtuous monarchs of any age or country. With all his father's bravery, and love of daring, romantic exploits, with an equal love of justice, and still greater love of mercy, which, in fact, he carried to a fault, he wanted but Baber's decision of character, and tenacity of purpose, to have become scarcely less distinguished than that extraordinary man. But Humaioon's resolution was too frequently "sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought" for the times in which he lived. He was too honorable for the faithless nobles and kindred on whom his power so much depended, too humane to restrain their crimes by the only mode—severity of punishment. In one word, as Ferishta finely observes, "had he been a worse man, he would have been a greater monarch."

ON MYSELF.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too nigh.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say, each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

— COWLEY

Mother, teach your child to wait upon itself—to put away a thing when done with it. But do not forget you were once a child. The grief of little ones are too often neglected; they are great for them. Bear patiently with them, and never in any way rouse their anger, if it can be avoided. Teach a child to be useful, *whenever* opportunity may offer.

Digitized by Google

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

www.libtool.com.cn

INTRODUCTION.

Not in a spirit of cavil at some of the extreme doctrines of the day, are we about to answer this question. Nor do we purpose to meet the casuist and the moralist in grave discussion. Too often, in the latter field, counsel is darkened by words without knowledge; and the fine intuitions dimmed, of even the purest minds.—Not of woman's equality with man, do we intend to speak, for, on that subject, where common perception is at fault, reasonings are of little value, because they are based, for the most part, on wrong premises. Yet do we not disparage reasonings, for these, when enlightened, are the ministers of judgment.

Our purpose is to show, in a series of life-pictures, what woman can do, as well for good as for evil. We design to bring her before you, as a living entity, that you may see her as she is, and comprehend the immense influence she wields in the world's progress upwards, as well as her terrible power to mar the human soul, and drag it down to perdition, when her own spirit is darkened by evil passions.

A large proportion of the wrong woman suffers in the present constitution of society, may be fairly set down as the fault of woman. Not so much to the woman of this, as of the preceding generation; for the men of the time are, *to a certain degree*, either what their mothers have made them, or have, through ignorance, error, or neglect, permitted them to become.—And the wrongs that women may suffer in the next generation, will, in a like measure, be chargeable to the women of this. The child is far more easily moulded to a woman's will than the man. On the yielding character of the former she may impress a good form, but she will find the task of changing the full-grown man, a most difficult, if not an impossible achievement Many women can, with sorrow, attest the truth of this last remark.

How vitally important, then, is it, that woman should justly regard her own relation to the world in which she lives; and should see how, in the very nature of things, her action upon it involves effects of the highest moment. We offer her, in the following sketches, the little aid it is in our power to give. The pictures of life we design to present, may be classed as imaginary; but we shall endeavor to keep so close a relation between the actual and the ideal, that few will see them as anything less or more than transcripts from nature. In entering the household, we shall direct your attention to the child-sister, as well as to the life-weary grandmother, bending under her weight of years—and to woman in her varied intervening relations. For, in all of these relations, she exercises an influence most potent and wide-extending.

CHAPTER I.

Eyes brown as the hazelnut, and so transparent that when you gazed into them, you seemed to be looking down into her soul—chestnut hair, golden in the sunshine—brow white as snowflake, and lips and cheek in hue like the fragrant apple-blossom. There she sits by the open window, through which the cool, sweet air floats in from the garden, happy in her own innocence—the loving child-sister! The kitten purs by her side, rubs himself against her plump little ankle, and then springs into her lap, sure of a gentle caress. The wren, whose fledglings are hidden away somewhere above the eaves, hops down beneath the window, for crumbs, nor starts at her voice, as the child bends forward, to admire her soft coat and dainty legs. Happy innocent! As we picture thee in imagination, and think of thy sweet life, Memory turns a page, written upon, and sealed for all time—yea, for eternity—written upon so many years gone by, that we cannot name the cycle—and we see the words, glowing in characters of light—To be Good is to be Happy.

We scarcely comprehended their meaning, when, in some old, tiresome spelling book, or on soiled copy slip, we first read these words of wisdom. In a certain sense they were cabalistic. Nor did their just value appear until the sunny days of childhood were long past, and the stern conflict with self had commenced.—Then, in hours of despondency and discouragement, when it seemed as if the soul's enemies were about to achieve their triumph, rays of light suddenly broke in upon the darkness, and in letters of burning gold we read these heart-strengthening words, and realized something of their true significance.

Yes, happy innocent! now in the golden age of thy being. Very near to thee are the angels, and around thee, like a protecting garment, is thrown their sphere of celestial love. Hidden away and quiescent in the unawakened depths of thy human soul, lie those impulses to evil, which, alas! all who are born of woman inherit. Blessed art thou in this, that, in *thy* soul, they seem dead forms, rather than sleeping vitalities! As yet, they have not even moaned, nor turned in their deep slumber, nor given a sign of awakening. Yes, happy art thou in this, gentle child-sister, for, in most hearts, evil seeds spring quickly into eager life!

Day was declining, and the slanting sunbeams which had stolen through the meshes of leaves in the old tree tops, and fallen in golden waves on the chestnut hair of little Edie Penrose, as she sat by the open window, were now reflected back by the denser foliage, and the child was veiled in the cooling shadows of the great elms that spread their protecting arms above and

Digitized by Google

around the dwelling. She had been almost an hour thus alone, yet scarcely conscious of the passage of time, when she suddenly started, as a low cry came faintly down from her mother's room, and then flitted away almost as lightly as a bird on the wing. There was only music in that cry for the ears of Edie, for it came from the lips of her baby-brother. How quickly the voice of grieving was hushed when the sister's love-lit face bent over the cradle. To the babe, it was the face of an angel.

Up to this time, for hours, a deep tranquility had reigned in the household; which seemed the very dwelling of peace and order. But, now, were heard, below, the loud banging of a door, sharp, almost angry voices, and the confused sound of hurrying feet. Edie's two older brothers had returned from school, and, as it sometimes happened, in no amiable temper. A disagreement about some trifle on the way had soured their feelings towards each other, and they entered their home with anger in their hearts, and taunting words upon their lips.

Edie, the moment she heard their voices, bent quickly over the cradle to kiss the babe. Then gliding like a spirit from the room, she almost flew down stairs, and was beside her brothers just as one of them raised his hand and exclaimed fiercely:

"I'll hit you, if you say that again, Eddy!"

Eddy was about repeating the offensive word, when the light arm of his little sister glided around his neck, and the loving child said, in a voice that found its way to his heart:

"Don't! don't! Eddy, dear."

"He's afraid," was on the lips of George, the older brother; but he repressed the taunt, ere it leaped to utterance; for he likewise felt the gentler influence that always came with his sister's presence.

How instantly stilled was the tempest of passion, raging but now so fiercely in these young hearts—stilled by the voice of love.

"Brother George." Edie had withdrawn her arm from the neck of Eddy, and now stood looking into the face of her older brother. The boy turned himself partly away, as if to hide his countenance, yet marred by anger, from eyes that were reading its every expression.

"Brother George." Edie repeated the words, but spoke in a changed voice, and with a quickening interest in her tones. "I've been waiting for you to come home so long! Aunt Hetty brought me such a nice little book, full of pictures, and I want you to read me all about them. Won't you, now, Georgie?"

"Yes, indeed, I will," answered George, in a cheerful way. "Where is the book, Edie?"

"In the parlor. I'll get it for you in a minute;" and the child bounded away. In a few moments she returned with the book, and the three children went out into the garden, and seated themselves on a bench under the grape-vine arbor. Edie was in the centre, and George and Eddy on each side of her.

"I'll hold it just so, and then we can all see the pictures," said Edie, as she spread the book open on her lap. "Can't you read it if I hold it just so?" And Edie looked so lovingly into the face of George, that he could not answer any thing but "Yes," much as he felt inclined to get the book entirely into his own hands, and thus prevent Eddy from looking at the pictures, while he read about them to his sister.

It so happened that the first story in the book was about a selfish boy, and the second about one who got angry, and struck his brother, and the third about a good little sister who always tried to make peace between her brothers.

"I guess this book was written about us," said George, whose better feelings were now restored; "at least, about you and me, Edie. I'm the boy that gets angry and you're the good sister. Here, Eddy"—and he drew a ball of red twine from his pocket—"you may have the whole of it to keep. I'll get some more from Jonas to-morrow."

"I don't want but half of it," replied Eddy; touched by the generous change in his brother's feelings—the dispute had been about this ball of twine—"let me cut it in two."

"Take it all, Eddy," said George, kindly. "I don't want a bit of it. Jonas will give me another ball."

"Thank you, brother," returned Eddy, in a grateful voice.

Thus all was reconciled ere the sun went down on their anger. And now the reading of the book was resumed by George. It lay upon the lap of Edie, who had drawn an arm around each of her brothers, and as one little story after another entered their minds, their quick imaginations realizing every scene with life-like distinctness, the waves of better feelings swept over the sands of life, obliterating every footprint of evil passion.

Not very distant from the dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. Penrose, the parents of these children, a scene, very unlike the one we have just described, occurred about the same time. Let us draw the picture.

A restless little girl, nearly the age of Edie Penrose, wearied with herself and all around her, resorted, at last, to one of her mother's drawers, which she found unlocked, and commenced rummaging among its secret treasures. While engaged in this forbidden employment, she was disconcerted by the entrance of her mother, who, filled with sudden anger at the child, jerked her away from the drawer, and with sharp words and blows punished her for this misconduct. But, the punishment, administered thus intemperately, had no salutary effect. The offender was angry, not penitent. With her young face marred by bad passions, she left the room. On her way down stairs she saw the kitten quietly asleep upon the landing. The sight affected her with no gentle feelings, but rather increased her ill humor, for, stooping down, she caught it up rudely, and threw it over the baluster into the passage below. The kitten cried with pain for a few moments, and then ran off and hid itself under one of the sofas

Digitized by Google

in the parlor. Hearing the noise and cry, the cook called out:

"Who did that? Was it you, Kate?" But the sulky child made no answer.

"If I was your mother, I'd whip you well, you bad, cruel girl!" said the cook. "To hurt a kitten in that way!"

"Well, you aint my mother; and I'll hurt the kitten whenever I please. Why don't it stay down stairs?"

This was the child's reply to the cook's rebuke.

"I wish you'd go up into the nursery; I don't want bad girls down here," said the latter.

"I'll stay just as long as I please. It isn't your house!" retorted Kate.

Cook said no more, for she knew, from experience, that it would do no good. The little girl lingered in the kitchen for some time, more for the purpose of showing cook that she would stay there just as long as she pleased, than because she found anything particularly attractive. She was about returning to the nursery, when her ears caught the sound of voices in the street, and running to the door, she met her two older brothers, William and Jacob, in warm debate on some subject about which they had disagreed. It so happened, that William and Kate had quarrelled at dinner time, and that Kate, being in the mother's view, most to blame, had been required to submit.—This she had done with a very bad grace. All the afternoon she had nursed her anger against William, and now the sight of him fanned it into a new flame. Seeing that there was some trouble between him and Jacob, she did not hesitate a moment in her decision as to who was in the wrong, but, catching the latter by the arm, she said, in an excited voice—

"What's the matter? What has he done to you?"

"Why, he says Mrs. Brown's cow has three white spots on her forehead, and I say she hasn't but two."

"Three spots!" exclaimed Kate, in a tone of contempt. "She hasn't but two. William can't see!"

"I can see as well as you, Miss, and a great deal better!" retorted William. "Any how, you've got nothing to do in the matter. I wish you'd mind your own business."

Kate made a face at her brother, and then catching Jacob by the arm, said, as she pulled him into the passage—

"Come! I've got something good up in my baby house. William shan't have a bit of it. He's a mean fellow, any how."

Jacob, whose anger against his brother would have passed away in a few moments but for this interference on the part of his sister, yielded to the tempting invitation, and turning away from William, followed Kate, who ran lightly before him along the passage and up the stair-way.

"I'll have some of it, I know!" exclaimed William, following quickly.

"Go back! Go back! You shan't look into my baby house, you ugly, mean fellow!" cried Kate, pausing on one of the landings, and shaking her hand at William.

"We'll see," was the boy's resolute response, as he pressed forward.

"Go back!" Louder and more passionate was the voice of the angry child.

"You shan't come near the baby house," said Jacob, standing before William, to prevent his going any farther.

"I'll go just where I please," retorted the boy, throwing himself against his brother as he spoke, and almost knocking him down.

A blow from the suddenly clenched fist of Jacob, given with much force, in the blind excitement of the moment, was followed by a gush of blood from the boy's nose. A wild cry of pain rang through the house, bringing the mother and domestics to the scene of trouble.

"What's the matter? Who did this? The mother asked in an excited voice.

"Jacob hit me with his fist! Oh, dear! Oh! Oh! Oh, dear!" And he cried louder from passion than from pain.

"You bad, wicked boy!" exclaimed the mother, waiting for no further explanations. And then she struck Jacob three or four severe blows on the side of his head.

"Katy told him to strike me," cried William, a feeling of gratified revenge in his heart at the punishment of Jacob.

"I didn't! I didn't! You know I didn't!—It's all a lie!"

"How dare you!" ejaculated the mother, now turning upon Kate and boxing her ears soundly.

This summary visitation, the result of a false accusation on the part of William, only made stronger Kate's angry feelings towards her brother.

"He did tell a lie, and he knows it. I never said a word to Jacob about striking him."

"Hush this instant!" And Katy's mother raised her hand again.

Fear of punishment kept the child silent. It took some time to restore order.

After William's face was bathed, and the blood staunched, their mother tried to investigate the cause of trouble; but there was so much of accusation and denial on all sides, that she sought in vain for the true solution; and cut the knot by subjecting all three to additional punishments.

The day went down in tears for these young hearts, in which were germs of good as well as evil. But, unhappily, evil seeds found the quickest vitality, and weeds grew where fragrant blossoms should have opened to the morning sunshine.

CHAPTER II.

In this brief introduction, we have presented glimpses of two families—the first, that of a physician, named Penrose, living in the rural town of Arden, and the other, that of a lawyer and politician, named Eldridge, residing in the same place. As we have no very interesting particulars to relate touching the past histories of these families, we shall not occupy your time in retrospection, but trace their ways in life

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

onward from the period in which they are first brought to the reader's notice. The contrast between the child-sisters is strongly enough marked. Just such children are all around us, doing their work of good or evil, and marring or beautifying the young spirits with which they meet in daily intercourse. Happy the young brothers who have among them a minister of love, like Edie Penrose!

The mother of Edie was a wise, true-hearted woman, who loved her children unselfishly.—She was quiet in exterior, but thoughtful and earnest in all her purposes. Mere impulse she steadily repressed, and ever refused to act until all sudden turbulence of feeling had subsided, and clearness of vision made every thing plain before her. Among her children, she maintained, if there was anything wrong in their conduct, an unimpassioned exterior; for she knew the power of a calm word and tone over the spirit of another. With the exception of Edie, they were very much like other children, having their selfish impulses, and times of fretfulness, irritability, and ill-nature. To meet these with a soothing calmness, and a wise sifting of all cases of difficulty among them, until the cause of disagreement was ascertained, she knew to be far better than to visit them in their states of mental disorder with hard words of reproof, or to exhibit any sign of mental disturbance. And so it came, that the children of Mrs. Penrose, from the earliest dawn of reason, looked to her as their loving friend. If they had trouble among themselves, they were sure to find in her an impartial umpire. If they committed faults, no harsh reproof, or unjust censure awaited them. If, from any cause, fretfulness and impatience disturbed their young spirits, they were met by no fretfulness and impatience in return.

But it was not so in the home of Mrs. Eldridge's children. There, disorder and strife reigned; punishments were meted in anger; all the heart's gentler feelings repressed; hate engendered, and love crushed out of young and tender spirits.

How different was it in these two families when evening closed around them. There were in both elements of unhappiness, as we have seen; but unselfish love in one household had power to make all bright and cheerful; while, in the other, every home-light burned dim.

Dr. Penrose was not, naturally, a man of cheerful temper. Oppression and suffering in childhood had sobered his feelings, and early disappointments taken from him that eager hope, which is the element of some men's success in life. He was sensitive to a fault—easily disturbed by any thing that interposed between him and the realization of his purposes; and too quick, at times, to give utterance to his feelings when disturbed.

At the close of the day on which our story begins, Dr. Penrose came home, after a weary round of visits, and with one or two cases of dangerous illness, resting with a troubled weight upon his mind. He entered the house with his usual quiet step, and after going into his office to see if any new calls awaited him, passed on to the pleasant family sitting-room. Little Edie was there, and the sight of her was as a sunbeam on his path. As he seated himself in the great arm-chair, the child climbed upon his lap, and twining her arms about his neck, kissed him again and again.

"Do you love father?" The doctor asked the question almost mechanically, for his thoughts were absent.

"O, yes! I love you and mother better than all the world!" returned the little one, in a voice so full of affection, that the words found an echo in his heart, and produced an unwonted thrill of delight. Again his neck was clasped with an eager pressure.

"What have you been doing all day, love?" enquired the father, as he returned the caress of Edie.

"Playing," was the answer.

"Do you play all the time?"

"O, no! Sometimes I rock the cradle—and sometimes I hold the baby."

"Do you, indeed?"

"O, yes. And I can sew, too. I hemmed a white pocket handkerchief for you this afternoon."

"Did you? Why, you are a smart little girl! I must give you another kiss for that."

"And mother said it was done so nice," continued the happy child.

Gradually, the cheerful, loving spirit of little Edie scattered the dim shadows which had gathered around the spirit of Dr. Penrose, and when his wife joined him in the sitting-room, his face was all aglow with smiles. Only a few words, however, had passed between them, ere a cry of anger from an adjoining apartment, followed by voices in contention, scattered these smiles, and the doctor exclaimed fretfully:

"O, dear!" those two boys worry me to death. They're always quarrelling about something."

"As Dr. Penrose said this, Edie slid down from his lap, and was out of the room in a moment. The doctor was about rising to go and settle the dispute, when his wife laid her hand on his arm, and said:

"Wait a moment." And then she stood in a listening attitude. "Edie will make all right between them."

And so it proved. Scarcely had she entered the room from which had come sounds of discord, ere the strife ceased.

"What a magic there is about that child!" remarked the doctor.

"It is the magic of love," said Mrs. Penrose. "Every one feels it."

The parents waited for some minutes for Edie to return, but the little sister, after restoring harmony between her brothers, remained with them, entering into their pleasures, and softening their intercourse.

"I saw a very different sight from this just now, as I came home," said Dr. Penrose. "Little Katy Eldridge is far from being like our Edie."

Digitized by Google

"Very far, indeed! The child, it seems to me, is possessed, at times, of an evil spirit."

"You would have believed so, if you had seen her as I did, a little while ago, snatch a ripe pear from the hand of her brother William, and after biting off a large piece, throw the pear at Jacob, calling to him at the same time to run away with it. Jacob, thus incited to an act of selfish injustice, caught the pear, and ran off, crowding it greedily into his mouth at every step. William, maddened by this outrage, took up a large stone, and flung it with all his might at Jacob. I stopped and held my breath; for, if the stone had struck the boy, it could not have failed to hurt him seriously. Fortunately, the aim was not well taken, and the stone passed on through the air harmless. At this moment I turned and saw Mr. Eldridge near by—he had also witnessed the scene. There was a look of pain on his fine countenance, as he hurried past me with only a nod of recognition, and entered the house, followed by the children, to whom he had called in a low, but stern voice."

"What a home-reception for a father!" remarked Mrs. Penrose; "after a day of care and labor."

"From some cause," said Mr. Penrose, "Mr. Eldridge is changing. He used to be one of the most buoyant-spirited men in Arden; but he is flagging of late. It can't be on account of his business, for he has the best practice of any lawyer at our bar, and is rapidly accumulating property."

"I'm afraid," Mrs. Penrose replied, "judging from what I see occasionally, that his home-life is by no means as pleasant as it should be. Mrs. Eldridge is a woman of very uncertain temper; conducts her housekeeping in a way to secure but little order or comfort, and quarrels with her children, instead of guiding, leading, and controlling them. It really chilled me to hear her speak to Katy the other day. 'You *little* torment!' she exclaimed, as the child overturned her work basket. And then she caught her passionately by the arm, and thrust her from the room, saying, as she did so, 'Go off to the kitchen, and don't let me see your face again to-day!' Katy went away, screaming to the full capacity of her lungs. As soon as her voice, from distance, ceased to ring in our ears with deafening power, Mrs. Eldridge said: 'Oh, dear! That child worries the life out of me! I never saw such a pest. She's into every thing, and interfering with every body. She'll be the death of me, yet! Such a meddlesome, quarrelsome little wretch was never before born.'"

"Why, she don't deserve to have children!" said the doctor, warmly.

"I doubt if she appreciates the blessing," remarked his wife. 'Troublesome comforts' they are, in her estimation."

"A kind of necessary evil, as I once heard a woman of her class remark."

"Yes. But if she would only meet the evil, if such she regards it, with a measure of wise forbearance, there would be some merit in the case. As it is, few, if any ameliorating features are presented."

"It is well for me, Lucy," said the doctor, turning a kind glance upon his wife;" that the genius of my home wears a gentler aspect. I should be driven away in despair if the atmosphere were never sunny, and the sky never free from clouds."

The children entered at this moment, in gay spirits, Eddy and George, bearing their sister between them, sitting on their clasped hands, while her arms were around their necks. It was a picture of love, the vision of which warmed and gladdened the parents' hearts. A little while they bore her around the room, in a kind of triumphal march, and then passed out, leaving a blessing behind them.

"Dear child! She has in her less of earth, than Heaven," said Mrs. Penrose. "I often tremble when I look at her, lest she fade from my sight like a vision of beauty."

The doctor sighed. The same thought had often flitted through his own mind, and it always troubled him.

"We could not spare her from our household," said he. "Oh, no—no. Were it not for her, our two boys, both so quick-tempered, would never harmonize. What a blessed influence she has over them! How quickly, in the sunshine of her presence, their stormy passions are subdued. Happy are we in such a child!" * * * *

Mr. Eldridge, who had seen the act of Katy, when she snatched the pear from her brother, was greatly incensed against her, as the instrument of discord between her brothers, whose aptness to disagree was to him a source of much anxiety. Catching her by the arm as he entered the house, he lifted her from the floor, and carried her to the sitting room, where his wife was trying to finish the last few pages of a book which had occupied most of her time during the day.

"Look here, Harriet!" said he, with unusual excitement of manner. "If you don't do something with this girl, I shall have to send her off where she can find nobody to quarrel with. The way she conducts herself is terrible!"

"What is the matter now, Mr. Eldridge?" returned his wife, disturbed in her pleasant occupation of reading, and brought down with a heavy jar to an uncongenial actuality.

"What is always the matter. Kate has been making trouble between the boys again. I never saw such a child!"

"What has she done, Mr. Eldridge?" The mother of Kate spoke in a fretful, querilous voice.

"Making trouble between her brothers, as I have just said," was replied. "I don't believe the boys would disagree half as often as they do, if she would let them alone."

Without gaining any clearer comprehension of the matter than was afforded by this general charge against the young culprit, Mrs. Eldridge, in a fever of passion, sprang towards Katy, and inflicted upon her a dozen severe blows on the back, and about the head. The child, as soon

Digitized by Google

as she could escape from her mother's hands, fled, screaming, from the room.

"That kind of work does more harm than good," said Mr. Eldridge.

"What kind of work, pray?" A crimson tide had rushed to the face of Mrs. Eldridge.

"Punishment inflicted in anger always does harm."

"Then you are even more to blame than I am," said Mrs. Eldridge, sharply; "for you dragged the child here in a towering passion, charging her vaguely with some monstrous crime, and requiring punishment at my hands. Next time, if you see any thing wrong, make your own corrections."

Mr. Eldridge had no taste for domestic conflicts, and always retired from strife the moment a sign of war appeared. On the present occasion, he felt no inclination to act differently. Without offering a word in reply, he turned away from his excited companion, and retired to his office. He had not been there long, before the jar of discordant voices reached his ears. His two sons were at strife again. In scarcely a better state of mind than his wife for meeting a trouble of this character, Mr. Eldridge hurried into the garden, from which came the angry words. Jacob and William were disputing about a knife. Ere the father reached the scene of contention, Katy was on the ground, and had taken the side of Jacob.

"It's Jacob's knife! I know it is! Give Jacob his knife!" she was exclaiming.

"It isn't Jacob's knife! It's mine!" replied William.

"I know better! It's Jacob's knife! Give it to him, this minute!" And the little girl was already struggling with William for possession of the knife, that she might give it to her older brother.

"Kate!" Her father's stern voice startled the child, and she retreated a few paces.

"Go into the house."

Katy looked frightened, and obeyed instantly.

"Have you got Jacob's knife?" now enquired Mr. Eldridge, assuming a calmness that he did not feel. He spoke to William.

"No, sir. It's my own knife," was firmly answered.

"I think it's my knife," said Jacob.

"You think!" Mr. Eldridge frowned.

"If he'll just let me look at it, I can tell in a minute."

"I told him it wasn't his knife," spoke up William; "but he wouldn't believe me. I know my own knife."

"But why didn't you let him look at it?"—All this trouble would then have been avoided."

"Because, I was afraid he would snatch it out of my hand."

"Ah, boys! boys!" said Mr. Eldridge, "this is a sad state of things! Let me see the knife, William."

William handed the knife to his father, who reached it towards Jacob, with the enquiry—

"Does that belong to you?"

Jacob examined the knife for a moment, and then answered—

"No, sir, it isn't mine. But I thought it was."

"Only *thought* it was, yet claimed it for your own, and quarrelled with your brother because he would not relinquish to you what was really his own! Jacob! Conduct like this deserves punishment; and more particularly so, coming as it does, upon your recent outrage upon William, in taking the pear."

"Katy gave me the pear," said Jacob, in feeble justification of his conduct. "If she hadn't taken it from William, I—I—."

He stammered and broke down in his speech.

"Your fault, in that instance, is not to be excused on any plea," said Mr. Eldridge. "I regard you as most to blame, for you are the oldest, and should have reproved Katy for her wrong-doing, instead of becoming a party thereto."

A look of triumph lit up the countenance of William. Mr. Eldridge saw this and his own error at the same time; for, in reproving Jacob in the presence of William, he had widened the breach between them, instead of reconciling them to each other.

For some moments he stood in silent perplexity, not knowing what it was best to say or do.

"Let me hear no more of this wrangling," he at length remarked, partly turning away as he spoke. "If you cannot live like brothers, you will have to be separated."

Mr. Eldridge walked back into the house, and sat down in his office, in a fretted state of mind. He was a lover of quiet, harmony, and order; but, as the years progressed, he seemed to recede farther and farther from his ideal of home felicity. Government in the family, truly so, there was none; and if he attempted to rule matters, independent of his wife, affairs were made worse instead of better. With painful solicitude, he had seen the growing spirit of discord among his children, and particularly the bad influence which Katy exercised over her brothers. He had tried, in various ways, to correct this very bad fault, but with no apparent success. Punishment, so far as Katy was concerned, he had left with his wife; but she only punished in anger, and no good results followed. Sometimes he ventured to suggest a change in the manner of his wife's home-administration; but whenever he did this, her sensitive pride was aroused, and he was glad to take refuge in silence, under the storm of words that almost surely followed.

CHAPTER III.

With the exception of a few captious, or ill-natured words among themselves, no further wrangling between the children of Mr. Eldridge took place during the evening. The tea-table was, as usual, a scene of disorder; William, Jacob, and Katy acting more like hungry animals than well-bred human beings. Mrs. Eldridge scolded and threatened, and Mr. Eldridge spoke sharply several times, but with only temporary effect. The Babel of voices was hushed for a brief season, and then went on again with an increased confusion of tongues. In the midst

Digitized by Google

of this annoying discord, Mr. Eldridge pushed his chair back from the table, saying fretfully as he did so:

"I can't stand this any longer! I'd rather go without my meals, than eat them in such a bedlam of a place!"

And he left the room in anger.

Mrs. Eldridge, startled by this unexpected movement on the part of her husband, poured out upon the heads of her half-frightened children sundry vials of wrath, and ended by ordering them all off to bed. She was angry, and in earnest; and the reluctant young rebels were not able to escape this punishment; though, in submitting to it, they failed not to show the largest permissable degree of opposition, and give every kind of trouble within their power, short of provoking chastisement.

Mr. Eldridge had retired to his office, where, for nearly an hour, he sat brooding over the unhappy condition of affairs at home, and trying to work out some scheme of amelioration. Past experience gave him little hope. No change in home government could take place without the earnest and cheerful coöperation of his wife, and, heretofore, whenever he had made an effort to converse with her on the subject, she had misunderstood him, and imagined that he was blaming her, when he was only trying to lift her thoughts upward, into a clearer perception of duty.

"I am almost discouraged," he murmured, as he started from his chair, and commenced pacing the floor. "Things are getting worse, instead of better. All progression is in the wrong direction, and I shudder when I look to the end. Oh! if Harriet could only see things as I do! If she would only work as earnestly in her sphere of duty as I have to work in mine. If she would only take counsel with me."

At last, the whole subject having acquired, through earnest thought thereon, a new importance in his mind, Mr. Eldridge resolved to have a serious talk with his wife about their home relations, and endeavor to effect, if possible, some change for the better. So, calming down his feelings, and assuming as cheerful an aspect as possible, he went to the sitting room, where he found her reading. She glanced at him for a moment, over the top of her book, and then bent her eyes again upon the page before her. There was little of promise in the expression of her countenance, as she glanced at her husband.

Mr. Eldridge sat down near the lamp, and taking up a magazine that lay upon the table, opened it, and pretended to read. But, not a thought was stirred in his mind by any words that were printed upon the page. At last, speaking with a hesitation of manner, and a huskiness of voice that betrayed a great deal more of feeling than he wished to exhibit, he said:

"These children trouble me a great deal, Harriet."

Mrs. Eldridge let her book fall into her lap, and fixed her eyes upon her husband's countenance. There was a slight contraction of her brows, as if she felt the approach of something unpleasant.

"They grow worse instead of better," continued Mr. Eldridge. "But this ought not to be, and shows that something is wrong in our management. We ought to be able to repress the evil in them, and bring out what is good.—Don't you think so?"

Mr. Eldridge softened his voice, with the hope of soothing any disturbance of feeling which his introduction of the subject migh occasion.

"I don't know any thing about it," replied Mrs. Eldridge, with singular perverseness; and then raising the book, she fixed her eyes upon it, as if she were too much interested therein to care about any other subject.

"Harriet!" The voice of Mr. Eldridge became firm at once. "This is trifling in a matter of solemn import. For once, meet me in sober conference, and let us try and help one another to a clearer perception of duty."

"*For once!* Humph! You are complimentary, Mr. Eldridge!" The lips of Mrs. Eldridge slightly curled.

"For heaven's sake, Harriet!" said Mr. Eldridge, "don't talk in this way, when I ask to converse with you on a snbject of vital import. Our own, and the happiness of our children are at stake. Surely, this is enough to render us grave and thoughtful!"

"I'm all attention. Say on." With something cold, almost haughty, in her manner, Mrs. Eldridge closed the book she was reading, and, leaning back in her chair, looked fixedly at her husband.

"Will you talk with me calmly on the subject of our children, Harriet?" asked her husband.

"Certainly—certainly. Say on." But there was nothing of kindness, or even modified feeling in her tones.

"We ought to find some means of repressing their evil tempers," said Mr. Eldridge. "They wrangle together, it seems to me, all the time. It is dreadful to think of brothers and sisters growing up at variance with one another."

"I'm sure I've done all that I can do," replied Mrs. Eldridge. "And I'm certain that it doesn't worry you any more than it does me."

"Couldn't you watch Katy a little more closely? I think she makes half the trouble between the boys."

"Oh! you needn't throw all the blame on Katy," said Mrs. Eldridge. "I guess the others are about as bad. The fact of the business is, Mr. Eldridge, you magnify everything that child does, until it looks ten times as large as it really is. I don't hear you speak a kind word to her, week in and week out. That is no way to treat a child of her age. If you don't try to awaken gentle feeling in her, how can you expect them to exist!"

Mr. Eldridge bowed his head, and remained silent for several minutes. He felt the case to be hopeless. Either he had approached his wife on the subject in a wrong way, or she was incorrigibly perverse. While he yet brooded over the subject, Mrs. Eldridge said—

"Of course, I'm to blame for every thing that

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

goes wrong, as if the children were not as much yours as mine, and as if you were not as fully responsible as I am for their conduct. The fact of the business is, Mr. Eldridge, you don't pay any attention to them; but go out and come in for days, without even speaking to them, except to find some fault, half of your time looking as sour as vinegar. Go to work yourself, to get things right, and don't expect impossibilities of me."

The lines which had gathered on the brows of Mr. Eldridge, grew deeper, and the veins swelled into visible cords. He felt the case to be hopeless.

"Say no more, if you please, Harriet," he remarked, with forced calmness. "We will change the subject."

"O, yes," retorted his wife, in a taunting voice; "when the shoe begins to pinch your own foot, you are very ready to cast it off. Do your own duty to the children, and you will not see so much to find fault with in my conduct."

"I found no fault with you, Harriet," said Mr. Eldridge, still repressing his feelings.

"You didn't, indeed!"

"I only asked to talk over with you the state of our home-affairs, with a view to some salutary change."

"Didn't you commence by blaming me for not taking the side of the boys against Katy?"

"No. All I said about her, was to enquire if you couldn't watch her a little more closely, and prevent her from stirring up strife so often between William and Jacob?"

"Oh, yes! She's to bear the brunt of everything, of course!" Wounded pride had obscured all the true perceptions of Mrs. Eldridge's mind. "And so it has been from the beginning. She never does anything right, in your eyes. But, I can just tell you, Mr. Eldridge, that Katy is quite as good as the boys are."

Mr. Eldridge was a man of even temper, and a great deal of self-control. Reason and inclination, as well as professional experience, had made him averse to contention, as usually resulting in greater loss than gain. Now he felt a strong impulse to retort with vehemence and asperity; and sharp words trembled on his lips for utterance. But, with an effort, he so far calmed the agitation he felt, as to hide it from view, bridling his restive tongue, and sealing his lips.

A short time Mrs. Eldridge sat awaiting some further remark from her husband; but, as he showed no disposition to continue the conversation, she lifted her book before her face, and resumed the occupation which his entrance had suspended.

Troubled, fretted, and unhappy, Mr. Eldridge remained in the room for only a short period, and then went out. His wife dropped her book in her lap, as he left the apartment, and listened with a new manifestation of interest to the sound of his retreating feet. From the sitting-room he went to his office. There he could be heard moving about for several minutes, and then all was silent. Mrs. Eldridge had raised her book from her lap, and was running her eyes over the open page, when the shutting of the office door caused her to look up again, and listen. A shade of anxiety was visible on her countenance. Mr. Eldridge moved along the passage, and went out by the street door. A sigh quivered the lips of his wife, and for many minutes she sat in statue-like stillness. Another and deeper sigh marked the breaking of her reverie, when the reading of her book was resumed. But all interest in its pages was gone. In vain she tried to lose herself in the history of another life. Self-consciousness was attended with too much suffering for this.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LUCIA.

BY MARY H. LUCY.

The evening lamps are lighted,
And the shadows, grim and tall,
Are weaving strangest figures
With the firelight on the wall!
There's a happy group around me,
Their smiles are beaming bright;
But a weary weight of sadness
Is on my heart to-night!

For one who erst was with us,
The merriest of them all,
In her quiet grave is sleeping,
Beneath the lindens tall!
Her little seat is vacant,
In its place by the fireside now,
But an angel's wreath of glory
Is resting on her brow!

The autumn skies are weeping,
And winds go wailing by:
And clouds, like bannered armies,
Are trooping o'er the sky
And while I gaze above me,
To the darkness overhead,
I weep that rains are falling
Upon her little bed!

Sometimes we stop to listen
For the old familiar tone,
Forgetting, in our sorrow,
The little one is gone.
Forgetting that we never
May hear on earth again,
The patter of her footsteps,
Her sweet voice caroling!

It was *Thy* will, Oh, Father,
That she was called away;
Then grant us meek submission,
For trusting faith we pray!
Now, in the land above us,
When Jesus calls his own,
Her harp will swell the chorus,
Around the Great White Throne.

Bradford, Mass.

ONE POUND of gold may be drawn into a beautiful wire that would extend around the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time. Though done in the flush of youth, it may gild the last hours of a long life.

Digitized by Google

"EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING."

BY MARY MORRIS.

What! can this be true in this dark world of ours, where the thick clouds of sorrow, disappointed hopes, and bereavements are continually hanging over us, obscuring even the bright star of hope; where upon every passing breeze is borne deep wailings of woe, bitter sighs ascending from bruised and broken hearts mourning over lost hopes, crushed affections, wasted love; struggling vainly for victory in the fierce battle of life; groping about in darkness to catch, if possible, one gleam of sunlight from the heavy clouds—but in vain.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Another shrine robbed of its idol; another hearth left desolate. See, how the black clouds settle down and press more closely around that lonely widowed one. Grim Death mocks at his grief from the open grave, so soon to receive his heart's idol. Aye, remove the coffin lid; gaze with all the agonizing bitterness of a *last* look upon that cold marble face; was aught on earth so lovely? Kiss for the last time the pure forehead. Ah! those pale white lips give back no answering pressure of love; sealed forever by that last chilling blast from the cold river.

And now the damp earth presses heavily over that cherished form; far down in the darkness and silence of the grave must the loved one remain, never more to cheer by her gentle words of love and kindness, the heart of him who so needed her sympathy and love. Gone, gone forever.

What on earth is now beautiful or bright since the dearest, best treasure is removed? Oh, no! there can be no bright spot in affliction like this; there can be no bright ray to gild this night of sorrow

Ah! thou erring mortal, repine not. The all-wise Father knew thy frail heart, saw thy whole life and soul bound up in that one creature, weak and sinful like thyself; forgetful of the Creator; and wilt thou dare raise thy feeble voice against the Almighty when He removes the idol that He alone may reign? Wilt thou not bow meekly, kiss the rod, and accept the bitter cup of bereavement, offered as it is in mercy?

And is this all? Is there no life beyond the grave? Is the spirit which held such communion with thine forever quenched? Can the grave contain forever the immortal part? Look up, oh! mourning one; thy loved one is not there. Hark! hearest thou not, soft, heavenly voices, whispering sweetly of a life beyond the dark river, where Death can never come; of glorious mansions where is peace and joy forever more, and of another freed spirit welcomed to the blissful home? Dost thou not feel upon thy tear-moistened cheek, gentle wavings of angel wings perfumed with the breath of heavenly flowers?

Even now, may the happy glorified spirit of thy loved one be hovering around; think you it would return again to that perishing body of clay?

The sweet star of faith is already rising over thy grief; the clouds, all bright and shining with hues caught from heavenly skies, are no longer dark and rayless; and now, even with thy lonely bleeding heart, canst thou humbly receive the chastisement from Him who doeth all things well.

Henceforth will earth seem less dear, Heaven nearer, and more to be desired; thy own cherished companion is there, and who can know but that her pure spirit may sometimes look down upon thee, still to encourage thy endeavors to battle manfully with life and its trials, still to cheer and console in thy hours of distress; but now with heart and affections all purified from the dross of earth; will not the influence be more blessed then when she walked with bodily presence at thy side?

Yes, thanks to our merciful Father, every cloud *has* a silver lining, however dark the side presented to our view, ladened heavy though it be with sorrows and woes, which almost crush the life from our hearts as it presses upon us; yet there away, hidden from our short mortal vision, gleams the soft silvery lining, ever gently shining, perhaps never to be revealed in this world, reserved for us to discover after we too have been called from this to our heavenly home, and look back upon our earthly pilgrimage with rejoicings that we have been so safely borne through every trial and temptation.

Ah! then will our sky be without a cloud. All joyous and happy will we tune our harps anew to the praise of Him who loved us and hath given us the Victory.

AT HOME.

The rain is sobbing on the wold;
The house is dark, the hearth is cold;
And stretching drear and ashy grey
Beyond the cedars, lies the bay

My neighbor at his window stands,
His youngest baby in his hands
The others seek his tender kiss,
And one sweet woman crowns his bliss.

I look upon the rainy wild
I have no wife, I have no child
There is no fire upon my hearth,
And none to love me on the earth.

—[BAYARD TAYLOR.

Digitized by Google

EXTRACTS FROM THATCHER'S MILITARY JOURNAL.

"*May* 1, 1799.—Thirteen cannon have just announced the arrival of M. Gerard, the French minister, and a gentleman of distinction from Spain, by the name of Don Juan de Mirrilliars; and preparations are making to afford these gentlemen an opportunity of reviewing our army.

"2*nd*.—The whole of our army was paraded in martial array in a spacious field, and a stage was erected for the accommodation of the ladies and gentlemen spectators. At the signal of thirteen cannon, the great and splendid cavalcade approached in martial style and pomp. A very beautiful troop of light-horse, commanded by Major Lee, a Virginian, marched in front; then followed his Excellency, the Commander in Chief, and his aids-de-camp; next, the foreign ministers and their retinue, and the general officers of our army and their aids, closed the procession. Having arrived on the field of parade, the Commander in Chief, with the foreign ministers and general officers passed in front of the army, from right to left, in review, and received the military honors due to their rank; after which the gentlemen dismounted and retired to the stage, and took seats with Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Grune, and Mrs. Knox, and a number of other ladies who had arrived in their carriages. The army then performed the field manœuvres and evolutions, with firing of cannon and musketry. The business of the day was closed by the troops displaying, and marching in front of the stage, and paying the marching salute to their Excellencies. The whole performance was conducted with such marked regularity and precision, as to reflect great honor on the character of our army, and afford the Commander in Chief, and the spectators, the highest degree of satisfaction. On this occasion we cannot but pride ourselves on the conspicuous figure exhibited by our Commander in Chief. While mounted on his noble bay charger, his stature appears remarkable; and being a good horseman, he displays a lofty carriage and a benign dignity of demeanor; and I hope not to incur the charge of undue partiality, when I say, his appearance was incomparably more majestic and dignified than that of either of his illustrious visitors.

"14*th*.—Our brigade was paraded for the purpose of being reviewed by General Washington and a number of Indian chiefs. His Excellency, with his usual dignity, followed by his mulatto servant Bill, riding a beautiful grey steed, passed in front of the line, and received the salute. He was accompanied by a singular group of savages, whose appearance was beyond description ludicrous. Their horses were of the meanest kind, some of them destitute of saddles, and old strings were used for bridles. The personal decorations were equally farcical, having their faces painted of various colors, jewels suspended from their ears and noses, their heads without covering, except tufts of hair on the crown, and some of them wore dirty blankets over their shoulders, waving in the wind. In short, they exhibited a novel and truly disgusting spectacle. But his Excellency deems it good policy to pay some attention to this tribe of the wilderness, and to convince them of the strength and discipline of our army, that they may be encouraged, if disposed to be friendly, or deterred from aggression, if they should become hostile to our country.

"*April* 29*th*, 1780.—I accompanied Dr. Schuyler to head quarters, to attend the funeral of M. de Mirrilliars. The deceased was a gentleman of high rank in Spain, and had been about one year a resident with our Congress from the Spanish Court. The corpse was dressed in rich state, and exposed to public view, as is customary in Europe. The coffin was most splendid and stately, lined throughout with fine cambric, and covered on the outside with rich black velvet, and ornamented in a superb manner. The top of his coffin was removed to display the pomp and grandeur with which the body was decorated. It was a splendid full dress, consisting of a scarlet suit, embroidered with rich gold lace, a three cornered gold-laced hat, and a genteel cued wig, white silk stockings, large diamond shoe and knee buckles; a profusion of diamond rings decorated the fingers, and from a superb gold watch set with diamonds, several rich seals were suspended. His Excellency, General Washington, with several other general officers and members of Congress, attended the funeral solemnities, and walked as chief mourners. The other officers of the army and numerous respectable citizens, formed a splendid procession, extending about one mile Minute guns were fired during the procession, which greatly increased the solemnity of the occasion."

AN ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

Beside the toilsome way,
Lowly and sad, by fruits and flowers unblest,
Which my lone feet tread sadly, day by day,
Longing in vain for rest,

An angel softly walks,
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down,
The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks
She weaves my fitting crown.

A sweet and patient grace,
A look of firm endurance true and tried,
Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her face
So pure—so glorified.

And when my fainting heart
Desponds and murmurs at its adverse fate,
Then quietly the angel's bright lips part,
Murmuring softly, "Wait!"

"Patience!" she meekly saith—
"Thy Father's mercies never come too late.
Gird thee with patient strength and trusting faith,
And firm endurance wait!"

Digitized by Google

ONE DAY'S SACRIFICE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Oh, dear! I wish I knew *what* to do!"

The lips were just like the tone, that moment, half pouting, half wistful; indeed, this was the expression of the whole face, as it pressed itself closer up to the window-pane that morning.

It was a sweet face, though by no means a *beautiful* one, and you felt intuitively that the pout was improvised, and that a *smile* was the indigenous expression of the full, rounded lips, and of the clear hazel eyes.

They looked out, those eyes, on a winter morning, cold and still, for the night before had woven its seamless robe over brown field, and barren hill, and the trees lifted up their charred foreheads under the white baptismal of December.

Overhead the clouds were slowly wrapping their gray folds away from the sun, and revealing pleasant interludes of soft, blue sky, the morning's blessed prophesy written in the heavens above, to the earth beneath, "*The day shall be a very bright one.*"

"What a glorious time they will have," murmurs Grace Hammond, while her little fingers move along the high frost rim on the edges of the pane. "It's full fifteen miles to the green, and they'll be three hours getting there. Then, such delicious sleighing as it will be, and there are twenty couples going, Cousin Charley said.

"How I should enjoy it, with the late dinner, and the evening plays, and the delightful ride home by moonlight. Oh! seems to me I never wanted to go anywhere so much in my life.

"But then there's Mattie, dear child, she'd enjoy it even more than I would, buried up as she is, week after week, in that old red schoolhouse, with those tiresome boys and girls.

"Goodness! I believe it would drive me crazy in less than a month, and yet how patiently and nobly she bears it all.

"If her father hadn't made that wretched speculation before he died, mortgaging even the house they live in.

"Mrs. Palmer, with her feeble health, and those two little children, all dependent on Mattie's services, and she so delicately, so tenderly reared. I declare, it makes my heart ache to think of it.

"Didn't she look sweetly, though, at our party the other evening. I spoke before I thought, 'Mattie, how becoming black is to you,' and then the tears came into her eyes. It was so careless of me.

"Weston Hunt was really quite smitten with her. I could see this very plainly by the attention he paid her all the evening, and then his inviting her to go in the sleighing party to-day proves this, if ever anything did. Why, there isn't a girl in all Meadowbrook that wouldn't be proud of his attentions. And then, how some of them have treated Mattie of late, just because the family have lost their property. It's a perfect shame, I think.

"But about the sleigh ride, that's *the* question, and I *must* decide, now.

"Charley'll be *so* disappointed if I don't go;" and the old, half pouting, half irresolute look dashed across the sweet face.

"But there's Mattie again. It would be such a change, such a pleasure to her to get out of that old school-room for a day; and if I were to teach for her, I could think, when night came, I'd made *her* happy, if I hadn't been so myself.

"I *will*, too; that's settled now. Grace Hammond, you don't go on that sleighing party to-day!" And the young girl perorated this decision by bringing down her hand emphatically on the window-sill.

Grace Hammond's monologue must have given you a glance into her inner self, reader; and I can only outline for you, very briefly, her mental character.

She was the only child of a wealthy farmer, petted, and half spoiled from her infancy.

But she was ardent and impulsive, with a rich, deep, loving nature, which no extraneous circumstances could entirely change.

She had her faults, and they were many, but her heart—and it is a blessed thing when you can say this of man or woman—*her heart was a true one.*

"*Mattie darling*"—so wrote Grace Hammond ten minutes later—"*you are going on this sleigh ride, so just don't say another word about it. Cousin Charley told me Mr. Hunt sent you the invitation an hour ago, and I've taken a notion to play school ma'am for you to-day. I've been on scores of sleigh rides this winter, and I think it will do you as much good to drop the mantle of your dignity on me to-day, as it will my giddy self to assume it.*

"*So throw off that school hood from your brown curls, my darling, and call up the old smiles to the soft bloom of your lips, the old light to the summer-blue of your eyes; and in all the annals of youth, love, and sleigh rides, may there be no page so bright as the one this day shall write in the history of Mattie Palmer and Weston Hunt most fervently prays* GRACE HAMMOND."

"Not going, Grace! Why, you're surely not in earnest," and a look of mingled chagrin and disappointment clouded the fine features of the young man, as he turned them on his companion.

"Yes, I am, Charley. You see, I've made an engagement for the day which renders it quite impossible for me to go. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped."

Spite of her efforts, there was a little thread of disappointment running through the studied calmness of the speaker's voice.

Digitized by Google

"A fiddle on your engagements, Grace. Why, this will be the greatest sleighing party of the season. Come, now, don't think for a moment of staying at home. We can't do without you at all; so go and get ready in a hurry, for we start at ten. There's a good girl."

Poor Grace; it was very hard to refuse the pleading of those dark, handsome eyes, for Charles Munson was more to the girl than many cousins; indeed, he was rather nominally than really her relative—although some marriages between members of their respective families gave the young people the privilege of this appellation.

"Charley, do not urge me. I am very grateful for your invitation, and it pains me more than you can imagine to refuse it. But I am compelled to do this."

If Grace's manner was cold, it was because her words cost her such an effort.

"Very well, Grace. Of course, I shall not press my claims any farther. Excuse me, if in my desire to secure your company, I have been importunate. Good morning."

He lifted his hat with his natural grace, but the old, frank smile was not on his lips as he left her.

"There! he is certainly offended with me. I knew it would be so," murmured the girl, as she sank back on the sofa, while the tears brimmed over her brown lashes, for Grace was making no light sacrifice this morning.

"I'm almost sorry I sent Mattie that note, but it's too late to recall it. Charley'll take Jane Morton with him, I know; and it will be a great triumph for her to think he's slighted me." And the fair, haughty face of the doctor's daughter rose before the young girl, while a sharp pang of jealousy quivered through her heart.

But it was wearing toward nine o'clock, and Grace had little time for reflection.

"I must get Tom to take me over in the cutter," she murmured; "I can easily gain mamma's consent, she is so kind-hearted, and Mattie is such a favorite with her. Goodness!" glancing at the small china clock on the mantel, "I must be off in twenty minutes."

"Gracie, Gracie, how shall I thank you?"

Grace stood at the window, robed for her ride to the school, and waiting impatiently for the sleigh to present itself at the front gate, when these words, *whispered*, because of the tears that lay behind them, reached her ear.

She turned quickly. "Why, Mattie, what has brought you over here?"

"I couldn't go without thanking you. Oh! Grace, Grace, you have made me *so* happy!" And now Mattie's arms were round Grace's neck, while great sobs were shaking her figure, and tears raining from the large, mellow eyes.

"You're a real naughty girl." Grace's tone was half expostulatory, half scolding. "Now you'll spoil that charming face of yours, after all my pains," and she stroked the rich brown curls that fell out of the black straw bonnet.

"Do you know you're going to pass this day with the only son of a millionaire, and who, by this invitation, gives very strong evidence of having been captivated by your naughty little self?

Mattie placed her hand on Grace's lips, and shut back the tears from her shining eyes.

"Gracie," she said, and the tones, tremulous at first, grew strong and deep with pathos as she proceeded—"I must be growing very weak, for it came *so* hard for me to refuse that invitation this morning. You know it is so long since I have had any relaxation—any pleasure, and this hard, barren, toilsome life seemed closing all around me, and I struggling vainly through it, reaching my gaze out for the light that never came, lifting my hands up with a sharp cry for the blessings that never filled them. And somehow, that invitation was such a mockery to me; for you see, dear, I was growing morbid, and I thought how they would all go off light-hearted and happy, leaving me choked in by the bare walls of the old school-room. Well, I sat down and wrote my regrets with a steady hand, but, oh! with *such* a heavy heart. Just as I had finished it, your note came—oh! Grace, how shall I tell you the rest?"

"By saying nothing about it, Mattie. And now, do you go straight home, and dress yourself nicely as possible for the ride. There comes Tom. Good bye, and a bright day to you, darling." There was a quick rain of soft kisses on the damp cheeks of Mattie Palmer, and Grace Hammond was gone.

I am not one of those, reader, who believe that the "good doing" always brings *at once* its own exceeding great reward; but rather that it is ofttimes a blessed legacy, which the present bears through darkness and sorrow, to dower the future. And, therefore, I cannot assure you that Grace Hammond passed an especially pleasant day in the old red school house, which stood at the intersection of the four principal stage routes from Meadowbrook.

I know that once during the morning a sudden mist dampened her hazel eyes, for the wind brought the gay rhythm of the sleigh bells to her ears, and she heard the joyous laugh of the young party, as it leaped out, full and rich, on the frosty air.

For a moment the oaken desks, the long benches of black, brown, and flaxen heads, swam before her, and an "I wish I was with them!" rushed involuntarily to her lips. But the after thought followed quickly, "I am glad Mattie is there."

And when the work was done, the last scholar dismissed, and the short December day, reaching out its cold arms to the night, Grace Hammond knelt down in that little school room, and thanked the Great Father that He had given her strength to make this sacrifice; that she had lived His great, royal law, in loving that day her neighbor as herself.

It was a merry company the great parlor of the old hotel framed in that evening. Sweet breaks of laughter, the effervescence of youth and glad spirits, came over rosy lips, and bright eyes glanced, and graceful figures fluttered about the long, old-fashioned room.

Digitized by Google

"Don't you think it very funny Grace Hammond isn't here, Jane?" asked a young girl, as she came up to the corner where the village belle sat, her head leaned gracefully down to some complimentary speech which Charles Munson was that moment making her.

"Well, I don't know." And the lady twisted her diamond ring round her white finger. "I presume she would have come, had she received an invitation."

There was a quick, half imperceptible curl of the young man's lip, for, notwithstanding his affront at her refusal, Grace Hammond was to his heart what the haughty lady at his side could never have been.

"I had the honor of inviting her myself," was the reply that well-nigh sprang to his lips, and, with all his chivalry, it was exceedingly difficult to suppress it.

But Mattie Palmer had heard all this as she stood near, leaning over an engraving of rustic life, on whose naturalness Mr. Hunt was descanting, and her face flushed eagerly as she turned toward the trio, and her sweet, earnest voice answered: "Grace remained at home to take charge of my school to-day, so I could come here. It was *very, very* kind of her."

Charles Munson's proud face bent on Mattie a look that she could not interpret; a look of mingled light, gratitude, and tenderness, which she had never seen there before.

He understood it all now—the sacrifice she had made, and the pain it had cost her, and looking down in his heart, he felt, for the first time, whose face shone there, serene and holy, and that Grace Hammond was his soul's election.

No wonder his companion repeated her question three times before he heard her.

"So you prefer school teaching to sleigh riding, do you, Grace? You know I always thought you something of a blue, but I never supposed you would carry the matter to such lengths."

It was the morning of the day after the sleighing party, and Grace was leaning over the rare exotics which occupied the deep recess by the sitting-room window; now peering into the rich heart of a half-opened moss rose, or cautiously lifting the delicate bells of the clematis-blooms, sprinkled like snow flakes among the dark leaves. She lifted her face from the flowers, among which it was half concealed.

"Why, cousin Charley, good morning! Who told you I had been teaching?"

"No matter now. You needn't blush so prettily about it, though you were a very naughty girl for not telling me the truth, and letting me go off offended with you." And he laid his hand on her shoulder, and looked fondly down on the drooping face, which surprise and embarrassment was incarnading with blushes.

"Of course, I couldn't tell you my motives for declining your invitation, cousin Charlay," she said, unconsciously pulling off the geranium leaves, and scattering them on the carpet. "It would have looked quite too much like sounding a trumpet in my own praise."

"You're a proud little girl, aren't you, Gracie? But I don't like you any the less for it." He smoothed, caressingly, the plaits of hair over the fair forehead. "I wonder if you will be too proud to answer the question I am about to ask you?" And, leaning down, the young lawyer whispered it to the girl.

I do not know what the answer was, but I do know they stood a long time, conversing in a low tone, by the window that morning. And when Charles Munson parted from Grace Hammond, he clasped both her hands in his, and said, with mingled tenderness and fervency, "May God take care of you, *my* Grace."

"Now, tell me all about the ride, Mattie.—"You know you're not going home until after tea, so just sit down, without any demurring." And Grace pushed Mattie into the cushioned arm-chair, and unfastened her bonnet strings while she spoke.

"We had a delightful time, Grace. I never enjoyed myself so much in all my life." But the beaming of the smile was half lost in the blushes that gathered into the usually pale face.

Grace saw these, and with a woman's intuition, she half divined what lay behind them.—She pushed a stool to Mattie's feet, and the gray light of the departing day looked into the window, and saw a picture which an artist would have rejoiced in.

The graceful, unconscious attitudes of the two girls, the sweet, uplifted face of the one, the pure, fair, half pensive outline of the other, shaded by its rich curls of brown-black hair, were in beautiful contrast.

"And was Mr. Hunt as agreeable and chivalric as usual?" queried Grace, looking up archly in her friend's eyes.

"Of course he was; but we will not talk about *him* now, darling. I have come over here to say once more, 'Grace, I thank you,' but that seems a very little, when I *feel* so much."

"Don't say it then, Mattie; or, rather, say it to God, that He gave me strength to resist the temptation, for it was not a light one, when Charley came for me; say it to God that He put it in my heart to pass one day of my life in doing unto others as I would have them do unto me."

Tears—tears of happy gratitude, were swelling over the blue eyes of Grace Hammond.

"Yes, darling, I will say it for you, as I have said it for myself every night for the past year." and Mattie laid her hand solemnly on Grace's hair.

"It has been to me a year of struggling and bitterness, of darkness and tears. Oh, Grace it is a very hard thing to feel that the mother you love, and the little sisters whose helplessness only folds them closer to your heart, are dependent on you for the bread they eat, for the roof that shelters them."

"I know it is, dearest, and you have been a brave, noble girl, to do and suffer all you have done for the last year, and—"

"Come, girls, supper's all ready." Mrs. Hammond's kindly tones broke into the room suddenly, and terminated the interview.

Digitized by Google

"Oh! I'm *so* glad, Charley," and Grace sprang up from the sofa, and clapped her hands gleefully as a child. The young man gazed up into the face of his betrothed, and thought how very sweet and childlike she seemed, with that joy-light breaking into her eyes.

She saw the glance, and the half fond, half significant smile, and, blushing at her own enthusiasm, returned quietly to his side.

"I cannot help rejoicing greatly," she continued, half apologetically, "at what you have told me. To think my little Mattie's steps have come out into the sunlight again!

"She is really engaged to your friend, you say, Charley, and will be the wife of a millionaire, and what is much more, of a good, true, honest man."

"If you know, as I do, how many have looked down in coldness and scorn upon her, how many pages of her life have been darkened and wetted together with very bitter tears, you would be glad as I am, at the good fortune that has come to her at last."

"Well, Gracie," answered the young man, with a little emphasis of natural indignation running through his tones, "she can triumph now over all who have treated her unkindly, for I know him well, and in wealth that the world honors, in high social position, in integrity of life, in nobleness of heart and mind, Weston Hunt is a man among a million."

"But Mattie is above any of that 'triumph' of which you speak, Charley. Suffering has only refined her character, and she will go up very meekly, with her own quiet grace, to the new place assigned her, remembering "it is God who pulleth down one and setteth up another."

—

When the green feet of the May came over the mountains of Meadowbrook, there were two bridals in the gray stone church on the green.

For their old love's sake it was that Grace Hammond and Mattie Palmer were married together.

SILENCE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life embue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death?
Those features to the grave be sent,
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstacy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring;
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?"

The above lines, descriptive of an infant's sleep, by Professor Wilson, are not inappropriately introduced in this place, the repose of a child being exhibited with so much truth and effect, and forming so prominent a circumstance in the painting under consideration. The same lines form the introduction to the description of this picture in the great national work, the "Musée Français." The picture, which is called "Silence," scarcely needs an explanation, its story being told with so much simplicity as to be at once understood. St. John, being desirous of the company of the infant Jesus, is about to awake him, but is checked by the interposition of the mother, who, with her finger on her lip, enjoins him not to disturb his repose. The principal figure, as well in the intention of the artist as in the perfection of its art, is undoubtedly that of the sleeping child. It is difficult to conceive how the most engaging of spectacles—the soft and happy slumber of a child—could be more correctly represented. The whole frame is abandoned to the listlessness of repose, while the features exhibit such an expression of quiet enjoyment as results from those flitting impressions which probably supply the place of connected dreams to a sleeping child. The inquiring expression in the countenance of the elder boy, and the quiet tenderness of the Virgin, are also beautifully depicted, although not remarkable in equal degree with the attitude and expression of the principal figure.

The Bolognese School of Painting was formed at Bologna, in Italy, during the sixteenth century, by the three Carracci—Ludovico, and his two cousins, Agostino and Annibale, who were brothers. Annibale had previously followed the calling of his father, who was a tailor; and he is considered the most celebrated member of this school. Ludovico's powers of invention were perhaps greater, and Agostino's merits as a teacher more considerable, but undoubtedly Annibale possessed the highest genius. The peculiar merit of each of the three may perhaps be better understood by stating that Ludovico reminds of Titian, Agostino of Tintoret, and Annibale of Corregio. Annibale possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the facility of sketching to the life whatever came in his way. Having once been robbed, he proceeded to a magistrate, and, instead of giving a verbal description of the thieves, he produced a faithful sketch of their persons, thus showing that a moment of so much excitement had not deprived him of

Digitized by Google

the extraordinary power which he possessed of retaining in his mind the impression of objects. He was of a somewhat careless disposition, but not a man to be offended with impunity. Being provoked on one occasion to fight a duel, he gaily replied,—"As for me, I only fight with my pencil. Behold my arms." And at another time, when upbraided by his brother for the little care which he exercised in selecting his associates, he merely occupied himself with making a sketch of his father and mother, with needle and scissors in hand; and, at the close of his brother's lecture, showed it to him for the purpose of reminding him that they had both been brought up in a tailor's work-room. Annibale Carracci was occupied above eight years at the Farnese Gallery, for which the cardinal by whom he was employed only paid him 500 gold crowns. This was so mean a reward for his talents and labor, that he would have returned them, had he not been persuaded to the contrary. He was, however, so much affected with the ingratitude shown towards him, that it occasioned an illness, of which he died not long after, in his forty-ninth year. He was interred by the side of Raphael, in the church of the Pantheon, at Rome.

The principles of the Bolognese school were a close observation of nature, combined with an imitation of the best masters. The rules particularly insisted upon by Annibale were, that a perfect picture should not consist of more than three groups, and not more than twelve figures. An air of repose, grace, and dignity were the qualities which he aimed at infusing into his compositions. Subordinate figures he skilfully threw in the shade, in order that the eye might rest on the principal characters and the more animated portion of the picture.



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE MOTHER'S LAST WORK.—A TRUE STORY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was just at night-fall, and the pleasant April day was going over the distant hills, and pausing, so it seemed, for a moment, to look into the window on that still, solemn picture. There were four boys and two girls, just about your ages, little children, and they all stood in the saddest place that little children ever can: *about the death-bed of their mother.*

She lay there, with her face growing colder and whiter all the time, and the damp drops, which tell us death is very near, gathering slowly over her temples. Her eyes wandered very tenderly over that little group, resting, with all that fond anxiety which only a dying mother can fully understand, on each dearly beloved face.

"My little children, mother must leave you," murmured the white, quivering lips; and then the tears gathered slowly into the dim eyes, and rolled over the cold cheeks.

Poor mother! None but God and the angels could look down into her loving, aching heart, and read the great agony of that death-hour.—She looked off, into the future of those little fatherless children, and saw the steep ways up which their tender feet must climb, with no loving hands reached out to them, no soft voices cheering them on when the path grew dark, and they could not see the light in the "*beyond.*"

"My children! My children!" It was the great outcry of her mother's heart, and God heard it, and He sent His angel to comfort her.

"I will be a Father to the fatherless," were the precious words that rolled their silvery sweetness into her soul, and a new light broke into her eyes, and beamed radiantly over her white face.

A prayer, her last one, broke from her pallid lips; a great, solemn, triumphant prayer, as, in

Digitized by Google

the strong arms of the Faith that even now did not desert her, she bore those beloved ones to the Great Father, and left them with His love.

The sobs of the little group thickened around the bedside, for the mother's voice grew very faint, as the prayer closed. She called them to her, laid her thin, cold hand on their heads, and blessed them very tenderly. Then she had gone up that shining road, where the angels lead the redeemed.

Years, very many years have come and gone, since that death-bed scene, which the quiet April sunset looked in upon. But that mother's last prayer and blessing have followed her children through all their after life.

"It has kept me from temptation, and delivered me from evil," said one of them, a man now in the noon of his life, honored and esteemed by all who know hin..

"In my boyhood, in my youth, in hours of peril and weakness, when the wrong way looked very pleasant, and I was tempted to walk in it, I have felt that thin, shadowy hand moving softly through my hair, and heard again the faint, sweet blessing of my dying mother, calling down to me from the Heaven where she is now, from the Heaven where I hope to meet her."

Is it not a touching story I have told you, little children? and will you not lay it up in your hearts, and always remember it—*the mother's last work?*

She walks now among the shining meadowlands of Heaven, where the purple blossoms tremble to the sweet psalms of the angels, and the trees shake down their blessed balsams on hearts that will never more know darkness, or sorrow, or tears. For these earth words are never murmured by the glad voices of the "just made perfect," never syllabled in the burning stanzas of the seraphs, never written on the shining pages of that country over whose mountains the night comes not down forever.

INTERESTING CONVERSATIONS

AND STORIES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—NO. VI.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

"*Won't* you please tell us about the lightning now, Miss Mary?" asked Archie Dale, the next morning, just after the little bell had rung for the children to come to order.

"Oh, yes, please do!" cried Aggie, and Fanny, and several others at the same time, "please do, Miss Mary!"

Miss Mary said she was very willing to comply with their request, though she was not sure that she could make so young a child as Archie was, understand it. However, she said she would try.

One of the larger girls asked if lightning was not caused by electricity?

"Lightning and electricity are the same," replied Miss Mary. "Electricity is found in every thing in nature, but often in a latent state."

"What does latent mean?" asked Archie.

"Latent means hidden or concealed; for instance, Archie, did you ever rub two pieces of wood together?"

"Yes, ma'm; and they got right hot."

"Were they hot before you rubbed them?"

"No, ma'm, they weren't a bit hot."

"That was because the heat in them was latent or concealed; and friction, or rubbing them together, developed it, or brought it out. It's just the same with electricity; it seldom shows itself until developed by friction."

"Then is electricity heat, Miss Mary?" asked another.

"No; they are two separate and distinct things; though both are developed by friction. For instance, in rubbing two pieces of wood together, we produce heat; yet we do not develop electricity; but if a stick of sealing-wax, or a glass tube be well rubbed with a piece of cloth or flannel, electricity will be developed, and it will have the power of attracting small pieces of paper, or other light substances, to it. This, heat alone would not do. Now, as I said before, every thing with which we are acquainted, contains electricity; and, when a body (for all substances are termed bodies,) has no more than its usual quantity, it is said to be in its natural state; when it has less, it is in a negative state; and when more, it is in a positive state."

"Then the clouds are in a positive state, aint they, Miss Mary?" asked Aggie.

"Not always, Aggie. But what made you think so?"

"Because there is so much lightning in them."

"If they were always in a positive state, there would be almost continual lightning. As long as all bodies remain in a natural state, there is no discharge; but when a body, positively electrified, comes near one that is in a negative state, electricity passes from one to the other. So lightning is only a discharge of electricity from a cloud that has more than its usual share to one that has less."

"But how does so much electricity get in the clouds, Miss Mary?"

"One cause is evaporation from the earth's surface; and another is, currents of air of different degrees of temperature coming in contact with each other produce friction, which, you know, excites electricity."

"Miss Mary," said Fanny, "when sealing wax or glass is rubbed, as you said, doesn't it become positively electrified?"

"Yes; and if taken into a dark room, and brought near to the finger, a bright spark would be seen passing from it to the finger, producing a sensation something like the pricking of a pin, and a little snapping noise would be heard."

"Why is it dangerous to stop under a tree when it is raining, Miss Mary?" asked Archie.

"Because, if a lightning cloud is near the tree, or any other tall object, such as a mountain or spire, the fluid would be apt to pass into it; and if any one were standing under or near to it, the lightning would leave the tree, and pass through the human body, because the hu

Digitized by Google

man body is a better conductor than the tree, and lightning, in its passage to the earth, always seizes upon the best conductors."

"I know a lady, Miss Mary," said one of the little girls, "that always gets into bed when there is a thunder storm; she says the lightning *won't* strike you if you are there; won't it, Miss Mary?"

www.tbtool.com.cn

"It would not be so likely to do it, because beds and mattrasses are non-conductors."

"What are non-conductors?" was next asked.

"Bodies through which electricity will not pass. Some substances, such as metals, charcoal, water, and all other fluids except oil, will conduct the fluid with great facility; these are called conductors; glass, sealing-wax, silk, stones, and furs of animals, are the principal non-conductors, or electrics."

"How do lightning-rods protect a building, Miss Mary?" asked Aggie.

"Because, being made of metal, which is one of the best conductors of electricity, they draw the lightning from the cloud, which prevents it from striking the building."

"You said, awhile ago, Miss Mary, that it was dangerous to stand near a spire, or any tall object, when it was lightning; then wouldn't it be dangerous to stand near a building that had a lightning rod on?"

"No, because copper or iron, of which lightning rods are made, are better conductors than the human body; so there is no danger of the lightning leaving the rod and entering the body of any one who stood near. But with a spire or tree it is different; they are not as good conductors as the human body; therefore, it is dangerous to be near them."

"Mr. Agnew's house has two lightning rods upon it Miss Mary," said Fanny Gray. "What's that for?"

"Because it is a very large house, and a lightning rod will only protect a space all around four times the length of that part of the rod which rises above the building; that is, if it rises three feet above the building, it will protect it twelve feet all around."

"I read in the paper, the other day," remarked one of the larger girls, "about a house that was struck with lightning, and it had a rod on it, too, Miss Mary; how was that?"

"Yes, I read it too, Jane; but did you not notice that it said the rod was broken? A broken rod is worse than none at all, because it draws the lightning from the cloud, and sends it all, as it were, into the building."

"Miss Mary," cried Archie, "all our milk turned sour, last night, and Betty said the thunder did it! Can thunder turn milk sour?"

"No, Archie, but the lightning can."

"How, Miss Mary?" asked Aggie.

"The air is composed of oxygen and nitrogen gases, mixed together, but not combined."

"I thought mixing and combining was all one, Miss Mary."

"No, I may take several different kinds of buttons, for instance, and mix them all together, yet they will not combine; but each button remains the same as before; but if water is poured upon lime, the two will combine, and form a new or different substance; thus, when the lightning passes through the air, it combines these two gases, which were only mixed before, and a poison, called nitric acid, is thus produced, which, when it mixes with the milk, turns it sour."

"Now tell us something about thunder, *won't* you, Miss Mary?"

"Not to-day, Archie. Some other time, perhaps. We must now go on with our usual exercises.

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER'S STORY.

[The following capital story is from the *Rhode Island Schoolmaster*:]

"When I taught a district school," said he, "I adopted it as a principle to give as few rules to my scholars as possible. I had, however, one standing rule, which was, '*Strive under all circumstances to do right*,' and the text of right, under all circumstances, was the GOLDEN RULE —'*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.*"

If an offence was committed, it was my invariable practice to ask, "was it right?" "Was it as you would be done by?"

All my experience and observation have convinced me that no act of a pupil ought to be regarded as an offence, unless it be when measured by the standard of the Golden Rule. During the last year of my teaching, the only tests I ever applied to an act of which it was necessary to judge, were those of the above questions. By this course I gained many important advantages.

In the first place, the plea, "You have not made any rule against it," which for a long time was a terrible burden to me, lost all its power.

In the second place, by keeping constantly before the scholars as a standard of action, the single text of right and wrong as one which they were to apply for themselves, I was enabled to cultivate in them a deep feeling of personal responsibility.

In the third place, I got a stronger hold on their feelings, and acquired a new power of cultivating and directing them.

In the fourth place, I had the satisfaction of seeing them become more truthful, honest, trustworthy and manly in their intercourse with me, with their friends, and with each other.

Once, however, I was sadly puzzled by an application of the principle, by one of my scholars, George Jones, a large boy, who, partly through a false feeling of honor, and partly through a feeling of stubborness, refused to give me some information. The circumstances were these:

A scholar had played some trick which interrupted the exercises. As was my custom, I called on the one who had done the mischief to come forward. As no one started, I repeated the request, but with no success. Finding that the culprit would not confess his guilt, I asked George if he knew who had committed the offence.

Digitized by Google

"I did not do it," was the reply.

"But do you know who did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was it?"

"I do not wish to tell."

"But you must tell; it is my duty to ask, and yours to answer me."

"I cannot do it, sir," said George, firmly.

"Then you must stop with me after school."

He stopped as requested, but nothing which I could urge would induce him to reveal anything. At last, out of patience with what I believed to be the obstinacy of the boy, I said:

"Well, George, I have borne with you as long as I can, and you must either tell me, or be punished."

With a triumphant look, as though conscious that he had cornered me by an application of my favorite rule, he replied: "I can't tell you, because it would not be right; the boy would not like to have me tell of him, and I'll do as I'd be done by."

A few years earlier, I should have deemed a reply thus given an insult, and should have resented it accordingly; but experience and reflection had taught me the folly of this, and that one of the most important applications of my oft quoted rule, was—*to judge of the nature of others as I would wish to have them judge of mine.* Yet, for the moment, I was staggered. His plea was plausible; he might be honest in making it: I did not see in what respect it was fallacious. I felt that it would not do to retreat from my position, and suffer the offender to escape, and yet that I should do a great injustice by compelling a boy to do a thing, if he really believed it to be wrong.

After a little pause, I said: "Well, George, I do not wish you to do anything which is wrong, or which conflicts with your Golden Rule. We will leave this for to-night, and perhaps you will alter your mind before to-morrow."

I saw him privately before school; and found him more firm in his refusal than ever. After the devotional exercises of the morning, I began to question the scholars (as was my wont,) on various points of duty, and gradually led the conversation to the Golden Rule.

"Who," I asked, "are the persons to whom, as members of this school, you ought to do as you would be done by? Your parents who support and send you here? your schoolmates who are engaged in the same work with yourselves? the citizens of the town, who, by taxing themselves, raise money to pay the expenses of this school? the school committee who take so great an interest in your welfare? your teacher? or the scholar who carelessly or willfully commits some offence against good order?"

A hearty "Yes," was responded to every question.

Then, addressing George, I said: "Yesterday I asked you who had committed a certain offence? You refused to tell me, because you thought it would not be doing as you would like to be done by. I now wish you to reconsider the subject. On one side are your parents, your schoolmates, the citizens of this town, the school committee, and your teacher, all deeply interested in everything affecting the prosperity of this school. On the other side, is the boy, who, by this act, has shown himself ready to injure all these. To which party will you do as you would be done by?"

After a moment's pause, he said: "To the first: it was William Brown who did it."

My triumph, or rather the triumph of principle, was complete, and the lesson was as deeply felt by the other members of the school, as by him for whom it was specially designed.

PARLOR PASTIMES.

THE THREE SPECTRAL WAFERS.—Place three different colored wafers, say red, violet, and orange, upon a piece of white paper, in a triangular form, and fix your eyes steadily on them for two minutes, and then turn them away from the wafers, to a blank part of the paper, and you will see *three spectral wafers*, but the colors will be different; the red wafer is now represented by green, the violet by yellow, and the orange by blue.

THE CONJURER'S STROKE.—Take a ball in each hand, and stretch both your hands as far as you can one from the other; then inform the company that you will make both balls come into which hand they please to name. If any one doubt your ability to perform this feat, you must lay one ball on the table, turn yourself round, and then take it up with the hand which already contains a ball. Thus both the balls will be in one of your hands, without the employment of both of them.

THE OBEDIENT WATCH.—Borrow a watch from a person in company, and request the whole to stand around you. Hold the watch up to the ear of the first in the circle, and command it to go; then demand his testimony of the fact. Remove it to the ear of the next, and enjoin it to stop; make the same request of that person, and so on throughout the entire party. You must take care that the watch is a good one. Conceal in your hand a piece of loadstone, which, so soon as you apply it to the watch, will occasion a suspension of the movements, which a subsequent shaking and withdrawing of the magnet will restore. For the sake of shifting the watch from one hand to the other, apply it when in the right hand to the left ear of the person, and when in the left hand to the right ear.

AN EGG PUT INTO A PHIAL.—To accomplish this seeming incredible act, requires the following preparation:—You must take an egg and soak it in strong vinegar; and in process of time its shell will become quite soft, so that it may be extended lengthways without breaking; then insert it into the neck of a small bottle, and by pouring cold water upon it, it will re-assume its former figure and hardness. This is really a complete curiosity, and baffles those who are not in the secret to find out how it is accomplished.

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

Hints to Housekeepers.

www.libtool.com.cn

Gridiron.—With this primitive utensil, a great deal may be done in the way of cooking, but it requires care, or otherwise great loss of food and money will be sustained; a few minutes' constant attention, when the article is on the gridiron, will save at least twenty per cent., and the palate will feel more gratified.

I use two kinds of gridirons, says Soyer, each costing very little; one is of cast iron, to go on the fire, and the other is of iron wire, made double, to hang from the bar of the grate before the fire, made so as not to too much press the object cooked within it. The principal care in this, as in all kitchen utensils, is never to put them away dirty; always wiping the gridiron after it has been used, and again before you use it, and a place kept where it should be hung.

Fried Fish.—The great art in frying fish is, to have it free from grease, and in that state it is one of the most delicate descriptions of food that can be given to the invalid, and at the same time the most nourishing. The sudden immersion in the fat solidifies the albumen in the flesh of the fish, and renders it easy of digestion; the coating of bread crumbs prevents the fat penetrating into the fish, and when eaten by the invalid, the skin should be removed, and only the white flesh should be partaken of.

The great point is to have plenty of fat in the pan, for it is not wasted, far from it. If it is kept at a proper degree of heat, in the same pan a fish may be fried, and at the same time an apple fritter; neither will taste of the other, proving that the high degree of heat in the fat prevents the flavor of the object immersed in it escaping.

Eggs.—These, from the earliest records we have, have always been a favorite food, with the exception of a short time in Greece, where a few philosophers endeavored to make the people refrain from eating them, as they stated that they contained the four elements of the world.

They are a nutritious food, wholesome in every way, except when boiled too hard; although there are some stomachs which reject them. They can be employed in almost every dish with advantage, and one weighing two ounces contains nearly the same amount of nourishment as an ounce of meat and an ounce of bread.

To ascertain that they are good and fresh, *candle them*, as it is called; that is, hold them upright between the thumb and finger of the right hand before a candle, and with the left hand shade the eye, by which means you will be enabled to detect any spots that may be in them; if a few white spots only, they will do for puddings, &c.; if a black one, throw it away, as it is perfectly bad. If light and transparent, they are fresh.

Eggs Plain Boiled.—This is the most simple of all things to cook, and yet it is the least attended to; and I am never surprised, when I am travelling, to find the eggs either too much or too little done. They will not take the trouble to distinguish a large one from a small one. Whilst some weigh only an ounce and a half, others weigh two and a half; but as that is a whim of nature, and the servants are so fond of attending to other frolics, they will not see the difference in this; but as all cookery books say three minutes, and the mistress has told them the same, they are right and she is wrong. From two and a half to four minutes, according to size, is the time they will take.—Ten minutes is sufficient to set an egg hard, not thirty, or more, as some persons do by neglect.

Curd Milk Pudding.—Put in a basin three eggs, a little grated lemon peel, three ounces of currants, one pint of curds, and one pound of bread-crumbs; boil in a cloth half an hour; turn out and serve.

Potato Pudding.—One pound of potatoes boiled and well mashed, a quarter of a pound of butter stirred in whilst warm, two ounces of sugar, the rind of half a lemon chopped fine, with the juice, a teacupful of milk; butter a tin, put in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour; two eggs may be added.

Yorkshire Puddings.—Beat up two eggs in a basin, and to them three good tablespoonfuls of flour, with a pint of milk by degrees, and a little salt; butter the pan, bake half an hour, or bake under the meat, cut it in four, turn it, and when set on both sides it is done. A tin dish one inch and a half deep and eight inches wide, is the most suitable for such proportion.

Turnips.—Peel them, and boil in plenty of water, in which has been put some salt; boil till tender, and serve either whole, or mashed. If mashed, they should be put in a saucepan over the fire, with a bit of butter, or some milk, salt, and a little pepper, and a pinch of sugar, mashed up until rather dry, and serve.

A few capers mixed in the mashed turnip, is an improvement for boiled mutton.

How to Boil Rice.—Put one quart of water in a pot, boil it, wash half a pound of rice, and throw it into the boiling water; boil for ten minutes, or until each grain is rather soft, but separate; drain it in a colander, put it back in a pot which you have slightly greased with butter, let it swell slowly near the fire, or in the oven, until wanted. A little butter may be added; each grain will then swell up, and be well separated.

Digitized by Google

The Mother's Friend.

www.libtool.com.cn

HOW TO MAKE BOYS LOVE HOME.

[On this subject, a writer in the *Ohio Cultivator* makes these sensible remarks:]

"I wish those boys loved to stay at home in the evening," said a mother in my hearing, last night; and the sigh and look of distress which accompanied her words, told plainly that her heart was deeply pained by their oft-repeated absence, and she watched their retreating footsteps with a troubled countenance, and knew not what might be the company they sought, nor what evil influence might be thrown around them.

They were industrious boys of sixteen and eighteen, just beginning to fancy they were too large and too old to be longer subject to parental authority. They were not vicious or idle, but worked with a willing hand through the day, doing the work of men; but when evening came, they sought pleasure abroad, unmindful of a father's advice, or a mother's entreaty. I glanced around their home, a comfortable, farmer-like dwelling, where all the wants of the physical nature were well supplied, but as is too often the case, the food for the mind was less abundant. A few school books, which the boys had never learned to love, a Bible, and a hymn book, constituted the family library, and I was not surprised that they should leave the circle at home, and seek the cheerful throng that were lounging in the store, or join in the vulgar mirth, and profane jests that went round the boisterous group.

"You are seeing your happiest days with your boy," said the mother to me, as my baby clung to my arm with the sweet confidence of infancy; "you know *where he is*, and have no anxiety for him now, but when he is older, he will be beyond your influence, and go, you know not where."

I thought of the old proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," and I shook my head doubtingly, and said nothing. But I asked myself, is it really true, as I have often heard it remarked, that parents enjoy more pleasure in the society of their children in infancy, than in youth and maturity? If so, surely there is a reason, and that reason too often the result of parental mistakes in the early discipline of their children. We watch with delight the first dawning of intellect, await with impatience the first indistinct effort to talk, are pleased with their infantile prattle, and it seems strange that the pleasures of social intercourse should diminish with their growing intelligence.

But we cannot expect children to be like ourselves, steady, old, and care-worn. Fun and frolic are essential to their happiness, and it is no injury to any one to join heartily in these sports. If we enter into their sports in childhood, and take the lead of their pleasures in youth, we shall keep our own hearts young and joyous, make home the centre of attractions, and while doing much to educate their mental faculties, we shall find a far greater satisfaction in their society, than we can possibly find in the artless trust of infancy.

A few dollars judiciously expended in books and engravings suitable for young children, will do much to awaken a love of home, and I venture to assert, there is nothing which will have a stronger influence in keeping "those boys" quietly at home, than to cultivate a *taste for reading*. Begin early. Read to them before they can read for themselves; explain what you read, and encourage them to converse with you about it. Teach them to observe the common phenomena of nature, and to study into the causes which produce the effects they see. A mother may do this herself without being a philosopher. She may awaken their curiosity upon the various objects around them, and direct them where this curiosity may be gratified, place within their reach useful and instructive books, and show by example as well as by precept that she appreciates them, and the pleasures of home will be purer and sweeter to every member of the family, and the children will seldom have occasion to seek evening amusement away from the charmed circle of home. It has been truthfully said, "a good book is the best of company;" and the earlier we introduce our children into the society of *good books*, the greater will be the benefit derived from them, and the stronger will be their attachment to the social circle around the evening fire, and there will be less danger of their seeking diversion in the society of the idle and vicious. But if we neglect to make home happy, and to furnish entertainment for the intellect, be assured that the restless desire of the human mind for "some new thing," will frequently attract "those boys" and girls too, away from home in search of amusement.

We would exhort all parents, if you regard the welfare and happiness of your children in this world merely, teach them benevolence, and train them in habits of beneficence. If you desire that they may be kind to you when you are old, strive to enlarge their hearts. If they are taught to love their neighbor as themselves, they never can be unkind to their own flesh.

Digitized by Google

The Toilet and Work Table.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE JUPE.—It is rather a daring thing, we are aware, to question the propriety of a much-favored fashion; nor would we presume to hazard our remarks, did we not believe that there was an under-current of feeling, strong though quiet, rising up against it, which needs only an opportunity to find vent. Many there are, we venture to affirm, who will echo our suggestions, and be glad to see them carried out. One serious objection only presents itself, and makes us hesitate before proceeding on our peculiarly delicate task—it is, the uncertainty whether to reject or accept the opinion which has been somewhere expressed, that the fairer portion of England's subjects have deteriorated in the form and grace of their feet and ankles during the past and rising generations. If there be no foundation for this most treasonable rumor, we own we are at a loss to account for the indefatigable precautions which are taken to conceal them, at the expense of cleanliness, comfort, and ease.

We are quite sensible that the influence of fashion is strong enough to pervert the taste so completely as to render it very doubtful if any real standard of beauty exist regarding costume; still, we know there are certain broad principles laid down on the subject—we know that the skirt or jupe, to be graceful and becoming, should be full and flowing, gradually widening towards the base, while a certain proportionate length of line from the waist to the border is requisite to constitute elegance and grace; but we cannot discern any necessity for its being so inordinately long and ample as to prove an incumbrance to its wearer. The long, fluting folds of our highly-trimmed skirts are suitable for state occasions, when, with perfect impunity, they may revel in rich variations upon the soft carpet or marble pavement. They look well, too, on canvass, where each voluminous fold lies undisturbed in its artistic arrangement, giving a voluptuous dignity to the figure; *but for every-day use they are sadly misplaced*, rendering all movement measured, slow, and formal, and utterly deficient in easy freedom.

We would not wish to shock our readers by contemplating the introduction of jupes *a la* Bloomer, but we beg to offer for their consideration an original style of skirt, which has just been shown to us, and which, we think, merits approval. It is composed of silk, with double skirt; the border of each is cut in festoons, wide but shallow, and ornamented with bands of velvet edged with fringe. In the lower skirt are five perpendicular runnings, reaching about half way up; a cord or ribbon is drawn in these, the skirt being made of sufficient length to admit of its always being slightly drawn, which has a novel and pretty effect. Buttons are placed a little above the top of the runnings, in order that the dress may be shortened, *ad libitum*, by drawing up the cords and attaching them to the buttons; the upper skirt is gathered slightly in the festoons, to correspond in effect with the lower one. When flounces are preferred, the buttons may be placed at equal distances on the top of the lowest flounce. A looped ribbon attached to the waistband may descend from it inside the skirt, and pass out through worked holes under the second flounce, in such a manner that the skirt may be raised when its ordinary length is inconvenient.—These dresses would look pretty and picturesque when lifted up evenly all round, disclosing a few inches of the under-garment, whether it be composed of white cambric quilted silk, or the scarlet Lindsay; they would also have the merit of keeping fresh and clean, besides favoring the occasional display of a neat ankle and well-fitting *chaussure*, all which at present are left to imaginative conjecture. Observe the dresses as they are now worn—costly, full-trimmed, and flounced, dragging with comic majesty along our streets and parks. What heedless extravagance, what reckless destruction of good material! Observe, too, the under-garments, when, through some economical twinge of conscience, the robe is for a moment raised by its wearer, how soiled and unsightly they appear—the texture of the stocking even obscured by thick embroideries of mud. *How loathsome it all appears!* It is when the dust that is swept along the streets by the muslins and brocades are converted into mud—thus changing their vocation from sweepers to scavengers, that we are the most forcibly struck with the ludicrous impropriety of wearing long, trailing dresses indiscriminately for every purpose.

It may, however, be urged, that these long draperies are adopted from feelings of delicacy; we are great advocates for a chaste attire, but we do not believe the dictates of modesty would be infringed by making the jupes capable of being shortened some few inches, as required, thus modifying their present style in accordance with the principles of economy, cleanliness, and convenience.—[*London Lady's Newspaper.*

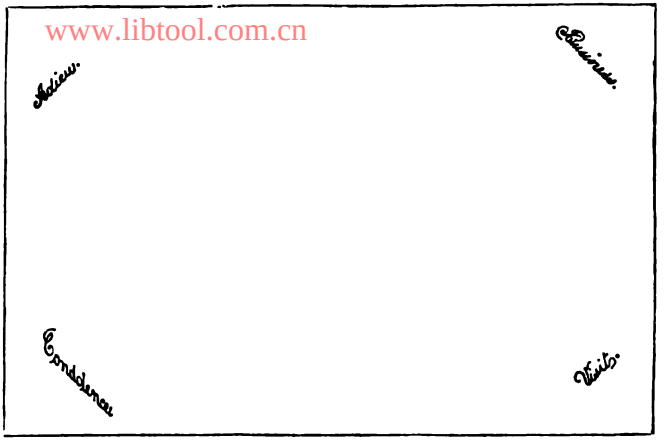
SPRING CLOAK.—(See Engraving.)—This new mantilla differs from those which have usually been worn, chiefly in the style of the back, which adjusts itself easily to the wearer's figure, being cut in six separate pieces, the seams being ornamented with drop buttons. The flounce is plaited with reversed folds.

Digitized by Google

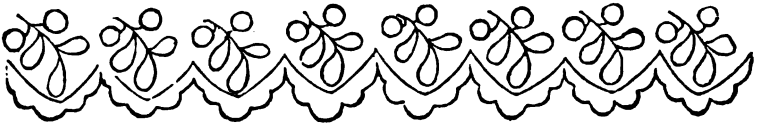
Bridal Costume.—(See Engraving.)—White silk dress, with lace flounces; surplice body, trimmed with lace; plain illusion veil.

Visiting Cards.—Here is the latest novelty in visiting cards. When a call is made, the corner which indicates the purpose of the visit is turned down. The name of the visiter is on the reverse side. The engraving shows the back of the card:

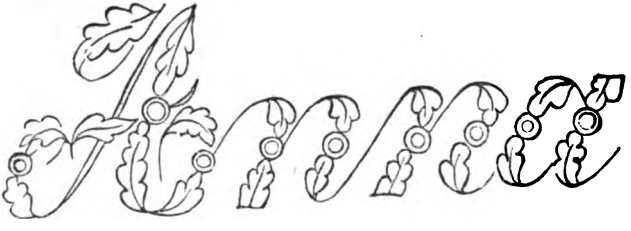
www.libtool.com.cn

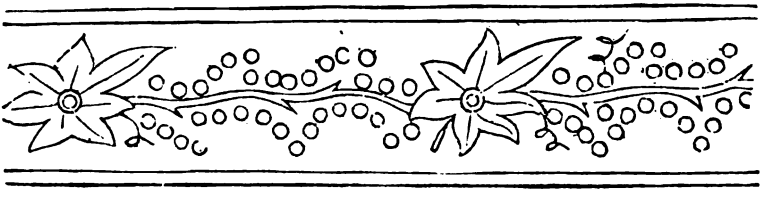


Opera Cloaks.—The opera cloaks of the present season, says the London *Lady's Newspaper*, include some of a novel and elegant description. These are composed of black cashmere, and ornamented with a broad border of embroidery in silk, of variegated colors, the pattern being bouquets and wreaths of flowers, gracefully intertwining one with the other. In effect, these black cloaks somewhat resemble the black China crape shawls ornamented with colored embroidery. One or two are embroidered with gold, which has a peculiarly rich effect on the black ground.



EDGING FOR CHILD'S PANTALETTES.





VINE LEAF INSERTION.

Digitized by Google

Editors' Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

REVERIES.

There' dear reader, we're settled at last for another interview with yourself. A long time have we been getting about it, too, as the tiny clock hands which are drawing into noon, "pointing toward Heaven," as somebody so beautifully says, bear incontrovertible evidence.

Half the day gone—half the shining page whose surface we intended to illuminate with life-deeds and life-words, rolled without sign or superscription, into eternity. Wayland says "a day lost is so much capital wasted." Just think, now, what a twinging of remorse we must feel every time we recall that passage in our political economy lessons.

Haven't you, reader, a recipe for—well, we don't quite like to say *laziness*, so we'll substitute *dreaming* in its stead? It stands at the head of our catalogue of "besetting sins," and we dare not think of the hours that have been sacrificed to this habit of vague reverie—hours that should have carried from earth to Heaven a glad song of *work achieved* have gone up, and stood before the angels in Heaven, veiled and dumb.

It has struck twelve. Well, if not to us, it will be a sweet call to the hearts of thousands of our great human brother and sisterhood—a call to the weary toilers in the noisome factories, on the bleak highways, and in the busy marts, to put by their labors, and take sweet rest for a little while.

To the school-children, too, those twelve strokes will be a sound sweeter than the song of the summer birds.

The poor, tired, nervous, restless limbs of countless incarcerated urchins, will find new vitality miraculously infused into them. Dog-eared spelling-books, bethumbed arithmetics, and tear-blistered "Philosophies Simplified," will take sudden passage from the hands of their owners into ink-bespattered desks, where they will lie in all sorts of indescribable attitudes, expressions, and grouping, for the next hour.

Twelve o'clock! It was the golden period to three hours of hard, wearisome study, in the days that we look down on now, half fondly, half sadly. We remember the old seat by the window, and the great pear tree, whose green arms brushed across it all summer. The wind used to murmur through it wild, sweet stanzas, that carried our thoughts far off from our tiresome lessons; the blue sky peered lovingly through the thick leaves, and the shadows trembled, and tumbled over the oaken desk that was such a hard pillow for our head when we laid it there with the sharp pain that used to come to it every morning.

Twelve o'clock! How unlike is its voice now, to the one which we heard in our childhood!

It is a raw, damp, nondescript sort of day, and the little breath of sunshine that came early through the blinds and struck across our chamber carpet, has been the only visiter of its kind we have entertained to-day.

The sky, or the gray clouds, rather, have that dreary, disconsolate expression of countenance, which chills one more than any other.

The great block of brown stone houses opposite, have a dark, gloomy physiognomy, we can hardly identify with that of yesterday, when their stately fronts were radiant with the river of warm, blessed sunshine, which overflowed them.

We looked across at them in astonishment; their whole physiognomy was changed, transmuted, just as a human face is sometimes by the out-flashing of a sudden smile, or a great thought, and we say, "How could we ever think *that* face was homely? Why, it is very, very beautiful."

But we shall not long remember the affliction of this present day, for the joy of the coming ones.

Spring will be with us when you read this, and the sweet face of April, crowned with sunbeams, and swathed with clouds, shall be looking out upon us.—She shall plant her green feet on the mountains, and the voice of her singing shall be heard in the valley. She shall cover the solid masonry of the hills with her blossoms of white and purple. Her soft fingers shall heal, with green ligaments and fragrant dews, the wounds which the fierce battle of winter has left on the earth; and, through her sweet inspirations of pleasant sunshine, and falling showers, God shall speak to His children anew, of the seed time, and of the harvest.

V. F. T.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

A cotemporary remarks of this great and good woman—great because good:—"As long as the Crimean war holds its place in history, her name will be "the first beheld, forgotten last;" for victorious Generals and Field-Marshals are trite and vulgar things to tell of, but the presence of a well-born and tenderly reared woman taking the control, as it were, of the military hospitals, at the request of the Secretary of War, is seen for the first time on the stage of history. She has won an honorable and enduring reputation, which will survive that of many of the Generals whose prowess had filled the hospitals which she purified and blessed by her presence."

"I LIKE your Magazine very much," writes a subscriber. "It is the very thing we wives and mothers want." For the home circle it is designed, and if it comes with aid, council, encouragement, and entertainment for the loved ones at home, its end is accomplished.

Digitized by Google

A BEREAVED HEART.

In a recent letter from an old correspondent, whose friendly utterances had failed to reach us for many months, we find the following hopeful, tender breathings from a sorrowing heart. They will bring hope and comfort to many, who, like her, have a babe in Heaven; and who find little consolation in mere words of condolence from friends who speak because they think they are expected to say something. She will be understood better, if we made a brief extract from her note, and so give her a personal existence to the reader. "In my last," she says," I promised you that I would send you articles occasionally. At the time, I was fully occupied with school; but never were day-dreams brighter than those I was indulging for the then coming future. Very few of my glad anticipations were realized. Early in May, a severe cold obliged me to dismiss my school, and call a physician. Near the middle of July, when my sweet babe was three weeks old, I was re-awakened to a sense of danger, by the assurance of our family physician, that I could not live over a week or two at best. Another physician was called, and though he concurred in the opinion that I had no use of my right lung, he said there was hope, and attempted my case. I am far enough from well now, my recovery having been very much retarded by anxiety at the time of the illness and death of our Georgie."

Writing from this relation to friends, and with this deep sorrow in her heart, our correspondent says:—

"How few are capable of expressing real sympathy with a friend, in the hour of affliction. Is it because so few really have the fellow-feeling, which would warrant the endeavor to make such expression? Ah! how rudely jar words of would-be sympathy upon the sensitive, stricken heart, when one feels they are only uttered, because the speaker thinks it necessary to say something. How like mockery are assurances that my babe is happy, when given in the same tone that tells me of the latest improvements in fashionable mourning.

"No doubt, suggestions of the wisdom of Him 'who doeth all things well,' are given with kindly intentions; sometimes they tell of sympathy, but oftener they are spoken in a flippant way, which assures me that mere intellect is speaking. My reason has not left me; I know, far better than any one can tell me, that my darling is happy, and I have too long been thankful for a heavenly Father's guidance to need assurance now of His never-failing love and care.

"I am not the less lonely because reason acquiesces in the wisdom of the divine arrangement, which has removed our child from us. I know I need sympathy; but a word, a glance of the eye, a pressure of the hand is all I ask, is all I wish from those who never knew and loved my bright-eyed boy for his own sake. If ye cannot offer these, and that delicately, please do not refer to him till my poor heart is stronger. I do love to know that dear friends think of him; I love to hear those who loved him tell me of his pretty, winning ways; and I love to talk of him myself, but not to mere acquaintances. My babe was too dear for me to parade my love for him before others, and my grief is also sacred.

"Ye can never understand my feelings, till ye too can claim an angel as your own; ye cannot then, unless, like me, ye know that your life hangs by a single thread, which agitation of mind is very likely to break. For weeks, as my thoughts have roved from the many living friends, who bind me to earth, to the one who was so tiny, so helpless here, that I often fancy he must need a mother's love, even in Heaven, I have wondered in which sphere our Father wills that I may first be useful. Oftentimes, indeed, in those first sad days of bereavement, when reason was powerless, and trust in God could not wholly stay the tears, I found myself impatient of the uselessness of my invalid life, and longing to be free to join my angel boy. Then, a glance at my loved parents would check the wishes, whose gratification would leave upon them the very grief—separation from a first-born—from which I shrank; and for the love of them and other friends, I was cheerful.

"Now, weeks have passed, my naturally lively, buoyant temperament makes it easy for me to be very cheerful, and even gay. Why should I not be happy? If I live, and earth does seem very bright and lovely, I have youth and many friends; if I die, dear friends will welcome me among them, while, best and dearest, I shall meet my noble, large-souled boy. I cannot call him *little* now, though he was but a wee one when he left us.

"How I would like to watch the development of his powers in that kindlier clime! Could I aid him there? Should I go now, perhaps I might. Our Father knows what is best for both of us, and He cares for us. My only duty, at present, is to be cheerful, and in that I will not fail.

"Why should I be sad? Let those mourn who never have been blest with a child; I have one. Friends wound me, when they come with set phrases of condolence, and refer to my babe as though it were not mine now. He is not dead to me; he is *mine* still. When I held him in my arms, I felt that he was our heavenly Father's child, but not the less ours. It is so now; he is ours, but we have let him go from us for a while, and we are consoled for the loss of his bright presence, by the knowledge that he will be nobler, and more worthy of our love than we could hope to make him.

"Parents send their boys to college, their girls to boarding-school, and are gladdened during the separation by anticipations of the pride and joy they may feel in the success of their loved ones. Does any one believe that we shall have less joy when we can claim again our sinless darling? Have not our hopes a more certain foundation? Our boy will meet no earthly temptations; we know that such as he 'do always behold the face of our Father which is in Heaven.'

"We shall find *him* nobler, better, and purer than we can imagine; but *we* have a life-long work to do We must make ourselves worthy to be the parents of an angel. How holy will be the relationship in

Digitized by Google

Heaven. He loved us while he was here, without doing violence to his own purity and sinlessness, for he saw but the best part of our natures; our parental love made us morally akin to the Father of all. Does he love us now? Perhaps he may read our every thought; well may we pray that we may become worthy of him. Well may we continually strive that his love for us may never lower him.

"We have a most powerful motive for faithfulness in the performance of every duty. Thoughts of our loved one must ever rebuke us, unless we strive earnestly to become like him, pure and perfect. We cannot expect to arrive at perfection here, but we know that it will be possible hereafter: since the divine command, 'Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect,' would be but a mockery, if our God did not give us powers and opportunities to obey it. Motives, for ever striving after the noblest characters, have long been present to our minds, but now they are brought home to our hearts. Truly, we may be thankful to our Father, for He has given us treasure in Heaven, while we are not wholly bereft of our darling even here. No, indeed; he is not yet lost to us; how busy is memory with images of him; how often hope and fancy picture him; how near to us his spirit seems sometimes, in the twilight; and then our dreams. Bless God for dreams! in them our loved one is restored to us.

"Blest, indeed, are we as parents. So all must be whose hearts have been expanded by the true parental feeling.

"How I pity those who throw aside the God-given happiness of true, self-denying parental love, for the frivolities of fashionable life. Aye, sad as it has been to press kisses on a clay-cold brow, and feel that even that comfort must soon be lost—heart-crushing as it is, to know that all the glad anticipations in which self was all forgotten in the future of my child, have been but as dreams which I may no longer cherish; I am sure that it is better so, far better than to voluntarily yield an immortal charge to the care of inferiors."

MR. ALLIBONE'S CRITICAL DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, AND BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS.

Messrs. Childs & Peterson have in preparation a volume, edited by S. Austin Allibone, Esq., of this city, which will contain biographies and literary notices of British and American authors, living and dead, from the earliest accounts down to the middle of the nineteenth century. This volume will fill a want which has long been felt by scholars, and must find a place, as an indispensable book of reference, in every well-selected library. The peculiarly favorable testimonials it has received from such men as Irving, Bryant, Sparks, Bancroft, Prescott, Everett, Leiber, and others, is a proof of the intrinsic merit of the work itself, and the repute in which it is held by the noblest of our American authors. The years of patient labor which it must have taken to bring to perfection a work of this character, can only be remotely estimated, when we state that it will be issued of royal octavo size, and will comprise 1460 pages, double columns. The evidence of those most competent to judge, places beyond a doubt the great ability Mr. Allibone has displayed in this compilation, the acknowledged merit of which establishes it as a critical, biographical, and bibliographical Dictionary of English and American writers, which must take rank as a standard authority on the subject of which it treats.

A specimen of the work, containing over four hundred pages, has been issued. The whole work is expected to reach completion sometime during the present year. Price, $5, and upwards, according to style.

THE WORD FEMALE.

As a noun, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale objects to this word, when applied to woman. She says;—"Where used to discriminate between the sexes, the word *female* is an *adjective*. We do not object to the term when used necessarily as an adjective; but many writers employ the word as a noun, which, when applied to woman, is improper, and sounds unpleasantly, as referring to an animal. To illustrate: almost every newspaper we open, or book we read, will have sentences like these: 'A man and two females were seen,' etc. 'A gentleman was walking with a female companion.' 'The females were much alarmed.' 'A female child,' etc. Now, why is such a style of writing tolerated? Why is the *adjective*, which applies to all *female animals*, used as the *noun* designating woman? It is inelegant, as well as absurd. Expressed correctly, thus: 'A man and two women,' etc. 'A gentleman and a lady.' 'The women were alarmed.' 'A little girl.' Who does not see and *feel* that these last sentences are in better taste, more correct in language, and more definite in meaning? We call on our sex, on women, who use pen and voice, to correct the error of language which degrades them by the animal epithet only."

MOTHER.

We take from a poem, sent for the Home Magazine, yet not finished enough, in all respects, for publication, the opening stanzas, because they express what so many have felt when the patient, loving, self-devoted mother has sunk beneath her burdens, and passed upward to her rest:

"Purest, fondest, gentlest mother,
Art thou gone from our embrace?
Can we ne'er behold another
Smile of love light thy dear face?

"Can we never hear the accents
Of thy voice, so heavenly?
Never more receive the counsel
We could get alone from thee?

"Patient mother, ever ready
All our griefs with us to share;
Never of thy burdens thinking
While thou couldst another's bear."

Digitized by Google

A HINT TO SITTERS.

A recent number of the *Crayon* furnishes two engravings, which we copy for the benefit of such of our lady readers as contemplate a visit to the portrait painter. They show the effect upon the face of two different modes of dressing the hair. The *Crayon* remarks on them as follows:

www.libtool.com.cn

EXAMPLE NO. I.



"No 1 shows how the hair is arranged as usual, when the wearer presents herself to the sculptor or painter for a portrait. This is what we are directed to 'copy as we find it.' It elongates the head, in effect, from the chin to the crown, gives the front part of the head a depressed appearance like some of the animals, while the hair is brought down at the sides like the ears of an elephant, thereby concealing the forehead, by which so much that is high and intellectual may be expressed, and also concealing that beautiful feature, the ear.

EXAMPLE NO. II.



"This example, No. 2, is to show something of the result of arranging the hair upon the same head, when the ideal is aimed at. In the superficial treatment of the hair," continues the *Crayon*, "aside from its general arrangement, a very great deviation from the actual is necessary, as its nature is such that to copy it would be perhaps further from possible, than would that of any other part of the human figure. To represent its soft, flowing qualities, has always been a great difficulty in the sculptor's province. It seems to have been thought so obviously unattainable in marble, that no well-founded theory has been imparted for its treatment, and as has been said, in alluding to schools of Art, each has followed his predecessor. It may have been observed, perhaps, in hair, as usually produced in marble, an evident aim to copy the individual hairs, by cutting, as nearly together as is possible, deep parallel grooves, thereby leaving high, sharp, parallel ridges between them, the grooves making dark shadows, while the raised part, or ridges produce high or extreme lights. Thus bringing dark in contrast with light in their extremes, the marble being white, and the shadows being dark—a hard, wiry effect is the result.

In observing the natural hair, we find quite a different effect. The hair being itself dark, the shadows but little darker, the contrast is not great, and harmony is the result.

How plain it is, then, that the same relation between lights and darks in marble should exist, that is found between lights and darks in natural hair, in order to secure the same softness and harmony.—This may be done by avoiding all sharp, deeply-cut lines. The truth of this theory has been established as to its happy results, and to its foundation upon natural effects, while, in its execution, accuracy of imitating the actual must be avoided, in order to secure truthful representation of effect. Observe the eye in each of the sketches; in No. 1, it is intended to imitate the eye, as seen in profile; in No. 2, to represent the effect of the same. Both designed to show the modelling of the eye in sculpture, where the lash cannot be copied or imitated, and to represent its *effect* is all that can be done.

TO-MORROW.

"Will you please to give me some of those pears, ma'am?"

The speaker was a little child, and her life could not have covered more than five or six years.

She wore a faded brown calico dress, and her hair fell in bright, tangled skeins out of her torn sunbonnet.

We remember just how the great trees leaned their green arms over the high walls, (for it is of our own home we are now writing, reader,) and how the fruit, small and half developed, yet, for it was June time, lay thick among the leaves, a rich prophesy for the harvest.

"They are not grown yet," said our little sister, leaning her blue eyes over the wall, "and will only make you sick now; but come again when they are ripe, and I will give you some, little girl."

"*And will they be ripe to-morrow?*" She asked the question very eagerly, with her earnest child-face looking out from that old sun-bonnet.

"Oh, no, little girl, it will take a great many to-morrows to ripen the pears so you can eat them."

And we knew by the slow steps with which she moved down the street, that there was a shadow on the child's heart, which the "many to-morrows" had made there.

Well, in the next October, the pears hung rich and golden on the branches, but the little girl's face never looked over the garden wall again. But her simple question has furnished us with a text for many a mental sermon.

"To-morrow!" Is not this the great ignis-fatuus on life's solemn ocean, forever eluding us, as we steer our barks toward it.

"To-morrow!" It is the beautiful heart-country, where the buds and blossoms of the present shall ripen into rich fruits on the tree of our life.

Digitized by Google

"To-morrow!" It is the golden city through whose shining streets we shall yet walk crowned with bays, our life purposes realized, our life-work achieved.

"To-morrow!" Alas! It is the country on whose bright borders our spirits forever stand—over which they never pass.

And so, the present only belongs to us. For the "yesterdays" bound up and laid away in the past; there is no return, and the future is with God.

But the "now" is our own. The broad, green, vineyard, whose purple grapes we may gather for the harvest of life.

"Oh! it is best not to trust to the "to-morrow," but, seizing hold of the "to-day," affix to it our seal and superscription, for there is neither work or device, knowledge or wisdom in the grave, whither we go.

V. F. T.

MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

The death of this rarely gifted woman will scatter its shadows over many homes throughout the Union.

Her maiden name was Caroline Lee Whiting, and her father served in the Revolutionary army, and died at Washington, in 1810.

In 1825, Miss Whiting was married to Mr. A. M. Hentz, a French gentleman of high scholastic attainments, and now celebrated for his valuable contributions to our scientific literature.

Mr. Hentz was associated with the historian, Mr. George Bancroft, in charge of a seminary at Northampton, after which he accepted a professorship in the college of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where he and his gifted wife resided for several years.

They subsequently organized a fine female seminary at Florence, Alabama, of which they had charge for ten years, and afterward removed to Columbus, Georgia.

The great popularity of her works furnish the best commentary on their character. We need not name their titles, for they are sweet household words throughout the Union.

After an absence of more than twenty years, Mrs. Hentz returned to look once more upon the hills of her childhood's home, and her winning manners, her peculiar conversational powers, and her rare excellencies of heart and mind, greatly endeared her to the cultivated circles in which she moved.

She returned to the South, completed her last, and by many considered her best work, "Ernest Linwood."

She was afterwards attacked with pneumonia, from which neither medical skill, or tender affection could save her, and on the 11th of February, at the residence of her son, Dr. Charles A. Hentz, of Mariana, Florida, this talented and admirable woman left the world which her genius had so gladdened.

In the noon of her life, in the mid glory of her artist triumphs, Death called suddenly for her.

Who shall say that her work is done because it has ceased here? The sweet strains that will gladden no earth-hearts again, may rise richer, and fuller, and deeper along the white valleys which death shall never darken.

Sweet be her sleep in the green south-land of her adoption. Her works, her memory, are embalmed in our hearts, and *there* can never die the name of *Caroline Lee Hentz*.

V. F. T.

"THE GIPSY."

Now isn't there poetry for you in that picture, reader? Our thoughts take sudden passage back to the days when we religiously believed in gipsies;—hideous looking nondescripts, with immense bonnets, and short, red cloaks, who prowled around castles in the country, and stole good little boys and girls from their cradles, when their nurses were sleeping, which lamentable event was certain to be followed by the death of their mothers, and distraction of their fathers.

After being for several years incarcerated in caverns far underground, or in the depths of forests well-nigh inaccessible, these kidnapped unfortunates were miraculously discovered and restored to their friends; and it was especially worthy of remark, that they were always wiser and better in their day and generation, than all other juveniles who had enjoyed greater light and liberty of conscience, being, notwithstanding their early education, models of wisdom, amiability, and propriety.

We acknowledge to a little weakness, the result, perhaps, of childish associations and love of the marvellous, in our fancy for gipsy life and liberty.

The old crone in the engraving, is a true type of her race, with the dark, fierce, wizard countenance, the tangled masses of gray hair oversweeping her forehead, and her deep, wild eyes glancing eagerly over the white palm laid within her own. We almost fancy we hear the beating of the young girl's heart under the folds of its muslin dress, as the fingers of the old ogress cross the blue veins of her hand. The pale, sweet face reaching forward in its earnestness, almost brings a prayer to our lips, that that future up which the young girl is striving to gaze, may be bright as the May sky that bends over her, filled with low, sweet music, such as the wind makes when it heaves up the white spray of the hawthorn blossoms around her English home.

Oh, gentle maiden! In the May time of thy life, too! Time shall interpret for thee its poetry and its romance; but the fingers of the old gipsy mother shall not unwind the dark or bright woof of thy future.

Do you see how serenely the blue lake sleeps in the green wrapping of the fields?

Then beyond it rises the gable roof of the old farm house, and the distant upland leans off to the sky.

Altogether, it is a picturesque phase of English country life, which every one can understand and enjoy.

V. F. T.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

We particularly recommend this magazine to the attention of invalids, dyspeptics, and all persons who desire sound, common sense suggestions on the sub-

Digitized by Google

ject of preserving health. The Editor writes evidently from experience and careful thought. One dollar sent to Dr. W. W. Hall, 42 Irving place, New York, will procure the "Journal" for one year. There are few investments that will pay as well.

We copy some remarks on "Sunday Dinners," the truth of which even a few will acknowledge from their own experience:—

"As we were saying, *Sunday Dinners!*—that is, a 'Presbyterian Dinner,' as it is denominated on the other side of the *Alleghenies*, is most philosophical; it is a *cold* dinner, and its philosophy consists—

1st. In its piety.

2d. In its humanity.

3d. In its prophylactiveness.

Its *piety* is evident, from its allowing more time for that religious reflection, which becomes the Sabbath day; and which, being *cumbered with much serving*, as effectually prevents, as it did in MARTHA'S time.

That it is *humane* to have as little cooking done on Sunday, and thus giving as much *rest* to our servants as practicable, no one will deny.

As to the *healthfulness* of a cold dinner on Sundays, a moment's reflection will be conclusive.

As we take very much less exercise on the Sabbath day than when engaged in our ordinary avocations, we need that much less food. No one can eat as much of a cold dinner as he would if it were smoking hot. There is no danger of our not eating enough dinner on Sundays, let it be ever so cold and uninviting; for if any business man would take nothing at all for his Sunday dinner, and for the following supper were to drink a single cup of any kind of tea, weak and hot, and eat with it a bit of toast, or a piece of cold bread and butter, he would be all the better for it in mind and body next day; and would go to his business on a Monday morning, with a vigor and an elasticity which that man never knows who makes his Sunday dinner *the* dinner of the week.

Taking so much less exercise on Sundays than on a week day, and stimulated to eat more on that day by its superior excellency, aided by idleness, there is of necessity a repletion, an over-supply of food, which will be as certainly disastrous as the feeding of a locomotive with more fuel while she is standing still, than when she is going ahead, with her long retinue of passengers and freight.

But, in a sober, religious point of view, those inviting Sunday dinners are not judicious; the nervous energy is drawn to the stomach in extreme quantities, in order to dispose of the overload, leaving the brain scantily supplied, causing dullness, drowsiness, and almost stupidity, wholly unfitting the mind for proper attention to the religious exercises of the afternoon, the palpable cause of wasted sermons, of wasted opportunities. This subject is worth a serious thought on the part of pious people, especially those who have a growing family. Cold bread and meat, with pie or baked apples, and a single cup of good hot tea or coffee, make a good enough Sunday dinner for anybody."

MR. SULLY.

The *City Item* thus speaks of a recent visit by the editor to the studio of this distinguished painter:

"The other day we called upon Mr. Sully, and found him in his studio, painting with all the enthusiasm of youth. His love for his beautiful and ennobling profession is as fresh and earnest as in the days of the long ago, when the painter's art first begun to be known and felt in our country. He has passed the period ordinarily allotted to man, yet his eye is not dim, his hand is firm, his mind is vigorous, his affections are warm and kindly, his perception of the true is keen; contact with the world has but enlarged his sympathies and benevolence, and rendered him more charitable, and hopeful, and good. Is not the picture worthy of contemplation—this handsome and most exemplary old man, still following his vocation with all the ardor of first love—although famed throughout the world, yet as modest and unassuming as in youth—kind and encouraging to young artists, gentle to all who call on him—unrivalled in his profession—a gentleman, a scholar, a christian—can too much be said in his praise?

"We found him busy—a head of Washington, portraits of beautiful women and fine looking men—some just finished, others in progress of completion—adorned his Exhibition Room—all unmistakably the work of a master. We are glad to know that Mr. SULLY is even more highly appreciated than at any former period. He is, indeed, a true artist, and paints because he loves his glorious profession. We advise every lover of art to secure one of his works. No collection is more than half complete without a SULLY. Grace, delicacy, exquisite color, admirable drawing, and general excellence, are his chief characteristics."

A TIN WEDDING.

The New York Observer gives a brief description of a "Tin Wedding," which recently "came off" in Brooklyn. It is certainly a novelty, and celebrates the fifth return of the wedding day, as a "Silver" and "Golden" wedding celebrate the twenty-fifth and fiftieth return. The affair now referred to, was conducted as follows:—

"The bride and groom were presented, by relatives and friends in turn, with various articles of *tin ware*, such as are eminently useful in household economy, making together a complete set of culinary apparatus which would do honor even to a king's kitchen.—These separate ceremonies were concluded by a more formal presentation of an "ornamental service of tin," prepared after the most approved form and fashion of silver, during which an address was delivered and a response given, both performances being marked with as much solemnity as the occasion could impart. At the supper, the table was covered with plates and dishes only of tin; ham-sandwiches were laid out against a tin background; homely cake was served in baskets of tin; sweet cider was poured from a tin pail, with a tin ladle, into tin cups; and familiar odes were performed on trumpets of tin! In fact, there could not have been more tin in any other place, except in a tinman's ware-house, or in the mines of England."

NEW MUSIC.

Mr. J. E. Gould, No. 164 Chestnut street, has just published the following new music for the piano:—"True Constancy," brilliant variations on "Lula," by Chas. Grobe; "Sounds from the Alps," brilliant variations on "Blanche Alpen," by Charles Grobe; "Sunny Hours," brilliant variations on "Ah, for Wings," or Prima Donna Song, by Charles Grobe; "Danse Espagnol," by Joseph Ascher; "Eugenie March," by N. C. Boscha; "L'Etingelle Polka," by Eliza Bosch; Grand Fantasie on the themes, "I Would not Live Alway," and "Wings of a Dove," by J. N. Beck; "Remember Me," romance without words, by Ellen S. Buell; "Banjo Polka," by James Bellak; "Les Naiades," variations on "Shells of Ocean," by Charles Grobe.

Digitized by Google

HONOR TO THE PHYSICIAN.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet, says:—"I dare not place any gift, however beautiful, or any success, however brilliant, above the talent or the skill which can relieve a single pang, and the self-devotion which lays them at the feet of the humblest fellow creature."

www.libtool.com.cn

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of "Evelyn Landreth" gives encouraging promise for one so young; but she needs a riper experience and more extended observation, ere she will be able to command public attention. We shall be gratified to receive from her an occasional short sketch. The story above-mentioned is not written with the matured skill we desire in articles for the Home Magazine.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY. A Novel. By MISS AUSTEN. New York: *Bunce & Brother.*

This is the second volume in the publishers' uniform edition of Miss Austen's fine novels. Of "Pride and Prejudice," the previous volume in this series, Walter Scott thus writes in his Diary, (March 14th, 1826:)—"Read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice*. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!" A few days afterwards, remarking upon another novel, he says:—"It is well written, but over-labored—too much attempt to put the reader exactly up to the thoughts and sentiments of the parties. The women do this better: Edgeworth, Ferrier, Austen, have all given portraits of real society far superior to anything man, vain man, has produced of the like nature."

THE LIFE AND REIGN OF NICHOLAS THE FIRST, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA; with descriptions of Russian Society and Government. A History of the War in the East until the present time; and sketches of Schamyl, the Circassian Chief, and other distinguished characters. By SAMUEL M. SMUCKER, A. M.; author of the "Court and Reign of Catharine II., Empress of Russia," etc. Philadelphia: *J. W. Bradley, 48 North 4th St., Publisher.* Large 12mo., over 400 pages. Illustrated with tinted plates.

We would especially call the attention of the student of history, and the general reader to this work, combining, as it does, all the fascination of a romance, with a rigid adherence to truth, even in its minutest details.

The author has given us a clear, unbiassed history of the times and life of the late Russian Emperor; a life crowned with startling denouements, and strange, unexampled intrigues, successes, and reverses.

Much historical research, as well as great taste and judgment in the selection and arrangement of materials, are evinced in the volume before us.

Both from its intrinsic merits, and the demand of the times for just such a history, we predict for it a large and rapid sale.

It is gotten up in superb style, with elegant illustrations, by its enterprising publisher.

LEARNING TO THINK. Consisting of easy and entertaining Lessons, designed to assist in the first unfolding of the Reflective and Reasoning powers of Children. By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated with one hundred and twenty Engravings. New York: *Harper & Brother.*

By the aid of pictures, and an appropriate series of questions to be read by the mother, sister, nurse, or any other person, quite young children may be taught to think correctly on a great number of subjects. As an aid to this good work, the beautiful little volume now before us will be found particularly well adapted. Mr. Abbott is, indeed, the children's fast friend, and as such, may justly be called the benefactor of mankind.

HEADLEY'S SACRED PLAINS. Buffalo.

Although the author of that most beautiful prose poem, Sacred Mountains, is not, as may be supposed, the father of the work before us, still, many biblical readers will hail its advent. It is well written, too, and what is especially important, gives a life-like vividness and reality to the sacred scenes and circumstances about which it treats. The old and the young can alike read it, with pleasure and profit.

DORA GRAFTON: Or, "Every Cloud has a Silver Lining." *Jas. French & Co.*, Boston.

The author has published too soon, which is always a serious error. The book should have been submitted to some discriminating friend, who would at once have indicated its defects of style, and advised a thorough revision. Readers of taste will hardly be attracted beyond the first few pages of "Dora Grafton."

DREAMS AND REALITIES OF A PASTOR AND TEACHER. By the author of "Rolling Ridge," "Parish Side," &c. New York: *J. C. Derby.*

This is a well written, and, we believe, highly instructive book. It is a story of the life-teachings, and life-trials of a good man, whose great aim was to elevate, morally and intellectually, his fellow men. Like many of his nature and temperament, some of his views were Utopian. But his successes and failures, with the causes of these, are painted with a masterly hand. There is unusual strength and vitality in this volume.

HOME. By ANNA LELAND. New York: *J. C. Derby.*

We like this story. It is natural, earnest, and of a decidedly religious character. There is nothing of the intense, dramatic school about it, but a love for the good, the true, and the beautiful brightens along every page of the volume.

Somehow, the story reminds us of a deep, placid river, in a summer's afternoon, and we cannot help thinking that it will have very much the same teachings to the hearts that read it.

JULIUS, AND OTHER TALES. From the German. By W. H. FURNESS. Philadelphia: *Parry & McMillan.*

One of the attractions of this volume, is the Journal of a Poor Vicar of Wiltshire, a piece of imaginative life. Picturing which has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. The original fragment, which gave the hint for this story, probably suggested to Goldsmith his "Vicar of Wakefield."

LUCY BOSTON. By FRED. FOLIO. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson.*

This is a satire on Woman's Rights, and Spiritualism, very racily written. The author's apparent relish of the ludicrous has a fine opportunity to indulge itself on these, at present, very exciting topics.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS. By JACOB ABBOTT. No. 15. New York: *Harper & Brother.*

The February number comprises "The Story of American History, from the Earliest Settlement of the Country to the Establishment of the Federal Constitution." It is choicely illustrated.

Digitized by Google

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY BOOK.

MARIA WARD'S DISCLOSURES.

SIXTEENTH EDITION NOW READY OF

FEMALE LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS.

A Narrative of many years' personal experience. By the Wife of a Mormon Elder, recently from Utah. With four colored illustrations. One 12mo volume. Price $1.

CONTENTS:

Curiosity Awakened.
The Mormon Meeting.
The Midnight Assemblage.
Arrival of Joe Smith.
The Mob and its Victim.
Female Heroism.
Mormon Vexations.
A Startling Proposition.
Mr. Ward offers his Hand.
The Young Wife Fears.
Doctrine of Spiritual Wives.
A Mormon Heroine.
The Abduction of Hannah.
Ellen's Narrative.
Alarming Intelligence.
Arrival at the Promised Land.
Startling Revelations.
Mrs. Murray Discloses Secrets.
Portraits of Mormon Elders.
Marriage Contract Annulled.
Mr. Ward's Escape.
Regulators take Vengeance.
Mrs. Bradish in a Dungeon.
Death of the Prophet.
Description of the New Leader.
Mrs. Bradish's Adventures.
Mode of Making Converts.
The Prophet's Favorite.
Alarmed by Indians.
Women Lost or Captured.
Strange Advice for a Woman.
Disappointed Match-Maker.
Love in the Wilderness.
Courting by the Camp-Fire.
A Wife's Trouble.
A New Flora's Interpreter.
A Scene at "Meal-Time."
Hostile Indians.
Prophet Braved by a Woman.
An Old Fool and a Young Flirt.
Evil Results of Polygamy.
The Prophet and his Victim.
A Father Sells his Daughters.
Self-Accuser and Dying Husband.
The Forsaken Wife.
A Domestic Scene.
The Youthful Victims.
The New Wife.
Mormon Dinner-Table.
A House Divided.
Mesmerism and Mormonism.
Mrs. Bradish Reveals Secrets.
Mysterious Disappearances.
Murder of Gunison's Party.
Doubts and Fears.
Escape of the Author.

This book is now, for the first time, brought prominently before the public. Although it has been published but a few weeks, no less than 16 editions have been issued. It has also been republished in England with still greater success. The *London Times*, and *London Observer* each devote two columns to its review

Says the *Christian Journal and Messenger*, Cincinnati:—"The book will secure unhesitating attention from all quarters—will be universally read in Europe, as well as in America; and we doubt not, will become one of the most important, if not the most important instrumentality in enlightening the world on Mormonism, and in bringing to bear upon it that public opinion so necessary to drive it, as an abomination, from the earth. It will rouse particularly, the American people."

Says the *Buffalo Daily Courier*:—"The work is written with delicacy, and those who expect to find in it the food for a morbid curiosity will be disappointed."

Says the *Boston Daily Transcript*:—"It will rival 'Maria Monk's Revelations' in the feeling it is destined to excite. 'Female Life Among the Mormons' is no hearsay exposition, but the conscientious record of an individual experience."

Address

DERBY & JACKSON, PUBLISHERS,
119 Nassau Street, New York.

☞ And for sale by Booksellers and Agents everywhere.
☞ Single copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.
☞ Several thousand Agents wanted to circulate this book in every town in the United States.

"'MID PLEASURES AND PALACES, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

NOW READY,

AND FOR SALE AT THE BOOKSTORES:

HOME;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A NEW ENGLAND FAMILY.

BY ANNA LELAND.

ONE NEAT VOLUME, 12MO. PRICE $1.

"This is a book to be read by the home-fireside. The story never wanders from familiar home-scenes, and is touched with gleams of humor, and soft shadows of pathos. Among its best pictures we find the churlish 'Old Govey—turning, squinting, and contracting his eyebrows and forehead, as if the organ of vision was in his ears,' of whom it was said, 'he had but one redeeming quality, and that was his wife; the meek, placid face of 'Grandmother Leland,' whose moral excellence, energy, and heroism, are placed in vivid contrast with the 'delicate, soft, nervous beings' of this generation, who 'weep over the vapid pages of a novel, but are shocked into interesting helplessness at the sight of real distress; the 'brick school-house,' illuminated with 'pitch-pine knots,' for the 'singing school,' where the 'strong, hearty voices of the young men and maidens rolled out the notes of Coronation and Russia, and chased each other through the labyrinthian passages of Exhortation, Sardinia, and Delight;' the simple 'Jonas Crocky' making love to sweet 'Bessey,' and evincing appreciation of her delicate rejection of his magnificent proffer, by presenting her with a 'silver piece,' and remarking, 'Money is scarce, and hard to be got, or I would give you more;' the sad, speaking face of the deaf mute, 'Alger;' beautiful 'Susy Loring,' her 'crazed, but gentle spirit groping round the walls of its tenement, searching the haunted cells of memory, in the mockery of vain endeavor;' the skinny, freckled 'Mary Tibbs,' who never curled her red hair 'but once, and that was when she "back-slid;"' poor, bewildered 'David Hill,' who couldn't get the hang of 'Paradise Lost,' and so lost his chance of Paradise with the winsome 'Grace;' the grand 'quilting at Mr. Von Komp's,' where the 'narrow face, light blue eyes, white hair, short nose, chin that looked as if it was going to run away, long, yellow vest, short-waisted, blue coat, and great, white hands of Mr. Poppletony,' made themselves conspicuous." [N. Y. Evening Mirror.

DERBY & JACKSON, PUBLISHERS, New York.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

THE DEPARTURE OF THE EMIGRANTS FOR AMERICA.

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



SPRING FASHIONS.

Digitized by Google



BASQUINE OF BOBBINET
TRIMMED WITH LACE.



SCARF MANTILLA
OF MOIRE ANTIQUE.

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google



BABY DRESS.
Embroidered Flounces ornament the Skirt.



EVENING CAP.
Composed of leaves of Embroidery, edged with Valenciennes lace.



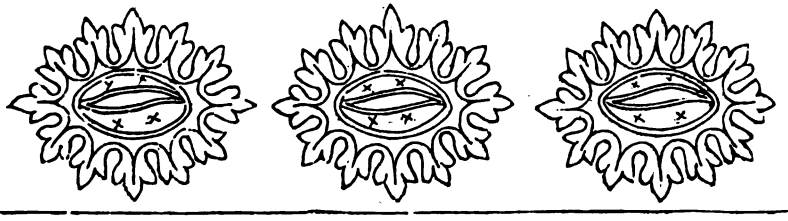
MORNING CAP,
With lappets to cross in front, where they are pinned with brooch.



CAMISOLE OF MUSLIN.
Trimmed with Embroidery.



LACE UNDERSLEEVE.



PATTERN FOR INSERTION.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



ACBAR. [*See page* 311.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

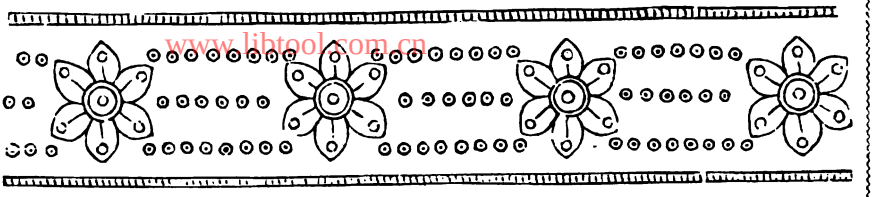


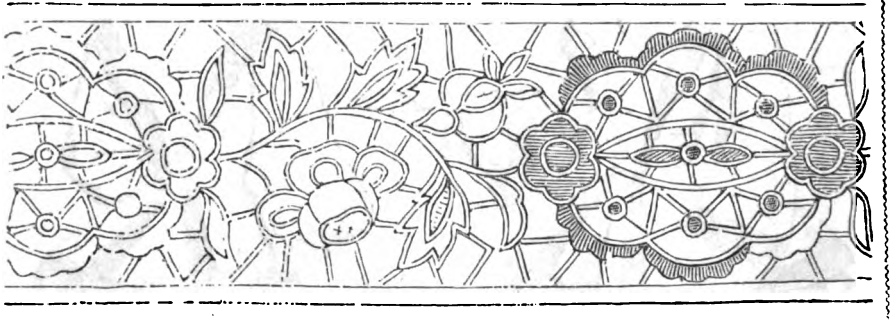
DRESS FOR SCHOOL GIRL.
BACK AND FRONT VIEW OF PALETOT.

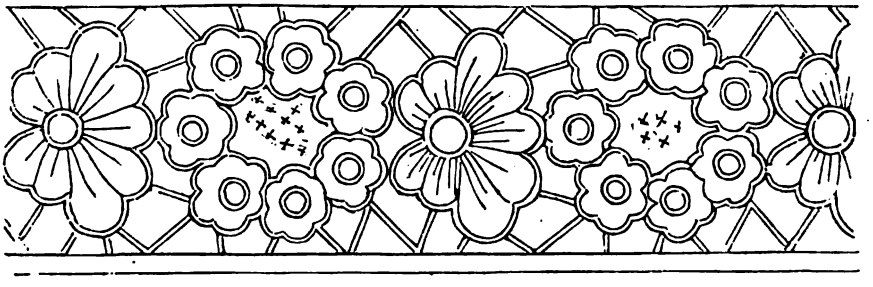
Digitized by Google

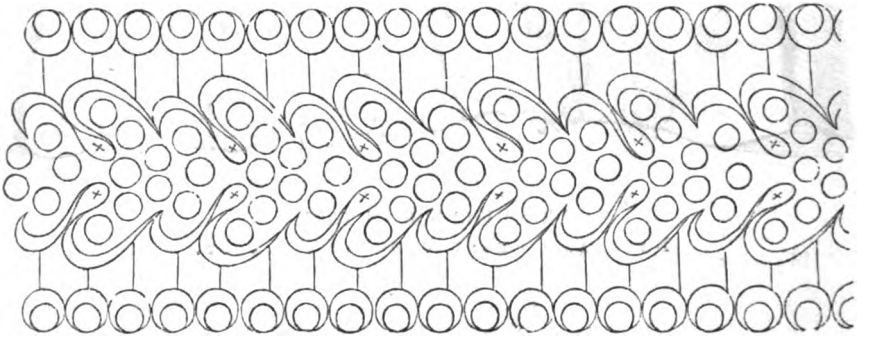
Patterns for Insertion.

www.libtool.com.cn









Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



ELEGANT PATTERN FOR UNDERSKIRT.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



MOCKING BIRD.

Digitized by Google

ARTHUR'S
Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1856.

www.libtool.com.cn

MAGDALENE:

A YOUNG GIRL'S STORY.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

CHAPTER IX.

Self devotion, high and pure,
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,
And dearest hearts are bursting round.—KEBLE.

The outcry which startled Mr. Winthrop, coming slowly down to enquire the meaning of a disturbance so unusual, was the only token Magdalene gave of a woman's weakness and fear. In an instant she had comprehended the scene, and one appealing glance at the blanched and terror-stricken faces around, told her she must act for all.

"Here—in here!" she said, opening the door nearest at hand. It was the dining room, and the men laid down their unconscious burden upon the wide sofa, wheeled for the evening's family gathering, to an angle with the fire.

"Poor young gentleman! 'Taint no use, Miss. He haint stirred since the horse kicked himself loose, afore we got to him," one of them said, shaking his head at Magdalene's endeavors to find whether life or hope yet remained.

She had nerved herself against the first sickening terror at the sight of the gaping wounds, the bruised and swollen face, the clothes stiffening with blood—fearful to a stranger, but how much more so to one in whom each sense and feeling was made doubly acute by love? Mr. Winthrop stood before her as she looked up, mute, and rigid, stunned by what he saw, and not yet comprehending that *this* was all that now remained of the morning's idol.

"Send them all away, Mr. Winthrop—go, Miss Martha, Jane, all of you!" she said, starting up with feverish impatience as the household crowded around. "You can do no good; not *you*"—and she appealed to the man who had spoken, who alone seemed capable of action in this dreary emergency. "You understand it all, and you will carry a message for me to the doctor; run every step of the way. No—I will write, he may not be in"—and with a sudden gesture which freed the room of all intruders, that old, imperious way, Magdalene placed herself before Mr. Winthrop's own desk to write. Months afterwards, when the horror of the scene had partly faded from her remembrance, she wondered at her own calmness as she penned the lines:

"*Frank Winthrop has met with an accident, and is, to all appearance,* DEAD. *Come, for God's sake, and save him for us, if you can.*"

There was no signature, but none was needed. The firm, bold hand, womanly, yet full of character, even at such a moment, was enough to the physician, who had seen her, night and day, in the sick room of those to whom his mission had just ended. And yet it seemed hours to Magdalene before he arrived. She knelt down and chafed the rigid hands—she listened and prayed as she did so, for some token of life—with her ear laid to his uncovered breast; and then rose up to walk the room helplessly, hearing only through the painful stillness the shrieks of the rising storm without, and Mr. Winthrop's unaltered cry—"Frank—Frank—speak to me! Frank—my son!"—repeated again and again, as if the dead could hear, or the dumb speak.

In another hour all that skill and tenderness could do, had been done. The fire light shone out fitfully upon the disordered traces of the sad scene so recently passing before it. Towels and bandages were scattered round—a pile of golden curls, dabbled with blood, lay as they had fallen from the unsparing hand of the physician; but no one heeded these things, all thought and interest centered in the boy's own room, where he lay living, but senseless; life scarcely fluttering in his feeble pulse.

All night long there were lights and footsteps

Digitized by Google

going about the house;—all night—ages it seemed when the wintry daylight crept through the half closed blinds—Magdalene and those two silent men kept their almost breathless watch.

And yet, this was better than the returning consciousness, the acute agony, the wild delirium, which filled the house with shrieks, and tortured those who listened, more by the reality of suffering than the blankness of dumb suspense. Life, at what a cost! The blinded eyes, the crushed limbs, the frightful wound above the temple, surely it were truer kindness to have prayed for death.

"My old friend"—and accustomed as he was to scenes of human suffering, the physician's voice trembled as he spoke—"I will not deceive you. There is hope——"

"Thank God!—oh! thank you! bless you, doctor!"

"Wait—hear me out—just one hope for our poor boy. It is impossible to decide so soon, and I will not act on my own judgment. But you ought to know at once, I think he must lose that limb."

Magdalene clung closer to that helpless form, shuddering, as she heard the sentence; but the father did not even know it had been pronounced; he had ceased to listen when he heard of hope.

"Time enough to press it upon him when it must come," said the doctor, as he motioned Magdalene out of the room. "It must, I think. I leave everything to you; turn his father out if he disturbs the poor boy when he comes to his senses. I will be back as soon as I can. Don't let one of those women in."

Frank was muttering incoherently when she returned. "Hi! old fellow—faster—faster—so black—everything is black—*father!*"

The last was a frightened, appealing cry. Mr. Winthrop's face worked convulsively as he bent down over the pillows.

"Father—*oh, father!*"

"My poor boy—my poor Frank. Here I am, Frank, close to you; don't you see me?"

Magdalene's quick, warning gesture was of no avail; but she took one hot hand in hers, and smoothed it softly, as she would have done to quiet a restless infant.

He was still for a moment, and then the other hand was raised as if he would have torn the bandages from his eyes. She prisoned both, and held them fast.

"Frank, my dear child, listen to me," she said, in a low, distinct tone. "You have been thrown, and hurt very badly; but we are doing all we can for you, and everything depends upon your keeping quiet. Will you try, for your father's sake?"

"I know," the poor boy murmured. "I thought of my father, then—and of you; and I thought it was all over——"

Magdalene placed her hand upon his lips. "That is all," and she almost frowned back Mr. Winthrop's unspoken words, greedy as he was of hearing that voice again, that plaintive cry—"my father." Even he recognized the firm, controlling spirit which had acted so bravely and wisely for all; and once more there was a hush in the sick room, where Frank tossed in uneasy, feverish sleep, broken by moans and startings of pain.

CHAPTER X.

And is there in God's world so drear a place,
Where the loud, bitter cry is raised in vain?
Where tears of penance come too late for grace,
As on the uprooted flower the genial rain?

We barter life for pottage; sell true bliss
For wealth, or power, for pleasure or renown;
Thus, Esau-like, our Father's blessing miss
And wash with fruitless tears our faded crown.—KEBLE.

Those who have waited, with beating hearts, balancing hope against hope, for the end of a consultation, on which the life of some dear one depends, as far as human skill and wisdom may decide *God's will*, can picture the morning in which all was placed at stake. Magdalene, shut out for the first time from the sick chamber, did not leave the hall. The day was damp and dreary, and whether she walked to the window, and looked out upon the leaden sky, and dark houses opposite, or sat shivering unconsciously upon the stairway, there was nothing to change the current of her thoughts.

The slightest movement in the chamber startled her. Frank's moans, faint, and, at times, almost suppressed, seemed to her straining ear, the utterance of death. If they had only allowed her to be with him, where she could have watched their faces, even if she had not heard a word of all their questioning, she could have borne it far better. But they—how did *they* know her *right* to minister to him, or the new and all-absorbing love that had "sprung full statured in an hour," in a heart yearning through life for ties of birth and blood?

She stood close by the door, when its abrupt opening almost threw her from her hold upon the square carved banister upon which she was leaning.

"Oh, it's you: that's all right. It's you I want," said Dr. Jackson, who had left his colleague the more dreaded task of breaking their decision to the boy's father.

"Just as I expected—and it must be at once; Cooper says every hour, every second will tell. Poor lad! he has all his father's spirit, all he used to have—he won't believe us, or listen to us now—Winthrop, you know. I can't blame him, such a fine fellow, crippled for life."

"Frank," said Magdalene, hoarsely; "does he know it."

"Yes—yes, it was the only way. He took it like a soldier—only he must have *you* with him."

"Me!" and unimagined horrors of the scene made her lean against the wall for a moment, sick and faint.

"Cooper would not hear to it—I answered for you, though. I knew you both. If you were his own sister and mother included you could not do better. Don't think about yourself. That's the way—shut your eyes. He says if you will hold his hand he will not take ether. I'm afraid of it for him, though he shall have it if he wants it."

He was already half way down stairs, to the carriage and assistants in waiting. "Flesh and

Digitized by Google

heart failed" before this new ordeal; her limbs trembled under her, and Frank himself, lying in patient expectation, was not more ghastly when she was summoned to a place at his side.

He could see her now; the swelling had subsided and the bandages had been removed. The day before they were all so happy at finding his eyes uninjured—but now his father had neither strength nor comfort for him; nothing but blank despair, and at times a fierce gleam from his blood-shot eyes that made the face, marked by anxiety and watching, more haggard than ever. It was the inward rebelling strife that made this draught so bitter. Frank's suffering, fear for the result, everything was merged into one proud, wrestling with the fate that had befallen *his* child, his son, the last of his generation, the inheritor of the name, and wealth, and distinction, which had been the absorbing pursuits of his own life.

Farther than this life he had never looked. The Prince of this World had in him a subject that shut his eyes and dulled his hearing to any offer of another service

In his prosperity he had said he should never be moved; his success he attributed to his own will and energy, and his career had been almost singularly fortunate. But now a stroke, that no forethought could see or arrest, had in a single hour brought him at bay with a power which had never stood in his path before; but the messenger was an angel of wrath bearing a flaming sword.

The unshed tears of a life-time burned within those hollow eyes, like drops of molten lead. Every cry of pain, short, suppressed—but far more pitiful for their patience than the most frantic shriek could have been—entered his heart like steel. He could have struck Magdalene in the face as he glared around at them all, and stayed for a moment on those still features of marble whiteness, but calm as marble also, for the composure which he, never before shaken in spirit, could not attain. His hand trembled like a woman's as he raised it, to wipe the great beaded drops from his forehead; yet speech or movement were both denied him; life depended on that hour's silence. Memory and remorse claimed it to do their perfect work.

And Magdalene, praying incessantly for strength and comfort to that poor child whose imploring eyes were scarcely turned from her own, neither saw nor knew anything beyond. She had indeed "forgotten herself"—it was no new task, and He in whom she trusted, upheld her with a more than human strength and courage.

Once, when a convulsive shudder of fear and pain contracted the face into which she looked so wistfully, she stooped down and kissed the mouth, feminine in its sweetness. No one saw it, so swift, so light was the movement, but the boy's eyes thanked her with a look of grateful love, that repaid her for years of loneliness. Again the hand she held was prest with a grasp that almost crushed it, to her own, the strength of mortal anguish; and she bent to breathe those familiar words that startled the jealous ear strained to catch them, with a new life and meaning.

"*By thine agony and bloody sweat—by thy cross and passion.*"

In the still and solemn night those words haunted the restless spirit, yet battling with this invisible but constraining power. Sleep was impossible, though he seemed to rest.

The night lamp sent strange ghostly shadows through the room, *that room*, his own in the light-heartedness of boyhood, his own when the first dreams of love and ambition took the place of childish pursuits and fancies; the very walls stood up as silent witnesses of wrong; its gloom was a type of the blackness of the retribution that had at last overtaken him.

Near at hand, to be ready at an instant's change, their friend and physician slept heavily, worn out by fatigue of mind and body. Magdalene alone remained at her post. She promised herself rest and care on the morrow, but to-night neither Mr. Winthrop's expressed wish, or Miss Martha's petitions, sent through Dr. Jackson, availed to change her determination. It was not enough to feel that the worst was over, that such strength and fortitude had been given her to aid them both, and that her charge slept quietly, exhaustion though it was.

One, two, three,—she counted the strokes of the great clock upon the stairs. Two hours more and she would rouse Mr. Winthrop, and leave Frank to his father's charge. A strange trembling came over her as she glanced towards the shrouded form, lying on the lounge opposite. For the first time since the day which had revealed it to her, she suffered herself to think who it was that slept there so unconscious of her presence or her claims.

But the boy awoke just then, with a spasm of extreme suffering. "Oh! Magdalene, I cannot bear it any longer."

She held an opiate, already prepared, to his lips.

"Won't you say a prayer for me?" he whispered faintly, "as you did for poor little Helen when she suffered so."

Simply as a child would have done, Magdalene knelt down by the bedside where she stood. Again she uttered that anguished plea,—

"And by thy precious death, in all times of tribulation, good Lord, deliver us. Grant us patience, and teach us how to bear the trials thou dost send. Thou who didst know all of human loss and agony, send help and comfort in this dark hour."

The convulsive grasp relaxed softly, as the boy slept again, but still she prayed, though silently, for him when he should come to a full knowledge of his blighted life, for guidance and direction in her own dreary and uncertain path. A deep groan startled her.

Mr. Winthrop had thrown off the semblance of sleep, and she turned to meet his full and troubled gaze. Should she try to offer any comfort to him, could she even pray that it might be given to him! A pale, shadowy face came between them. Ah! it was a deadly wrong that clamored for forgiveness and pity.

Digitized by Google

It was a tempter, with an angel's face, looking towards her with a mother's pleading eyes, but it was the strong pride of her nature, her sole inheritance from *him*.

She crossed the room suddenly and held out her hand.

"It is very, very hard for you to bear. I do not know how to offer you any comfort."

She did not—she felt instinctively that he could not understand the secret of her own support and steadfastness.

But he only turned away from her and covered his face with his hands.

"*Depart from me, for I am a sinful man*"—words he had heard he knew not where or when, was all that he could utter; drawn forth without his will, nay, against it, for her faith, her trust, her purity, stood before him as an accusing spirit.

A new emotion rose up in her heart as she looked upon him, so humbled and bowed down. Pity for the self-accusing heart for the remorse which thus cried out as it rent him sorely.

"None sin beyond the hope of penitence and pardon," she said, wondering at her own boldness of speech.

"It is too late for repentance—death shuts out all that. God is just—God is just." He said this bitterly, yet so low, that had his boy been waking, he would not have heard the confession hidden in the words.

"But not for repentance—not for pardon," she urged again, with a sudden hope. This change had not been wrought by an earthly power; it might be deepened, made real, and thus the light broke upon the darkness of the trial which had befallen him. Oh! if she could only make him see it also!

He rose up, and they stood face to face.

"You pity me. Well, I can bear that, too. I can *bear* to be pitied. See what need I have, when the hardest pang of all is that my sin has brought this upon him. My hidden, unrepented sin—a broken heart, a deserted child, my child, cast off, homeless, cry out to me in in every moan from his lips. Oh, my God! it is enough—spare me!"

It was a fearful thing to see, to hear, to bear witness to the breaking up of the depths of such a nature, sweeping all barriers of pride and reserve away before the stormy tide. Magdalene's heart stood still.

"You will not speak to me—you will not plead for me, as you did for him. I need it more, I tell you. See how soundly he sleeps—I cannot sleep—there is no drug for remorse; *that* will never sleep again. She shall be righted yet. He is not my first born. Why should I tell you all this? Who are you, what are you, that you have heard this?"

"I—I am *Magdalene*."

She said it so simply, looking so steadfastly into his face, that neither oath nor proof could have added weight to the instant conviction that thrilled through his whole being; and then she turned, and glided silently from the room, as if she had indeed been the spirit that she seemed to him, looking after, without the power to recall her.

The earliest member of the household astir found her lying in a deep swoon, stretched at the very door of her own room; there strength and consciousness had suddenly deserted her.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

COURAGE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Strike!—as said the anvil to the hammer—
Strike! and never let your iron cool!
Up head, my boy: speak bravely—never stammer,
For fear the world will set you down a fool!
We have no time allow'd for shilly-shally,
But seventy years allotted to the best;
Down with the rock: plough up the fruitful valley.
Work out your purpose—leave to God the rest.

You have a purpose—should have—then, begin it;—
An honest manly purpose is a power,
Which, if you straightway seize upon the minute,
Will make its progress surer every hour.
Build up your fortunes by it: lay them deeply;
Make your foundation sure; then, day by day,
Rear the great walls—a fortress—never cheaply,—
Good purposes demand a great outlay!—

Strength, faith, devotion,—thought and resolution!—
These make your capital—these freely spend;
Once sure of your design, the execution,
Needs all that you can give it—to the end!
Oh! boy—man! what a world is in the keeping
Of him who nobly aims and bravely toils;—
Wake to great deeds; we'll all have time for sleeping,
When "we have shuffled off our mortal coils."

PENITENT.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

In the twilight I am calling,
Lord, to Thee, in earnest pray'r;
Darker than the shadows falling
Is the blackness of despair.

Ever sinning, ever erring,
Wayward to my trust and Thee!
Heart each chance of hope deferring—
Hard as any heart could be.

Now each secret fault confessing,
Deed and word and thought of sin,
Grant, O Lord, Thy promised blessing
Grace to bear, and peace within!

Jesus, Thou art all compassion!
Pure and boundless love Thou art!
Crown me now with Thy salvation,
Enter now this waiting heart!

From those heights beyond all measure,
Where the silent stars ascend,
Bring to me the rarest treasure
Heart could wish, or Thou canst send!

Digitized by Google

THE BETTER DEED.

BY S. A. WENTZ.

Three young wives sat laughing and chatting in a large front porch, shaded in by fresh green vines and delicate honeysuckle blossoms. The lawn swept down to the white gate, and beyond the road lay the sea, dimpling in the sunshine, as if it were a reflection of the young wives' faces.

"Ah!" said little May, shaking her head, "I laugh to myself to see how Charlie gives in to me—you know he is very firm! oh, dreadfully firm! Whenever I want to do anything he don't want me to do very much, I look so meek and submissive, and say with a sigh, 'Well, Charlie, I'll do as you think best.' You see, I know he'll think it best for me to have my own way in the end. He looks at me two or three times out of the corner of his eye, and in a few moments he says, 'May, the more I think of it, the more I think you had better do as you propose.' And then," continued little May, with a flourish of her snowy hand, "I fall in his arms, etc., etc."

"Yes, that is the way!" responded the two wives, laughing until the tears came. "I do so!"

"But still," said May, as her childlike expression gave place to a look all womanly and full of soul, "I try so hard to act rightly: I pray every night and morning that I may learn to link Charlie's heart to heaven. And it does seem to me that he grows sweeter and kinder every day, as if heavenly blossoms came to lodge in his heart, making it spring-time in his soul all the time. But who is that?" and May turned an eager look towards an old woman who entered the gate. The woman went to the kitchen, while one of the wives related her present history to May. She had a decrepid, helpless husband, and a daughter lying at the point of death—she was steeped to the lips in poverty, and had suffered greatly before her situation was found out.

"Oh, if I had known it in time!" said May, as the tears rose in her eyes. When the woman came from the kitchen, May glided from the porch, and handed her a half-dollar, all she had with her, saying, "Won't you take that?"

As May ran back to the porch, she heard one of her friends say, "Isn't she the sweetest, the most generous creature that ever was?" And May thought suddenly within herself, "I suppose I am!"

* * * * * *

May had gone back to her own lovely cottage at nightfall. Her husband was not at home; a friend had come from a distance to see her—an old lady. May tossed aside her straw bonnet, and sat down beside the matron, striving to devote herself to her entertainment. It occurred to her suddenly to ask if her guest had been to tea. No, she had not; so the young wife stepped to the kitchen, and said, "Ann, make a fire and set the table for two, will you?" May thought that Ann looked ill; she felt sorry for her, but murmurred to herself, "It seems to be a necessity that she should work just now, although she does not look able to. I must entertain Mrs, Potter, and then I have my white dress on. It is insufferably warm."

She went back to the parlor, but even while she talked, it kept passing through her mind. "Is it generous or kind for me to allow poor Ann to work now? She looked as if she would drop down, dear, faithful girl. Which is the greater charity, to give a little money to a poor woman, or to relieve my girl when she is sick? As far as I am concerned, that which costs me the greatest effort is the best deed. But, oh, dear, I am so selfish, I hate to go in that kitchen just now." Still she talked to Mrs. Potter, inwardly musing the while. At length she said within herself, "This hesitancy about performing a plain duty will never win heaven."

She rose abruptly, saying, "Excuse me a few moments, Mrs. Potter!"

Upon entering the kitchen the second time, she saw poor Ann slowly kindling a fire as she sat on the floor, with one hand pressed on her forehead.

"Does your head ache so?" she asked, in sweetest tones, laying her soft hand upon the flushed brow of the girl. "You had better go to bed, Ann, I'll get tea, and if you are not better in the morning, I'll get breakfast. I am sorry you feel so badly. Let me put a wet cloth on your head."

The girl took a chair, and submitted herself to the tender cares of her young mistress.—Tears gushed to her eyes, and ran in torrents down her cheeks.

"Oh, but I think of my mother when I am sick! she was so good!" broke from the lips of the poor Irish girl.

"Oh, yes, Ann, our hearts *will* yearn for our mothers in sickness. I know what it is!—I was sick once away from home." And May gently smoothed the girl's hair, then laid her hand on her shoulder, saying, "Go lie down, and don't trouble yourself about the work. You are so faithful, Ann, I know you will be anxious to do all you are able to."

Ann sought her room, soothed to the very centre of her heart; May's kind manner had prevented an hour of passionate weeping; she fell asleep quietly.

Little May put on an immense check apron, and flitted about the kitchen with the blithest heart in the world; she felt so joyously grateful that her attendant angels had pressed her to be merciful to her servant. Ever and anon, as she was setting the table in the dining room, she would put her bright face into the parlor

Digitized by Google

door, with a cordial, laughing word to Mrs. Potter. If the truth must be told, May was not glad right down in her heart when she found that Mrs. Potter was her guest, but *now* there arose a new, dear feeling of warmth towards the good old lady. When they sat down to their cosy little meal, and talked and drank their fragrant tea, May thought she had looked for the first time beyond the aged exterior of Mrs. Potter, and had caught glimpses of spiritual youth and beauty. A blessing fell on May that day.

www.libtool.com.cn

REVERIES.

People of thoughtful and quiet habits are liable to be inveigled by the attractions of day-dreaming. Those in active, driving, exacting occupations—the lawyer in full practice, the busy business man, the school teacher, the editor, can't stop for such wasteful and easeful pleasure. But the young, especially, are often plagued by it. Over their books or their studies—before rising in the morning—in the quiet of their own rooms—wherever they have that possibility of still meditation which is so choice a privilege of the careless years before manhood and womanhood come with burdens and sorrows—their occupation is often laid aside, even by the hour together; and while gazing out of window, or resting the head on the hands, or reclining at ease on couch or bed, the soul is surrendered up to the listless contemplation of imagined joys, or imagined achievements.

This is not the business for those years. It is tempting, we allow, to indulge in the easy triumphs of an imagined future; those conquests are abundantly more plentiful and complete than the actual victories of life, which are ever partial, ever hewed out with the sternest and most unflinching strokes. But don't waste, in dreaming of triumph, the only hours which God gives you to fill your armory with weapons for the fight. Whatever time you use in these fantastic conquests, is exactly so much of real active preparation lost. Wake up! If you listen wisely you can hear the trumpet of the Present Occasion, sounding sharp and loud, close to your ear. It calls you to fulfill the Present Task. That done, another will be ready. And so on, until all work is over. Leave dreaming. Go to work. If you are not yet ready to shoulder the heavy burdens of the great actual world, to fall into the ranks and "drag the heavy artillery along the dusty roads of life," you can at least be laying up the knowledge, and drilling yourself in the exercises, which, when the time of actual service does come, will be equal to years of mere routine to you in your strife after success. Quit dreaming, then. Wake up, and go to work.

LAMENT FOR MY WILLOWS.

BY FANNY FALES.

Beside my open door, in summer hours,
When earth was very glad, I drank the sound
Of willow-voices, in the silence round,
Murm'ring unto the flowers.

Above my low, old-fashioned windows, hung
Their graceful plumes of emerald, and swayed
To the light zephyr, as it idly played
Their cooling shades among.

The robin and the blue bird warbled there,
And builded little homes of straw and clay;
Filled them with life, and nursed those lives each day,
Until they swam the air.

One day, mid-autumn, but few moons ago,
A woodman's axe jarred heavily the ear,
And my proud willows, with a groan so drear,
On the bright earth lay low.

Ah, me! ah, me! I turned away and wept—
A "thing of beauty" from my life was crushed;
A voice of gladness in my spirit hushed,
A light in darkness swept.

A poem written by the hand of God,
A line of beauty added year by year—
How dared man mar what seemed to Heaven dear?
And raze it to the sod!

'Tis but a little thing, you cry, I weet—
Is not the dew a little thing? the flower?
The perfumed breeze? the dreamy summer shower?
And yet they make life sweet.

A tender word, a smile with love aglow,
A picture that a pleasant memory brings;
Lines from the absent—O, 'tis little things
That make our weal, our woe.

The spring-time comes to touch the stony earth
With prophet-rod, and it will gush again,
But miss my willows where the wind hath lain,
And merry birds had birth.

Digitized by Google

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER IV.

www.libtool.com.cn

Mrs. Eldridge's mind was still in a confused state, when the bell announced a visiter. She listened, while the servant passed to the door, with a feeling of expectation.

"Is Mrs. Eldridge at home?" It was a clear, familiar, ringing voice, the tones of which fell pleasantly on the lady's ears. Light feet tripped along the passage; the door of the room was swung open, and the visiter entered.

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Weakly! Good evening! How glad I am to see you!"

"Good evening! good evening!" returned the lady, her face glowing with smiles, as she caught the extended hand of Mrs. Eldridge, and saluted her with a kiss.

"I'm glad you've dropped in," said the latter; "for I feel too dull to be alone."

"Dull?" Mrs. Weakly looked earnestly into the face of her friend. "What is there to make *you* feel dull?"

"A thousand things," was replied.

"Ah, my friend! you must learn to take the world easy, as I do."

"You are never dull?"

"Never!"

"Then you are a fortunate woman, and must have a husband of easier temper than I am blessed with."

"Oho! It's the husband, is it, my pretty little friend?" said Mrs. Weakly, in an airy tone. "That will never do. These husbands are terribly exacting and unreasonable sometimes; but most of them are susceptible of management. A few are incorrigible tyrants; but a woman of spirit knows how to deal with such. Your lord and master, however, does not belong to this latter class."

"O, no. Mr. Eldridge is not a domestic tyrant. If he were, he'd not find the task of lording it over me an easy one. The trouble is, he expects me to make home a kind of Paradise, and a parcel of unregenerate cubs of children, as gentle and harmonious as lambs."

"Oh, dear!" and Mrs. Weakly laughed a merry little laugh, that seemed to come from away down in her throat.

"But I'm thinking they're no worse than we were, when of their ages. I know that I was a torn down little imp—at least they say so—and I rather think I'm not so very much behind other people at my time of life."

"No, I shouldn't think you were," said Mrs. Weakly, in a voice that, to some ears, would have sounded not a little equivocal, though Mrs. Eldridge perceived in it only a compliment. "As for Weakly," continued the visiter, referring now to her own husband—"he and I have no disagreements. Things did go a little rough at first, but I soon made him understand that I knew my position, and should maintain it at all hazards. Ha! ha!" the little laugh, away down in her throat, came with a new sound to the ears of Mrs. Eldridge—"Ha! ha! I can remember, as if it were but yesterday, our first quarrel—I call it a quarrel. We had been married, then, only three weeks. Weakly was very loving, very fussy, and very busy in our new home; giving orders here and there, as if I were a mere slip of a girl, that didn't know a broom handle from a frying pan. Well, I looked on, half amused, and half angry, waiting to see how far he would go. From the beginning he had undertaken to do the marketing, and he delivered his basket and his orders to the cook with as much coolness as if I were in the moon, instead of in the house.

"Well, one day Weakly brought in a pair of chickens, and said, as he handed them to the cook:

"'Now, Jane, we'll have a fricassee of these; and here are a few nice pippins in the basket. I got them for apple dumplings. Don't forget them; and see here, Jane, let them be made with potato crust.'

"'That will do,' said I to myself, as I turned off and went up stairs, vexed, half to crying, at this treatment of me, as if I were nobody—'that will do, Mr. John Weakly—but if you see any fricasseed chicken, or apple dumpling with potato crust to-day, my name isn't Martha Mary?'

"So, about an hour after he had left the house, I called down to Jane. She came up stairs, and I said:

"'Jane, isn't there enough of that meat we had yesterday, left over, to make out a dinner to-day?"

"'Mr. Weakly said we were to have fricasseed chicken,' replied Jane, looking at me with surprise.

"'Did you understand what I said?' I spoke with some sternness of manner, and with a glance and tone that seemed to frighten the girl.

"'Ye—yes, ma'am,' she stammered.

"'Very well, answer me, then. Is there enough cold meat left over for dinner to-day?'

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"'Then chop it up fine, and make a hash of it. Do you know how to make a good hash?'

"The girl said she could try, and left the room with a bewildered air. In a little while she came back, and looking at me doubtingly, said:

"'About the apple dumplings, ma'am; shall I make them?'

"'No,' I replied. 'You needn't make any apple dumplings to-day. A rice pudding will answer. Have you eggs and milk?' Jane said she had both, and I dismissed her with my finality.

"Well, I didn't feel altogether comfortable,

Digitized by Google

as you may suppose; only three weeks a bride, and setting up in direct opposition to the will of my husband. But, I was always a girl of spirit, and when once fairly aroused, never yielded. Weakly was in the wrong, that was clear, and I meant to keep him in the wrong. He had made the mistake of taking it for granted that I was a quiet little puss, who would yield to him in everything, and let him do about as he pleased. The longer he remained in this error, the more he would confirm himself in it; and so, all things considered, I was sure that my course was right.

"It must be owned that I felt a little nervous as dinner time approached. I tried my best to summon before me an image of his true personality, in order to determine what amount of combative power he possessed, and to form, therefrom, some idea of the length of the contest about to begin. But, I could determine nothing satisfactorily.

"At last my husband arrived, and I met him with my usual smiles, though my manner had in it a constraint that it was impossible to subdue. Soon after he came in, the dinner bell rung, and we repaired to the breakfast room together.

"'How's this?' he exclaimed, with a contracting brow, as he lifted the cover from a dish of smoking hash. 'Where are those chickens?'

"'We had meat enough over from yesterday, and so I told Jane not to cook them,' I replied, as evenly as I could speak.

"'But I distinctly told her to make a fricassee,' said my husband, contracting his brows still farther, and looking at me in a way that I did not regard as particularly amiable.

"'And I distinctly told her to hash up the cold meat from yesterday!' I replied calmly, but in so resolute a voice that my husband fairly started at the words.

"'You knew I wanted the chickens,' he said, after a little pause.

"'You did not tell me so,' was my prompt answer.

"'You were standing by when I told Jane to cook them,' said he.

"'*Perhaps*,' I replied, 'if you had signified your wishes to me, instead of to my cook, they would have been complied with.'

"I think some light broke into the good man's mind, and with a suddenness that partially blinded him. He looked at me very earnestly for the space of half a minute, and then, without a word more, helped me to some of the hash, and went to eating his own dinner. Neither of us, it must be confessed, partook with an over keen relish. When the dessert of rice pudding came on, instead of the apple dumplings with potato crust, not a word was said. Weakly ate about half of what I gave him, and then pushing back his chair, left the table. He was rather sober for a week, but never again ventured to give cook an order about dinner, or any thing else. Sober for a week! I might say for a month—indeed, I think he's never got over being ashamed of himself to this day. I lost a good share of petting, and that kind of loving nonsense, no doubt; but succeeded in making Weakly understand clearly the stuff that was in his wife. He's never trespassed on my ground since, and so we get on as smoothly as Darby and Joan."

Mrs. Weakly laughed merrily as she concluded, adding, as she did so—

"There's nothing like a fair understanding at the beginning of all co-partnerships. It prevents a deal of trouble afterwards."

"Not many husbands would have submitted so easily," said Mrs. Eldridge.

"I don't know. Men are pretty hard subjects in the main; but, a resolute woman is, nine cases in ten, a match for the hardest. We have a stronger self-will, and more endurance, and therefore, can hold out longer. A man, after a certain period of opposition, grows weary, but a woman's spirit never tires. Do you understand that?"

"I think your meaning is clear."

"Trouble with your husband, say you!"—Mrs. Weakly spoke half lightly, half seriously. "I'm afraid you permitted him to get the upper hand in the beginning. Husbands are rarely troublesome unless this have occurred."

"I don't know what it is, but there's something wrong." The tone in which Mrs. Eldridge said this, showed that her mind was not very clear on the subject of her relation to her husband.

"Ah—that something wrong! How many thousands of unhappy women sigh out those words in weakness and discouragement! How many thousands faint and fall by the way, unable to bear the chain that holds them fast in a cruel bondage. Men are strong, physically, and their position involves the temptation to exercise power. Few are proof against this temptation. Ah, my friend, if the annals of domestic tyranny could be written and published to the world, stern hearts would melt and ruddy cheeks pale at the fearful history."

"I believe you," said Mrs. Eldridge, catching the spirit of her friend

"And yet," continued Mrs. Weakly, "woman is really stronger than man, and, if she but willed to do it, could bend him like a reed. I wish all wives had my spirit."

"I wish they had," replied Mrs. Eldridge; "for the whole community of men need to be taught a few wholesome lessons."

"Indeed they do! Well, I've done my part; and I'm very sure Weakly is a happier man for it. No one grows any better for indulgence in arbitrary rule. We both do pretty much as we please; and go out and come in when we please. I never permit myself to be a clog upon his movements, and he shows no disposition to become a clog upon mine. I like company, and so does he; but our appreciation of qualities is different. I don't always fancy his friends, nor does he always fancy mine. The fact is, our union is now rightly based on the rock of common sense, and not on the seething furnace of what people *call* love, the vapors from which are ever and anon blinding and scorching. I know some wives who are as 'fraid as death of

Digitized by Google

their husbands, and will give up the dearest friendships merely to gratify their whims. It wouldn't do for Weakly to try that experiment with me. I'm old enough, wise enough, and independent enough to choose my own friends; have always done so, and will continue to do so unto the end."

These remarks brought to the remembrance of Mrs. Eldridge a troubled passage in her own history. She had formed a pleasant acquaintance with a lady in the village, against whom her husband entertained a strong prejudice—so strong that he objected to his wife's visiting her. The circumstance caused a good deal of unhappiness at the time, and was never recalled without uncomfortable feelings.

"Some husbands are very unreasonable on the subject of their wives' friendships," she said. "Mr. Eldridge is not an exception to the rule. It's his fault, entirely, that a coolness exists between me and Mrs. Glendy."

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Weakly spoke with animation. "Mrs. Glendy was talking to me only yesterday about you. She says that, from some cause, you have ceased to visit her; though of the reason she is entirely ignorant, never having done or said anything against you; but, on the contrary, having always spoken in your praise. 'The fact is, Mrs. Weakly,' said she, 'I always liked Mrs. Eldridge, and always shall like her.'"

"And I always did like, and always shall like her," replied Mrs. Eldridge. "Nothing separates between us but a whim of my husband's."

"Whim! Humph! It wouldn't do for Weakly to try any of his whims upon me. But, what in the name of wonder has he to say against the woman?"

"He's heard something to her discredit, I believe."

"What?"

"Oh, well, I can't just repeat what was said."

"Nothing against her character?" Mrs. Weakly bent over in a confidential way towards Mrs. Eldridge, and spoke in an insinuating voice.

"No, nothing special: only"——

"Only what? Don't be afraid to speak out plainly; I will regard all you say as strictly confidential."

"Well, the truth is, some people in the village do talk a little freely about her; though I never believed a word that was said."

"What do they say?"

"Oh, well, you know how people will talk sometimes. Mrs. Glendy is a pleasant, cheerful, companionable woman, who keeps a good deal of company, and lays herself liable to misjudgment from a certain class of prudish persons."

"Yes, I understand. But, to the pure all things are pure. Envious people are sadly given to slandering their neighbors, I'm sorry to say, and we have some of the envions in Arden. Their spite would be harmless if there was not such a readiness in the human mind to believe in evil reports. I believe Mrs. Glendy to be as good as the best in this neighborhood; and I'm very sorry your husband's foolish prejudice should step in between you and one of the most agreeable women in our town, who regrets the alienation, and sincerely desires a restoration of friendly intercourse."

"It's very unreasonable in Mr. Eldridge," was remarked, with considerable warmth.

"Downright tyranny, I should call it, were it my case," said Mrs. Weakly.

"I was wrong, perhaps, ever to have yielded the point."

"There is no doubt in the world of that," replied Mrs. Weakly. "It was a mortal blunder. To yield in this way is to invite aggression."

Mrs. Eldridge sat and mused for some time.

"I have a great mind to call upon Mrs. Glendy to-morrow," said she, with some manifestation of spirit.

"I'd do it," was the encouraging response.

"I'm just vexed enough with Mr. Eldridge to feel reckless. He's been encroaching on me a little too much of late. If I thought there was the slightest truth in the rumors about Mrs. Glendy, I would never go near her. But ——"

"Slander! slander! vile slander!" exclaimed Mrs. Weakly, with unusual animation. "There isn't a word of truth in any rumor that says she is not pure and good. And isn't it cruel, Mrs. Eldridge, to desert a rightminded woman because evil lips insinuate evil against her. We should all make common cause with the unjustly accused. It should be the glory of our sex to sustain a slandered sister, and not desert her in the hour of trial. Who knows how soon the painful experience may be our own; for none are so pure that suspicion may not throw a passing stain upon their garments."

"True, very true," said Mrs. Eldridge, "and your words oppress me with self-condemnation. I have not been just to Mrs. Glendy."

"The best can only make reparation for error."

"Be it my task to repair this error. To-morrow morning, I will call upon Mrs. Glendy."

"Do so, by all means," urged the visiter.—"If you do not wish to raise a breeze with your husband, why, say nothing to him about it. I, for one, don't believe in wives giving their husbands a minute history of all they say, think or do."

"Oh! you needn't class me with such silly wives. I know how to keep my own counsel."

In conversation of a like tenor, the two ladies spent a couple of hours, and then Mrs. Weakly returned home, taking one of Mrs. Eldridge's servants to keep her company by the way.

CHAPTER V.

It was after ten o'clock when Mrs. Weakly returned home. For nearly half an hour Mrs. Eldridge sat with her thoughts so busy in the new direction they had taken, that the unusual stay of her husband was not remarked.

"Ten minutes of eleven!" she exclaimed in a surprised tone, as her eyes fell accidentally upon the clock; "and Morgan not home yet! This is very unusual."

Digitized by Google

And Mrs. Eldridge arose and went to the window; raising it, she looked first up and then down the broad village street, along which the white houses shone in the gilding moonbeams. The quiet beauty of the scene wrought an almost instant change upon her feelings, softening their tone and touching them with a hue of sadness. For several minutes she looked forth expectantly, but no living form was visible. Feeling a chilliness creeping over her, she closed the window, yet still remained gazing out.

"I don't like this," she murmured, as thought went backward. "I wish Morgan would come home. What can keep him away so late?"

When Mr. Eldridge left his home that evening, fairly driven away by his wife's ungenial spirit—he was a home-loving man, and rarely went out after night-fall, except forced to do so by business or political engagements—he walked slowly down the street, sad and purposeless. He was moving along, with his eyes upon the ground, when an arm was drawn within his, and a familiar voice said—

"Good evening, Eldridge! Which way?"

"Just taking a little stroll in the pleasant moonlight," was answered.

"Ah! I didn't suppose there was any romance or poetry left in you, after ten years' experience as a lawyer," remarked the other.

"There isn't much left, I can assure you," said Eldridge, with some feeling. "The world soon takes all the nonsense out of us."

"Indeed it does. It took it all out of me years ago, and I'm now as cold and unromantic as an oyster. There was a time when I enjoyed a moonlight evening, and could read poetry with a zest, but that time is long since passed. I don't understand poetry now; and moonlight or midnight is all the same to me, so far as emotion is concerned. The heart gains immobility as we grow older. Is not this so in all cases?"

"I can hardly answer yes to your closing query, Mr. Craig," said Eldridge. "Sometimes I have thought that my heart was growing stern and hard; but suddenly it has shown itself weak almost to woman's tenderness. We are strange beings!"

"I shouldn't suspect you of weakness, Mr. Eldridge."

"Nor am I given to such weakness. Contact with the world ices over the heart, but does not always chill the central impulses."

By this time the two men were at the lower end of the town, where stood the tavern.

"Come in and take something to drink with me," said the companion of Eldridge.

The latter made no objection, but entered the tavern and joined him in a glass of liquor at the bar. They then went out upon the porch, and took seats at some distance from a group of men who were discussing politics. Conversation between them was, for a short time, made up of the ordinary commonplaces. In a pause, Craig leaned closer to Mr. Eldridge, and said, in a confidential way—

"I expected to see Judge Gray here to-night."

"Ah? Isn't he about?"

"No, not yet. The Judge and I have been talking over a little speculation." And Craig spoke in a still lower voice. "He's here almost every evening, and I thought I should meet him to-night. Ah! there he is now!" was added in quickened tone; and he arose and advanced towards a man just entering the porch.

The two greeted each other familiarly—stood and conversed a few moments in an under tone—and then came forward to where Eldridge was sitting.

"Good evening, Eldridge," said the Judge, in a frank, cordial tone of voice. "Where do you keep yourself these fine evenings? It's really a treat to get one's eyes on you after court hours."

"Oh, I'm one of your home bodies," returned Eldridge, pleasantly, as he took the Judge's hand. "Office business usually occupies all my spare time out of court, and when night comes I feel more inclined to thoughtful quiet than social intercourse. It is a fault of mine, perhaps."

"No doubt of that," returned Judge Gray. "No man has a right to shut himself out from the company of his friends. At least four evenings out of six I take a stroll down here, to have a cosy chat with some one, and I'm all the better and brighter for it. Our own thoughts, if left too much to themselves, soon run thick, and move sluggishly. Don't you find it so, Craig?"

"I have found it so in times past; but I take care, now-a-days, to keep the channel free. Good fellowship is essential to the mind's healthy action. Home is a fine institution. Every man should have a home;—but there is something for us to do and enjoy in the world outside of home. A man's obligations to his family are high and sacred duties, and should ever be faithfully discharged; but their observance will not absolve him from social duties. His friends have claims upon him as well as his family."

"Truly said," remarked the Judge; "and I trust our friend Eldridge will take the lesson to heart. He needs to con it well."

"I'm not unsocial, by any means," said Mr. Eldridge, with some animation.

"Not by nature, I will admit," replied Judge Gray—"but, practically, you are, and growing more and more so every day."

"You think so."

"I know so. When, pray, have we seen you here, for instance? Not for a month!"

"I've been here within that time."

"How often, pray?"

"Once, at least."

"Once! For shame, Eldridge! I would have thrown that out and called it nothing. Once! Why, I'm here at least four times a week, and that's none too often."

"Too often for me," said Eldridge, firmly. "Once or twice a week would be an extreme concession to the social requirement."

"Very well. Have it your own way. Give us two evenings in the week, and we will be thankful."

Digitized by Google

"I cannot promise." And Eldridge shook his head; laughing at the same time.

"We have you this evening, at all events," said the Judge. "Perhaps we can interest you to a degree that will make your return a thing of course. We shall see."

"I'm in your hands," was the light response.

"And shall be well cared for. Come! Let us go up to one of the private rooms. I have a basket of choice old wine in the landlord's cellar, set apart for my particular friends. We'll break a bottle."

The three men went into the house, and up to the private rooms mentioned by Judge Gray. And there we will leave them.

Eleven o'clock passed, and Mrs. Eldridge was still a watcher for her absent husband. She felt troubled, and far from self-satisfied. Conscience, to whose small voice she tried, in vain, to close her ears, whispered in them rebuking words, and charged upon her unkindness.

"What can keep him so late?" she said aloud, in a voice that would have betrayed her anxiety, had there been a listener near. As she thus spoke, she went again to the window, and looked earnestly up and down the moonlit street. She was about turning away, after standing there for some minutes, when the appearance of two men in the distance caused her heart to leap, and she kept her place at the window, with her eyes riveted upon the two figures, which advanced along the street very slowly. At last they were near enough for Mrs. Eldridge to distinguish, in one of them, her husband; but the person of the other she could not make out. The men were in very earnest conversation, and passed the house, on the opposite side of the street, without pausing. A little beyond, Mr. Eldridge stopped—his wife could see him distinctly in the strong moonlight—and glanced around, in a kind of bewildered manner, as if he had lost, in mariner's phrase, his "reckoning." Comprehending, in a little while, that he had gone beyond his home, he turned, and walked back, until opposite, his companion returning with him, and talking all the while earnestly.

For some minutes the men stood on the pavement, in full view of Mrs. Eldridge, who had let the curtains fall, and now peered, unobserved, through a small opening in the drapery. They still talked with animation, the companion of Eldridge gesticulating with considerable violence. Two or three times the latter broke away, and made an attempt to cross the street; but the other advanced as he retreated, even grasping his arm to detain him while he uttered his rapidly spoken sentences. Then Eldridge would speak in turn, but not with the other's warmth.

At last they separated. When half way across the street, Eldridge stopped. His companion had turned back, and called him.

"Don't forget to-morrow night!"

"I'll be there," was the reply of Eldridge. Both sentences were heard by his wife.

The instant Mrs. Eldridge saw the two men finally separate, she retired from the window. At the same moment a revulsion in her feelings began. Anxiety gave place to disapprobation of her husband's conduct in remaining away until so unusual an hour, and self-reproaches to an accusing spirit. When he entered the room, her first words, spoken in a tone that could not fail to irritate, were—

"Home at last, are you? I wonder you hadn't staid out all night!"

"I might, if I had been sure of no better reception at home."

There was an unusual sharpness in the tones of Mr. Eldridge. In most cases, if his wife spoke with unkindness or irritation, he maintained a perfect silence, and thus prevented the fires of discord from blazing out. And, it would have been so on this occasion, had not the old wine of Judge Craig been mingled too freely with his blood, obscuring his reason, and firing his temper.

"Where have you been?" There was something almost imperious in the voice of Mrs. Eldridge, as she fixed her dark eyes upon the face of her husband. The latter returned the glance of his wife, steadily, for almost a minute, and then said, slightly curling his lip—

"My lady had better lower her tone. Her manner is by no means agreeable."

"Morgan!" Mrs. Eldridge stamped her foot. But, her anger was impotent, and she felt it to be so, for, in the next moment, she was in a passion of tears.

Without seeming to notice this effervescence of feeling, Eldridge quietly undressed himself, and was in bed and fast asleep ere the sobbing of the tempest that raged for a time in the mind of his wife had died away into silence.

It was long past midnight, when the aching head of Mrs. Eldridge pressed its pillow, and well on to the morning watches, ere slumber sealed her eyelids. The thoughts that kept her awake were among the most troubled of her life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOME.

My home is in the quiet vale.—
The chosen haunt of simple thought;
I seek not Fortune's flattering gale,
I better love the peaceful lot.

I leave the world of noise and show,
To wander by my native brook;
I ask, in Life's unruffled flow,
No treasure but my friend and book.

These better suit the tranquil home,
Where the clear water murmurs by;
And if I wish a while to roam,
I have an ocean in the sky.

Fashion can charm, and Feeling bless,
With sweeter hours than Fashion knows;
There is no calmer quietness
Than home around the bosom throws.

—[PERCIVAL

Digitized by Google

ONE HOUR IN A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

BY HIRAM TORREY.

There is a pawnbroker in the good city of ——, who has been fed and fattened, in person and purse, by the necessities of the unfortunate for so many years, that he has become exceedingly wealthy, and, because of his riches, is now considered, by many, highly respectable. We called upon this man once upon a time, and during the hour we remained in his shop, a new leaf in the great book of human life was opened to our vision. We had never before seen a pawnbroker's heart; in fact, never had our attention been directed to this class of beings as fit subjects of serious study; but, on the occasion alluded to, we had been only a few moments in the room when an incident occurred which excited our curiosity to witness further developments of the character of the man, and of the pernicious business in which he was engaged.

An old lady entered, with feeble, faltering steps, a countenance and dress which plainly bespoke sorrow and want. Before the poor woman had time to utter a word, we were startled by the harsh voice of the pawnbroker, as he said,

"What do you want, old woman? What did you come here for? Go out."

"If you please, sir, I am in great distress, and want a little assistance—only a very little, for myself and my poor, sick child."

"Go out, I tell you, I don't want to hear anything about you or your sick child—don't you know any better than to come to a shaving shop to beg? Ask a pawnbroker for charity! Well, that's good, that is, ha, ha!"

"In heaven's name I ask you for some money, only a very little;—you have all my furniture, all my clothing that I can possibly spare, and the ring given me by my husband on our marriage day; and, what I prize more than all, *his miniature;* you have that, too.—All, everything of value I have on earth, is in your hands. Now, do advance me a little more, that I may buy some medicines for my dying child. I will thank you—I will bless"—

"Go away—don't trouble me. Didn't I give you the money on all you brought? If you can scrape together any more old duds that are worth anything, bring them here, and I will let you have more money. If you can't, then keep away from me. Clear out."

With a deep heart-groan, and a low, murmured prayer, "God have mercy on us," the old woman turned from the wretch, and walked slowly away.

During this colloquy we were strongly influenced by different emotions: indignation for the icicle man, and sympathy for the unfortunate woman. But a few moments passed ere a person of quite different character entered the shop, a young man, whose dress betokened an attempt to maintain gentility of appearance, but whose face was strongly indicative of most reckless dissipation. He placed upon the counter a gold watch and chain, for which he asked an advance of "only forty dollars."

"Forty dollars!" said the pawnbroker, in a tone of amazement, as he took the watch, and carefully examined it. "Why, sir, I have better watches than this offered me every day for twenty dollars."

"But that is a valuable watch," said the young man, "18k. gold, cost me eighty dollars, and the chain twenty; was bought two years ago, been used carefully, and is now just as good as new. I ought to have fifty dollars on it, but will take forty. Must have forty dollars this day—can't get along without it. Will pay it back to you in one month."

"Sorry I can't accommodate you, young man, but I cannot advance more than twenty dollars."

"Let me have the watch, then, and I will go to some other place, for I *must* have forty dollars to-day."

He took the watch, held it in his hand hesitatingly for a moment, then put it in his pocket and walked to the door. Just as he stepped out, the pawnbroker called him back, saying, "Stop a moment, let me see that again; I should like to help you if I can. Well, I'll do a little better—I'll say twenty-five."

The young man stood for some time in anxious thought, and then said, "Make it thirty—let me have thirty dollars and I will leave the watch and chain with you."

"If you'll surely return the money when the month is up, I will do it, though it is too much, too much!" So saying, the pawnbroker prepared a ticket, and slowly counted out thirty dollars, all the time muttering to himself, "too much—too much money to advance on old watches—can't do such a thing again—hope it will be returned without fail, for I've often lost by advancing more on all sorts of old trash than I could get for them at auction."

The young man received the money without evincing the slightest feeling of thankfulness, or even of satisfaction, but rather looked the disappointment which he felt, and went out murmuring, "Ten dollars more—I *must* have ten more, and *to-day;* but Heaven only knows how I am to raise it."

As the door closed upon the poor, misguided, unfortunate youth, I noticed that the face of the pawnbroker suddenly changed from the serious expression before assumed, and was now wearing a most repulsive sardonic grin.

"Well done, very well done—pretty keenly managed was that operation, I take it," said this heartless man, and then he would nod his head in the most satisfied manner, and look appealingly to us, as though he expected we should nod our head in acquiescence.

Digitized by Google

"What do you mean by *keenly managed?*" we ventured to ask.

"Why, I can get seventy-five dollars cash for that establishment any day."

"But you don't mean to say that you will sell that watch without allowing the young man an opportunity to redeem it."

"Oh, nonsense; redeem it—he redeem it! It's likely that young scamp will raise thirty dollars again, isn't it? Very likely! Let me tell you that *he's a goner;* that watch was all he had; he clung to it till the very last, and now it's gone, he will never raise the money to redeem it."

"But you cannot be positively assured of this; some fortunate circumstance may occur which will enable him to redeem the property within the time specified"

"Fortunate circumstance!" sneered the pawnbroker—"why, sir, Fortune has played *quits* with that fellow—she let him drop long ago, and will never pick him up again. I calculate that I can see pretty deep into human nature—*it is my business*—have been reading human nature for more than twenty years, and almost every day find some new chapters to read; but *I can read them*—read them all—can make out the whole story of the great book of human nature, in whatever binding it comes up before me, and, like the scholar, I *always manage to read for my own benefit.* And, now, as to that fast young man, I can tell you all about him—I saw right through him—he is going down, ever down, and will never make an upward step again in this world."

"He may reform," we suggested, "and then will begin to rise."

"Never," responded the pawnbroker. "If I had advanced the forty dollars, it is barely possible he had some scheme by which, with that amount, he would have been enabled to regain something of what he had lost. I saw that he had some purpose to accomplish which would require just what he asked, and with anything short of that sum he would fail. I saw it in the fixed expression of his countenance—in the determinate will which manifested itself in his every action and accent; and so I proposed a less amount, to see if I were not right in my surmises, by the effect that would be produced upon his mind. And I was right—the want of that *ten dollars* will thwart the fulfilment of his last good resolve, and send him headlong to perdition. So I have got the watch and chain for thirty dollars, and that's what I call an operation keenly managed."

This exhibition of most consummate selfishness was so abhorrent to our feelings, we could no longer restrain the expression of our contempt and indignation; but just as we commenced speaking, in the severest terms of reproof, our attention was arrested by the sudden entrance of another visiter, a man of most frightful appearance. We started involuntarily at his approach. His face seemed the very personification of all evil passions. On entering, he cast a quick, furtive glance around the room, and then hastily proceeded to the counter, upon which he placed a small bundle, saying,

"Here, old man, give me the money on these goods, and be quick about it, too."

"What have you here?" said the pawnbroker, taking up and untying the bundle, "Some poor, worn out old things, as usual, I suppose."

"No, sir, you needn't call *them* old—most of 'em are new, and the others are just as good as new. There's two dozen silver spoons, four breastpins, three gold rings, one first rate silver lever watch, all simon pure, and they're worth more'n seventy-five dollars. Now, what do you say on the whole of 'em, old fellow? You must come up to something handsome this time, and *shell out* in a hurry, too, for I must be off."

"Can't do much for you on this lot."

"Say thirty-five dollars?"

"Couldn't begin to do it—the whole of 'em not worth that amount, but as you want the money, and as I would like to accommodate you, I will go as high as twenty dollars."

"Won't leave 'em with you for that—can do better with old N——, but as I've no time to lose, if you'll say twenty-five you may keep 'em. Now, don't bother any longer about it, but fork over."

"Well, I suppose you must have your own way this time, but I can't be so liberal with you again," and with ill-suppressed chuckle, the old pawnbroker counted out the twenty-five dollars, which the villain seemed to grasp with most eager joy, and retired from the shop as speedily as he had entered.

"Now, there's a fine specimen of human nature for you," said the pawnbroker. "That's a character to study. Did you notice him? did you read anything remarkable in his face?"

"It appears you had seen him before," we remarked.

"Seen him before! Should think I had, *a few times!* Can tell you all about him. He is a notorious thief, and, when sober, one of the most successful gamblers in the city."

"It would require but little penetration," we answered, "to see that he is a most hardened villain. But, why is it," we continued, "why is it that you encourage him in his wickedness by advancing him money from time to time? and how do you know but that the articles he offers you are mostly stolen property?"

By a glance at the old man's face, we perceived that our questions had aroused the demon in his heart, and whatever might have been the effect of the visitation of his wrath upon us, we were fortunately saved from it by the opportune appearance of another visiter.—This person was a woman—yea, in the true sense of the term, we may say a lady; one whose whole appearance was lady-like; manners, countenance, language, all indicating that she had been well educated, raised in luxury, and long accustomed to refined society. She was apparently about thirty-five years of age, of sad, intellectual countenance, pale and delicate, and poorly but neatly clad. She advanced slowly and timidly towards the old pawnbro-

Digitized by Google

ker, and yet with a look of most honest, earnest purpose.

He cast a glance upon us, which we considered equivalent to saying that we had been there long enough as a spy upon his actions, and that he would thank us to leave the shop. But we had some curiosity to learn the object of this woman's visit, and, therefore, determined to remain.

"I have come," said the lady, addressing the pawnbroker, "to redeem that miniature breastpin I left with you, and have brought the six dollars and seventy-five cents you advanced on it, and fifty cents extra, to pay for retaining it beyond the time first agreed upon."

"I haven't your bseastpin, madam; it is not here."

"Not here! What do you mean, sir? Did I not leave it with you? And did you not promise me you would keep it till I called for it, even if I should not come for several months?"

"Don't remember any such promise—don't think I made any; but I do know the breastpin was sold last week."

"Sold?"

"Yes, sold. We have but one way of doing business here. Why didn't you come in time to redeem it? You have the ticket, and you must know that it is nearly a month behind the time you ought to have come for it."

"I could not come sooner. Indeed, I could not. I have been very sick; and then I had to work for this money, and, small as the sum is, it is the earnings of many weary days' labor; yet, I worked gladly to redeem that which, though of little worth to others, is very valuable and precious to me. Besides, sir, you told me you would certainly retain it until I should come."

"Can't help that—you might have come sooner. You're too late, now."

"Too late! Oh, do not say that, sir. You can get it for me. You certainly know who bought it, and I will pay you any amount you may require if you will return it to me."

"Can't do it, madam. Don't know who bought it—can't find out. Sorry you're disappointed; but, you see, it's all your own fault. you didn't come in time—you are *too late*."

"Too late! Yes, too late to look again upon the sweet image of my dear, darling, lost boy! That miniature was the likeness of my own dear child, and oh, sir, if you had known what a comfort it was to me—how much it lightened the misery of my life to gaze upon that innocent, angel face—how it kept alive within me sweet memories of a joyous past, dissipating, at times, the sad realities of the present, you would, sir, I know you surely would have kept it for me."

To this earnest appeal the pawnbroker made no reply, but all the while stood there before that poor, heart-desolate, supplicating woman, with no more expression of sympathy than could be excited in a marble statue, or man of iron. She spoke not another word, but her silence was more expressive of her great sorrow; and yet her tearful eyes, trembling form and pleading countenance were all unheeded and in vain. The breastpin containing the likeness of her once idolized boy was lost to her for ever. Slowly she walked to the door, and, before passing into the street, turned suddenly and bestowed a farewell glance upon the pawnbroker. It was a look most eloquent of meaning, full of contempt and reproach; so intense, so penetrating, that we supposed it would prove an effectual censure to the heartless man towards whom it was so justly directed. But we were mistaken—greatly mistaken, in attributing any sensibility to a pawnbroker, for immediately upon her departure this automaton specimen of humanity exclaimed,

"Glad that's over with. Don't believe in any such sentimental nonsense! Won't encourage it. It's all humbug."

* * * * And here, gentle reader, we close our relation of the incidents which occurred during a visit of an hour to a pawnbroker's shop. Such are the practical workings of a system which is maintained and legalized, by license, in all our large cities—a system which lives and thrives only by the contributions it extorts from the dissolute, and the unfortunate poor,—a system which aids vice and discourages virtue, which is a strong ally of the rum shop and the gambling saloon, and managed solely by selfish, miserly beings, who seem utterly destitute of human sympathies. We abhor this system. Viewed in the light of its only pretended justification, that of being established for the poor, we abhor it. Law only exacts from the wealthy borrower of money six per cent. per annum, but at the same time institutes and sustains a system which extorts sixty per cent. from the widows and orphans, the sick and unfortunate. So we say this system is a blight and a curse to the poor, and its existence a dishonor and disgrace to any Christian community.

HOME QUESTIONS.—Did you ever know *anybody* to stick to any kind of business, no matter how unpromising, ten years at most, who did not prosper? Not one! no matter how bad it might be in the beginning, if he stuck to it earnestly and faithfully, and tried nothing else, no matter how hard he found it sometimes to keep his head above water, still, if he persevered, he always came out bright in the long run—didn't he? Whatever it might have been at the beginning, at the end of ten years he had made a business for himself.

A QUEER REMEDY.—A good lady, who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady, inquiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles, received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children read with horror the following:—"Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them well with salt; in a few days they will be cured."

Digitized by Google

THE YOUNG MARRIED MAN'S ERROR.

BY LIZZIE LINWOOD.

"Oo-te-toot! my baby boy—'way he goes!" said a fond mother, gaily tossing her little one, and making herself happy over the simple amusement.

"Oh, don't, Mary, be so foolish," said the father, who was sitting near, conning his morning paper. "It does seem strange to me that you will talk in such a silly manner to that child. You seem to have lost all relish for everything of an intellectual nature of late, and, I believe, care for nothing but to toss that baby about, and get together all the unintelligible words it is possible to conceive."

"Why, Henry!" replied the wife, a shade of disappointment flitting over her face, "what *shall* I say? You know I desire to please you above all things else."

"Why, I don't know as it is necessary to say anything. The child cannot understand you."

"I know—but then he likes to be talked to. Only see how he laughs and makes his little hands go!" And again the mother's face told how pleasant was her heart's new found joy.

"Oh, pshaw! Mary. How frivolous you have become. I had not expected to see Mrs. Le Fevre finding such a large share of her enjoyment in such a simple amusement. It seems to me it would be more befitting her station to give the child into the nurse's hands until it has some understanding. There are those who are fitted for no higher employment. But you, Mary, have too fine an intellect to be wasted in such a manner." And Mr. Le Fevre folded his paper, rose, buttoned up his coat, and took a dignified step toward the door, adding that he supposed he should have to seek in his office, and with his books, the pleasure of companionship he used to find at home.

"Why, husband!" said the wife, now feeling really hurt, "you surely do not think it beneath a mother, though she humbly lay some claims to intellect, to interest herself in her own offspring, and personally attend to their wants and the amusements fitted for their capacity."

"Why, no, not exactly. But—to spend so much time."

"With an immortal being whose mind must slowly unfold to the wonders of life."

"Is no menial employment, I suppose," said the relenting husband. "But, shall I tell you, Mary, it seems to me sometimes that you have less desire for your husband's society than formerly."

"Ah, I see—a little jealous! But come, we must not let that direful spirit creep into our affairs matrimonial, and an unconscious babe the cause! I am willing to play the penitent, and confess that I may have spent more time than was absolutely necessary over this tiny treasure, to the neglect perhaps of making the hours you spend at home more agreeable. But I will commence a reform, now, this moment. So do, please, sit down again, and read me a bit of foreign or political news, and see how attentive I will be."

Mr. Le Fevre could do no less than comply. He was far from being an ill-natured or fault-finding man. But he honestly thought it was a great piece of nonsense for people who had the facilities for happiness that he and his wife had to be tossing a wee bit of a baby about, and talking to it before it could understand anything. He was proud that he was a father, and felt certain that he was some time to experience great pleasure from the relation; but he had a very indistinct idea as to what age of his child this pleasure was to commence.

Mrs. Le Fevre called the nurse, and giving the little one to her charge, bade her "be very careful," and with a whispered "Bye, bye, darling," reluctantly turned from the door and took a seat by her husband.

And so the little difference, unlike too many such, ended without hard feelings. A social half hour followed, which tended to restore harmony, though the young mother failed to recover the buoyancy of spirit that her husband's remarks had dampened. She had taken her little one into the parlor that day, to see if she could not attract the father's attention toward it, and awaken the interest that she had expected in vain to see him exhibit. She felt keenly disappointed at her failure; yet she desired, above all earthly things, to have the approbation of her husband, and to assimilate, as much as possible, her thoughts and feelings with his. She did not allow herself for a moment to indulge in any severity of feeling toward him, and was greatly surprised when he again arose to go, at the feeling of relief that forced itself upon her.

Bidding him a pleasant "Good morning," she hastened to the nursery—only to have her feelings still farther tortured by the sound of infant wailing that met her ear.

She found her babe lying in its cradle, almost smothered with the covering that had been closely tucked around it; its little face reddened with crying, and its whole form trembling from the exertion. No nurse was to be seen, and Mrs. Le Fevre took her child and soothed it as none but a mother can soothe, wishing from her inmost soul that her dear husband could see the necessity, as she saw it, for her personal attention to the little helpless being God had given them. But she wisely determined to wait and see what changes time would make, and never to lose sight of the good qualities she knew he possessed, and upon which her affection for him was firmly based.

The careless nurse made her appearance just as her neglected charge had fallen into a quiet

Digitized by Google

slumber, assuring her mistress that she had "merely stepped into the kitchen for a drink of water, and hadn't been gone a minute!"

* * * * * * *

And time did make changes. It changed the little vacant looking infant into a noble looking boy of a year and a half, able to convey himself, upright, without assistance, from room to room; to speak several words, and do many things which bespoke intelligence sufficient for his age, and which constantly widened and deepened the place he held in the mother's heart. But—the father. He was slow to comprehend what there was about the child to create such an interest through the house. It had almost become a matter of vexation to him, and he fancied at times that his own presence had become irksome to his wife except when the child was asleep.

Mrs. Le Fevre had made many attempts to draw from her husband some words of admiration for the little creature who was so dear to her, but repeated failures had discouraged her so that she made it at last her greatest exertion to keep the little one quiet when the father was near, hoping thus to make the child's presence endurable at least.

But Mr. Le Fevre's mind at length began to awaken to the danger that was threatening the destruction of his home happiness. And like an honest and well meaning man, as he was, he set himself seriously to work to examine his own feelings, to see if all was right there. The search showed him plainly that he had been jealous of his wife's attention to their little one, instead of making it a common joy and a common care, as he was half inclined to believe he ought to have done, until feelings, amounting almost to aversion to the child, had found place in his heart. He began to have a serious desire to correct the fault. But he found it no easy matter to begin. But a daily increasing embarrassment at home at length forced him to make the trial. He began to take more notice of the little Willie, and even requested to have him brought into the parlor when he did not find him there. But Willie was in no hurry to form his acquaintance. He had been a stranger to him too long, and it took a host of toys, and many weeks' exertion, to induce him to speak the first word in his father's presence. But when the acquaintance was once fairly commenced it progressed rapidly, and the dignified Mr. Le Fevre was perfectly astonished at finding so much pleasure in the companionship of a little child!

The mother was delighted. She felt that a new star had arisen in their matrimonial sky, for which she had long sighed, and the absence of which she had seriously feared would, some time, make other bright spots grow dim.

By and by another event transpired, which threw little Willie more with his father, and caused their acquaintance to ripen into real intimacy. A daughter was born—a little sister for Willie!

Ah! "baby boy," you must be a man now. And so he was fast becoming. Father and child were coming nearer together. The man was stooping to the comprehension of the child, and the child was reaching up to understand the man, and both were profited.

Now, the father could not do without his little boy when he came home, and the little boy could not do without his little sister; and so it came to pass they often met in the nursery where little Ella was, and from being much with the young babe, even the man of dignity found much to admire. The little hands and feet—the funny cooing, and the pretty smiling, became matters of interest, and the mother's heart was made glad, and the family was *united*.

Mrs. Le Fevre's mirth was provoked one happy morning at the scene that met her gaze as she entered the nursery, after breakfast. There was her husband running a race around the cradle with his little boy, and stopping at each completion of the circuit to speak to baby Ella, who was clapping her little hands in great glee at the sport.

The mother stood for a moment unobserved, but her husband commencing the song—"Hie, Betty Martin"—she laughed outright, and could not resist the temptation to rally him a little upon the wondrous change that had come over him. And with as much gravity as she could command, she commenced—

"Really, I had not expected to see Mr. Le Fevre spending so much of his time in so simple"—

"Oh, stop, Mary, I beg of you!" entreated the husband, pleasantly. "You must have thought me a miserable piece of conceit to find so much fault with you because you did not prefer my society at the expense of neglect to your little one. But I am reforming fast—am I not, Willie?" and he stooped so that the cradle half hid his face from view, much to the child's amusement and somewhat to his own relief.

"No, no, husband, I did not think any such thing," earnestly replied the wife. "I knew you did not understand the necessity there was for my attention to my child, or the pleasure to be derived from the performance of such duties. And I was willing to wait, and let time and your own good sense be your informers."

"Instead of calling me a heartless man and an unworthy parent, as almost any other woman would have done," said the husband, rising, and wiping the perspiration from his face. "I have not forgotten with what indifference I treated our first born, and I wonder at your patience with me."

The moisture of overruning happiness was in the mother's eyes, but she silently laid her hand in her husband's, and looked with satisfaction upon their little living treasures, while the husband, fully awake to his past error, and anxious to atone for it, drew his three loved ones fondly together, and thanked God for his happy lot!

WHATEVER YOUR necessities may be, still remember that honesty is your only wealth.

Digitized by Google

HAVE PATIENCE.

It was Saturday evening, about eight o'clock. Mary Gray had finished mangling, and had sent home the last basket of clothes. She had swept up her little room, stirred the fire, and placed upon it a saucepan of water. She had brought out the bag of oatmeal, a basin and a spoon, and laid them upon the round deal table. The place, though very scantily furnished, looked altogether, neat and comfortable. Mary now sat idle by the fire. She was not often idle.—She was a pale, delicate looking woman, of about five and thirty. She looked like one who had worked beyond her strength, and her thin face had a very anxious, careworn expression. Her dress showed signs of poverty, but it was scrupulously clean and neat. As it grew later, she seemed to be listening attentively for the approach of some one; she was ready to start up every time a step came near her door. At length a light step approached, and did not go by it; it stopped, and there was a gentle tap at the door. Mary's pallid face brightened, and in a moment she had let in a fine, intelligent looking lad, about thirteen years of age, whom she welcomed with evident delight.

"You are later than usual to-night, Stephen," she said.

Stephen did not reply; but he threw off his cap, and placed himself in the seat Mary had quitted.

"You do not look well to-night, dear," said Mary, anxiously; "is anything the matter?"

"I am quite well, mother," replied the boy. "Let me have my supper. I am quite ready for it."

As he spoke, he turned away his eyes from Mary's inquiring look. Mary, without another word, set herself about preparing the supper of oatmeal porridge. She saw that something was wrong with Stephen, and that he did not wish to be questioned, so she remained silent. In the meantime Stephen had placed his feet on the fender, rested his elbows on his knees, and his head on his hands. His hands covered his face; and, by and by, a few large tears began to trickle down his fingers. Then suddenly dashing off his tears, as though he were ashamed of them, he showed his pale, agitated face, and said, in a tone of indignation and resolve,

"Mother, I am determined I will bear it no longer."

Mary was not surprised. She finished pouring out the porridge; then, taking a stool, she seated herself beside him.

"Why, Stephen," she said, trying to speak cheerfully, "how many hundred times before have you made that resolution! But what's the matter now? Have you any new trouble to tell me of?"

Stephen answered by silently removing with his hand some of his thick curly hair, and showing beneath it an ear bearing the too evident marks of cruel usage.

"My poor boy!" exclaimed Mary, her tears starting forth. "Could he be so cruel?"

"It is nothing, mother," replied the boy, sorry to have called forth his mother's tears. "I don't care for it. It was done in a passion, and he was sorry for it after."

"But what could you have done, Stephen, to make him so angry with you?"

"I was selling half a quire of writing paper to a lady: he counted the sheets after me, and found thirteen instead of only twelve—they had stuck together so, that I took two for one. I tried to explain, but he was in a passion, and gave me a blow. The lady said something to him about his improper conduct, and he said that I was such a *careless little rascal*, that he lost all patience with me. That hurt me a great deal more than the blow. It was a falsehood, and he knew it—but he wanted to excuse himself. I felt that I was going into a passion too, but I thought of what you are always telling me about patience and forbearance, and I kept down my passion—I know he was sorry for it after, from the way he spoke to me, though he didn't say so."

"I have no doubt he suffered more than you, Stephen," said Mary; "he would be vexed that he had shown his temper before the lady, vexed that he had told a lie, and vexed that he had hurt you when you bore it so patiently."

"Yes, mother, but that doesn't make it easier for me to bear his ill temper; I've borne it now for more than a year for your sake, and I can bear it no longer. Surely I can get something to do—I'm sturdy and healthy, and willing to do any kind of work."

Mary shook her head, and remained for a long time silent and thoughtful. At length she said, with a solemn earnestness of manner that almost made poor Stephen cry,—

"You say that, for my sake, you have borne your master's unkind treatment for more than a year; for my sake, bear it longer, Stephen. Your patience must, and *will* be rewarded in the end. You know how I have worked, day and night, ever since your poor father died, when you were only a little infant in the cradle, to feed and clothe you, and to pay for your schooling, for I was determined that you should have schooling; you know how I have been cheered in all my toil by the hope of seeing you, one day, getting on in the world. And I know, Stephen, that you will get on. You are a good, honest lad, and kind to your poor mother, and God will reward you. But not if you are hasty—not if you are impatient; you know how hard it was for me to get you this situation—you might not get another—you must not leave—you must not break your indentures—you must be patient and industrious still—you have a hard master, and, God knows, it costs me many a heart-ache to think of what you have to suffer; but bear with him, Stephen;

Digitized by Google

bear with him, for my sake, a few years longer."

Stephen was now fairly crying, and his mother kissed off his tears, while her own flowed freely. Her appeal to his affection was not in vain. He soon smiled through his tears, as he said, "Well, mother, you always know how to talk me over. When I came in to-night, I did think that I would *never* go to the shop again. But I will promise you to be patient and industrious still. Considering all that you have done for me, this is little enough for me to do for you. When I have a shop of my own, you shall live like a lady. I'll trust to your word that I shall be sure to get on, if I am patient and industrious, though I don't see how it's to be.—It's not so very bad to bear after all; and, bad as my master is, there's one comfort, he lets me have my Saturday nights and blessed Sundays with you. Well, I feel happier now, and I think I can eat my supper. We forgot that my porridge was getting cold all this time."

Stephen kept his word—day after day, and month after month, his patience and industry never flagged. And plenty of trials, poor fellow, he had for his fortitude. His master, a small stationer in a small country town, to whom Stephen was bound apprentice for five years, with a salary barely sufficient to keep him in clothes, was a little, spare, sharp-faced man, who seemed to have worn himself away with continual fretfulness and vexation. He was perpetually fretting, perpetually finding fault with something or other, perpetually thinking that everything was going wrong.—Though he did cease to go into a passion with, and to strike Stephen, the poor lad was an object always at hand, on which to vent his ill humor. Many, many times was Stephen on the point of losing heart and temper; but he was always able to control himself by thinking of his mother. And, as he said, there was always comfort in those Saturday nights and blessed Sundays. A long walk in the country on those blessed Sundays, and the Testament readings to his mother, would always strengthen his often wavering faith in her prophecies of good in the end, would cheer his spirits, and nerve him with a fresh resolution for the coming week. And what was it that the widow hoped would result from this painful bondage? She did not know—she only had faith in her doctrine—that patience and industry would some time be rewarded. *How* the reward was to come in her son's case, she could not see. It seemed likely, indeed, from all appearances, that the doctrine in this case would prove false. But still she had faith.

It was now nearly four years since the conversation between mother and son before detailed. They were together again on the Saturday evening. Stephen had grown into a tall, manly youth, with a gentle, kind, and thoughtful expression of countenance. Mary looked much older, thinner, paler, and more anxious. Both were at this moment looking very downcast.

"I do not see that anything can be hoped from him," said Stephen, with a sigh. "I have now served him faithfully for five years—I have borne patiently all his ill-humor, I have never been absent a moment from my post, and during all that time, notwithstanding all this, he has never thanked me, he has never so much as given me a single kind word, nor even a kind look. He must know that my apprenticeship will be out on Tuesday, yet he never says a word to me about it, and I suppose I must just go without a word."

"You must speak to him," said Mary, "you cannot leave without saying something—and tell him exactly how you are situated; he cannot refuse to do something to help you."

"It is easy to talk of speaking to him, mother, but not so easy to do it. I have often before thought of speaking to him—of telling him how very, very poor we are, and begging a little more salary. But I never could do it when I came before him. I seemed to feel that he would refuse me, and I felt somehow too proud to ask a favor that would most likely be refused. But it shall be done, now, mother; I will not be a burthen upon you, if I can help it. I'd sooner do anything than that. He *ought* to do something for me, and there's no one else that I know of that can. I *will* speak to him on Monday.

Monday evening was come—all day Stephen had been screwing up his courage for the task he had to do; of course it could not be done when his master and he were in the shop together, for there they were liable at any moment to be interrupted. At dinner time they separated; for they took the meal alternately, that the post in the shop might never be deserted. But now the day's work was over: every thing was put away, and master and apprentice had retired into the little back parlor to take their tea. As usual, they were alone, for the stationer was a single man, (which might account for the sourness of his temper,) and the meal was usually taken in silence, and soon after it was over they would both retire to bed, still in silence. Stephen's master had poured out for him his first cup of tea, handed it to him without looking at him, and began to swallow his own potion. Stephen allowed his cup to remain before him untouched; he glanced timidly towards his master, drew a deep breath, colored slightly, and then began:

"If you please, sir, I wish to speak to you."

His master looked up with a sudden jerk of the head, and fixed his keen gray eyes on poor Stephen's face. He did not seem at all surprised, but said sharply, (and he had a very sharp voice) "Well, sir, speak on."

Stephen was determined not to be discouraged, so he began to tell his little tale. His voice faltered at first, but as he went on he became quite eloquent. He spoke with a boldness which astonished himself. He forgot his master, and thought only of his mother. He told all about her poverty, and struggles to get a living. He dwelt strongly, but modestly, on his own conduct during his apprenticeship, and finished by entreating his master now to help

Digitized by Google

him to do something, for he had nothing in the world to turn to, no friends, no money, no influence.

His master heard him to an end. He had soon withdrawn his eyes from Stephen's agitated face, then partially averted his own face, then left his seat, and advanced to a side table, where he began to rummage among some papers, with his back to Stephen.

Stephen had ceased speaking some time before he made any reply. Then still without turning round, he spoke, beginning with a sort of grunting ejaculation—"Humph! so your mother gets her living by mangling, does she? and she thought that if she got you some schooling, and taught you to behave yourself, your fortune would be made. Well, you will be free to-morrow; you may go to her and tell her she is a fool for her pains. Here are your indentures, and here's the salary that's due to you. Now you may go to bed."

As he spoke the last words, he had taken the indentures from a desk, and the money from his purse. Stephen felt a choking sensation in his throat as he took from his hands the paper and the money; he would even have uttered the indignation he felt, but, before he could speak, his master had left the room. Disappointed and heart-sick, and feeling humiliated that he should have asked a favor of such a man, the poor lad retired to his garret, and it was almost time to get up in the morning before he could fall asleep. On the Tuesday, when the day's work was over, Stephen packed up his bundle of clothes;—should he say good bye to his master? Yes; he would not be ungracious at the last. He opened the door of the back parlor, and stood just within the doorway, his bundle in his hand. His master was sitting, solitary, at the tea-table.

"I am going, sir, good bye," said Stephen.

"Good bye, sir," returned his master, without looking at him. And so they parted.

The result of the application told, the mother and son sat together that night in silence; their hearts were too full for words. Mary sorrowed most, because she had hoped most. Bitter tears rolled down her cheeks, as she sat brooding over her disappointment. Stephen looked more cheerful, for his mind was busy trying to form plans for the future—how he should go about to seek for another situation, etc. Bed-time came; both rose to retire to rest. Stephen had pressed his mother's hand, and was retiring, saying as he went, "Never mind, mother, it'll all be right yet," when they were startled by a loud rap at the door.

"Who's there?" shouted Stephen.

"A letter for you," was the reply.

Stephen thought there was some mistake, but he opened the door. A letter was put into his hand, and the bearer disappeared. Surprised, Stephen held the letter close to the rush-light Mary was carrying. He became still more surprised; it was addressed to Mrs. Gray, that was his mother, and he thought he knew the handwriting; it was very like his master's. Mary's look of wonder became suddenly brightened by a flash of hope; she could not read writing—Stephen must read it for her. He opened the letter, something like a bank note was the first thing he saw—he examined it—it was actually a ten pound bank of England note; his heart beat rapidly, and so did his mother's; what could this mean? But there was a little note which would perhaps explain. Stephen's fingers trembled sadly as he opened it. There were not many words, but they were to the purpose. Stephen read them to himself before he read them aloud. And as he was reading, his face turned very red, and how it did burn! But what was the meaning of tears, and he looking so pleased? Mary could not understand it.

"Do read up, Stephen," she exclaimed.

With a voice broken by the effort he had to make all the time to keep from crying, Stephen read—

"MADAM—Put away your mangle—that son of yours is worth mangling for; but it is time to rest now. The note is for your present wants; in future your son may supply you. I let him go to-night; but I did not mean him to stay away, if he chooses to come back. I don't see that I can do well without him. But I don't want him back if he would rather go anywhere else; I know plenty that would be glad to have him. He has been seen in the shop, and noticed, and such lads are not always to be got. If he chooses to come back to me, he won't repent. I've no sons of my own, thank God. He knows what I am; I am better than I was, and I may be better still. I've a queer way of doing things, but it is my way, and can't be helped. Tell him I'll be glad to have him back to-morrow, if he likes. Yours, "J. W."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Mary, triumphantly; "I always said so! I knew you would get on!"

Stephen did go back to his eccentric master, and he never had any reason to repent. He *got on* even beyond his mother's most soaring hopes. The shop eventually became his own, and he lived a flourishing and respected tradesman. We need scarcely add that his mother had no further use for her mangle, and that she was a very proud, and a very happy woman.

LABOR.

"'Labor is worship!' the robin is singing,
'Labor is worship!' the wild bee is ringing,
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart,
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower,
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower,
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

"Labor is life! 'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
Flow'rs droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory! the flying cloud lightens;
Only the changing wing wavers and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens.
Play the sweet keys would'st thou keep them in tune."

—[MRS. OSGOOD.

Digitized by Google

WHICH WAS THE COWARD?

"Will you bear that, Edward?"

The young man to whom this was addressed stood facing another person about his own age, on whose flushed countenance was an expression of angry defiance. The name of this person was Logan. A third party, also a young man, had asked the question in a tone of surprise and regret. Before there was a time for response, Logan said sharply, and in a voice of stinging contempt:

"You are a poor, mean coward, Edward Wilson! I repeat the words; and if there is a particle of manhood about you—"

Logan paused for an instant, but quickly added, "You will resent the insult."

Why did he pause? His words had aroused a feeling in the breast of Wilson that betrayed itself in his eyes. The word "coward," in that instant of time, would have more fittingly applied to James Logan. But, as quickly as the flash leaves the cloud, so quickly faded the indignant light from the eyes of Edward Wilson. What a fierce struggle agitated him for the moment!

"We have been fast friends, James," said Wilson, calmly. "But, even if that were not so, I will not strike you."

"You're afraid."

"I will not deny it. I have always been afraid to do wrong."

"Pah! Cant and hypocrisy!" said the other, contemptuously.

"You know me better than that, James Logan; and I am sorry that, in your resentment of an imagined wrong, you should so far forget what is just to my character as to charge upon me such mean vices. I reject the implied allegations as false."

There was an honest indignation in the manner of Wilson that he did not attempt to repress.

"Do you call me a liar?" exclaimed Logan, in uncontrollable passion, drawing back his hand, and making a motion as if he were about to strike the other in the face.

The eyes of Wilson quailed not, nor was the smallest quiver of a muscle perceptible. From some cause the purpose of Logan was not executed. Instead of giving a blow, he assailed his antagonist with words of deeper insult, seeking thus to provoke an assault. But Wilson was not to be driven from the citadel in which he had entrenched himself.

"If I am a coward, well," he said. "I would rather be a coward than lay a hand in violence on him I have called my friend."

At this moment light girlish laughter and the ringing of merry voices reached the ears of our excited young men, and their relations of antagonism at once changed. Logan walked away in the direction from which the voices came; while the other two remained where they had been standing.

"Why didn't you knock him down?" said the companion of Wilson.

The latter, whose face was now very sober and very pale, shook his head slowly. He made no other response.

"I believe you *are* a coward!" exclaimed the other, impatiently; and turning off, he went in the direction taken by Logan.

The moment Wilson was alone he seated himself on the ground, concealed from the party whose voices had interrupted them, by a large rock, and covering his face with his hands, continued motionless for several minutes. How much he suffered in that little space of time we will not attempt to describe. The struggle with his indignant impulses had been very severe. He was no coward in heart. What was right and humane he was ever ready to do, even at the risk to himself of both physical and mental suffering. Clearly conscious was he of this. Yet the consciousness did not and could not protect his feelings from the unjust and stinging charge of cowardice so angrily brought against him. In spite of his better reason, he felt humiliated; and there were moments when he half regretted the forbearance that saved the insolent Logan from punishment. They were but moments of weakness; in the strength of a manly character he was quickly himself again.

The occasion of this misunderstanding is briefly told. Wilson made one of a little pleasure party from a neighboring village, that was spending an afternoon in a shady retreat on the banks of a mill stream. There were three or four young men and a half dozen maidens; and, as it happens on such occasions, some rivalries were excited among the former. These should only have added piquancy to the merry intercourse of all parties; and would have done so, had not the impatient temperament of Logan carried him a little beyond good feeling and a generous deportment towards others.—Without due reflection, yet in no sarcastic spirit, Edward Wilson made a remark on some act of Logan that irritated him exceedingly. An angry spot burned instantly on his cheek, and he replied with words of cutting insult; so cutting, that all present expected nothing less than a blow from Wilson as his answer to the remark. And to deal a blow was his first impulse. But he restrained the impulse; and it required more courage to do this than to have stricken the insolent young man to the ground. A moment or two Wilson struggled with himself, and then turned off and moved slowly away.

His flushed and then paling face, his quivering lips and unsteady eyes, left on the minds of all who witnessed the scene an impression somewhat unfavorable. Partaking of the indignant excitement of the moment, many of those present looked for the instant punishment of Logan for his unjustifiable insult. When, therefore, they saw Wilson turn away without even a defiant answer, and heard the low, sneeringly uttered word, "coward," from the

Digitized by Google

lips of Logan, they felt that there was a craven spirit about the young man. A coward we instinctively despise; and yet, how slow we are to elevate that higher moral courage which enables a man to brave unjust judgment rather than do what he thinks to be wrong, above the mere brute instinct which, in the moment of excitement, forgets all physical consequences.

As Edward Wilson walked away from his companions, he felt that he was regarded as a coward. This was for him a bitter trial; and the more so, because there was one in that little group of startled maidens for whose generous regard he would have sacrificed all but honor.

It was, perhaps, half an hour after this unpleasant occurrence that Logan, whose heart still burned with an unforgiving spirit, encountered Wilson under circumstances that left him free to repeat his insulting language, without disturbing the rest of the party, who were amusing themselves at some distance, and beyond the range of observation. He did not succeed in obtaining a personal encounter, as he had desired.

Edward Wilson had been for some time sitting alone with his unhappy thoughts, when he was aroused by sudden cries of alarm, the tone of which told his heart too plainly that some imminent danger impended. Springing to his feet, he ran in the direction of the cries, and quickly saw the cause of excitement. Recent heavy rains had swollen the mountain stream, the turbid waters of which were sweeping down with great velocity. Two young girls, who had been amusing themselves at some distance above, in a boat that was attached to the shore by a long rope, had, through some accident, got the fastening loose, and were now gliding down, far out in the current, with a fearfully increasing speed, toward the breast of a milldam, some hundreds of yards below, from which the water was thundering down a height of over twenty feet. Pale with terror, the poor young creatures were stretching out their hands towards their companion on the shore, and uttering heart-rending cries for succor.

Instant action was necessary, or all would be lost. The position of the young girls had been discovered while they were yet some distance above, and there happening to be another boat on the mildam, and that nigh at hand, Logan and two other young men had loosed it from the shore. But, the danger of being carried over the dam, should any one venture out in this boat, seemed so inevitable, that none of them dared to encounter the hazard. Now screaming and wringing their hands, and now urging these men to try and save their companions, stood the young maidens of the party, on the shore, when Wilson dashed through them, and springing into the boat, cried out:

"Quick, Logan! Take an oar, or all lost."

But, instead of this, Logan stepped back a pace or two from the boat, while his face grew pale with fear. Not an instant more was wasted. At a glance Wilson saw that if the girls were saved, it must be by the strength of his own arm. Bravely he pushed from the shore, and, with giant strength, born of the moment and for the occasion, from his high, unselfish purpose, he dashed the boat out into the current, and, bending to the oars, took a direction at an angle with the other boat, towards the point where the water was sweeping over the dam. At every stroke the light skiff sprung forward a dozen feet, and scarcely half a minute elapsed ere Wilson was beside the other boat. Both were now within twenty yards of the fall; and the water was bearing them down with a velocity that a strong rower, with every advantage on his side, could scarcely have contended against successfully. To transfer the frightened girls from one boat to the other, in the few moments of time left ere the down-sweeping current would bear their frail vessel to the edge of the dam, and still to retain an advantage was, for Wilson, impossible. To let his own boat go and manage theirs he saw to be equally impossible.

A cry of despair reached the young man's ears as the oars dropped from his grasp into the water. It was evident to the spectators of the fearful scene that he had lost his presence of mind, and that now all was over. Not so, however. In the next moment he had sprung into the water, which, near the breast of the dam, was not three feet deep. As he did so he grasped the other boat, and bracing himself firmly against the rushing current, held it poised a few yards from the point where the foam-crested waters leaped into the whirlpool below. At the same instant his own boat shot like an arrow over the dam. He had gained, however, but a small advantage. It required his utmost strength to keep the boat he had grasped from dragging him down the fall.

The quickly formed purpose of Wilson, in thus springing into the water, had been to drag the boat against the current to the shore. But this he perceived to be impossible the moment he felt the real strength of the current. If he were to let the boat go he could easily save himself. But, not once did such a thought enter his own heart.

"Lie down close to the bottom," he said, in a quick, hoarse voice. The terror-stricken girls obeyed the injunction instantly.

And now, with a coolness that was wonderful under all circumstances, Wilson moved the boat several yards away from the nearest shore, until he reached a point where he knew the water below the dam to be more expanded and free from rocks. Then throwing his body suddenly against the boat, and running along until he was within a few feet of the fall, he sprang into it and passed over with it. A moment or two the light vessel, as it shot out into the air, stood poised, and then went plunging down.

The fearful leap was made in safety. The boat struck the seething waters below, and glanced out from the whirlpool, bearing its living freight uninjured.

"Which was the coward?" The words reached the ears of Logan, as he gathered, with the rest of the company, around Wilson and the pale, trembling girls he had so heroically saved.

Digitized by Google

Fair lips asked the question. One maiden had spoken to another, and in a louder voice than she had intended.

"Not Edward Wilson," said Logan, as he stepped forward and grasped the hand of him he had so wronged and insulted. "Not Edward Wilson! He is the noblest and the bravest!"

Wilson made an effort to reply. But he was for some moments too much excited and exhausted to speak. At last, he said:

"I only did what was right. May I ever have courage for that while I live."

Afterwards he remarked, when alone with Logan: "It required a far greater exercise of courage to forbear when you provoked and insulted me in the presence of those who expected retaliation, than it did to risk my life at the milldam."

There is a moral heroism that few can appreciate. And it will usually be found that the morally brave man is quickest to lose the sense of personal danger when others are in peril.

T. S. A.

A PROSPECT.

BY HOPE STARR.

CHAPTER I.

"Do you think so, mother? *do* you?"

"To be sure I do, child. I think there's many a match, and happy ones, too, where there's no more liking at first than you have for Mr. Stetson!"

"Mother!"

"Well, what have you against him? He's a likely man, good principles, good habits, above board as to property—really, Ruth, I don't want to influence you, my child; but I don't think you'll ever do better. What objections can you have?"

"I don't know, mother. I have a sense of aversion when I meet him; I can't bear to hear his ring at the door; I hate the sound of his voice—he is *disagreeable* to me. O, mother! and I have encouraged him! So think of it! I'm sure I made him believe last night I was delighted with his conversation, and there it was, mother, the old feeling of disgust at every word he said. I *must* speak it out—it is driving me distracted."

"My poor child! But fie! this is a poor sentimental fancy of yours, after all, Ruth, maybe. I really thought—"

"You thought, mother, he would provide me a home and take care of me. Don't cry about it, dear mother; I know 'twas all in love that you encouraged it; don't feel hurt, dear. I'm sorry I've told you—I know how it was. You thought of me a poor sickly girl, with nobody in the world to lean upon but you, and you getting old and failing—"

"And soon to leave you alone in the wide world, dear child."

"Yes, and poor and destitute, with my feeble hands powerless to help myself. Well, after all, who knows but I may learn to endure him yet? and then what a nice home there'll be for you, mother! and what a chance I shall have to look out for you and make your old age comfortable! You know I'm plain and sickly, and it's so good in him to think of me!"

"But you've a good heart, my own Ruth, and everybody loves you. God help you, my poor child! It's hard knowing what's for the best. Now for a nice night's sleep, though, the first thing, and some dream will come to show the prospect bright, I dare say."

Poor, dear, simple-hearted Ruth! How plain she looked now as she rose up, taking the bright chamber lamp, and left the room. Tall, spare, angular, with such a dingy complexion, such a hopeless homeliness about the down-drawn corners of the mouth and the hooked, crazy nose. I'll venture to say, if men fall in love for beauty—though I know nothing about their motives, not *I*—this was her first offer, and Mr. Stetson's taste in that line was as peculiar as Cupid could possibly manage to make it, at that. But then Ruth was so good, every body loved her, and if she had received no offers of marriage, she had kind friends in abundance. Mr. Stetson knew this, too, and he knew, I fancy, what a mother she would make for his six small children, and I, for one, commend his judgment. These men, old widowers, I mean, are so apt to go and marry little flirtish girls, and so get the whole race of step-mothers into disrepute. Ruth's conscience need not have chafed at what he might imagine she was thinking of him, though, for he never considered that in the least. It was honor enough for her that he talked with her at all.

A jump over the next three months. Courtships, weddings, honeymoons, and like nonsense, such able pens have forever been descanting on, my poor wee quill shrinks from the task in terror. But here is Ruth again. And, I declare, what a home! Splendid carpets, chandeliers, every thing elegant adorns it, and Ruth is there, its mistress. She never realized that there was so much grandeur in the world before; but if this is being mistress, heaven help her! O, if she could but dare to be herself there; if she could but once breathe free! But, no; the master's grand, stern air pervades every corner. O, if she could but make the children happy, draw them to her, and make them love her—no, no, the servants care for them; she'd love to put that little blue-eyed Charlie into his crib this very night, but he loves Betty best, and will scream and fight her off when she tries to coax him. She

Digitized by Google

would like to sit down with Nellie and Agnes, and tell fireside stories and win their confidence; but the little girls are stiff and fine, ladylike, and poor Ruth has no magic to approach them with. Willie, Otis and James mock her in the play-yard. No magic, indeed. O, if love was there! how would the old iciness melt away, and how would Ruth, unknowing how herself, win her way to the hearts of the little ones, and make them all love *her* a thousand fold back again! The magic is all there, lying latent in her heart, and there it will lie still, unknown even to herself, while that stiff figure looms grim and disagreeable in the corner, and she calls it husband. Heaven help thee, Ruth, and heaven keep the chill of this dreary time from blighting all the freshness of the little household spirits you have got in charge.

CHAPTER II.

"Ah, mother! I was so glad to wake up and find it all a dream!" So says Ruth on the morrow following the chit-chat I began my story by reporting, for the picture I drew above was none of mine, but hers, and a dream-picture, too, she had been giving to her mother with a life and coloring my poor repetition blushes for itself when it reads.

"But, Ruth, dreams go by contraries, you know. Are you silly enough to be influenced by a mere dream?"

"To be led to reflect by one, mother; yes. Mother, I shall never commit that great sin. God will take care of me. I will trust. And what if we are needy; it's only for a little while at the worst, dear mother; and now let us thank God that no terrible perjuy is to live on with us, to poison all our earthly lives. Let us trust, mother, let us trust."

Bravely said, Ruth. "Love" first, then "honor;"—both before "serve." I know not how the world may go with her—hardly enough, perhaps; but I know that right makes might, and I know while the right is hers, there'll be always brightness in her way.

THE PERCEPTION OF COLOR IN PICTURES.

Every one knows that owing to the peculiar relation that colors have to each other, it is difficult, in arranging a collection of pictures, to prevent them injuring one another; but the fact is not "so generally familiar, that the impression produced by a color upon the eyes does not cease immediately when the eye is removed from the color."

Mr. Sydney Smirke, A. R. B., has recently addressed a letter to Sir Charles L. Eastlake, P. B. A., directing attention to this circumstance, and suggesting a remedy. "Let any one," says Mr. Smirke, "who wishes to receive a full measure of enjoyment in a picture gallery hold in his hand a *tablet painted of a neutral tint*, on which to rest his eyes as he passes from one picture to another. Has his eye become inebriated by some florid colorist? A draught of the neutral tint on this tablet will sober it down, and bring it to the full use of its senses. Has he been contemplating a glowing Italian sunset, "A Masquerade at Naples?" A glance at his tablet will prepare him for the next picture, perhaps "A Mist in the Highlands." By means of his tablet his eye becomes, on each occasion, a *tabula rasa*—a cleansed palet, prepared to meet a fresh assortment of colors. Its discriminating powers are restored; its bias corrected; and thus each picture will stand on its own merits, unimpaired by the disturbing effects produced by the impression left behind by the subject of the spectator's examination. A late eminent medical writer on cookery recommended that a saline or other appropriate draught should be administered to the cook on the eve of a banquet, so that his or her taste might be purified and rendered so sensitive as to secure to each *entree* and condiment the exact flavor that shall best recommend it to the fastidious gastronomer. Very analogous to this would be the operation of the proposed tablet upon the powers of the eye; it would 'purge the visual ray,' and so fit it to discern and appreciate the niceties of the colorist."

In the case of landscapes, where it is desired that the eye should appreciate tints of green the writer suggests that the reverses of the tablet—a blank page in the catalogue, for example, where there is one—should be colored with a deep pure, but not bright, *red*. Let the eye absorb a dose from this side before it contemplates a landscape, and it will be at once found to have been brought into a right condition for duly appreciating the artist's labor.

We see, in the ordinary affairs of life, that those men who are commonly said to "drive all before them," usually bring up in a slough of the worst kind, from which all their after exertions, herculean though they may be, are altogether insufficient to extricate them; while calm, plodding, methodical men are successful in accomplishing their ends.

It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die, because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day-laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the springs of life to become motionless.

Lay no schemes for the future but such as you can ask God's blessing upon.

Digitized by Google

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

No. VIII.—MRS. S. C. HALL.

www.libtool.com.cn



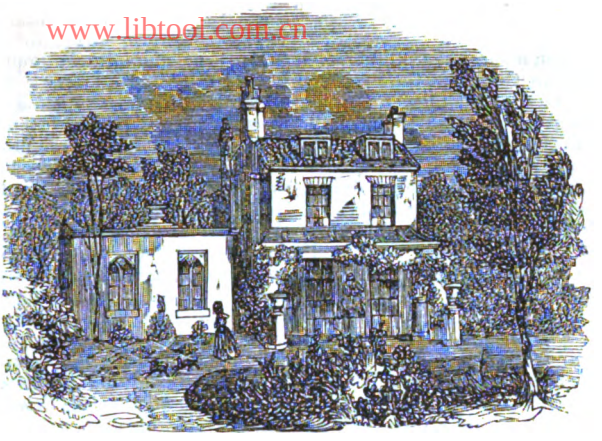
Anna Maria Hall

Among the living writers whose compositions will occupy a prominent place in the history of literature, is the lady called from her husband's initials, Mrs. S. C. Hall; but whose real name is Anna Maria. She is a native of Wexford, though, by her mother's side, she is of Swiss descent. Her maiden name was Fielding, by which, however, she was unknown in the literary world, as her first work was not published till after her marriage. She belongs to an old and excellent family in her native county. She first quitted Ireland at the early age of fifteen, to reside with her mother in England, and it was some time before she revisited her native country; but the scenes which were familiar to her as a child have made such a vivid and lasting impression on her mind, and all her sketches evince so much freshness and vigor, that her readers might easily imagine that she had spent her life among the scenes she describes. To her early absence from her native country is probably to be traced one strong characteristic of all her writings—the total absence of party feeling on subjects connected with politics or religion. Mrs. Hall's first work appeared in 1829, and was entitled, *Sketches of Irish Character*. These bear a closer resemblance to the tales of Miss Mitford than to the Irish stories of Banim or Griffin, though the latter may have tended to direct Mrs. Hall to the peculiarities of Irish character. They contain some fine rural description, and are animated by a healthy tone of moral feeling and a vein of delicate humor. The coquetry of her Irish girls (very different from that in high life) is admirably depicted. Next year Mrs. Hall issued a little volume for children, *Chronicles of a School-Room*, consisting also of a series of tales, simple, natural and touching. The home-truths and moral observations conveyed in these narratives reflect great credit on the heart and the judgment of the writer. Indeed good taste and good feeling may be said to preside over all the works of our authoress. In 1831 she issued a second series of "Sketches of Irish Character," fully equal to the first, and was well received. The Rapparee is an excellent story, and some of the satirical delineations are hit off with great truth and liveliness. In 1832 she ventured on a larger and more difficult work—a historical romance in three volumes, entitled *The Buccaneer*. The scene of this tale is laid in England at the time of the Protectorate, and Oliver himself is among the characters. The plot of "The Buccaneer" is well managed, and some of the characters (as that of Barbara Iverk, the Puritan) are skilfully delineated; but the work is too feminine, and has too little of energetic passion for the stormy times in which it is cast. In 1834 Mrs. Hall published *Tales of Woman's Trials*, short stories of decidedly moral tendency, written in the happiest style of the authoress. In 1835 appeared *Uncle Horace*, a novel, and in 1838 "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life," three volumes. The latter had been previously published in the New Monthly Magazine, and enjoyed great popularity. The principal tale in the collection, "The Groves of Blarney," was dramatised at one of the theatres with distinguished success. In 1840 Mrs. Hall issued what has been styled the best of her novels, *Marian; or a Young Maid's Fortunes*, in which her knowledge of Irish character is again displayed. Katey Macane, an Irish cook, who adopts Marian, a foundling, and watches over her with untiring affection, is equal to any of the Irish portraitures since those of Miss Edgeworth. The next work of our authoress was a series of *Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, contributed to *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, and afterwards published in a collected form. In 1840 Mrs. Hall aided her husband in a work chiefly composed by him, and which reflected credit upon his talents and industry, *Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c.* Topographical and statistical information is here blended with the practical and romantic features of the country—the legends of the peasantry—scenes and characters of humor and pathos—and all that could be gathered in five separate tours through Ireland, added to early acquaintance and recollection of the country. The work was highly embellished by British artists, and extended to three large volumes. In tasteful description of

Digitized by Google

natural objects, and pictures of every-day life, Mrs. Hall has few superiors. Her humor is not so broad or racy as that of Lady Morgan, nor her observation so pointed and select as Miss Edgeworth's: her writings are also unequal, but in general they constitute easy, delightful reading, and possess a simple truth and purity of sentiment, that is ultimately more fascinating than the darker shades and colorings of imaginative composition.

www.libtool.com.cn



MRS. HALL'S RESIDENCE, BROMPTON.

IS IT COME?

[The following is the poem that attracted the attention of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and induced him to make a present of £100 to the authoress, Miss Frances Brown:]

Is it come? they said on the banks of the Nile,
Who looked for the world's long promised day,
And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil
With the desert's sands and the granite gray.
From the pyramid, temple, and treasured dead
We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;
They tell of the slave and tyrants dread—
Yet there was hope when that day began.

The Chaldee came with his stary lore,
That built up Babylon's crown and creed:
And bricks were stamped on the Tigris' shore
With signs which our sages scarce can read.
From Ninus' Temple and Nimrod's Tower
The rule of the old East's empire spread
Unreasoning faith and unquestioned power—
But still, is it come? the Watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worshipped flame
The ancient bondage its splendor threw;
And once on the West a sunrise came,
When Greece to her freedom's trust was true.
With dreams to the utmost ages dear,
With human gods and godlike men,
No marvel the far-off day seemed near
To eyes that looked through her laurels then.

The Romans conquered and revelled, too,
Till honor and faith and power were gone,
And deeper old Europe's darkness grew
As wave after wave the Goth came on.
The gown was learning, the sword was law,
The people served in the oxen's stead,
But ever some gleam the Watcher saw,
And evermore, is it come? they said.

Poet and Seer that question caught
Above the din of life's fears and frets;
It marched with letters—it toiled with thought
Through schools and creeds which the earth forgets:
And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,
And traders barter our world away;
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,
And still, at times, is it come? they say.

The days of the nation bear no trace
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—
The age is weary with work and gold;
And higher hopes wither and memories wane—
On hearts and altars the fires are dead;
But that brave faith hath not lived in vain;
And this is all that our Watcher said.

TRUE LOVE.

If the heart could unburden its own treasured story,
How bright would be much that *is* cheerless and dim,
But the cold forms of life cast a cloud o'er its glory,
And shadow the gems that are sparkling within.

When mind speaks to mind, through the impulse of feeling,
'Tis a reflex thrown down from a bright realm above,
Where loveliness meets its own incense, revealing
Unuttered commune through the spirit of love.

Digitized by Google

THE LEGEND OF BROTHER ALFUS;

OR, THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

www.libtool.com.cn

In the old days, when monasteries studded the slopes of every hill in Germany, they formed a feature in every landscape; huge buildings of quiet, peaceable aspect, rearing their small, slender belfry towers in the midst of forests where the ringdoves hopped from branch to branch. Many a faulty, erring man, no doubt, those grey walls sheltered, but they contained, as well, many a saintly sage, whose thoughts, long since weaned from all worldly joys, dwelt only on the future and the invisible.

At Olmutz, in particular, there was one who had rendered himself famous throughout the surrounding country, by his piety and learning; he was a simple and unaffected man, like all men whose knowledge is great; for science is like the sea—the further we advance, the wider grows the horizon, and the less do we seem ourselves. Brother Alfus had had, nevertheless, his seasons of doubt and misgiving; but after having wrinkled his brow, and whitened his hair in vain disquisitions, he had at last been compelled to fall back upon the faith of little children; and then confiding his life to prayer, as to an anchor of mercy, he suffered himself to rock gently in the tide of pure love, holy visions, and heavenly hopes.

But in a little while rough squalls began again to shake the saintly bark. The temptations of the understanding returned, and reason began haughtily to question faith. Then Brother Alfus grew sad; dark clouds began to float over his spirit; his heart grew cold, and he could no longer pray. Wandering through the country, he sat upon the mossy rocks, lingered by the foam of waterfalls, and sauntered amidst the murmurs of the forest; but it was in vain that he sought light from nature. To all his inquiries, the mountains, the leaves, and the streams gave but one answer—God! Brother Alfus came out victorious from many of these struggles, and each time his faith was made firmer than ever, for temptation was the gymnasium of the conscience; if it does not destroy it, it strengthens it.

But, after a time, inquietude came over his spirit more keenly than ever. He had remarked that everything beautiful loses its charm by long use; that the eye soon grows tired of the most beautiful landscape, the ear of the sweetest voice, the heart of the fondest love; and then he asked, How shall we find, even in Heaven, a source of eternal joy? In the midst of magnificence and delight which have no end, what will become of our restless souls? Will not unchangeable pleasure at last bring on *ennui?* "Eternity! what a word for creatures who know no law but that of change and diversity? What man could wish his sweetest pleasure to last for ever? O, my God! no more past, and no more future! no more remembrances, and no more hopes! eternity! eternity! O, sorrowful word! O, word, which hast spread fire and lamentation upon earth, what must thou, then, mean in Heaven?" Thus spoke Brother Alfus, and every day his doubts became greater. One morning he issued from the monastery before the other monks had risen, and descended into the valley. The fields, still moist with last night's rain, were glistening under the first rays of the rising sun, like a maiden smiling through her tears. Alfus strolled gently through the shady thickets on the hill-side. The birds, which had but just awoke from their slumbers, were perched in the hawthorns, shaking down rosy blossoms on his bald head; and some butterflies, still half asleep, flew lightly in the sun to dry their wings.

Alfus stopped to gaze on the scene before him. He remembered how beautiful it had seemed when first he saw it, and with what transport he had looked forward to ending his days in that delightful retreat. For him, poor child of the city, accustomed to see nought but dark courts and sombre walls, these flowers and trees, and clear air, were bewitching novelties. How quickly passed the year of his novitiate! Those long rambles in the valleys, and those charming discoveries! Streams murmuring through the corn-flags, glades haunted by the nightingale, eglantine rose, wild strawberries—what joy to light upon them for the first time! To meet with springs from which he had not yet drunk, and mossy banks upon which he had never yet reclined! But, alas! these pleasures themselves do not last long; very soon you have traversed all the paths of the forest, you have heard the songs of all the birds, you have plucked nosegays of all the flowers, and then adieu to the beauties of the country! Familiarity descends like a veil between you and the creation, and makes you blind and deaf.

And thus it was now with Brother Alfus. Like men whose abuse of ardent spirits had made them cease to feel their power, he looked with indifference on a spectacle which in his eyes had once been ravishing. What heavenly beauties, then, could occupy throughout eternity a soul which the works of God on earth could charm for a moment only? Asking himself this question, the monk walked on, his eyes fixed on the ground, but seeing nothing, and his arms folded on his breast. He descended into the valley, crossed the stream, passed through the woods, and over the hills. The tower of the convent was beginning already to fade in the distance, and at length he stopped. He was on the verge of a vast forest, which extended as far as the eye could reach, like an ocean of verdure. A thousand melodious sounds met his

Digitized by Google

ears from every side, and an odorous breeze sighed through the leaves. After casting an astonished look upon the soft obscurity which reigned in the wood, Alfus entered with hesitation, as if he feared he were treading on forbidden ground. As he advanced, the forest became larger; he found trees covered with blossoms which exhaled an unknown perfume; it had nothing enervating in it, like those of earth, but was, as it were, a sort of moral emanation which embalmed the soul. It was strengthening and delicious at the same time, like the sight of a good action, or the approach of a lover. At length he perceived, farther on, a glade radiant with a marvelious light. He sat down to enjoy the prospect, and then, suddenly, the song of a bird overhead fell upon his ear—sounds so sweet as to defy description, gentler than the fall of oars on a lake in summer, than the murmur of the breeze amongst weeping willows, or the sigh of a sleeping infant. All the music of the air, and earth, and water, the melody of the human voice, or of instruments, seemed centred in that song. It was hardly a song, but floods of melody; it was not language, and yet the voice *spoke*. Science, wisdom, and poetry, all were in it; and in hearing it, one acquired all knowledge.

Alfus listened for a long time, and with increasing pleasure. At last the light which illumined the forest began to fade, a low murmur was heard amongst the trees, and the bird was silent.

Alfus remained, for a while, motionless, as if he were awaking from an enchanted sleep. He at first looked around in a sort of stupor, and then arose. He found his feet benumbed: his limbs had lost their agility. It was with difficulty he directed his steps towards the monastery.

But the farther he went, the greater was his surprise. The face of the whole country seemed changed. Where he had before seen sprouting shrubs, he now saw wide-spreading oaks. He looked for the little wooden bridge by which he was accustomed to cross the river. It was gone, and in its place was a solid arch of stone. On passing a hedge on which some women were spreading clothes to dry, they stopped to look at him, and said amongst themselves—

"There is an old man dressed like the monks of Olmutz. We know all the brothers, but we have never seen him before."

"These women are fools," said Alfus, and passed on. But at last he began to feel uneasy. He quickened his footsteps as he climbed the narrow pathway which led up the hill-side towards the convent. But the gate was no longer in its old place, and the monastery was changed in its appearance; it was greater in extent, and the buildings were more numerous. A plane-tree, which he had himself planted near the chapel a few months before, covered the sacred building with its foliage. Overpowered with astonishment, the monk approached the new entrance, and rang gently. But it was not the same silver bell, the sound of which he knew so well. A young brother opened the door

"What has happened?" asked Alfus; "is Antony no longer a porter of the convent?"

"I don't know such a person," was the reply. Alfus rubbed his eyes with astonishment.

"Am I, then, mad?" he exclaimed. "Is not this the monastery of Olmutz, which I left this morning——"

The young monk looked at him.

"I have been porter here for five years," was the rejoinder, "and I do not remember to have ever seen you."

A number of monks were walking up and down the cloisters. Alfus ran towards them, and called them; but none answered. He went closer, but not one of them could he recognise.

"Has there been a miracle here?" he cried. "In the name of heaven, my brothers, has none of you ever seen me before? Does no one know Brother Alfus?"

All looked at him with astonishment. "Alfus!" at last said the oldest; there was formerly a monk of that name at the convent. I used to hear the old men, long ago, when I was young, talking of him. He was a learned man, but a dreamer, and fond of solitude. One day he descended into the valley, and was lost sight of behind the wood. They expected him back in vain. He never returned, and none knew what became of him; but it is now a hundred years or more, since that."

At these words Alfus uttered a loud cry, for he understood it all; and falling on his knees, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed with fervor: "O, my God; it has been thy will to show me my folly in comparing the joys of earth with those of Heaven. A century has rolled over my head as a single day, while listening to the bird that sings in thy paradise. I now understand eternal happiness. O, Lord, be gracious unto me, and pardon thine unworthy servant!"

Having thus spoken, Brother Alfus extended his arms, kissed the ground, and died.

THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moonbeams slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept—
Fond maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

A warm tear gushed, the wintry air
Congealed it as it flowed away;
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glittered in the ray.

An angel wandering from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem! —[MOORE.

SEVERITY OF THE SEASON,—(*Extremely unromantic.*) Alfred, devoutly in love, asked Maria for her hand. "You may have it, Alfred, dear," the artless girl replied; "But I am afraid you will find it twice its usual size, for it is covered all over with chilblains."

Digitized by Google

THE LOST CHILD OF THE OZAN.

BY PROF. ALLEN M. SCOTT.

Away in the West,—the "far West" of former days, but the "West" of the present,—on the sunset side of the Mississippi, in the State of Arkansas, and near the Western boundary of that young State, there is a narrow, but deep stream, stealing its mazy course toward Red River, known by that euphonious name, "*The Ozan.*"

The country through which this stream flows is vastly fertile, producing immense quantities of cotton of superior quality. This particular section is known by the title of "*The Black Lands.*" The soil is a crow black, and of unknown depth, agreeable enough in dry weather, but in the winter, it is miry, and cleaves to one's shoes or boots, as though some wonderful affinity exists between the two substances.

The stream itself is narrow, being, in many places, not more than twenty feet in width of channel; but the adjacent low-lands, (or the "*Ozan bottom,*" as it is called,) vary in width from one to four miles. This bottom is subject to frequent inundations, the water often rising to a considerable depth, drowning a great many cattle, and interdicting all travel.

This bottom is covered with timber. There are stately oaks, whose roots are nourished by the rich alluvial soil, and whose mighty boughs have battled with the storms of a thousand winters. I must notice one more species of tree, found there in great quantities, and in no other place that I have ever visited. It is called the "*Bois d' arc,*" or the "Osage orange." It does not attain a great height or size; but its boughs are covered with sharp prickles or thorns, and from its roots a thousand sprouts come forth, and completely arrest the progress, egress, and regress of man and beast. The timber is very heavy, and does not shrink in seasoning. It is in great demand, and used for wagons, mill timbers, and various other purposes.

But I did not intend to write a description of the country. My pen has wandered away from its subject. I now recall it, and bid it act truant no longer.

In 1810, all that fertile region, now teeming with a busy race, was a wilderness. *Mr. Josiah Clark*, a young man of enterprise and capital, accompanied by his young wife, and some forty negroes, emigrated from Virginia, in the autumn of that year, and settled as near the *Ozan* bottom as the nature of the ground would admit, and built several comfortable cabins, about six miles distant from the place where Washington now stands.

During the next year, several families from Tennessee, Kentucky, and other States, attracted by so fertile a soil, cast in their lots with the Ozan settlement, and the autumn of 1815 found no inconsiderable number of inhabitants in the vicinity of Mr. Clark's residence. This gentleman had now spread out a large farm, reared up a comfortable house, and planted a large orchard. Mrs. Clark had become the mother of three children, one son and two daughters. The eldest was a son, named George, and now, 1815, nearly four years of age. The second was a daughter, a little over two years old, and the third was also a daughter, a mere infant at the breast.

The winter of 1815–16 was one of great severity. Snow fell in unusual quantities, and the cold was intense. In fact, winter seemed to linger in the lap of spring, and when the Icy Monarch was driven by the approaching sun, away into his native North, to dwell among icebergs and eternal snows, there was a succession of floods, and the streams were swollen to an unusual degree.

April at length came. Sweet birds began to sing the advent of spring. Wild flowers sprang up in great profusion, and filled the air with delightful fragrance. Mr. Clark, in common with others, was very busily engaged with all his hands, in preparing his broad acres for planting. This labor had been greatly delayed in consequence of almost incessant rains, and since sowing time had really come, there was no time to be lost.

Mr. Clark was devotedly attached to his children. Especially did he set his heart upon *George*, who, he used to say, was his second self. He was, indeed, a lovely child,—his eyes were as blue as if no tear of sorrow would ever issue thence,—and his little flaxen locks hung in loose and flowing tresses over his noble forehead. At night, when Mr. C. returned from his labor, his first call was for *George*. He must caress his little idol. On leaving in the morning, generally his last act was to catch up his little boy, and impress a fond, fond kiss upon his cheek.

Mr. Clark owned a mulatto girl, named Fanny, who had ever been the nurse of little George. She was his constant attendant.—Often, when the weather would permit, little George, accompanied by his faithful Fanny, would wander out into the meadows, and gather wild flowers. About fifty acres of woodland, adjoining the Ozan bottom, had been chopped and grubbed, but as yet the brush and timber had not been burnt. Thither, one Monday afternoon, Fanny led her little protégé, in quest of honey-suckles and other flowers.—They had been absent from the house about two hours, when Fanny came running, almost breathless from haste, and declared, that a man with a white hat, riding a very large bay horse, came galloping up to the place where little George was, in the new ground, and, lighting, snatched up the child, and remounting with him, galloped off into the woods with great

Digitized by Google

speed. A messenger was immediately despatched for Mr. Clark, to a distant part of the farm, and he, calling off all the servants with him, set about pursuing the man on the bay horse. But it was impossible to find, or to follow his trail,—for a great many horses ran loose, and there were tracks leading in every possible direction.

www.libtool.com.cn

Mr. Clark was much alarmed. He felt well assured, that he had no enemy on any part of the earth. Then, who had taken away his child? Why had he been stolen? The neighbors hearing of the circumstance, came in crowds to Mr. Clark's house; but no one had seen the man on a bay horse.

The child was missing—little George, on whom he had hung his whole heart, was gone, and he knew not whither. One of the neighbors suggested that perhaps Fanny had slept in the new ground, and that the child had wandered away from her, and she, on waking, had been unable to find him, and had, therefore, made up this tale of the man with a white hat. The girl was questioned again and again, but nothing new could be elicited. Her statements were always the same. Acting, however, upon the possibility of his being lost in the woods, they scoured the forest, searching every hill, and dale, and nook, and corner, continuing the search all night, and until a late hour in the following afternoon, and all without success. No trace or track could be found. A large company proceeded to the Ozan bottom, which was at that time slightly inundated, and dragged it for miles, lest the child might have wandered thence, and been drowned. Their search was fruitless,—no tidings came from the lost one!

Mr. Clark procured the assistance of two or three friends, and they set out in different directions. One went to the Arkansas river, and proceeded down it, enquiring at all the ferries and at other places, for the man who wore a white hat, and rode a large bay horse. Another went to Red river, and pursued the same plan. Mr. Clark himself went to the Onachita, and afterwards to the Mississippi, and spent a whole month; but no clue as yet was obtained.

And now little George was given up. All hope of his recovery vanished. The voice of bitter lamentation and mourning was heard, and the father and mother refused to be comforted. "Had George died a natural death," said Mr. Clark, "had I closed his eyes myself, and seen his little form entwined with linen clean and white, and deposited in the narrow tomb, I could find some source of comfort. But as it is, all is mystery! If he still lives, he may be in a condition a thousand times worse than death."

Weary months rolled away. The idea generally prevailed, that George had most probably been drowned in the "bottom," and that no man wearing a white hat had carried him away. The bottom was now dry, and a young man found, on a heap of drift wood, a piece of cloth, which appeared to have been a portion of a small check shirt. This was carried to Mrs. Clark, who thought she recognised it as a part of the shirt George wore when he was lost. A great company of men went to the bottom, and tore down a hundred drift-heaps, but no further discovery was made.

Another year was added to the past. The mysterious affair was seldom mentioned. It had become an old tale, and many were the vague theories that people entertained concerning it. The spring of 1818 came. Two full years had completed their course, and no light, as yet, had been obtained touching the matter. One day Mr. Clark received a letter through the post office, post marked "Natchez, Miss." It ran as follows:

"Natchez, Miss., May 1, 1818.

"Mr. Josiah Clark.

"Sir:—Your little son George is yet living, and doing well. He has grown to be a fine boy. If you will send fifty dollars in a letter, directed to me at this office, I will send you directions where to find him.

(Signed) "Jacob Touro."

Mr. Clark, in company with two brave young men, immediately set out for Natchez. On their arrival at that place, they acquainted the postmaster with the facts, and placed a decoy letter in the office, directed to "Jacob Touro," and containing fifty dollars. The postmaster was instructed to cause the man to be arrested, who should call for the letter.

Within the space of a few days, a middle aged man, with long whiskers, and a dark, scowling look, called at the window of the post office, and asked if there was a letter for *Jacob Touro*. The postmaster told him there was, and invited him to come in and open it, as he believed it was double, and if so, he must charge double postage. The fellow came in, and the door was immediately closed upon him, and he was arrested.

Clark told him, that if he would reveal to him the place and condition of George, and the circumstances connected with his abduction, he should be released, as soon as the truth of his declarations should appear. But the fellow refused to make any statements whatever, and was committed to jail upon the charge of obtaining money under false pretences. This fellow *Touro* seemed to be a stranger at Natchez,—no one there knew anything about him.

Clark published a description of his lost child, and offered five hundred dollars reward for any information concerning him. The authorities at Natchez, thinking that, perhaps, Clark could induce *Touro* to make some disclosures, gave him up to Clark, who soon thereafter set out with him for Arkansas. Several times Clark begged his prisoner to tell him all he knew concerning George, but he would not. What became of *Touro*, the public have not been permitted to know. It is known, however, that Clark started with him to Arkansas, and, that he disappeared in some way as yet mysterious, before the company reached Monroe, on the Onachita river!

Four years more elapsed, and still, no tidings from George had reached his parents. Often

Digitized by Google

had they cherished the hope, that he still lived;—but at other times, hope surrendered to despair.

In the summer of 1822, a lawyer, named *Oden*, an acquaintance of Clark's, was called on business to *Alexandria*, in Louisiana, then a village inhabited mostly by French. While Mr. Oden was stopping at a hotel, he observed a lad of about twelve years, who was engaged as a waiter at the table, and appeared uncommonly intelligent. He moreover observed, that he was called George, and that he was, in many respects, unlike the other children belonging to the house. The idea occurred to him that this was Clark's son. Seizing upon a favorable opportunity, he asked the man of the house, if that boy, George, was his son. The man replied, that he was a lost boy,—that some one had left him on the wharf at that place, about six years before, and that he had taken him into his house, out of mere pity.

Oden then conversed with George, who could remember that he used to be waited on by a mulatto girl named Fanny, and that a man with a white hat had carried him away. He did not know that his name was Clark, nor did he know from what country he had been brought. Oden remembered that Clark, in his published description of George, had said, that he had a scar behind his left ear. On examination, the scar was found, and all were satisfied that he was Clark's lost boy.

Oden bought an Indian pony, and equipped him with a new saddle and bridle. He then took George to a clothing house, and procured for him a respectable suit of clothes. In due time they set out for Arkansas, and arrived at Mr. Clark's after nightfall. Mr. Oden professed to be on his way to Little Rock, with the lad, a son of one of his friends. Neither the father nor mother recognized him, and it was while they were seated at supper, that Mr. Oden made known the true character of his youthful associate in travel. We leave the reader to imagine the scene that followed. Enough to say, that the dead was alive, and the lost was found.

Long years have since elapsed. Mr. Josiah Clark and Mr. Oden are both in that land of silence which skirts the boundaries of this territory of human life. George Clark is a man, a little past life's meridian, a respectable planter, and a useful citizen; living about one mile from the spot whence he was stolen by a man wearing a white hat.

A CHAPTER ON ECONOMY FROM A NEW BOOK.

[A new book called "Home Comforts; or Economy Illustrated," has just been published by Bunce & Brother of New York. We give the first chapter, and think that many housekeepers who read it will be strongly tempted to buy the volume. It is written in a pleasant way, and with the running story it contains, are blended numerous valuable hints on comfort and economy in the household:]

ECONOMY ILLUSTRATED IN A PAIR OF SHOES.—MRS. DOOLITTLE IS DISGUSTED.

"Oh, dear me, Mrs. Lovewell, I am heartily tired of visiting that Mrs. Savery. What do you suppose I found her doing yesterday afternoon, when you know it was so pleasant that everybody was in the street? Oh, you need not guess; I am sure you never would think of the right thing."

"Indeed, I don't know that I could, but I have no doubt it was something useful. Practicing some of her arts of economy, I suppose."

"Economy indeed! Why, it is downright meanness. I should be mortified to death, if I was caught at such a piece of business."

"Why, Mrs. Doolittle, you alarm me. Pray, what was she about?"

"About, indeed! Why, she was making a pair of shoes."

"Slippers, you mean, I suppose; I often do that for my husband."

"Oh, yes, worsted work; that is a very different thing. No, it was a pair of *shoes* for herself. She had taken a pair of old shoe-soles, from which the tops had been worn out, and had cut new uppers from an old pair of her husband's black lasting pantaloons. Did you ever hear the like! I was really disgusted to hear her talk about it."

"Why, what did she say."

"Why, she said, 'there now, Mrs. Doolittle, I sat down after dinner, and commenced the job, with Susan to help me rip off the old soles and bind one of the new shoes, and now you see I have got just as good a pair of shoes, and for aught I see, just as good looking as the old pair that I paid a dollar and a half for. And that is what I call economy. Now I will go and show Susan how to make a new corn cake for tea. Don't you want to learn?'

"I told her no indeed; when I got so poor, and I put a real meaning emphasis upon the word—when I got so poor that I could not keep a cook that knew how to do her own work, I would come and learn the trade."

"Was she offended? Indeed Mrs. Doolittle, you were very rude. You might have learned how to make a very nice cake."

"Well I must acknowledge that I did; no, she was not the least offended, but insisted that I should go down with her to the kitchen and see how it was done. I had a good mind to refuse, for I expected that I should get a grease spot on my new silk, just as like as not. I am sure I should in my kitchen; but would you believe it, hers is as clean as a new pin. Why the very floor looks as white and clean as a table. I do think she must keep that Susan of hers scrubbing all the time. For my part I don't see how she ever gets through all the work and

Digitized by Google

do the washing too. I wish I could get such help."

"Mrs. Savery says it is by economy. Economy of time, as well as everything else. But about the nice corn cake?"

"Oh yes. Well I never; why it was just nothing to make. I could have made it just as well as she did."

"If you had known how."

"Why yes, to be sure; but it is nothing to learn; and then to hear her count the cost. Why she would feed a whole family for a sixpence. In the first place she took a cup of Indian corn meal, not over three cents worth, she said, and white at that—I always use yellow meal—it has more taste than the white—and put it in a clean wooden bowl, and what do you think she mixed with it, to make her cake? Water; nothing but pure water. Yes a little pinch of salt; but that she said she could not count the cost of, it was so small; and then she mixed, and stirred, and beat the meal and water together as though she was beating eggs, until she got it into a smooth batter, that would just pour into a shallow tin pan, about an inch deep. The cake when done was about as thick as my thumb. She first put the pan into a very hot oven and let it cook until the batter got stiff, and then she opened the stove doors and set the cake up edgeways right before the glowing coals until it got a nice delicate brown crust, and then drew it back and let it bake slow a long time—half an hour or more I should think."

"And was it good?"

"Good! why I declare I never tasted anything so delicious in all my life. I wouldn't have believed it, that just meal and water could be made so good. But that is not all. Just as she had got her cake turned before the fire, in came her two children—such pictures of health—did you ever see the like!"

"She says that is 'the economy of health.' It is cheaper to keep them healthy than sick, as well as more comfortable. You found them very neat, too."

"Neat! I never saw the like. But it's no wonder; look at the pains she takes with them. Why, it must keep Susan busy all the time."

"Then who does the work?"

"Well, I don't know. I can't understand it. I wish I could get along so. But then my children are always sick. Hers are always well and that makes the difference."

"No, the difference is in always keeping them well. But you were going to tell us something more about the cake."

"Oh, yes. When the children came in Lillie said:

"'Oh mother, will you let me bake a sweet cake for brother Frank and me?'

"'Yes, if you will run up to your room and put away your things, and put on your aprons.'

"Directly down they came, and as I live, both of them with check aprons on. I should not like to see my children dressed in check aprons. It looks so common, and sort of countryfied. Then Lillie took the bowl of batter, and got a part of a teacupful of molasses, and a spoonful of ginger, and stirred it in, and then she got a cupful of sour milk; and what do you think that was for?"

"I suppose to put in the cake."

"Yes, but first she mixed with it a little *super carbonate of soda*, until she set it all foaming, and then stirred it into the batter, with a little more meal to thicken it again, and poured it into an iron pan about twice as deep as the other, and clapped it right into the hot oven, where it baked until we were almost done tea; then Susan brought it in smoking hot, and Mrs. Savery cut it up into squares, opening each piece and laying on a little lump of sweet butter, and so serving it round to each one; and would you believe it, in a respectable family, that that was the only cake on the table? I declare I had no great opinion of corn meal sweet cake, it seemed to look so mean; and then I had already eaten hearty of the plain cake, and did not think I would touch this one, but Lillie, with her insinuating little coaxing way—I don't know who could resist her—said I must taste her cake, and with that she asked me to take my knife and lay it open, and then she took a spoonful of juice out of the quince preserves, and spread over it, and I began tasting and tasting, and would you believe it, the first I thought about what I was doing, I had cleared my plate, and Lillie was helping me to another piece; she was so delighted to see me eat it with such a relish, when I only intended to 'give it a taste, just out of compliment.'"

"Then it was good?"

"Good! I never tasted anything more delicious. I have often had a cake upon my table that I paid a dollar for that did not give half as much satisfaction: the bakers are getting to cheat so dreadfully. I could have forgiven her about her meanness—don't you think it is meanness?—in making shoes, or putting check aprons on her children; if she had not preached me one of her sermons upon economy, and actually proved to me that the supper, delicious as it was, had literally cost nothing—that is, next to nothing. There was the meal three cents—the molasses, and salt, and soda, three cents—the tea, two cents—the sugar and milk, two cents—the butter—butter is high now, but that was not over four cents—and let me see, was that all?"

"You mentioned some quince preserves."

"Oh, yes, but she said they actually cost less than nothing. About eleven years ago—it was to commemorate the first birthday of Frank—she planted a quince bush, and then she told how she made it grow, and bear fruit. She said she always kept the ground loose, and covered in the summer, with straw, which she wets with soap suds and dish water, and last year her quince tree bore more than she wanted; and so a friend of hers came and brought her own sugar, and did all the work, and put up the quinces at the halves, while Mrs. Savery was away on a visit in the country. So she proved, you see, that they really did cost nothing. I wish I could live so."

"I don't see why you could not, you have got a nice place for a garden."

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

"Yes, full of bushes and flowers, but I have got no quince tree."

"You must plant one, as Mrs. Savery did."

"Yes, and I might not live till it bore fruit. And besides, I never could do as she does. We hire all our work, and I often tell Mr. Doolittle it costs more to raise a few roses and flowers than it would to buy them. But then our girls must have a garden."

"Don't you know how Mrs. Savery works hers?"

"Oh, yes! her husband is a mechanic, and knows how to work, and don't mind it, and he spades up the ground before breakfast, and then Mrs. Savery and the children, and Susan, all work at it, and that is the way they make their things cost nothing. We live different, you know."

"Perhaps they make it a pleasure, instead of toil. I recollect going in there one day last summer—the door was open, and it was just at sundown, so I walked in, and through the house—the tea table was standing, just as they left it, and all hands were out in the garden, as busy as bees. I recollect Lillie was saving safron, which Mrs. Savery said would sell for enough to pay for all the medicine they used in a year.

"Frank was cutting his third crop of grass from the borders, which he sold to old Capt. Peabody for I don't know how many quarts of milk. The old lady, you know, makes a living from her two cows. I declare, there was not a spot in that garden that hadn't something useful growing in it. But that was not all; I do believe that garden is the great secret of health of those children.

"As soon as Lillie saw me, she ran up and shook hands, and said 'she was so glad I had come, for father was just wishing that some of our friends would come in, and then he would cut the big melon.'"

"Melons! why, do they raise melons upon that little patch of ground?"

"Why, no, I cannot say they do exactly, for the seed was planted in a barrel of earth set on the flagging, and the vines were trained up on top of a little flat roof building in the yard, and there they grew, six or eight feet from the ground, some sweet delicious water melons. That was what Mr. Savery said was the economy of space. It was 'economy of space' indeed; for, underneath the barrel of earth was one full of ashes, saved from their chamber stove, where they burn wood, and that barrel used to run off a little lye to soften the hard water of their well."

"Oh, I always buy potash."

"And she always saves it. A gallon of lye will soften a large kettle full of hard water, and as you see, said Mr. Savery, takes up no room, and the leached ashes make excellent manure. That is what makes Frank's grass grow so rank, and our fruit trees look so thrifty."

"Well, did you eat the melon?"

"Oh, yes. As soon as Lillie mentioned it, her father got up and brought it down, and Susan drew a pail of cold water, and put it in; and Frank said then he would run over and ask Aunt Mary and the girls to come and join the water melon party; and upon my word, I do think it was the sweetest melon, and sweetest family circle I ever got into in all my life."

"And was it big enough for all of you?"

"Oh, yes. I have often paid three or four shillings for one nothing like as good. And while we were eating—or rather while we were talking, after satisfying all of our appetites, Susan and all, Mr. Savery told Lillie to get her little account book, and show me, not only how she was learning to keep accounts, but how much they were indebted to the garden. Really, I never could have believed it. But the best of all, said he, it teaches my children habits of industry and economy."

"Oh, yes; that word *economy* always comes in."

"Well, I am sure it is a very good word, and at this time particularly necessary for all to learn, and practice, too. It would save much suffering among the poor."

"Yes, it may be necessary for mechanics, and such sort of folks, to be always saving, but thank fortune, my family are able to live without working like common laborers in the garden every day. Besides, my children ain't able to do it; they are very delicate."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Doolittle, it is the garden, and check aprons, and thick shoes, and corn bread, and all that, that makes Mr. Savery's children so healthy. And certainly, when they are dressed for church, there are none that look prettier, or attract more attention by their pretty behavior, if they do work in the garden, and get ruddy faces, and dirty fingers."

"Well, well, if you ain't getting to be a convert to the Saverys' economy. I shall expect to see you soon, making your own shoes."

"I don't know as to that, but I will tell you what you may see me doing—and I intend to begin to-morrow—and that is taking lessons in the art of house-keeping. You know my daughter, Salinda, is soon to be married, and I think we had better give Mrs. Savery five hundred dollars of her portion, for some lessons in the economy of house-keeping, the practice of which, in time, will pay it back, twice over."

"And so you are going to get her to give your daughter the finish of her education, after all you have done for her. Well, well, I am beat now."

"I shall certainly make her the offer. I have been thinking about it for some time; and now what you have told me has fully convinced me that a quarter's tuition from Mrs. Savery, will be worth more than any quarter she ever had at boarding-school, or from her music-master, or French teacher; for to be candid with you, Salinda is going to marry a mechanic."

"A mechanic! Oh, my! the richest merchant's daughter in town, going to marry a mechanic. Well, now I must go and tell the news. What will my girls think! good bye."

"Good bye." Yes, yes, Mrs. Doolittle, tell your girls, and all the rest of your acquaintance, that Salinda Lovewell is going to take lessons of economy of Mrs. Savery, and then marry a poor mechanic. Well, we shall see whether that won't be a good economy.

Digitized by Google

ONLY ONCE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Well, now, Minnie. I should like to know if you can't go just this once, and say nothing about it afterward? I'm sure there can be no earthly harm in your doing so, and Mr. Leonard Steele need never be the wiser for it. One would think, to hear you talk, you were obliged to keep that gentleman (for whom, by the by, I have the most profound respect,) apprised of all your movements."

"But it is a self-imposed obligation, at all events, Josephine; and then, knowing as I do, Leonard's objection to dancing parties, it would not be honorable for me to attend one without his knowledge."

The speakers were two young ladies, and cousins; and they sat together before the grate-fire of a small, but elegantly furnished alcove, curtained off the magnificent parlors by embroidered lace hangings that swept down from the gilded cornices like a fall of white mist, to the velvet carpet.

Mary, or Minnie Hart, as those who loved her best usually called her, was making her first visit to her mother's cousin, the wife of a retired city merchant.

Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Gardner had been warm friends in their youth; and though in later years the tone and aim of their lives were so dissimilar, the intercourse between them had never been entirely suspended.

Amid all the metropolitan gaiety and luxury which surrounded and absorbed Mrs. Gardner, her heart still kept green and fragrant the memory of her early friendship, and to Mrs. Hart it was like a pleasant song, which, heard in the morning, reaches down in faint, sweet strains through all the after day.

The friends did not meet often—indeed, several years sometimes intervened between their visits. But the previous summer Mrs. Gardner and her daughter made a sudden advent at Meadow-brook, and Josephine and Minnie looked on each others' faces for the first time since they were children. Mrs. Gardner then obtained a promise that the latter should visit her the ensuing winter, and it is in the parlor alcove of her elegant home that we have first introduced our heroine to you.

Josephine and Minnie have just crossed their twentieth birthday. One is a brunette, the other a blonde. Neither are beautiful, but the haughty features, with the dark, brilliant eyes of the one, contrast effectively with the fair, delicate face, and rich brown hair of the other.

Those faces, too, are correct transcripts of the characters of their respective owners. Josephine's nature is haughty, self-reliant, exacting; Minnie's, gentle, loving, receptive; yet it is not without depth and earnestness, which an intimate acquaintance will alone reveal to you.

She has been two weeks in the city, and hardly recovered from the first dazzle and bewilderment of her sudden "entrée" into fashionable metropolitan life.

But that morning conversation will give you a better key to the characters of both the young ladies, than any elaborate portraiture of my own.

"Your notions of honor are altogether too nice, my little coz;" and Josephine leans her head, with graceful indolence, into the carved back of her luxurious easy chair. "You see, mamma and I are especially anxious you should attend this party, for it will be one of the most recherché of the season. We want you to see all you can of upper-tendom, too, while you are with us."

"But you know, dear, it will do me very little good to see that which neither my tastes nor circumstances will ever permit me to emulate. Beside that, it does not seem *quite* right to attend this ball, when I know Leonard's objection to everything of the kind."

A slight, but very significant smile, dawned over the proud lips of Josephine, and Minnie *felt* it, though she did not lift her blue eyes from the grate-flame. "Of course," she continued, with a little heightening of color, "I neither condemn or defend his opinions in this wise, but I respect them, because they are those of the man whose wife I am to become." She said this last very earnestly, but with a little tremor of tenderness running through the otherwise quiet tones.

"Of course, I understand all that, Minnie." Josephine felt that diplomacy would succeed better than ridicule. "But really, Leonard's objections seem to us city people so singular, so unfounded in reason. It would be very different, too, if you were at home, you see, for we will take all responsibility in the matter. Mamma has ordered your dress, and has quite set her heart on your accompanying us; and it will be *such* a disappointment to her. I wish you would go, just for our sakes, Minnie, this once—you know you can obey Leonard all the rest of your life."

This reasoning seemed plausible, and there was a world of indecision in the sweet face of Minnie Hart, as it leaned toward the grate.

"If I could only go, and not join in the dancing," she murmured, half to herself. "Still, it would be countenancing the thing by my presence."

"Certainly it would, you dear little morsel of conscientiousness. Come, now, say you'll consent, just this once, and if the mind or morals of the future Mrs. Doctor Leonard Steele are in any wise injured by attending this party of Mrs. Hill's, (how that lady would bridle her pretty head at the idea!) I'll pay penance all the rest of my life."

Josephine threw herself down on the rug at Minnie's feet, and looked up with half coaxing,

Digitized by Google

half humorous audacity, into her cousin's face.

"You're a real teaze, Josephine. And I begin to suspect I haven't any moral courage at all, it's so hard to refuse you. I more than half believe Leonard's right with regard to the perverting effects of fashionable amusements and dissipation on the character; and then he is so noble, so generous, so good, it don't seem right to do anything of which he disapproves; but as you say, it can't do me much hurt to go this once."

"And I can't see, for the life of me, why he need know anything about it," persisted Josephine, whose fashionable education had not rendered her moral perceptions any more acute. "Come, now, say you'll go, and have it finally settled."

"Well, yes; I s'pose so;" but the consent was given under a mental protest.

"Goody! I'm so glad, you darling little girl!" And with one of those explosions of impulsive, rather than persistent feeling, which are indigenous to such natures, she rained down kisses on Minnie's forehead.

I do not think Josephine could, at that moment, have analysed the motives which made her so especially desirous that her cousin should attend this ball; neither do I like to insist that these were entirely selfish ones. But the young lady was very fond of patronizing others, and her little country cousin's naïveté and sweetness had created quite a sensation in the circles to which she had been introduced, and there was no danger of her becoming a rival.

Then, opposition always enlisted all Josephine's feelings. Spoiled child, and heiress as she was, she could never endure to be contravented in the simplest matter. So Minnie's first refusal to attend the ball, had determined her cousin that she should go.

The first steps in wrong-doing, reader, are generally very smooth ones. In accordance with your characters, your educational and social convictions and prejudices, will you condemn or exculpate the conduct of my heroine; while I, in this instance, do neither.

"There must be some mistake about the whole matter, owing, doubtless, to a similarity of names," murmured the young physician, as he re-folded the letter he had been reading.

It was late in March, and the day had been bland and golden, as though God had sent it, an early apostle, to tell its loving story of the summer in a pause of that hoarse "réveille" which March strikes along the mountains and valleys. Large purple clouds blanketed the sky, and the rich, purple light showered through the deep office window that fronted the west; and as the young man looked off on it, his eyes brightened, and he drew a long sigh of relief.

"How gorgeous those clouds are," continuing his monologue—"how I wish Minnie's blue eyes were here to look on them—poor child, shut in by rows of brick houses as they have been all winter.

"Thank Heaven, (I say it reverently,) she is coming back to us next week. I wonder if this experience of fashionable life and folly has not been a sadness, and a weariness to her. Her first letters said as much, certainly; but I long to hear it from her own sweet lips. Well, I must be patient, and yet I don't believe I am quite so, for this clause in cousin John's last certainly annoys me; though I know there *must* be a discrepancy somewhere." He opened the letter which he had tossed on the table, and read alond:

"'*I hear the lady of whom you have several times spoken in your late letters, is now in the city, and really, Leon, on the strength of our mutual acquaintance, I should have called on her, were I not expecting to leave this week for Baltimore. I learn, however, she created quite a sensation at the grandest party of the season, which came off recently at Mr. Hill's, a retired merchant, and a millionaire, with a young, and very beautiful wife. It is said she was the most graceful dancer on the floor.*'

"Of course, this could not have been Minnie Hart. Certain am I that her fashionable relations would not have inveigled her into an act so directly opposed to my wishes. In a few days she will be here; then, doubtless, the discrepancy can be explained, and I will bother my wits no more about the thing, till I see her."

And the young man strolled back to the window, humming fragments of an old song, and looking off on the heaps of sunset cloud.

A week later, and Doctor Steele and Minnie Hart sat together on the old-fashioned sofa, in the cosy little parlor of the latter's home. Very small and plain it looked to Minnie, whose eyes had grown accustomed to the spacious magnificence of her cousin's drawing rooms.

But she was very happy that evening, and would not have exchanged that old room for the most luxurious one on Fifth Avenue, as she sat there, looking into the dark eyes, and listening to the deep voice of Leonard Steele, or detailing, for that gentleman's amusement some of her novel experiences of city life.

It was late in the evening when, in some pause of the conversation, the young doctor spoke suddenly, "Oh! Minnie, I quite forgot to tell you that my cousin and classmate wrote me that you were at a magnificent ball, given by a Mrs. Hill, the wife of a retired merchant and millionaire, and that you were the most graceful dancer on the floor. Of course, there must have been some misapprehension of names or persons, for *you, Minnie Hart, would not have done this thing?*"

The astral lamp on the table, in the opposite corner, threw a warm, dim glow over the room: but the young man saw the white lids droop, and the red blood quiver up the pale cheek of his betrothed, and his voice gained unconscious emphasis and sternness as he concluded.

"*No—of course I couldn't,*" gasped, rather than articulated, Minnie, while a cold shudder struck through her frame, at her almost in-

Digitized by Google

voluntary (it seemed to her) utterance of this falsehood.

But Leonard Steele was satisfied. Minnie still stood in the high place of his soul, true, serene, radiant, the beautiful embodiment of his woman-ideal.

And he spoke with more than his old tenderness, because he remembered the late severity of his tones. "Forgive me, Minnie, if I seemed irritable. I know you too well to doubt you, or to *believe* for an instant you would regard my wishes or my feelings so little as to practically oppose them."

Minnie did not reply, for just then there was the low knock of visiters at the parlor door. The doctor and she did not see each other alone again that evening.

"And so, I have stained my soul—I have told a lie, and God and the angels know it," murmured the wretched girl, as she threw herself across the foot of her bed that night, while great sobs of remorse shook her slender frame. "Oh! if I had never gone to that ball—if that falsehood did not lie, burning and blackening, upon my soul! How can I ever look into Leonard's true, loving eyes again!—how can I go through life, feeling that God—the God to whom I can come no more in my joy or my sorrow—is looking into my heart, and reading the LIE that is written there. If I should tell Leonard—but how can I—he is so noble, so lofty-minded, so honorable. I could never have the moral courage now to tell the truth—he would despise and hate me for ever. I know he would."

Ah, Minnie! Minnie! through deeper waters of remorse must you come to the truth, not for mortal love, but for its own blessed, immortal sake!

And she did it at last. Two days did Minnie carry that falsehood in her heart, whose memory struck the roses from her cheek, and the brightness from her blue eyes, while her friends concluded she was silently longing to return again to the city and the gorgeous house she had left. At last she could endure it no longer. She sat down and wrote a confession of the whole matter to Leonard Steele. She wrote earnestly, honestly, holding nothing back, and in no wise endeavoring to exculpate herself; and thus she concluded:

"*Precious as your love is to me, Leonard—terrible as is the thought of your contempt—I would rather this moment resign the one, and become the object of the other, than suffer the great mental agony of the last two days. But with the writing of this the weight has been lifted up from my heart, and I am comparatively happy. I know and love you better for your high ideal of character and of life. I know, too, I must come down from the shining place where your affection had placed me, that you will despise me for my weakness, for my being in the hour of trial found 'wanting.' And yet, remember that charity is greater than justice; and, oh, Leonard! in the deeps of the heart that once loved me, let there be some voice that shall plead softly for your*

MINNIE."

It was late in the afternoon when Minnie dispatched her note to the office. But on that day a circumstance had occurred, which darkened some of the brightest years of the young girl's life.

Doctor Steele was playing the host that morning to two unexpected, but very welcome guests, in his rooms at the village hotel. One of these was his cousin John; the other an intimate friend and traveling companion of the young man's, whom the doctor now met for the first time. They were chatting animatedly, walking up and down the room with their hands behind them, or convoluting themselves on the sofas and in the arm chairs, (as gentlemen are very apt to do when alone together,) in all sorts of nondescript attitudes and positions, when Mr. Graham suddenly laid his hand on the velvet case of a daguerreotype which lay on the table.

"Have I your permission?" bowing to the doctor.

"Certainly, certainly, sir," was the half smiling response, though the owner secretly wished he had returned the picture to the drawer from which he had taken it that morning.

The golden clasps flew back. The gentleman started as the fair, girlish features met his gaze. "Why, I know that lady," he affirmed, drawing the picture nearer to him.

"*You do?* Where in the world did you ever see her?" was the doctor's eager interrogation.

"I met her last winter at Mrs. Hill's party, and danced with her twice, too; and a fresher, more charming little creature I never beheld. She quite bore off the laurels from some of our first belles. This picture is perfect. I congratulate you, doctor, on its possession."

Leonard Steele's face could not be whiter when the grave-sods should be heaped over it, but a strange, fiery light seemed burning up from his soul into his eyes. He bounded up, and then with a strong effort controlled himself.

"Will you look again at that picture, sir, and then pledge me your word, as a man of honor, that you met its original, and danced with her last winter?" he sternly demanded.

"Certainly, I will, sir"—Mr. Graham spoke with a flushed cheek—"though I believe my simple affirmation of the fact would satisfy most individuals of its truth. The young lady was accompanied by her aunt and cousin, Mrs. and Miss Gardner, whom she was, I think, visiting at the time."

"You are correct, sir. Pardon me, if I spoke hastily. I had very good reasons for wishing not to be mistaken in this matter. We will change the subject to a more agreeable one, if you please."

But neither the host or his guests could wholly overcome the constraint which this conversation had superinduced, and no one of them was sorry when the striking of the dépôt clock warned him it was time to start for the cars.

"Hang it, John!" said Mr. Graham, as soon as they were out of the doctor's hearing—

Digitized by Google

"what a terrible malapropos speech of mine that was about the picture. It just threw cold water on all the rest of our visit."

"My dear fellow, don't give yourself any uneasiness on the subject," was John's consoling rejoinder. I suspect, by what I saw today, Leon is really interested in the young lady, but doubtless it will turn out right in the end, and you know

'Where remedies are past
The ills are ended,'

or less elegantly, but no less pertinently—'there's no use crying for spilled milk.' Come, hurry up, or we'll be too late for the train."

For two hours Leonard Steele sat alone in his room, his head buried in the arms that lay on his table. His character was one that seemed to combine all the depth and tenderness of a woman with the strong will and calm judgment of a man; and, with his well regulated mind, his emotional nature never subjugated his reason. When he lifted his head his resolution was taken, and with him to resolve was to act.

The next day Minnie received a letter from the doctor. She tore it open, with shaking hands, and read—

"*Minnie—When this reaches you I shall be on the road to Europe; and, of course, you will understand the rest. I have loved you, and I love you still, tenderly, deeply, dearly. But I cannot marry the woman I do not respect—the woman who can stain her soul, and her life, with a lie, such as you have done. You know to what I allude, for I have this morning learned that you were at Mrs. Hill's party.*

"*Oh, Minnie, my once embodiment of woman's truth, and grace, and beauty; would that I had died before the veil had been lifted from your soul!*

"*I am proving your power, and my weakness, in thus leaving you, for my affection would triumph over my reason were I to remain. I feel it, fool that I am, that with neither confidence or faith in you, I yet should marry you.*

"*I could readily have forgotten your attending this ball, opposed, as you knew it would be, to my principles; but I cannot forget the falsehood with which you, my betrothed wife, sought to deceive me!*

"*And now, Minnie, loved with all the strength of my heart and my manhood, farewell, and for ever!*

"*May God yet show you the greater wrong you have done to Him than to me, and lead your life through green paths to Himself, most fervently prays Your always friend,*

LEONARD STEELE.

No wonder that, for many weeks after reading this letter, Minnie Steele lay on her bed, vibrating between life and death, with the brain-fever that had smitten her.

She recovered at last, and took up the broken threads of her life again, a wiser and a better woman.

As Doctor Steele was packing his trunk, the afternoon of the day that he left the village, several letters were brought him. He tore them open hastily, and, in his excited mood, rather looked at than read them. Then he hastily tossed them into a large envelope, unconscious there was one letter, bearing a delicate, feminine chirography, whose seal he had not broken.

If that letter had been opened, how greatly would it have modified his after life!

But Minnie Hart never suspected this, and always believed that Leonard's first knowledge of her attending the ball was obtained through herself.

Three years had passed since Doctor Steele left America. One afternoon, about six months after he had taken to his beautiful suburban home a fair English bride, he was rummaging among some old letters in a corner of his trunk. He shook out of a plethoric envelope a dozen of these, when one attracted his attention, the chirography of whose address had power still to stir his heart. He opened and read it. Then his proud head bowed down on the trunk. What emotions shook his heart in that hour was known only to him and his God. In one thing, at least, did he rejoice exceedingly. Minnie had at last been true to herself. His idol was not *all* clay. And when his fair-haired English wife put her bright face in at the door, and eagerly called him to go out with her on the veranda, and see the May sunset, he rose up, and drawing her to his heart, said, with a solemnity which shook up the tears into her soft eyes, "What the May is to the year, you are to my life, darling. To its end I shall love you very tenderly."

And he kept his word.

Minnie, too, was married some five years after Leonard Steele left America. Her husband was a good and noble man. She loved him, and was happy—I cannot tell whether as much so as if her heart had sung all the days of her life the song of its youth. But I do know that the lesson she had learned so dearly, was never forgotten,—that through the deep waters of remorse she came into the great peace of the All-Father, and that her life was (alas! of how many shall the angels write it!) a *true, earnest self-sacrificing one.*

PERSEVERANCE is often not only a substitute for ability, but it is something more. Many a one of very ordinary capacity has, by dint of the same valuable quality which enabled the turtle in the fable to out-journey the hare, accomplished wonderfully greater things than another possessing superior abilities, but less perseverance.

DEAN SWIFT said that nature has given every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and "there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they may correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable."

Digitized by Google

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—THE MOGUL, OR TARTAR DYNASTY.

No. IV.—ACBAR.

Acbar was only in his fourteenth year when he ascended the throne. According to Humaioon's will, Byram was appointed regent; and to this able but vindictive minister the youthful sovereign was greatly indebted for the preservation of the empire from the enemies by whom it was surrounded. Several measures of a highly popular character, such as prohibiting the usual exactions of presents from the farmers, the allowing all goods to pass toll free, and the abolishing the practice of pressing laborers to the war, signalised the commencement of the new reign, and gave promise of the great and good government that was about to shed its blessings upon Hindustan. Among the first enemies of the youthful emperor was Secunder, who had been defeated by Humaioon, and who now experienced a similar fate at the hands of his son. A still more formidable enemy appeared in Himu, the vizier of the contemptible Mohammed, of whom we have already spoken, who, on hearing of the death of Humaioon, marched with a great army toward Delhi. Tirdi, Acbar's governor, with an inferior force, imprudently marched out to attack the invader, and was entirely routed; and then, as if to show how nearly his courage was allied with its opposite, fear, surrendered the capital almost without another effort. Acbar thus beheld almost the entire empire wrested from him at one blow. He called Byram to him, addressed him by the name of father, and placed in his hands the entire management of affairs. A council of war was held, and the majority of the Omrahs present were of opinion, that as Himu's force alone was five times greater than theirs, it would be most prudent to retreat to Cabul. Byram opposed this, and Acbar seconded him with so much spirit and gallant alacrity, that the chiefs unanimously cried out that their lives and fortunes were at the king's service. An instance now occurred of Byram's strict, uncompromising severity; whilst the king was hunting one day, he caused Terdi to be beheaded for surrendering Delhi. Acbar of course was compelled to thank him for the service he had performed, though he shuddered at the inhumanity of the punishment. The emperor now marched towards Delhi, and at Paniput encountered Himu's forces. Himu began the action with his elephants, thinking to frighten the Moguls with the onset of those enormous animals, which, however, were so resolutely received and skilfully galled by lances, arrows and javelins, as to become outrageous; and they ultimately turned and spread discord and confusion among their own ranks. Himu, mounted on a prodigious elephant, at the head of 6000 horse, in spite of this repulse, continued the action with great vigor, and succeeded in penetrating into the very heart of the Mogul army. Here he was wounded by an arrow in the eye, and many of his troops, thinking the wound mortal, gave way. The brave general, however forcibly drew the arrow from his head, tearing the eye from the socket with it, and in that terrible condition continued the fight with indomitable courage, with admirable, though ill-fated fortitude. He was at last made prisoner, owing to the treacherous cowardice of his elephant-driver, who, to save himself from the threatened attack of one of the Mogul chiefs, pointed to his master, saying at the same time who he was. Himu was immediately surrounded, and conveyed into Acbar's presence; Byram immediately told the king that it would be a meritorious action in him to kill that brave infidel with his own hands. Acbar, obeying the intimation, drew his sword, but bursting into tears, merely laid it upon Himu's shoulder.—The minister, after having sternly alluded to the ill-timed clemency which had been the source of all the misfortunes of the family, beheaded the captive with one blow of his sabre. In this battle were taken the almost incredible number of fifteen hundred elephants.—Acbar returned to Delhi in triumph. Byram's cruel and imperious disposition naturally caused dissension between him and his royal master, although from time to time he endeavored to avert the impending calamity of disgrace by directing Acbar's attention successively to the different enemies of his throne. He was at length, however, dismissed, to the great satisfaction of the many foes his unpopular character had made.

Through the whole of Acbar's reign incessant warfare was going on in some part of the empire, partly caused by the rebellions of governors of provinces, and partly by the endeavors of Acbar to extend the empire to its ancient limits. In pursuance of this object the Deccan was invaded and conquered, which Mr. Mill stigmatises as an act of "unprincipled ambition;" a harsh term, to say the least of it, considering that not only the Deccan, but the whole of Hindustan had been formerly comprised within the boundaries of the empire, and the sovereigns therefore accustomed, Patan as well as Mogul, to claim a sway no less extended, and that the country in question was at the time divided into different kingdoms, continually warring with each other. There are two things connected with Acbar's military transactions worthy of remark: the one, the never-failing rapidity and decision with which every new enemy was attacked before he could concentrate his own strength or add to it that of others; the other, his personal courage, which even exceeded in imprudence and audacity that of his famous grandfather, Baber. On one occasion, accounts arrived that the gover-

Digitized by Google

nor of Guzerat was besieged in Ahmednabad.—The season rendered the march of a large army with any degree of speed impracticable. With a small force, therefore, of 3000 horse and 300 camels he hurried to the spot, journeying for several days together at the rate of eighty miles a day, till he reached the enemy, who was thunderstruck on hearing the sound of drums beating the imperial march. Acbar had calculated that the troops within the city would find some mode of joining him; but as that was not the case, he saw that all depended upon him and his little army. To put retreat out of the question, he crossed the river that ran between him and his enemies, and was there attacked by 7000 horse. How easily might defeat in this petty engagement have resulted in the loss of an empire! The troops, however, as Acbar had calculated, fought with almost more than mortal resolution, both from despair at finding themselves placed in so desperate a position, and from pride that so great a sovereign was sharing it with them, and entrusting his fortunes and safety to their valor. The enemy was repulsed with great loss, and pursued by all the army, with the exception of a small body of 200 horse that remained round the person of the emperor, on a rising ground. Suddenly a large body of fresh soldiers, who had been left to watch the garrison, advanced upon the little party. It was one of those moments when men win or lose everything by their conduct. Acbar ordered the drums to beat the imperial march, and at once charged upon the enemy, who, convinced from these manœuvres that the whole of the emperor's troops must be coming up the hill, retreated with precipitation.

On another occasion, with 70 horse, Acbar met a thousand of the enemy in a spot between two hedges where only six horseman could pass abreast, himself mingling in the melée like a common trooper. These very imprudencies, however, when combined with good fortune and the unequalled skill and vigor of his government, helped to impress the whole empire with an idea of his almost supernatural powers of mind and body. Acbar reigned no less than fifty-one years, but his latter days were not blessed with the content and happiness to himself which he had done so much to diffuse among his subjects. He lost a son, whom he tenderly loved, then his minister Abul Fazil, who was murdered by banditti, and, lastly, another son. These blows, one after the other, were too much for him; his health declined visibly, and in 1014 he died, leaving his subjects to mourn for one of the best and wisest sovereigns.

The principles of his government were, "to gain and secure the hearts of all men;" to be just in the administration of justice, by not allowing petitioners to be "affected by delay;" to be tolerant in matters of religion (his vizier has recorded that "he never laughed at nor ridiculed any religion or sect"); and to be sparing of the lives of offenders, a principle Acbar was in little danger of departing from. The whole country was divided into provinces, the governors of which were removed every three years. In his instructions to the different officers of the state there is much practical wisdom mingling with the humanity and benevolence of rule they inculcate. He says, they "must regard the knowledge of the dispositions of men as the firmest basis of their power. The needy are to be relieved, particularly those who do not set forth their wants." The remarks on the administration of justice are peculiarly admirable, for their clear, searching, and impartial character. The collector of the revenue is to consider himself "the immediate friend of the husbandman;" is to lend him money when he needs it, to be repaid at favorable periods; if former collectors have been inconsiderate or unjust, the present one is to do his utmost to undo the wrong. Even the manner in which the taxes are to be demanded is directed to be "affable."

Not only did Acbar himself examine personally into the minutest arrangements of the government, and correct or complete, where he found them bad or imperfect, but in some departments he entirely remodelled the system; as, for instance, in the important one connected with the finances. He placed the whole taxation of the empire upon a new and improved basis, removing a great number of vexatious and injurious taxes for one broad equitable levy upon the land of the country, which he had carefully measured, and the amount of revenue fixed. He remitted the navigation duties, and reduced those on manufactories. The coin was improved by enhancing its real as compared with the previous nominal value. Literature and the arts were never better encouraged or appreciated; and lastly, the education of the people was made more universal, and its quality incalculably improved, under his judicious patronage.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.—There is a new guide to the interpretation of dreams. An English paper thus puts it: "To dream of a millstone round your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. To see apples in a dream betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may reasonably expect to find pears. To dream that you are lame is a token that you will get into a hobble. When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue lacing her stays tightly, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. If you dream of a clock, it is a token that you will gain credit—that is, tick. To dream of fire is a sign that if you are wise you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy-and-water. To dream of walking barefooted denotes a journey that you will make bootless."

Digitized by Google



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE NEW MOTHER

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Well, now, dear, which will you have—the white, or the pink camelias? You know you can take your choice, Alice?" and Aunt Maggie lifted the large blossoms, and laid them against the little girl's rich, yellow curls, as she spoke.

The blue eyes of Alice Field wandered doubtfully from one to the other. It was very hard to decide, for the flowers seemed equally beautiful, as they lay among the long, green leaves, one white as the snow on the mountain tops, the other wearing that deep, rich flush which the little country children see in the June sunrises.

At last a new thought brightened into Alice's face. "I'll take one of each kind; you know, Aunt Maggie, I am to wear them on either side of my hair, and it will be just the thing."

"So it will, dear child. Just pull the bell wire, while I pay the man;" and Aunt Maggie drew her pearl porte-monnaie from her pocket.

While Mrs. Field was counting the silver, another little girl put her head in at the door, whom the lady ordered to bring a glass vase, half filled with water, for the camelias.

As the flower-man departed, the little girl returned; she was about Alice's age, and yet, what a contrast was there in the two!

Lucy Hunt had lived with Mrs. Field but a short time. She was an orphan, without any friends in the world. This was the most the family knew of her.

She had a pale, wistful face, with large, sad eyes, and her thick, brown hair was cropped short in her neck, around which loving fingers had once twined curls bright as Alice Field's.

"There, Lucy! just see what you've done, now! What a careless child you are! you've nearly spoiled Alice's new skirt!" said Mrs. Field, as she almost rudely brushed Lucy away, for the child had stumbled as she presented the vase of water, and several drops had spilled over, and fallen on the skirt the lady was trimming.

"I didn't mean to, ma'am," stammered the little girl; "but somehow my head felt dizzy."

"Well, do look out, and be more careful next time;" rejoined Mrs. Field, who, though frequently hasty, was not a hard-hearted woman.

Alice looked up as the child left the room. She saw the tears washing stilly out of Lucy's eyes, and creeping down her cheeks. Her heart was touched with pity, and though Aunt Maggie continued to talk about the new dress, and the birth-night party, the child answered in dreamy monosyllables, for she hardly heard her, because of the little, pale, wistful face, with the tears flowing down it, which seemed standing right before her.

At last she noiselessly slid out of the room, and went down to the kitchen door, and peeped softly in, but Lucy was not there.

"I guess she's up stairs in her own room. Maybe she's gone there to cry, poor little girl! I'll try and find her, and comfort her, anyhow." And she went up four pair of stairs, and through the narrow, dark passage that led to Lucy's room, at the back of the house.

The door stood a little ajar, and Alice distinctly heard a sob creeping out of it.

She went in bravely, then. "Lucy," she said, in her sweet, low tones, "I came to find you, and to tell you not to cry because you spilled the water on my dress. I don't care anything at all about it, you see."

Lucy sat on the low bedstead, and the setting sunlight, as it pushed through the half open blinds, struck rich and golden into the child's brown hair.

Alice went softly, and put her arms round her. Lucy looked up, and tried to smile, but the tears came instead, and great sobs shook her frame, though she clung to Alice all the

Digitized by Google

time—Alice, whose bright eyes brimmed with sympathy.

"Oh! it seems so good to have you here, if I do cry," at last whispered Lucy.

"Does it? I'm real glad! But you mustn't feel bad any more. You're lonesome, I guess, because you don't have anybody to play with you."

www.libtool.com.cn

"No, it isn't that," shaking her head mournfully. It's because mamma's dead, and I haven't anybody to love me."

"Poor Lucy! is your mamma dead, too?" her voice and face were very full of touching pathos as she drew still nearer to the child, for Alice could just remember her own beautiful mother, as she lay in the coffin with the white roses strewn about her cold cheeks.

God had never given any children to Mr. and Mrs. Field, so Alice had lived with them ever since; and they loved her quite as tenderly as if she were their own daughter.

"Yes," Lucy answered, in a broken voice. "Oh, she was such a sweet, gentle, loving mother! We lived out in the country, too, where the sunshine used to lie bright on the meadow-grass, and the golden dandelions grew like stars along the road-side. But mamma grew sick, and"—Lucy's voice failed her here, and when she dared trust it again she only added: "The next week they buried her by the old, mossy wall, where they laid papa when I was a baby."

"I am very, very sorry for you, Lucy," whispered the tremulous voice of Alice.

"Don't call me Lucy, please, but Lilly. It was what my mamma called me. 'My darling Lilly!' she used to say it so sweetly."

"Well, Lilly, wasn't there anybody to take care of you after your mamma died?"

"No, nobody. They brought me to the city, and placed me in that washerwoman's family, where your aunt found me. Mamma told me she was going home to the angels, and that sometime she would come for me. Every week I call to her to come, for her little Lilly wants to put her arms round her neck again. Oh! I wish she would make haste!"

"Well, Lilly, don't say again nobody loves you, because I do, dearly," said Alice, stroking the short, brown hair.

"Do you? Do you really?" What a tide of light flowed over Lucy's face as she clasped her arms around Alice. And far above them, where the winds murmurred softly through a sea of white blossoms, the angels laid by for a moment the crown they were wearing, looked down on the two children as they sat there in the little room on the low bed, and smiled.

Two days had passed. Alice had attended the birth-night party of her friend, taken a severe cold, which had settled into a fever, and now the family stood in the darkened chamber, by the little couch with its pink loopings and lace hangings, on which the child lay dying.

Heavy sobs broke the silence. The death coldness was on Alice's soft cheeks, the death dimness in her blue eyes.

Suddenly they opened, and the last life-light gathered into them.

"Oh, Alice, my darling, how can I let you go!" wept out the child's aunt, as she clasped the little, cold hands. Alice's eyes wandered to the foot of the bed, where Lilly stood, almost convulsed with grief.

She beckoned her faintly to her side, and Lilly came, and Alice feebly placed the child's hand in that of her aunt.

"I give her to you," she said. "It is my dying gift, Aunt Mattie. Promise me you will take her to your heart, and she shall be all to you and Uncle Charlie that I have been, when I am *up there!*"

Mrs. Field looked at Lilly a moment, and then drew her to her heart.

"I promise you, Alice. She shall be to me another daughter."

"There, Lilly, you have a mother now," cried Alice, with joyful triumph. And then, the light went out from her face, and the lids dropped gently over her eyes.

She had gone home, little children, to wear the crown which the angels had finished for her.

THE FAMISHED WANDERER.

"I should like very much to hear a story," said a fickle and thoughtless youth to his teacher; "I hate serious instruction; I can't bear preaching."

"Listen, then!" said the teacher. "A wanderer filled his travelling pouch with savory meats and fruits, as his way would lead him across a wide desert. During the first few days he journeyed through the smiling fertile fields. But instead of plucking the fruits which nature here offered for the refreshment of the traveller, he found it more convenint to eat of the provisions which he carried with him. He soon reached the desert. After journeying onward for a few days, his whole store of food was exhausted. He now began to wail and lament, for no where sprouted a blade of grass; every thing was covered with burning sand. After suffering for two long days the torments of hunger and thirst, he expired.

"It was very foolish in him," said the youth, "to forget that he had to cross the desert."

"Do you act more wisely?" asked the teacher, in an earnest tone. "You are setting forth on the journey of life, a journey that leads to Eternity. Now is the time, when you should seek after knowledge, and collect the treasures of wisdom; but the labor affrights you, and you prefer to trifle away the spring time of your years, amid useless and childish pleasures. Continue to act thus, and you will yet, upon the journey of life, when wisdom and virtue fail you, fare like that hapless wanderer."

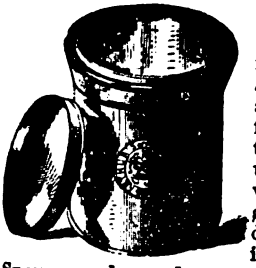
Love.—That everlasting conversation which the human race has repeated for so many ages without ever finding it monotonous.

Digitized by Google

Hints to Housekeepers.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRESH FRUITS, TOMATOES, &c., IN ARTHUR'S PATENT SELF-SEALING CANS AND JARS.

As the new mode of keeping fruit in a fresh condition, instead of preserving it by the use of a large quantity of sugar, will be extensively practiced this year, we early give our lady readers the best information on the subject.



The simple agent in the work of preserving fruit in a fresh condition, *is heat.* If, after the application of heat for a certain time, the article be sealed up hermetically, it will remain unchanged for almost an indefinite period. This is the whole secret. Sugar may be used or not; but we would recommend its use to the extent of rendering the fruit sweet enough for the table. *In all cases, the fruit must be, when sealed up, as near the boiling point as possible.*

Directions for Sealing Arthur's Cans and Jars.—Heat the lid by laying it edge down upon the range or stove, sufficient to penetrate the cement. When the can is filled with the hot fruit, put the lid on and press it down into its place. Lay a weight upon the cover until the cement hardens. *The weight must be heavy enough to keep the lid firmly down.* If the sealing is perfect, the top and bottom will become slightly concave when the contents cool.

Should the sealing, from any cause, be imperfect, the top will swell out in a few days, or a leak show itself in the cement. As soon as either sign appears, the can should be immediately opened, and the contents heated over again. This will rarely, if ever, occur if the directions given below are carfully followed.

The can or jar may be readily opened by setting a hot flat iron on the lid, which will soften the cement. Or the vessel may be set in the oven of the stove or range until the cement is fluid, when the top can be lifted off.

Strawberries.—Use from a half to three quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Sugar the strawberries, and let them stand for ten minutes; then put them into a preserving kettle, and let them boil for three or four minutes. Fill the cans or jars, and seal quickly, while the contents are hot. If the jars are used, let them be scalded immediately, before putting in the fruit, so as to heat them thoroughly.

Raspberries.—Same as strawberries.

Blackberries.—Same as strawberries.

Cherries.—Stew with sugar about ten minutes, and seal up while boiling hot, as above.

Plums.—Make a syrup, using from a half to three quarters of a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit. After taking off the skins, boil the plums in this syrup for ten minutes, or until the fruit is tender. Then fill the cans or jars, and seal up hot.

Rhubarb, or Pie Plant.—Cut up the stalks without peeling. Stew with sugar, as for pies, and seal up hot.

Gooseberries.—Heat to boiling point, in a preserving kettle, with sugar—say from half a pound to three quarters for each pound of fruit, and seal up hot.

Green Currants.—Same as gooseberries.

Peaches—There are various ways of putting up this delicious fruit. We wil give several receipts, and the housekeeper can try all, or select the one she likes best.

1. Make a syrup, as for plums. Pare and cut up the peaches; then boil in the syrup from five to ten minutes, fill the cans or jars, and seal up hot.
2. Make a syrup, using four pounds of sugar to a gallon of water. Fill the cans or jars with peaches, pare and set them in a vessel of water. Bring the water to a boil, and let it continue boiling until the *peaches are thoroughly hot to the centre of the can* or jar. It will require a much longer time for the contents of the yellow ware jar to heat than it will for those of the tin can. This should be particularly remembered.
3. Pare and cut your peaches—fill the cans or jars with or without sugar between the layers of fruit. Then place the cans or jars in water, and proceed as in number 2.
4. Stew your peaches, whole or cut, with sugar, as for the tea table. Fill the cans or jars, and seal up hot.

Apricots.—Same as peaches.

Tomatoes.—Take off the skin; put them in a preserving kettle, or other convenient vessel, without salt, and boil them for a quarter of an hour. Fill the cans or jars, ands eal up hot.

Housekeepers will find the above mode of preserving fruit easier and cheaper than the old method, and the fruit far more delicious. Indeed, few who once try this method will ever go back to the old.

If the contents of the can are thoroughly heated, and the sealing perfect, the fruit will be found, after the lapse of months or years, just in the condition in which it was sealed up.

☞ Remember that ARTHUR'S Self-Sealing Cans and Jars have the entire top open, as in the above drawing. There are many other Cans in market, nearly all of which are wrong in principle, or troublesome to use. Arthur's has already taken *a silver medal and five diplomas*, and this, in competition with others.

☞ The cans are of strongly made tin, and the jars of cane-colored fire-proof ware.

Digitized by Google

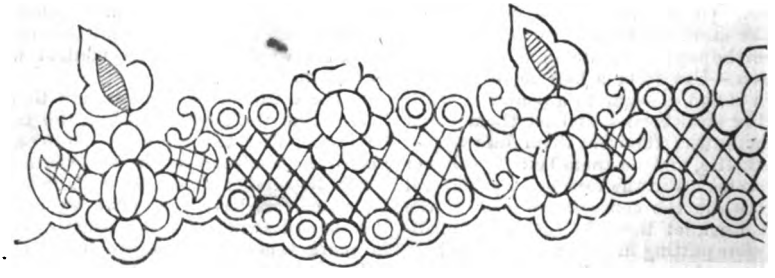
The Toilet and Work Table.

www.libtool.com.cn



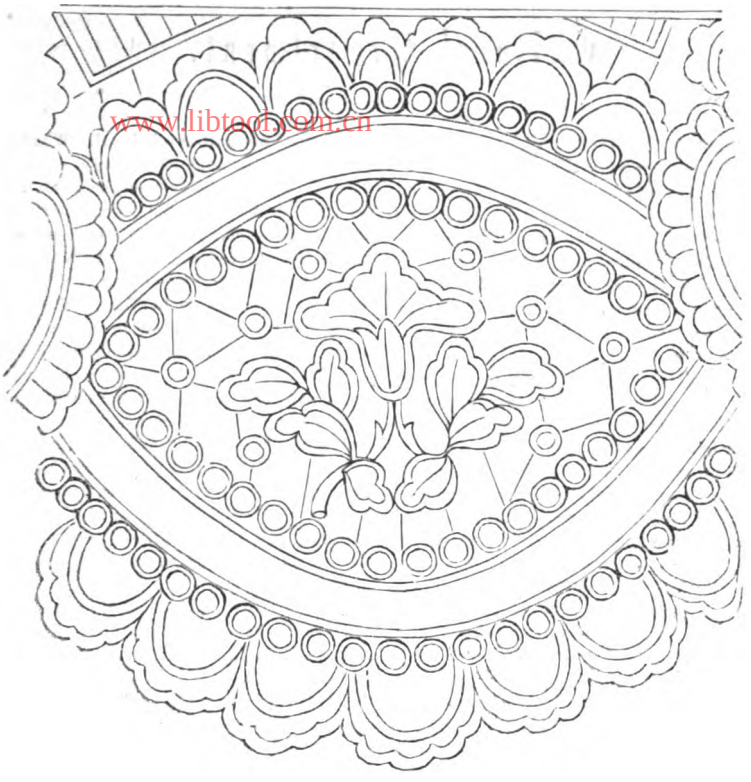
LARGE PINCUSHION.

This is a tasteful design for a pin cushion, to be worked on Swiss muslin. We give a quarter of the pattern. Space enough should be left between the four quarters, to embroider name. Below is trimming to be put on full, all around. Let it be about three inches wide, and a yard and a half long. Line pincushion with pink or blue.



TRIMMING.

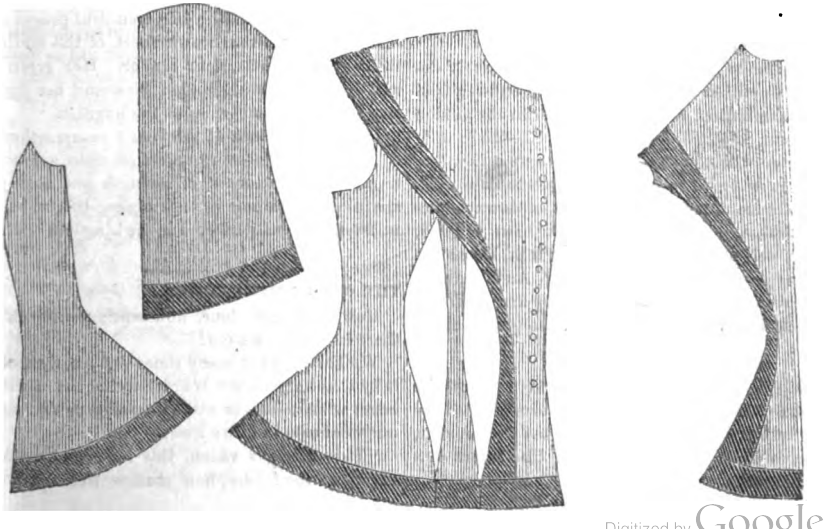
Digitized by Google



www.libtool.com.cn

BEAUTIFUL DESIGN FOR UNDERSLEEVES.

In the front page of this number will be found engravings of a school costume. We here give diagrams for the young lady's paletot, representing shape and cut, and where to place the bands of velvet trimming.



Digitized by Google

Editors' Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

LITTLE MERCY IS DEAD!

We sit down to talk with you to-day, dear reader, in an unusually humble frame of mind. It was our honest, and we begin to think, *egotistical*, determination to say something particularly edifying, when we woke up this morning, and saw the bright sun laughing through the closely-curtained windows, burnishing up the chairs, flashing like golden-red flames across the bed posts, and flickering away off in the corners.

Blessing sent of God! Morning epistle, and song, and prayer wert thou, oh! spring sunshine to our heart, and the hearts of hundreds, nay, of thousands, of our human brother and sisterhood.

"What a beautiful morning it is!" We always say it with such an unction, because something which is a blending of joy, and gratitude, and love, seems to kindle up the exclamation from our heart; and then have you found, as we always do, that all the others say it, too, when they gather round the breakfast table, if not with their lips, with their eyes, which is a great deal better, and more emphatic, to our way of thinking?

But it must have been at the breakfast table, too, that a great change was wrought in the physiognomical expression of the heavens and the earth. We didn't mind it then, for the great brick house that almost blockades our windows, as effectually shuts out all the sunshine as the presence of some persons do all the light and poetry of one's soul. But we understood the matter when we came back to our room, and beheld how the glory had departed. The chairs, the tables, the walls, everything, even to the writing desk on which we are telling you of it, had *changed* its expression, and so did we, as we looked up and saw the leaden clouds blanketing the skies, and the gray mists creeping along the panes.

So all the bright fancies we so presumptively determined to gather up for you, on the promising field of our imagination, and bind together in the golden sheaf of our editorial, have disappeared—taken sudden passage with the sunshine, and, as we said at the beginning, it is with rather an uncomfortable conviction of our mental sterility that we sit down to our work. But, after all, the day has been a good, though a sad, preacher to us; for its text, blessed be God!—*its text was a golden one!* And we have turned back to that passage of light and gladness, and strengthened our heart with it through the after-hours.

"Little Mercy is dead!" These were almost the first words the children said the other night as they met us at the door on our return home from a visit, and their welcoming kisses dropped like sweet dew on our forehead.

"Mercy" was a little blind girl. What a mournful condensation of a child's history are in those six words! We had never seen her, but a pang shot through our heart at the memory of the widowed mother, whose one jewel above all price was that "little Mercy," who now walks with the angels.

Poor woman. She was in humble life; but sometimes, as we looked on her bright face, we used to wonder if the riches of a happy, contented spirit were not more than broad lands and heaps of gold.

Little Mercy was an inmate of the "Blind Asylum," and one day she unconsciously groped her way to a pair of back stairs, and fell from these. She was taken up senseless, and a brain fever placed a sudden period to the life that had reached up but a few years from its birth hour. She was a sweet, gentle, loving child, and she will be greatly missed and mourned in that little sisterhood, whose eyes shall be only unsealed in the white morning of eternity.

Mercy's father died when she was an infant; but as she lay on her death-bed, with the cold chill settling over her face, a new light broke into it. "Papa, papa! I am coming!" she cried out suddenly and eagerly, lifting up the little arms over which the May grass would soon wave its green tresses. And with these last words on her lips, Mercy went home to "our Father which is in Heaven!" Who shall speak of that brightness on which the eyes of the little blind girl have opened!

Where the trees drop down their fragrant dews to the grand rhythm of that "Glory to God in the Highest," whose notes were struck before the morning stars sang together for joy, crowned and recreated, sits Mercy, the little blind girl!

MAY will be writing her beautiful programme of the summer on the brown sheet of the earth when this shall find you, dear reader. Her green robes will be looped with golden blossoms, her lips shall sing the sweet prophesies of the harvest.

May is the month of the year's resurrection. Let it be this to us—a resurrection unto a new life of truth and earnestness, of strength and beauty—the spiritual programme of that higher life, which shall be filled out and perfected in the kingdom of Heaven.

V. F. T.

THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

How much grandeur, how much moral sublimity, there is in this passage!

We have read it many times—never without mentally thanking Henry Ward Beecher for stirring our heart with it—never without finding new strength for our weakness in every line:—

"This glorious vision, this hope and everlasting surety of the future, how shallow were life without

Digitized by Google

it, and how deep beyond all fathoming with it! The threads that broke in the loom here, shall be taken up there. The veins of gold that penetrate this mighty mountain of Time and Earth, shall then have forsaken the rock and dirt, and shine in a seven-fold purity. All those wrongly estranged, and separated, and all who with great hearts, seeking good for men, do yet fall out, and contend, and all they who bear about hearts of honest purpose, longing to love and to do, but hindered and baulked, and made to carry hidden fire in their souls, that warms no one, but only burns the censer; and all they who are united for mutual discomfort, and all who are separated that should have walked together, and all that inwardly or outwardly live in a dream all their days, longing for the dawn and the waking—to all such how glorious is the dawn of the Resurrection!"

"THE COVENANTER'S MARRIAGE."

The picture before us is one of those historical passages that speak at once to the heart, at least to the hearts of all who are acquainted with the religious history of Scotland.

The merest school-boy can affix a date to this scene. It was during the reign of that weakest of tyrants, and worst of men, James the Second, that such tragic occurrences as these illustrated so forcibly the truth and beauty of our religion, and the depth and strength of the great Scottish heart.

Driven out from their homes, hunted like wild beasts by the hired emissaries of James and Jeffries, the latter one of those monstrous embodiments of all that is blackest and most brutal in human nature, the little company have found shelter in that quiet valley, gathered between the green arms of the hills.

Do you see them? Stern men, with "God and the right" written on their compressed lips, and flashing eyes—mothers, with their babes, and gray hairs of old age in picturesque contrast to the bright locks of early childhood.

How solemn must have been those espousals before the great altar of the everlasting hills! The summer light sweeps down softly upon the hushed group. The sweet face of the young bride is full of sadness, even as her future must be full of self-denial and suffering; it may be of agony and death.

Hark! Suddenly, on the deep silence breaks a wild cry of fear, and a flag is waving from the hill-heights, where one of the company has been stationed to apprise the others of the approach of enemies.

Over the brow of the mountains come the fierce dragoons, their loud oaths, and shouts of triumph carried down by the echoes to that little company, whose only strength must now come of God.

How shall we paint the scene that follows! The sudden flight, the fearful rencounter, the brutal insults of the enraged soldiers, the touching prayers for mercy, and at last the sharp death-cry, as the poor victims of that terrible persecution sanctified and sealed their lives with their blood! Oh, Scotland! what a glorious past consecrates thy mountains and thy heaths. Land of Bruce and of Burns, of Scott and of Campbell—land of Christians, of poets, and of heroes, what sacred blood hath stained thine Ayr, and thy Tweed! what prayers have thy winds carried over thy moors! what hearts have thy mountain-caverns sheltered!

Scotland's past has bequeathed to her present a glorious legacy; and the little children, as they sit around the glowing peat fires by night, listen with stirred hearts, and tear-drenched cheeks to the wrongs, and the woes, through which has descended to them the religion of their fathers. V. F. T.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Be the pursuit what it may, success is mainly the result of an earnest, unwavering devotion to the end in view, and a use of all the means attainable in the accomplishment of that end. This is the history of all successful men, as well the dull and plodding, as those of higher genius. Neither skill in art, nor great intellectual power, comes by intuition. Both have their beginnings, and both grow by small, but steady accretions. No eminence in the world is gained, except by patient toiling and struggling upwards. Young men, never forget this! A passage from the life of Wilkie, the painter, gives one of a thousand varied illustrations:

"It is related by some who were Wilkie's fellow students in Edinburgh, that the more restless of their number, when they saw him musing much, or in a study, often tried to tease, but could never perplex, or put him out, as they said. He received all such interruptions with tranquillity of looks, and though they sometimes put their jokes into a practical form, he never remonstrated nor complained, but was resolved to overcome them by imperturbable good humor, as he seemed determined to conquer them in Art by resolution and study. He was often in those days heard to say, but in an undertone, with Burns—

'Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van
Thou stalk of carle-hemp in man.'

And from this he never swerved nor shrunk. When his fellow-students followed him into his two-pair-of stairs study in Nicholson street, they found all in keeping, they said, with his demeanor in the Academy. The Bible, and The Gentle Shepherd, a sketch or two on the wall, a table, and a few chairs, with a fiddle, whose strings, when he grew tired with drawing, he touched to a favorite air, were the chief articles: neither lay-figures, covered with silk, nor easels of polished mahogany were there; a few brushes, and a few colors, and the palette made by his own hands may be added. The fiddle was to him then, and long after, a useful instrument; its music, he said, not only soothed himself, but put his live models, who sat for his shepherds and husbandmen into the sort of humor which he desired; nay, he often pleased so much, that one of them, an old, rough, mendicant—

'Whose wallets before and behind did hang,'

to whom he had played a welcome air, refused the pence when offered, and strode down the stair, saying, 'Hout! put up your pennies, man; I was e'en as glad o' the spring as you were!' He sometimes, too, in a land were living models of any other part save the head or hand are difficult to obtain for either love or money, made himself into his own model; and with a bared foot, a bared ancle, or a bared knee,

Digitized by Google

would sit at the looking-glass till he confessed that he was almost benumbed by exposure. Nor did he desist when a friend knocked; he would say, 'Come in,' nor move from his posture, but deliberately explain his object, and continue to draw till he had made the sketch."

A CHANGE IN FASHION TO BE COMMENDED.

Late hours have so long been the besetting sin of all who attend balls, parties, &c., in fashionable life, that it is quite encouraging to find an effort made to effect a change. A practise has just been introduced in New York, which is decidedly an effort at reform. It is, to say specifically upon the card of invitation that the pleasure of the guest's company is desired from seven to eleven o'clock, P. M. At ten minutes after eleven the music plays good night, and the hostess takes her place to pay the parting compliments to her visiters. The fashionable hours have been from ten to two, and the reform simply takes three hours from the latter part of the entertainment, and places them in the fore part.

Now, this is bringing a portion of common sense, and some wise regard for health, into fashionable life,—qualities heretofore almost religiously excluded; and we make a note of the encouraging reform with pleasure.

THE TRUE POET is a true philosopher, and often floods our minds with light in a few brief stanzas. Take the following, the source of which we are unable to acknowledge. Whole pages would fail to demonstrate more clearly the value of our home treasures, and our friendships.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

If the stock of our bliss is in strangers' hands vested,
The fund ill-secured, oft in bankruptcy ends,
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,
And around him Arabia's whole fragrance descends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with—wife, children, and friends.

Though valor still glows in his life's dying embers,
The death wounded tar, who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he, dying, remembers
How blest was his home, with—wife, children, and friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow
No warmth from the smiles of—wife, children, and friends.

A FAIR HIT.

The following anecdote, related in a New York paper, recalls that of the famous Parisian shoemaker, who "did not make shoes for people who walked!" A lady went one day into the *atelier* of a fashionable modiste, exclaiming: "Madame, you have made my dress too long." "Too long!" echoed the surprised dress-maker. "Yes. As I passed along Broadway, a lighted cigar end was lying upon the pavement, and see what a hole it has burned in my flounce." "Then madame must have walked," suggested the modiste, in a tone of surprise; "in that case, I am not responsible, of course," and with an air of injured dignity she terminated the audience.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LETTERS FROM THE UNITED STATES, CUBA AND CANADA. By the Hon. AMELIA M. MURRAY. Two volumes in one. New York: *G. P. Putnam & Co.*, 1856.

It is very difficult for a native of England to write a book on America that will give satisfaction to all parties in this country, and Miss Murray is no exception to the rule. Her volume meets with unsparing condemnation from all quarters, and warm approval in none. Of a literary production, it is of no special value. Miss Murray has a kind of mixed development theory, and sees all facts as ministers thereto. This theory makes her an apologist for domestic slavery, as it exists at the South. Referring to this theory, a writer in the N. Y. *Independent* says:

"It is a little difficult to express the exact notions which Miss Murray holds. It should be borne in mind that she is an enthusiast in natural science, that she has picked up some knowledge upon several branches of science, and that she has adopted a grand theory, for which she is searching in all observations, and the confirmation of which she fancies she sees in all the facts and phenomena of nature. Although her theory is that of *progressive development* in the animal kingdom, it is not the theory of the 'Vestiges,' nor of the books. As nearly as we could understand it from her lips, her theory asserts that all matter proceeded from a primary state, the very lowest, by consecutive developments, *the identity of the matter* being preserved to the last. Thus a particle of rock becomes soil, then goes on into a vegetable state, then becomes a low animal, thence, in gradual progression, passes through grades of merely animal existence, at last reaches the lower line of humanity, and becomes a man; and, then, still rising, it passes through the gradations of species from the lowest to the highest, and thence, upward, to whatever is next highest above man. Thus all the animal creation are traveling on, and will by and by become the human population of the globe, in remote ages. And each creation and each being must take the inconveniences and limitations of each stage of being, in the best manner that it can.

"The moss of this age will be the flower of the next, the vine of the next yet, the animal by and by, then the man, and finally the civilized man. The most eminent men of our day were all once mere vegetables. We have all in the mysterious ages of our past existence been dogs, monkeys, savages. The presidents and judges, the statesmen and ortists, need not hold their heads too lofty—they were all grass once, and moss, and mushroom. They have all crawled as worms, flown as insects, raced as quadrupeds, fought as savages.

"Looking upon society in the light of this theory, Miss Murray would say of any section of men—Your case may seem hard to you, but you are journeying on, and in due time will get out of this development into the one next higher; do not fret; you will be better off by and by.

"It may well be conceived that with such a theory of man, his origin and destiny, her notions upon questions of right and wrong of practical humanity,

Digitized by Google

would be somewhat peculiar. And no one should read Miss Murray's opinion in respect to the conditions of society and life, without bearing in mind the stand-point from which she observes and reasons."

INDIA; OR, THE PEARL OF PEARL RIVER. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philada.: *T. B. Peterson.*

This is a highly wrought and very interesting story. The principal scenes are laid in the South, where the oriental temperament and imagination of the gifted authoress can best luxuriate. The whole work is intense and dramatic, and will not fail to fascinate its readers. The hero is a man of high aims and noble sentiments, and his heroic sacrifices for the *Right*, greatly win our esteem:

Still we cannot express our unqualified approbation of the moral tone of the book. There are some sentences we would like to see expunged, and a deeper, more earnest, and less extravagant tone of speech and action would, it seems to us, give the work a healthier influence.

The heroine, too, is perhaps the least *natural* character in the book—at any rate, we cannot sympathise with such tropical embodiments of impulse and passion. Unlike these should be the wives and mothers and daughters of our land, and though the after-life of "India" somewhat atones for the great sins of her youth, we wish that, as the heroine of the story, she had been a purer and higher ideal of woman.

Rosalie is this,—a little overdrawn, perhaps, but still a noble and sweet incarnation of her sex. And we have alluded reluctantly to the character of her rival. But we must conscientiously deprecate anything which perverts the tastes or judgments of the young, by *idealising abnormal lives and characters*, and authors, in this respect, have a terrible responsibility.

But the gorgeous imagination and beautiful thoughts of Mrs. Southworth flash along every page of this volume, while pure and noble sentiments are interwoven with the whole work.

BEAUCHAMP. By W. GILMORE SIMMS. New York: *Redfield.*

We have in this volume the tragic sequel to Charlmont. The story is based on certain well-known events in the domestic history of Kentucky, which, in the hands of the novelist, have acquired new power to excite the feelings, as well as a heightened pathos. Of the author and the present work a critic, fully competent to speak, says:—The spirit in which Simms writes is thoroughly American. His characters, whether of the Revolutionary period, or as representatives of a later era, are indigenous to the soil, with the dark vices and the strong virtues of the border race from which they sprang. Drawing-room inanities have no place in the romances of Simms. He delights to depict manhood in its rough vigor, and womanhood as it is to be found in settlements scantily populated. The present volume impresses the reader from its commencement with a solemn awe, from the actions of its personages being visibly governed and controlled by the influence of an inevitable destiny. No one can sit down to read it without being constrained to follow the course of events to their melancholy close.

LIFE IN BRAZIL; or a Journal of a Visit to the Land of the Cocoa and the Palm. With an Appendix containing Illustrations of Ancient South American Arts, in recently discovered Implements of Domestic Industry and works in Stone, Pottery, Gold, Silver, Bronze, &c. By THOS. EWBANK. With over 100 Illustrations. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1856.

A very curious volume from the pen of ex-Commissioner Ewbanks, who has confined his narrative principally to the manners, customs, arts, &c., of a people less known to us than their geographical position and importance as a nation deserve. The author refrains from touching upon matters of governmental policy in Brazil, and is equally chary of imparting statistical information. His design has evidently been to write a popular book, and in this respect he has succeeded admirably. The forms and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, as modified by locality and in their adaptation to the mixed population of Brazil, have never been delineated with more exactness and picturesque force than in this pleasant journal. By the aid of numerous illustrations, the reader has brought distinctly before his mind a great variety of singular facts and customs that strike with surprise or interest from their novelty.

FOREST TRAGEDY, AND OTHER TALES. By GRACE GREENWOOD. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

Grace Greenwood's name on the title page is a sure prophesy of the fascinating interest of the book before us. The principal story is a tale of Indian life, which can hardly fail, from its intrinsic merit and national associations, to absorb the reader.

Onata is a charming mixture of the child and the woman; embodying the sweetness and trustfulness of the one, with the endurance and the heroism of the other.

The sweet, mournful story of her life and death, is told with all the beauty, oriental richness, and poetry which are the prominent characteristics of Grace Greenwood's writings. The heroine is one of those true characters which enlists our admiration at once. Altogether it is a *delightful* story.

A few short tales, vitalised by the same genius, complete the book. We do wish, though, that Mr. Ellsworth could have been a true type of his profession. It is painful to believe there are any ministers with no holier aim and life than were his.

THE BUSH BOYS; or, The History and Adventures of a Cape Farmer and his Family in the Wild Karoos of Southern Africa. By Capt. MAYNE REID. With 12 Illustrations. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

Capt. Reid, besides being one among the most fertile writers of the day, is certainly one of the most fascinating to young readers. He has a remarkable faculty of portraying thrilling and dangerous positions, and is quite as remarkable for getting his heroes out of their peril, when to all human conception succor is hopeless. Robinson Crusoe grows tame beside his narratives, though the former must bear off the palm for stricter adherence to probabilities.

The "Bush Boys" is full of spirit, and like its predecessor, blends with exciting adventures, graphic sketches of scenery, manners and customs, and the habits and peculiarities of the animals of South Africa.

PARISIAN LIGHTS AND FRENCH PRINCIPLES. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. Second series. New York: *Harper & Bros.*, 1856.

Paris is here pictured to the eye and thought with a distinctness that admits of no opportunity to make a false estimate of life in the French metropolis. Far superior in point of talent to Grant's Great Metropolis, the American writer has yet travelled over similar ground, and recorded, with even greater fidelity to truthfulness, the result of his observations. The sensuous life of the gay and unreflective Parisians has found in Mr. Jarves an able exponent.—Nothing escapes the keenness of his vision, or is beyond the limit of his range, and if the conclusions to which we come impress us but the more deeply in favor of the soberer blessings we ourselves enjoy, they are but the legitimate deductions derivable from these revelations.

Digitized by Google

WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Vol. IV. New York: *Redfield.* 1856.

This volume completes the series of Mr. Poe's works. It contains the longest of his fictitious stories, "Arthur Gordon Pym," written at an early period of his literary career, and with the design of showing how far a narrative of mere fancied events might be made so to assume the air of truth as to deceive even the naturally incredulous. In this particular kind of writing Mr. Poe took great delight; and his abilities therefor were remarkable, though not equal to those of Mr. Locke, author of the celebrated "Moon Story." Poe was a rare literary artist. His creations stand out chiselled to the eye with an exquisite symmetry and harmony of parts; but, alas! they are only statues. No loving soul burns within. In our libraries his works will be classed among the curiosities of American literature.

PRINCIPAL POINTS OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE OLD AND NEW CHRISTIAN CHURCHES. By Mrs. LOUISA W. TURNER. Third edition. Revised and enlarged. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*

This is a new edition of a little work that appeared originally in 1846, and was, not long after, printed in London. It gives a clear statement and summing up of the principal points of difference between the New Church, (Swedenborgian,) and the First Christian Church, now represented by the various sects of Christendom.

The book has had a pretty wide circulation, and attracted considerable attention. Mrs. Turner handles her subject with the skill of a writer whose mind has thoroughly mastered its theme, and with the calmness of one whose reason is thoroughly convinced. All who are interested in the subject discussed, will find a large amount of food for thought in this little volume.

MEMOIRS OF CUMBERLAND. By H. FLANDERS. Philadelphia: *Parry & McMillan.*

The memoirs proper are by Cumberland himself. They are interspersed with anecdotes and characters of several of the most distinguished personages of his time, with illustrative notes. "The career of Cumberland in Spain is a curious episode in his life; and, in connection with Jay's mission to that country, of especial interest to the student of American history. The value and interest of the volume is enhanced by the division of the narrative into chapters, and the addition of explanatory notes to the text."

FIVE HUNDRED MISTAKES OF DAILY OCCURRENCE in Speaking, Pronouncing, and Writing the English Language, Corrected. New York: *Daniel Burgess & Co.*

There are few who will not find in this little manual hints for improvement in their manner of using the English language, whether in speaking or writing. Young people, as well as those who have attained mature age, may consult its pages with benefit. We particularly recommend it as a book for home consultation.

WOLFSDEN: An Authentic Account of Things There and Thereunto Pertaining, as they are and have been. By J. B. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Company.*

A lively, interesting, and rather humorous book, though we believe some of the author's religious tenets are a little peculiar. There seems to be a love for the pure and the beautiful, throughout the work, which contains many fine descriptions and life-like pictures. If it is the author's first effort, it is a highly creditable one.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Literally Translated, with Explanatory Notes. By THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

Another volume of Harper's Classical Library. "It is admirably adapted to meet the wants of students and scholars generally, and offers to the curious in such examinations an easy method of comparing the various poetical paraphrases of the Iliad with the vigorous picturesqueness of the original."

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE; Or, Young Humphrey Davy. By HENRY MAYHEW. New York: *Harper & Bro's.*

Under this attractive title, we have a charming book for youth, in which the mysteries of Water, Heat, Light, Electricity, and kindred matters of Natural Philosophy, are elucidated in a particularly alluring style.

The Old Dominion, or the Southampton Massacre, is the title of a new novel from the pen of G. P. R. James, just published by Harper & Brothers, New York. The story is charmingly told.

"MIMIC LIFE"—A CORRECTION.

The following notice of "Mimic Life,"—Mrs. Ritchie's latest work,—we copy from the editorial columns of the Boston Transcript. It makes known a touching incident, and will relieve many readers of a misapprehension as to the identity of Stella, so beautifully connected with one of the sketches of the book:—

"How much soever the adjective which makes the title of this work may be appropriate to the character of the narratives embodied in the volume, there is certainly nothing 'mimic' in the pathos with which each story is imbued. Here every touch is genuine—the stamp of truth seems affixed to every page. The heart kindles with a fresh warmth at each pathetic incident, and the tear comes spontaneously into the eye.

"Although the work before us may not excite the same kind of interest as the 'Autobiography' of Mrs. Mowatt, which every one read because of a deep regard for the woman as well as the actress, it will doubtless gain the good will of another class of readers. The young will find in it a succession of tales, bewitching as any work of pure fiction, drawn, as the author tells us, 'out of the many-colored webs of life'—a life not familiar to the many, however,—and which these fresh and graphic stories depict with peculiar intensity. Their *morale* is self-evident. In all her life, the author's aims, whether individual or general, have been high and lofty ones. We could not expect from her pen anything that would not 'point a moral' as well as 'adorn a tale.'

"Some critics, writing of this new work, have tried to make out that the authoress has portrayed herself in 'Stella,' presuming to add that the terrible close of her career was unnatural. We have it from the very best authority, that 'Stella' was the younger sister of a well-known tragedian, a valued friend of Mrs. Mowatt. She made her appearance upon the stage one year after the latter; and, in spite of her brother's opposition, she played six or seven nights—became insane through the effects of excitement, and died of brain fever, after a few days' illness.

"Some of the less marked incidents introduced into her career appeared in the life of Mrs. M., and of course are given to perfect a story which would otherwise have been incomplete in the pages of a narrative publication. This proper correction we have thought due to the author, and we doubt not that the facts as they are will be read with added interest from this brief statement. There is much to entertain in these scenes of 'Mimic Life,' and more that should make one ponder over the checkered scenes of a career which, more than any other, is 'a mingled yarn, good and ill together.'"

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google



THE PICNIC.

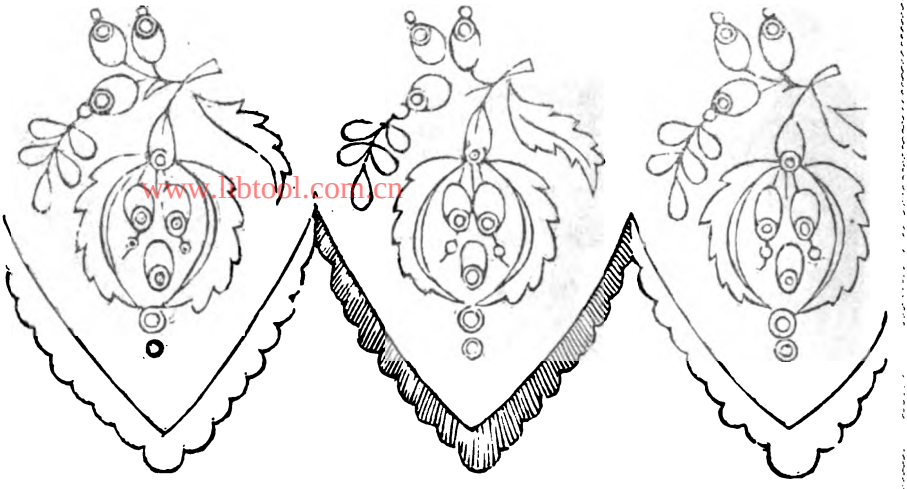
Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

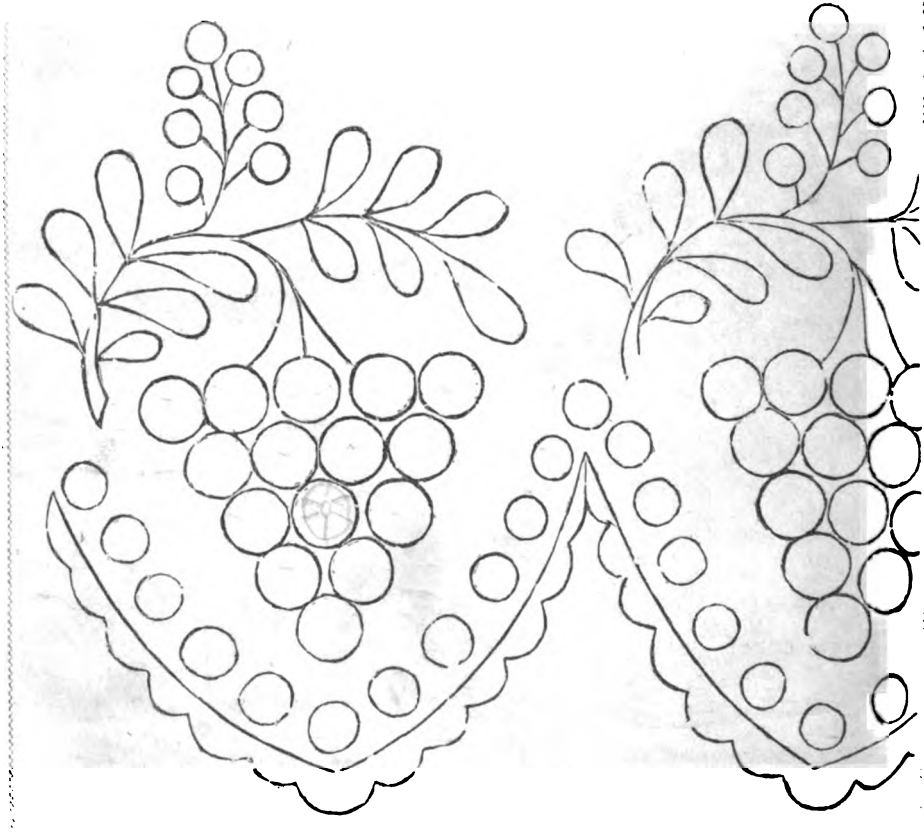


FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Digitized by Google



FLOUNCING FOR SLEEVES.



DESIGN FOR SKIRT.

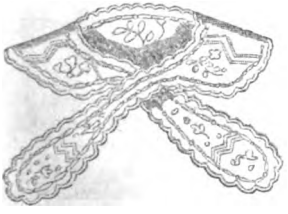
www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

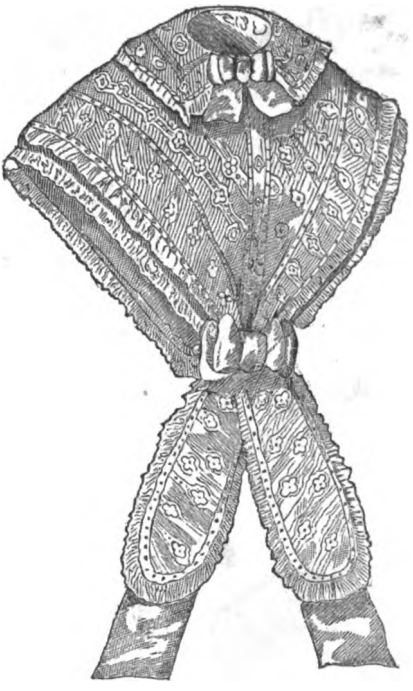


CANZOU OF EMBROIDERED MUSLIN with Valenciennes insertion, and bow of ribbon.

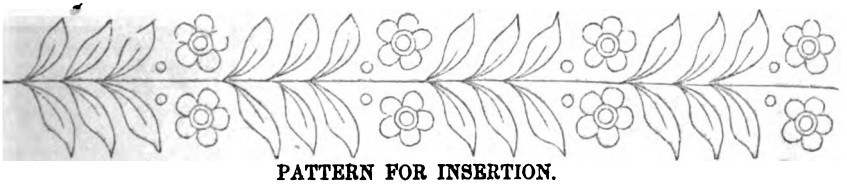
www.libtool.com.cn



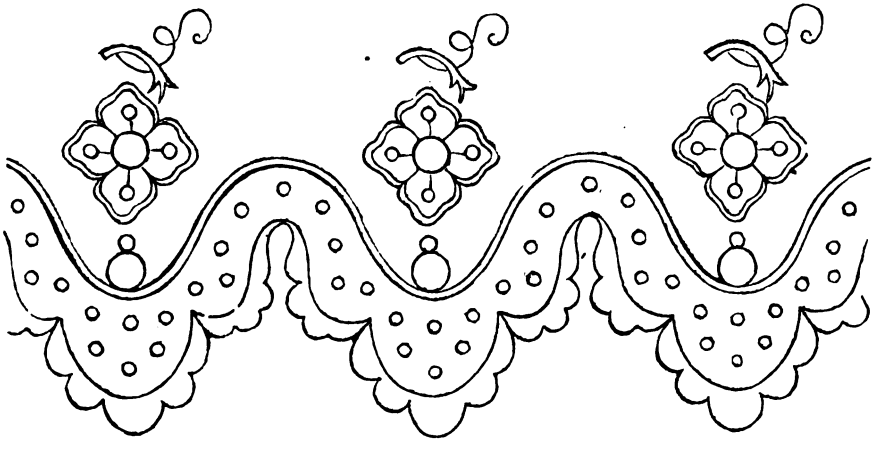
MORNING COLLAR.



FICHU OF EMBROIDERED NET, or muslin, to be worn with a low dress, and short sleeves.

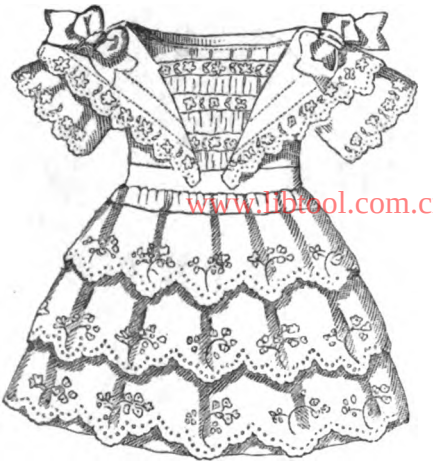


PATTERN FOR INSERTION.



DESIGN FOR UNDERSKIRT.

Digitized by Google



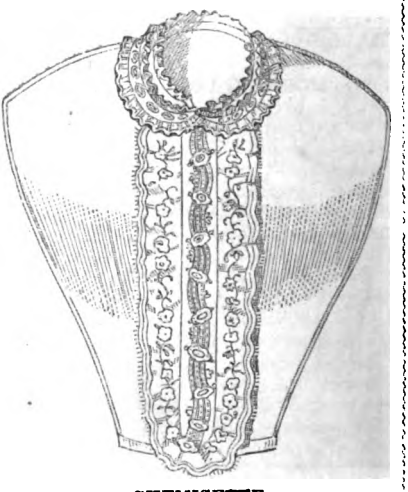
www.libtool.com.cn



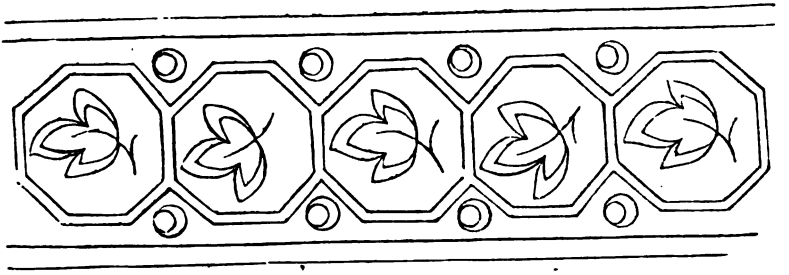
CHILD'S DRESS—FRONT AND BACK VIEW.



ANNE OF AUSTRIA COLLAR.



CHEMISETTE.



PATTERN FOR INSERTION.

Digitized by Google

ARTHUR'S
Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1856.

www.libtool.com.cn

LONELY MARGY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"How stupid!" said Mrs. Grayson, looking sharply up from her sewing. "I knew that you could never be made to learn anything, when you came."

The little girl to whom these words were addressed, and who stood at a side-table, preparing vegetables for dinner, started and looked round, a quick, crimson flush breaking through the brown hue, which exposure to sun and wind had spread over her cheeks.

"Take care! you are slopping the water over now, as well as littering the table."

"I'm very sorry, Aunt Sally," said the child. As she spoke, her lips were tremulous, and tears sprang to her eyes.

"What good does it do to say you're sorry, unless you try to mend? You've been here five weeks to-day, and are just as awkward and careless now, as you were the first minute you came."

"I will try to do better, but I was thinking of—I was thinking——" Here little Margy broke down. She dropped the vegetables she held in her hand, and covered her face with her apron. She could not say that she was thinking of her mother, as she last saw her, with her wax-like hands, crossed over her peaceful breast, and with that "rapture of repose" on her sweet, pale face, which none but the last deep sleep can give.

"You were thinking about running round in the woods and fields, I suppose," said her aunt. "For my part, I've no patience with a child who will spend hours at a time, hunting after a few worthless flowers, when she knows that there is always plenty of work for her to do, and who knows, too, if I hadn't taken pity on her would have had to go on to the town."

Margy choked down her emotion as well as she could, assisted in her endeavor by realizing what before now had presented itself to her mind, though more vaguely. She felt now, that she and her aunt had no feelings in common, and that consequently, she could not expect from her either sympathy or indulgence. She had told her a truth, a very hard one, it was true, and such as she knew her mother's lips could never have uttered to a friendless child, when she said if it had not been for her, she must have gone on the town. Her heart had been so full of its sad and bitter memories, that this had never appeared to her before the cold, stern reality it was. It now gave birth to a new and earnest purpose. She would not be a burden to her aunt beyond what was necessary. She would work diligently and well—would give all her thoughts and energies to the tasks she was required to perform.

All this passed through her mind, while her face was still buried in the folds of her apron. When at last she looked up, the little thin, brown face looked very calm and quiet, and there was a light in the large, hazel eyes, which had never been there before. It was a serene, unwavering light, with none of the quick flashes, or soft, golden gleamings, which break up from the heart, and are the light and the sunshine of those sweet fancies, and warm, confiding affections, which are the spring blossoms of life.

"I will try and do better for the future," said she. "I will fix my thoughts on my work."

"It is easier saying than doing. I shouldn't be afraid to warrant that the very next thing I ask you to do, your thoughts, right in the midst of it, will go off a wool-gathering."

This want of faith in her, only gave force and energy to Margy's newly formed resolution, and instead of going every afternoon, as heretofore, to seek out some flowery nook, or pleasant corner, she sat, hour after hour, and sewed long seams, or worked chair-cushions in flowers of her aunt's designing, which had few leaves, and marvellously long and crooked stems. Her thoughts, however, were not so easily kept from wandering as she had imagined. They would go forth, where she knew the hill-side was flushed with violets, and where the moss was

Digitized by Google

soft and green, at the roots of the great oak. And then they would glance in at the woods, where the tall pines, as she knew, like so many wind-harps, were weaving solemn and mysterious harmonies, and to the flower-margined brook, which after wandering in and out among the trees, dashed with a sudden bound over a rocky barrier, into the free air and sparkling sunshine. Yet, by so schooling her fingers that they waited not on her thoughts, she was sure, all in good time, to find the end of the seams, long as they were; nor did she ever lose her patience, in tracing, stitch by stitch, the almost interminable stems, which wound among the few meagre, nondescript flowers. The mornings were devoted to severer toil, and though the prying eyes of her aunt watched her narrowly, it was not often that she found occasion to complain.

It was early June, and the boughs of an old apple tree near the house, were covered with a cloud of white and rosy blooms, which almost concealed the fresh, green leaves. Margy felt so weary at the thought of sitting all the long, summer afternoon in the square room, with its bare, whitewashed walls, and hard looking floor, and the stiff, heavy chairs, which could not have been placed with greater exactitude against the wainscot, had they been arranged by plummet and line, that she ventured to ask, if she might take her sewing, and sit in the shade of the old tree.

"What tree?" enquired her aunt sharply.

"The old apple tree, at the west side of the house."

"Yes, if you won't idle away your time in gazing round, for remember you've got to hem that cap-border this afternoon, besides finishing the table cloth you are doing."

Margy promised that they should be done, and her aunt—a thing which she did not often do—went to a neighbor's to spend the afternoon. Margy's pulses gave a joyous throb, as she took a seat on a rock beneath the spreading branches of the tree, and saw her aunt turn away from the house. She hardly dared look towards the breezy hills and the waving woods, lest they should tempt her to leave the shade of the old apple tree, and to go and dream away the afternoon in some of her favorite haunts. She *did* forget herself so far, as for a few minutes to let her work lie idly in her lap. The air, which came drifting towards her, was so cool and so fragrant, and the sunshine which stole through the bloom-laden boughs, wove a network so golden over the fresh, green grass, she could not remember that she had no time to dream. She was just coming to herself, when a voice close at her side, said "Margy." She started a little, and looking round, saw Richard Walbridge, a boy of fifteen.

"Why Richard," said she, "where did you come from?"

"From home."

"I thought you had to work every afternoon."

"So I do, almost always. Mr. Brown gave me my stent for a week; so by rising every morning, very early, I gained a day for myself."

"Have you had the whole day?"

"Yes, and I saw your aunt going down the road, so I've come on purpose to show you what I've been doing, whenever I could get a few spare minutes."

As he said this, the boy's eyes brightened, and a deep flush crossed his brow. He stepped back a little, and taking something which leaned against the tree, brought it forward. He turned it towards her, with a hand trembling with agitation.

"Why it is a picture—my portrait!" she exclaimed. "How came you by it, Richard?"

"I painted it. Don't you know what I told you?"

"Are you in earnest? Do you really mean as you say?"

"Certainly. I began it a long time ago, but never could get time to finish it, till to-day.—See, that rose you hold in your hand, and those golden lights among the curls that shade your forehead, are not yet dry."

Margy gazed on the portrait with a feeling of strange enthusiasm. To her, it was a wonder of art; and so indeed it was, for the toil-hardened hand, and the untaught pencil of a poor apprentice boy to achieve.

After looking at it some time, tears gathered in Margy's eyes.

"It is so strange," said she.

"What is strange, Margy?"

"That you should think of painting my portrait, when Melissa Brown's would have made a picture so much prettier."

"Prettier!"

There was a slight expression of scorn on the boy's handsome lips, and in the way he modulated his voice, still more, as he pronounced this single word.

"She *is* handsomer than I am," said Margy. "I've thought a hundred times, that I would give anything, if I only had such beautiful red cheeks and blue eyes, for then, Aunt Sally wouldn't think I was such a fright."

"What are blue eyes, if they have no more meaning in them than Mary Palmer's doll's eyes? But does your aunt call you a fright?"

"Not often now, though she used to."

"Never mind, Margy, when I get to be a great painter, such as I've read about, she will no longer have the privilege of keeping you shut up, like a bird in a cage, and working the life out of you."

"You mean to be a great painter then?"

"Yes, if I live. But it will be so long first. Do you know, Margy, that I'm a bound boy?"

"I know that you are Mr. Brown's apprentice. Is that being bound?"

"Yes, but I'm going to try to earn enough to buy my time. Mr. Brown isn't a hard master, nor an unreasonable man, and will, I think, consent to part with me."

"How I wish I had some money to give you."

At this moment Margy noticed that her work was lying at her side on the grass. At sight of the portrait, it had slipped from her lap, and

Digitized by Google

till this moment, she had never once thought of it. She caught it up with a look of alarm."

"What will Aunt Sally say," said she, "if she finds I haven't finished it, when she comes home? She'll never let me come and sit under the apple tree again, as long as I live."

"And it will be my fault," said Richard.—"Well, Margy, if we both live," and the boy's countenance assumed a look of firmness and decision, "you shall be as free as that golden robin overhead, that looks so beautifully among the apple-blooms. But it will be a long, long time first, and you, while I'm away in Italy, looking at those glorious pictures I've seen described, and trying to find out the way they are done, will be here —— There, I won't say what I was going to, though I *will* say that it is a sin and a shame for you to be tied down to work every minute, and not even allowed to go to school. And now, because you've spent a few minutes to look at this picture, you'll be punished."

"Don't think anything more about it, Richard. I rather think I can finish my sewing if I make my fingers fly very fast."

"Well, good-by, and——"

"Stop one minute. You said somcthing about going to Italy. Do you really think you shall go?"

"Yes, some day I shall. It may be soon. Who knows?"

"How long do you mean to stay?"

"Till I'm a great painter."

Margy looked at the portrait which Richard had placed in a good light, so that it showed to much advantage, and thought to herself, that there was no great danger, of his being obliged to stay away long, in order to become one of the greatest painters that ever lived.

"I'm going to paint another picture," said Richard, when he, at last, turned to go away, "and when it is finished, if I can see you sitting here under the apple tree, I'll come and show it to you."

Little did the enthusiastic boy imagine, how many hours of toil, stolen from time which should be devoted to rest, it would require to earn even the comparatively small sum which Mr. Brown, who was a cabinet maker, said would make him whole for the loss of the five years' services, which according to the indentures were his due. He soon began to realize it, however, yet never once did he look back, or falter in his purpose.

The picture he told Margy he was going to paint, was a home-scene, such as all could understand. The summer was almost gone before it was finished, and though there were many and obvious defects, both in the drawing and coloring, they were not such as to over-shadow its beauties. When it was finished, he hung it up in the work-shop. The very next day, a gentleman by the name of Lyle, called to engage some article of furniture. The picture, at once, attracted his attention.

"Rather a rough place for so fine a picture," said he, addressing Mr. Brown. "Are you the owner of it?"

"No, one of my 'prentice boys claims it, I suppose, as he painted it."

"One of your 'prentice boys painted it? which one?"

"Richard Walbridge."

"Well, I always thought Richard had something more about him than the common run of boys, though I certainly didn't imagine that he was equal to painting a picture like this. If you please, I should like to speak a few words with him."

Richard, who was at work in the back part of the shop, was called forward. Mr. Lyle so managed as to draw from him a full disclosure of his hopes and aspirations, and when he took leave, he requested him to call at his house, that evening, at seven o'clock. Richard, as may be imagined, did not fail to be punctual to the hour.

"And so you mean to go to Italy?" said Mr. Lyle.

"Yes, sir, as soon as I can earn enough to pay Mr. Brown for my time."

"I have had it in contemplation to visit Italy and other places in Europe, myself. How should you like to go with me?"

"O, sir, that would be so much better than I ever could have thought of."

"Then you shall go with me. That is settled, and to tell the truth you are too young to go alone."

"I know it, sir, but I've no relations who take any interest in me, and that has taught me to depend on myself."

"You can be ready by the first of September, I suppose?"

Richard commenced answering, then hesitated, and finally stopt.

"You are thinking that you can't get Mr. Brown's leave to go as soon as that."

"Yes, sir. I have, as yet, earnt but very little towards what it will take to pay him."

"Well, I will undertake to satisfy Mr. Brown, and in return, you may give me the picture I saw hanging in the shop, as I see you don't wish to incur an obligation."

Richard's handsome face was, for a moment, illumined with that beautiful light which wells up from a grateful heart. The next, a dubious expression overshadowed it.

"The picture cannot be worth anything, sir," said he.

"In that, you're mistaken. Even, as a work of art, it has value, though it is chiefly for other reasons that I wish to possess it."

"Some day, I hope to paint you a good picture," said Richard.

"If we both live, I doubt not, but that your hope will be realized," was Mr. Lyle's reply.

Three weeks later, Richard and Margy stood under the old apple tree, its boughs no longer flushed with rosy buds and blooms, but glowing with ruddy fruit. The slant beams, shed from the sun's broad disc, as it dipped behind the hills, lit up its mossy trunk with a dusky gold, at the same time brightening the crimson, which broke through the olive of the boy's cheek, as he spoke to Margy of the bright pros-

Digitized by Google

pect opening before him, with an enthusiasm which made her own pulses thrill with emotion, half sweet, half mournful. She would have told him, had she known what words would have expressed what she felt, how that he looked to her as if he were inspired, and that it would hardly seem strange to her, to see him lightly bounding forward, along what seemed in the distance, a pathway paved with gold, leading to those gorgeous cloud-palaces in the western sky.

Yet if Margy had no language, whereby to give utterance to these and other half-formed thoughts, which like so many unfolded flower-buds, lay garnered in her heart, the kind of dreamy sense of beauty with which they filled her mind, was none the less sweet. They spoke to each other in whispers: not from any fear of being overheard, but because of the deep hush which had fallen on all around, and which, somehow, they did not care to break.

"Margy! Margy!" suddenly came from one of the windows of the old brown farm-house, in a loud, shrill voice.

She started, then gave a quick bound forward, towards the house.

"Good-by, Margy," said Richard.

She turned at these words, and went back a little.

"I shall be gone to-morrow morning before sunrise," said he.

"And I shan't see you again."

"No, not for five years; but you won't forget me."

"No, never. How can I?"

"Whatever may happen, you will keep the portrait I painted for you. It will do to remember me by, and then when I return, I will paint such a beautiful one."

"Yes, I will keep it always, as long as I live, because you painted it. If I only had something to give you."

"You have something—that which I should like better than anything in the world."

As he spoke, he took a pair of scissors, which were lying on the gray rock, where Margy had been sitting with her work.

"Give me one of your curls Margy," said he.

She did not speak, but bent down her head. She smiled, when he held up the long, shining tress, of a dark, bright chestnut, with a tinge of gold. That *was* beautiful. She felt that it was, however sensible she was to the defects of the pale, meagre face, which, a moment before, it had shaded. Again the voice of her aunt, louder and shriller than before, was heard calling her. There was a hurried good-by—smiles which were quenched with tears, and the children had parted.

Margy ran quickly and noiselessly into the house, and attempted to slip away unobserved into a corner of the large kitchen, where the dusky shadows which had stolen in before her, would veil her tear-stained face. The attempt was a vain one. She could not escape the ever-vigilant eye of her aunt, who ordered her to light a candle and take her sewing.

"Well," said she, after Margy had obeyed, "is Dick Walbridge going off to-morrow?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And that's what you're whimpering about, I suppose."

Margy remained silent.

"For my part, I can't be thankful enough, that he's going to leave the place. He's shown himself to be a good-for-nothing idle boy, and mark my words, if ever he comes back, he'll be nothing more nor less, than a worthless vagabond. If he hadn't been naturally mean, he would never left Mr. Brown, where he was sure of getting a good trade, by which he would, at least, have earnt a living."

By the time her aunt had done speaking, Margy had dried her tears.

"Richard," said she, "is going to be a rich man—he told me he was, and what he said would be a thousand times better, a great painter."

As Margy said this, her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed with an enthusiasm which showed that she had perfect faith in what he had said.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Grayson, "that he calls that picture, I saw hanging up in Mr. Brown's shop, something great, but he couldn't make me, nor anybody else, that knows anything, believe that the trunk of a great oak tree shouldn't be bigger than the child's arm, that sits before the house, playing with a parcel of flowers."

"The reason he made the tree so small, was because he wanted to have it look as if it was a good way off."

"That don't alter the size of a tree, you little simpleton, and so you better not show your ill manners, by attempting to argue the case with one so much older than yourself."

Margy was, at once, silenced, and her aunt, satisfied that her assertion was unanswerable, gave her head a contemptuous toss, saying at the same time! "What fools children are, and as to that, some grown people I know of might be included, without doing them much injustice."

One day, many months after Richard's departure, (Margy would have thought them years, if she had counted time as it appeared to her, instead of reckoning it by the almanac,) a stranger knocked at the door. Margy saw him as he passed the window, and his sailor's dress made her heart give a sudden bound. Though she was at the door by the time he had ceased knocking, before she could fairly open it, her aunt was there too.

"Is your name Margy Sargent?" said the man.

"Yes, sir," was Margy's reply.

"Then here's a letter for you. It is from Richard Walbridge, and he made me promise that I would give it to you, and nobody else."

Margy took the letter with a hand trembling with joyful excitement. The man lingered a minute on the door-step. Perhaps, as he had walked a long distance, he would have liked to enter the house, and rest a short time. If he did entertain such a wish, he was disappointed, for no invitation was given him. Margy did not dare to invite him, and his presence was not desired by her aunt. The moment he was gone,

Digitized by Google

Margy turned to go to her little bed-room, for she could not think of reading a missive so precious, with her aunt's cold and searching eye fixed upon her.

"Stop!" said her aunt. "You may give me that letter before you go."

"Why it's mine—my name is on it," said Margy, raising her eyes to her aunt's face, with a look of surprise.

"You needn't stop to argue—give it to me."

"Mayn't I read it first?" said Margy, with quivering lips and eyes filled with tears.

"There's enough said—give the letter to me," and this time, to give her words greater force and energy, she brought her foot down on to the floor, in a very emphatic manner.

She had never seen her aunt so angry, and if she had held a cup of poison to her lips, and commanded her to drink it, she would have obeyed. She gave her the letter, and hastened from her presence, for she could not suppress the rising sobs, which almost choked her. She had many times been disappointed, but never so cruelly as now. Even the bare incident of having a letter sent her, was an epoch in her cheerless and monotonous life, for this was the first she had ever received; and now to think of not being allowed to read a single line of it, after having counted the days and the weeks, and the months, which Richard had told her must intervene, before it could reach her.

After the first keen sense of sorrow and disappointment, which had nearly overwhelmed her, had a little passed away, a bitter feeling of anger against her aunt rose up in her bosom, which increased as she recalled to mind how she had thwarted her in everything which held out the promise of amusement or pleasure.—She had thrown herself upon the bed, and her face was buried in the bed-clothes. All at once a soft, sweet voice, seemed whispering in her ear. It might have been the murmurs of the wind among the spring foliage of some maples near by, floating in at the open window. To her, it was her mother's voice, such as it used to sound when she taught her her evening prayer. At first, there were no articulate words, but as the soothing influence of the voice sunk more deeply into her heart, it seemed to murmur, "Forgive our sins, as we forgive those who trespass against us." She held her breath and listened. The words seemed to be repeated, though in faint, receding tones, a few of the last being lost in a gush of bird-melody. She was worn and weary with the bitter heart-struggle she had undergone, and a gentle sleep stole over her, while the words which had seemed breathed close to her ear, were still on her lips.

Her aunt crept into the room while she slept, though so softly Margy did not know it. She saw the undried tears on the motherless child's cheeks, and her heart smote her. In a less gentle mood she would have waked her, with the thought that her time was too precious to be thus wasted. Now she let her sleep on.—When Margy woke the long cool shadows were lying on the grass. Her first thought was that her aunt would chide her for sleeping away so much time, and the feeling of bitterness, which for a few moments she had indulged against her, returned. She wrestled against it, and the words which she was repeating when she fell asleep, came to her aid, so that except the grieved look, which almost constant chiding had rendered habitual, there was nothing in her appearance to distinguish her from those happy children, who have hearts as well as homes to dwell in. She had left her little bed-room, and was sitting by a window sewing very diligently, when her aunt came near where she sat, and threw the letter into her lap. "May I read it, aunt?" said she, snatching it up, while a sudden gush of sunshine spread over her face.

"Yes, if you've a mind to. There's nothing in it of any consequence, one way or the other."

Nothing in it of consequence! To Margy there was a whole world of comfort and hope. The promise of success, he told her, was already his. After copying one or two of the smaller pictures, which were the productions of the best masters, he had painted an original one, which had exceeded Mr. Lyle's expectations, and even his own, though they had been, as he confessed, rather sanguine. Then followed some allusions to home scenes, in which Margy had been a sharer, as well as a glance at the future, all of which was expressed in such a simple and beautiful way, as to soothe her perturbed spirits, and fill her mind with bright and pleasant images. Margy found an opportunity to send an answer to Richard's letter, and from that time, whenever he wrote to her, the letters were enclosed in Mr. Lyle's, written to his business agent, and they were always sure to find their way to her for whom they were intended.

* * * * * * *

"Margy!"

The young girl was standing under the old apple tree, and the name was pronounced by some one close by her side, the same as it was six years previously in the same place, when Richard Walbridge came to show her her portrait. But the voice was not the same. It was of a deeper and richer melody, and yet there were certain inflections by which she knew it before she turned and saw him, who, at the moment he spoke, was in her thoughts.

"Should you have known me, Margy, if you hadn't been expecting me?"

"Yes, if I had seen you among ten thousand. But you wouldn't have recognised me. Everybody says I am much altered."

"So you are, for the better, though. I should have known you by your eyes, if there were nothing else to remind me of your old looks. I could no more mistake the way they used at times to illumine your whole countenance, than the beautiful star we used to watch when we were children, and which, as our vessel neared these western shores, I watched every evening, thinking that you, perhaps, were watching it too!"

They sat together a long time on the gray rock under the old apple tree, and Richard after telling her how successful he had been in acquiring a knowledge of his favorite art, inform-

Digitized by Google

ed her that his name was no longer Walbridge, it having been altered to Lyle, by request of his benefactor, who had adopted him as his son.

"I wonder if aunt Sally will recognise you, now that you are called by a different name," said Margy, when they at last rose to go to the house.

Mrs. Grayson's memory proved not so faithful as Margy's, for when Richard was introduced to her as Mr. Lyle, the son of her former neighbor, she evidently regarded him as a perfect stranger.

"I was never much acquainted with Mr. Lyle," she said. "He was a widower, I knew, but I never heard that he had a son. He's been travelling about in foreign parts this long while, and I should think that it was about time for him to come home."

"He has already come as far as New York, and expects to be here in a few days."

"Do tell me if he does. Well, I wonder what has become of that boy he took with him. His name was Walbridge—used to be one of Mr. Brown's 'prentice-boys. 'Twas always a mystery to me what he could see in the boy to make him take such a liking to him. For my part, I always thought that he would turn out to be a mean, worthless fellow, and I think so still.—Like enough you've heard of him."

"I have."

"And where is he now? Roving about like a vagabond on the face of the earth though, I suppose."

"He has, like my father, done roving about, for the present. They returned together."

"And has he got to be the great painter he expected he should?"

"He can paint indifferently well, I believe—at least, it is so said."

"And will Mr. Lyle go on helping him, or will he let him shift for himself?"

"He means to help him, I suppose, or he wouldn't have adopted him as his son."

"You don't say that Mr. Lyle has adopted Dick Walbridge for his son."

"There can be no doubt of it. He has, at any rate, given me his name, and treats me the same as if I were really his son."

"Given you his name?"

"Yes, madam."

"And are you the Richard Walbridge that used to live at Mr. Brown's?"

"I am."

"Well, all I have to say is, that for once in my life, I was mistaken."

"There is no one whose judgment, at all times, proves to be infallible."

"It isn't often that *I'm* mistaken. And now Mr. Lyle, if you are willing, we'll let by-gones be by-gones."

"I am perfectly willing that they should be," he replied smiling.

"And if you'll stop and take tea with us, I should be glad to have you, and I suppose there's no doubt but that Margy will."

He very willingly accepted the invitation, and delighted Mrs. Grayson with an account of his adventures in foreign lands. Now that she knew he was the acknowledged heir of the wealthy Mr. Lyle, it was surprising how differently he appeared to her. She now beheld him through a golden medium, and it was quite apparent that she did not lack the power to appreciate the extrinsic advantages of wealth and station, if from a want of the culture of the affections, she had not the delicacy of feeling to recognize their beauty and power in the hearts of others.

Margy, too, viewed in the reflected splendor thrown round her by so wealthy a lover, rose in her estimation in a proportional degree.

Differently from what many imagined, the young painter's worldly prosperity did not in the least abate the ador and enthusiasm with which he pursued his favorite art. Margy, after the expiration of a year, became his wife, and her aunt never felt so proud and well satisfied as when an opportunity presented itself for her to expatiate on her good qualities, always being careful to designate her as "Mrs. Lyle, my niece."

"WE ARE BUT TWO."

We are but two—the green turf lies
Upon our mother's gentle breast,
And soft and low the south wind sighs
Above her lonely place of rest.

We are but two—the sea-flowers pale
Around our father's ashes bloom:
His requiem is the stormy gale—
The ocean's pearly floor his tomb.

We are but two—where palm trees wave,
And perfumed breezes gently moan,
Within the stranger's cheerless grave.
Our sainted brother sleeps alone.

We are but two—a little mound
In yonder church-yard, green and fair,
With shining butter cups is crowned;
Our baby-sisters slumber there.

We are but two—the fragile vine
Clings fondly round the shelt'ring tree;
And thus this loving heart of mine,
Through good and ill, hath clung to thee.

And now, when meadow flowers have come,
And daises in the sunshine blow,
They call me to their angel home;
And soon, my brother, I must go.

Yet, when I sleep, O mourn me not!
Though I must weep to leave thee lone—
But think how bright will be our lot,
When all are gathered round the throne.

THE WORLD would be more happy if persons gave up more to an intercourse of friendship. But money engrosses all our deferences; and we scarce enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of life.

WE WOULD have all young men inquire what time their sweethearts rise in the morning, and how they spend their days; and the young women to be just as inquisitive concerning their swains. It may not very poetical to be thus prying, but it may save a world of trouble by-and-bye.

Digitized by Google

AUNT RHODA.

BY MRS. E. A. PARDEE.

Is it possible you never saw or heard of Aunt Rhoda? Then I can scarcely believe you have lived, as you say you did when a child, in East Windsor, Connecticut.

Why, I thought her circuit extended far beyond the limits of that township, and that her name was familiar as a household word in many families of the adjoining counties.

She was the joy of the young hearts in our house, and the light of our eyes.

When gentle Spring, with her fairy fingers, had loosened the icy fetters of river and streamlet, and viewing herself for a moment in their freed waters, had sent them singing merrily onward to their source; when the great, warm sunshine delighted to drink up the snowy waters from plain and hill-top, and to excite emotions of beauty and fertility in the bosom of our great mother; when the maples, and the Lombardy poplars, and the old elm tree began to unfold their tiny, waxen leaves to the songs of the blue-bird and robin; and when little spots of verdure, sprinkled over with the modest wild violet, appeared in the meadows, then did we rejoice—not only because these were tokens to us that the cold, bleak winter had passed and gone, but because they as surely foretold that Aunt Rhoda would soon be with us.

The dear old woman! I think I see her little, plump, round figure now, as with two bundles in each hand, and one under each arm, she used to trudge briskly up the street to our dwelling. We little ones, always on the alert, would be the first to perceive it, and with a clapping of hands, and a cry of "Aunt Rhoda is coming!" would run with all our might to meet her.

Then, after the first joyful greeting was over, and we had perceived that our favorite looked no older, or worse for her protracted absence, how proudly and delightedly would we escort her through the little gate of the side yard, up the path bordered by great pine chips, and into the "outward room" door.

But those nice, white, sweet chips. I cannot pass them by without a moment's notice. The men had cut them from famous logs, that weeks before, while the snow was on the ground, had been drawn from the woods into the yard. Since then they had been gradually transformed into sticks for the summer fire, which had been piled with mathematical precision, six and eight tiers deep, in the capacious woodshed. But the chips remained for us; and how keenly we enjoyed the applying of them to the building of houses, and the construction of rooms in them, and yards around them, with the delicious south wind fanning our temples, and waving the golden ringlets from our necks and shoulders Never mind if we were freckled and sunburnt, we were very happy. And then, as the days passed, and we hastened out each morning to take a view of our domains, we would sometimes perceive that blades of rich, green grass had coquettishly intruded themselves in many places, and laughingly rising above the chips, seemed to say—"Look at us; are we not more beautiful than they?" Or, perchance, a dandelion would turn its placid head, and unfold its yellow flowrets in joy and thankfulness to the broad sunlight of heaven.

And we, with our sunbonnets on our heads, would sit on a pine log that had proved too knotty to be split, and looking up into the deep blue expanse of heaven, would dream of angel, and cherubim, and seraphim, and thrones, and diadems, and the great Father of All; and how, and why we were created, and attempt to solve the mighty mystery of ourselves to ourselves, unmindful, all the time, that the turpentine was smearing our red woollen frocks, and we should get a lecture for our carelessness when we went in.

But to return to Aunt Rhoda. Her hibernation was concluded, and with the coming of the birds and flowers, she had left her winter quarters, and commenced her accustomed peregrinations. Every door opened almost of itself at her coming. Never, in olden times, was wandering troubadour, or minstrel gay, as he went from one castellated chateau in the provinces of la belle France, to another, received with happier hearts, and a warmer greeting.

As I said before, she was a little, short, plump figure, and her grotesque, old-fashioned dress, added to the singularity of her appearance. She wore a blue flannel petticoat, and a calico shortgown, with a red bandana handkerchief neatly folded over her bosom. I never saw her in a long dress, and her apron, which she always wore, was made of tow and wool, checked, and very full.

But her pockets, those long, square appendages, were unfathomable to us. We were not permitted to search into their depths, though we were certain she carried in the right one, two or three snuff-boxes, and as many handkerchiefs, and in the left a "hussey," thimble, and pincushion. All else was veiled in impenetrable mystery. Her gray hair, cut close, was covered with a nicely fitting cap, the frill of which adorned a face round and smiling as the full moon, and like it, spots were frequently to be seen on its surface, for you must know that the above mentioned snuff-boxes were frequently brought into requisition, and in the exuberance of her delight at imbibing their contents, her cheeks and chin would sometimes receive a portion. Her little gray eyes, brim-full and running over with fun and humor, sought ours in ready confidence and sympathy, and sparkled in the house like diamonds in the sunlight. No one could resist their influence. Even our staid and taciturn mother advanced

Digitized by Google

with a cordial grasp of the hand, welcoming her to the friendly fire-side.

Then we, my sisters and myself, would seat ourselves on the floor near the budgets that she had arranged round her, and wait, as best we could, while she opened her budget of news for the benefit of our elders. For she was the walking encyclopedia of several parishes; knew who had died, who had married, and all about everybody. If, in our childish impatience, we thought the gossip too long, and unconsciously put forth a hand, as if to gain possession of the hidden treasures, a warning finger, and an ever watchful eye, would bid us beware. But our turn came at length. Then were we completely happy, as she untied bundle after bundle in the kindness of her heart, showing us every thing therein.

What an odd collection of articles that surely had "nêver been neighbors before!" Stockings and spearmint, handkerchiefs and hoarhound, tapes and thyme, pins and pennyroyal, laces and lavender, were mingled together in the most delightful confusion; and we knew that tucked away with her shortgowns, we should be sure to find pieces of gingerbread and candy, in close proximity to her crimped caps. How kind she was to us! Even now, my heart swells with gratitude when I think of it. Our mother was very good, giving us many books, even in those days when they were not plenty as they are now, but we were like the horseleech's daughters, crying "Give—give," and never satisfied.

We heard of a wonderful book that had just been published, called "Jack Halyard," and immediately my older sister determined to obtain it. Accordingly, she took Aunt Rhoda into her confidance, and giving her the little money she had, asked her to please say nothing to mother, but see if she could get the book for her when she went to town. How we counted the days till her return! She had fulfilled the commission faithfully, telling the bookseller, when he said she had not money enough, that it was for a little girl who wanted it very much, and that was all the money she had. So he gave it to her for it. When she untied the bundle, and placed the much coveted volume in my sister's hand, I felt that my heart had suddenly grown an inch. Ah! if people only realized how easily they could implant themselves in the affections of children, they would, were it for mere selfish motives, be invariably kind and gentle, loving and good to them.

Then the enchanting stories of ghost and goblin, gaunt and grim, that she would tell us on autumn evenings, when our parents had gone out, and the large wood fire was a novelty, as well as a pleasure. When we could roast apples, and eat walnuts and chestnuts, and listen to the wild whistling of the wind without with a strange feeling of comfort.

Sometimes, too, we could coax her to sing for us, quaint old ballads, and funny songs. Never was aged harper, with snow white beard, and sightless eyes, listened to with more interest and avidity, as he sung the touching ballads of Scotland in some huge castle, on a wild, stormy night in the Highlands, than did we give ear to hers. She sang of our first parents, that

"When Adam was created,
He dwelt in Eden's shade,
As Moses has related,
And soon a bride was made.

"The woman was not taken
From Adam's head, we know;
So she is not to rule him,
'Tis evidently so.

"The woman was not taken
From Adam's feet, we see;
So he must not abuse her,
The meaning seems to be.

"The woman, she was taken
From near to Adam's heart;
By this we are directed,
That they must never part."

How indelibly that was impressed on my childish memory! Then there was another she would croon forth in a peculiar nasal twang, to the tune of Mear. I can yet recall one verse:

"One Monday mornin' he did go,
Deown in the meader, for tew mow,
He mowed areound, 'till he did feel,
A pison sarpent bite his heel."

Dear Aunt Rhoda! She was everybody's Aunt Rhoda. Spring, summer, and autumn, she went about from town to town, dispensing the light of her countenance, with heads of fennel, and sugar plums, in many houses. In the winter, age and rheumatism kept her in one place.

One spring, when the frogs, by their musical soirees, flattered us with the idea that we should soon see her again, we received the sad intelligence that she had passed from earth.

Peace to thy ashes, dear Aunt Rhoda! Could I build a cenotaph worthy of thy kind, affectionate, and sunny heart, how gladly would I do it. And peace to thy manes! May it wander at will among the aromatic groves, and happy mansions of the blest; and, reposing beside clear waters, drink large draughts from the fountain of supreme felicity.

Education of Children.—We think that children should, as early as possible, be taught to practice acts of mercy and charity. Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed his hand in signing pardons, and delighted to convey through his mouth all the favors he granted.

Winter, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concelaed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments, only to enlarge the prospect of the eternity before us.

The Transition from joy to sorrow is easiest in pure minds; as the true diamond, when moistened by the breath, recovers its lustre sooner than false ones.

Digitized by Google



www.libtool.com.cn

SCHAMYL, PRINCE OF THE CIRCASSIANS.

[From "The Life and Reign of Nicholas the First," just published by Mr. J. W. Bradley, of this city, we take a singularly interesting passage in the life of Schamyl, the present Prince of the Circassians. The above portrait is from the same work:]

Schamyl lives very moderately and soberly; he eats little, and only sleeps a few hours at a time, and at some seasons—especially when in a condition of religious enthusiasm—not for some days together. He has only three wives; and his favorite wife is an Armenian woman—perhaps the cousin of the Mosdok merchant, who, however, says he has only two.

How far Schamyl's fanaticism will go in its fearful consequences, the following circumstances, related to a Russian officer by one of the most intimate Murids of the Imaum, will show:—

In the year 1843, the inhabitants of the Great and Little Tshetshna, pressed on all sides by the Russian troops, and left helpless by the Laz communities, determined to send a deputation to Schamyl, with the entreaty that he would either send them a sufficient number of troops, not only to defend themselves, but also to drive the Russians altogether out of the Tshetshna, where they had erected Fort Wosdwischenskaja, and had seriously established themselves; or, if this were not possible, to empower them to *submit to the Russian government*, as all their means of resistance were at an end.

For a long time no one was found willing to undertake so delicate a mission; for to approach Schamyl with such a proposal, was to dare death itself. The Tshetshenzes were therefore forced to select their deputies by lot; and the lot fell upon four inhabitants of the village of Gunoi. Their native pride would not permit the Tshetshenzes to manifest the sentiment of fear, even when in the most imminent danger; the chosen band, therefore, undertook the mission without hesitation, and promised the people to induce the Imaum either to promise military assistance in their defence against the Russians, or to allow them to submit to their formidable enemies.

The Gunojes departed on their journey with determined courage; but the nearer they came to the aul Dargo, the louder was the voice whispering of self-preservation, and the stronger the light which showed the hazard of their enterprise. They took counsel several times among themselves as to the best way they might begin the business, without, however, coming to a decided issue, on which to build the slightest fabric of hope. At last, the eldest of the deputies, the experienced Tshetshenz Tepi, said, turning to his companions: "You know that not only the people in general, but even the Murids next to the mighty Imaum, dare not pronounce the words, 'Submission to the giaours,' unpunished. What, therefore, would be our fate if we dared to come before the face of Schamyl with such words upon our lips? He would immediately command our tongues to be cut out, our eyes to be blinded, or our heads to be cut off; and all this would not benefit our

Digitized by Google

nations in the least, but only desolate our families. In order to avert certain destruction, and to gain a portion of our desires, I have thought of a more feasible plan."

Tepi's companions urged him to tell them this excellent scheme.

'As I have heard," continued Tepi, "there is only one person who possesses undoubted influence over the Imaum, and who dares to say before him that which would bring destruction over others; this is his mother. My kunak, (host) Hassim Mulluh, at Dargo, would gladly introduce us to her; especially if we present him with a portion of the money we have brought with us."

The other ambassadors were perfectly content with this proposal, and empowered their comrade to do as he thought fit.

On their arrival in Dargo, they were hospitably received by Tepi's kunak; and Tepi made use of the first opportunity to acquaint Hassim Mullah with the object of their mission, and to entreat his coöperation in the proposed manner.

"What! Do you think," exclaimed Hassim Mullah, thrown off his guard, "that I could be so dishonorable as to put my hand to so wretched a business as a submission to the giours?"

Tepi put his hand in his pocket, and allowed a handful of gold-pieces to drop upon the carpet before him. Hassim Mullah's countenance changed altogether in expression, and he requested his friend to tell him the circumstance once more, as he evidently had misunderstood them. At the same time, he inquired how many pieces of gold he had brought.

"Three hundred," replied Tepi. "All the tribe subscribed together to make up this sum, to support our petition. Here are seventy; the other two huudred and thirty we will present to the khanum, if she succeed in obtaining her son's permission for our submitting to the Russians."

"It is well," said Hassim Mullah. "I will speak with the khanum, and hope to obtain for you what you desire, if you are agreed to give two hundred only of your remaining gold pieces to the khanum, and the other thirty to me."

The ambassadors were willing to enter into this arrangement. Hassim Mullah went to the khanum, an aged woman, much beloved on account of her charitable deeds, but who was herself avaricious, and declared herself ready to speak with her son about the matter, the danger of which she did not, however, conceal for one moment.

The same evening she entered her son's apartment, when, Koran in hand, he was despatching the Murids, who were standing about him, with instructions to cause some other of the tribes to revolt.

Notwithstanding this pressing business, however, from which he was unwilling to be taken, he gave his mother the audience she so urgently entreated, and went with her into a room, where their conversation continued until past midnight. It has never been accurately known what passed between them; and when Hassim Mullah came to the khanum next morning, to hear what she had been able to do, he found her pale, and with tears in her eyes.

"My son," she said, with a trembling voice, "dares not himself to decide the question about the Tshetshenzes submitting to the Russians. He has therefore gone to the mosque, to await the moment in fasting and prayer, when the great Prophet, with his own mouth, will make his will known."

Schamyl had indeed shut himself up in the mosque, after giving instructions that all the inhabitants of the Dargo should assemble round the mosque, and await his return in prayer.

At this summons, all the people assembled, and surrounded the mosque with loud cries and prayers. But three days passed; many of the pious sank under the want of sleep and food, until at last the door opened, and Schamyl came forth, pale and sorrowful. After whispering a few words to the Murids next to him, he ascended the flat roof of the mosque, several persons accompanying him.

Here he remained standing for some minutes, while all the people looked up at him with anxious looks, and the deputies from the Tshetshna scarcely dared to breathe.

Suddenly the Murid sent by Schamyl returned with the khanum, and conducted her also to the roof of the mosque. The Imaum commanded her to stand opposite to him, and then exclaimed, raising his sad eyes to heaven—

"Great Prophet! thrice holy are thy behests; thy will be done!"

He then turned to the people, and said, with a loud voice—

"Inhabitants of Dargo! Fearful is that which I have to tell you! The Tshetshenzes have conceived the horrible idea of submitting to the dominion of the giaours, and have actually dared to send ambassadors here with their vile proposition. Well these deputies knew their evil doings; therefore they came not before me, but addressed themselves to my unhappy mother, who weakly gave way to their urgency, and brought the desires of these miscreants before me. My tender consideration for my beloved mother, induced me to inquire of Mohammed himself, the Prophet of Allah, what his will might be. Therefore have I, for these three days and nights, with fasting and prayers, called upon the name of the Prophet, sustained by your prayers. He has esteemed me worthy of a reply. But how horrible for me was his decision! According to the will of Allah, the first who made this proposition known to me is to be punished with a hundred blows of the whip; and the first—that I have to tell it!—was my unhappy mother!"

When the poor old woman heard her name mentioned, she broke into loud lamentations; but Schamyl was immovable. The Murids tore off the long veil of the khanum, bound her to a pillar, and Schamyl himself took the whip to execute the dreadful sentence. At the fifth stroke, however, the khanum sank to the ground, dead. Schamyl fell at her feet amid agonies of tears.

Digitized by Google

Suddenly he arose fram the ground, and his eyes sparkled with joy. He arose, and said, solemnly—

"God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet! He has heard my prayer, and allows me to take upon myself the remainder of the blows to which my poor mother was condemned. I do it with joy, and acknowledge it to be an inestimable mark, O Prophet, of thy loving-kindness."

And rapidly he threw off his upper garments, and commanded two Murids to give him the remaining ninty-five blows. They did so, and he never altered a muscle of his countenance. After the last one, he silently resumed his clothes, descended quickly from the roof of the mosque, and standing amid the terrified populace, he inquired calmly—

"Where are the wretches for whose sake my mother had to suffer this cruel indignation? Where are the deputies from the Tshetshna?"

"Here! here!" resounded from a hundred voices, and in the next minute the unfortunate persons were at the feet of the fanatical lord.

No one doubted that a frightful death awaited the four Tshetshenzes, and some Murids drew their sabres, ready for the first word of the Imaum. The miserable villagers lay flat, with their faces to the earth; in an agony of terror they breathed their dying prayer, and dared not raise their heads to beseech a pardon they deemed impossible. But Schamyl himself raised them up, and bade them take courage, saying—

"Return to your tribe, and for answer to their treacherous request, tell them all that you have seen and heard here."

MAGDALENE:

A YOUNG GIRL'S STORY.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER XI.

Yearning tenderness,
For the loved absent whom we cannot reach,
By deed or token, gesture, or kind speech,
The spirit's true affection to express,
When hearts are full of innermost distress,
And we are doomed to stand inactive by,
Watching the soul's or body's agony,
Which human effort helps not to make less.
TRENCH.

"Frank, I cannot bear to hear you talk so, you make your father very unhappy."

"Well!" said the sick boy moodily, "he knows it all. What do I care about going out; do you suppose I shall never go out again without seeing how every one stares at me, and calls me a—a *cripple?* oh! to think that I shall never be myself again. Oh, you don't know half how dreadful it is!" And he turned away from Magdalene bending over him, and Miss Martha's bustling, worrying offer of sal volatile and aromatic vinegar, and every other restorative in the collection, by turns.

"Dear me, Frank, don't give way so; I should like to see any one dare to call you such names, just as if you were, well—a—well, were *not* a Winthrop, and your mother a Quincy. Of course they would show a proper respect. Why I remember when I was a young girl, and no one had more attention than I did, Miss Colburn, though perhaps I ought not to mention it; well there was poor dear Col. Harper, who lost a leg in some great battle in the last war,—when I say the last war, I do not mean the Mexican, of course,—somehow I never consider that in the same light. But Col. Harper was such a delightful man in his dear little pony carriage; at Nahant I met him two seasons in succession, and he was very complimentary to me, very.—Well he got about remarkably well in a wheeled chair, or something of that sort, that he managed himself."

"Oh," groaned Frank, compelled to listen to the ill-judged condolence, though he had buried his face in the sofa pillows, and tried to shut out sound as well as sight.

It was the first day Dr. Jackson had given permission for him to be carried down stairs, and they had all hoped much from the change of scene. Magdalene muffled him in a bright-colored cashmere dressing-gown, which concealed the disfigured limb, and relieved the extreme pallor of his thin features. Short waves of hair clustered over his forehead, almost concealing the principal remaining scar, but the sunken eyes, the languid though restless movement of the attenuated hands, and the exhaustion following so slight a change, showed that a long and weary convalescence was still before him.

The saddest change of all was in the lad's spirit. It seemed completely broken. He had grown moody, unreasonable and capricious, and Magdalene, while she pitied, could scarcely blame him, feeling as keenly as himself the blight which had fallen on his life.

She had been disappointed in the effect of the morning's removal from his room to the family apartment. Her own hands had made it as cheerful as it could be made, in the hope that he would be drawn out of himself, for a time. She had altered Miss Martha's stiff arrangement of the curtains into more artistic folds, let in the bright sunshine, a forerunner of the spring time so near at hand, to brighten the heavy furniture and wainscoted wall. A little pot of mignonnette, Jane's humble offering to her beloved Miss Magdalene, was brought from her own room, to grace the wide window seat, and Mr.

Digitized by Google

Winthrop himself had brought the invalid down, and placed him, with more of a woman's tenderness than a man's care, upon the pillows Magdalene awaited to arrange.

But this partial return to life, made the cup of his trial doubly bitter. From the moment his father left the room, he had thrown off all semblance of interest in their efforts to please him, and Miss Martha's well meant but injudicious attempts at consolation, only increased the irritation.

"I wish you would not talk to me—I wish you had let me stay up stairs—I wish"—

"Stop, Frank; you are tired now and low spirited; you do not know what you wish," said Magdalene gravely.

He looked up at her tone of rebuke; it was a new thing to him, especially since his illness, to be checked even in a word. She returned the gaze as steadily, but there was pity, not harshness, in her face.

Miss Martha took advantage of the pause.—"Don't get low spirited Frank, whatever else you do. It's the worst thing in the world for one's nerves; your mother used to be low spirited more than half her time; really it was quite a trial to be with Cousin Harriet when she gave up to it. I used to be afraid Ellen, poor little thing, would be like her, she used to sigh so sometimes."

Magdalene would have been thankful to have seen Jane drop the whole of the cherished breakfast set, in one hopeless mass of fragments, or for any other household catastrophe, that would have occupied Miss Martha's thoughts for the day. But she had seated herself with the vinegar flask, at the foot of the sofa, evidently determined that Frank should faint in the course of the morning and need it, if not actually disappointed that he had not already done so.

"How do you suppose I got along when you were first sick, and Miss Colburn and your father shut up in your room, and I was not so much as allowed to look through the door.—You can have no idea of it, Miss Colburn; not a soul coming to the house except to ring the bell and ask how he was, and after I had attended to things and read the Journal and the Post, I used to think—well—only I wonder how Frank would get along, and keep up his spirits under *such* circumstances."

"Frank forgets how much there is left in life to make him happy, and that there is such a thing as thankfulness for life itself, and reason, and sight."

Frank's almost defiant look changed to a more gentle expression. "Oh yes—when I thought I never should see again. But I did not know *this* then;" and the clouds came back.

"You look more like a ghost than a human being, Miss Colburn! Dear knows what I should do if you gave up next. I told Cousin John only this morning that I did not see how he was ever going to pay you for all you had done since you have been here. It shows how little we know, though. Who would have thought that night you came in, so quiet and still, I can see you this minute, who would have thought all you would go through with in this house?"

Who indeed,—not Miss Martha, blindly intent upon outward things, and unconsciously rousing the very thoughts that most of all had taken the light and life from the young girl's face.—Seeing it for the first time in the full morning sunshine, Frank involuntarily exclaimed at the change he had been too self-absorbed to notice:

"You do look dreadfully,—worried, and sick too. Do I worry you? Don't mind me, go and lie down, won't you? Please do—"

"It isn't lying down she wants, as I said to Cousin John this morning. I told him you ought to go away for a while into the country, or somewhere, and drink fresh milk; I used to think fresh milk did me a great deal of good, and take plenty of exercise; that's just what I said, that we ought to spare you awhile for a visit home. I dare say you keep a cow."

"Oh, what would I do—what would I ever do without you—what am I going to do all my life? Must you go home?" asked Frank imploringly.

"I should be satisfied to hear from there now. I have not had a letter since—not for a long time," she said, checking herself. It was strange, and one of her secret disquietudes, that she had not had a single line since the death of the little ones. So long a silence seemed to betoken trouble there also; but what sorrow could intrude on the humble happiness of that God-fearing household; they who held the promise of "perfect peace?"

Miss Martha gave a sudden start of recollection. "There is a letter for you somewhere, that came when we were in so much trouble. I knew if you would not stop to take your meals, you would not to read a letter. And there was no getting at you, either, then—and if I had given it to Cousin John he never would have remembered it. I'll look right away. I wonder if I could have put it in the little side-board drawer—yes, here it is, I declare. I'm glad you mentioned not hearing."

It was indeed the long-looked for messenger from home. Magdalene took it eagerly, and her eyes brightened at the well-known post-mark, and she recognised the labored, but clear and upright hand-writing of her foster-mother in the address. She was Magdalene's usual correspondent, for Delia had not the most remote gift at letter writing, which she dreaded as she once did school compositions. Aunt Colburn wrote slowly, and often under different dates, on the same sheet, but her yearning for the absent one of the household, and anxiety to hear from her, were helps in the labor of love.

A moment before and Frank would have given anything to have seen the almost joyous look with which she turned to the seal. Now with the capricious selfishness of a wilful invalid, it vexed him to think that she could care so much for any one but himself.

"How happy you look," he said fretfully.—"I suppose you will go back, and never think of us again. Nothing in this world will ever make me happy. I do wish," he said more passionate-

Digitized by Google

ly, "I will say it—I wish I had died! Why didn't you all let me?"

Magdalene laid down the letter instantly, grieved to the heart. What could she say, what could she urge that she had not spoken already?

She did not see Mr. Winthrop coming in silently at the door Miss Martha had left ajar, in her late exit to the store-room. Since that memorable night there had been a mutual tacit avoidance of each other. Mr. Winthrop seldom addressed her, never by name; nor had she met his eyes since that one steadfast look in which she had asserted herself his child. Neither by gesture or tone, had this strange revelation been alluded to; the natural character of each had regained its strong sway, and though both might question the result with inward struggle and misgiving, outwardly their intercourse was still and calm.

She started now to see him standing there, looking from the boy's face to her own, with something of that same troubled expression.—His habitual reserve made it almost painful to encounter any revelation of deep feeling. Her cheeks crimsoned, and she left Frank's side abruptly. After she had reached her own room she seemed to remember a gesture as if he would have detained her in passing, but she would not stop to question the wish then—she would not think of it now. She had her letter, and would forget the present, so harrassing and uncertain, and turn back to the simple, care-free life of her childhood. The large foolscap sheet was full to overflowing, and she could see at a glance that it had been written at intervals; the very margin was crowded; but that was by no means unusual. It was from thence that Magdalene usually gleaned scraps of village news, messages from Delia, or her father.

"My dear child—"

That she would always be whatever time's chances and changes.

"—I hardly know where to begin I have got so much to tell you. I thought first I would not say anything about what has happened, but your father thought I had better tell you; he said if he was in your place he would rather know the truth at once, and would feel bad to think that anything was kept back. Sometimes my heart has been so heavy I did not feel as if I could think it all over, but then again my faith grows brighter, and I can almost look on it as your father does. But I never expected to see the time when we would not have a roof over our heads, or a spot to call our own, and it is so sudden and so hard on Delia, that I do get rebellious. God forgive me for it! I try to pray to be resigned, but I never felt it so hard to be before, not even when you made up your mind to go away. Now it seems as if there was a Providence in that, for you are doing well, and we shall all have to do something to help father along.

"I suppose you will want to know how it happened. I never did understand the law very well, but it seems when people endorse notes they have to pay them just as much as if it was their honest debts. That is what your father did for Peter Jewett, Eliza Jewett's uncle. He never had a note of his own out in all his life; he never liked the principle of borrowed money, and he says, 'interest works all night, when you are asleep.' I've heard him say that many a time. He was over-persuaded to do this; the Jewetts kept after him, until I used to hate to see Peter coming in the gate; and he finally made your father believe it would keep him from failing, and promised over and over again to have the money in the bank ten days before it was due. Well, Maggie dear, the upshot of it all is that he never meant to keep his word, and cleared out West, nobody knows where, just as soon as he got the money in his hands, and your father was obliged to give a mortgage on everything he had in the world, to satisfy the creditors. He was in hopes then that he could settle it someway, and so it's gone on two months; but now he says he can see no way out of his difficulties, and it ain't best to let things be running on so; and, only think! he gave up everything except what the law allows, and that isn't as much as I had myself when we were married.

"I don't mind it so much for myself. I've always been used to hard work, and it don't make much difference to me where I live, if I've got to leave this house, I never seemed to set so much by it as I do now; but it's hard for a man going on in years, who has always been looked up to as your father has, to begin the world once again; and the worst of all is, that Squire Gilman and he have had a falling out. The Squire meant well, and he advised your father to put his property out of his hands, and said he would take care of it on account of Delia. But your father would not hear to it, and said his conscience wouldn't let him, and Squire Gilman—for I was sitting in the back room, and they left the door open—he said people were law-honest now-a-days, not bible-honest, and your father said he didn't know much about the law, but he did know his bible from beginning to end, and it went against all double dealing, and his face should be set against it like a flint, too. Then Squire Gilman got mad. I never heard a man go on so, and swore, though he is a church-member, that his son should never marry Delia; and off he went, and your father came back to the sitting room, all worn out, and looking as if he hadn't a friend in the world.—So he set down over the stove awhile, for I did not know what to say, and then he drew a long breath, and says he, 'Everything goes against us, and I'm sorry for Delia, and I love Charles as if he was my own son; but I can't do it, and ask God's blessing on me and mine. I must lift up clean hands,' says he, 'and do the thing that is right;' and the next day everything was seized, and there's going to be a sheriff's sale the first of April. I can't even bear to go to meeting, for it's stuck up at the tavern and the post office, and I feel as if I should sink every time I go by. Poor Delia, she hain't looked up since, for though Charlie wants to come here as much as ever, and says it shan't make no difference to him, your father don't think it's right to encourage him to go against his father."

The letter concluded abruptly, as if it had

Digitized by Google

been a relief to pour out the pent up trouble, secure of sympathy. The date was five weeks back; it was now the middle of March, though still cold and tempestuous at times.

And this was the reward of their unblemished lives, this was the end of all Magdalene's plans, and longing to be of use to them, to repay a tithe of what they had done for her.—They were in the depths of trouble, and she could not move a hand to help them. Was God a faithful rewarder of them that trusted Him? Yes, these her faith, though sorely shaken, triumphed, *in the end;* but how far off were those heavenly habitations, where the "exceeding and eternal weight of glory," would recompense for the chastening of the present! How weary this life with its trials and vicissitudes, its temptations, its sins, its doubts and heaviness of spirit!

"All thy waves and billows have gone over me!" she cried aloud, lifting up her clasped hands in utter helplessness.

But there was Frank; she had been away from him a long time; he must not see that she was suffering. She bathed her eyes quickly, and hurried down to him. He was alone, and laid with his eyes fixed upon the door, as if watching for her return impatiently.

"Oh, Magdalene, I can hardly believe it yet," he said in a troubled, broken voice. "Father was afraid to tell me, but I have felt so much better ever since. I am almost happy—yes I am quite happy, and I thought this morning nothing could ever make me so again."

"But what is it, Frank?" Magdalene was startled at the feverish flush on his cheek, and the eagerness of his manner, as he tried to raise himself, and put his arm around her neck.

"That you are my sister, my own, own sister, never to go away again—never; he said so, and he said I must ask you if there was anything in the world, no matter what, or how much it cost, that could make you happy and contented here, for my sake he said; and that he was married to your mother first, when he was in college; Cousin Martha remembered about her; only father says you don't love him, and Cousin Martha said no wonder poor thing! But you must—won't you? Oh, we shall all be so happy." And the feeble voice broke down in a nervous tremor of hysterical sobs.

Magdalene laid quite still, just as he had drawn her down, not even attempting to soothe him. She was acknowledged; her mother righted at last; her mother's memory cleared from the stain that *he* had so long suffered to rest upon it. Tardy justice, but that had been of God's appointment, the strokes had fallen heavily which compelled it. Love him; did she love him? Could he ever be to her in deed and in truth a father? She could not tell, did he wish her love? And a new strange yearning began slowly to displace the hard proud defiance which of late had risen up, in thinking of her wrongs, and the claim she might have urged against him.

That claim was now fully satisfied. The very servants were wondering over it among themselves already, for Miss Martha's astonishment had compelled her to impart the astonishing news at once to Jane, "because," as she said by way of excusing herself for any communication that might have seemed undignified, "because, Jane, you and cook, and Eliza, must call her Miss Winthrop after this, as my cousin desires that she shall immediately take the head of his house; and I thought you had better practice a little before dinner. 'Colburn' is the name of a very worthy family where she was—ahem—placed, I may say, to be educated, you understand. Now I think of it, those finger-bowls did not look as clear as they might have done yesterday," for it was in this way that Miss Martha compromised with herself, for any undue familiarity with her favorite handmaid, some carefully sought-for-stricture on her doings or neglects, to balance the account.

She found Magdalene sitting close to Frank, with one hand clasped in his, and trying to quiet the undue excitement of the morning. She reproached herself for forgetting his feebleness, even for a moment. The very bows in the small dress cap, perched at the back of Miss Martha's well preserved tresses, fluttered as she sailed towards her newly discovered relative, with beaming face and outstretched hands.

"To think Cousin John really did marry that poor child after all, that was what I meant when I alluded to his being wild, if you recollect; and you are her little girl—how do you do, my dear?" And she shook Magdalene's disengaged hand as warmly as if they had never met till that moment. "Well, I'm sure it's a great blessing to all of us, isn't it Frank? and Cousin John ought to be very proud of you, considering what you might have turned out—almost anything, left as you were. But I should have thought," and here the kindly voice changed to a quaver of injured feeling, "I must say, though, it was quite proper, and all that, to keep it from Frank until he got down stairs again, that *I* might have been told a little earlier. Not that I blame you, my dear, not at all—it wasn't your place properly, and of course you had some delicacy in speaking of it; but situated as I am here, almost the only near relative John has in the world, it would seem as if I had a right, if any one, to know what was passing, particularly when my acquaintance with Miss Ayer—and a very nice sensible person she is, too—was the means of bringing you here!"

Magdalene returned her greeting warmly; she had much reason to be grateful to Miss Martha; there was very much to be thankful for in the home and friends to which she had been so mysteriously led.

A flash of Frank's old spirit returned.

"Only think, Cousin Martha, she will take all the trouble off your hands, and row up cook and Jane, for you—"

"I thought of that immediately. Do you know my dear—I said instantly to myself that it was such a comfort to think you knew our ways, and how I managed with the servants. Imagine how dreadful it would have been to have a stranger coming in. And to think Miss—Magdalene, I beg your pardon my dear, it will

Digitized by Google

come a little awkward at first—to think I should have been keeping the family silver for you all this while! Well, I will say, it is in beautiful order, only there's one thing—ah!—my dear, you *must* keep a strict eye on Jane, and I would advise you to keep up *my* practice and count the spoons and forks every night and morning."

www.hbtool.com.cn

CHAPTER XII.

"My lifted eyes without a tear
The gathering storm shall see,
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart is fixed on thee!"

The first of April, that day so long looked forward to with dread by the household of Deacon Colburn, was close at hand. A part of its trial and mortification had been spared to them, there was to be no public sale; the store, the dwelling house, the very furniture, had gone into the hands of the same purchaser, who though a stranger in the village, was a kind and honorable man, who had given a fair price for everything, and through all had shown more consideration, than could have been expected for the feelings of the Deacon and his family.

But now it was all over; the rescue that Charlie Gilman, in a stolen walk with his betrothed, had rashly prophesied would be sure to come, had not interposed. The little romance of Delia's nature, which roused up to expect the greatest improbabilities, such as Squire Gilman relenting at the last moment, and buying the things in, as he was well able to do without feeling it, had received a great blow, as well as her unlimited faith in her lover's foresight, and general power of removing mountains. All other hopes, nearer and dearer still, of a speedy reconciliation and reunion, faded in the same hard light of reality. It was Delia's first trial, and it seemed to sweep everything away at once; no wonder that she gave up entirely under it.

But it was strange that a heart which had so long since been taught a surer hope and confidence, a faith that had been tried as her mother's had been, by early disappointments and sickness, and death of those she loved, yet triumphing over all with a cheerful, joyful trust so many years, should now desert her, in the hour of darkness and need. Many a time had she read the story of the murmurings in the desert, and wondered that any people for whom such great deliverances had been wrought, and who had such a sure promise held out to them, should have here brought upon themselves the punishment of rebellion and ingratitude; but alas! she had lost sight of the cloud and the fire, and the promised land, and saw in the barrenness of the present, not the hand that had so long led her beside still waters, but only the human agency through which this evil had befallen them.

It was the last night in their old home; gloom and stillness had settled upon the household gathered in the family room. For the first time in many years, Aunt Colburn had forgotten her habitual industry, and sat with her hands idly folded, rocking backwards and forwards in the old chair, where she had hushed her children to forgetfulness of their little griefs; her dead boy, laid many, many years ago in the grave yard, at the feet of her father and mother; her only remaining child, whose loud sobs she had now lost all power to check; the orphan baby she had reared in the place of her own, taken from her, as truly, and as tenderly, her conscience that night bore witness. What avail was it now, that she had borne her bereavement patiently—had tried to do her duty to the stranger and the fatherless? Her old age was spoiled and desolate, she clung to the memories of youth, but they were to be torn from her.—Strangers would lie in her bed and sit in her seat, and bring their own pleasures and plans, into the rooms consecrated by a life time of her dearest recollections. Here she had come as a bride, to be a dutiful and patient daughter to her husband's aged mother, who had blessed her in dying; here her children had been born to her, here her boy had died. Those early days of her married life came back with painful vividness. The tall straight clock in the corner ticked loudly in the silence, broken only by Delia's sobs. With a kind of dumb indifference she counted the passing seconds; how it hurried on, no pause or stint that they were so soon to leave it for strangers to gaze into the old familiar face. Then came a thought of the man who had brought all this evil upon them; and a feeling of hatred, a hope that his ill-gotten gains might never let him rest, that he might come to see his wife and children suffer, followed the recollection of his misdeeds.

Could it be possible that she had come to entertain such a foul guest as revenge in her loving heart, that had ever before been swayed by the largest charity? It startled her even in the selfishness of her repining, and a feeling of shame and self-abhorence heralded bitter repentance. Bitter indeed, when the sin is ingratitude to a life-long benefactor, even to the Father from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.

Her husband rose up slowly from his seat by the low fire on the hearth, where he had been musing with his head bent down upon his clasped hands. Not even the wife of his bosom, the sharer of every thought for so many years of perfect companionship, had heard a murmur or a doubt from his lips, or a hard word of those who had wronged him.

He went to the stand, where it had lain in his father's time, and took up the old family bible, which had been the strength and comfort of two generations, and slowly adjusting his spectacles with trembling hands, laid it open upon the table, between his wife and daughter. Fifty-one years he had knelt, night and morning, by that fireside to pray. As a child when he gazed with solemn awe at the wonderful volume, whose pages he had never yet been permitted to turn, as a young man accepting without doubt or cavil, the truths he had heard from his boyhood up, as a man relying upon them in trouble and in prosperity alike, and now in darkness and adversity drawing his whole support and comfort from the same assurance.

Digitized by Google

The leaves were turned slowly for the chapter which he sought. His eye-sight was growing dim; he had grown old in the past three months; they had done the work of years upon his bowed frame, and forehead lined with perplexed thoughts. He, too, had had his own recollections, and his own conflict, as he watched the white ashes gathering on the hearth, or looked up to see the troubled faces before him. But the tempter had found each entrance guarded, and now the struggle was over. Yes, forever; he felt that henceforth he could accept his lot, and take up the heavy cross, not only patiently but thankfully.

His wife mechanically unclasped her hands, and sat still and upright in her chair to listen, though at first the words fell unheeded and indistinct upon her ear:

"'Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

"'For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

"'Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

* * * * * * *

"'Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass.

"'And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy just dealing as the noon day.

"'Hold thee still in the Lord, and abide patiently upon him, but grieve not thyself at him whose way doth prosper against the man that doeth after evil counsels.

"'Leave off from wrath, and let go displeasure, fret not thyself *else shalt thou be made to do evil.*'"

There was a moment's pause as his eyes glanced down the page in search of some well-remembered verse. If he had known the evil counsels his wife had listened to, he could not have chosen the rebuke more skillfully; but he was only following out his own train of thought, tracing the comfort that had risen up to his memory, stored with the treasures of divine truth.

His hand strayed upon a verse, marked by a date of his own father, long before he had been born; when assailed perhaps by gloomy forebodings:

"'Keep innocency and do the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man to peace at the last.'"

Again the pages were slowly turned, then a sudden light came into his eyes, and his voice grew stronger, almost triumphant, as he read:

"'Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vines, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the folds shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls.

"'Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.'

"Let us pray." He said this as he stood up, with one hand still on the open volume; and even his daughter, yielding to the abandonment of her grief, knelt down, and carried her heart full of rebellion into the presence so solemnly invoked.

It was no faltering prayer, the last that he was to offer on this consecrated ground. Its very language was—"Surely goodness and mercy hath followed me all the days of my life—yea, I have a goodly heritage." The very windows of heaven seemed open to this grateful, trustful, joyful spirit, this merciful and forgiving man, who could pray then and there for the enemy who had wrought this wrong, for the friends who had turned against him in his adversity, for all in sorrow and affliction, and then, tremulously for those most of all, who bore with him the trouble and care, with less of strength and courage in their trial.

His wife's heart had melted into humbled penitence, before the final amen. Even Delia had hushed her sobs and listened with vacant wonder, and a dawning consciousness of the reality of this sure confidence that triumphed over loss and wrong; but on the threshold, standing with uncovered head in involuntary reverie, was one to whom this prayer was as a revelation, unfolding the mystery of God's dealings here, and a faint gleaming light upon the life that is to come.

There was a rustle and stir beside the chair where Mrs. Colburn remained asking forgiveness for her secret fault. Magdalene had glided in with her own quiet step, and was kneeling in her old place among them. Her head was uncovered, though the heavy folds of a shawl still wrapped her figure; but she seemed so little changed, so truly herself in that accustomed attitude, as if she had never left them, but had shared in all their sorrow, and helped them to bear the burden. Oh, it was an unlooked-for blessing to see her thus again, a great, great comfort to all, which words could not express; everything was for the moment forgotten in the joy of her welcome home.

The door into the outer room still stood ajar. "I was afraid I should disturb you in the reading," said Magdalene, as she glanced that way, and hastened to close it, for the cold night air streamed into the room, already chill with its untrimmed lights and dying fire. "Magdalene—one moment," pleaded a voice without, a voice that drew her even from them. It was her father, who had accompanied her on that hurried journey, and he had been so kind all that day. She thought he had turned from the door as she left him, but no, an irresistible attraction had held him to listen to that prayer and wonder at its long suffering, its forgiveness and its trust. He held out his hand as she came into the dark hall; a faint glimmer of light fell upon his face. "Will you not bid me good night, *my daughter?*" It was the first time he had ever called her so, and a thrill of happiness made her tremble from head to foot, as a father's lips were pressed to her forehead tenderly, almost reverently, and she went back with a heart full of a new and almost unhoped-for joy, to tell them her strange history.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XIII.—AND LAST.

"After freezing January,
Cometh pleasant May.
There is no storm so cruel,
But hath as fair a day."—ROXBOROUGH BALLADS.

It is folly to talk of spring in New England. March, with its dreary, cold storms—gusty April, when the roads are almost impassable, when great banks of dingy snow melt slowly beneath the fences, and in the woods and valleys—May, with its few days of treacherous sunshine, its chill winds, and scanty foliage—the poet would not recognize the flower-crowned season he delights to celebrate in either of these months, still, by courtesy, retaining the pleasant title.

June is the real awaking of bird and flower, and rivulet. Then the dogwood glances through the emerald-green foliage of birch and maple—then the purple violets, and white strawberry blossoms mingle their delicate hues in the short grass, and velvet moss by the brook-side—the tall fern leaves slowly uncurl their brown banners, and keep watch above them—dandelions shine like gold in the door yards, and the flower borders brighten slowly with buds of promise.

June hides no deception in its leafy loveliness; the weary invalid has at last his yearning for the soft sunshine satisfied; little children bask "out of doors" all day long, without reprehension; and it is in this cheerful month that we come to take our last look at the village of Deerfield, and find ourselves at the threshold of a familiar dwelling.

The lilac bushes are still in full and odorous bloom; they almost form an arch around the grand walk, they have grown so tall—the great snowball tree in the centre of the grass plat, bends down beneath the weight of the heavy clusters. Along the border, jonquilns, and daffodils are beginning to fade, but the great clump of lily-of-the-valley is just thinking of unclosing its snowy bells. Black and crimson hearted tulips stand out singly, here and there—and there are blue hyacinths under the shadow of the May rose-bush by the window. That is just in its glory, with its wreaths of prodigal blossoms, sweet-scented, and richly colored. The school children stop to peep through the wooden paling as they go by, and one, bolder than the rest, thrusts in a chubby little hand, with, "please, give me a flower?"

The windows are thrown up all over the house; the front door stands half open, as if it were a pity to exclude any of the sweet air from the garden, and the song of the birds hopping about from the trellis of the grape vine, to the great pear tree that you can reach from the second story—streams in with the sunshine.

There is a bustle of preparation all through the old house, the movement headed by Aunt Colburn herself—yes, really Aunt Colburn, in her old home again, and looking almost as young and cheerful as she did before that gloomy winter, as she sings snatches of old tunes unconsciously, or stands in silent consideration of some newly suggested plan. Delia, her mother says, is not the least use in the world; she cannot even dust a room, or put up a window curtain properly; but no wonder, for Charlie Gilman has "been flying in and out" all the morning, under pretence of forgotten messages, and offers of assistance that are not in the least needed, and it is their wedding day. No wonder that Delia forgets what she is doing, and is "more of a hindrance than a help."

But Magdalene had come to take her place, thoughtful and efficient as ever, though she was now Miss Winthrop, even in Deerfield, where she had been known as Maggie Colburn all her life. Those who were bidden to the wedding that evening, were prepared to be astonished by the handsome dresses, and elegant jewelry of which rumor was gossipping, and had carried the wonderful news even as far as the old farm house with the walnut trees, where her stern grandfather being dead, two old maiden ladies were wearing out a lengthy and loveless old age.

But Magdalene, following Aunt Colburn about in her plain muslin morning dress, and black silk apron, was in no wise altered, save that she had grown more gentle, and less reserved in manner, as the weight and secret of her life was removed, and she had no temptation to forget the present in dreaming over her uncertain and mysterious future. She was just as reliable as ever, and Aunt Colburn had trusted to her the frosting and ornamenting of the great loaves of bride's cake, and fruit cake, wreathed, according to the trim old fashion of her own bridal, with box, the leaves of which glittered with the sugared compound.

The "front room" had lost something of its old formality, though Magdalene had not destroyed the charm of its original dimensions in adding some graces of her own devising. Clear muslin curtains, bordered and tied back with blue ribbon, were dropped over the Venetian blinds, that had once been the pride of Aunt Colburn's best room. The fire-board, with its stiff nosegay of nondescript flowers, and bright wall-paper border, had been removed, and branches of fir and pine, with lilacs and snowballs in great profusion, filled up the space between the tall brass andirons that shone like gold. Flowers filled the large glass pitchers which had ornamented the mantel from time immemorial, and the table had been rescued from its former prim emptiness beneath the looking glass, and covered with the handsomely bound books and keepsakes that Magdalene had tracked to their hiding places in drawers, and closets, preserved in pristine freshness by the laudable practice of laying away anything that is pretty or graceful, lest contact should soil, or use injure, still practiced to an alarming extent by tidy housekeepers.

The best bed chamber adjoining, the parlor chamber, as it was called, had shared in all these decorations. The green shutters were partially drawn, but the breath and song of the garden stole in, and filled it with a delicious atmosphere and a softened, dreamy light. And here, on the high, smooth bed, made up

Digitized by Google

with marvellous precision as to the fresh folds of the linen sheets and pillow cases, and the exact centre of the Marseilles quilts, canopied with white curtains, and fragrant with a faint odor of dried lavender and rose leaves—lay the bridal dress, a gift from Magdalene, and brought by her from the city, a great charm to Delia's unsophisticated imagination. It was of simple tarletan, as became the season and the bride, ornamented only by delicate ruches of lace, and knots of flowing white ribbon, having, withal, a certain charm of style and elegance about it, that had bewitched Delia, and made her lover long to see it "tried on"—a desire that she coquettishly persisted in denying.

There, also, lay Aunt Colburn's cap, more of Magdalene's good taste in simplicity and design, the "artificials" left out, and so wonderfully becoming, that she could not help seeing it herself, and was almost afraid to wear it, lest she should get vain and proud in her old age! Good, honest heart.

On the bureau, just out of reach from the open window, glittered Delia's peculiar pride and delight, a case of silver spoons, table, dessert, and tea-spoons, "a whole dozen of each, and so heavy!"—as she triumphantly told Charlie, and marked with her own name in full. The fashion of costly bridal presents had not yet invaded Deerfield, and this unheard-of generosity on the part of Mr. Winthrop, and of the many ways in which he was constantly studying Magdalene's happiness—had completed the sum of Delia's earthly felicity. Nor must we forget to catalogue Cousin Martha's contribution, also standing there in the place of honor, a square brick pincushion, mounted on gilt claw feet, and covered, as she assured Magdalene, in a neat and precise note which accompanied it, with "a piece of her grandmother's pearl colored damask satin wedding dress, and stuffed with the very best wool."

The note further intimated that they were very lonesome in Beacon street, and would be very glad when the wedding was over, though, to be sure, if fresh milk and country air were doing her and Frank any good, they ought to be very thankful.

The banished bride appeared to be fully consoled, if the merry peals of laughter which came from the hall above, bore a true testimony. Aunt Colburn was compelled to go to the foot of the stairs, and warn her that she could be heard all over the village. She would have been in dismay, if she could have seen the floor completely strewn with the remnants of Magdalene's bouquet, which she had left carefully gathered together in an arm-chair by the window.

"Just hear those children!" said Aunt Colburn, turning a beaming face to Magdalene, as she stood with one hand upon the dark baluster, the very picture of matronly comfort and content. "Who would have thought, that night you came home last spring, that I should have ever heard her langh like that, again! or that we should be fixing for her wedding here, in this house, either. That's Frank, poor little fellow; well, let him make just as much noise as he wants to, though I can't get used to his being your brother yet."

It seemed by no means strange to Magdalene now, and a great part of her happiness this very June morning, was in having him with her in the fresh country air, and seeing him grow so like himself, in the healthful influences around him. He was a privileged person with any member of the family. Deacon Colburn got him to read the fine print in the newspaper, and his wife gave him the amplest liberty in milk room and pantry. He had ceased to rail at the crutch, which, at first, had cost him many a pang and fit of despondency, and managed to follow Delia, his chief friend among the many he had already made in Deerfield, up stairs and down, with teazing pertinacity, born of the old mischievous spirit, that had threatened Magdalene's peace of mind on their first acquaintance.

"Dear me, I shall never forget that night if I live to be a hundred years old," continued Aunt Colburn, going towards the sitting room to inspect the cake, for at least the tenth time that morning. "Here we sat, your father—well, there, it comes so handy to say your father, I suppose I always shall—and Delia, thinking she must give up all thoughts of Charlie, and I, feeling as if the Lord had forsaken us. That's the way it is in this world—I guess you may set out that pile of gilt edged plates, too—right here, on this corner—so it is, the darkest hour is just before the day, as your father says; and when despair's in the chamber, comfort's knocking at the door. Dear knows, I don't deserve to live to see this day."

"But you have not told me, yet," said Magdalene, busied in dusting the plates, a work of superorogation in that china closet, "how Squire Gilman came around so suddenly."

"Oh! that wasn't no great wonder, after he found Mr. Winthrop had bought up everything, and made things so easy for us."

"Yes," and Magdalene had her train of reminiscence. "He was so sorry, and felt almost as troubled as I did, when Mr. Johnson came home, and had made such a mistake, not telling you about it at the time—do sit down, and rest one moment; there, now, you look more comfortable. But Mr. Johnson thought it was to be kept a great secret, though for all the pleasure of a hundred surprises, I would not have given you that week of anxiety."

"Dear little fellow," said Aunt Colburn, breaking in upon the thread of their discourse, as she heard a shout from Frank; "it was so good of him to tell his father all about it in the first place, and then to start you right off so, and spare his father to come with you. I wasn't half, as 'fraid of him as I expected to be—Mr. Winthrop, you know."

Afraid?—yes, Magdalene could remember when she had shrunk at the sound of his voice and step, as her little twin sisters had done—but now, there was no fear in the love and confidence which he had won from her.

"I was going to tell you about Squire Gilman," said her foster mother, leaning back in the old

Digitized by Google

rocking-chair, and putting one hand under her elbow, while the other supported her chin, a favorite attitude, which always rested her, she said. "It was a good deal for him to do, now, wasn't it? for him to come right out and ask your father's pardon in church-meeting, before everybody. No more than the first disciples did, confessing their faults, you know; but then we don't live in Bible times now, as I often say. Your father broke right down, as he hadn't done all through, and there wasn't many dry eyes, I can tell you.

"Somehow, I'm glad," said Aunt Colburn, after a little pause, in which Magdalene had finished her task, and sat down beside her on the self-same "cricket" that had been hers in childhood—"that Mr. Winthrop had things put in your name; it's all the same, I know, but your father and me have always felt more comfortable. Oh, my!" and she heaved a long, though by no means sorrowful sigh; "to think that I was rearing you up, a delicate little baby, to help us in the hour of need." She was by no means poetically inclined, nor did she share in the modern fault of exaggeration, yet there was a floating thought about entertaining angels unaware, as she bent down to the head, lying, as of old, upon her knee, and smoothed the dark hair lovingly.

"It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," and Mr. Russel's prediction of God's guidance had been fulfilled. It is an abrupt leave-taking, we know, but we are of those that would rather say farewell on the threshold of a festivity, than to wait and see the merriment ended, the guests depart, and the lights die out. Magdalene's trials we essayed to tell you of, not the triumphs of a courageous, single-hearted, trustful spirit, that achieved life's most difficult mission patiently, and without self-seeking. Verily, such have their reward, even here!

THE WANDERING BIRD.

BY MRS. THEODOSIA H. BEVERIDGE.

From the shadowy forests far away,
A joyous bird took wing;
Abroad o'er the smiling earth to stray,
In the early days of Spring.

Fragrance was on the balmy gale,
Sunlight on every hill,
Beauty glowed in the flowery vale,
And beckoned him onward still.

When lo! there rose to his glancing eye
A vision of strange delight!
As the glorious ocean, rolling nigh,
First greeted his wondering sight.

The waves flashed bright, as if silvery stars
From the heavens so far away,
Had stooped to this beautiful earth of ours,
With the blue sea-waves to play.

A murmur rose through the misty haze,
And sweet on the ear it fell,
Like a wind-harp, moaning through autumn days,
Or the fairy voice of a shell!

On swifter pinion the wild bird flies,
As he nears the enchanted shore,
The green earth fades from his charméd eyes,
Oh! *never* to greet them more!

On—on, through the bright sun light
He speedeth his joyous way,
Mid the soft sea-breeze and the breakers white,
And the rainbow-painted spray.

But see! the Angel of Storms is near,
To shadow those shining hours!
The sky is shrouded in darkness drear,
And the gathering tempest lowers!

The ocean raves in its mighty wrath,
The waves roll mountain high,
And mock at the lightning's flaming path
Through the black and threat'ning sky!

Alas! for thee, bright wandering bird!
Thou hast found thee a stormy grave!
And thy song of joy may no more be heard,
Where the far green forests wave.

Oh! weary heart! it is thus with *thee*,
When far from love's sheltered home,
Wildly out on life's troubled sea,
For happiness thou wouldst roam.

Look "within thee"—with spirit eyes—
And thou shalt surely find,
The "pearl of price," in the paradise
Of a calm and heavenly mind.

Texas, April 5th, 1856.

ANECDOTE OF BALZAC.

A thief who had succeeded in penetrating in the middle of the night into the apartment of the well known author Balzac, was suddenly startled by a loud burst of laughter, and turning around, he saw by the dim light of the moon penetrating the chamber, the portly figure of the author sitting upon the bed and holding his sides. Seeing himself detected, he coolly asked Mr. Balzac for what reason he laughed so immoderately.

"I laugh," replied the latter, "at the idea that you should fancy yourself able to find money or valuables in the dark, and without a lamp, when I can't discover any in the broad daylight."

Digitized by Google

ELSIE RAYMOND.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Wait a moment, grandma, I just want to run out, and say good bye to Daisy;" and the sweet face, set in a frame work of bridal-hat flowers, looked a moment through the open door, and then vanished, before the lady, in her quaker satin and white muslin cap, could reply.

"What, isn't Elsie here?" The questioner was a young, and noble looking man, and there was something peculiarly attractive in the smiling of his dark expressive eyes, as they swept the room with a single glance, and then lighted on the old lady.

"She's just run out, Alden, to bid Daisy good bye. You know it wouldn't do to go off without seeing her old nurse, anyhow. Everything's packed, isn't it?"

"Yes, and the carriage is waiting;" and as the young man spoke, a tide of gleeful laughter rolled up to their ears from the company below stairs. The old lady did not mind it. She came close to the newly made husband, and laid her hand on his shoulder. "Alden," she said, very earnestly, "now the hour has come for our parting, I can think of many things I want to say to you, and I ought to have done this before. But it's too late now. Oh, Alden, you will be very tender of my darling, won't you? You will never forget how she has been watched, and cared for, (it may be too much,) and how she has never known a harsh word in the home whence you are taking her?"

The old lady's voice was pleading, almost to sadness, and her eyes were full of tears; but dimmed as they were, she saw the look of beautiful tenderness that flashed into the young man's expressive features.

"Do not fear to trust me, Mrs. Williams," he said, solemnly taking both her hands in his.—"Her happiness shall be the one great aim of my life. The love that has watched over, the tenderness that has guarded her girlhood from the very shadow of evil, shall be increased a hundred fold in the home to which I take her;" and had you heard those eloquent tones, and seen the look which accompanied them, you would have predicted a joyous wedded life for Elsie Raymond.

"I do believe you, Alden, my boy," answered the old lady, fervently. "But sometimes you may find Elsie a little impatient, or self-willed. I don't like to say it, for her heart's always in the right place, only you know how quick and impulsive she is, and she don't bear contradiction, for I s'pose she's a spoiled child."

"Who's a spoiled child?" asked a voice so sweet it would have thrilled your heart like a sudden outbreak of harp-music, and the graceful figure of the girl-bride sprang into the room.

Rubens ought to have seen her at that moment. With her blue, sparkling eyes, the half blush gathering into her soft cheeks, and the arch smile breaking over her lips, as morning sunshine breaks into the heart of mountain roses, she was just the vision of outward, joyous earth-loveliness that his soul would have delighted in. Her white hat with its loopings of lace and ribbon, and her rich travelling dress, harmonized with the rare, *English* creaminess of her complexion, and altogether she looked to the loving eyes that now rested on her, so bright, and sparkling and happy, that they forgot everything but her beauty.

"Grandma's been saying bad things about me," said the bride, with a pretty pout, that any young husband would have thought worth a dozen kisses. "Now, Alden, don't you let her frighten you one bit, for I'm going to be just the most loving, obedient little wife in the world, and never do a thing you say I musn't, as long as I live."

"I shan't say 'musn't' very often, darling," answered the young husband, stroking the curls that fell out of the little hat. "But come, Elsie, we shan't be in time for the cars. Say good bye to your grandmother, quick."

"I'll be a good girl, indeed I will," whispered the trembling lips, as they drew up to the grandmother's; and the smiling face was dim with tears.

"God bless you, Elsie, my child!"

And her husband hurried her away.

Elsie Raymond's future must tell the story of her past. Both her parents lay under the spring grass before she had learned to know them, and so she went to her grandmother's heart and home. There, only sunshine lay over her life. The tender, indulgent grandmother forgot there must come an hour when the clouds would rise, and the great life storms descend upon the flower that grew up in such beauty at her hearthstone.

Elsie had one of those fine, rich impulsive natures, that especially require judicious training. This she had never received from her grandmother, and the under-current of self-will and pride in her nature had gained depth and force, which, in her early girlhood, only revealed themselves in her impatience of mild reproof, or contradiction.

But usually she was so loving, so gentle, so transparent—and, as I said, her future must tell her past.

Two years had gone swiftly, happily by. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond sat at their breakfast table that morning. The room with its appliances of taste and luxury, was one of those rare home-gems, that only an artist can appreciate.

But the little wife, behind the silver coffee urn, in her fawn colored morning gown, with its tassels of blue silk, was, after all, the crowning beauty of the sweet home-scene.

"Alden," said Mrs. Raymond, as she passed his second cup of coffee, "won't you just put

Digitized by Google

down that paper, and listen to me a moment.—You know that party you promised me, almost a year ago. Well, I've decided to have it next week. It's just the season for it now, and we'll make a grand effort to have it pass off well."

If Mrs. Raymond had at that moment looked narrowly at her husband's face, she would have seen it grow pale at the mention of the party.

"I'm sorry, Elsie," he commenced, moving restlessly on his chair.

"Now don't," interrupted the little wife quickly, "don't, Alden, say one word against the party, for I've quite set my heart on having it. I told the Campbells, and the Wildmans about it, more than two weeks ago, so I should die with shame to postpone it."

"You shouldn't have mentioned it to them, without consulting me first." Mr. Raymond's tones were cold and severe for the first time, but his wife would have forgiven them, had she guessed the anguish that lay at his heart.

As it was her face flushed with anger. "Really," she answered, "I was not, until this morning, aware I was responsible to you, Mr. Raymond, for the subjects I might choose to select for conversation with my acquaintances. Once for all, what is the reason you refuse me this party?"

"I do not refuse it, Elsie, I only ask you to delay it."

"And I *must*, and *will* have it next week, or never. I cannot see why you wish me to postpone it, unless it be because you know the delay will greatly annoy me."

The young man's pale face flushed with the pain her words had occasioned him. "Elsie," and his voice was quieter, and sterner than before, "you cannot move me by these accusations because you know as well as do I, there is no truth in them. I have some heavy payments to meet this week, and that alone was the reason of my requesting you to defer this matter. All I have to say is, you will be quite as likely to accomplish your wishes by presenting them in a less dictatorial manner."

It was very unfortunate for Mr. Raymond that he added to his explanation that last remark; for now that he assigned a motive for the delay, his wife's heart had begun to soften toward him, but that last speech hardened it again.

"I don't believe a word of what you're saying, Alden Raymond," she answered, pushing back her chair, and bursting into a flood of passionate tears. "If the money had made any difference, you'd have told me before this late day; and it's only because you want to mortify me now before the world, that you're so stingy this morning. I wish I was back again in my old home, with grandma, and dear old Daisy, who would never have spoken to me the harsh, cruel words that you have just done. *I wish I was back there again, and that I had never left it for, and that I had never seen you, Alden Raymond!*"

And springing from her seat, the lady burst out of the room, and her husband made no effort to detain her. He only leaned his head on his hand, and groaned deeply. It was the last drop in his cup of bitterness.

An hour later the young merchant was walking up and down his counting-room, with restless step, and haggard face.

There had come a sudden revolution in the mercantile world, and his house was one of the first to feel it. "There is no chance to sail clear of this, that I see," murmured the young man, as he struck his forehead. "A few weeks, and we must all sink. I shall be a ruined man, and Elsie—" his face worked fearfully a moment, and then he resumed, "There is no way to raise the money, *unless*—" he stared anxiously all about him, as though he feared the terrible secret which lay behind that "unless" might have revealed itself, though it had never crossed his lips; and for the first time in his life, his face wore a look of *cowardice and guilt*.

"Yes; I could get it so," he said, leaning his head on his hands; "and if our affairs should happen to take a favorable turn, I could repay the note before anybody was the wiser; if not," and his voice grew hoarse, "*the river or a pistol shot could settle it all.*"

"Elsie's little property's all swallowed up, too. God knows I meant to secure it to her, but there was no help for it, and were she to know this she'd hate me worse than ever, and maybe I can win back one of the old love-smiles to her sweet lips if—" he did not finish the sentence.

"Elsie, you can give out the invitations for your party next week. There is the money which will defray the expenses," and Mr. Raymond placed a note for a thousand dollars in the lap of his wife.

It was dinner time, and Elsie had had all the morning to reflect on her conduct at breakfast, and bitterly had the young wife reproached herself for the unkind words she had spoken. But her will was unsubdued still, and when the footsteps of her husband rang through the hall, the old pride came back to her heart, the morning curl to her rosy lip, and she thought to herself, "Alden shall speak first."

And he did: and that generous deed of his overcame at once, all the pride and self-will of the really loving wife.

She sprang up quickly, and wound her white arms round her husband's neck, while tears of remorse and tenderness swept down her face. "Oh, Alden," she said, "forgive me, forgive me for the cruel words I said this morning. I have been so sorry for them. I do love you better than all the world beside, and I would not leave you for a thousand grandmothers. Say just once to me 'Elsie, I forgive you,' and I shall be so happy."

He drew her bright head to his bosom, and he rained down kisses on her sweet brow, as he said, "Elsie once, and forever I forgive you, but I have been very weak, and I have suffered much this morning. Let me lie my head in your lap, and see if I shall not feel better, while you talk to me."

And Elsie sat there a long time, running her little dimpled fingers through the thick brown

Digitized by Google

curls of her husband, and laying her cool lips every few moments to his fevered forehead, chatting to him in her sweet humming-bird style, of her party, and what a delightful affair it would be; dreaming little of the darkness, and sin, and shame, that was drawing closer and closer to their threshold!

It was late morning after the party. It had been as the young wife had predicted "a brilliant affair."

And now she walked through the elegant confusion of her parlors, and thought what glances of admiration had followed her during the evening, and how proud Alden would be when she recounted to him the compliments which the guests had bestowed upon their "beautiful hostess;" and how she had inadvertently heard Mayor Hamlin, who was pronounced the most artistic judge in the city, call her "the rare blossom of the festival." But these pleasant dreamings experienced a rude interruption.

Two rough-looking men entered the parlor, and inquired if Mr. Raymond was in.

"No," answered his wife, surprised and startled. "He went to the store this morning."

One of them replied, with a significant look around the rooms, that he was not there, they had just come from his store.

"I have not seen him since," was Mrs. Raymond's laconic rejoinder; and after conferring together a moment, the two men left the room.

The lady sank down upon a sofa, and covered her face with her hands. They were policemen, she could not disguise from herself this fact, and a vague, terrible fear took possession of her soul.

A few moments later, and her husband stood before her, wild, pale, haggard.

"Elsie," he asked hurriedly, "have there been two policemen here after me?"

"Yes, and I told them you were at the store. Oh, Alden"—she could not finish the sentence, for he rushed from her, out into the hall, and up the stairs like a madman.

Elsie's heart died within her, and it was only by grasping the cushions of the sofa, she prevented herself from sinking to the floor. She feared—she knew not what, but the next moment the woman's heart of Elsie Raymond awoke within her. Alden, her husband, was suffering, it might be he was in disgrace and shame, and who should stand by him, and where should he find comfort and strength, but in her?

She sprang up, and though her limbs shook like a reed beneath her, and her face would not be whiter when it lay under the coffin plaits, she went straight out into the hall, and up the long stairs to his room.

The door was not locked, and she opened it without knocking. What a scene for the blue eyes of Elsie Raymond! Her husband stood in the centre of the room, with a pistol pointed at his heart. One minute more, and she had been too late.

With one loud shriek she rushed to his side, with one blow of her small, white hand, she struck the heavy pistol to the floor, and with a wild, sad cry springing from her pale lips, "Saved, saved, Alden," she wound her arms about him.

The desperate man put her away. "Saved," he cried, hoarsely, "saved to ruin, degradation, to worse than death. Leave me, Elsie, and let me do the deed now."

But she came back to him, for she would not be put away. "No, no," she answered, and her pale face shone almost like an angel's, with its beautiful wife-tenderness, "did you think, Alden, your Elsie would leave you now, when your arms have sheltered her so long? Did you think she would not follow you through suffering, and shame, true and loving to the end?"

"But not to *prison*, Elsie, not to *prison?*" His head dropped as he said it.

"Yes," she answered, drawing closer, and the light of her soul was shining in her eyes, "to prison, to the *gallows*, to *death*, Alden!"

And then he took her in his arms, and while his heart was wrung with deeper agony for her than for himself, he told her all.

And Elsie learned, for the first time, of the threatened collapse in her husband's business, and of the utter impossibility of his meeting the expenses of their late party without—he whispered the words—"*he had forged a note for two thousand dollars!*" He hoped to pay it, and so elude discovery, but matters grew worse, and he could not raise the money.

"And it was for me you did it, Alden; because I spoke those cruel words! Oh, God help me! *I* am to blame, not you!" cried the heart-broken wife.

But before her husband could answer her, she had sprung from her seat, and a great hope had dawned into her face.—"Alden," she cried, "it was *I* that ruined, it is *I* that will save you. I am going to that man whose name you forged, and I will beg, pray, anything, till he promises to spare you."

"Elsie," and her husband shook his head mournfully; "his heart is a hard one."

"No matter, I will find my way to it. I will not let him go till he has promised to save you. Pray God, Alden, while I am gone, pray Him without ceasing, to be with me!" She pressed one long, loving kiss upon his bowed forehead, and left him.

Mr. Holburn, the millionaire, was slowly pacing up and down his long, narrow office, with his hands behind him, as was his custom.

He was a dark, stern-looking man, with deep wrinkles set in his forehead and thin face, and altogether, it was not one that a little child, or a heart yearning for comfort and sympathy would have been drawn toward.

"Strange, strange," muttered the millionaire to himself, "that a young man of such family, occupying such a position on 'change, and in the best social circles, should have done this thing. What a sensation 'twill create! Gave that splendid party last night, too—"

Mr. Holburn's monologue was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a lady. She made her ingress unannounced, and putting her long veil aside, revealed a face hardly yet ripened

Digitized by Google

into full womanhood, yet very touching in its pale, mournful loveliness.

"I am Mrs. Raymond," she said eagerly, "and you now know for what I have come. Oh, sir! will you not spare my husband?"

"Madame," said Mr. Holburn, partially recovering himself, "it is a very painful duty to refuse you, but Justice must have her course. The offence is so palpable—"

But Elsie had sunk down at the man's feet, unable to stand. "O, sir," she cried, clasping her hands, while the tears rolled down her sweet face, "do not say that! If you ever had a mother who sang you to slumber in her arms, or a sister by whose side you knelt in prayer, or a wife whose head slumbered on your heart, by all that you have ever loved and cherished, have pity upon me, I pray you—have pity upon my husband, and spare us both from a life that will be worse than death!

"There will come a day and an hour when you will be glad that you listened to my prayer, and oh, as you hope for mercy at the judgment, show it to me now!"

And the man looked at her, as she knelt there in her mournful beauty at his feet, with her shining curls lying about her tearful face, and his heart was touched.

"I am sorry for you," he said, "but Madame, your husband has been greatly to blame."

"It was I. It was all my fault," eagerly interrupted Elsie. "I instigated him to the act by my folly and extravagance. Do not accuse him, let the shame, as was the sin, be mine, but oh! you will not kill us, will you?"

The stern heart melted. Mr. Holburn raised the young wife gently, and whispered: "Mrs. Raymond, I will prosecute the thing no farther. Your husband is safe."

A half hour later, Elsie burst into the room where sat her husband. "Look up, Alden," she cried, exultingly; "I have saved you!—I have saved you!"

But this sudnen joy, after those hours of exquisite suffering, was too much even for the man's strong physical endurance, and as the glad words died on Elsie's lips, her husband dropped senseless to the floor.

A week had passed. It was a soft star-bright April evening, the closing of one of those days that come up, golden wanderers from the Tropics, and shake hands with the month's gloom, and chill and mist.

Alden Raymond sat in his large easy chair, in the pleasant room where we met him at breakfast, and Elsie sat on the chair-arm. She looked very charming and very happy too, albeit there was a deeper, more subdued beauty in her whole face, but you would have loved it better than all the sparkle of the old times.

"And so Alden," said the little wife, running her fingers though her husband's hair, "grandma writes she will be with us next month, as soon as May brings the clover wind to her bedroom window. I am so glad, and now your business has turned out so favorably, we shall be very happy. I cannot thank God enough when I think of it!"

Alden drew his arms round the slender waist.

"Yes, darling, the worst is over now," he answered. "Our business is on a prosperous footing again; thank God, as you say! I have this afternoon paid Mr. Holburn all that debt. We should be very happy, if it were not for that one terrible memory, Elsie;" his head dropped on her shoulder.

The wife put down her rosy lips to his ear, and whispered softly, "Don't think about it. dear Alden. It was all my fault, not yours, you know, and what a lesson has it been to us both. *We will never quarrel again.*"

And Elsie kept her word, and when her grandmother returned home from her happy visit she said to Daisy, with tears in her eyes,

"I have no fears for Elsie now: she is the best wife in the world, and she has the best husband too."

So Elsie Raymond's first quarrel with her husband was her last one.

ELENORE: A SONG.

BY JOHN H. CANOLL.

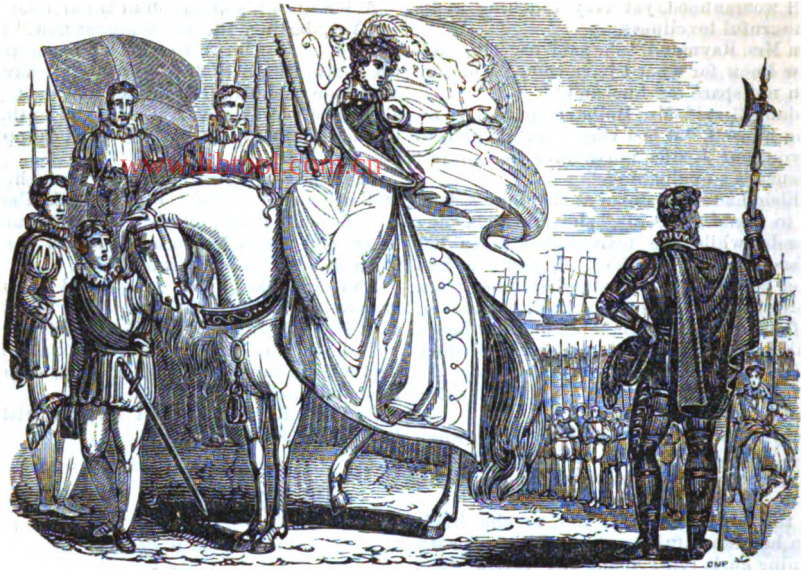
Where art thou! my heart's best treasure,
Elenore?
Where art thou! O spring of pleasure,
Elenore?
O'er me golden clouds are flying,
Gentle winds around me sighing,
Everything to woo thee trying;
Where art thou, Elenore?

Everything with light is gleaming,
Elenore;
Earth with joy and love is beaming,
Elenore.
Everything is bright around me,
As the hallowed hour that found thee
Captive in the arms that bound thee;
Where art thou, Elenore?

Where art thou! O spring of pleasure,
Elenore?
Where art thou! my soul's lost treasure,
Elenore?
Dreary is the way before me,
Hope may hang no rainbow o'er me,
'Till the day when Heaven restore thee,
Where art thou, Elenore?

BROTHER AND SISTER.—Brothers! sisters! blessed names; are they not worth cherishing in this world of sunshine and shadow? Do we not love them, though angry words may sometimes soil our lips to them? Are we not afterwards repentant of this, our foolishness? And as we put our arms around their neck, and kiss away the tear of forgiveness, do we realize how much we have for which to be grateful? And many other kindred and dear acquaintances are with us on the journey of life; but we overlook our blessings, and try to penetrate into the dark future, that we may find something to grumble over, instead of raising our hearts in thanksgiving and praise, for the many blessings around us.

Digitized by Google



QUEEN ELIZABETH AT TILBURY.

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

No. VIII.—QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The life of Queen Elizabeth, called by her subjects the good Queen Bess, is deserving of particular study, as she is generally admitted to have been the most popular, and at the same time the most despotic of British sovereigns. She was born at Greenwich, on 7th September, 1533. She was the daughter of Henry VIII., by Anne Boleyn, and her position in reference to the descent of the throne was peculiar, since the accession of her sister, Mary, conveying the inference that Henry's marriage to Catharine of Arragon was valid, rendered the issue of the second marriage illegitimate. An act had, however, been passed in Henry's reign, which, fortunately, perhaps, cut the knot by settling the crown on the two princesses successively. During the reign of her brother, King Edward, she spent a very happy life, following her natural disposition for hard study, and not only acquiring many accomplishments, but practically applying them to the acquisition of a profound knowledge of mankind. During the reign of her sister, the scene changed, and she underwent five uneasy years of difficulty and danger. Her conduct was marked by extreme sagacity, courage and caution. She proved that her adherence to the principles of the reformation was not so much in her mind a matter of essential belief, as of preference between a good system and a bad system, for she submitted in some measure to the ritual of Rome. On the other hand, when we know the extreme rigidness of Mary's bigotry, it is necessary to believe that nothing but a considerable amount of sisterly affection could have prevented her from sacrificing one who was likely so far to undo all that she had herself done at the sacrifice of so many lives. Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne dates from 17th November, 1558. Her glorious reign is matter of history. A contrast to that which followed, it was marked alike by prudence and decision. The ecclesiastical revolution, which every one saw must follow her accession, went on so gradually, and at the same time so distinctly, that the Romish hierarchy had abandoned their cause, before it was finally decided against them. A main character of her reign is, that from the first she chose wise advisers, and through all her personal caprices, kept them to the end. Another eminent feature of her policy was to watch the growth of discontents, and appease them ere they became dangerous. Thus, when such complaints as shook the throne in the next reign, and overturned it in that of Charles, began faintly to appear, she stepped forward and redressed the grievances as from her own princely beneficence to her suppliant people, and hence she preserved her prerogative untarnished, while she appeased discontent. How far sovereigns of such ability are advantageous to a free country may be questioned. England certainly never came so near arbitrary power as in her reign. With all her political capacity, her personal failings were signally pre-

Digitized by Google

posterous. Her desire to be considered lovely, and to be loved, approached a monomania. She appears to have had a singularly unpleasing aspect for a woman—harsh features, a rough, yellow skin, dim eyes, an irascible, indented mouth, and sandy hair—yet no one could too grossly flatter her beauty, and it was impossible to make a portrait with the slightest degree of truth which she could tolerate. Sir Walter Raleigh speaks of "the pictures of Queen Elizabeth, made by unskillful and common painters, which, by her own commandment, were knock-in pieces, and cast into the fire." On more than one occasion she was allowed, and allowed herself, to exult in the notion that she was the object of the despairing love of her servants—but she never permitted either vanity or affection to disturb the policy of her reign. To the jealousy arising out of her peculiar weakness, we may attribute the great blot on her name—her harshness to Mary, of Scotland. It has now been proved that she distinctly indicated how good a service she would count it, secretly to put the captive out of the way; and it is creditable to the English public men of the day, that none of them would take her hint as a warrant "to break into the bloody house of life."

Elizabeth understood, as well as Napoleon, the arts necessary for gaining popularity. When the invasion of the Spanish Armada was impending, she visited the army assembled at Tilbury, appearing on horseback, riding through the lines, and speaking to the soldiers. The effect of her harangue was commensurate with the sound judgment, and consummate knowledge of mankind which dictated such a display.

The tenderness of Elizabeth's heart is popularly believed to have been the immediate cause of her death. Her favorite, the Earl of Essex, had been tried, and very justly condemned for high treason. While he was high in favor with the Queen, she had given him a ring, as a pledge of her affection, and had accompanied the gift with a promise that, in whatever disgrace he might fall, or whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him by his enemies, he might depend upon her for forgiveness, if he produced that ring. In his final extremity, Essex resolved to try the efficacy of this precious gift, and he committed it to the Countess of Nottingham, to deliver to the Queen. But the husband of the countess, an enemy of Essex, persuaded her to retain the ring. Elizabeth imputed his supposed omission to send it, to Essex's pride, and assented to his execution. After the execution of the earl, the Countess of Nottingham being on her death bed, sent for the Queen, to reveal to her a secret, without disclosing which, she could not die in peace. When the Queen entered her apartment, she presented Essex's ring, related the purpose for which she had received it, and begged forgiveness of her crime. All Elizabeth's affection returned, all her rage was roused. "God may forgive you, but I never can," she cried, as she shook the dying countess in her bed. She then rushed out of the room. Few and miserable, after this discovery, were the days of Elizabeth. Her spirit was utterly depressed. Her heart was broken, and existence became a burden. She died on the 24th of March, 1603.



THE EARL OF ESSEX LED TO EXECUTION.

Digitized by Google

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Eldridge was awakened on the next morning by the loud cries of the children, in angry contention. The voice of Katy, was, as usual, mingling sharply with the voices of her brothers, and it was plain, that, as usual, she had taken one side in a quarrel between them.

"Oh, dear! Those children again!" he said, as he started up in bed. He found that his wife had arisen and left the chamber. Soon her voice was heard above their war of words, and cries of passion were quickly changed into cries of pain.

"All wrong! All wrong!" murmured the disturbed husband and father, sinking back upon his pillow, where he lay in no pleasant state of mind for nearly ten minutes. Then he arose, and prepared to meet his family at the breakfast table. Clouds rested on the parents' brows; they scarcely looked into each other's faces. The children were restless and contentious as usual, and were all driven by their mother from the table ere the meal was half completed.

"Katy, you come back," said Mr. Eldridge, as their daughter was leaving the room with her brothers. "You'll only set them by the ears."

Katy was returning, when her mother started up and said:

"Didn't I tell you to go out? Leave us this instant!"

The face of Mrs. Eldridge was like scarlet, while her eyes flashed and her lips quivered.

The child, with a frightened look, hurried out after her brothers.

"I'll thank you, when I speak to the children, not to interfere!" said Mrs. Eldridge, with indignation. "You complain that I don't govern them rightly, and yet, when I attempt to use authority, you set it aside"

Mr. Eldridge did not so much as lift his eyes to his wife's face, but went on eating his breakfast. A few minutes afterwards, he arose and retired to his office, to take up the business of the day.

At ten o'clock, Mr. Eldridge went to court.—He hadn't been gone more than half an hour, when Mrs. Weakly came in, and in her friendly, winning way, said:

"As you are going to call on Mrs. Glendy this morning, I thought I would go with you. I owe her a visit."

Now, Mrs. Eldridge had thought a little more soberly about the matter since parting with Mrs. Weakly, and a feeling of prudent hesitation had succeeded to her first determination to act in clear defiance of her husband's wishes. Unfortunately, the scene at the breakfast table had excited something like resentment against her husband, and all the truer perceptions of her mind were again darkened. Only a moment she hesitated before replying:

"Thank you for calling, my dear Mrs. Weakly! I'll be ready in a few minutes."

Then excusing herself until she made a hasty toilette, Mrs. Eldridge went with lighter footsteps than heart to her chamber.

"I wish I had not promised to go this morning," she said aloud, as she sat down on the side of her bed. "Mrs. Weakly seems possessed to drag me off to see that woman. If I only felt right about it. Oh, dear! What a feverish state we do live in. I'm sick to death with myself and everybody else. There's always some trouble or another springing up. The sky is never clear for a day at a time. Precious little do I feel like visiting this morning. I wish that woman had staid at home and minded her own business. She'll get me into some difficulty before she's done with me—I feel it."

A little while Mrs. Eldridge sat with her eyes fixed on vacancy. Then starting up, she said, with reviving spirit:

"Pshaw! This is an unwomanly weakness!"

It did not take her long to arrange her dress. In a much shorter time than is usually occupied by ladies in preparing to go out, she was ready, and went tripping down stairs, to join her friend, as lightly as if a care had never laid a feather's weight upon her spirit.

"Not tired of waiting I hope," she said to Mrs. Weakly.

"Oh, dear, no! You're ready in half the time it takes most people. But I've a world of patience. Want of thought is what makes time pass heavily. I'm always thinking about something or other—always doing some kind of brain work, you see; and that makes the hours pass as fleetly as if they had wings."

The two ladies were moving down the hall towards the door, when a voice was heard calling Mrs. Eldridge. It was that of the cook, and Mrs. Eldridge stepped back to hear what she had to say.

"Will you be home soon, ma'am?" was enquired.

"I expect to be; why?"

"Because, ma'am, there's nothing in the house for dinner."

"Oh, I'll return early enough to see about that," replied Mrs. Eldridge, partly turning away.

"But, may be ye'll be kept away longer than ye thinks. And what then, ma'am?"

"Pick up something, in that case. But I'll be home in time."

And Mrs. Eldridge hurried off to join her friend.

"Pick up something! Yis, indade! And nice picking up it will be. Home in time! Ha! Who ever saw her leddyship home in time when she once got a going!"

"I'm so glad your about to call on Mrs. Glendy!" said Mrs. Weakly, as soon as they were on

Digitized by Google

the street. "She's a lovely woman, and tongue of slander never did a fouler work than when it tried to blacken her name."

They had gone only a few paces, when Mrs. Eldridge saw her husband on the opposite side of the street, standing in a group of three or four men, talking.

"Mr. Eldridge," said Mrs. Weakly, intimating that she saw the husband of her friend.

"Yes, I see him," was simply answered.

"Weakly's there also; and I'm glad of it"

"Why?" enquired Mrs. Eldridge.

"Because we had a little spat last night—an unusual thing for us now-a-days, you must know—about Mrs. Glendy. He said something in reference to her that didn't just please me, and I took him down pretty sharply."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, some vile thing that I can't repeat.—Men talk scandalously sometimes. They're bad to the core, all of them. But, as I was saying, I'm glad Weakly's there. They're just in sight of Mrs. Glendy's, and he will see us go in. So will your husband."

By no means a pleasant reflection was this to Mrs. Eldridge. She was not yet prepared to set her husband so openly at defiance. But there was no retreat now, for she had not the moral courage to let her friend see that she could be deterred from going because the eyes of her husband were upon her. She did not reply, but walked on in silence. What a heavy pressure was on her feelings. Mrs. Glendy lived on the main street, and her house was in view from the point where Mr. Eldridge stood, and if he remained there, he would see her go in. A fierce conflict raged in her mind as she moved along—pride, indignation, defiance, regret, shame, in turn gaining the ascendancy. But, there was no turning back now. Pride was the o'ermastering passion.

It flashed, instantly, on the mind of Mr. Eldridge, when he saw his wife pass in company with Mrs. Weakly, that she was going to call on Mrs. Glendy, notwithstanding he had so decidedly expressed, time and again, his opinion, that she ought not to be on terms of intimacy with her—and should by no means visit at her house.

"Your cara sposa," said Mr. Weakly, tossing his head towards the two ladies, as they passed, opposite.

"And yours," replied Eldridge, smiling.

"I wonder on what errand of mercy they are bent this morning." Weakly spoke in a light voice.

The other gentlemen of the group turned their eyes upon Mrs. Eldridge and Mrs. Weakly, thus referred to by their husbands, but no other remark in reference to them was made. The conversation went on again, but Eldridge took no farther part in it, though he seemed to be listening with careful attention. His eyes and his thoughts were on his wife, whose form was gradually receding in the distance, and drawing nearer and nearer to the dwelling of Mrs. Glendy.

"George!" suddenly ejaculated Mr. Weakly, whose gaze had also been fixed upon the ladies. "Is it possible!"

"What possible?" enquired two or three of the gentlemen, as their eyes took the direction of Weakly's."

"What can possess the woman!" added Weakly. "I thought I had said enough to her about Mrs. Glendy, and there she is calling upon her in broad day light—and your wife is with her, Eldridge. Don't you know better than to let her visit that woman?"

Surprise was pictured in the countenances of all the gentlemen, some of whom shook their heads, and looked gravely knowing. A dark shadow fell over the face of Mr. Eldridge; and his heart throbbed with shame and indignation.

"Women are strangely perverse, sometimes," he remarked, with as much external indifference as he could assume, and then, after a brief struggle with himself, said, in a quiet voice, addressing one of the company, with whom he had commenced moving away from the spot where they had been standing:

"What were you saying about the judge?"

"Judge Gray?"

"Yes."

"Let me see—them women have put it out of my head. Oh, yes, now I remember. The judge is one of the cleverest, and most free-hearted men in the country."

"He has that reputation."

"And justly so. I know him like a book; and have yet to learn the first unmanly trait in his character. He is open-hearted and open-handed."

Eldridge did not fully respond either in thought or word to this unqualified eulogium. He had always liked Judge Gray for his kind, free, social qualities; but had never thought him a man of tried principles.

"I think you said, that he talked of buying that mill property?" said Eldridge.

"Yes, I know he has his eye upon it, and will purchase if he can get it right. He's shrewd at a bargain."

"For all his free, social qualities, the judge doesn't grow any poorer," remarked Eldridge. "He has the reputation of looking out for the main chance."

"It is safe being in the boat with such a man."

"Ah! now I understand you, friend Craig. You remarked, last night, that you and the judge were talking over a little speculation. This is it; and you are to have an interest in the matter."

"You've guessed it—but, under-the-rose, remember. I thought the judge would have mentioned it himself last night, for I know he means to talk with you on the subject, and get you interested, if possible."

Eldridge shook his head, and remarked:

"I never had any fancy for speculation. I belong to the plodding, easy-going, slow-and-sure division of humanity."

"This is as safe as a gold mine," said Craig.

"Perhaps it is. Many a gold mine absorbs more than it yields."

Digitized by Google

They had reached the corner of the street, and were about separating.

"We'll see you at McQuillin's to-night," said Craig.

"Can't say. Am doubtful."

"The judge will be there."

"I presume so, from what he said last night."

"I know he wants to see you, and have a talk about that mill property."

"Let him call in at my office, then. I'm always at home. We can talk there free from all disturbance."

"I can't answer for him on that head. But think over the matter; and if time hangs in the least heavy on your hands to-night, just step down to McQuillan's. You'll find us there, and receive a hearty welcome."

The two men parted, and Eldridge moved on towards the Court House, instantly forgetful of all else but his domestic infelicities. His wife's visit to Mrs. Glendy, a woman whose name was spoken in light familiarity by nearly every man in the town of Arden, had so confounded him, that he was bewildered, as well as sorely troubled. Since his positive objections to his wife's keeping up the acquaintance, he had heard a great deal more about the woman, that had a very disreputable aspect. If she were not of positively bad character, she was at least culpably imprudent; and this was sufficient for Mr. Eldridge.

A case of some importance occupied his attention in court during the entire morning session. It was nearly two o'clock when he was released from attendance. As soon as he could get away, he hurried home. As usual, the moment he entered his door, the noise of riot and wrangling among the children fell painfully upon his ears, and, as usual, the shrill voice of Katy was heard high above the din.

"Where's your mother?" he enquired, as he entered the sitting room, where a scene of the utmost disorder presented itself. Chairs upset, the table drawn into the middle of the room; work basket overthrown, and the floor covered with books, papers, caps, and sticks of wood, pieces of broken china, &c., in disheartening confusion.

"She isn't home," answered Katy. The wild uproar had become instantly stilled at the father's entrance.

Mr. Eldridge stood for a few moments, surveying the scene, and then turning away, went down stairs and took refuge in his office. He had just closed the door behind him, when he heard his wife enter, and move quickly along the passage. His first impulse was to follow her to her room, and angrily demand her reason for having acted in such gross defiance of his expressed wishes. But, ere he had moved forward a pace, reason checked the movement, and warned him not to be guilty of simple folly. Experience had sadly proved to him that when his wife's passions were aroused, she was blind and headstrong—and that his hand was not strong enough to curb her will. Her tongue pierced like a dagger, and cut like a tempered sword. In a war of words he had no chance with her. As a lawyer, he had encountered many unscrupulous antagonists, but never one so unscrupulous as his wife.

All this glanced through his mind as he stood checked in the movement to follow her. Then he sat down heavily, with a smothered groan, and buried his face in his hands. The quiet that succeeded his visit to the sitting room was of but short duration. A very different result followed the appearance of his wife in that scene of disorder. At once her indignation boiled over, and without stopping to ask a question, or utter a reproof, she commenced passionately striking the children by turns, about their heads, faces, and shoulders, pouring out upon them at the same time a torrent of angry invective.

The sound of all this caused Mr. Eldridge to start to his feet, and in the moment's excitement to bound half way up the stairs, with the purpose of interposing a stern authority between his children and their rage-blind mother. But, he checked himself in the movement, conscious of his impotency in the case, and went sadly, and almost hopelessly back to his office. There he sat, in troubled self-communion, until the dinner bell startled him with its unwelcome, rather than welcome sound. Slowly he arose, and with slow pace took his way to the dining-room, where his wife and children had preceded him. He found nothing very inviting there, either in the company or the repast. The only articles of food on the table, were a dish of boiled potatoes, a plate of bread, and another of butter.

Mrs. Eldridge, with a face like scarlet, was ringing the table bell violently, which summons was answered by the cook, who came up stairs with a slow, firm step, as if preparing herself to brave a storm.

"Is this all the dinner you've got?" demanded Mrs. Eldridge.

"Yis, ma'am," was replied, in a composed voice.

"What's the meaning of such conduct? How dare you get up a meal like this?"

"Sure, ma'am," answered the cook, as calm as a spring morning, "and didn't I tell yez that we had nothing in the house for dinner?—and didn't ye say that ye'd be home in time. I've done the best I could, ma'am. There was nothing else to get."

"It's a lie! You dirty hussy!" exclaimed Mrs. Eldridge, thrown into a perfect rage. "To dare to treat me so! Leave my sight and the house this instant, you miserable Irish trollop!"

"As ye likes, ma'am," returned the girl, with an unruffled manner. "Hard words break no bones. I've done my duty, and I hope you'll always do yours as well."

"Go! go!" screamed Mrs. Eldridge, well nigh thrown into hysterics by this unexpected climax to the scenes of the day.

The girl withdrew, but instead of going back to the kitchen, ascended to the attic. Mr. Eldridge had no appetite left for even the most tempting dishes, much less for the uninviting fare that had been set before him. So he

Digitized by Google

pushed his chair back, and left his wife and children to make the best of the scanty meal which the cook had provided. After musing for a short time in his office, he went out, and, undetermined what to do, or where to go, he strolled along the street, and ere conscious of the distance he had gone, found himself at the extreme end of the town, and near the handsome residence of Judge Gray. The judge was standing at his gate, and greeted him with his usual frank and cordial manner—insisting on his coming in and taking a glass of wine with him.

Eldridge could not well say "no" to the judge's invitation, and so he went in, and they chatted a few minutes over their wine. While thus engaged, the dinner bell interrupted them.

"Just in time," said Judge Gray, laying his hand firmly on the arm of Eldridge. "You havn't dined yet?"

"No—ye—yes," stammered Eldridge.

"Exactly! I've some fine woodcock, and am all alone, to-day, So you shall be my guest willingly or per force, as the case may be."

"Pray, excuse me," said Eldridge. "I must go home."

"No excuse. I'll send a note of apology to your lady, if desired, and say that you are a prisoner against your will. Come! The fine flavor of the birds is wasting itself."

And, unheeding all his guest's protestations and excuses, he conducted him to the dining room.

CHAPTER VII.

In external matters, it was far from being as well with Dr. Penrose as he desired. He did not possess, by nature, the qualities requisite to a rapid advancement in the world. He was more timid than sanguine; and far too sensitive to push his way amid personal opposition, or at the risk of personal ill-will. His tastes had, so far in life, led him to desire elegancies in his household, far beyond his ability to obtain. Even the few indulgencies ventured upon, had drawn so heavily on his slender purse, that a sense of poverty took away all true enjoyment, and the few choice pictures, vases, and statuettes which he had bought, were scarcely looked at with interest once in a fortnight. He observed, not without a feeling of discouragement, or discontent, other men, starting with him, side by side in life, gradually, or rapidly rising into the possession of fortunes—men with intellectual abilities, in most cases, ranging far below his own. Even in his profession, he saw some of his fellow students, who had scarcely crowded through their examination—he had made a brilliant advent into the ranks of his profession—steadily advancing their worldly interests, while he was barely able to secure enough to keep want from the home that sheltered his beloved ones. Even in the village of Arden, inferior skill to his own found a predominating popularity.

Several things had occured on the day referred to in the preceding chapter, to depress and discourage Dr. Penrose, and to fill his mind with gloomy doubts. A few years before, he had ventured, after a more than usually encouraging season, to purchase the house in which he lived, paying down five hundred dollars, which he had saved, and engaging to pay five hundred a year for the four successive years. The cost of the property was twenty-five hundred dollars. Interest was, of course, to be allowed on the balance unpaid. To secure this balance, there was a mortgage on the property.

As it had turned out with Dr. Penrose from the beginning, it turned out now. His hopes were not fully realized. Instead of being able to pay off five hundred a year, he had only accomplished an annual reduction of three hundred. The holder of the mortgage grew more and more impatient of delay, and this impatience fretted the doctor sorely. His temper was quick, and he had little control over his words when under excitement. The consequence was, that he had replied to the holder of the mortgage, on two or three occasions, in so tart a manner, that ill-feeling was created. A threat of foreclosure followed, very naturally, to which the doctor answered in a defiant manner.

James Barlow, the holder of the mortgage, was a speculator in property, and owned a large portion of the best lots in the town of Arden. He was an eager, grasping, unscrupulous man, and never hesitated about ruining a poor debtor, if that ruin were deemed by him necessary for the security of even a small sum of money. About two years after his sale to Dr. Penrose, there was a sudden rise in property in the doctor's immediate neighborhood, consequent upon the choice of a fine lot, not far distant, by the County Commissioners, for the erection of handsome county buildings, with extensive grounds. The value of the doctor's house and half acre of ground, was at once advanced one thousand dollars. Barlow's first emotion, on learning where the new county buildings were to be located, was one of regret that he did not still own the house in which Dr. Penrose lived.

"I'd been fifteen hundred dollars better off to-day, if I'd kept that property," he said to himself, with a feeling of chagrin. "Why can't we know what is going to happen?"

It was only a day or two afterwards, that the doctor called to make his half yearly payment on the mortgage. His previous payment had only been one hundred and fifty dollars, and he had promised to make this three hundred and fifty. But, the doctor's expectations had been again disappointed; he could only make up one hundred and fifty, and one third of that sum he had been compelled to borrow.

Mr. Barlow, when the money was counted out on the table before him, looked grave.

"It is mortifying to me," said the doctor, in a depressed manner, "to ask a little more indulgence. But, physicians' bills are the hardest in the world to collect. There is over a thousand dollars of good accounts due me, but nobody is ready to pay."

Mr. Barlow drew the money towards him, and for some time sat regarding it in moody silence.

Digitized by Google

"I fully expected the whole sum due. I have use for it, Dr. Penrose."

"I have done the best in my power," replied the doctor.

Mr. Barlow had a daughter, whom the doctor, a few weeks before, had brought through a dangerous illness. Gratitude for the unwearied attention, and devoted skill of the physician, had not quite died out of the man's hard heart. A passing remembrance of one or two scenes in the sick chamber, reproved his present unkindness, and constrained him to say, in rather a softened manner:

"Let it pass, now."

A receipt was hastily written, and as he handed it to the doctor, he remarked, in a voice that was meant to be a little cheerful:

"You must try and do better next year. Remember, that the property I sold you has materially improved in value."

"I'll do the best I can," replied Dr. Penrose, as he folded up the receipt. He stood a few moments, and then coldly turned away, feeling so discouraged and humiliated, that he went to his home, instead of visiting some patients who needed his attention, and shutting the door of his office, abandoned himself to weakness and despondency.

The year that succeeded, proved one of no materially increasing prosperity to Dr. Penrose. The first six months' payment to Mr. Barlow, received under protest, was but one hundred and fifty dollars.

Another half year had expired, and the doctor had again called upon his creditor. The result of this interview was one of the causes of depression referred to near the opening of this chapter. He could raise no more than about an equal sum to that accumulated at the last pay day With this, in a chafed, defiant state of mind, he called upon Barlow. He expected trouble; and was prepared to meet it in the worst way possible.

The two men met in no amiable mood with each other. Barlow saw, on his first glance at the doctor's face, that he had come with the old story of deficient collections, and his mind was made up not to accept any more excuses in the place of money.

"Good morning, doctor."

"Good morning."

For some moments the two men looked at each other half askance.

"I've brought you some more money," said Dr. Penrose, drawing out his pocket book as he spoke.

"How much?" was asked.

"The old story again. Only——"

"I'm tired of the old story," said Barlow, a little roughly. "I can't take any more half payments."

The doctor thrust his wallet back into his pocket. His face crimsoned, and his lips quivered.

"As you like," he answered, with assumed indifference.

"I expect payment according to contract—nothing more, nothing less," said Barlow.

"I can give you a hundred and seventy dollars," was replied.

"It won't answer. I want the whole amount due from the beginning."

"But, I have said, Mr. Barlow, that one hundred and seventy was all I could pay. Impossibilities should be required of no man."

"Men should not engage to do impossibilities. I could have sold that property a dozen times over at an advance of a thousand dollars on what you agreed to pay for it."

"It's no use to waste words. I've told you the best I could do," said the Doctor, impatiently.

"Very well. If that's all you can do, my course is clear. I can easily make the money."

"What! How?" Doctor Penrose turned short around, and fixed his eyes keenly upon the face of his creditor.

"The money can be raised quite easily," was coolly replied. "Mortgages are safe investments. Let me give you this piece of advice. To save yourself trouble, borrow the sum needed to make all your payments good up to this date. Otherwise——"

There was a brief hesitation.

"Say on!" Dr. Penrose flung the words out indignantly.

"The mortgage will be immediately foreclosed."

"Good morning!" was all the reply that was made to this threat, and the men parted.

Had Dr. Penrose acted as he felt, he would have gone home and folded his hands in despair. He was, indeed, on his way thither, when a thought of his loving, patient true-hearted wife, who, in all trials and discouragements, had for him a word of comfort, arrested his steps, and caused him to say:

"This is unmanly. No—I will not give up thus without an effort. The property is worth double the sum that remains unpaid. Some one in Arden will help me out of my difficulty."

As he walked slowly along, thinking first of one and then of another, his mind at last rested on Judge Gray as the man who would, most probably, aid him in his extremity. He was physician in the judge's family, and the judge had always manifested what seemed a friendly interest. So he called upon him and found him disengaged.

"I'm in trouble, Judge Gray," he said, coming, without circumlocution, to the business upon which he had called.

"I'm sorry to hear that, doctor. What's the matter?"

"Barlow threatens to enter up the mortgage on my house."

"What's the meaning of that?"

"Simply this and no more. I engaged to pay him five hundred a year, on the property, and have only been able to raise three hundred.—He's out of patience, and will bear with me no longer. I've done all I could; the best can do nothing more. Ah, me! This life-struggle is a hard one. It is no easy thing to battle with the world. Heaven knows, I devote myself with untiring assiduity, to my profession, but I make slow progress."

Digitized by Google

"Tut, tut, doctor! Don't give up in that sort of fashion. A man never helps himself along in the world by giving way to despondency.—How much is still due on your house?"

"Counting interest and all, about fifteen hundred dollars."

"What's it worth?"

"Thirty-five hundred, if it's worth a copper."

A broad smile passed over the judge's countenance.

"Not a very desperate case, it strikes me."

"Desperate enough where you havn't an extra dollar to help yourself with."

"If I had the cash to spare, I'd take the mortgage at once. But, don't fret yourself, doctor. All will come out right. You'll find no difficulty in raising every dollar you want."

"But where, judge? Where?"

"I can't answer that question on the spot.—Let me see?"

The judge thought for a little while, and then said:

"The fact is, doctor, you are too exclusively a professional man, and mingle too little on social terms with your fellow citizens. You know but little of your townsmen, personally, and they know but little of you. When sick, they send for you, and when well, dismiss you from their thoughts. Now, all this works against your advancement in the world. There are plenty of money-making operations in a place like this, which the shrewd and observant take part in. Small ventures often make large returns. You should know all about what is going on, and be ready to take advantage of fair opportunities. Do you suppose my salary as Judge would enable me to accumulate property? Not a bit of it. But, I am always wide awake, and ready to venture when the promise is best."

"I'm no man of the world, judge," replied the doctor, "and, I'm afraid, never will be.—Outside of my profession, I am little more than an inexperienced child."

"All very foolish of you—all very unmanly, if you will excuse me for saying so," answered the judge. "But let the past suffice. Come out among us, and let us know you better.—Mingle as a man with your fellow citizens. Take some interest in public affairs, and you will find yourself, at the end of a year, enough better off to encourage you to go on in the good way.—Are you engaged this evening?"

"Not specially."

"Very well. Come down to McQuillan's after tea. A few of us meet there in reference to some property speculations that show a splendid promise. There is no reason in the world why you should not have an interest therein as well as any one else."

"I'm not sharp enough for business of this kind," said the doctor. "I have studied my profession carefully, and believe myself skilled in the art of healing; but of general business I know but little, and were I to trust myself on the sea of speculation, would, most certainly, make shipwreck of everything."

"Not a bit of it. You'll soon get your eyes open," replied the judge. "All is plainer sailing than you imagine. At any rate, come down this evening, and hear and see a little for yourself. It will be an introduction, if nothing more, and bring you into closer contact with men who have the ability to help you in your present need. Personal intercourse does a great deal sometimes."

"I'll think about it," said the doctor.

"Nonsense! Say you'll come." The judge seemed particularly urgent. "I want you there for special reasons."

"I can't think of anything else, now, but this cursed mortgage," replied Dr. Penrose, with some bitterness.

"Oh! That's a mere bagatelle. The empty rattle of a harmless drum. Don't be scared at so feeble a menace. Come down to McQuillan's this evening. In the meantime, I will think over the matter for you. There are plenty of ways and means in reserve for a case like this, and we must find them. You'll be there?"

"Most likely," said the doctor, "unless called to some urgent case. We have never the full control of our time."

"You owe something to yourself as well as to your patients. You are sick now, and must have attention."

Doctor Penrose, but little encouraged by this interview with Judge Gray, retired, and turned his steps homeward. For night-meetings at taverns, he had little fancy—and as far as property operations were concerned, the only one in which he was interested had caused him more trouble and mortification than he desired ever again to experience.

He said nothing to his wife, at dinner time, about the unpleasant occurrences of the morning; though it did not escape her quick eyes that he was unusually depressed in spirits.

During the afternoon, the thoughts of Doctor Penrose dwelt a good deal on the intimations of Judge Gray, in regard to his too great isolation of himself, and the necessity, if he would better his condition, of mingling on more intimate terms with his fellow citizens. He saw that there was force in the judge's remarks, and felt that he stood too much alone, and too far out of the current of progressive events.

"There'll be no harm in going down to McQuillan's to-night," he thought with himself. "Perhaps, something may grow out of it. Judge Gray is a man of influence, and he evidently feels an interest in my affairs. He is shrewd, and if I act under his advice, I cannot go very wrong. I don't fancy these night convocations; still, where men are in active business all day, evening is the only time left for intercommunication, and a public house has the advantage of a common ground of assemblage. Yes—the judge is right—I live too much within myself. I'm only a doctor; and known only as a doctor in the town. If any one falls sick, I'm sent for; and afterwards I'm scarcely thought of, except when my bill goes in."

The more the doctor's mind dwelt on the subject, the clearer it became, that he ought to join the judge and his friends at McQuillan's. His path was all hedged up, and only in this

Digitized by Google

direction did there seem to be any way of escape. The judge had influence, felt an interest in him, and showed a particular desire to have him come down that evening.

"I'll go," was his final conclusion, "and see what comes of it. No harm can arise—that much is certain—and good may be the result."

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER VIII.

There were several strong points of difference between Doctor and Mrs. Penrose. In natural character, and temperament, they were opposites. She was hopeful and cheerful; he desponding, musing, and silent. They were very different, also, in acquired character—and in mental and moral discipline. The education of Mrs. Penrose had been a religious one; that of her husband a simply moral one. All her feelings and sympathies, as well as her daily life, were on the side of religion, and her pure spirit ever looked from things natural up to things spiritual. But, the doctor's mind dwelt only in this lower and visible world—it had no power to rise above the rational and the intellectual. In Providence he had no sure confidence; and never was able to see how our light afflictions here, had power to work out for us "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." There was about him, in reality, less of faith than skepticism.

It had never been without a feeling of concern that Mrs. Penrose saw her husband go out into the world; for she knew that, unless the panoply of a true faith in God, and a reliance upon his justice and goodness were around him, he was never secure. His disinclination to mingle socially with his fellow men, had not, therefore, been to her a cause of regret. She knew that their home circle was his safest place, and she ever tried to render it as attractive as possible. She watched his varied moods of mind; and with the wisdom of a true love, so bore herself towards him, that her presence never disturbed, but always softened, strengthened or sustained him. If he was desponding, she skillfully sought to lift his thoughts upwards, and to help his reason, if not his perceptions, to see, in some feeble light, the truth that there was One over all, by whom the very hairs of our head are numbered. If he came home fretted by disappointment, or annoyed at unpleasant occurrences in or out of his profession, she soothed him by loving attentions, or directed his thoughts to subjects of cheerful interest.—Never did she suffer the sombre hue of his feelings to throw over her countenance a perceptible shade—at least not while he was present.

It is not surprising, that Mrs. Penrose had great influence over her husband, and that he loved and honored her as a true wife. Reserved as he was by nature, and inclined to silence when trouble oppressed his feelings, he rarely concealed anything from her. If things went wrong with him, he generally communicated the facts, sure of finding in his wife a hopeful counsellor.

Evening closed in, and Doctor Penrose returned home, pondering, as he had been pondering nearly all day, the unhappy condition of his affairs. As yet, no light had dawned in upon him. He saw no way of escape from the difficulties that environed his path. This being so, he was the more strongly inclined to accept the invitation of Judge Gray. Unless help came in this direction, from whence could it come? He had thought of nearly every man in the town who had money; but there was not one upon whom, considering his present personal relations, he could call with any prospect of aid.—To McQuillan's, therefore, he was resolved to go.

Up to this time, he had not mentioned to his wife the refusal of Mr. Barlow to accept the deficient payment, and threat of selling their property to satisfy his mortgage. He had hoped to be able, at the same time, to say to her, that he had made arrangements for all the money that was needed to hold everything secure. It had not escaped her quick eyes, that he was suffering under an unusual depression; and she was waiting patiently for some intimation of the cause. He said nothing at tea time, of what was in his thoughts, and not long after they had left the table, he remarked to his wife:

"I am going out for an hour, this evening."

He did not look her steadily in the face as he said this.

"Who's sick?" enquired Mrs. Penrose.

"No one; but I promised Judge Gray that I would see him this evening."

"See Judge Gray!" Mrs. Penrose failed to conceal the surprise occasioned by this announcement.

"Yes. He asked me to come down to McQuillan's to-night. Several gentlemen are to be there."

"McQuillan's! I wouldn't go, dear." And Mrs. Penrose laid her hand gently on the arm of her husband, and looked tenderly, yet very earnestly into his face.

"If you had as strong reasons for accepting the invitation as I have, I think you would go," replied the doctor, forcing a smile.

"You will not hide from *me* the reason?"

"No, certainly not. Still, it would have gratified me no little, could I have saved you the anxious feelings the communication you desire must occasion."

"Oh, my husband! Don't you know me better than all that?" said Mrs. Penrose. "To lighten your burdens by sharing them, is one of the truest pleasures of my life. Tell me all."

Doctor Penrose drew his arm around her waist, and they walked thus down into his office. As the door shut behind them, he said:

"Barlow refused to take the payment I offered to-day."

"He did?"

"Yes."

"On what ground."

"It was short of the sum due, and he would have all, or none."

"He means to sell our house, unless the money is paid?" said Mrs. Penrose, anticipating so much of what her husband had to say.

"Such is his threat."

"Do you believe he will go to that extremity?"

Digitized by Google

"I fear we have nothing to hope from his clemency. He is a hard, selfish, cruel man; as every one in Arden knows."

"I don't believe he will put his hands on our property," said Mrs. Penrose, in a confident tone of voice.

"Why should he spare me more than another?"

"He owes you a debt of gratitude for service rendered in his family, that his conscience will not let him disregard."

"Gratitude! Conscience!" replied the Doctor. "He knows them not."

"Others of his household do, at least; and through them, I know, influence can be brought to bear upon him. He will not sell this property, depend upon it."

"And you may depend upon it he will. He was angry and dogged; and we parted in no friendly spirit; I've been trying all day to make some arrangement, but without avail. I saw Judge Gray, and he spoke very kindly and encouragingly. He said that he would himself advance the money, and take the mortgage off of Barlow's hands, if he had it to spare. He blamed me a little for keeping so much aloof from the people in the town, and said that I must come into a closer personal association with them, if I desired to advance myself. Now, I was only regarded as a physician. Few knew me well enough to have a friendly interest in me. As things were, he said it was absolutely necessary for me to become better acquainted with my fellow citizens. To-night there would be a good opportunity for me to make the acquaintance of several able and influential men who were to meet him at the hotel, and I must be sure to come down. So, you see, that I have weighty arguments in favor of accepting his invitation."

Mrs. Penrose looked serious.

"I don't like these night meetings at taverns," she simply remarked.

"Nor do I," said the doctor.

"I wouldn't go." Mrs. Penrose spoke firmly.

"But, see how much is at stake," replied her husband.

"Not so very much." A cheerful smile lit up the countenance of Mrs. Penrose. "Our house is worth more than double what is due upon it. If Barlow persists in his purpose, how soon can he sell?"

"Not for some months."

"All will come out right, depend upon it." Mrs. Penrose spoke with such a loving confidence in her voice, that her spirit was transfused into that of her husband. "Throw doubt to the winds, love!" she added. "The clouds in our sky are not thick enough to obscure the radiant sun. There is no present need of your joining Judge Gray at the tavern. Stay at home with me. I know you would rather."

"You utter but the simple truth in that," said the doctor, feelingly.

"You are my prisoner, and I will not let you go." And Mrs. Penrose twined her arms about his neck, and laid her lips upon his forehead. As she desired, so it was. Her husband did not make one of the party at McQuillan's that night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BRING ME FLOWERS.

BY MAGGIE STEWART.

Bring me flowers, when the spring-time
Maketh earth so glad and gay;
When the early birds are singing
'Mong the buds and leaves of May;
When the riv'let wooes the shadow
In the meadow and the dale;
When the sunlight brightly falleth
On the hill-top—in the vale.

Bring me flowers, when the summer
Zephyrs fan the burning brow—
Stirs the woodbine o'er the window—
Playeth with the rose's bough;
When the pearly dew is lingering
'Mong their fragrant petals bright,
Wreathe for me the summer blossoms,
Smiling in June's glorious light.

Bring me flowers, when the autumn
Shineth with a golden haze;
When in forest deep, and valley,
Birds are singing farewell lays;
When the golden grain is ripening,
And the fruits upon the trees;
When the brown earth's covered over
With the fallen crimson leaves.

Bring me flowers, when the morning,
Roseate, gems the cloudless heaven;
When the lark is praises trilling
To the *Giver*, for the *given*.
When the shadowy, gentle twilight,
Gathereth in the leafy dell;
When the holy stars and moonlight,
O'er my spirit cast a spell.

Bring me flowers, for their presence
Proves a balm to weary hours;
Soothes my sorrow, adds new pleasure
To each joy. Oh! bring me flowers,
For they sweetly point me upward
To that blessed clime above,
Where the flowers are ever blooming
In the light of God's own love.

Bring me flowers—when I'm dying,
Let their perfume round me breathe;
When the winds are dirges sighing,
Latest blossoms for me wreathe—
Strew them o'er my coffin-pillow,
Ere their fragrance all has fled,—
When I'm sleeping 'neath the willow,
Plant them o'er me—when I'm dead.

Digitized by Google



HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—THE MOGUL, OR TARTAR DYNASTY.

No. V.—JEHANGHIRE.

Acbar was succeeded by his son Selim, who assumed the name of Jehanghire, or lord of the world. The nobles of the empire, for some cause or other not very intelligible, plotted to raise Jehanghire's son, Chusero, to the throne; but their attempts were ineffectual, and resulted in the execution of many of their principal members, and in the confinement of Chusero. A crime signalised the emperor's accession, which, there is reason to believe, caused him much remorse, and darkened the whole of his reign. This was his marriage with the wife of one of the Omrahs of the empire, who was removed by assassination. The incidents connected with this affair, which materially influenced the interests of the empire, are in the highest degree romantic and interesting; we need not therefore apologise for speaking of

Digitized by Google

them at length. A poor Tartar named Chaja Aiass, whose imagination had been kindled by the reports of Indian magnificence, left his native country, in the hope of bettering his fortunes in that land of promise. Before the conclusion of his journey, and whilst crossing the great desert, his pecuniary means became exhausted, and, to add to the dreadful circumstances of his position, his wife give birth to a female child. To bear the infant through the remainder of their long journey seemed impossible to the exhausted parents, and with the greatest anguish they resolved to leave it to perish in the desert. They departed, and so long as the tree at the foot of which the child was lying remained in sight, they persevered in their resolution; but when that disappeared, the heart of the mother gave way, and she refused to proceed without her babe. The father returned, and beheld with horror an enormous black snake coiled above and around the infant. His cry of anguish alarmed the reptile, which slowly uncoiled itself and glided away, leaving the destined victim unhurt. This almost miraculous preservation instilled fresh hope and energy into the hearts of the parents; they struggled on, and at last were relieved by some other travellers. They reached the court, and Aiass was admitted into the service of an Omrah.—Here he soon attracted attention by his abilities, and was at last noticed by the emperor, Acbar, who gradually raised him to high favor and distinction. The infant grew up into a woman of the most exquisite beauty, and was betrothed to an Omrah. At this period Selim saw her and became passionately in love. He besought his father to give her to him, but the emperor sternly refused, as she was already betrothed. But Acbar died; Selim was raised to the throne, and, giving way to the dictates of his passion, the husband of the woman he coveted was murdered by his order. No obstacle now interposed; but, apparently smitten with remorse at the baseness of his crime, the emperor refused even to see the object of it, and she lived for four years neglected in his harem, where she was so scantily provided for, that she was compelled to exert the accomplishments she possessed in needlework and paintings, and her productions therein became objects of general desire and admiration. The emperor's curiosity at length became roused; he visited her, and from that moment Noor Mahl (such was the name she assumed) exercised the most unbounded sway over his mind. Chaja Aiass was raised to the distinguished position of vizier, and his two sons (brothers of the sultana) made Omrahs, and, what is equally extraordinary and gratifying, they all filled with honor the posts they occupied. The affairs of the empire were never better conducted than under Chaja Aiass; his administration is still looked upon as one of the few luminous spots in the dark history of Indian domestic government.

We may notice in this place, that during Jehanghire's reign two European missions arrived at the court, the first under Captain Hawking, and the last under Sir Thomas Roe. Both were received with the highest degree of favor, but the weakness and vacillation of the sovereign left them continually at the mercy of those nobles of the court who were opposed to their commercial objects; consequently scarcely was a favorable decree obtained, but it was reversed, and thus the result of both missions was, in one word—disappointment.

Various revolts and disturbances broke out, sometimes in one part of the empire and sometimes in another, but were repressed with no very great difficulty. But the death of Chaja Aiass involved the emperor in much trouble. A son of the deceased vizier, Asiph Jan, was raised to the vizariat, and exhibited qualities scarcely inferior to his distinguished parent.—But the sultana, whose haughty and imperious disposition had been checked by Chaja Aiass, whom she tenderly loved, exercised from this period a calamitous influence upon the destinies of the empire. Her principal object appears to have been to place Shariar, the emperor's youngest son, who had married her daughter by her former husband, on the throne, to the exclusion of his elder brothers. The most determined opponent with whom she had to contend was Shah Jehan, the emperor's third son, whose ambition was as boundless as his mind was fertile in expedients for its successful development. Under pretence of relieving Chusero, the eldest brother, from the confinement to which he had been sentenced, as we have already seen, at the commencement of the reign, he obtained possession of his person, and soon after the unfortunate prince was found murdered. To escape Jehanghire's resentment, and thinking, perhaps, the proper time had come for a rebellion, he assumed the royal title, and marched with a large army to attack his own father, who does not appear to have afforded him even a colorable pretext for this unnatural struggle. After an obstinate and for some time doubtful battle, he was defeated, and compelled to fly from one place to another, till, quite hopeless, he wrote a contrite letter to the emperor beseeching pardon, which was immediately granted. On this critical occasion, as well as on others of lesser importance, Jehanghire was principally indebted for success to the valor and skill of his general, Mohâbet, a noble-minded heroic spirit, who, had he possessed a spark of the evil ambition of the turbulent spirits around him, might not improbably have obtained the imperial rule.—The emperor appears to have understood and appreciated his character, and to have felt grateful for his services; but Noor Mahl did her utmost to poison her lord's mind against him; she told him "the slave who had power to keep the crown upon the head of the emperor, had power to take it off." She succeeded in causing Mohâbet's power to be curtailed at the moment when that kind of reward was the last he might have expected; she directed offensive messages to be sent to him, and ultimately induced the emperor to command his presence at court.—Mohâbet obeyed, in spite of the cautions and entreaties of his friends, but took with him as an escort five thousand rajpoots on whose de-

Digitized by Google

termined courage and fidelity he could rely.—On reaching the imperial camp, he was ordered to stop till he had accounted for certain revenues and plunder received in the late engagement. Deeply affected at this cruel and unjust treatment, Mohâbet sent his son-in-law to the emperor, to represent the devotedness of his loyalty and to expose the misrepresentations of his enemies. The messenger was stripped, bastinadoed, and sent out of the camp under circumstances of the greatest ignominy. Mohâbet now planned a bold scheme. The imperial army lay on the banks of the Jhylum, which it was to cross the next morning on its route homeward. When the greater part of the army had passed over, and whilst the imperial colors were still flying above the emperor's tents, Mohâbet galloped with 2000 horse at their utmost speed to the bridge, which he instantly burned down, then returning with 500 followers to the emperor's quarters, he presented himself to Jehanghire, with a countenance pale but determined, and secured his person. Every attempt on the part of the army under Asiph Jan to recross the river to the assistance of the sovereign was resisted, and with great slaughter, by Mohâbet's few but resolute troops. Noor Mahl herself, the author of all the mischief, was half frenzied at the success of this manœuvre; she rushed into the water, emptied with her own hand three quivers of arrows, had three drivers successively killed on the back of her elephant, and thus inflamed to a high pitch the courage of the soldiers. But Mohâbet crossed the river and drove all before him. He ultimately obtained possession of Noor Mahl herself, who was accused by him of high treason and other crimes, and an order obtained for her execution. She begged before her death to see Jehanghire once more, and the request was granted. On being admitted to the emperor's presence, she stood before him in silence, and Jehanghire burst into tears. "Will you not spare this woman, Mohâbet?" he said, at length. "See how she weeps!" "It is not for the emperor of the Moguls to ask in vain," was the reply, and Noor Mahl was instantly set at liberty. As the last proof of the entire honesty and good faith of Mohâbet, under circumstances, in a country like the East, so full of temptations, he restored to the emperor in a few months the entire exercise of his imperial authority, dismissing at the same time the greater part of his own personal guards. The sultana was now base enough to endeavor to persuade Jehanghire to put Mohâbet to death, who however repelled her suggestions with an honorable indignation; and when Noor Mahl resolved to employ assassins to accomplish her purpose, he privately warned Mohâbet of his danger, who instantly fled. He was then proclaimed a traitor, and a price set upon his head. Mohâbet's fearless and lofty nature now induced him to take a most extraordinary step. Disguised in mean habiliments he entered the camp of Asiph Jan, the brother of his mortal enemy, after dark, and placed himself near the harem. Being accosted by an eunuch, who knew him by the tone of his voice, he succeeded in transmitting an earnest message to the vizier, requesting to see him on matters of the utmost importance. Asiph, who lamented his sister's evil passions, and felt grateful for Mohâbet's conduct towards her, and who above all at once appreciated, as a kindred mind, the generous confidence of the present visit, received him in his arms, and took him to a secret apartment. Mohâbet now explained his views fully and freely. "The elder of the princes" (Purvez, the emperor's second son,) said he, "is a virtuous man and my friend; but we must not exchange one feeble sovereign for another. I know the merit of Shah Jehan, for I have fought against him; and though his ambition knows no restraint, neither of nature nor of justice, his vigor will prevent intestine disorders, and give power to the laws." Asiph concurred cordially in his views, and they concerted the measures together how to proceed. But these schemes were rendered unnecessary by the death, shortly after, both of Prince Purvez and Jehanghire. The latter died on the 9th of November, in the year 1628.

The character of Jehanghire is sufficiently evident even in the short sketch here given of his reign. Weakness was the besetting sin which "covered a multitude" of virtues. Perhaps the best that can be said of him is, that whatever traits of goodness his conduct exhibited were his own, whilst the evil ones were the mere instigations of others.

TO MY HUSBAND.

BY CLARA J. LEE.

How I miss thee, oh, my husband!
When the shades of evening fall,
When the darkness gathers round me,
And the stars their night watch call.

How I miss thy gentle love-tones
Falling sweet on heart and ear,
Stirring deep the founts within me—
Founts whose love for thee is clear.

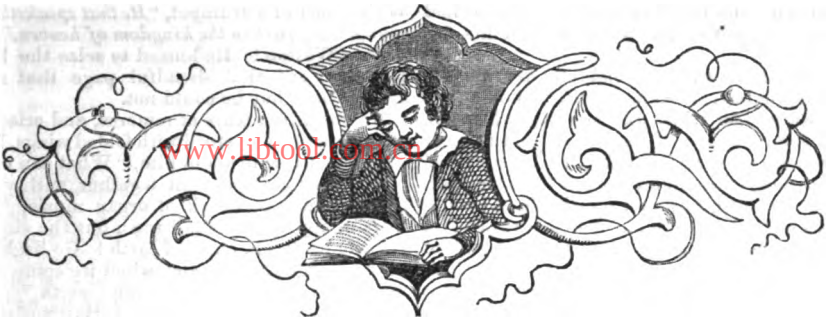
Then I fain would sit beside thee,
With my hand fast clasped in thine,
And thy loving eye bent on me
Reading every glance of mine.

Oh, beloved! we've been severed
Many a long and weary day;
And my pathway has been dreary—
Dark and dreary's been my way.

Hear, oh, hear my earnest heart-cry!
I would lean upon thy breast;
Never can I find such kindness,
Nowhere else such perfect rest.

Where thou art I fain would tarry,
Quickly come and bear me hence;
Then thine arm shall be my safe-guard,
And thy love my sure defence.

Digitized by Google



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE LOST CANARY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Now, Weston, my little boy, don't touch the cage while mamma is gone." And the sweet-voiced lady pushed away the bright curls from the child's forehead, and kissed it with such tenderness, you would have known she was his mother.

"No, mamma, I'll only listen to Carol's singing," looking up with a smile from the illustrated volume of Robinson Crusoe, over which his curly head had been bowed for the last two hours. And so Mrs. Platt left the room, and the only life within it was the boy and the bird.

Both were quiet for a long time; the willow shadows swept coolly against the open windows, or brushed up and down the palm-leaved paper hangings, while the bird was curled up in a corner of his cage, and the boy on a corner of the carpet.

Weston Platt was her only child, and it was not strange that the parents loved their beautiful, brown-haired boy, with a love that was almost idolatry.

Weston had an ardent, impulsive, generous nature, and Mrs. Platt, though perhaps an over fond, was a judicious and Christian mother.

"Carol," the canary, whose large wire cage hung near the window, was the pet of the whole household, as his songs were its morning and evening music; but the bird was doubly dear to Mrs. Platt, because he was the gift of her youngest brother, just before he left her for California.

"Hurrah! I've finished you up at last," suddenly broke out Weston, as he tossed the elegantly bound volume into an arm chair. "I shan't read any more this morning, that's certain—Carol, you lazy little bird, wake up here, and sing one of your sweetest songs!" And he darted off to the cage, giving it a slight blow which sent it vibrating backward and forward, and started up Carol from his slumbers.

The bird shook its bright yellow wings, and blinked at Weston with its soft brown eyes.

But the boy hummed a tune, and Carol soon caught the contagion. Its clear, sweet warbling flowed up and down the room, and out among the willow boughs, and Weston leaned his head against the window frame, and listened quietly, for the boy had an unusual love for music.

At last Carol ceased, and Weston put up his face close to the wires. "Come here, birdie," he said, coaxingly, "and let me smooth your yellow plumes."

But Carol was shy, and hopped up on the topmost bars of his cage, or stuck his bill into the china trough of seed, and Weston could not reach him, though he pushed his fingers through the bars.

His hand was on the door fastenings, when he remembered his promise to his mother. He paused. "No matter, you need only push the door the least bit ajar," whispered the soft voice of the tempter in the heart of Weston Platt.

Alas! little children, I love to write for you the good, rather than the evil, but the *truth* must be told always, and Weston Platt *did* listen to that soft voice, and slowly, very slowly he turned the fastenings.

At first he did not leave the door ajar more than half an inch, but Carol still hovered closely in the other corner of the cage, and Weston could not push his hand through the aperature.

In his excitement he opened the door wider than he intended, in order to reach the bird.—His fingers had almost closed over that bright quivering heap in the corner, when there was a wild, quick fluttering of wings, and Carol was out of the cage door, out into the room, out through the open window before Weston could speak.

He was a little child, just the age, I suppose, of a great many boys and girls who will read this story, and as the memory of his disobedience to his mother, and the thought of her sorrow at the loss of her bird, came over him, he

Digitized by Google

sank down upon the floor, and the sobs swelled into his throat, and the tears through his fingers.

"Oh, dear! how I wish I had left Carol alone!" thought the boy. "Mamma will be home in a little while, and what *will* she say when she finds Carol's gone! I shall be afraid to meet her, I'm sure I shall; and then to have to tell her *I* disobeyed her, and opened the cage door. I didn't mean to, only just a little bit, so I could smooth down his feathers. I wish I could run away, and hide myself." And a fresh break of sobs concluded the sentence.

But it was too late to execute his wish, for at that moment Weston heard his mother's steps on the stairs. "Why what *is* the matter with my little boy?" she asked very eagerly, as he lifted up his tear-stained face, on her entrance. Weston pointed to the window—"Carol's gone," he sobbed.

Mrs. Platt sprang toward the cage with a low cry, and saw in a moment that its occupant was flown. Her face was very pale, and her voice very stern, as she turned it toward Weston. "Have you disobeyed me, and opened the cage?" Mrs. Platt had never spoken to her son in that tone before.

It frightened him, and again the tempter took advantage of his little coward heart, and placed a lie on the boy's lips.

"No, mamma, he flew out without my knowing anything about it."

"Is it possible I didn't fasten the door when I hung it up! My dear bird—William's precious gift! Perhaps John can find him," and Mrs. Platt hurried out of the room, and down to the gardeners, leaving her boy alone, with such a weight—oh, little children! do you know what it is to have a *lie* crushing on and burning into the heart!

Weston Platt knew what it was, for he carried it through all that long dark day, and at night, when Jane carried him to bed, he could not kneel down and say his evening prayer to the Great Father, because of the *lie* that stood like a black cloud between them.

It was a long time before he fell asleep, but he did at last, and dreamed a strange dream—one that he never forgot.

He thought he was dead, and that the shining-faced angels had carried his spirit up to the pearl-gate of heaven. Very softly on the boy's ear broke the murmur of the everlasting fountains, and he heard the hallelujahs of the redeemed lifting themselves over the purple hills.

The angels would have opened the gate and borne Weston in, but one, more glorious than the rest, stood there, and the robe that was rolled about him seemed like the mist clouds rolled over the mountains in summer. He looked on Weston with his grave sweet face, and then opened a book, and there on its shining page the boy saw the *lie* written, that he had told that day.

How it stained the bright beauty of the book, with its golden clasps and purple covers, and what a shudder struck through the boy's frame as the angel said, with a voice clear and solemn as the blast of a trumpet, "*He that speaketh a lie cannot have part in the kingdom of heaven.*"

Poor Weston! He longed to seize the book, and tear out that dreadful page that stood against him, but he could not.

He burst into tears of remorse, and cried out to the angels who stood with folded wings, looking very sorrowful about him, "What can I do?"

And they answered all together, with voices like a sudden outbreak of organ music, "Thy tears of repentance shall wash out the stain in thy life-book, oh, child of earth! Go back, and acknowledge thy sin, and when we come again for thee, it shall not be written *therein*."

So Weston awoke, and the May moon was looking serenely through the window, and winding its silver fingers through his bed curtains.

A moment later he heard his mother's feet on the staircase, for it was late, and she was going to her room for the night.

He rose up and followed her softly. He saw her put down the lamp, and then he rushed in. "Mamma! mamma!" he cried, "I have told a lie to-day. It was I that opened the cage, and let Carol out; but oh! I have been very sorry for it."

And then, before his mother could speak, he told her how it was he allowed the bird to escape, and how a great burning weight had lain on his heart since he told the lie, and how he could not pray to the Good Father at night, and of the dream that had come to him while he had slept that evening.

Mrs. Platt drew Weston into her lap, without speaking a word, and her tears dropped fast into his curls, as his head lay on her bosom.—At last she knelt down with him, and thanked God that her little boy had repented of the great evil he had done.

The lost bird was never found, but another Carol now sings in the gilded cage that hangs by the window, where the willow-boughs sweep all day.

But Weston Platt never looks at that cage without thinking of THE LOST CANARY, and these words are a blessed text written in his heart by the white hands of the angels.

PARLOR PASTIMES.

HOAR-FROST MADE TO ORDER.—Place a sprig of rosemary, or any other garden herb, in a glass jar, so that when it is inverted the stem may be downwards, and the sprig supported by the sides of the jar; then put some benzoic acid upon a piece of hot iron, so that the acid may be sublimed in the form of a thick white vapor. Invert the jar over the iron, and leave the whole untouched until the sprig be covered by the sublime acid in the form of a beautiful hoar-frost.

TO BREAK A STICK UPON TWO GOBLETS.—Place two glasses full of water upon two joint stools, and lay the stick upon them; then strike the stick violently with another, and it will break without either injuring the goblets or spilling the water. This feat requires some practice.

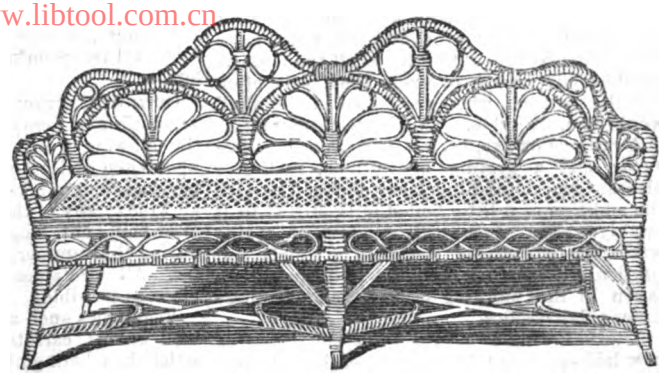
Digitized by Google

Hints to Housekeepers.

www.libtool.com.cn

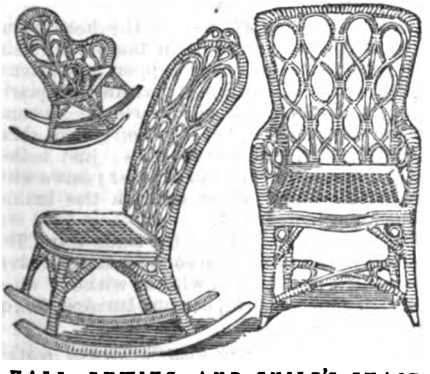


CANE ARM-CHAIR.



CANE, OR RATTAN SOFA.

RATTAN, OR CANE WARE.—The great improvements in beauty and finish which have recently been made in the manufacture of this ware, is bringing it into general favor and use. It is very desirable furniture for warm climates, country residences, and cottages.



HALL, SEWING, AND CHILD'S CHAIR.

It is light, cool, artistic, comfortable, and durable; and may even be exposed to the sun or rain without injury. The drawings show some of the leading styles from which persons residing at a distance may find it convenient to order. They may be had at E. W. Carryl's House-furnishing Store, 162 Chestnut Street. Mr. Carryl also furnishes descriptive catalogues of his stock, gratis, on application, which will be found very convenient to persons commencing housekeeping.

He keeps on hand a beautiful stock of fancy housekeeping artioles, besides an endless variety of things convenient and useful for dining room and kitchen. All who are about furnishing, should give him a call.

A WORD ON CARPETS.—As to the different kinds of carpets, there seems no doubt that the Brussels, all things considered, is the cheapest carpet. One which cost 4s. per yard, has lasted, with very hard wear, nearly seven years. Perhaps Kidderminster will, however, suit the ordinary class of carpet purchasers best; the quality at 3s. 6d. per yard, ought to stand four or five years' wear. Dutch carpet may be had as low as 6½d per yard, but nothing under 1s. 6d. is worth buying. Both Brussels and Dutch carpets are made in England, more extensively than in any other country.

The making-up of carpets requires much care and judgment. In measuring the room for the proper length, it is necessary to take the extreme width and length, going to the extremity of each recess. This will generally allow enough for the loss in joining the pattern. This latter operation requires great care, or several lengths may be rendered useless. Brussels carpet requires to be sewn through and through, like back-stitching, so also does the Victoria felt carpet; (a kind of carpet, by the way, which does not stand hard wear; the surface *rolls off* very soon.) Kidderminster and Dutch carpets may be sewn together in the ordinary way. Unless a person has good experience in such matters, it is better not to undertake the making up and first fitting down of a Brussels carpet. It requires much strength to sew it, and a man's entire strength, carefully applied, to fit it to the floor; the future wear depending very much upon the straight, exact manner in which it is first laid down. The seams of carpets should be carefully flattened with a hot iron before laying down. As a rule, carpets are better taken up only once a year.

Digitized by Google

Some colors of carpets are much more durable than others. Blues and pinks do not stand well. Greens, reds, and orange keep their color longest.—[*English Magazine.*

Eggs.—Eggs are light and nutritious, and often useful to invalids, either raw or lightly cooked. They are chiefly mentioned here for the sake of observing that they are much more wholesome cooked out of the shell than in. A poached egg boiled, or even fried, will often suit the stomach, when one boiled in the shell would be unsuitable. This is worth notice:

A raw egg or two, beaten up with a little fine sugar, and a grating of nutmeg, makes a pleasant and nourishing meal of itself, or with the addition of a little boiled milk stirred to it briskly. Raw eggs, with a glass of spring water, are sometimes useful in a cough, and particularly so in jaundice. Two should be taken in the morning fasting, and one three times a day besides.

The following is useful in a cough: One new laid egg, one tablespoonful each of honey, spermaceti in powder, and simple peppermint water; mix well, and take a teaspoonful or more, frequently.

Simplified Mode of Making Coffee. (*From Soyer's Shilling Cookery.*)—Put one ounce of ground coffee in a pan, which place over the fire; keep stirring it until quite hot, but take care it does not burn; then pour over quickly a quart of boiling water, close it immediately, keep it not far from the fire, but not to simmer; then fill your cup without shaking it; or pass it through a cloth into a coffee pot, or it may be made some time previous, and warmed again. The grounds can be kept, and boiled for making the coffee of the next day, by which at least a quarter of an ounce is saved. In country places, where milk is good and cheap, I recommend that half boiled milk should be used with the coffee. The idea of warming coffee is my own, and the economy is full ten per cent.

Fondeau.—Boil together half a pint of milk, and two ounces of butter, and a little salt, mix in smooth two spoonfuls of flour; then stir it over the fire for about five minutes, then take it off, and add to it half a pound of grated Parmesian cheese, the yolks of eight eggs, and the whites of two, well beaten before you add it; then add a gill of cream, beating the remaining six whites of eggs to a very high froth, which mix lightly to the rest, then fill your case, either a silver one well-buttered, or small square paper cases; bake them in a slow fire, about twenty minutes the small ones, and longer the large one.

A good Plum Pudding.—One pound of suet, one do. of sugar, one of bread crumbs, one of flour, one of stoned raisins, six eggs, one glass of brandy, equal parts of milk and water, enough to make a stiff batter; salt and flavor to taste; boil six hours. Eat with any kind of liquid sauce.

Fresh Tea Cake.—Two cups sugar, five eggs, butter the size of an egg, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 cream tartar, 1½ cup sweet milk; dissolve the soda in one-half of the milk, and the cream tartar in the other; 1 teaspoonful mace. Mix the sugar, butter and eggs together—flour enough to make a rather thick batter, about the same as in sponge cake.

Another Tea Cake.—Two cups sour cream, 2 do. sugar, 3 eggs, 3 cups flour, a salt-spoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful saleratus, 1 do. essence of lemon.

On the Selection of Vegetables as regards vegetation in general, the eye can soon detect the glowing freshness, which nature deposits upon such delicate articles of food as peas, asparagus, cucumbers, beans, spinach, salads of all kinds; any of the above will not keep fresh after being cut, longer than twenty-four hours, during the summer, and twice that time in winter. All vegetables should be kept in as cool a place as possible.

Vegetables such as cabbage, cauliflower, common greens, carrots, turnip-tops, leeks, celery, artichokes, both globe and Jerusalem, will keep much longer.

Another way to ascertain if vegetables are old gathered, is to break a piece off any one with the hand; if it snaps crisply it is fresh; if, on the contrary, it has a flabby appearance, and is of a softish consistency, it is stale.

Calf's Head and Feet.—Cut the head open, take out the brains, put it in the pot with six teaspoonfuls of salt, two of pepper, four onions, parsley, and a little thyme; put in six quarts of water, in which mix one quarter of a pound of flour; being placed, set it to boil gently, skim it occasionally, boil three hours; just before serving, add a wineglass of vinegar; serve with parsley and butter, alone, or with the brains, cleaned and boiled in it.

The feet may be boiled in the same way. The liquor makes an excellent soup for the next day, either thick or thin, and with or without vegetables, or purée of peas, carrots, turnips, &c., or mock turtle.—*Soyer.*

How to ascertain if Fish, whether boiled, stewed, or fried, is done.—If the bone sticks firm to the flesh, or the flesh to the bone, it is not done; by the same rule, if quite loose, and the flesh of the fish drops off the bone, it is overdone, and you lose some of its qualities. For fish in slices try the bone with your knife; if the flesh comes from it, it is done; or by placing the point of a knife between the flesh and the bone, and on raising it, if done, the knife will part it easily.

Boiled Leg of Lamb.—Put six quarts of water into the pot, with six teaspoonfuls of salt; when boiling put in the lamb, boil slowly for one hour; remove the scum as it rises; serve it with plain melted butter, or parsley and butter, or caper sauce; boiled turnips or spinach.

For Inflammation of the Eyes.—A subscriber sends the following receipt, from the use of which he has found great relief. Take hops and Indian meal, mix with a little warm water, and lay it over the eyes on going to bed.

Digitized by Google

The Toilet and Work Table.

www.libtool.com.cn

A CITY LADY IN FULL DRESS.—The following account of a city lady in full dress is from our cotemporary, the *Evening Bulletin*. Out-of-the-city readers must take it with a few grains of allowance, but only a few:

"We had occasion, yesterday afternoon, to pass along, for a square or two, in the rear of a fashionable lady who was enjoying a leisurely promenade. We were compelled to keep behind the fair dame in question, for the simple reason that without going into the street there was not room to pass her, except at the imminent risk of damaging her apparel. Our readers, we trust, will not charge us with exaggeration, when we say the lady, with the world of dry goods she carried about her, took up fully two-thirds of the side-walk. Between hoops, cords, flounces, and other millinery contrivances and appliances, the lady, although one of the lean kind, had an artificial rotundity that was formidable to look at, and most vexatious to those who were not willing to crush up the furbelows of the fair promenader, in order to ensure a passage for themselves along the side-walk. The lady was not satisfied by the room occupied by her enormous girth, but she added to the difficulties of the case, by wearing the lower edge of her silk skirt spread some three or four inches upon the pavement. The utility of this arrangement was made manifest by an incident that took place. At a street-crossing, the lady drew up her skirt in the usual approved style, to escape the mud, and she left upon the curb-stone a heap of little articles the train had dragged up in the course of a walk of a square. We saw in the pile, among chips, &c., a dead mouse, and sundry little matters that will scarcely bear description. This is certainly an age of extremes in matters of female dress. The dimensions of the latter generally bear about as much relation to the size of their wearers, as a shirt does to a handspike, a tent to its sustaining pole, an umbrella to its stick, or a balloon to the æronaut. The ladies must either take in a reef in their garments, or the side-walks will have to be widened."

RIDING DRESS.—The *Home Journal* thus describes a new riding dress:

"Habit of light brown, or light blue pelisse-cloth, cut single breasted, and high in the neck, without collar—the narrow lace, embroidered muslin, or plain square linen collar folding over the neck, and a wide sky-blue, or pink ribbon, which is tied in a double-bow at the front of the neck. The back is cut without seam, and the Swiss skirt, from nine to twelve inches long, is cut sufficiently hollow at the top, so that by sewing it to the body, it will be full enough to fall smoothly over the top of the train-skirt. The cuffs are of silk, to match the color of the cloth. The ruffle of the chemisette shows between the unbuttoned part of the fore-part, or body. The edges are of narrow galloon, to match. The skirt is from three-fourths, to a yard longer than for walking wear, and it is four yards wide, yielding three-fourths of a yard preference at the bottom, for a proper angle at the sides.

The hat is of fur, or silk felt, without nap, and made soft, with but little shellac; and the brim is so tightly drawn in binding, as to render the hat susceptible of being worn in the cavalier, or Andulasian shapes, or *a la* Quakeress. When the hat is black, it will be ornamented with a long ostrich feather on the left side; and when of drab of reddish *nuance*, the ornament will be four cock feathers, colored to match; and, whether dark or light, the hat will be encircled with a rich silk band, terminating in a double bow-knot in front; a narrow elastic band should pass under the chin, to hold the hat on. Russet colored kid gloves: the gauntlets are not worn for spring and summer. Satin lasting boots, to close with buttons up the inside of the ankle, with tops about ten inches high.

PARASOLS.—One of the most striking novelties in this article, has just been introduced in London. It is called the "Persian," from its being similar in design to the beautiful Cashmere shawls worn in that country. The material is a rich, elastic silk, which admits of its expanding to the requisite shape, in one piece, instead of being sewn together, as hitherto. Being printed in Oriental patterns and colors, the effect is both novel and elegant; besides which, in consequence of the strength of the material, and the colors being fast, they may be cleaned, if required, many times, thus saving the expense of a new cover. These advantages, joined with the moderate price, will command a large sale.



UNDERSLEEVE.



CHILD'S UNDERSLEEVE.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



UNDERSLEEVE.



INITIALS.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



EDGING.

Digitized by Google

Editors' Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE SQUARES, &c.

"The squares will be opened to-morrow." How many lips said these words, unconsciously taking a softer, tenderer tone, as the thought brightened a smile over their faces.

Blessings on the man whose heart first conceived these living poems, written in green capitals that all eyes may read, and all hearts understand, on the hard hot heart of the city.

Prayers are they to the old, poems to the young, and songs and jubilees to the little children.

The little children! Oh! have you seen them often with torn dresses draggling around their half-covered feet, peering through the iron fence day after day, and envying the squirrels as they scampered up the trees, or skipped through the short grass!

And then what pleasant memories are bound up, and locked away in the hearts of the young—memories of green summer nights, and moonlight overwrapping the great trees, and low winds murmuring a sweet under-chorus to sweeter words—words that are the heart's silver and gold and jewels.

Manhood, too, has its great soul-investment in *these* squares. The merchant, as he comes out from his broad warehouses, the mechanic from his toil, the scholar from his study, find their hearts suddenly quieted, as the cool shadows gather about them, the leaves rock overhead, and the birds sing in the boughs the sweet songs they sang under the eaves of the old country homes, that stand now only in that dim, far country, the country of memory!

To the old, too, these squares are a blessing, or rather a benediction to the finished sermon of life.

Perhaps the most picturesque figures there are the old men, seated under the trees, with the winds shaking down the "sad, silver locks," over their wrinkled foreheads, and their coarse-veined hands clasped on the staffs that will prop their faint steps but a little longer.

And so unto all, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, do these green places have their God-given mission.

Bright leaves are they from nature's inspired volume; blessed texts from which have been preached countless lessons of wisdom, and truth, and love.

—

Reader, do you keep a carriage, or do you own a wagon, a truck, or any sort of two-wheeled vehicle, to which a horse may be attached. Then you are, or ought to be, a supremely happy individual, for you possess an incalculable power of conferring happiness on others.

"*He was a good man, and used to give the little children sleigh rides.*" Somewhere, not very long ago, we read an obituary notice which closed with the sentence we have quoted. Oh, crown of Cæsar, and fame of Alexander, and tomb of Bonaparte! this simple testimony outshines you all!

And yet how few people there are who realize this! Good people, too, who are capable of great deeds of generosity and self-abnegation!

Every day you will see them riding out all alone in the country, forgetful of the poor, the sick, the little ones all about them, to whom a glimpse of the green meadows and waving boughs scattered over with sunshine, would be a golden episode in their gray lives.

What a long chapter of our sins of omission (may the recording angel write them lightly!) will come under the head of *thoughtlessness!* And surely this taking, day after day, to one'self, the enjoyment that might be shared with others, is not "doing with our might" all the good that we can in the life that is hurrying by us.

We remember very distinctly a ride on the truck of an old black man, in the days that are now to us like a dream half remembered in the morning. It had been snowing all the afternoon, and by night, when the school closed, a white carpet had been woven over the thoroughfares. Some dozen of us had hovered around the school gate, and were looking up wistfully at the black clouds or down at the white earth, while the cold flakes struck against our faces. "Jump in children—huddle up close together, and I'll put every soul of you down at home!" There he stood, the old black man, with the snow-rim round his glazed hat, his reins gathered up into one hand, and a smile brightening up a face as honest as his tones were hearty.

Then what a shrieking and scampering there was—what crowding of space, and convulsions of fun. But we were all piled in at last, and so, with our lower extremities dangling over the truck sides, and our upper ones practically engaged in solving a problem of equilibrium maintained under difficulties, we went home. And reader, we do assure you, life has brought us few such rides as that on the old black man's truck.

Take a lesson of him, ye who may, and open to your less fortunate brothers and sisters a passage of that glorious country poem, which your eyes may read, and your heart be gladdened with every day.

And it may be, in that time when the Earth-book shall be unsealed, and the text of all lives shall be read in heaven, when warrior, and prince, and hero shall receive their reward—it may be the crowned foreheads of the angels will bend lowest over that shining page whereon is written of one man, "He gave the little children sleigh rides."

—

Digitized by Google

June is coming to us—June, first born, and fairest child of summer, and the earth stands up in the new green drapery of Spring, and awaits her advent.

And up in the mountains, and down in the meadows, her biography shall be written in blossoms of red, and white, and purple, long after her bright locks have lain on the heart of July. V. F. T.

www.rbtool.com.cn

THE PIC-NIC.

Reader, doesn't the picture before you stir up old, delicious memories in your heart—blessed memories of green deep woods, and springs leaping out with sweet songs from beneath mossy rocks—memories of summer days and country scenes, that are the great pictures of the past?

Life perhaps has few seasons of greater happiness than that of a real old-fashioned pic-nic, enjoyed with that abandon to the spirit of the time and scene, which our great mother Nature always demands of her children.

The ride out from the brick walls and jarring bustle of the city into the cool highways, with the green meadows on either hand, and the birds' songs breaking sweetly through the silence, is an appropriate preface to the day's enjoyment.

Then come the dismounting and dispersing through the wide fields, after each one is duly provided with a basket or tin kettle, and the provisions are carefully stowed away under the protecting shadow of some old oak or maple. And now follow the long searchings after berries and birch, peppermint and pennyroyal; the play-labor enlivened with laughable experiences of torn dresses and tumbled hair, of bleeding fingers and blistered noses. How much of pathos and poetry, of fun and frolic, of silence and song, of mirth and melancholy there is in a pic-nic!

But the "dinner" is the "cap-sheaf" of the day's enjoyment! Have you ever sat down to one of these, dear reader, with the deep, cool shadows all about you, and the thick leaves shutting out the noon-rays overhead? For that hour have you bidden adieu to all table conventialisms and ceremonies, and found after all, that fingers are not such a *very* poor substitute for silver forks, and crockery for crystal, as your hungry, sharpened appetite, furnishes indubitable evidence.

The tree on the left hand of the picture, with its great boughs hanging their green drapery over the happy group beneath them, is just the locality for such a dinner, and then what a blending of picture and poetry lies in the back-ground. The blue, deep lake, is framed in on one side by the far off mountains, whose green feet are buried in its waves, while their gray tops lean against the sky, whose deep blue wears that serene smile which always carries the lonely heart nearer heaven.

Well, better than our pen, this beautiful picture shall talk to you reader, and we leave it to speak its own sweet poem to your hearts. V. F. T.

MR. DEMPSTER, always a favorite, gave a few concerts in our city in April, in which he sung many of his fine ballads.

THE LATE MISS CHITWOOD.

A friend of this gifted young lady, called to an early separation from the beloved ones of this world, in writing to us, says:

"She has left a large amount of unpublished manuscript, both in prose and poetry. She was seized with her last illness while diligently engaged in preparing a volume of her poems for publication. She had just completed a long and beautiful ballad for her forthcoming volume, entitled 'Ella Howard,' and another all completed 'in her mind,' but Death arrested her busy hand ere she had time to commit it to paper.

"In looking over Louisa's journal, after her death, her mother found the following lines, dated Tuesday eve, November 13th, 1855:

"Oh! weary life; oh, aching human heart!
Oh, craving soul! the earth has not a fount
Whose draught will satisfy. There surely is,
In the beyond, a brighter, fairer land,
Where weary ones may rest. Oh! were this all—
This little speck of being—this clay home,
That faileth day by day—this prison shroud,
(In which the yearning soul keeps struggling still,
Restless, and hungry for some higher joy;)
This state of turmoil—oh! were this the all
Of life and death—what poor mocked worms we were!
What clipped-winged eagles! Yes, oh! yes,
There *is* a life beyond, where the charmed soul
May grow and climb, and bask in God's own light,
Drawing, with love and faith, nearer the throne.
There *is* a life of such celestial bliss,
That all the joys of this, are but the throes
Of the soul's birth-hour, when compared with those
Which the soul's Father hath reserved for us."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. A History.—By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

We have in these three large octavo volumes, a most valuable contribution to history. The cradle of civil and religious liberty is Holland, and the history of the Dutch Republic the history of a struggle the most important the world has seen. The fiery ordeal through which the courageous people of the Low Countries passed, during the reigns of Charles V. and Phillip II. of Spain, as well as subsequently, is one, from the contemplation of which, the heart turns sickened away. Here the doctrines of the Reformation made steady progress, though fifty thousand victims suffered in the murderous grasp of the cruel Inquisition; and here the plant of liberty took root, and grew, watered by blood, and strengthened by the whirlwinds of fierce persecution. Referring to the deep interest that attaches to his theme, the author says:

"The rise of the Dutch Republic must ever be regarded as one of the leading events of modern times. Without the birth of this great commonwealth, the various historical phenomena of the 16th and following centuries must have either not existed, or have presented themselves under essential modifications. Itself an organized protest against ecclesiastical tyranny and universal empire, the Republic guarded with sagacity, at many critical periods in the world's history, that balance of power which, among civilized states, ought always to be identical with the scales of divine justice. The splendid empire of Charles the Fifth was erected upon the grave of liberty. The ancient streams of national freedom and human progress, through many of the fairest regions in the world, were emptied and lost in that enormous gulf. It is

Digitized by Google

a consolation to those who have hope in humanity to watch under the reign of his successor, the gradual but triumphant resurrection of the spirit over which the sepulchre had so long been sealed. Out of half-submerged morasses, in an outlying corner of that vast dominion, a rational and conservative republic is slowly evolved—born amid blood and fire, but dilating daily through storms and darkness into more colossal proportions. From the hand-breadth of territory called the province of Holland rises a power which wages eighty years' warfare with the most potent empire upon earth, and which, during the progress of the struggle, becoming itself a mighty state, and binding about its own slender form a zone of the richest possessions on earth, from pole to tropic, finally dictates its decrees to the empire of Charles.

"So much is each individual state but a member of one great international commonwealth, and so close is the relationship between the whole human family, that it is impossible for a nation, even while struggling for itself, not to acquire something for all mankind. The maintenance of the right by the little provinces of Holland and Zealand in the 16th, by Holland and England united in the 17th, and by the United States of America in the 18th centuries, forms but a single chapter in the great volume of human fate; for the so called revolutions of Holland, England and America, are all links of one chain.

"To the Dutch Republic, even more than to Florence at an early day, is the world indebted for practical instruction in that great science of political equilibrium which must always become more and more important as the various states of the civilized world are pressed more closely together, and as the struggle for pre-eminence becomes more feverish and fatal."

"To all who speak the English language, the history of the great agony through which the Republic of Holland was ushered into life, must have peculiar interest, for it is a portion of the records of the Anglo-Saxon race—essentially the same, whether in Friesland, England, or Massachusetts."

APPLETON'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY; embracing a series of Original Memoirs, of the most distinguished persons of all times. Edited by FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D., LL. D.; with numerous Illustrations. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*,

This volume differs from other biographical dictionaries, in having each memoir written by an author peculiarly fitted for the office, by his previous studies and labors. Mr. Rich, the editor of the English book, on which this is based, explains the plan in the following paragraphs which we copy from his preface:

"The volume now issued aspires to be a first attempt in the important direction alluded to. The publishers have desired to intrust the execution of the principal lives of each class of remarkable men, to practiced writers, who have cultivated the corresponding departments of learning; and from whom they had therefore reason to expect biographical notices, really characteristic, and of assured value.

"In the department appertaining to History, Politics, Law, Military Science and Art, and Ecclesiastical affairs, valuable assistance has been obtained from Sir Archibald Alison, Jno. Hill Burton, Prof. Creasy, Prof. Eadie, Prof. Ferguson, and the Editor. The latter has also endeavored to delineate the peculiar character and services of the leading mystics.

"Classical authors are treated by Prof. Ferguson. Theological and Religious Literature was given in charge to Prof. Eadie and Dr. Jamieson. Poets, Novelists, and other great men of letters, are described by Prof. Spalding; a memoir of Shakspeare comes from the pen of Charles Knight; and notices of the Bards of Scotland, from James Hedderwick and Thomas Davidson. The principal names in the department of the Mathematical and Physical Sciences were intrusted to Sir David Brewster and Prof. Nichol. In the Experimental Sciences, the department of Chemistry has been treated by Dr. R. D. Thomson; that of Natural History, by Dr. Baird; and Applied Science, by Prof. Gordon. The distinguished names in Medical Science are treated by Mr. M'Connechy. The eminent Geographers have been attended to by Mr. Bryce, who has endeavored by considerable research, to give exact information on the discoveries made by great travellers.

"In Mental Philosophy, our volume is chiefly indebted to Prof. Nichol, who has furnished a *resume* of the doctrines taught by many of the founders of the great schools, under their respective names. To render this department more complete, the editor has ventured to introduce the name of Sir William Hamilton, although happily for science, that distinguished metaphysician still labors amongst us.

"The list of articles written by Prof. Eadie, in Theology and Church History, includes the Fathers and Reformers, besides many of the mediæval divines and schoolmen. Dr. Jamieson's catalogue is graced by the names of our modern Divines, Missionaries, and Philanthropists.

"In the department of the Fine Arts, the great Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects, are characterized by Mr. Harrison, whose exact acquaintance with the literature of these subjects is well known. The same may be said regarding the Musicians, under charge of Mr. Manson; and of the great actors, whose lives have been written by the dramatic writer and critic, Mr. Heraud."

The same plan here indicated, has been carried out by Dr. Hawks, in the American edition, which supplies many hundred American names, not to be found in the London work.

The embellishments of the volume consist of portraits, birth-places, tombs, monuments and other memorials of distinguished persons, beautifully engraved. One is at a loss to conceive how such an immense number of embellishments of this description could have been got together.

This work is for sale, by C. G. Henderson & Co., N. W. corner of Arch and Fifth streets, Philadelphia.

POEMS BY CHARLES KINGSLEY. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

Not having found leisure for a careful reading of these poems by the author of "Alton Locke," we take the following notice thereof from the *Evening Bulletin:*

"Occasional verses in the former works of Mr. Kingsley have demonstrated his capacity for the construction of verses, so that the present volume will surprise no one as a development and illustration of a new faculty. But the book is chiefly occupied with a long play, which proves, to more complete demonstration, that the writer possesses, in a liberal degree, the dramatic faculty which is so important an element in the poetic character. 'The Saint's Tragedy' is the name of the drama. It is founded on the story of Elizabeth, of Hungary, a princess who was canonized by the Roman Church, and whose remarkable history deserves to be recorded in some more attractive shape than the rude, unreliable monkish legends in which it has hitherto been buried. 'The Saint's Tragedy,' although not fitted for the stage, is thoroughly dramatic. The characters are distinct and natural, and the design of the play, which is to represent certain mental struggles of the period, is well carried out. The author regards Elizabeth as 'a type of two great mental struggles of the middle age; first, of that between scriptural, or unconscious, and Popish, or conscious purity—in a word, between innocence and

Digitized by Google

prudery; next, of the struggle between healthy human affection, and the Manichean contempt with which the celibate clergy would have all men regard the names of husband, wife, and parent.' In the development of a character like this, Elizabeth, although a saint of the human church, appears really as a Protestant, anticipating, in her conduct, the days and the doctrines of Luther, and yet by her nobleness, commanding the respect of the Church in life, and receiving its highest honors in death. The play abounds in striking passages, though there are none that can be properly separated and quoted as fair illustrations of its character.

"In the latter part of the volume are given a number of lyrical, and other poems, some of which are absolutely perfect of their kind. We refer especially to 'The Sands of Dee,' and 'The Three Fishers,' which are familiar to the public."

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE. THE BETROTHAL.—Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

This is quite an interesting poem, written in a quaint and simple affectation of the old-fashioned style, and fairly printed, to suit, in old-fashioned type. The poet, who is English and anonymous, devotes twelve beautiful Idyls, with their appropriate "Accompaniments," covering some two hundred pages, to the praises of his wife, and incidentally, of woman in general. A second volume on the same subject, and entitled "The Espousal," is announced as in press. The author cannot give us too much of such poetry upon such a subject. Its moral influence is good. Foregoing all that even appears like appeal to mawkish sentimentalism, he seeks to awaken to *active* sympathy that genuine reverence and that depth of love for woman in her true character, which live in every really manly heart.

What could be more exquisite than the following picture of a true woman in her proper sphere—that of wife and mother?

"I yet recall her air, her walk,
Her laugh were love; in all she said,
I heard a peaceful seraph talk.
She seemed expressly sent below
To teach our erring minds to see,
The rhythmic change of time's swift flow,
As part of calm eternity.
Her life, all honor, observed with awe,
Which cross experience could not mar,
The fiction of the Christian law
That all men honorable are;
And so her smile seemed to confer
At once high flattery and reproof,
And self-regard, inspired by her,
Grew courtly in its own behoof."

MARRIED, NOT MATED. By ALICE CARY. New York: *Derby & Jackson.*

Alice Cary is a woman of undoubted genius, though too much inclined to take sombre views of life. Her mind has a vigorous way of taking hold of things, and the reader who goes with her, in her books, feels at every step that he is with one of no ordinary reach of thought. Her "Hagar" we did not like. It was altogether too morbid, and in some respects revolting. Her new volume we have not yet found leisure to read. The *Home Journal* thus speaks in its praise:

"This is, by far, the best prose volume that Miss Cary has yet published. It has all the excellences of her 'Clovernook' sketches, and, what some of them lack, charming as they certainly are in other respects—sound mental health. The plot is handled with exceeding art. The two pictures of 'Woodside' and 'Throckmorton Hall,' are distinct and exquisite, while the turning of the second portion of the tale into an autobiography, is very happy. It is a healthy book, overflowing with natural humor—fresh and picturesque, and artistic in conception and execution. The characters stand out from the paper; two of them—Rache, a quaint-thoughted, saucy-tongued servant-girl, and M. P. I. T. Throckmorton, the owner and proprietor of Throckmorton Hall—are creations of genius, and worthy of taking a permanent place among the best 'beings of the mind' in our light literature. We are certain that they are drawn from life. Miss Cary is familiar with western character and scenery, and her pictures are as correct and felicitous as keen observation can make them."

PHYSIOLOGY AND CALISTHENICS, FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES. By CATHARINE E. BEECHER. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

The author of this volume has done a good service to the young, and if parents and teachers wisely respond to the effort she has made, to bring a healthful discipline into the school room and family circle, there will be better health and better developed bodies among the men and women of the next generation. The design of the book, the writer tells us, is to teach the methods by which children may be trained at school, so as to become healthful, strong, graceful and good looking. She remarks, "you have read often of the Greeks: Some twenty centuries ago, they were a small people, in a small country, and yet they became the wisest and most powerful of all nations, and conquered nearly the whole world. And they were remarkable not only for their wisdom and strength, but for their great beauty; so that the statues they made to resemble their own men and women, have ever since been regarded as the most perfect forms of human beauty. The chief reason why they excelled all nations in these respects, was the great care they took in educating their children. They had two kinds of schools—the one to train the mind, and the other to train the bodies of their children."

We heartily commend this excellent little treatise to the attention of those for whom it is designed.

THE SUMMER OF THE PESTILENCE. A History of the Ravages of the Yellow Fever in Norfolk, Va., A. D., 1855. By GEO. D. ARMSTRONG, D. D., Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Norfolk. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

THE GOSPEL AND ITS ELEMENTS. By JAMES CHALLEN, author of "The Cave of Machpelah," and other Poems. Philadelphia: *James Challen & Sons.*

MEMORIALS AND OTHER PAPERS. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. 2 vols. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

Two more volumes of the publishers' beautiful uniform edition of the writings of De Quincey, prefaced by a letter from the author, expressing his high appreciation of the service rendered him by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields in bringing together, as they have done, papers widely scattered, and which he would hardly have taken the labor to collect, and also for their generous payment to him of a portion of the profits on the sale of his works, and this, as he says, "without solicitation or the shadow of any expectation on my part, without any legal claim that I could plead, or equitable warrant in established usage—solely and merely upon your own spontaneous action" Besides a number of briefer articles, the volumes contain "The Orphan Heiress," "Klosterheim," and the "Templer's Dialogues."

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT, THE HOLY LAND, TURKEY, AND GREECE. By BENJAMIN DORR, D. D., Rector of Christ's Church, Philadelphia. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

New gleanings from old fields of travel. Will the interest in these fields ever be exhausted? We think not. To the religious mind, every locality rendered sacred by events recorded in the Bible, has about it a charm that wins the thought and impresses the feelings with something of veneration, as if between that

Digitized by Google

place and the unseen world of spirits there existed some peculiarly intimate relation. The land of Bible history must always be a land of strong attraction for the Christian heart. "No words of mine," says Dr. Dorr, "can express to you the happiness which I felt, and still feel in those scenes, which have made the sacred volume a new book to me, by giving a reality to its records, and illuminating its every page. Egypt and Palestine, the land of bondage and the land of promise, are now no longer as they once seemed to me, distant and unapproachable lands, overshadowed with mystery; but they are familiar as my own native land."

The volume is one of fair interest; and its style of publication highly creditable.

A SECOND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD. From London to the Cape of Good Hope, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, Celebes, Ceram, the Moluccas, etc.: California, Panama, Peru, Ecuador, and the United States. By IDA PFEIFFER. New York, *Harper & Bros.*

Madame Pfeiffer, considering her sex, is certainly one of the most remarkable travellers the world has seen. Twice has she circumnavigated the globe, and she now gives us the very interesting story of her last journey from London by way of Southern Africa to the East Indies, and home through California and the United States. The lady has a passion for travelling, and is, withal, a very good traveller, for she has a quick observation, and generally manages to give tolerably correct impressions of the countries through which she passes. Of our own people she says:—"To the Americans I am also deeply indebted for many kind attentions, and for free passages in their ships and magnificent steamers. In no country, Dutch India alone excepted, did I receive from the inhabitants more marks of distinction than from citizens of the United States, and from the bottom of my heart I thank them."

EUTAW; A SEQUEL TO THE FORAYERS; OR THE RAID OF THE DOG DAYS. A Tale of the Revolution. By W. GILMORE SIMMS. New York: *Redfield.*

Another volume in Redfield's library edition of the Standard American Novels, of W. Gilmore Simms. The story, presented under a new title, is an old favorite, and the beautiful manner in which it is now issued will give it a new passport to public favor.—Of Mr. Simms, a gentleman of high literary attainments says, in a recent notice of the author, "at the North enjoys a reputation far higher than he does nearer home. The barriers of prejudice even there are, however, now being broken down, and his literary worth recognized. Socially, William Gilmore Simms is one of the most attachable of men.—A fluent and eloquent conversationalist—a ready and versatile writer—a poet and a dramatist—he is one of the most remarkable personages now living at the South, both for the extent of his literary acquirements and the strong mental grasp with which he seizes upon his theme."

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER. A view of the Productive Forces of Modern Society, and the Results of Labor, Capital, and Skill. By CHARLES KNIGHT. Revised and Edited, with Additions. By DAVID WELLS, A. M. Illustrated with numerous engravings. Boston: *Gould & Lincoln.*

The design of this excellent volume, is to set forth in a concise and familiar form, the nature and variety of the various productive forces of modern society, together with the results which have been attained by the union of labor, capital, and skill; the whole illustrated by numerous examples and statistics. We comprehend but in a small degree the rapid progress the world is making, except when results are grouped in a small compass, as they are in this book. We particularly commend it to all who wish to gain, at a small expenditure of time, a comprehensive idea of the industrial condition of the world at the present day.

THE LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE. Edited by MRS. SARAH J. HALE. 1 vol. New York: *Mason & Bros.*

We have here the second volume of Mrs. Hale's "Library of Standard Letters." The first volume, containing the correspondence of Madame de Sevigne, met with a very favorable reception, and this cannot fail to be equally popular.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague lived and wrote in the first half of the eighteenth century, and her letters have ever been esteemed as giving correct pictures of English society in their time, as well as for their amusing and valuable qualities. The present carefully edited and beautifully printed edition, makes a valuable accession to the number of Standard Library books, and cannot fail to be widely circulated. The accomplished editor has executed her task well.

THE OCEAN. By P. H. GOSSE. With fifty-two illustrations. From the last London Edition. Philadelphia: *Parry and McMillan, Fourth and Chesnut.*

"This book," in the words of a cotemporary, "was prepared more especially for youth, but it will be found highly interesting and instructive to the great body of readers of all ages. The beauty and grandeur of the sea, its commercial importance, its wonders of all kinds, may well claim universal and earnest attention. The author gives considerable space to marine botany, zoology, meteorology, the fisheries, the varying aspects of island and coast scenery, incidents of navigation, &c., in which instruction and amusement are skillfully blended, and form a most valuable and interesting whole."

MEMOIR OF REGINALD HEBER, D. D., Bishop of Calcutta. By his Widow. Abridged by a Clergyman. Boston: *Jno. P. Jewett & Co.*

This is a condensed memoir, in one 12mo. volume, of a man whose name is a household word in all Christian countries. Many of his sacred lyrics are treasured favorites in the hearts of old and young. Who has not said or sung—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

"Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning,"

"By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows,"

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,"

And others of his beautiful hymns? These will make his name a beloved sound even after the record of his self-denying labors in India has faded from the tablet of memory.

THE WAR IN KANSAS; Or, Rough Trip to the Border among New Homes, and a Strange People. By G. DOUGLAS BREWERTON. Author of "A Ride with Kit Carson," &c. New York: *Derby & Jackson.*

Mr. Brewerton professes, in connection with pleasanter matters, to have written an impartial narrative of those border troubles which have widened so sensibly the breach between the North and the South. If this be so, the work is well-timed, and may be read with profit. But even if his accuracy upon the graver question, which he treats so sensibly, should be disputed, the remaining portions of the volume are eminently readable, and cast a good deal of light upon a region of country upon which much has been said, but concerning which very little is really known.—The book is full of anecdote and adventure, though the author is by no means over nice, at times, in the choice of his language, or in the delicacy of his scene-picturings.

RECENT SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES. By CHARLES SUMNER. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

We have here the most important of Mr. Sumner's speeches delivered in the United States Senate. The leading subject is slavery, against which the whole powers of his mind have been brought into activity.

Digitized by Google

Some of his contests were of the most exciting character, and the best talent of the South was arrayed against him. He showed himself a master in his art, as even his enemies will acknowledge. Had his mind taken a wider reach, and embraced more general subjects of interest, he might have stood higher as a statesman in the estimation of the whole country.

HUMOROUS AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD. Edited by EPES SARGENT. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

We have here a second volume of poems by Hood, the prince of humorists. Mr. Sargent, himself a poet of fine abilities, has gathered together a large number of scattered poems, and gives them an enduring form. There is one great merit in Hood's humor; it is rarely, if ever, ill-natured—and almost always employed in the service of humanity. If we cannot always enjoy the picture he draws, nor see the wit of his caricature, we are never disgusted with obscenity, nor hurt by irreverence.

LITERARY CRITICISMS, AND OTHER PAPERS. By the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, Esq., of Philadelphia. *Parry & McMillan.*

The publishers of this volume, successors to Carey & Hart, have already won a fair reputation for issuing books of sterling value. These literary criticisms, and articles on general literature, are of more than ephemeral interest and will commend themselves to all readers of taste and education. Mr. Wallace wrote earnestly, eloquently and kindly; too kindly we are certain in one or more instances—and if he were alive now, we doubt not that he would see reason to correct some of his recorded opinions.

ITALIAN LIGHTS AND PAPAL PRINCIPLES, SEEN THROUGH AMERICAN SPECTACLES. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

Mr. Jarves is not always over nice in the selection of his subjects, nor over delicate in his treatment of them. Aside from this, he is one of the most vivacious of modern tourists. The present volume, besides giving pictures of life as it is seen in Italy, lays bare some of the papal machinery, and deals with the Romish Church very much as if the author were a heretic.

THE TEACHER. Moral Influences Employed in the Instruction and Government of the Young. A New and Revised Edition. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

A very useful book for all who have in charge the instruction or government of the young. Mr. Abbott is distinguished for sound common sense, and his hints and suggestions on all subjects of practical life are exceedingly valuable.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Edited by GEORGE S. HILLIARD.—Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

Mr. Hilliard is a warm admirer of the author from whose writings he has culled this volume of choice extracts; and he has given us many passages that show fine perceptions and great intellectual power. The book is for the cultivated few, not the superficial many.

KIT BAM'S ADVENTURES; Or, The Yarns of an Old Mariner. By MARY COWDEN CLARKE. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

Kit's adventures are altogether of the marvellous order. He saw as many strange sights as the celebrated Sinbad himself, and relates them with an equal air of truth. His book is a wonder book in its way; and one that the children will devour right eagerly.

'98 AND '48. The Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland. By JNO. SAVAGE. New York: *Redfield.*

Mr. Savage has given us a remarkably able narrative of the two insurrections which have agitated Ireland within the past sixty years, with the prominent actors therein. The author's countrymen make up a large number among us. His book cannot fail to receive a hearty welcome and a wide circulation.

AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Madame OSSOLI. Edited by her brother, Andrew B. Fuller. Boston: *Crosby, Nichols & Co.*

The name of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, will of course, secure for this book, an eager perusal from her numerous friends and admirers.

These pages embrace a variety of subjects, all treated with the masterly vigor, the critical analysis, and deep earnestness, which characterize the mind of this (setting aside Elizabeth Browning) most remarkable woman of her age.

The first part of this volume is devoted to a tour on the lakes, sight seeing at the West, life and character of the Indians, &c., &c. The second part is a history of Margaret's life in Europe, full of absorbing interest, both from the character of the writer, and the persons and circumstances among which she was thrown.

Her account of the Italian revolution is especially interesting, for her woman's sympathies and her great intellect were all strongly enlisted on the side of the strugglers for liberty, and the sufferings, and the defeat of the best, and bravest hearts of Italy, throw a mournful pathos over this portion of the work.

A brief account of her melancholy death with that of her husband and child, when in sight of her native shores, closes the book—a book that is real aliment, not milk and water to the mind and heart.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE, OR THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF AMERICAN LIFE. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "Ernest Linwood," "Linda," "The Planter's Northern Bride," &c., &c. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson.*

Under this title, we have, in a neat volume, a collection of some of the best of Mrs. Hentz's shorter stories; among them, the "Mob Cap," "The Pet Beauty," &c., &c.

TRAGIC SCENES IN THE HISTORY OF MARYLAND AND THE OLD FRENCH WAR. By JOS. BANVARD, A. M. Author of "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," &c. Boston: *Gould & Lincoln.*

Another of the series of entertaining volumes on the early history of our country, which the author is preparing. They form excellent additions to our school and family libraries.

THE SUFFERINGS OF OUR SAVIOUR; Or, Meditations on the Last Days of Christ. By FRED. W. KRUMMACHER, D. D. Translated by Samuel Jackson. Boston: *Gould & Lincoln.*

A series of discourses, by the popular German theologian, slightly abriged in the translation. The title of the volume indicates the theme of these discourses.

WILD WESTERN SCENES. By J. B. JONES. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

A new edition of a book that has sold largely in the West. It is full of life and adventure.

THE HEROES; Or, Fairy Tales for my Children. By the Rev. C. KINGSLEY. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

A most agreeable introduction of young readers to the old mythological heroes of Greece, and written in that beautiful style, for which the author is distinguished. The book contains three stories. Those of "Perseus," "The Argonauts," and "Theseus." Young people will read it with an all-absorbing interest.

THE CATHOLIC; Letters addressed by a Jurist, to a young kinsman, proposing to join the Church of Rome. By E. H. DERBY. Boston: *Geo. P. Jewett & Co.*

These letters are written against the Church of Rome.

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

THE PANORAMA. By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: *Ticknor & Co.*

This small volume contains many gems by this highly gifted man, whom his country may well be proud to rank among her best poets. Whittier's genius has always been especially characterized by its fearless denunciation of wrong, and its love for the true, the good, and beautiful, in the outer and inner life.

www.libtool.com.cn

Most of these poems are short ones, and are probably now issued in book form for the first time. They are on a variety of subjects, and many of them are "jewels of poesie."

The volume closes with three ballads, one of them Maud Muller, which must be immortal.

For truth and simplicity, for pathos and picturesqueness, this ballad surpasses, we had almost said, any we ever met. It is redolent of the woods, the grass, and the flowers, among which its scenes are laid, and every couplet is a poem in itself. We do not envy the man or the woman who could read it the first time with dry eyes.

POEMS. By GOLD PEN. *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

There are many noble sentiments, many good and true thoughts in this volume, although it is not characterized by any great originality. The poems are on a variety of subjects, and are so deeply imbued with purity, and faith, and love, that one can hardly read them without being better for it.

But we do not seem to find herein the elements of a great poet. There are few stirring, sublime passages, few rare fragrant blossoms, culled from the sweet meadow lands of poesie; but the writer seems a loving observer, and pure interpreter of the great heart of nature. That he speaks to the heart, is evidenced by the fact that his little volume has already passed to a second edition in this country.

THE LADY'S GUIDE TO PERFECT GENTILITY, in Manners, Dress, Conversation, in the Family, in Company, at the Piano Forte, the Table, in the street, and in Gentlemen's Society. Also, a useful Instructor in Letter writing, Toilet preparations, Fancy Needlework, Millinery, Dress Making, Care of Wardrobe, the Hair, Teeth, Hands, Lips, Complexion, &c. By EMILY THORNWELL, author of "Home Cares Made Easy." New York: *Derby & Jackson.*

We give the full title of the new book on etiquette, and commend it to the attention of all young ladies. With some small exceptions, it is a good and useful manual, and possesses the merit of sundry new suggestions on the subject of politeness. Too many of our young men and misses grow up, even in families where the parents are educated and refined, with so little attention to genuine good breeding, that true ladies and gentlemen, who meet them in company, are surprised at their singular lack of those external graces of manner, which are so charming at all ages. "Young America" wants more books of this class, and fewer of the high-pitched novels of the day.

ERNEST LINWOOD. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Boston: *John P. Jewett & Co.*

The last work of this lamented authoress will be read with eager interest. Ernest Linwood is an exquisite story. Its denouement, perhaps a little dramatic, and some of its conversations slightly overwrought, but it is full of beautiful thoughts, and sweet country pictures, and its prominent characters are true, deep-hearted men and women. Of course every page is enriched with the charming fancies and graceful imagery which characterize all Mrs. Hentz's writings, and this one possesses a melancholy interest, because its completion was so soon followed by the death of its gentle and gifted authoress.

REALITY. By Mrs. TUTHILL. New York: *C. Scribner.*

This is a bright, racy sort of story, with no great depth of thought or originality in it, that we can perceive. Its pictures are all pleasant and lively, its moral tone a high one, and altogether it will make a very pleasing companion for a rainy day or a languid mood. With all its spiciness, however, we wish some of the conversations had been a little more elaborated, and some of the scenes a little more carefully drawn.

GREEN MOUNTAIN GIRLS. By BLYTHE WHITE, Jr. *J. C. Derby.*

An interesting story, illustrative of Yankee life and character. It is a record of the joys and sorrows of simple, honest hearts, and though not very carefully written, it is sprightly and natural.

The moral tone of the book, seems, so far as we can judge, unexceptionable, and its pleasant, conversational style will make it an agreeable companion and probably obtain for it a large sale.

LIFE OF SCHAMYL. Narrative of the Circassian War of Independence, against Russia. By J. MILTON MACKIE.—*John P. Bennett & Co.*

A pleasant account of the Circassian people, their country, life, habits, customs, &c.

Schamyl, the hero of the book, is a forcible and highly interesting character, though a comparatively small portion of the volume is devoted to him. Still, it is all interesting, as illustrative of the character of a brave, liberty-loving people, whose heroic struggles for freedom, among their mountain fastnesses, certainly entitle them to our warm sympathies.

THE ARCHITECT; A series of original designs for dwellings, stores, public buildings, and adapted to cities and villages; Illustrated by drawings of plans, elevations, sections, details, &c. By WM. H. RAMLETT, author of "Cottage Architecture." New York: *Dewitt & Davenport.*

The first number of a new and original work on architecture. The growing taste of wealthy citizens, and country gentlemen, creates the want this is intended to supply. Men are no longer content to put up their dwellings in the old fashioned way, but desire the most perfect union of use and beauty that can be obtained. And this is right. The present work will be completed in twenty numbers. The price is 50 cents, each number.

THE ELEMENTS OF NATURAL THEOLOGY; copiously illustrated by familiar experiments, and containing descriptions of Instruments, with directions for use. Designed for schools and Academies. By A. W. SPRAGUE, A. M., with 280 engravings. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co*

A text book of great practical value, and one that seems to be nearer the wants of students than any heretofore published.

HISTORY OF HERNANDO CORTEZ. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

The principal portion of the volume is composed of a narrative of the Mexican conquest. It is written in the same easy, pleasant vein which has rendered the author's previous works so attractive, even to those readers who dissent from the correctness of his statements— the salient points in the career of Cortez, that strange compound of chivalry and bigotry, being seized upon and displayed with the usual skill of the author. As a manual for youth, this brief sketch of the progress and consummation of the most tragic of historical dramas, will be found singularly interesting.

EDITH HALE. A Village Story. By THRACE TALMON. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Company.*

A good, pleasant story; and one that, so far as it relates to its moral teachings, can be safely placed in the hands of the young.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY. By A. B. BLEDSOE, LL. D. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

The author of this volume is a Virginian, and takes the Southern view of Slavery. He writes with vigor, and his arguments are put with skill and force.

Digitized by Google

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

We have had one of these celebrated machines in use in our family for some two or three months, and the amount of work it gets through is really surprising. In a few hours as much sewing is done as the most expert needlewoman could accomplish in as many days, and done neatly and well. The skill required to manage the machine is small, and any one, with a very little attention, can learn to work it. Spring and fall sewing in a large family is always attended with trouble and much wearisome labor; and most housekeepers dread the task of preparing for the semi-annual change of garments. But with one of Singer's machines in the house, the whole order of things is changed. Seams are run up and hems stitched down with a kind of electric speed. The good dame says "Presto!" and out come frocks, pants, shirts, &c., all finished, except buttons, button holes, and a few other "little fixins," that take comparatively "just no time at all."

The work done by these machines is strong and neat. They are just the thing for families; stitching equally well on fine muslin or thick cloth.

NEW MUSIC.

Mr. J. E. Gould, Chesnut below 7th street, has recently published the following new music:—"Over the Summer Sea" Schottisch, by Jas. Bellak. "Tempest of the Heart," from "Il Trovatore," English words by Chas. Jeffereys, arranged by C. W. Glover. "Mother, I fly to thee," from "Il Trovatore." Orriana Valse Romatique, by Geo. W. Hewitt. Glover's beautiful duet, "Midnight Moon," transcribed for the piano, by Jas. Bellak. "The Home Circle," a collection of beautiful duos, by eminent composers. "Giorni poveri viaca," arranged from "Il Trovatore" by Jas. Bellak. "The Spinning Wheel" caprice, for piano, by Albert Jungman. Cape Cottage Waltz, by Estelle de Lisle. "Forth to the Field," words by John Imlane, music by Geo. W. Hewitt. "Roseate Blush" Mazourka Elegante, by Estelle de Lisle.—Flowers from "Il Trovatore," by Jas. Bellak.

MRS. NEAL'S STORY.

"Magdalene: a Young Girl's Story," is completed in this number of the Home Magazine. It is, without doubt, the most vigorous production that has yet appeared from the author's pen. The conclusion is rather abrupt, but the story has extended beyond the first design. Mrs. DENISON'S promised nouvellette is received. It is entitled "IDYL," and will be given as soon as our own story is completed. Our readers will see that we are coming fully up to our promises for the present year; and they will find, we think, ere its close, that we have exceeded them. The present number closes the sixth volume. The seventh shall be fully equal, if not superior to the last.

"MY FIRST PIECE."

We receive a great many scraps of verse, and pages of prose, the writers, or friends of the writers, asking, or urging their insertion in the pages of the Home Magazine, on the ground that they are first attempts at composition. But the editor of a magazine designed for thinking people, does no weight in the reason urged; but is at once disposed to a negative pre-judgment of the case. "First pieces" are always crude performances, and should never see the light of publication, except in rare instances, and then as literary curiosities. If those who send us such articles, do not find them in print, they must not be disappointed. To publish would be no compliment to either them or our readers.

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS.

Young housekeepers, who are starting anew in the world, and old housekeepers whose stock of home conveniences need replenishing, will find at the elegant store of E. W. Carryl, 162 Chesnut Street, every imaginable article of use in household economy. We advise all who are in want of goods in his line, to give him a call. A glance at the endless variety of new, useful, and elegant articles in his store, would make some of our grandmothers lift their hands in bewildered astonishment.

CORRESPONDENTS should, when writing for the pages of the Home Magazine, keep in view its character and design. We often receive well written articles, that are in subject so foreign to the purpose of our work, that no degree of literary merit would entitle them to admission.

THE FIRESIDE VISITOR.

The third number of this beautiful weekly, edited by J. M. Church, Esq., is a very attractive one, and will find a warm welcome wherever introduced. It is published at 106 Chesnut Street. Price $2 a year.

Books by the Editor of the Home Magazine.

SENT BY MAIL, FREE OF POSTAGE, AT REGULAR RETAIL PRICES.

Any of the following books, by T. S. ARTHUR, we will send by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the price. They are all handsomely printed, and well bound.

The Good Time Coming.	$1 00
Ten Nights in a Bar Room.	75
Sketches of Life and Character.	2 00
Lights and Shadows of Real Life.	2 00
Golden Grains from Life's Harvest Field.	75
Household Library. 12 vols. (set)	4 50
Leaves from Book of Human Life.	1 00
Angel of the Household.	50
Juvenile Library. 12 vols. (set)	4 50
True Riches, or Wealth Without Wings.	50
Finger Posts on the Way of Life.	50
The Home Mission.	50
The Way to Prosper.	50
Shadows and Sunbeams.	50
The Fireside Angel.	25
Three Eras in the Life of Woman. One volume. Containing, "The Maiden," "The Wife," and "The Mother."	1 00
Tales of Married Life. One volume. Containing, "Sweethearts and Wives," "Married and Single," and "Lovers and Husbands."	1 0

T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,
106 Walnut Street, Phila.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google



Painted by P. Girardet

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

THE

www.libtool.com.cn

HOME MAGAZINE:

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

VOL. VIII.

From July to December, 1856.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. S. ARTHUR & CO.
1856.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

INDEX TO ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.—FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1856.

www.libtool.com.cn

PAGE.

A Sketch. By Geral Sidney, . . 30
Artifical Gems, ... 47
Attacking a Crowned Head, . . 52
A Birth-Day. By Mrs. A. Wentz, . 98
A Triad of Panters—Fuseli, Wilkie, Cruikshank. *(Illustrated.)* . . . 106
A Chapter on Hospitality, . . 164
Bell Bradbury's Choice. By the author of "Susy L——'s Diary," . . . 12
Bear Up. By Clara Augusta, . . 84
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.
The Birth-Day Party. By Virginia F. Townsend.—Interesting Conversations, and Stories for Little Ones. No. VII. By a Lady of Baltimore.—Disrespect to Teachers, ... 48
The Birth-Day Party. By Virginia F. Townsend. (Concluded.)—The Almond Blossom, ... 111
The Good Deed in Season. By Virginia F. Townsend.—The Inkstand: a Fable.—To Kate. By Frances D. Gage, . . 172
The Hour Saved. By Virginia F. Townsend, ... 234
The Broken Promise. By Virginia F. Townsend.—The Rain: a Song for Little Eddy. By Caroline Gleason, . 292
Abbie Prince's Merry Christmas. By Virginia F. Townsend.—General Tom Thumb's Visit to Queen Victoria.—The Mischievous Jester, . . . 359
Bright Hours and Gloomy, . . 221
Birdie Blake; or, Our First Pastor and his Family. By Emma Linley, . . 272
Borrow no Trouble. By Clara Augusta, . 290
Childhood's Memories. By Carrie May, 134
Crushed Flowers, ... 322
Cousin Edward's Christmas Gift. By Catharine M. Trowbridge, . . . 329
Double Life, ... 16
Death of the Old King.—An Allegory. By Sarah J. C. Whittlesey, . . 17
Dependence.—An Autobiography. By Clara Augusta, ... 69
EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.
The Omnibus Ride—The Homes of our Childhood—Editors of Religious Papers—Blessed be Nothing—New Publications—Fashions—Read, the Artist—A Musical Fable—Come to me—A Morning Scene, Politics and the Pulpit.—Woman's Rights, &c.—Mend the Breeches.—Too Much In-doors.—New Publications.—A New Association—"The Sibyl"—Extracts from a Valedictory Poem—Political Detractions.—Never give way to Melancholy—Affections, ... 115
Literary Criticisms—Life at Watering-places—Little Mrs. Jenkins—Scholastic Titles—She is Dying—The Country Scene *(Illustrated)*—A Sister's Influence—Have Faith—New Publications, . . 167
The Country Graveyard.—Letter from Minnie Mary Lee—The Sett of "Cheeny." Patient Waiting.—Sunday Labor—"Sour Grapes" *(Illustrated)*—Warming Houses. Genteel Poverty.—Colored Plates of Fashion.—Fashions.—New Publications, 239
The White Mountains, &c.—The Home Magazine for 1857.—The Old Cranberry Tree.—Dr. Kane's Arctic Exploring Expedition.—A Dirge.—Railroad Conductors.—Worshipping Success.—A Fable.—Playing Mother *(Illustrated.)*—Importance of Early Associations and Companionship.—Letters from La Ruche.—Forgiveness.—Drip, Drip, O Rain!—New Publications.—Fashions.—Literary Life of Cities, &c., ... 297
The Old Rug—The Making up—The Blind Fiddler—Philadelphia in the Olden Time.—December.—New Music.—The Shadow on the Pillow—Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations—New Publicatins.—Fashions, &c. 366
ENTOMOLAGY.
The Mole Cricket. By William Roderick Lawrence, ... 110
The Saw-fly. By William Roderick Lawrence, ... 171
Ellenna. By Clara Augusta, . . 151
Epigram.—Death, ... 282
Fairy-Footed Allie. By Mrs. H. A. G. Arey, 200
Father Marquette, ... 201
Florence Nightingale. By Charles Swain, 290
God is Love. By James Hungerford, . 76
Go Back, Rose; You're too Little to Come! By Ellen Louise Chandler, . . 289
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.
The Mogul, or Tartar Dynasty.—No. VI. Aurungzebe. *(Illustrated.)* . . 25
The Mogul, or Tartar Dynasty.—No. VII. Nadir Shah. *(Illustrated.)* . . 147
Hints to Housekeepers, 51, 114, 175, 238, 294, 363
Health Department, . 113, 174, 237, 296, 365
Hobbies, ... 167
Honesty and Truth, ... 278
Intercepted Letter. By Helen L. Bostwick, 90
Insect Tenacity of Life, . . 170
Idyl. By Mary A. Denison, . . 196, 268, 315
Idleness, ... 208
Ida De Mar. By Mrs. M. S. Whitaker, . 279
Jottings by my Window Sill. By F. H. Stauffer, ... 96
Jones Under Two Aspects.—Jones at Home, Jones Abroad. By Horace Mayhew, . 152

Digitized by Google

PAGE.

Julies Gerard; or the Lion Killer's first Adventure with a Lion, . . 323
Jeannette Roux, ... 357
Lines to ——. By Madge Carroll, . 16
Loose Leaves, from the Note-Book of a Country Editor. By James Hungerford, 144, 209
Loose Leaves from a Tourist Journal.—No. I. By John Henry Canoll, . . 266
Little Things. By Charles Swain, . 282
Letters from La Ruche, . . 285, 325
Live and Help Live. By Alice Carey, . 356
Making Hay. By Clara Augusta, . 11
"Meet me in Heaven." By Kepler Phillips, 109
Memory. By O. Everts, . . 163
MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT.
Little Ruth, ... 236
The Imagination of Children. By Mrs. Joseph H. Hanford, . . . 365
Nature Owns no Trifles. By John H. Canoll, 21
Not for Money. By Virginia F. Townsend, 35, 87
Night and Morning. By Virginia F. Townsend, ... 131, 217
One Year of Life. By Lizzie Linwood, . 161
On the Preservation of the Stems of Trees from Premature Decay. By Harland Coultas, ... 169
One by One, ... 328
Pupil and Tutor, ... 153
Random Reveries. By Mrs. E. Jessup Eames, 283
Summer Thoughts, in the Woods and by the Wayside. By Mrs. E. Jessup Eames, 9
Souvenirs of Historical Characters—(*Illustrated.*) . . 22, 77, 154, 207, 353
She is Dying, ... 42
Sonnet—"Flowers, Sweet Flowers." By F. W. J. S., ... 95
Speak Gently, ... 163
Swiss Custom, ... 208
Southern Pictures. By Mrs. M. S. Whitaker, 353
Specimens of Siamese Literature, . 356
The Pleasant Result. By Lizzie Linwood, 19
The Lizard's Love. Fragments from the Souvenirs of an old Crow. From the French—By Anna T. Wilbur, . 22
The Rustic Maid and City Belle, . . 29
The Shadows in the Valley. By H. L. Flash, 31

PAGE.

The Unknown Friend, . . . 39
The Gipsy Fortune-Teller. By Virginia F. Townsend, ... 45
The Age of Forest Trees. By Harland Coultas, ... 46
The Trees That we Planted, . . . 76
The Woman who is Buried Alive. By Horace Mayhew, ... 79
The two Wives. By Carl Spindler—Translated from the German, . . . 81
The Morning Dream, ... 91
Tears. By Our El, ... 97
The Soldier's Dream of Home. By Virginia F. Townsend. (*Illustrated.*) . 105
Toilet and Work-Table. (*Illustrated.*) 123, 182, 244,
The Catacombs of Rome—Their Origin and History, ... 156
Thou Art Lost to Me, Dear Mary. By Alfred Burnett, ... 168
The Deposit. Translated from the French. By Anne T. Wilbur, . . 191
The Laboring Man. By Clara Augusta, . 195
"'Tis Sweet to be Remembered." By Maggie Stewart, ... 195
The Lion's Skin, ... 209
Too Late. By Helen L. Bostwick, . 221
The Pearly Gates Ajar. By Fanny Forrester, 267
Teach Children to Help Themselves, . 267
The Merchant and the Miller. A Tale of Northern New Hampshire. By Virginia F. Townsend, ... 275
"Too Much Honey." Helen L. Bostwick, . 287
The Child's Thought. By Elian Gray, 288
The Maiden's Reverie. By Corolla H. Criswell, ... 288
The Little Blossom that Withered in its Bloom. By Minnie Mary Lee, . . 291
The Young Wife's Sabbath. By Sara Adela Wentz, ... 327
The Shunamite. By Alma Gray, . 330
The Cynic and the Countryman, . 346
The Old Swing. By Virginia F. Townsend, 349
Watch Mother, ... 29
Watch the little Hand, . . . 34
What Can Woman Do? By T. S. Arthur, 43, 99, 135, 222, 253, 331
What is it? By Lucy Larcom, . . 200

Digitized by Google

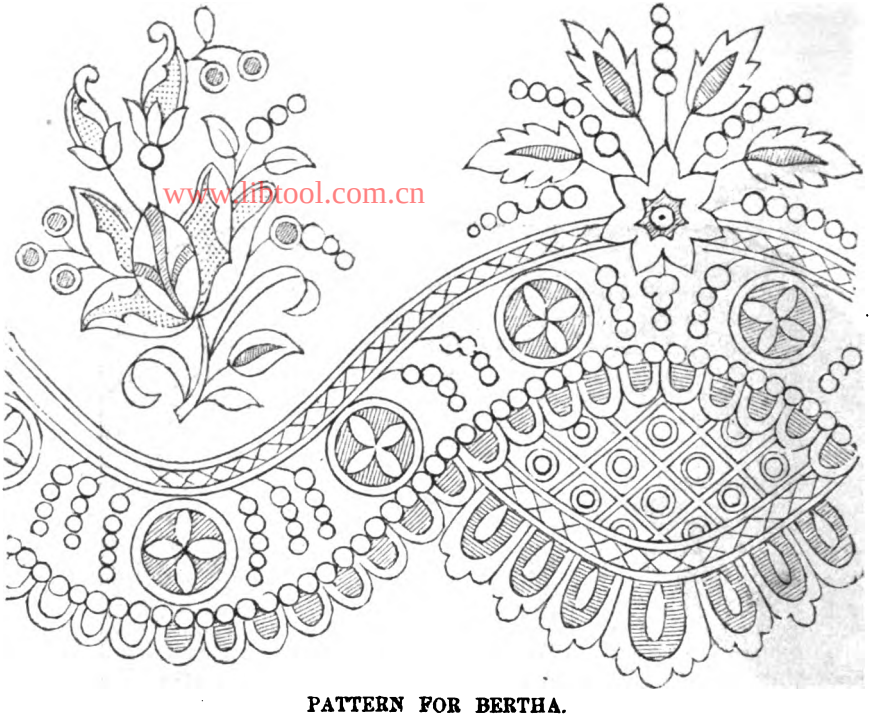
www.libtool.com.cn



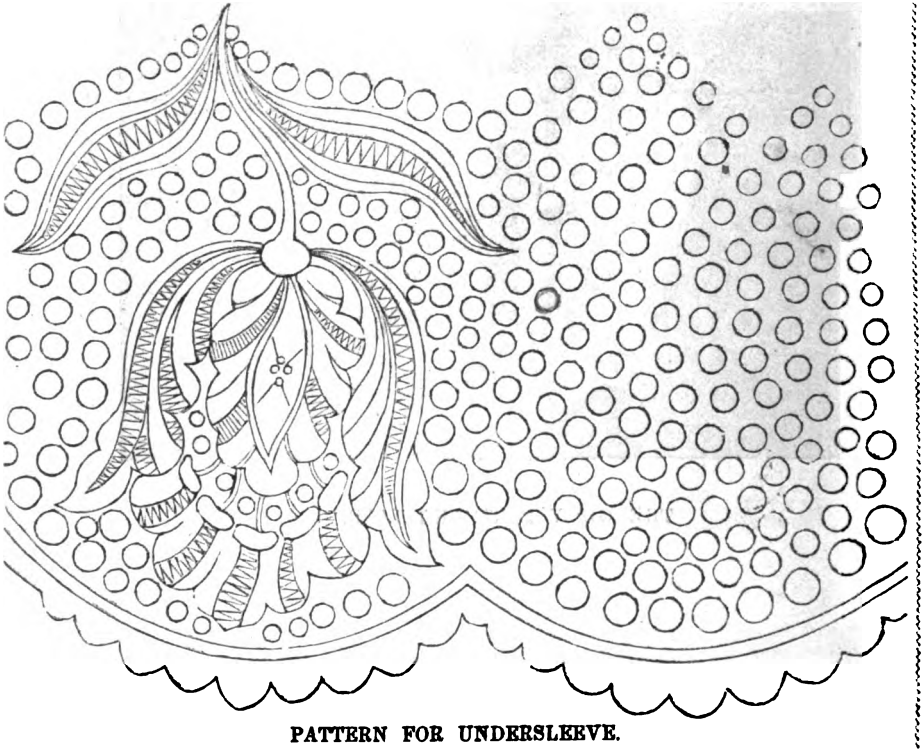
THE GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLER.

Digitized by Google

www.lintool.com.cn



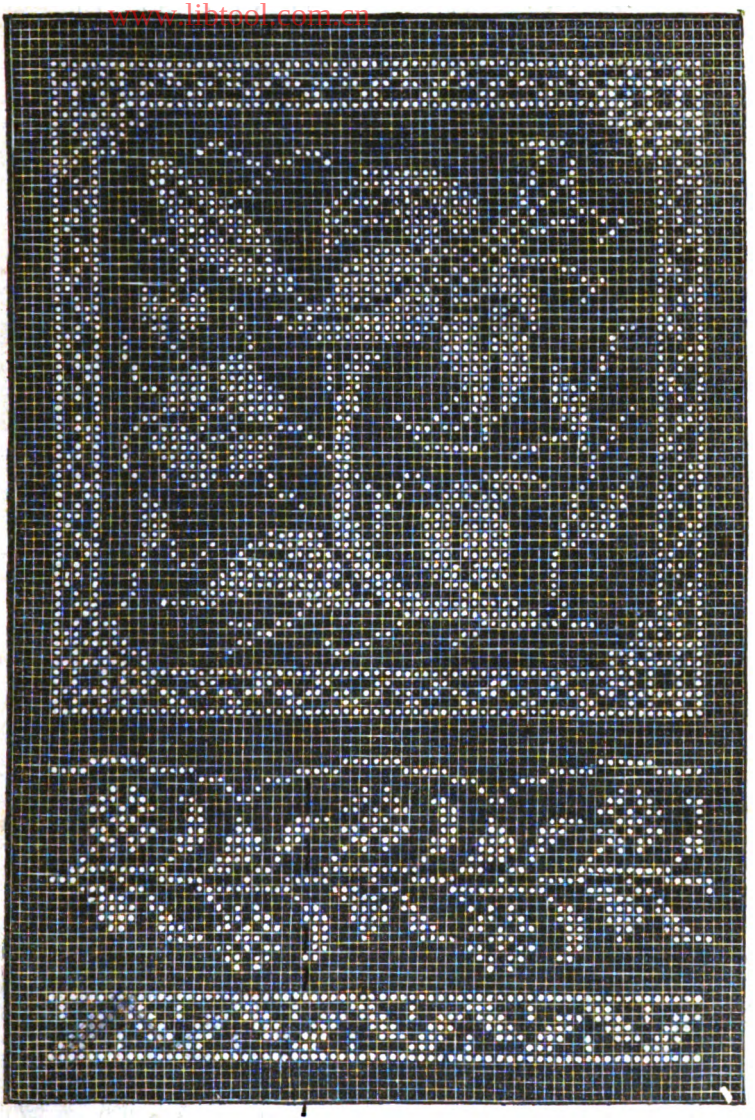
PATTERN FOR BERTHA.



PATTERN FOR UNDERSLEEVE.

Digitized by Google

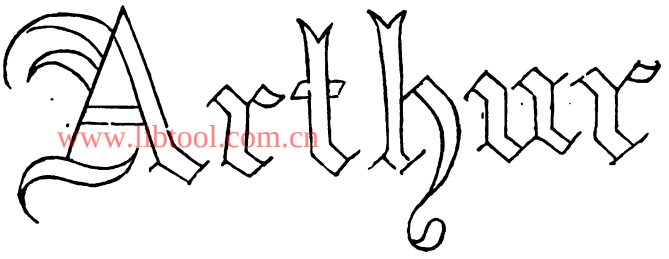
www.libtool.com.cn



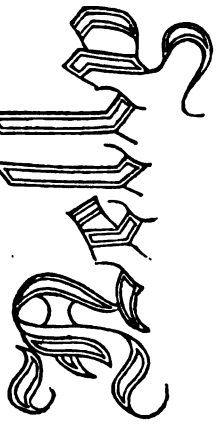
CROCHET TIDY.

Digitized by Google

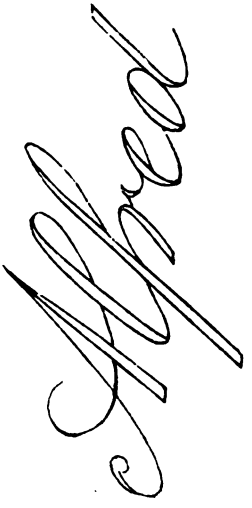
www.libtool.com.cn



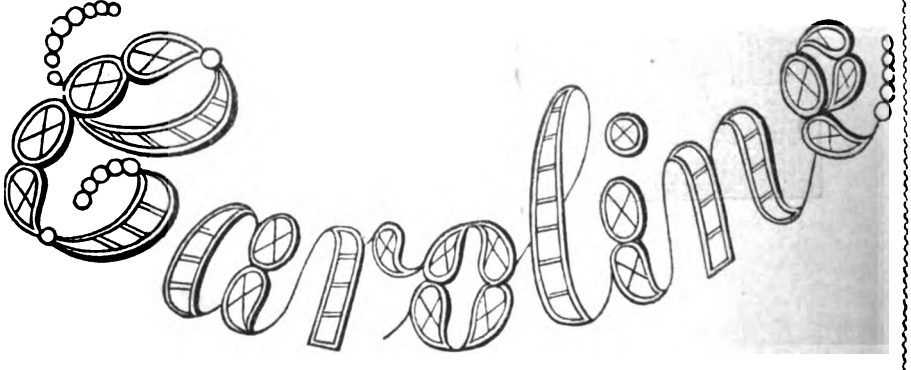
Plain satin stitch, or in chain stitch.



The centre in white, worked around with a frame of pink or blue.



This looks well, embroidered in red silk, on a white India silk handkerchief.



Worked in button-hole stitch, and then cut out.

Digitized by Google



CANZOU IN NET, TRIMMED WITH LACE.



FICHU OF EMBROIDERED MUSLIN,
and Valenciennes Insertion.



CHEMISETTE.



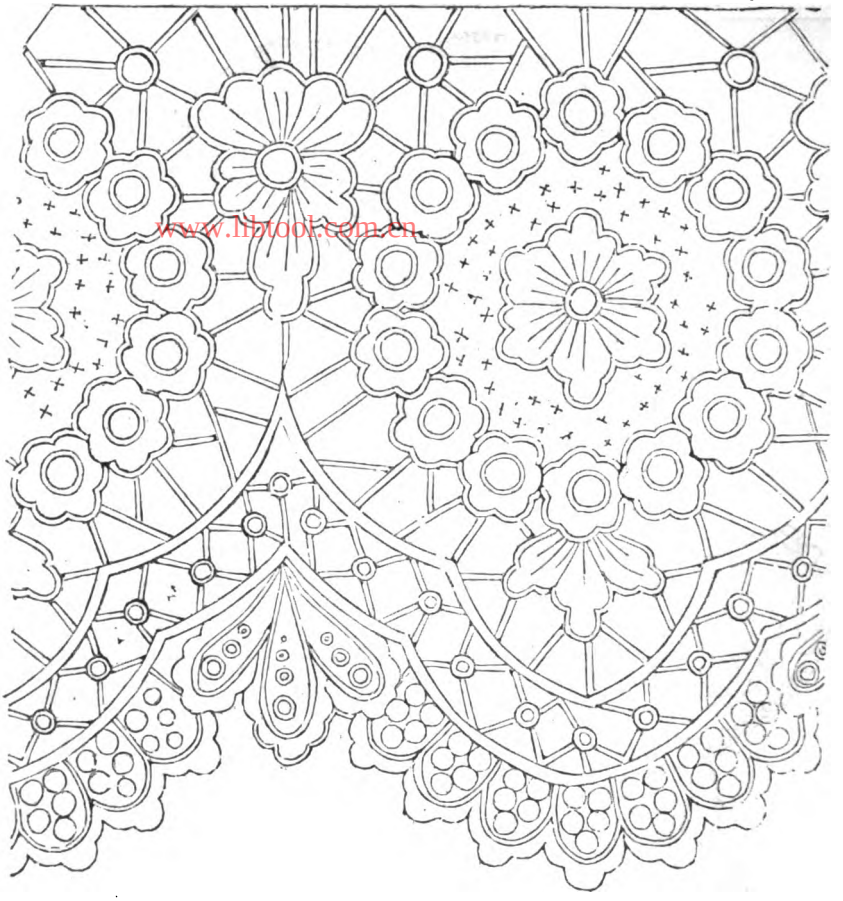
CANZOU OF BLACK TULLE,
to be worn over pink or purple dress.



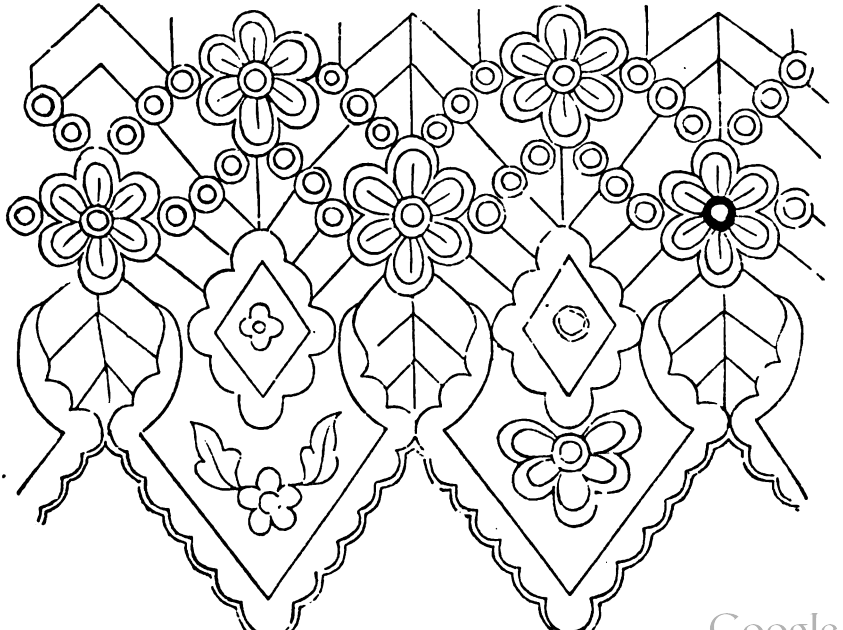
DRESS CAP.

www.ddfool.com.cn

Digitized by Google



PATTERN FOR UNDERSKIRT.



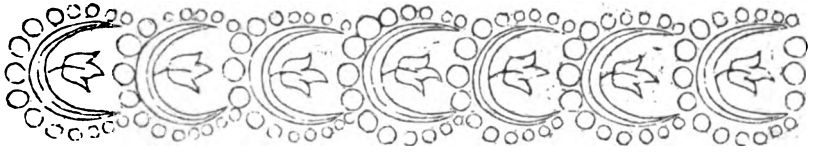
DEMI GUIPURE, FRILLING, AND INSERTION.

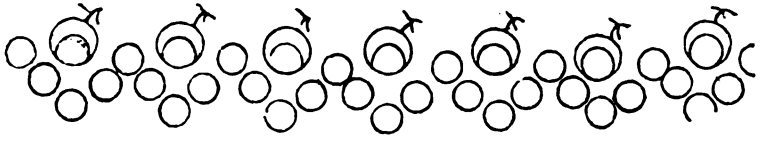
www.libtool.com.cn
Digitized by Google

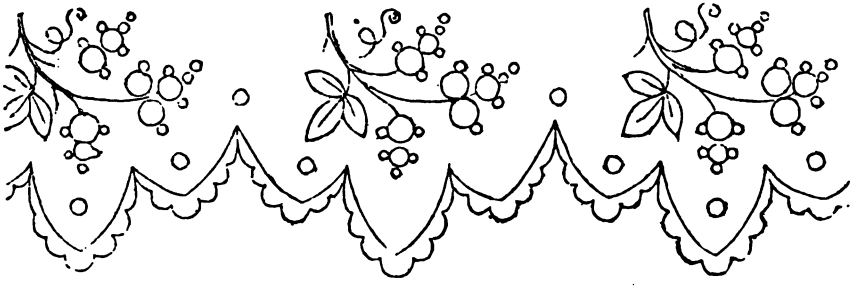
Patterns for Insertion.

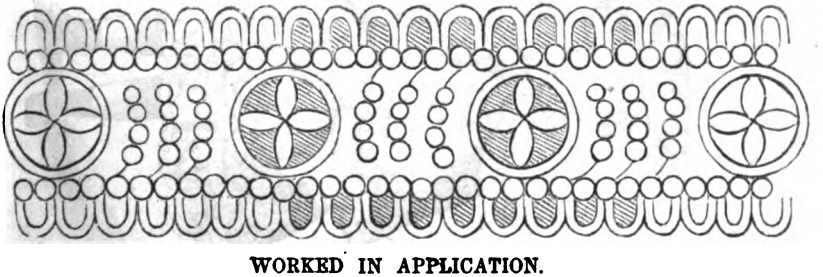
www.libnol.com.cn











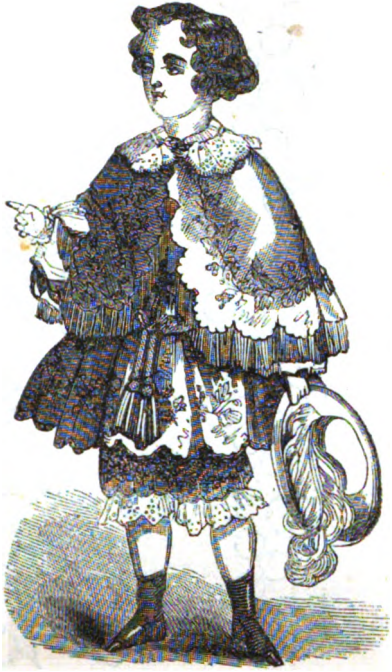
WORKED IN APPLICATION.

Digitized by Google

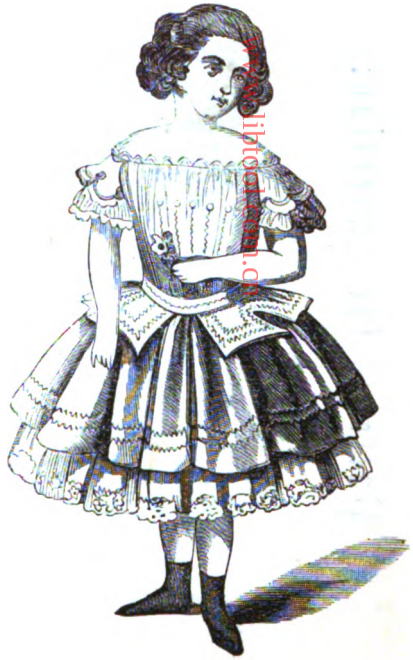
Children's Fashions.



No. 1.



No. 2.



No, 3.

Digitized by Google

ARTHUR'S
Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1856.

www.libtool.com.cn

SUMMER THOUGHTS,

IN THE WOODS AND BY THE WAYSIDE.

BY MRS. E. JESSUP EAMES.

"O, Father Lord!
Thou All Benificent! I bless thy name,
That thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,
Linking our hearts to Nature."

Yes! in the woods and by the wayside; in the sunny depths of the most beautiful June time! How transcendently lovely is the summer world out in the open air—the green-carpeted earth—the azure-purpled-skies—the rainbow-tinted clouds; the glorious morning—the noon-tide splendor, and the softly radiant sundown; beautiful all!

When we remember that in accordance with the doctrine of correspondences, each form of beauty, pervading the universe, is the rare embodiment of Infinite love and wisdom; and only the veil that conceals from our sight the higher beauties of the spirit realm beyond—then indeed the *beauty of Nature* has a high significance. In her great volume—the source of true knowledge—we read the inner sentiments of our own souls; and a true spirit of devotion fills the heart of man in those holy hours of communion with the great heart of Nature!

Oh, life of mine! let the thousand strings of thy spirit's lyre sound the great Creator's praise, and proclaim with eternal hosanna, His goodness and glory! Sing, oh, my soul, the wonderful morning hymn of creation! That grand birth hymn in which a thousand-toned voices join in one deep diapason of Divine homage, making all nature a perpetual oratorio—breathing one eternal anthem—reflecting one great truth—and causing this world to be the vestibule of heaven!

It is yet the early morning time—the broad red sunrise is flushing the orient with ten thousand varying colors—shifting, changing, and melting into each other. And in what beautiful fine gradations those regal hues die away. Methinks the Tyrian purple of old resembled this superb sunrise! A million colored suns of glory beam through these exquisite and gorgeous transparencies. All tints, from the most glowing scarlet and burning crimson, to the palest purple and silveryest azure; every shade of gold, and starry topaz—of lilac and violet—in a word, the unutterable glory of a tropic sunrise could scarcely surpass the splendor of this. Truly the morning is a mighty poem, written by the living sun upon the earth, and vibrating through the beating heart of eternal nature.—Oh! how full of beauty, meaning, mystery and eloquence is the scene! Ah! how renovating and hopeful to weary eyes, is the freshly-blooming face of the summer morn. What silent sermons are preached from the myriads of little wayside flowers, that star this grassy lane—from the changing foliage and vernal blooms of yon hanging-wood.

Aye, *here* is a sheltered and bowery place, in the heart of this old forest; a cool and lovely spot this to rest in awhile. The far-spreading branches of these four drooping elms, have made a perfect and spacious temple; roof, arch, column and aisle, fretted and carved by the hand of the Divine Architect! Such hangings as these are to these walls and windows—'broidered all over with sumptuous blooms—curtained with a gossamer net-work of many-colored creepers running to the dome-like top.

The star-shaped leaves of that blossoming vine, look like sculptured emeralds; and the small bunches of clear-crimson flowers among its tendrils, shine forth like rubies. And what lace-like veils of foliage fall from the tops of the tallest trees, formed from the light parasitical plants; intertwined and twisted with coronals and flowery festoons.

And what birds for a western forest. Like living bouquets of jewels—winged sunbeams, or "animated rainbows," gorgeous beyond de-

Digitized by Google

scription! How they flood the still ether with their rapturous swells—and lays of joyance.

See there! from among the troops of bright-winged creatures, sails a magnificent butterfly, large nearly as a humming bird! What superb wings, sable spotted with gold, and under-lined with crimson—a radiant ring of purple about the neck and eyes; the latter, by the way, of a limpid and gem-like green.

Beautiful coated butterfly! hast folded thy velvet wing for a moment's rest in the heart of this fragrant wood rose? Fairy and fragile flutterer among the flowers! I marvel not that the Greeks, who idealized all things, made thee the type of immortality! That they sculptured thee—oh, loveliest soul-emblem! on their tombs; for thou seemest in thy successive stages, to shadow forth and symbolize the imperfect nature of man: his fall, and his punishment, and the final redemption of his soul by Divine love!

And there goes the "busy little bee," on honey-gathering thoughts intent; yet almost puzzled where to choose, amid the wilderness of sweets—the beds of crushed wood-violets, and odorous wood-hyacinths, and countless other wild blossoms before it!

Here then in this "forest sanctuary," this "house not made with hands," I loitering sit in the golden hush of the glowing noontide.—The deep calm that reigns at quiet mid-day, is around and over all things, the while I lean against an old moss-cushioned tree, and gaze with contemplative eye far up—up into the Infinite realms of space.

Meantime my thoughts go back to the vanished hours of another earlier summer time; while clear and distinct, through the dim mist of years, comes back *thy* memory, oh, well beloved day!

Seemeth it *now*, that then and there, my spirit was gifted with a new-found intelligence, and I received into my innermost mind the belief that there *are* more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamed of in our philosophy!

Oh! thou remembered day! Soft showered the sun, as *now*, rich gleams of golden light on the gem-green sod below! Fell there upon the short grassy turf, touches of silvery radiance, flinging an exquisite shadow on the sweet blooming violets that purpled the ground at my feet, and wrapt in a shimmery shining haze the sunny grove-opening beyond.

Skies of the deepest and serenest azure (with here and there a pearly rose-tinged cloud, floating off into snow-white, wavy wreaths) arched tenderly above me, and seemed to meet the lofty tree-tops in a loving embrace.

Ah! how deliciously did the magic of the hour, and the scene steal into my innermost spiritual being; clothing it in the fairest hues of poetry and romance, suggesting unnumbered images of beauty and grace, creating in my weary, world-worn heart a yearning desire for that ideal which is only realized in the summer-clime of eternal greenness above. With what fullness of feeling my soul drank in the freshness and purity of Nature, in one of her loveliest haunts. With what a fine and subtle appreciation my eager senses thrilled to the whispering voices of the sun-lighted leaves: to the chime-like melody of the tinkling rill, so clear in its rippling flow. Ah! how distinctly amid the noisy din—the distracting cares of life, comes back the memory of *that* summer noontide. Far through the stainless ether, I follow the flight of troops of bright-winged creatures. Red-breasted robin, and the small silvery gray wren, on glancing pinions flit ever and anon before me. From her lowly nest amid the violets, up mounts the gay meadow-lark, high among the clouds, making the still air vocal with her rejoicing strains.

To and fro sails the purple-coated butterfly, among the rose-tinted petals of the wild eglantine; and the bright blue dragon-fly hastens to pierce the fragrant tubes of the clustering wood honeysuckle.

But my chief favorite of all these denizens of nature, was the little squirrel that played at hide and seek in and out of the old beechen tree hard by. What a pleasant home he had in its spacious hollow! What packs of leaves and bundles of moss he contrived to carry there! How industriously he hoarded the hazel nuts, and what dinners and lunches he made, to be sure, from the juicy leaves of the pine and spruce, and the dewy cowslip roots. Such a beautiful creature, too, so frisky and frolicsome; yet with such a pleading timid look in the large wandering eyes, so bright and dark! And no lady in the land ever wore velvet of so superb a texture. Silvery gray with broad glossy stripes of the jettiest black, was that coat of his, and fashioned by a peerless and most perfect artist! Merry and free, meanwhile, was the life of my pet favorite, up and down, high and low, on branch, stem, and twig, were his haunts for play! And no palace walls could boast such noble architecture—pillar and arch were wreathed and fluted with flowering vines—and a dome of the sapphire sky spread above.

Green leaf boughs, and blossoming branches, clustered over in many a twist and twine of polished ivy, formed a gothic arch for his corridor; and a moss-raised carpet of emerald hue, purple-gemmed with wood-violets and golden-bloomed daffodils, was spread for my favorite's pleasure. Ah! he *was* a beauty—that squirrel!

Yes! I had dreams—of what? I was very indulgent to the "dolce far niente" in those days; and this was no better perhaps than the sheerest idleness, yet I lived in a fair and beautiful world of my own, and always felt better and purer for my musing hours, by the daisy-strewn wayside that led to the bowery old woods beyond!

Hopeful dreams of *that* future which I then imagined stood so fair in the golden promise-light of time, created in my heart a dear and delightful joy. All was so still around, methought the greenly-foliaged trees whispered the carol of hope in accordance with all that was best and brightest, and most beautiful in the coming years. Ah! that dream of memory *is* divine!

Digitized by Google

Not a sound of bird, brook, or bough—not a scent of bud, blossom, or blade—not a shade of rose, violet or azure—not a sight of all the rapturous rainbow-winged life, that floats care-free in the open air, but pierces through the bygone time, fair, fresh, fragrant, and musical as of yore!

It is far off—that scene of my better days and brighter prospects—but my heart is *there*, and my dream is of the bowery green wood, and the bubbling forest spring. Riseth there, too, a vision of that distant mountain, looming upward in its grandeur and glory, wearing like a crown its gift of golden sun-rays! Often, and oft, yet vainly, have I pined to look once again on its rugged brow, the while returning thought retraced in glory-tints its majestic outlines. Oh, thou sublime and solemn mount! so eternally serene in thy presence—how often hast thou laid on my unresting heart the holy spell of thy tranquility. Many hours of quiet thought and pleasant dreaming I owe to thee; but I can offer thee only idle thanks, oh, silent mountain! for all of beauty and strength thou didst bring me in the long ago. Yet *now*, more than in the vanished years, I think with grateful love on the faith, and hope, and courage, I gained amid those scenes of other days. For there were days of darkness likewise; and the heart did not escape its trial-hour, and a great sorrow was made its much-enduring portion! Cometh back now the memory (made peaceful at last) of an intense pervading passion, pure as perfect in its worship; strong in its trust—the sublime faith, the beautiful belief; Love, the omnipotent, which hath its divine essence in humanity.—That, too, was but a dream—it has faded into the life of the past. Yet in wandering back to that life, I could almost deem myself the same as when——ah, well! the *heart* maketh its own abiding sunshine—its own eternal gloom! And *now*, as in *that* blissful time, dear Nature, thy large and loving heart is open to my touch; the golden key thou gavest, is still in my keeping, while clearer are thy mysteries, and brighter thine innermost sanctities than of old. If time hath bereft me of much that the human heart holds dear, it hath taught me to look above, and beyond the sorrow that liveth here—for surely the *glory* is on *high!*

Thrice blessed, and thrice beautiful are ye, oh, summer thoughts, by the woods and by the wayside! Through my fast-kindling soul is distilled the life-fraught essence, poured from the pure urn of universal nature. A beautiful Presence, imaging heaven itself, is abroad; the holy spirit moveth every where; and "the boundless smile of a perfect God," illumines His whole creation.

A little while, and the full glories of the celestial summer, shall dawn on the spiritual vision! Thy cross of thorns, oh, *heart!* shall become a crown of flowers—and thou, redeemed and free, shalt swell the anthem of adoring harmony, around the throne of the Eternal!

MAKING HAY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Hurrah! for glorious Summer,
With her crown of gorgeous flowers,
And her long and fragrant noonings,
In the cool and shady bowers.
Farewell to gloomy sorrow,
"Dull care" fly swift away—
There is sunshine in the meadow
Twining with the clover hay.

Let the *beaux* in dusty cities
Boast of walking in the park,
But a summer morning walk for me
When sings the early lark!
Let them talk of balls and *soirees*,
And drives along Broadway,
But there's purer joy in being
In the meadow "making hay."

When the sun shines down the hottest,
And the winds have sunk to sleep,
And the flies their lazy buzzings
Have hushed in silence deep—
Then we seek the shady maples,
Where the moss is soft and green,
And gaze upon the silver clouds
Which deck the sky serene.

And the gentle blue-eyed maiden,
At noon comes o'er the lawn,
With the grace of storied fairies,
And the lightness of a fawn,
With her dinner-basket laden,
Filled with bread and butter sweet—
Oh, the farmer's blue-eyed daughter
With pleasure pure I greet.

And, perchance, I pressed the fingers
That arranged the dainty feast,
And, perhaps, the little maiden
Colored just the very least—
And if she sat beside me
My heart run o'er with bliss,
And sometimes from her rosy cheek
I stole a tender kiss.

Oh, 'twas pleasant, very pleasant,
Sitting in the fragrant shade,
Which the broad and spreading foliage
Of the maple trees had made,
Listening to the robin's chirping
In the branches of the trees,
And watching o'er the hill tops
The coming of the breeze.

Yes, these summer days are beautiful!
All full of golden light,
With the winsome shadows flitting
Over dale and mountain height.
Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis delightful,
When the skies are warm above,
To spend the day in "making hay"—
The noon in making love.

Digitized by Google

BELL BRADBURY'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L—'S DIARY."

www.tibtool.com.cn

CHAPTER I.

One evening in the winter time of '48, Luther Foster sat holding "Ivanhoe" half open in the hand that lay on his knee, when it came into his head that he must go off somewhere out of the pent-up town, where tides, winds and all sorts of life went on with heavy, measured pulsations, to the up-country, where the rough winds came, and the snows piled themselves up on the roadsides, (wreathing into wondrous beauty along the stone walls,) where, driven by the headlong winds, they went trooping like a white regiment across the fields, across the hillsides; where in a night, while the healthy inmates slept, they piled themselves, as if wilfully, into barricades before the windows, before the doors; doing all that they did as if they had frolicsomeness and delight in it. He must go there, taking his buskins along, and rifle; for the mountains were in his head, with deer showing antlered horns along the ravines, among the pines and on the tip-tops, relieved by the deep blue sky. He must have some books along.—"Ivanhoe" must go. He had read it a half-dozen times, perhaps, in the ten years he had owned it, but now that he had began it again, after it had been left untouched among his books for years, it was as fresh and grand a book as ever. That should go into his trunk; and other books. He imagined he would have rare comfort with books and pen up there, with the bracing mountain air in his lungs and in all his being. He hoped he could do something if he stayed a few weeks up there, where nobody could come to him, interposing themselves between him and his occupations. He wished earnestly that he might do this one thing,—write such a lecture, a lecture so infallibly excellent, both in its spirit and its form, that men and women should hold their breaths, should feel their pulses keeping still to hear,—by and by, that was, when he got a little prominence in literature and in the minds of the people, so that he might stand and speak with a soul quiet, self-assured, and full of strength.

Luther Foster was still young. He was struggling hard to make his way; was still often in doubts whether indeed he ever would make his way fairly, so as to feel that then he might rest, with all his books and instruments of mastered sciences, arts and philosophies lying at his feet; (only put away from him a little by his feet, to be needed no more by him forever;) so as to manfully earn at least one laurel wreath,—not for his temples; not to be worn as a crown, but lying in graceful verdure at his elbow. This crown must, after all, be no laurel wreath, worn before the eyes of men, but a halo, as it were, coming from the inward light, the strong spirit, that had achieved its work, with such slow patience and trust.

Foster was poor, so that he must shift many ways, and by this was he hindered often, discouraged often. He must often pack away books, apparatus, and wipe his pen dry, and go out to put himself before cold men of business, to ask for the employment that should give him clothing and bread.

This season had been more prosperous. He had been sending philosophical papers to the "Tribune," and had been well paid for them.—When this came to the ears of Mr. Harding, editor of the "Newburyport Sentinel;" when he heard as he did from a brother of his connected with the Tribune office, that Greeley, and others, had a high opinion of Foster's talent and learning, he came in, shook hands with Foster, and, in a bustling way, as if there must needs be hurry about it, told him that now he and his paper were ready for those articles. The papers were upon living men,—artists, artizans, and statesmen, who were striving and doing their best. They were written strongly and in a glow of kindly appreciation that could not fail to recommend them and their author to the multitudes of striving men and women who read them. So that friendly eyes sought him out, however silently he stood in the throng, and friendly hearts there in his native town, made much of him. It made him happy in the midst of his doubtful lot. He could take the thought of it with him, could have warmth and companionship in it, he felt, while he was up there in the snowy, strange place, doing, with no cognizant eye on him, the work that should be worthy of the love he met, and especially worthy his own soul in which God had planted such springing verdure.

CHAPTER II.

LETTER FROM BELL BRADBURY TO ESTHER TAYLOR.

Groton, Feb. 3, 1848.

BLESSED ESTHER:

We had something good for dinner to-day.—Guess what it was; I helped to get the dinner, with Mary's wide apron on; guess what it was. Pickerel and trout caught by the doctor and somebody else, through a hole in the ice out here close by; and I fried them slowly, to what Mary called "the patientest, beautifullest crisp," so that the doctor and the other gentleman ate silently awhile, and with their heads tipped a little as if they were listening. The doctor said he *was* listening. When Mary asked what made him so still, he said, laughing, that he was listening to the trout. We had the mealiest potatoes—baked; boiled ham in nice slices; pies, pickles, home-made currant wine, and sweet crackers. We ate it in the coziest room that there is in *this* land; I fancy there are enough such rooms in England and Germany. It is a large room, which is both sitting-room and din

Digitized by Google

ing-room, for their house isn't a large one; it is just a common, two story farm-house, with a hall in the front, dividing two large rooms, with a kitchen, pantry, and so on, back. One of the large front rooms is, of course, parlor, furnished according to rule. The other is our long, straggling, careless dining-room, *alias* sitting-room. It has book-case, cabinet, maps, some of Mary's paintings, done before her marriage, easy chairs, large and small, foot-cushions, Mary's work-table, the doctor's table, which is kept out in his office in the summer, the doctor's violin, and, of late, certain fixtures of a certain other gentleman, who has his *legitimate* place in the chamber over this room, but who likes it best sometimes, going on with his studies and writing in the farthest-off corner of this room, where we are with our reading or sewing. Mary and the doctor both think his presence of a very agreeable kind, and like to have him here. The doctor invited him here because he liked him so well, when he met him at a hotel in Rumney, where he went daily to visit a patient. Mary and I were glad to have him come; that is, Mary was, for in this drifting time, few venture out (save the brave snow-birds, who are surest to come to the house, when the storm is loudest.) And if ever so many come, there would not be one amongst them who would have the quiet and agreeable intelligence that this Mr. Foster has. At least, this is what Mary and the doctor think. So we like to have him here.

He meant to do ever so much hunting; but he does less and less of it. He rides away over the cold hills often, with the doctor. They come back with red faces, and as hungry as two cubs. Mary and I, like two *downright* women, as we are, are best content when we are busiest getting nice dishes, and putting things in beautiful array for their return; when they are hungriest at table and comfortablest in their arm-chairs afterward.

So, good bye, blessed girl. I've been here a fortnight. I ought to go home and go to school. The preceptor and all the rest say that I "miss it in being away from Virgil so long;" for, you see, the preceptor hasn't it in his head, the rest of them haven't it in theirs, that I have, of a right, any concern with anybody in this world, but this same old fellow, Virgil. I don't know when I shall go home; Mary says *she* don't know when I can; the doctor says he don't know.—Mr. Foster thinks I would be a loss—on account of the nice pickerel and trout I cook; child, this is all; you see he appreciates me just about as I deserve; for I haven't a spark of talent or ambition.

Yours, dear,

BELL BRADBURY.

P. S.—Only, and I write it with something akin to tears in my eyes, if I took pains to keep rooms in nice order for one, and to fry pickerel and trout to a beautiful crisp, and then, when one came, if he saw nothing in me but a tidy woman and a good frier of pickerel, I should lay me down and want to die. I should, I know about this already.

CHAPTER III.

BELL TO ESTHER.

Groton, Feb. 28, 1848.

MY DEAR GIRL:

If I am married right off, in two months or so, will you come over to cry with me, and be one of my bridemaids? Honorable James Pentinon; of Portland, whose wife was my mother's cousin, who, as I perhaps told you, came to see us on his way to Congress, who is twice as old as I am, and the ugliest man—only that there is much excellent sense and proper feeling in the expression of his eyes and mouth—has written to mother that he will be glad to marry me and take me home with him when he can get away from Washington. He will do well by me, he says in his letter. That is, of course, he will dress me beautifully, will establish me in a beautiful home, will make a pet of me, and provide handsomely for me in his will. My mother sent his letter to me yesterday, endorsed with a few lines from herself, in which she says that Arthur Pentinon is "an estimable man;" that if I marry him, he will, as it were, take me in his arms and carry me through life, and that all I will have to do, will be to hold my hands out for the indulgences he will shower, and *devote myself to him*. She underscores this last proposition, as I do. She lays stress upon it, she says, because she knows him, knows that he will exact my whole heart. I think I can be very dutiful; can easily be dutiful to so grave, elderly, and indulgent a gentleman. I suppose I am sure to marry somebody, and I am afraid of not doing so well. I will tell you what I would dread most of all in marriage—marrying one so much above me in intellect, imagination, and so on, (or, at least, one who would feel himself so far above me, although *I* know what stores of nice thoughts and fancies I have, that I never unfold to people,) that I would be no more to him, as I passed and repassed before his eyes, than a pendulum is that swings back and forth, keeping perfect time for his convenience.

But I am going out into the kitchen to see what Mary is doing. She has only a Dutch girl, Katharina, that a New York Emigrant Office sent to them. All she can say is, "What, mam?" and "Yes, mam." All she can do is to do everything wrong, and keep Mary jumping to stop what she is doing.

I shall not tell Mary a word that mother and Mr. Pentinon have written, only that mother thinks I must certainly go home at once. Mary married the doctor because he was the light of her life. She would feel unmitigated horror if I were to show my case up to her. I couldn't bear her expostulations.

Did I tell you that Mr. Foster is an author? Not that it is anything to me, or to you, dear, what he is. But he writes beautifully. While the doctor was gone, to-day, and Mary and I sat with our needles, he turned his pages over, reading to us, here and there. Mary praised it as he went along. I did not speak; but it is true that it dropped, word by word, on my heart,

Digitized by Google

as it were, feeding it, as if they were crumbs of the bread of a new and blessed life. I did not look up to him but once. Then I met the expression of his face, for it happened that he was looking over in my direction at the same moment. Certain lines of Mrs. Browning came to my mind. I kept thinking of him as

"One upon whose lips the air
Turns to solemn verities,
For men to breathe anew and win
A deeper seated life within."

That is, of course, dear, for a few minutes I kept thinking of him in this way. I soon drove the thoughts, knowing that they didn't belong to me. But I will tell you, once for all, what I think of looks like that I met then. I think that, to meet such a look once a day while one lived, to have a right to meet it and to make the most of it, would be enough to render one's heart light, and one's home bright, all the year, year after year, while one lived. It is in this way that Mary *lives* on the doctor's looks, and on the words spoken with his good voice. If I marry mother's cousin, Pentinon, I wonder whether *all* his benefits will come rustling in silks, satins, and the like; whether they will all be stiffened up and extended with matrimonial etiquette and observances. If they are, I think that Mary (who now, in the beginning of the doctor's professional life, and in this out-of-the-way place, has no new, rich dresses, or anything of the kind,) is happier with just the doctor's face and voice of love, that I shall be with all the material gifts coming in plentiful and oft repeated showers—incomparably happier.

But I shall not write any more this night, the rest have all been in bed these two hours. Good night. God take care of you, as I pray that he may of me.

Morning.

The doctor and Mr. Foster have gone to Campton, whither the doctor has been called for consultation. They will go farther, and will not be back until noon to-morrow; and an hour before that time I shall be on my way to Meredith. I am determined to make this quick work of it, in the first place, that I may be over it while as yet I keep hold of a calmness that is every moment tugging and pulling to be away: (to let some anguish in that stands persistently outside, knocking.) In the second place: that I may go before they return. It will be enough to resist Mary, to keep up before her eye, that will search me through; enough to say "Good by" to Mary, and turn my back to this home that, by love, is made a paradise. But I must hasten. I have written, just now, a few lines to tell mother that I will *certainly* come to-morrow, giving my announcement its positive character, that I may make use of it in fortifying myself against whatever pleas Mary may interpose. Good by, darling. Write—write. Say something that shall infuse a little good cheer into my soul. I wish you were not going to be married to John Adams Cole. I wish you were not going to be married to anybody. Then I would not. Then, by and by, we would live together in a large, beautifully appointed home, where we would surround ourselves with artists, authors, and a host of agreeable people, and have some comfort of this life.

Thine, dear, B. BRADBURY.

P. S.—When I have dropped my letters into the mail, then I must break Mary's heart with my purpose.

CHAPTER IV.

Meredith, March 20, 1848.

DARLING:

So your friend, Mrs. Pomeroy, married precisely as I am likely to do, "for an establishment," and love came in afterwards, so that she is one of the happiest women alive. So argues your kind letter. There are scores of pale women, though, in the world, with large, mournful eyes, thin cheeks, and clammy, cold hands, who, waiving your argument solemnly and in silence, would bid us look well to such a step before venturing to take it. Thanks, however, all the same, dear; there was never a kinder letter than yours.

Mary cried, just as I knew she would. We both of us, in fact, quite broke down. In the midst of it, I intimated, in some broken words, that after all, I had ten times the cause to weep that she had; and so, in a little while, it was all out. Whereupon, Mary wiped her tears indignantly, saying that I should *not* marry that old man. I would have to tie his double flannel night-cap for him, and take hold of his hand to pull, every time he wanted to get up out of his chair, while I was a young woman, she said, before I was forty. I would have to do this before I was as old as her sister Martha, and Martha was a handsome woman in her prime. I should *not* do such a thing. But, when she found that I still sobbed, with my head down, she broke out again sobbing, declaring, still, that I should *not* do such a wicked, hazardous thing.

I will tell you what feeling was uppermost in my grief, then, and afterwards, for the day. It was this, that I might as well marry him as let it alone. That, since I had not talent and the like great qualities to recommend me to a man of talent and learning, I might as well marry where my qualities of benevolence, domesticity and so on, would find plenty of exercise close at hand. I thought that even if I set up my solitary judgment and impulse against it, mother, and all our family, and the neighbors, would bear me down with their—"Such a *good* match;" their—"his being in Congress, you know, is such a great thing;" with their—"beautifuls;" and their "charmings;" so that I should glide along through it a little while, and then, no more than half conscious what I was in reality doing, no more than half consenting, (down in my heart, that is,) I should be joined to him, and that would be the end. I finished this part of my reflection aloud to sobbing Mary, myself sobbing, when who should show his face of light in the kitchen door, but the doctor, in his huge fur overcoat; and whose face should flank his, but his

"Upon whose lips the air
Turns to solemn verities."

(This was in the edge of the evening, dear,

Digitized by Google

when we were again upon the subject that had been kept in abeyance all the afternoon, by the presence of two chatty, hard knitting ladies, who came visiting Mary.)

The gentlemen rode up to the back door slowly, with their tired horses. We should have heard them, though, if we had been expecting them that night. As it was, we should have heard them, should have known that all those steps crossing the kitchen were not Katharina's, if our minds had been less engaged.

Well, they were not a little surprised and shocked. The doctor hurried to Mary's side, got hold of her hand, twisted her fingers, meanwhile plying her with questions, which she evaded by talking to him about getting off his great, shaggy coat, that made him look like a lion, by laughing through her tears, by scrambling out of his arms, out of his paws, as she called his hands, and declaring that she must certainly go to the kitchen, and make Katharina understand that she was to get some supper for a couple of very hungry gentlemen. She got away, the doctor followed her. I was on the point of following her, but she came back to say:

"Bell, dear, I am going to tell husband all about this old gentleman Pentinon, the first thing. I will see if he don't think it as absurd a piece of business as I do. May I tell him? I must!" I had had my lips open to expostulate; I must have shown a distressed face to her and Mr. Foster; but I did not say "no." When she repeated the question, saying, with a kind voice, as she came back towards me, that she would not ask me if it troubled me; I did not say "no" then; for I of course knew it was something that they would talk of soon or late. So, kissing me heartily, telling me that I was a *dear* girl, she turned quickly to the doctor, who now stood near, still with his great fur coat on, and with his fingers locked low before him. He was looking from Mary to me, and from me to Mary, with real sympathetic concern in his face, still, with the light there that never goes out, since he never lets his trust and strength go, never loses sight of the truth, that, let what will come and threaten us, it will pass; or, at least, that its bane will pass, if we bide it, looking it steadfastly in the face, doing our best.

Mary caught hold of his coat lappets, with both hands, up as high as she could reach, saying:

"Why, I'll tell you what the trouble is. An old gentleman, (old for Bell, that is, for he is fifty, and she not twenty) a little, short, homely man as ever lived, wants Bell to marry him. He's at Washington, now."

"In Congress?" asked the doctor.

"Yes; in Congress."

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Pentinon."

"Of Maine? I thought so; although I am sure I don't know what put him into my head," said the doctor, turning to me. "They say he was a stiff, hard man, Bell, with the wife that he has had." He spoke calmly, but with warmth. The doctor would not, without cause, condemn a man to save his head; nor would he hold back from condemning him, if justice demanded the deed, to save his head. Always feeling justified, therefore, in his speech and in his silence, he has the calmnest dignity of any man I know. Except, perhaps—but this may pass.

They all looked to see what I would reply: "My mother thinks he is a good man," said I, "and that—that his wife would be sure to have everything she wanted." Of course I knew what a poor plea this was. I heard Mr. Foster start, and take some abrupt steps behind me as I said it. Mary did not speak, but her looks said the very thing that the doctor said with his lips:

"Everything she wanted! Yes; this means that if she wanted gowns, shawls, furs, or jewels, she could have them; that, if she would ride, horses would be brought round, would stand pawing the earth until she came down the steps; that she could always be sure of her husband's hand, her husband's arm, of her husband's polite and measured attention to her words. It is true, Bell, that Arthur Pentinon's wife would be sure of this; but—good heavens, child! what a life *you* would have, where there was no warmth for you! How do you suppose you could stand it, year after year, year after year, in a house ever so magnificent, if there was no warmth of love in it?"

"Her!" interposed Mary, shuddering, and getting closer to her husband. Meantime, the steps behind me were less abrupt, but they kept steadily going back and forth.

"If a woman, waking up out of her dream of confidence," pursued the doctor, "finds herself the wife of such a man, she must make the best of it, getting and giving all the good she can. This is our part under whatever evil we cannot wholly escape. But, if a woman comes to such a life with her eyes open, she don't know what she is doing. Does she, Mary?" Mary answered by clinging close to him, and with tears suddenly gushing.

"I *know* Arthur Pentinon," added the doctor, after a brief silence, in which, as I felt, all his heart was with Mary. "A young brother of his and I, were at New Hampton, at school together, a year or more, and Arthur Pentinon was there, in the time. A young lady who was there at the same time, married—married Fred. Berkley, Mary, and has been near neighbor of the Pentinons ever since. She told me what he has been—in his family. And it was just what I would expect such a man to be. He has been stiff and hard as iron. Don't you remember, Mary, when we were reading 'Dombey,' I told you of somebody who was always in my mind the moment Dombey appeared in the scenes? It was this same man, Pentinon. If you marry him, Bell"—speaking more cheerfully, and gently disengaging himself from Mary, that he might be rid of his overcoat—"if you marry him, I shall never be sorry for what I have said, for I believe it is the truth, Mary"—but Mary had disappeared into the kitchen. "I was going to appeal to Mary for evidence that a woman

Digitized by Google

can be happy, married to a much poorer man. If her sister Martha were here, I would ask her whether a woman cannot be abundantly happy if she is not married at all. You know about this yourself, Bell; you must feel that you can be happy as you are, coming up to see Mary twice a year, going off some jaunt with us next season, if we can be gone. We'll make up a little party, perhaps. What *say*, Foster? What do you say to coming up another summer? You've no idea how fine it is here, in the summer, when we can catch trout out of our parlor windows. He don't know about the berries and the cool cream that come up out of our celler, does he, Bell?"

"You never *saw* anything like the *berries* we have, Mr. Foster," said Mary, putting her sweet, matronly face in at the kitchen door. She had a plate in her hand. She had appeared there as she went her ways, helping to get the supper upon the table. "You can't *think* how green it is here, in the summer, and how beautiful the water is! Can he, Bell, dear?"

Then she and the doctor went on expatiating upon the pretty views, upon the rides they have had every summer; upon one ride which I had shared; so that, in this way, I was led on to expatiate with them. We remembered the still, starry evenings, when we had our chairs out on the lawn, hearing the waterfalls, and a far off whip-poor-will, as we talked and thought.

Mr. Foster came up to stand near us, to question us, to show by his looks that he understood all the beauty we would fain describe.

"Souper," said Katharina at the door, glowing, proud of her poor English; proud to have put a finishing stroke to the supper without Mary's aid and supervision.

So, as we were in the midst of plans for another summer, (it had come to that, as we expatiated and described,) we all went out, all took chairs at table, and soon we were as merry as four bob-o-links. Now and then the thought of Mr. Pentinon passed over me (as I think it did also over the rest) like a cold, scudding cloud; and, in those moments I thought, helplessly—"What can I do with him? what can I do with myself?"

But, can I sit here both day and night writing to you? Two more items briefly told, and then I am done.

While we were sitting together that same night, just before bed-time, the doctor turned a little towards Mr. Foster, who, while the rest of us talked, had moved his chair back a little, for the purpose, as it appeared, of sitting awhile in silence, and asked him what he was thinking about, that he had so grave a face. Mr. Foster said he was wishing that he was half as rich a man as——

"As Arthur Pentinon?" asked the doctor, helping him out.

"Yes."

"I thought so."

We laughed, for we have said many a time that he has marvellous intuition, by which he knows almost any time what we are thinking.

This is my other item. I came home the next day, as I felt irresistibly impelled—on many accounts. In a day or two I had a letter from Mr. Foster. It was dated at Newburyport, where he resides, as perhaps I have already told you. He told me in his letter what kind of a future he liked to look forward to. A home of plenty, albeit not of much wealth is there, he said. A man, tired, but successful, approaches it—for it is evening—and a woman, with a most tenacious resemblance to a certain friend of his, comes to the embowered doorway to take his hand and lead him. He sees that they sit, hand in hand, talking together, and her voice is like a dove's, filling his life with peace. Do I care for such an humble future as that he describes? he asks. He asks me other questions, dear ones. Years hence, he says, he looks for the consummation of his hopes and labors; but even these years will be full of glory to him, if he can know that, far away, a loving woman also waits and looks forward, trusting in him.

So, you see, Cousin Pentinon must go, and all his material benefactions. And not one sigh goes after him or them. I am so full of happiness.

Yours, darling,

BELL BRADBURY.

LINES TO ——.

BY MADGE CARROLL.

I know by the glory that circles thy brow,
That the arm of an angel upholdeth thee now,
I know by the radiance that beams from thine eyes,
That thou holdest communion with those in the skies.

I know by the awe stealing over my heart,
That redeemed ones surround thee wherever thou art;
I know by that soft tone so gentle and mild,
That God watches o'er thee, His own chosen child.

I know that wherever thy light footsteps rove,
Thou bringest a blessing, thou takest but love;
I know that wherever thou resteth thy head,
Bright pinions are folded—sweet happiness shed.

I know that we love thee; I know that each soul
Bows down to its God 'neath thy gentle control;
And I know that thy glory in Heaven will be,
That our spirits have triumphed o'er evil through thee.

DOUBLE LIFE.

Man hath two lives; the one of patient toil,
Of ceaseless travail with the stubborn ground,
Of battling with the burly sea's turmoil,
With stubborn metals, and the anvil's sound;
The other is a maze of vision'd things,
Infinitely fill'd up with shapes ideal;
Of gentle thoughts or wild imaginings,
Of shadeless bliss, or terrors grimly real,
And all the winged spirit may conceive
Of human happiness or heavenly wonder.
O, blest is he who best can interweave
This earthly toil with images sublime:
And dwell 'mid common things such glories under!
Most hapless he who wracks his weary time,
In each apart; and rends these lives asunder.

—[*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

DEATH OF THE OLD KING.—AN ALLEGORY.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

In the last hour of the last day of his reign, the old king laid his heavy head upon a pillow of snowy whiteness, with the little stars holding their tiny tapers around his cold couch, and the grieving wind-spirits sobbing mournfully around the dim eaves of his shadowy palace.

And I sat beside the dying old monarch, moaning on the verge of the Hereafter, with

"A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain."

And three children of the old king came flying from three corners of the old king's realm, and stood at three posts of the old king's death-bed; a fourth was already at the fourth post, and watched with his sisters to catch the last sigh of their pale sire, ere the spirits of infinity lifted his aged form over the walls of Time, and the surf of Eternity's ocean wove his winding sheet of cold forgetfulness. And the old king turned his dimming eyes upon his fairest child, and asked:

"Where are the tokens for good, and how wilt thou honor my grave?"

And a little sprite sprang from the maiden's breast, and laid a tiny bulb upon the old king's couch; its touch was icy cold, and a snow-flake glinted in the cold starlight, and the germ was swollen with embryo sweetness and strength, and a struggling sprout peeped hopefully through the green shutters of the bulb's prison-house. And the old king said: "Be thou emblem of strength in adversity;" and a smile lighted up the filmy eyes of the old king, as he blessed his shivering child.

And another came trembling from the maiden's hand, with shadows and sunshine in its bright blue eyes, and held up to the aged sire a bunch of buds and moss, shining and dripping with tears.

And the old king sighed: "Beauty in sorrow."

But the trembling child shook the tears from its bunch of buds and moss, and a gold-bird came and perched upon the stems, and sent forth a gush of melody. And the old king said: "Capricious and beautiful;" and the shadow drifted away from his wan face, for the scent of peach-blossoms, and purple shadows was in the breath and the song of the bird.

Then May followed in the footsteps of the maiden, and threw a wreath of leaves and blossoms upon the death couch, and the silver gurgle of waters, and bird songs and breezes were heard in the sweet hush, coming up through the dim distance, and the soft azure eyes of the young child sent gladness and sunshine to the heart of the dying monarch. And he blessed the young child, but took her not to his bosom, for May would wither in the arms of December. Then the old king said to the maiden:

"Spring, thou art good, and very lovely; thy offering is very pleasing in the sight of thy sire, and the memory of thee is pleasant as a water-brook in a thirsty land."

Then Spring and her little Months knelt at the bedside of the old king, and hid their bright faces from the solemn scene of death, for death is saddest of all to eyes brimming with vernel sunlight and beauty.

And the old king said to his second child:

"Show me a token for good, and how thou wilt honor my grave."

And a fair maiden came to the king's bedside, and held up a full-blown, fragrant rose, with the golden-winged bee buzzing cheerily in its rich, red heart. A white robe fell in wavy folds around her willowy form, like silver clouds piled up on a sunset's golden edge; and her white arms and neck were bare, and delicate vines, loaded with clustering blooms, coiled around them; and a coronal of leaves and lilies twisted above her pearly forehead, and scented the long, loose curls that drifted goldenly over her plump shoulders. And the fair handmaiden laid the full-blown, fragrant rose, with the golden-winged bee buzzing cheerily in its rich, red heart, upon the white death-couch; and the old king smiled upon the sunny-haired maiden.

Then a sturdy youth came, after his soft-eyed sister, and held up to the old king, in the yellow light of the little star-tapers, a sheaf of golden grain. And the scent of new-mown hay, exhaled from the rustic garments of the youth. And his dark locks were damp with toil, and hung heavily about his dusty forehead and sun-browned cheeks. And the old king said to the sturdy youth:

"Industry, thou art the pride of these dimming eyes; all generations shall call thee blessed, for thou art the dew of Hermon on the green things of the years."

And the king gave the sturdy youth a sparkling stone as the meed of his merits; and Industry went buoyantly from the old king's bedside, rejoicing in the royal gift, for the sparkling stone glittering in the bosom of the youth, was the diamond of Content.

Then a hazy-eyed one crept wearily to the king's pillow, and sank sullenly upon the bedside. Her long, hyacinth hair was wound hastily back from the hot, dewy temples, and a gossamer gown flowed loosely from the warm, moist shoulders, to her satin-sandaled feet. And a sun-wilted flower drooped in the dimpled hand of the girl, and in the wilted flower a long limbed insect stood whining. And the watery brow of the sullen girl contracted at the whine of the flower tenant, and she trampled furiously upon the withered blossom, and the insect died beneath the tiny slipper of the angry maiden. And the old king said:

Digitized by Google

"Child, nothing that God hath made is for naught. 'Tribulation worketh patience;' be not moved by the petty annoyances that 'flesh is heir to,' but let patience have her perfect work."

And the maiden answered the old king:

"The wild wind sweepeth over the forest top, and the stout oak bends not, but a little worm gnaweth at the root, and its green leaves wither and fall. Had the Arch Enemy assailed Job in the form of this whining adversary, peradventure he had not maintained his integrity."

And a smile forced its way up to the white lips of the old king, at the maiden's words, but he answered and said:

"'He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down and without walls.'"

And the girl cried for Winter to cool her crimson cheek and moist brow, but Winter was fast slumbering at his post, and hearkened not to the call of the handmaiden. And the old king said:

"Child, thou art one who, having, appreciate not, and longing for what thou dost not possess, lose the good that thou mightest enjoy. Learn to be content with whatsoever thou hast, and like the bee, thou shalt extract honey from even a poisonous flower; for He who ordereth the seasons, knoweth the capacity of its children, and in mercy withholdeth the seeming good, which thou sighest to obtain."

Then the old king said to his second child:

"Summer, thou hast accomplished thy mission, and rendered an acceptable offering. Thou hast performed thy part in the annual Drama, and the memory of thee is grateful as a sweet strain of old time melody."

Then Summer and her little children bowed their bright heads in obeisance to the king, and turned their blooming faces from the sad and solemn scene. And the old king said to his eldest daughter:

"What wilt render unto me for past benefits?"

And a sober maiden came, at the matron's bidding, bringing clusters of golden grapes and bunches of purple berries. And the leaves of the vines were deep green, paling into shining saffron at the pointed edges. A shade of pensive beauty rested upon the face of the maiden, and the shadow of a thought dwelt in her mild hazel eyes. Her glossy hair hung in amber drifts over her russet-hued robe, and the flowers that nestled amid the round ringlets, were brilliant with the hectic flush of consumption. And dignity and thought were in the appearance of the maiden, blended with youth and loveliness; and she turned from the white couch with a benediction from the old king following her graceful steps.

Then a second, like unto the first, for dignity and youthful sedateness, came; but the blossoms in her brown curls had more of the touching softness of decay in their languid eyes, and appealed to the heart, for *love* rather than *admiration*. A robe of crimson heightened the delicate fairness of her dimpled cheeks, and a crown of gold mocked with its lustre, the melancholy beauty of the blossoms beside it. And she came to the king's beside and held up a willow basket full of leaves and lichens, and rich brown nuts gathered from the breezy greenwood. And the leaves were green and golden and glittering ruby. And the maiden gathered up a handful of hazel-hued nuts, and dropped them, one by one, from her waxen fingers, sparkling in the star-light, down to the rustling leaves with a musical rattle. And I thought I had never seen aught so lovely as the pensive maiden, as she stood at the king's bedside.—And the king said:

"Child, thou art surpassingly fair; lo! I proclaim thee Queen of the Twelve."

Then Spring and Summer and the little ones bent in homage at the feet of the youthful queen. But the maiden sighed as she turned from the old king, for she knew it was her burial beauty that elicited admiration.

Then a hardy youth came at the matron's bidding, and a hunter's horn hung at his side, and a leathern pouch, with little song-birds mangled and blood-stained stowed therein, and a hunter's gun lay upon his shoulder. And he said to the old king:

"I follow in the track of the flying deer, over the crackling twigs of the gusty forest, and bag the wincing game."

And he held up to the old king's eye a tiny glass, and the old sire said:

"I see a mighty wilderness where the leaves are lying in drifted heaps, dead and sere; and a tired stag flying before a ravenous pack, cheered on by the huntsman's hallo. And a panting steed, bearing a dauntless rider, dashes on in the wake of the yelping pack; and the foaming steed, impelled by the impetuous rider, clears at a bound an imposing barrier, and leaps furiously on, on, in pursuit of the toiling stag; but the bold rider lies stretched upon the brown mould, with the life-blood oozing out upon the crisp leaves of the forest."

And the old king shuddered, and waved the youth back from his bedside. And he said to his eldest daughter:

"Autumn, thou art very pleasant, and thy daughters are beautiful and pure, but cruelty and fool-hardiness is in the spirit of the boy."

Then the hardy youth blushed for shame, and said:

"I will, henceforth

> "'Take not in sport the life I cannot give,
> For all things have an equal right to live.'"

And the old king said to Winter:

"How hast thou redeemed the time?"

And twin brothers crept from beneath the fur cloak of Winter, and the first held up a silken purse, and said to the sire:

"I visit the fatherless and widows, and kindle a warm blaze upon desolate hearths, with the hand of charity."

And the old king said:

"Noblest of all, though less lovely; verily I say unto thee, thou shalt have thy reward."

And the Seasons and Months smiled brightly upon the benevolent boy, but Summer's eldest

Digitized by Google

child paled at the ice upon his garments. And the old king said:

"When Winter was far off and asleep, thou calledst upon him, but now he is near, thou shrinkest from him, and thy bloom departeth." And the maiden answered:—I will no more repine at the decrees of wisdom; experience teacheth a dear school, but the foolish learn in no other."

And the second youth held up a miniature sleigh, and its tiny bells tinkled musically upon the keen frosty air, and the crackling of ice was heard beneath the prancing hoofs of the phantom steeds. And the old king said:

"I see a pale maiden wrapped in costly furs, seeking for pleasure at the risk of life, with the seed of consumption springing up in her young heart, and ere the reign of my successor shall be ended, the buds of disease shall blossom whitely for the grave."

Then a tiny one crept from the fur cloak of old Winter, and lifted up its infant hand full of bright blades and bits of leaves; and there were ice gems upon the offering, but the things were green. And the old king smiled as he numbered the fresh tributes in the tiny hand, and there were twenty-eight. And the old king said:

"Thou hast done well; through chill and gloom thou strugglest to enrich and beautify my kingdom, and for thy faithfulness one shall be added to the days of thy life, in the fourth reign of Time's anointed, and the weak things of the world shall rejoice to see that day!"

Then Spring and Summer fled to the lower posts of the death-couch, and hid their faces from the solemn scene, but Autumn and Winter bent beside the white cheek of the aged sire, and laid their cold fingers upon his laggard pulse. And the old king said:

"I go the way of all the kings that have wielded the sceptre upon the throne of Time, and the waves of futurity shall roll over my grave, and wash out my last foot-print upon the sands of the Past, but in the history of hearts shall my name be perpetuated in the land. I have dug graves, shallow and deep, in the brown mould and the yellow clay, and my deeds shall come whispering to mourning hearts, through the green turf, in shadowy places, as the thief of the caskets that lie crumbling there. I have led to the bridal altar loving and trusting hearts, and left the sunshine of my smiles upon their wedded brows, and held the weak-eyed babe at the baptismal font; and my memory will live in pleasant dreams, when my name is heard no more; yet, peradventure some shall lament that my hand snapped not the thread of life, ere it granted the boon they craved! My days are numbered and finished, and I go to register upon the scroll of immortality, the deeds of good and evil that have been done in the days of my reign."

And I said:—What will the Old Year write of *me?* and I knelt at the bedside and traversed the dim windings of his three hundred and sixty-five days. And I said:—Gracious Allah, I have sinned; forgive me! Then the old king smiled and answered:—"To him that asketh, it shall be given"—as the last pulse fluttered in his weary frame, and the life-light fled from his filmy eyes. Then Winter shut the bloodless lids with his clammy hand, and Autumn looked sadly on, as the great bell of Time sent its solemn funeral toll down the long, dusky arches of midnight!

THE PLEASANT RESULT.

BY LIZZIE LINWOOD.

Years ago I had a sister—Eliza—a tall, graceful girl whom death has since claimed. To my girlish fancy she was a fit object for adoration, and dearly did I love to sit and study the language of her pale face, though I could never tell which was the most beautiful—the pleasant smile upon her lips or the varied expression of her dark blue eye. I only knew I loved her, and felt she was something more than human. But with all her stateliness there was, at times, a quiet drollery about her which provoked mirth in spite of sad thoughts and sickening fears.

We had another sister—Mary—a prudish little being, between us in age, whose difference from either harmonized well in the trio.

It was a holiday for us when we could get a nice joke upon our sober sister, and witness her consternation and helplessness to retort.

We had been looking for some weeks for a visit from our brother, who was doing business in a distant city, but were suddenly surprised one afternoon, by the arrival of his most intimate friend—Frank Farlow—whom we had never seen, but of whom we had heard much. He had been west, on business, and knowing our place of residence and having been assured by my brother of a warm welcome, had determined to stop and rest for a few days from the fatigue of his journey, and form the acquaintance of the "sisters," of whom he had had such frequent descriptions.

We only needed to hear his name before we were ready to bid him "welcome," and extend to him the cordialities of the house, for—was he not our *brother's friend?* He looked weary and travel-worn, and sister Eliza, whose sympathies were ever warm for the physically weak, begged of him, after partaking of some refreshments, to rest for an hour, and herself conducted him to the old fashioned parlor chamber, where many a traveller and honored guest had rested their wearied bodies, and had had their aching

Digitized by Google

eyes soothed by the pleasant shade of green the well trained vines cast in at the windows, and threw around the homely, though comfortable room.

Sister Mary had gone to visit a sick friend, and it was dusk before we saw her coming leisurely up the lane that led to the house. Mr. Harlow had not yet come down, and as I glanced at sister Eliza I saw plainly that some sport was to be had, if possible, without sacrificing truth.

We heard the front door open—two or three measured steps—and then with one wild cry of delight our usually sedate sister rushed into the parlor, exclaiming,

"Where is he? Where is he? *Has* Warren come?"

"Warren! What should make you think he had come?" replied Eliza, with the most vexing indifference.

"Why whose travelling trunk is this in the hall—and whose cloak?"

"Oh, they belong to a young man who is going to spend a few days with us," answered Eliza again, with the most provoking calmness. "He is resting a little while in the parlor chamber—he will be——"

Sister Mary did not wait to hear the sentence finished, but hastily throwing off her bonnet and shawl, was in the hall and had ascended the stairs before we had time to think whether it was best to call her back or not.

It was warm weather, and our guest had left his door partly open, and with a large palm-leaf fan in his hand had thrown himself upon a lounge, and was indulging in a most refreshing nap. The fan had fallen so that it hid the greater part of his face, leaving only the forehead and hair, which closely resembled my brother's, exposed.

Sister Mary carefully approached and looked in, but getting a glimpse of the short, brown curls, she waived all hesitation, and with outstretched arms rushed across the room, and bending over the sleeper, and pushing aside the fan, gave him a most hearty and sisterly—kiss!

The young man waked suddenly, and was greatly amazed at finding himself in the warm embrace of a young girl. But—our sister! Oh, it was too bad!

It was some moments before she fairly comprehended her situation, and realized that the person before her was an entire stranger.

Eliza and myself had followed her, and were standing a little without the door, enjoying, to the superlative degree, the little scene being enacted within.

Recovering her self-possession at last, our poor victim turned to escape, but stopped short again at sight of her tormentors, and sinking into a chair, covered her confused face with both hands, and burst into tears.

This was too much for Eliza's kind heart, and she hastily stepped forward, begging pardon, and gravely explaining matters to our astonished guest, while Mary, seeing the passage clear, made good her retreat.

We followed, but no coaxing or pursuasion could induce our sedate and victimized sister to be seen in the parlor that evening; as for the two days that followed, she kept her room closely, only venturing out when she knew Mr. Harlow was not in the house, or was safely shut up in his own room. We begged her pardon again and again, and although she declared she cherished no hardness against us, we could not prevail upon her to allow us to give her a formal introduction to the young man.

Such extreme delicacy at last created a most ardent desire in our guest to see the possessor, and he laughingly declared he was going to stay until he had tired her out, and she was forced to seek air and exercise.

She wearied at last of such close confinement, and taking a book one morning when she thought we were all engaged, she strolled into the orchard. We had a nice seat there under a large apple tree, and throwing herself upon it, and forgetting for awhile her mortification, she gave herself up to pleasant thoughts and the perusal of her book.

She must have remained there longer than she had designed, for it was not until sister Eliza had gone into the kitchen to see about dinner, that Mr. Harlow arose and yawningly declared that he must walk around a little to see if he could not pick up a relish for the good things we heaped upon him at our noon-tide meal.

I was no sooner alone, than I hastened to sister's room, to try for the fortieth time, to dissuade her from her foolish course. I found her door open and the room vacated, and with a merry hope I hurried to the kitchen with the news, and to discuss with sister Eliza the probabilities of an unexpected meeting somewhere upon the premises.

"You go, Harriet," said Eliza, with a meaning smile, "and see that she does herself no harm, while I stay and help Susan get the dinner upon the table."

I did not need to be told the second time.—Throwing on my sun-bonnet, I directed my steps toward the garden; but a feeling of guilt intruded itself, and I instinctively looked back for encouragement.

A sympathetic feeling must, at the same moment, have taken possession of sister Eliza, for she had come to the door to look after me, and seeing my hesitation, reached out a plate she held in her hand, saying with another droll expression of countenance,

"Get a little lettuce, won't you?"

I went back and took the plate, and thus fortified against appearance of unwarrantable curiosity, I made my way into the garden.

The orchard was just beyond, with no fence between, and the bed of lettuce was at the further end of the garden.

I walked briskly along intent upon my business, but took the liberty, before I stooped among the green leaves, to take a careful survey beyond, and was rewarded by a fair view of sister Mary seated under the apple tree, reading, apparently with the most perfect heedlessness as to whether any one was near, while Mr. Har-

Digitized by Google

low—hat in hand—stood at a little distance regarding her attentively, seeming undetermined whether to proceed or retreat.

I sat down to pick my lettuce, keeping watch of the two, but before I had half finished the young man began to move cautiously along toward my sister, and approached so closely before she looked up, that I was more than half inclined to believe she knew more of who was near than she cared to have any one think.

Child that I was, my face burned and I trembled so that I was scarce able to rise from my position, when I saw her start, and, dropping her book, draw her bonnet coquettishly over her face.

It was but the work of a moment for Mr. Harlow to pick up the fallen volume—with the most obsequious bows present it to her—and, I fancied from the movement, beg a seat beside her.

I hurried back to the house and made my report, much to the amusement of those who listened, while sister Eliza added, with a comical effort to look distressed:

"And now—and now, Harriet, we may as well give him up. Oh! what if we *should* be old maids! Oh! oh! But—Mary won't."

It was not until we had rung our little dinner bell the second time, that our guest made his appearance, leading the conquered girl, and looking as well satisfied as though he had gained a kingdom.

We were already seated at the table, for our scrupulously punctual father would never allow us to keep dinner waiting for any one, but with his usual urbanity, and kind desire to make a stranger feel at home, he begged of Mr. Harlow to be seated, assuring him that the girls had prepared a most excellent dinner and it would not do to let the dishes spoil by standing. He inquired particularly after sister Mary's health—much to her embarrassment and our amusement—for he did not understand how matters stood; innocently supposing, as we had equivocatingly intimated, that it was a slight indisposition that had caused her absence from the table for the two days previous.

Our staid mother, who was better informed about the matter, but who did not allow herself to stoop from her dignity to interest herself in our foolishness, cast a sly glance over her glasses, and let her lips work into a smile, sufficient to betray her relationship to the droll creature who had been the moving cause of our merriment, while the viands at length claimed the attention of all, and a general sociability followed.

That afternoon and evening, as may be imagined, my elder sister and myself had to entertain ourselves as best we could, for Mr. Harlow was all intent upon continuing the acquaintance he had commenced in the morning, and in drawing from beneath their prudish covering, my sister Mary's excellent and interesting traits of character.

Matters progressed rapidly, and when, after a few days more, our guest informed us that his visit must close, we were neither surprised or inclined to turn into ridicule his serious proposal to visit us again.

He had taken leave of our parents, and had come into the parlor "to bid the young ladies adieu."

Sister Mary was sitting by a table turning over the leaves of an album, but we saw by the moisture in her eye, and the slight quivering of her lip, that she was indulging in thoughts quite uncommon to her, and with sobered faces and serious thoughts, we gave the parting hand to our brother's friend and withdrew, leaving the two alone.

From the window in the upper hall we had a view of the lumbering stage—heard "the gentle good bye"—saw "the last, lingering look," and, with hearts filled with tenderness for the sister of whose society we began to think we might be robbed, we went below, without inclination to teaze, and filled with deep respect for the new feeling that had come into our midst.

Six months after we were called again to say "adieu." Father, mother, sister Eliza and myself. Mary was leaving us—a happy bride!

NATURE OWNS NO TRIFLES.

BY JOHN H. CANOLL.

The rocky belt that girds a hemisphere,
The ancient hills that rear their stony brows
In bold defiance of the elements,
The mass of waters where a continent
Went down, are not the only links in that
Stupendous chain which binds the universe.
The grass slow withering on the bleak hill's side,
The rolling sands upon a lone sea shore,
Are not less potent in their influence.
Were but one liquid globule from the spring,
Were but one mote from out the dusty cloud,
From all relation to the world released,
And utterly destroyed, the earth would be
A chaos, and the universe a wreck.

Albany, April, 1850.

Courage, Mothers!—Newton sinned away his early advantages, and became an abandoned profligate; but the text and hymns his mother had fixed in his mind in his infancy and childhood, were never effaced, and finally fastened him to the cross. Cecil tells us that in the days of his vanity, though he withstood so many pious endeavors, he could never resist his mother's tears. Wilson, late Bishop of Calcutta, in his narrative of intercourse with Bellingham, the assassin, says he could make him feel nothing, until he mentioned *his mother*, and then he broke into a flood of tears. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand."

Too Early Education.—Experience demonstrates that of any number of children of even intellectual powers, those who receive no particular care in infancy, and who do not begin to study till the constitution begins to be consolidated, but who enjoy the benefit of a good physical education, very soon surpass in their studies those who commenced earlier, and who read numerous books when very young.—*Spurzheim.*

Digitized by Google

THE LIZARD'S LOVE.

FRAGMENT FROM THE SOUVENIRS OF AN OLD CROW.

FROM THE FRENCH—BY ANNA T. WILBUR.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER I.

I love ruins.

In one of the most picturesque stones of an old wall, where I had taken up my abode, lived a lizard, the handsomest, the most distinguished, the most amiable of lizards; if one had any taste, one could not but admire the slender form, the delicate tail, the pretty hooked claws, the fine and white teeth, the lively and animated eyes of this charming creature. Nothing could be more captivating than his graceful person. Every one of his changing colors was agreeable to the eye. Everything in the aspect of this fortunate lizard was delicate and sweet.

When he climbed the wall in a thousand elegant and coquettish windings, or ran among the flowery grass, without leaving the traces of his pretty little body upon the flowers, one could never weary of looking at him, and all the lady-lizards had their heads turned.

Besides, no one could be more simple and unpretending than was this king of the lizards.—Like a celebrated Hardouon, he would have taken gold pieces for slices of carrot. This proves that he had always lived far from the world.

I am mistaken: once, and once only, he had had occasion to go into the world—into the world of lizards, be it understood; and though this world is a hundred fold less corrupt than the perfidious world of serpents and men, he declared that he never would enter it again, and remained there but one day, which seemed to him a century.

After which he returned to his beloved solitude, resolved never to quit it, and fortunately without having lost anything of his native simplicity and good sense. It is the privilege of pure souls to approach evil with impunity.

He lived on the south side of this superb old wall, and having found in the very middle of a stone a shining little palace, had the good taste to dwell there without luxury, happier than a prince, and to be no prouder for that.

It was in vain that a crested jay assured him that he was descended from famous crocodiles, that his ancestors were thirty-five feet long, and had been kings or even gods, in Egypt; seeing himself so small, and reflecting also that the greatest of his ancestors could not have added an inch to his length or one ring to the rings of his tail, he troubled himself very little about his origin, or whether he was born of an imperceptible or a large egg, provided he was born to be happy, and was so. He would not have gone out of his way a single step to have contemplated the remains of his ancestors, of whom nothing remained but the bones, honorable as it was for these to be preserved at Paris, in the Jardin des Plantes, as the crested jay said, the tomb of his noble family.

In fine, without having the contrary foibles, he had no aristocratic weaknesses, and would not have had Genesis re-written to have occupied a more prominent place there. He was contented with his lot, and from the moment the sun shone upon the world, cared little for the rest.

CHAPTER II.

Who would believe it? According to all the lady-lizards in the neighborhood, something was wanting to a lizard already so well endowed, since no one of them had yet found a way to his heart. It was not for want of seeking.—But, alas! the handsomest of the lizards was also the most indifferent, and did not even perceive the good they wished him.

It was indeed a pity, for a finer looking lizard was perhaps never seen. But what was to be done, and how could one marry a lizard who did not wish to be married! Most had transferred their hearts elsewhere.

CHAPTER III.

The handsomest lizard in the world can give only what he has, and what one has already given away, one has no longer. Now, the handsomest lizard in the world had given away his heart, and given it without reserve. No one knew this, not even himself. This love had grown up in him imperceptibly, as it does when it is destined to be lasting; and it had entered so deeply into his heart that it could not be dislodged. This is the way one loves when one loves well, and wisely.

If you had told him he was in love, he would not have believed you. He in love! say devout, grateful, respectful, religious, pious, or rather make a word at once more sublime and more simple, more chaste and more pure than all these words; a word on purpose. But in love! he was not so; he would neither have dared, nor wished, nor deigned, nor known how to be so.

To love and only to love, is to say very little! Perhaps, if this word had not been, like so many other words in our language, spoiled and profaned, he would have allowed it to be said that he adored what he loved; but the most humble silence could alone express suitably what he felt. Such was his simplicity, that he had never examined the state of his heart.

Doubtless, he loved to be idle and to enjoy the spring; to see the flower-buds expand in a fine day, or to roam at will amid the fragrant grass, after the white spider-webs that heaven sends full of flies to favored lizards. He loved also to chase the grasshoppers, and listen to the song of the crickets, when he did not prefer to eat them, for the benefit of his friends, the flowers.

But what he loved above all, and with all his might, as much as a lizard can love, was the

Digitized by Google

sun. The sun! of whom Satan himself became at once enamored and jealous. When the sun was present, he was entirely devoted to it, and could think of nothing else. In the morning you might have seen him appear noiselessly on the threshold of his dwelling, turn gently like the heliotrope, his brother in love, towards this king of stars and hearts, whom poets, and, among poets, even the blind have sung; and there, reclining on the burning stone, his ravished soul basked in the golden rays of his beloved. Happy, thrice happy! He slept waking, and thus realized the sweet delusions of dreams.

CHAPTER IV.

Wherever there are lizards, there are lady-lizards. Now, not far from the stone wherein my lizard dwelt, there was another stone, in the crevice of which lodged a heart which beat only for him, and which nothing had been able to discourage. This little heart belonged entirely to the ingrate, who did not even suspect it.—The poor little lover passed whole days at the window of her crevice, in contemplating her beloved lizard, whom she thought the most perfect creature in the world; but it was labor lost, and she saw it plainly. But what would you? She loved her malady and did not wish to be cured of it. She knew that the greatest happiness of love consists in loving. Nevertheless, her little dwelling sometimes appeared to her to be immense. It would have been so pleasant for two to live in it! When this thought occurred to her, her beautiful little eyes filled with tears. What would she not have given to have tasted this other happiness which she did not know, that of being beloved in her turn?

"A pretty home and a devoted heart, are, nevertheless, a fine dowry," said she.

Now this lizard was blind, or he was of stone.

Hope supported her as long as she thought her lizard cared for nothing.

But what became of her when she perceived that she had for a rival, she, a little lizard, a humble lizard, the sun! And that the ingrate had eyes only for him!

To love the sun! But for the profound respect inspired by her singular rival, she would have thought her lizard deranged; for, to tell the truth, she could not account for a passion so singular, and, for her part, could not comprehand that an intelligent lizard might not so arrange it as to love at once the sun and a lady-lizard.

She was a good soul, but understood nothing of the sublime extravangances of poesy.

At last, despair seized her, and without saying anything to anybody, she took so great a distaste to life, that she resolved to put an end to it. To see her, one would never have suspected her of having this foolish desire to die in the flower of her youth, and in all the brilliancy of her beauty. But such was her fancy, and nothing could dissuade her from it.

Pursued by these gloomy thoughts, she ran, at the peril of her life, through deep ditches, dense hedges, green forests, harvest-fields, orchards and dusty roads, fearing neither the foot of man nor the claw of the bird of prey. What cared she that she was pretty, that she had a beautiful well-fitting dress, and could change it every week, and wore on her neck a golden collar which a princess might have coveted, at a moment when she knew not what to do with all these?

CHAPTER V.

"To live or to die," said she, "which of the two is best?"

An old rat, half blind, at this moment passed below the ruin.

"It is better to die than to remain miserable," murmured the old rat, who marched with difficulty, and like many old people, thought aloud.

The poor lizard was superstitious; she saw in these words, which chance had brought to her ear, a direct reply to her question, and a warning from heaven.

She could still perceive the tail of her oracle dragging after him in the dust, when her resolution was taken.

"I will die!" said she, "but he shall know that I die for him."

CHAPTER VI.

Such is the empire of a great resolution, that this lizard, who had not until now, dared to look into the face of him she loved, found herself, as if by a miracle, beside him.

When the lizard saw the pretty lady-lizard approach him with an air so determined, he withdrew a few steps backward, because he was timid.

When on her part, the lady-lizard saw him draw back, she had almost done the same, because she was timid also. Timid! say you. Be less severe, dear reader, for a lizard who is about to die. Besides, it had cost her so much to have courage, that she was unwilling to have made a useless effort.

"Remain," said she to him, "and let me speak."

The lizard saw plainly that the lady-lizard was moved, but he was far from thinking himself the cause of her emotion, for he did not remember ever having seen her. Nevertheless, as he was kind-hearted, he remained and let her speak.

"I love you!" then said the lady lizard to him, in a voice in which there was as much despair as love, "and you did not even know of my existence. I must die."

An unmannerly lizard would have held cheaply the grief and love of this poor little one; but our lizard, who was kind, did not think for a moment of doubting this grief because he had never felt it; still less did he think of abusing it. He was so astonished at what he had just heard, that he did not know at first what to say, for he felt that upon his reply depended the life or death of the lady-lizard.

He reflected an instant.

"I will not deceive you," said he to her, "and yet I would console you. I do not love you, since I do not know you, and I do not know whether I should love you if I did know you,

Digitized by Google

for I have never thought about loving a lizard. But I do not wish you to die."

The lizard had good judgment; hard as was this reply, she thought its perfect sincerity honorable to him she loved. I do not know what she replied. By degrees the lizard approached her, and they began to converse so low, and their voices were so weak, that it was with great difficulty I could now and then seize a few words of their conversation: all I can say is, that they talked a long time, and that, contrary to his custom, the lizard talked much. It was easy to see by his gestures that he was defending himself, as well as he could, from loving the poor lady-lizard, and that he often spoke of the sun, which was, at this moment, shining in the heavens with unequalled splendor.

At first the lady-lizard scarcely said anything; we love little when we can express our love, and, while her lizard spoke, she contented herself with looking at him in all those ways which tell that we love and without hope; more than once I thought all was lost for her. But a poet has said (a poet ought to know): "Chance always favors lovers when it can without compromising itself;" and chance willed that a great cloud should pass over the sun, just at the moment when its little worshipper was chanting his finest hymn.

"You see," exclaimed the lady-lizard, inspired by this sight, "your sun is leaving you; should I leave you thus?" (Her rival was no longer present, and her courage had returned.) "Everything loves," said she to the lizard, now become attentive, pointing to the flowers which were bending towards each other, and close beside her, too, a sweet-william which was gazing lovingly on a wild rose; "flowers marry flowers, and lizards were made to be the companions of lizards; heaven has ordained it thus."

Chance was kind enough to array itself decidedly on the weakest side; the cloud which had passed over the sun was followed by several other clouds, which in an instant overspread the horizon. A violent north wind attempted, but in vain, to obtain the mastery over the storm, the trefoil raised its thirsty stems, the swallows skimmed along the ground, and the frightened gnats sought everywhere a refuge; everything seemed good to them, and the most slender herb appeared a safe asylum. The lizard was silent, and the lady-lizard was careful not to speak, the storm spoke better than she. The uneasy lizard turned his head from side to side, and asked if this was to be the end of the pomp of this fine day; a great conflict took place in his soul; for the first time he said to himself that the days without the sun must be very long.

A clap of thunder announced that the sun was vanquished, and that the clouds were about to open.

The lady-lizard was still in suspense, and her heart beat with mortal impatience in her little breast.

"You are a good little lizard," at last said the lizard to her, conquered in his turn, "you shall not die."

CHAPTER VII.

How delighted was the poor lady-lizard, how charmed with existence, and how joyous were the little sighs which escaped from her freed breast? She stood up on her little feet, and was so proud; she had forgotten all her past sorrows. The lizard, satisfied with the sight of the joy he had bestowed, found his lady-lizard charming; he immediately divided with her a dew-drop which had remained fresh in the corolla of a floweret, (which is the mode of marrying among lizards,) and the affair was settled.

The storm was about to burst forth, and it became necessary to seek a shelter.

"I have a palace and you have but a cottage," said he to her, "but my palace is so small, that your cottage is better than my palace. Since there is room in your cottage for two, will you give me half of it?"

"Will I!" replied the happy lizard.

And she conducted him triumphantly to her grotto, the entrance of which was designedly concealed by some leaves of the wood-sorrel, mezeron, and rosemary.

The moving was quickly accomplished, for the new bridegroom brought nothing but his person. When he entered his friend's house, he found a little dwelling so neatly kept and so perfectly arranged, that it was surely the pleasantest home in the world. My lizard, who loved pretty and elegant things, admired the good taste which had presided over the furnishing of this pretty cavern. It was divided into two parts: one was larger than the other, and was to be occupied in the day-time; the other was garnished with thistle-down and poplar-blossoms, and this was the sleeping apartment.

He put the climax to his companion's joy by overwhelming her with compliments. It is so sweet to be praised by those we love.

Happiness is confined to no place, for on this day it seemed to have taken refuge entirely in this charming abode. Where may it not enter if it pleases, since it is so little?

Every lizard is a poet; he made four verses to celebrate this happy day, but immediately forgot them. He was ever more of a lizard than of a poet.

At last they were married, and foresaw many fortunate days.

CHAPTER VIII.

Why cannot I leave this happy pair, since they are happy and believe in the eternity of their happiness! How cruel are the duties of a historian when he must fulfil his task to the end!

Once married, the lady-lizard became pensive. She could not forget that it was to chance, to a cloud, to a drop of water, that she owed her husband. Doubtless, when he loved her, he loved her sincerely, but he did not love as lady-lizards wish to be loved, that is to say, at all times and exclusively. When the sun shone, her husband was devoted to the sun, and when once reclining on the warm grass, whether alone or with one of his lizard friends, he would not have been disturbed for an empire.

Digitized by Google

Jealousy, when powerless, drives one to despair.

"Why did not I, before marriage, eat half a leaf of hellebore!" said she often. Must I write it! She sometimes looked with an anxious eye in the scabious, that flower of widows, for she could not help seeing who had her husband's heart.

As for him, when he was not in the sun, he was with his wife, and, fortunately, he was so well satisfied with himself, that he never perceived that his lizard was out of humor.

www.libtool.com.cn



HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—THE MOGUL, OR TARTAR DYNASTY.

No. VI.—AURUNGZEBE.

We now approach the period of the declension of the Mogul power, which, as we shall perceive, was caused neither by the weakness of its emperors, nor the strength of its enemies, but by that most fatal of all national mischiefs, internal dissension.

Digitized by Google

Jehanghire directed by his will that Shariar should succeed him; but the prompt measures of Mohâbet and Asiph, secured the throne to Shah Jehan, who had the greatest claim to it, both from his superior ability, and from his being the elder of the two brothers. A measure unequalled, even in the bloody annals of despotism, for atrocity, relieved the new emperor from all competition on the part of his relatives; this was the murder, in cold blood, of every male descendant of the house of Baber, with the exception only of himself and his four sons, Dara, Sujah, Aurungzebe, and Morad. These princes were destined to play important parts in the bloody scenes that filled the close of Shah Jehan's reign, a fitting conclusion, as it was a just punishment, for the crimes that signalised its commencement.

Asiph was appointed vizier, and Mohâbet commander-in-chief of the forces; and though there was a natural jealousy felt by the emperor towards Mohâbet, on account of his great and well-merited popularity, his courage, and his uncommon abilities, he was too prudent to make him an enemy, or to lose the services which might be so valuable to him. Mohâbet was therefore employed on the most distant but important affairs of the empire, and everywhere rendered the emperor's arms successful. The principal enemy with whom Shah Jehan had to contend was Lodi, an Omrah descended from the Patan emperors, who had fought for Jehanghire against Shah Jehan whilst the latter was in rebellion, and now opposed him when he became emperor by, nominally, at least, espousing the cause of Shariar. He was defeated, after a bold and vigorous struggle, and surrendered himself upon certain conditions, in pursuance of which he was appointed to the government of a province. Shortly afterwards, he was summoned to the court, and received with such studied insult, that he shed tears, and fainted away—a curious trait in the character of so brave a man. He immediately fled from the court, and resumed arms. He was, however, again defeated, and at last wilfully perished in despair, in attacking, with only thirty devoted followers, a considerable body of the enemy. The emperor exhibited the most indecent joy at this event, a circumstance in itself highly significant of his previous dread, and of Lodi's courage and ability. The rebellion of the rajah of Bundelcund is only remarkable for another trait of the character of Mohâbet, who overthrew him. He obtained from Shah Jehan, as a personal favor, the rajah's pardon and restoration to his dominions, simply through admiration of his conduct during the conflict. Nearly the whole country of Hindustan now acknowledged the emperor, although, in the great provinces of the Deccan, war was continually breaking out between him and the princes, who endeavored to recover their independence. At one period a dreadful famine took place, and the Hindus, to consummate the awfulness of the calamity, ceased to cultivate the ground, and betook themselves, instead, to the penances, ceremonies, and supplications which, they judged, would be most acceptable to their gods. Naturally irritated at such fanaticism, but too impatient to discover or apply the proper remedy, Shah Jehan declared that "an army of divinities, who, so far from benefiting their votaries, led them to inflict upon themselves worse evils than the wrath of an enemy, were unfit to be endured in his dominions." He discovered, however, they must be "endured," for the Hindus defended their gods so warmly, that after acknowledging that "a prince who wishes to have subjects, must take them with all the trumpery and baubles of their religion," he ceased to interfere any further with the Hindu faith. We must not omit to record that Mohâbet died peacefully at Barrahanpore, covered with years and glory. During his reign, various successes were achieved in Assam and Tibet. And now the "numerous subjects of Shah Jehan," says Mr. Mill, "enjoyed tranquillity and happiness, such as had seldom, if ever, been enjoyed in that part of the globe. The governors and officers in every part of his dominions were strictly watched; and not only their obedience to himself, but their duty to his subjects was vigorously enforced. His reign is celebrated for the exact execution of the laws; and the collection of the revenue, which affects so deeply the condition of the people, and had, in the time of Acbar, been very much improved, was advanced to greater perfection under the diligent administration of Shah Jehan." To him, also, India is indebted for some of its noblest architectural structures. At a short distance from Delhi, he built a magnificent city for his own residence, which he called Jehanpoore, and erected there a palace, still remaining, which Bishop Heber speaks of as one of the noblest he ever saw. But the mausoleum of his favorite queen, Noor Jehan, surpasses all the other evidences of his taste for architectural magnificence. This stands on an elevated terrace in the midst of a beautiful garden, and is built of white marble, inlaid with precious stones. Its form is that of a quadrangle, each side measuring no less than 190 yards.

After the death of Asiph, who, like Mohâbet, closed a long and honorable life in peace, the emperor applied himself still more closely to business; and looking at the tranquillity of the empire, and at the numerous and accomplished family which surrounded the throne, a spectator would have little anticipated the discord and violence to which this calm was but the prelude, or the domestic misery which that family was preparing to pour upon the devoted head of the emperor. The first sign of what lay beneath the surface, appeared at the illness of Shah Jehan, for that event gave the impulse for those which we are about to describe. We allude to the scheme formed by each of the emperor's sons to possess himself of the empire at Shah Jehan's death, to the exclusion of his brothers. We have said at Shah Jehan's death; but his illness so precipitated matters, that they were no longer willing to wait for that event. The emperor, forseeing their ambition, had kept them, with the exception of the eldest, Dara, at

Digitized by Google

a distance from the capital; but no sooner was it bruited abroad that he was dangerously ill, than the second son, Sujah, at once marched, at the head of a large army, towards Agra, pretending that Jehan had been murdered by Dara; and refusing to believe the letters he was daily receiving from his father to be anything but forgeries, professed his intention to punish the murderer, and take possession of the throne. He was immediately opposed by Soliman, son of Dara, defeated, and besieged in Monjeer. But the most dangerous competitor was Aurungzebe, who had all the craft, courage, and energy of Richard III., of England, to whom he has not unaptly been compared. As a preparatory step, he had long professed to be deeply religious, and as anxious to restore the purity and strictness of the Moslem worship, which, under the Mogul emperors, had been relaxed under a wise spirit of toleration, that was careful also to offend as little as possible the habits of the Hindu people. He now persuaded his brother Morad to unite with him, that they might, by their mutual strength, obtain the empire for the former. By his artful flattery, and by his hypocrisy in renouncing for himself all mere earthly views, he succeeded in so blinding his brother to his real intentions, that money and forces, the elements of the strength he required, were placed completely at his disposal. Another agent of his ambition was a Persian, named Jumla, who had risen from the lowest ranks of the people, to the distinguished post of emir in the service of the prince of Golconda, and there acquired prodigious wealth. That prince, however, jealous, probably, of his minister's distinguished abilities, acted towards him in a manner that left him everything to fear for his own safety, and for that of his family. He had, in consequence, plotted with Aurungzebe, who was then prosecuting his father's conquests in the Deccan, to throw the king and the government into the emperor's hands. The plan was successful as regards the latter, though the prince escaped. Attracted by Jumla's ability and his known wealth, Aurungzebe endeavored to attach him to his own fortunes, and succeeded.

To return. As the emperor was really incapacitated by his illness from conducting the affairs of the government, he was compelled to allow Dara to do so in his stead, who began his administration by interdicting, on pain of death, all communication between the palace and his brothers. Sujah, as we have already seen, was the first to break out openly into rebellion; his example was soon followed by Aurungzebe and Morad. Dara advanced to meet them, and the armies confronted each other at a place now called, in consequence of the battle, Fatehabad, or, the place of victory. Dara's army was infinitely more numerous than his opponents'; but treason was in the camp, and that portion of the troops which could be depended upon, was generally inferior to those commanded by the enemy. Dara, who was a brave soldier, and an accomplished prince, was also rash: he refused to listen to the counsel of those who advised him to await the arrival of the veterans commanded by his son Soliman, and immediately gave battle. At first he was so highly successful, that on a certain period of the fight there remained to Aurungzebe but a small portion of his army unbroken, and that Dara was about to attack. A reverse, however, on the left wing, induced Dara to alter this intention, and hasten thither, where his presence soon turned the tide against the enemy. He was now about to retrieve his former error, and rush upon Aurungzebe, when a slight incident changed the issue of the battle, and deprived Dara of the empire. One Calil-ullah-Khan, who commanded the right wing of Dara's army, consisting of 30,000 troops, had hitherto held aloof, watching the opportunity to desert the prince, and irretrievably ruin his cause; but the success of the onset rendered so open a manœuvre dangerous: therefore, at the critical moment we have indicated, the traitor rode at full speed to Dara, crying out: "May you be happy! May your Majesty enjoy health and reign in safety! The victory is your own! But let me ask, why are you still mounted on this lofty elephant? Have you not been sufficiently exposed to danger?" &c., and ended by exhorting the prince to take horse and pursue the fugitives vigorously. Dara descended from the elephant, and—from the throne! The soldiers, no longer seeing him as before, thought he was killed, a universal panic seized the host, which Aurungzebe instantaneously took advantage of, and swept all opposition from before his path.

We can now only briefly indicate the subsequent events. Dara fled; Aurungzebe obtained possession first of the capital, and then of the emperor's person, who was at the same moment planning his son's destruction by inveigling him into the harem of the citadel of Agra, where he had some powerful Tartar women ready to fall upon and crush him; but the craft of the son was too much for that of the father. Aurungzebe now partially threw off the garb of sanctity he had so long worn; the credulous Morad found himself a helpless and hopeless prisoner at the very period he had expected would have witnessed his accession to imperial sway. Sujah and Dara still remained, the former was ultimately driven from the country, and compelled to seek a refuge with the king of Arracan, by whom he was basely killed; and Dara, after enduring a variery of hardships which entitle him to the deepest sympathy, was delivered up to Aurungzebe by a wretch whose life he had formerly saved. He was placed upon a miserable and filthy looking elephant, habited in a coarse, dirty cloth, and thus conducted through the streets of Delhi, whilst "from every quarter were heard piercing and distressing shrieks; men, women, and children wailing as if some mighty calamity had happened to themselves." These expressions of commisseration were, however, fatal to the object of them, for he was almost immediately murdered by his brother's express orders. Though managed with more profession of respect to the laws, Morad was dispatched from equally atrocious motives.

Thus, all obstacles removed, Aurungzebe se-

Digitized by Google

cured to himself the throne of India, heedless of the execrations of the people over whom he was to reign. From this period, however, his character appears under brighter colors. He began to pay the utmost attention and respect to his unfortunate parent, consistent with his captivity; he used all his efforts to moderate his anguish and resentment. On one occasion, wishing to adorn the throne with some of the imperial jewels possessed by Shah Jehan, he made a request to that end. The reply was, that hammers were ready to pound the jewels into dust if there were any more importunity on the subject; which merely produced the remark from the emperor, "Let him keep his jewels; nay, let him command those of Aurungzebe." This so affected Jehan, that he immediately sent a number of the gems he had before refused, accompanied with this message: "Take these, which I am destined to wear no more; wear them with dignity, and by your own renown make some amends to your family for their misfortunes." When this was repeated to the emperor, he burst into tears. Shah Jehan survived the loss of empire seven or eight years, and then died in the unnatural captivity to which he had been doomed.

Some of the principal events of the reign may be thus shortly noticed:—The interminable war in the Deccan was continued at first with success, but more doubtfully after the appearance of Sevagee, the founder of the Mahratta kingdom, upon the scene. The emir Jumla marched into the country of Assam, with the intention of penetrating into the very heart of China, but the army was attacked by disease, and the emir himself fell a prey to it. A ludicrous, though far from unimportant event, was the appearance of an old woman in arms against the emperor, at the head of some twenty thousand Fakirs, or religious mendicants. Many of these had been first drawn around her by her liberality, and, thus congregated, committed various outrages on the neighboring inhabitants, who at last rose against them, but were defeated with great slaughter. Rising from one success to another, the idea of enchantment, which had been instilled by the female chief, and enthusiastically acted upon by her followers, was at last believed by the people, who were everywhere in the greatest dread of her power. The sainted army now determined to advance to the very capital, and strike boldly for the empire. A single imprudent step, such as an unreasoning contempt for this novel force would have assuredly instigated, might have covered Aurungzebe with disgrace, perhaps have really cost him the throne, for his soldiers were evidently alarmed at the rumors which reached them. With admirable tact the emperor attacked the holy chief in her own way: he was himself as famous for sanctity as the lady; this gave him the opportunity of pretending that, by means of incantation, he had discovered a counter-charm, which he wrote with his own hands upon little slips of paper that were to be fastened on the tops of spears and borne before the several divisions of the army. The emperor was believed, and the Fakirs cut to pieces. The rebellion of his son Acbar, in the later part of his reign, caused him much anguish, which was heightened by the reflection that he had himself set the example by his conduct to Shah Jehan. He died in the camp of Ahmednugger, on the 21st of February, 1717, in the forty-eighth year of his reign and the ninety-fourth of his age.

Under this monarch the Mogul empire is said to have reached its highest grandeur and dignity. We must doubt this, with the recollections of Acbar still upon our minds. Aurungzebe certainly enlarged the limits of the empire, but it was only by decreasing its strength. His personal vigor kept the parts together, which were anything but united; therefore the moment death relaxed his grasp, the symptoms of inherent weakness became but too evident. The main cause of this was the internal discords of the imperial family. Shah Jehan struck the first great blow at the Mogul sovereignty of India when he murdered his relatives; and Aurungzebe, by a similar proceeding, shook it to its very centre. The principle became in a measure established, that on the death of an emperor there was no place of safety for any one of his descendants but the throne, the steps to which must be the dead bodies of the unsuccessful competitors.

The emperor's personal habits were regular, pure, and simple. His latter hours were much embittered with remorse, and, we may hope, elevated by penitence. In his letters to his son, written under the prospect of death, he says, "Old age has arrived: weakness subdues me, and strength has forsaken all my limbs. I came a stranger into this world, and a stranger I depart. I know nothing of myself, what I am, or for what I am destined. The instant which passed in power hath left only sorrow behind it. I have not been the guardian and protector of the empire. My valuable time has been passed vainly. *I had a patron in my own dwelling* (conscience,) *but his glorious light was not seen by my dim vision.*" Of Aurungzebe's administration of the domestic affairs of the empire, it is impossible to speak too highly; it was liberal, enlightened, just. One fact alone speaks volumes in his favor: a great famine desolated India in the third year of his reign, and produced the most appalling sufferings among the people. The emperor immediately remitted the rents of the land and other taxes; he bought corn where it was most plentiful, and sold it at reduced prices where it was the least so, furnishing the means for so doing from his own treasury, which had grown rich under his economical and able management, and which he opened for the benefit of the people without limit. It is indeed a most extraordinary, but at the same time a consoling and gratifying fact, that men like Shere, Shah Jehan, and Aurungzebe, all of them stained with execrable crimes committed in the pursuit of power, should, when their objects were obtained, be so justly famous for their vigor, and impartiality of their administration. We know of no other solution of the difficulty, than that these men owed their crimes

Digitized by Google

to the vicious nature of the principles of the government they aspired to, which seemed expressly calculated to foster every evil ambition, whilst their virtues were their own—the unmistakable evidences of the power of our common nature to rise, under the most adverse circumstances, above the evil influences that may surround it.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE RUSTIC MAID AND CITY BELLE.

I left the crowded city,
In a sulky, one hot day,
Quite tired of noise, and dust, and crowds,
And glad to get away;
And thought I'd take a famous drive,
At least ten miles or more,
And have a glance at country life,
If I'd never had before.

Old Hector seemed as glad as I
To leave the rattling street,
And dashed along the pleasant road,
With footfall light and fleet.
Up steep hill-side, o'er level reach,
Far down in shady vale
Where blossom never bent its head,
To rudely passing gale;

Right onward, onward, swift and far
I kept my rapid way,
'Till bright, and still, and beautiful,
Sweet nature round me lay:
Then checked my speed, and let the rein
Fall loosely from my hand;
And bared my forehead to the kiss
Of breezes cool and bland.

The dark green wood, the emerald field
On which a silver stream
Like chord of molten silver lay
Beneath the sunny beam,
The blossoms gemming every spot
In colors rich and rare,
And breathing out their fragrant love
To bless the wooing air—

Beautiful! All was beautiful,
And calm and sweet and pure;
With naught from sense of loveliness
The spirit to allure.
"God made the country," low I spoke,
And meekly bowed my head:
"And man the town;" more loud and stern
These other words I said.

Then down a shady lane I turned,
And slowly moved along,
Where blossoms filled with odors sweet
The air, and birds with song.
Soon, from amid some broad old elms,
I saw a cottage rise,
And soon old Hector's pace I checked,
In sudden, mute surprise.

Unseen, I saw—O loveliness!
Was ever like displayed
In form so chaste and innocent,
As in that heavenly maid?
I sketched the scene: 'tis sent with this;
Now say, in mien and face,
Did city maiden ever show
Such purity and grace?

I lingered long, then turned away,
And slowly homeward went,
That lovely maiden's image fair
With all my fancies blent.
For weeks my dreams were full of her,
And then I went again
To seek the cottage where she dwelt,
But sought for her in vain.

The old, plain cottage, 'mid the elms,
Stood where it stood before,
The rustic lad was there, and sat
Asleep within the door;
The kid beside its stately dam
In th' warm sunshine lay:
But the maiden and the child were gone!—
I slowly turned away.

Since then, of rustic loveliness,
'Till city belles have curled
Their lips of beauty, I have talked,
And challenged half the world
To show in silks, and lawns, and gems,
A maiden half so fair
As she whose bright young cheek was fanned
By purest summer air.

THE SEQUEL.

Last week, of fair young city belles
I met a brilliant throng,
Where jewels gleamed, and bright eyes flashed
'Mid laughter, dance, and song.
One, in the crowd, for loveliness
Was peerless 'mong the fair—
Gems glittered in her rich attire
And glittered in her hair.

I saw her—started—looked again—
Yes, 't was my rustic maid.
How sweet her face! how bright her smile!
Even thus in gems arrayed.
But something from her lip, and eye,
And cheek, and brow was gone!
The rustic maid, in native grace,
The city belle outshone!

A.

WATCH, MOTHER.

Mother! watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall;

Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs.
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Digitized by Google

A SKETCH.

BY GERAL SIDNEY.

The clock ticked loudly, from the stillness of the room—the lamp burned dimly from the white moonlight that streamed upon it through the open window—the hand moved round the face of the clock, and the busy wheels toiled through the passing moments, and the steady voice told when an hour was gone—still he sat by his table, the lamp dying in the moonbeams, and still his face was covered with his hands, and he was motionless; poor Ernest! you may watch till the clock tells the morning, and she will not come—and then you may watch till another midnight, and you will not see her face.

It was an humble room—a low, wide, and dingy room. The rafters were hung with cobwebs, and the moon shone through the chinks in the roof. A large fire-place, with a few s nouldering coals, over which a kettle swung, was on one side—and on the other a bench and a few chairs. There was one other window than that by which Ernest sat, but a clambering night-shade darkened it, and pushed its way through the broken glass. Above the fire-place, a tall old clock, with a staring face, and a picture of the Virgin Mary, kept dealing out the seconds in a distinct and steady tone.

It was midnight, and the damp of the meadow fog came through the window, and the continuous cry of the whip-poor-will echoed through the room. Ernest arose and looked out; the yellow harvest-moon glimmered on the river, and he could see the road, a long, white band, stretching on over the level ground, then winding white and distinct over the green hill. But there was no approaching figure, no little footsteps turned that way, no sweet voice singing a quiet tune to the beating of little feet—for she was not coming.

Again he sat down, and leaned his weary head upon his wasted hand, while he slowly turned the leaves of his book. He glanced round the room—at the blackened coals—at the busy clock—at the smoky rafters—and then he looked again out into the night—and then, from weariness, his eyes closed—his head fell upon his book, and he slept.

In the afternoon of a warm, pleasant day in August, little Ellen took her basket and went to the village, to procure some things for her brother Ernest, who was very feeble, and unable to go out.

Ellen toiled day after day, child as she was, that her brother need not want for anything—and her heart was light and happy as she trotted over the dusty road towards the village; and she thought if Ernest's pale face would *always* look so bright—and his cheek *always* be so red—and his eye *always* beam upon her with such lustre as when she left him at the door—*then* she could never tire—never weary of working, day in and day out. But when he shut his pale lips, and pressed his hand against his heart, as if to still an anguish there—when his brow was cold and wet, and his cheek hollow, it was *very* hard to *work*, and bear her sorrow too.

And if he could only be well enough to go out, as they used to, through the green meadow, to the yard behind the church, where, ever since she could remember, a tall white column had stood under the willows, with a name, her mother's and her *own* upon the marble—if he could go *there* with his book, and talk and read to her while she was busy with her needle, how *very* happy she would be—and when her father came back, how happy he would be, too.

She reached the river bridge, and leaned over the railing to watch the water rushing on to the great mill-wheel, where it was thrown in foam and spray into the air, then down near the bank, where it was so deep, she watched it gliding still and dark—then further on, tumbling over the great stones—then drawn over the wheel, always sparkling in the sunshine, and cooling the breezes that blew over it—always wild and free, flowing down to the great, deep ocean.

There were children on the bank, children whom she knew; laughing, playing, dancing, like butterflies in a summer noon.

Some had fishing lines, some dolls, carts, hoops, and ropes, and *all* had merry faces and cheerful voices. She turned from the sunny water and the happy children to hide her tears, and went her way over the dusty road, happier that there were some in the world who knew nothing of grief, some little ones who played all the day long with "brother," some whose bright eyes never saw a needle, or whose little hands never worked, worked on great, heavy garments, until the heart and brain were dizzy, and for so few pennies—and yet sorrier, for the dingy room was so cheerless, and Ernest must stay there, when all out of doors was fresh and full of life, sorrier for joyous days, gone now—for a mother's care no longer hers—and oh! for *Ernest*, who, she feared, she *knew must die*.

She passed into the village, she saw people going through the streets, all intent on something, but no one noticed her, and she hurried to the office. Yes! there was a letter, and her face grew lighter—it was from "father."

She made what purchases her small means would allow, and placing the letter in a secure place in her basket, she turned her steps to traverse the long, dusty road once more; though it seemed she could almost see the little, low, brown house, and Ernest at the window.

The sun was sinking, and the sky was cloudless. It was very warm, and she took her sunbonnet off to feel the air upon her temples, for she was upon the bridge, and the water sent up a cool, fresh breeze to her. She stopped again where she had stopped before to watch the water, and she saw two of the children

Digitized by Google

playing yet upon the bank, for the rest were gone. The shadows of the trees were cast long and dark over the river, by the rays of the descending sun, and the grass was green and shady where the children were at play. They called to her to come down and rest, and she thought for a moment, and she would be refreshed.

She set her basket down on the grass, and leaned her head against the trunk of a tree.

"Don't, Charley, don't go so near the water; you can't catch that butterfly—Charley, don't!" And the little girl caught the arm of the careless boy, and leading him to where Ellen sat, told him to remain by them. Not many minutes, and he was away again after the butterfly, and the little girl, who sat consulting Ellen about some important matter concerning her dollie's wardrobe, forgot to see to Charley.

A splash in the water—they sprang to their feet, and saw only a fold of his crimson frock—two little hands stretched up—a pale face—and the waves rippled to the shore—but the little boy was *gone.*

Ellen paused not a moment, but plunged into the water as the crimson frock, the outstretched arms, the little face, came again to view. She had not reached him, and again the water covered him, and she felt herself floating down, for she had lost her footing. She forgot that it was *there* she had watched the water, still and *deep;* she forgot that it was *there* she could not see the bottom; and there it was a poor little body had been found, a child like her, who ventured out, and then—went down. She forgot *all* when she saw a life in peril. But again she saw him rise to the surface, and she reached her hand to grasp his dress, but the water splashed into her mouth, and she felt herself going, going down with the little one whose dress she clutched tight in her hand—going down!

The screams of the little girl on the bank were not heard, and she ran up the bridge and towards the village, shrieking for help. But when help came, it was too late. The two children were taken from the river where they sunk—the water being so deep, else they would have gone with the waves over the great wheel.

The sun went down; the water glided still and dark, and further on tumbled over the great stones; the mill-wheel turned, and dashed the foam and spray into the air, and the breezes blew cool upon the bridge.

Two more little voices hushed! two more little lives gone out! One for a bright-winged butterfly, the *other* for a *human life!* One without a thought of grief—a joyous, merry child—the *other* known to care, a child in *years*, in *heart* a woman. Two more!

The golden harvests were gathered in.

The streams were swollen and muddy, and all through the long, gloomy days, the wet, withered leaves fluttered from the trees—and in the cheerless nights, they rustled mournfully down to their winter graves.

The low, brown hut, with the night-shade glooming its window, was tenantless. The fireplace was dampened with black soot, and the hearth was cold. The old clock was dumb, and its staring face and busy hands were covered with mildew. The table still stood with its books, and the lamp that had shown on so much patient study and toil, that had lighted a weary little hand through endless stitching, that had cast a glow around that dingy room, and made the needle glitter, and the falling tears sparkle, was there, unlighted. But the two pale faces—the working brain and hands—were *not there.*

With breathless and eager steps the father entered the door and looked around. He had that day arrived in the steamer from California, and had hastened without inquiry to the home he had left years before. All was there, except the welcoming faces and greeting smiles he had seen in dreams through all his journey. He turned away.

He passed through the wet, brown meadow, to the yard behind the church. A marble column, with a leafless willow trailing over it, and a name he knew carved upon it, was there, as he left it years ago. But two other graves were close beside it, *without* a mark; *they* were not there *before.*

THE SHADOWS IN THE VALLEY.

BY H. L. FLASH.

There's a mossy, shady valley,
Where the waters wind and flow,
And the daisies sleep in winter,
'Neath a coverlid of snow;
And violets, blue-eyed violets,
Bloom in beauty in the spring,
And the sunbeams kiss the wavelets,
Till they seem to laugh and sing.

But in autumn, when the sunlight
Crowns the cedar-covered hill,
Shadows darken in the valley,
Shadows ominous and still;
And the yellow leaves, like banners
Of an Elfin-host, that's fled,
Ting'd with gold and royal purple,
Flutter sadly overhead.

And those shadows, gloomy shadows,
Like dim phantoms on the ground,
Stretch their dreamy lengths forever
On a daisy-covered mound.
And I loved her, yes, I loved her,
But the angels loved her, too,
So she's sleeping in the valley,
'Neath the sky so bright and blue.

And no slab of pallid marble,
Rears its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead.
But a lily is her tombstone,
And a dew-drop, pure and bright,
Is the epitaph an angel
Wrote in stillness of the night.

And I'm mournful, very mournful,
For my soul doth ever crave
For the fading of the shadows
From that little woodland grave.
For the memory of the loved one,
From my soul will never part;
And those shadows in the valley
Dim the sunshine of my heart.—[*Selected.*

Digitized by Google

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

No. X.—WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR PROMISING TO OBSERVE THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

This able and eminent man is assuredly one of the most important characters in the history of the world; for to him the present aristocracy, who rule Great Britain, owe their origin. It is the boast of most of those families, who now bear the titles, great estates and chief offices of the realm, that their ancestors "came in with the Conqueror." The people of England are Anglo-Saxon. The nobles are chiefly Norman in blood and descent. A brief notice of the career of this great warrior and statesman, will show how all this came about.

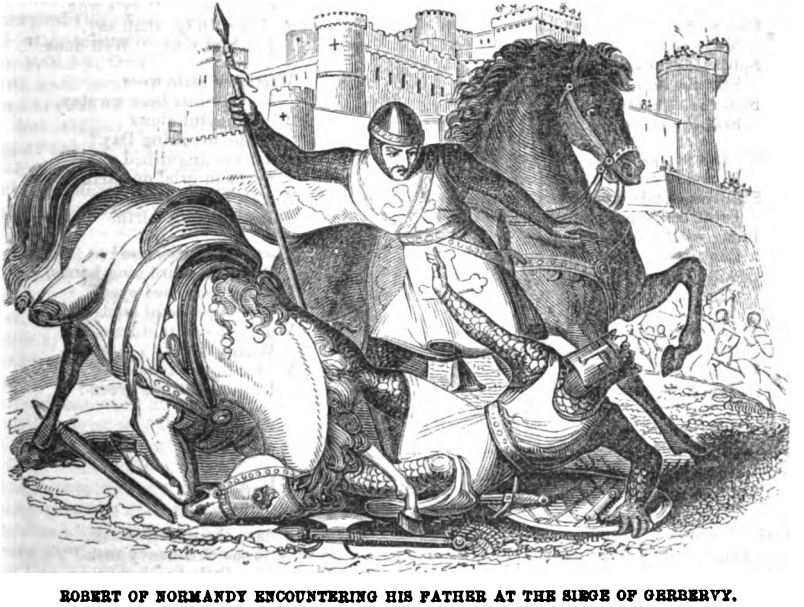
William I., king of England, was the illegitimate son of Robert duke of Normandy, by Arlotta, the daughter of a tanner of Falaise. He was born in 1027. His father had no legitimate children; and when Duke Robert departed on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, he persuaded his barons to swear allegiance to young William as his heir. Duke Robert died while returning from Palestine in 1035; and during the first years of William's dukedom, the ambitious feuds of the Norman barons and the aggressions of the king of France placed Normandy in a perilous state of anarchy and weakness. But as soon as William grew out of boyhood, he began to govern for himself; and after years of jeopardy and strife, he established a degree of order in his duchy, which was unknown in the rest of Europe, and he made himself universally known and respected among the princes in Christendom. William was related to Edward the Confessor king of England; and he long watched anxiously for the time when the death of that childless sovereign should give him the opportunity for making himself king of that country. Edward died on the 5th January, 1066; and the Saxon Harold was chosen by the English to succeed him. But William speedily asserted his claims. Besides his relationship to the late king, he had been nominated, or he pretended that he had been nominated, by the dying Edward as his successor: and he had in the preceding year taken advantage of the temporary presence of his rival in Normandy, to make Harold, partly by force and partly by fraud, swear to help him in obtaining the crown of England. As soon as King Edward was dead, William demanded the execution of his promise; and, on Harold's refusal, he prepared to assert his rights by the sword. He assembled, for the invasion of England, a host which Mackintosh has rightly termed "the most remarkable and formidable armament which the western nations had witnessed." He landed with this army in Pevensey Bay, 29th September, 1066, and on the 14th of the next month he fought and won the decisive battle of Hastings, in which Harold and

www.libook.com.cn
Digitized by Google

the bravest thanes of southern and central England perished. William advanced and occupied London, the Saxons generally submitting themselves to him; and he was crowned king of England at Westminster on Christmas day, 1066, solemnly promising to observe the laws of England. At first his rule was comparatively mild; but the Saxon spirit chafed under the sense of foreign domination, and under the insolence of the Norman barons and prelates of the new king. Then came fierce local risings, with delusive partial successes over the foreigners, soon crushed by the disciplined troops and high military genius of the Conqueror. Then followed the revengeful cruelties of the king, the effects not so much of hasty anger, as of stern remorseless policy. He was resolved to establish his dominion and his dynasty firmly in England; and neither fear nor mercy ever made William pause in employing the most efficacious means to work out a settled purpose. The insurrections of the Saxons were visited by him with confiscation, massacre, and devastation; and it is computed that a third of the old Saxon population of England was swept from the land during his invasion and reign. But, terrible as are the acts of cruelty with which William's memory is associated, it would be unjust to let them blind us to the high qualities which he displayed, as a ruler, and as an ordainer of institutions. He maintained the strictest order and internal peace. His military renown checked the ambition and cupidity of the marauding Danes, who had infested the English coasts for more than two centuries. He organized the feudal system in England, with changes from its development on the continent, so as to keep down the turbulent insubordination and lawless violence of the nobility. He retained (though with many important modifications) the Saxon popular tribunals; and altogether he may be truly said to have displayed a marvellous discernment of the two great principles of government, which require centralized power in matters of imperial importance, and local self-government in matters of chiefly local interest. William the Conqueror died in 1087. It ought to be added that, like all the race of his great ancestor, Rolf the Ganger, who conquered Neustria one hundred and fifty years before William conquered England, he was eminent for his appreciation of intellect, science, art, and learning, and for liberality to all men of all nations by whom they were displayed.

If the Conqueror's public career was marked with brilliant success, his domestic history was not less remarkable for disaster and disgrace. His wife and children were the pests of his life. His son Robert was repeatedly in armed rebellion against his father, and in this undutiful course he was openly supported by his mother. One episode in the life of Robert, will afford a specimen of the "family jars," to which the great conqueror was occasionally subjected.—We quote from the Pictorial History of England, premising that Philip, king of France, from jealousy of William, was constantly aiding and abetting his sons in rebellion against their father.

"After leading a vagabond life for some time, Robert repaired to the French court; and King Philip, still finding in him the instrument he wanted, openly espoused his cause, and established him in the castle of Gerbervy, on the very confines of Normandy, where he supported himself by plundering the neighboring country, and whence he corresponded with the disaffected in the duchy. Knights and troops of adven-



ROBERT OF NORMANDY ENCOUNTERING HIS FATHER AT THE SIEGE OF GERBERVY.

Digitized by Google

turers on horseback flocked to share the plunder and the *pay* he now had to offer them; in the number were as many Norman as French subjects, and not a few men of King William's own household. Burning with rage, the king crossed the channel with a formidable English army, and came in person to direct the seige of the strong castle of Gerbervy, where he lost many men in fruitless operations, and from sorties made by the garrison. With all his faults, Robert had many good and generous qualities, which singularly endeared him to his friends when living, and which, along with his cruel misfortunes, caused him to be mourned when dead. Ambition, passion, and evil counsel had lulled and stupified, but had not extirpated his natural feeling. One day in a sally from his castle, he chanced to engage in single combat with a stalwart warrior clad in mail, and concealed, like himself, with the vizor of his helm. Both were valiant and well skilled in the use of their weapons, but, after a fierce combat, Robert wounded and unhorsed his antagonist. In the voice of the fallen warrior, who shouted for assistance, the prince, who was about to follow up his advantage with a death-stroke, recognised his father, and, instantly dismounting, fell on his knees, craved forgiveness with tears, and helping him to his saddle, saw him safely out of the mêlée which now thickened. The men who were coming up to the king's assistance, and bringing a second horse for him to mount, were nearly all killed. William rode away to his camp on Robert's horse, smarting with his wound, and still cursing his son who had so seasonably mounted him. He relinquished the siege of Gerbervy in despair, and went to Rouen, where, as soon as his temper permitted, his wife and the bishops, with many of the Norman nobles, labored to reconcile him again to Robert. For a long time the iron-hearted king was deaf to their entreaties, or only irritated by them.—'Why,' cried he, 'do you solicit me in favor of a traitor who has seduced my men,—my very pupils in war, whom I fed with my own bread, and invested with the knightly arms they wear?' At last he yielded, and Robert, having again knelt and wept before him, received his father's pardon, and accompanied him to England. But even now the reconciliation on the part of the unforgiving king was a mere matter of policy, and Robert, finding no symptoms of returning affection, and fearing for his life or liberty, soon fled for the third time, and never saw his father's face again. His departure was followed by another paternal malediction, which was never revoked."

It is by no means difficult for the reader to draw a moral from our brief sketch of the great conqueror.

BEAR UP.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Pilgrim along life's path,
Is thy lone heart sad?
Can no hope thou hath
Make thy bosom glad?
Spirit! never despair!
Still the sun burns clear,
Still the streams flow fair,
Still the skies are near.

Ocean's waves still beat
Hoarsely on the shore,
Still the clouds' gold feet
Print the blue sky o'er—
Being with a soul,
Can'st thou falter here?
See, the heavenly goal
Glistens very near.

Typify the sea,
Bravely onward press,
Faith will rest on thee
Pure great blessedness—
Joyful be the day
When the vict'ory's won,
And the Judge shall say,
Faithful soul! "Well done."

What are little woes
Borne while here we stay,
To the joyful glows
Of the breaking Day?
What are anguished years
Spent in grief on earth?
Angels know not tears
In their holy birth.

Then, oh, spirit, rise!
Burst the burd'ning bands,
Lift thy saddened eyes
To the peaceful lands—
Where the calm stars shine,
Where the sky's serene,
Where is all divine—
In the Pastures green!

WATCH THE LITTLE HAND.

Mother! watch the little hand,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this heavy task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Digitized by Google

NOT FOR MONEY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."

"And this is your decision?"

"Yes, Mr. Herbert, and I have made it calmly, deliberately. I cannot marry a man I do not love."

"And yet, Mary, permit me to ask you once more to reconsider it. You are a sensible girl, and I can talk with you candidly on this subject. I do not demand or expect any romantic girlish affection from my wife, only the respect and attentions due my position as her husband. I want a wife who shall preside with grace and elegance over the luxurious home I shall provide for her. The offer I have made you is sufficient proof of your ability to do all this; and remember what different lives are this moment placed within your choice.

"On the one hand, a kind and attentive, if not a *lover*-husband, with wealth sufficient to gratify your highest pride and ambition, to indulge all your exquisite tastes and deep love for the beautiful, and to make your outer life, at least, all the brightness and poetry you have dreamed it.

"And now look the other side fully in the face. You cannot disguise from yourself the real truth—poverty and suffering must await you. The last cent of your father's property is gone—I know this from the creditors; and your mother's very precarious health will not permit her making any exertion in your behalf. What will become of her, of your young brother, and your sisters? All the exertion will, of course, fall upon you, and how can you go out and brave the winter and the storms—you who have been so tenderly loved and cherished all your life? Forgive me, Mary, that I have spoken the truth so plainly, and now, in conclusion, I ask you once more to revoke your decision."

I rose and walked up and down the parlor, that elegant parlor with its soft mist-like curtains, and velvet carpet strewn thick with tropical leaves and blossoms, and then I turned and looked at *him*;—there he sat, stiff, stately, and sixty!

Oh! how my heart recoiled at the thought of marrying him, and yet every word of his had *told* well!

Then with what a world of storming, conflicting emotions, I looked down that night on the two paths which diverged from it. One was bright with life's sunshine, and fragrant with its summer blossoms; the other was dark and cold, full of thorns and sharp stones; and, oh! how tender were the feet that must walk over them!

I did not think of my own then; I thought only of my mother, and brother, and sisters—the widow and her orphans!

Mr. Stowell, though a pompous, was not a penurious man, and I knew him well enough to feel that pride would influence him to surround the family of his wife with everything necessary to that high social position it would be for his interest to see them occupy.

How could I see those I loved better than my own life suffer! The thought for the last week had been haunting, and almost breaking my heart, and here was a way opened to purchase their redemption. But, oh! what a price was asked for it! The love, the sentiment, the *life* of my life must be offered up. No matter! I must make the sacrifice. Do you wonder I said this, walking up and down the room, for great was my temptation? So great that I have never since wondered or censured another woman who *has yielded to it under like circumstances, and married an old man for his money.*

I leave it to those who have never been tried, to sneer at and condemn her.

He sat there, watching anxiously the transitions that passed over my face. He loved me as he did his new stone house, or his pet horses, or anything else that illustrated his money—his *money?*—his *god*!

Once more I turned and looked at him, and thought how his palace home would be a prison, and his bridal gifts but gilded chains, crushing and festering my heart, and once more I said, "No matter! I *must* make the sacrifice."

"Mr. Stowell, I will be your wife." The words were on my lips, when that old, ever new prophesy, sounded suddenly in my heart—that prophesy which rolled sweetly from the harp of the royal Judean, "I will be a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow."

How my heart sprang to it! No, no. God would not forget us. I would trust Him. I would leave my future and *theirs* with His love, and I would go out and work bravely, faithfully to the end!

He must have read the change of my feelings in my face, as I drew nearer him.

"Mr. Stowell, I *have* reconsidered," I said calmly, "and I cannot reverse my decision. My heart revolts from this union, and how can I ever ask God to bless it when it will be a *lie?* I have chosen my path—it is as you say, a very flinty one, but I will place my hand in our Father's who is in heaven, and He will lead me over it."

The millionaire rose up very pompously.—He was disappointed, and his self-love was wounded.

"Very well, Miss Marshall. I hope sincerely you may never have cause to regret your decision." And he passed out of the parlor and left me alone—no, not alone, for God was with me.

Well, in less than a week the sheriff hung his red flag from our drawing-room window, and the furniture was knocked off under the hammer of the auctioneer. We had a few friends who remained true to us in this winter of adversity—friends who secured to us some of the

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

household articles which they knew were relatively or intrinsically dear to us.

We procured a small, but neat cottage in the suburbs of the pleasant half country town where we had always resided, and though the rooms were small and forcibly in contrast with the elegant ones we had left, a little exercise of taste and skill gave them, as they will almost every room, a pleasant, graceful appearance.

Two weeks went by swiftly, in the arranging of our new home, which devolved chiefly upon me, and then I stood up and bravely met the question, "What is to be done?" It was a hard one for a girl of twenty-two to answer, one whose energies had never been aroused and developed, one who saw an invalid mother and three children, the oldest, a boy of hardly fifteen, and hitherto the idol of the household, dependent solely upon her exertions for their support.

Hour after hour I walked up and down my chamber floor, trying to solve this problem, but it was impossible. At last I said, "I will go down and ask mamma. Her maturer judgment may suggest something, and it is high time we were *acting* in this matter.

She sat by the window, over which I had trailed the sweet-briar vine that very morning, her pale, sad face, enclosed in its widow's cap.

"Mamma, you know we *must* talk about our circumstances, painful as it is to introduce the subject. I must do something for our support right off, and I want you to help me devise some plan."

"You, my poor child!" And her dark sunken eyes rested with pitiful tenderness upon me.—"What in the world can you do? What would your father have said had he heard you! Oh! William! William!" She clasped her hands, and the tears swept down her faded cheeks.

I inherit all my energy from my father. My mother is loving, gentle, vine-like; but there are no elements in her character to meet and conquer adversity. She can suffer and endure for those she loves, but she cannot work and triumph.

"Don't, mamma; don't give way so. He has only gone home first, you know, and every day is bringing us closer together." I could not fashion the conclusion of the sentence for the sobs that choked me.

After awhile, however, we discussed and dismissed a variety of projects.

There was my piano, *that* had been secured to us through the kindness of a friend. I *might* give lessons in music. But the remuneration would be small, and it would take several terms to form a large class.

Then my mother suggested a school. But the flourishing academy on the hill had already appropriated all the children in the town. I could not think of contending the claims of superiority with an institution that had the prestige of age and wealthy patronage. It was very plain there was no employment to be obtained in my native town.

"If I were only in some city!" was my mental ejaculation, as I leaned my head, bewildered with revolving fruitless plans, on my hand.

A beam of light leaped suddenly through the darkness. My old nurse, to whom I had always been greatly attached, had a married daughter residing in Philadelphia. She was only a few years older than myself. I would write to her, explain our circumstances, and entreat her to procure me some situation (I hardly cared what!) to save my family from starvation.

To resolve was always with me to perform. That night the letter was dispatched. Two days later the answer came. My application had been successful. Mr. Mason, the husband of my nurse's daughter, had just learned of a vacancy in a retail dry-goods store, where a young lady was wanted to assist in keeping the books, and occasionally wait on customers. No extensive knowledge of book-keeping was required, only a thorough mathematical education.—The salary for the first year would be six hundred dollars.

"We are living in a private street, in a very quiet, unpretending sort of way," wrote the young wife, "but if you choose to come to us we will do all we can to make you comfortable, dear Miss Mary. Mother has done nothing but cry since she learned of the misfortunes that have come upon her sweet darling and the family! And you will find warm and true, if humble hearts, ready to welcome you.

"You shall have the front chamber, Miss Mary, and your board for two dollars a week." And so ran the practical but kindly letter that decided my destiny.

I remember how the hot blood dashed into my cheeks, as I read Hannah's suggestion of "standing in a store," for I had been nurtured in the very lap of luxury, and what young girl is ever totally indifferent to the verdict of the society whose atmosphere she has inhaled all her life?

But the after-memory of my family silenced the whispers of pride. "I will go," I said; "God will help me to lift the great burden upon my shoulders."

That night, after supper, we went into the little sitting room, where a few articles of luxurious furniture bore witness of the wealth that had "taken to itself wings, and flown away." There, after a brief preface, in which I depicted our present situation, and its imperative call for immediate action, I disclosed my intentions and read Mrs. Mason's letter.

The information was at first received with mute astonishment, then my leaving home was positively interdicted by my mother and brother.

"You shall not leave us, darling sister, and go off to that great, strange city, and make a slave of yourself for us. I'll work, and support you all—indeed I will, if it kills me." And too proud to let me see his tears, Frederic laid his wet cheek against my own. I lifted it, and smoothed away the warm rich curls from the broad forehead. Ah, he would have been a slender reed to lean on, with his highly wrought delicate nervous organization, and his poetic temperament, albeit his heart was brave and strong as a man's.

Digitized by Google

"No, Fred, dear boy, you must not look and talk thus. You will do all you can to strengthen mamma and me for the trial that lies before us. It will be very hard to go away from you, I know, but we *must* submit to the inevitable, and in two or three years, perhaps, we can lay up money enough to buy a cow and some chickens, and I'll return and make butter and cheese, and we'll all turn farmers. Meanwhile you must cultivate this great garden, you know, and it'll supply you with vegetables all summer, and you can dispose of enough to pay for the girls' schooling."

A ray of hope sprang into his pale face.—"That's a lucky thought, Mary; and look here, I'll sell my watch (see if I don't) and buy the cow and the chickens right off; and before the year's out we'll have a litttle farm, and you back too; I guess we will!"

How eager were his tones—how radiant was his face. Ah! he too had his father's soul, and I would not dampen his spirits by telling him of the years of patience and toil it would require to accomplish all this.

Well, reader, to make a sad story a brief one, I combated and overcame all obstacles—my mother's tears and prejudices, my sister's entreaties that I would not leave them, and my brother's vehement objections.

But I suffered—going out thus from my home with unshod feet, into the thorns and among the stony places. Oh! too sharp even now is the memory that strikes through my soul with the very memory of that dark time. I know not how I lived through it, I only know God in His mercy tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

It was just in the April sunset that I reached Philadelphia. Mr. Mason was at the landing to meet me. His warm grasp of my hand, and the look of sympathy in his honest, manly countenance, shook up the tears into my eyes. I had been in a strange, apathetic state since I left my home in the early morning, hardly realizing what I was doing—hardly recognizing my own identity. Well, we drove through street after street, all flanked with tall brick houses, and white window blinds—all wearing the same stark, barren, dead physiognomy.

At last we drew up before one of these brick houses in a private street. Before I had alighted my nurse was at the door. Oh! it gave me new strength to find the arms that had sheltered my infancy, once more about me; and the tones that had sung me to slumber when I lay under the lace canopy of my crib, calling me brokenly "their poor darling little Mary."

Well, it was an humble one, but in the broadest, fullest sense of the blessed word, it was *home* to me. My heart felt this, as soon as I crossed the threshold, and it felt it during all the long dreary two years that I was there.

The next morning I entered upon my new duties. Every moment of that day is burned into my memory, but I can only turn back to that dark page of my life-book, and glance hurriedly over it.

Many times when my head grew dizzy, and my limbs ached with their new toil, I thought of the millionaire and his palace home, and glancing up and down the long store, its broad shelves heaped with goods, I said to myself, "It is better to be his wife than to be here.—To-morrow I will write to him and tell him the hand he sought shall be given to him."

But I did not, and every day the heavy burden grew lighter, and new strength came to bear it. Then the blessed consciousness that I was doing good to others, supported me more than all else. Of course, with my small salary, the strictest economy was necessary to meet our expenses. But with Fred's exertions, who cultivated the garden, and procured the cow and the chickens, and made them remunerative too, the dear ones at home were secured from want, and I had my reward."

Two years had gone by. It was one of those bright May mornings that are the songs and poems of the year. It softened and brightened even the long, bare streets, as a smile that breaks up from the heart, does a cold, care-worn face, and it dashed through the windows, and sprinkled the long counters, and sparkled over the piles of tumbled silks and satins, of muslins and mantles, that overstrew them.

Everybody was out that morning. We were very busy, for it was one of the merchant's "harvest days." I was unusually so, for two of the clerks were ill, and part of their duties devolved upon me; but I paused a moment, and the rich lace I was measuring half fell from my hands, in my astonishment, as my old nurse entered the store.

She was quite infirm, and I feared the exertion would injure her. "How could you venture so far?" was my remonstrative ejaculation as I grasped her hand.

"I wanted to see you once, darling, at your work, and the morning was so pleasant I couldn't resist the temptation to keep on down here, after I had ventured out."

"Well, just walk up stairs, sit down, and rest yourself until——"

A glance down the store arrested the words on my lips, for at that moment a lady and gentleman advanced to the counter. They stood but a few feet from me. I gazed full into the faces of both. No, I could not be mistaken—there was the same portly figure, and pompous carriage, the same obtrusive, self-conscious air and bearing of the purse-proud millionaire.—The lady who stood by his side was young and very beautiful. Her rich, crape shawl, hung in graceful folds about her tall, symmetrical figure. Her face was very sweet, very fair. Long, golden lashes, shaded the eyes blue as the sky outside, and her deep, brown hair, lay in ripply folds over her low smooth forehead. The mouth, that sweet index of a woman's emotional nature, was full and sweet, but there was pride in the curving of the red lips, and haughtiness in the carriage of the small finely-shaped head.

And *she* was the wife of that old man! She had given her spring-time to his autumn, she had sold herself for his *gold!* Did it *pay?* I looked down on the two years of toil and priva-

Digitized by Google

tion, which had followed me from the night on which I had stood face to face with the millionaire, and in my heart I blessed God that I had "resisted the temptation."

"Look here, dear; won't that be pretty trimming for my evening barege? The colors will blend charmingly." And the young wife held up admiringly, the dainty but elaborate French trimming.

www.intool.com.cn

Mr. Stowell was always a connoisseur in dress, and he had just acquiesced in his wife's remark, when I noticed that her eyes wandered in our direction. There was a quick start—then the warm blood dashed into her cheeks, her blue eyes dropped, and a quick shiver crossed her red lips.

"Who is that gentleman and lady, and why are you staring at them so?" asked Nurse White, in a loud whisper.

"It is Mr. Stowell, nurse, and that lady is his wife!"

"Mr. Stowell—that rich old man that wanted to marry you, just after *your* father died?" And the old woman peered at the gentleman eagerly through her spectacles.

"Hush! hush, nurse; they'll overhear you."

But my caution was too late, I felt it the moment my up-glancing eyes met those of a gentleman who stood on my right. He was young. Thirty summers could scarcely have crossed that pale forehead, crowned with its heavy mass of brown hair. He was not symmetrically handsome, but there was an expression of scholarly refinement in his face, a gentlemanly air in his whole bearing, that could not be mistaken. I can scarcely analyze the expression of those half gray, half hazel eyes, as they met my own. It was one of mingled curiosity, surprise, admiration, and the glance swept my face and figure before my own had turned from his; while I felt the quick, conscious blood, staining my cheeks.

A moment later, however, the young gentleman advanced and confronted Mrs. Stowell. I cannot define his manner. It was calm, calm as his face was, and yet you should have seen the look of intensest scorn that curled his proud lips, as they said low and musically, "Good morning, Mrs. Stowell. I am most happy to meet you, and at last to have the opportunity of offering you my congratulations."

"And I am happy that my husband is here to accept them with me, Mr. Mills," answered the lady, but the quiver of her tones, and the sudden pallor of her cheek, told me she was speaking a *lie*.

"Mr. Alcott Mills? An old friend of my wife's, of whom I have heard her speak. I am most happy to meet you, sir." And the millionaire lifted his hat, and looked down proudly on his wife, and patronisingly on the gentleman.

"When did you return from Europe?" constrainedly asked Mrs. Stowell.

"Last month: I should have done myself the honor to call on you before, but I only reached Philadelphia yesterday."

"I hope your meeting us this morning will not prevent your fulfilling your previous intentions, sir," graciously responded Mr. Stowell.

"Thank you. It will certainly afford me much pleasure to meet Mrs. Stowell in the new home, where they tell me her smile is even more captivating than it was in the old one—though, I suppose, all its sweetness is reserved, as a loving wife's should be, for yourself, sir."

It was spoken with a graceful inclination of the fine head, which made the gallant speech more effective; but, oh! what bitter irony lay under the light words which only the lady could interpret.

Then the adieux were exchanged, the French trimming ordered for the dress-maker, and Mr. and Mrs. Stowell passed from the store. But I did not envy her as I stood behind the counter, while the white-gloved groom handed her to her elegant carriage that morning.

Once again the young stranger turned, and bent on me one of those inexplicable glances, as he left the store. It was strange but that look haunted me all the day.

It was a day, too, of great happiness, of great thankfulness, to the Good Father. I looked back on the past two years, and though I could not deny I had endured much, still I had given great measure of happiness unto others.

My daily toil had kept off poverty's gaunt clutch from the little white cottage, under whose roof beat securely the hearts whose "peace" was dearer than my own They had, of course, never become reconciled to my absence, but they had prospered in all things, and, in his last letter, my brother had written:

"Next autumn you *must* come home to us, most precious sister. We have secured fifteen scholars for the new school you are to establish. Besides this, I have bought another cow, and we have fifty chickens. Annie can make butter and cheese already, and our old gardener always finds a market for it. We are going into the gardening business extensively next spring. And now don't give yourself a single anxious thought about my neglect of my studies. I devote every evening, and all my odd moments, to my books, and, after all, this new work and harsh discipline is making a *man* of me, physically and mentally, which the luxurious enervating life that preceded it never would have done.

"We would be very happy if you were with us. Oh, next autumn we shall look into your mellow brown eyes; we shall drop kisses and blessings on your sweet lips, and putting our arms about you we shall say, 'You shall go no more out, forever.'"

Much beloved brother! Would the autumn make thy golden poet-dream a reality! I looked across the bright summer, and dared to *hope* it. Oh! God helps those who help themselves.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

IT HAS passed into an aphorism that *action* is necessary to virtue, even among those who are not apprised that it is also indispensable to happiness.

Digitized by Google

THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

Edgar Malcolm, a young nobleman, had contracted a love marriage, a rare circumstance among the gentry. His bride was the daughter of a tradesman in London, into whose society he had been thrown while at Bath. When Malcolm first met Emily Reardon, which was on the day he reached the watering-place one fashionable season, he saw that a sweet and modest flower had fallen in his way, and he resolved almost involuntarily to pluck it and hide it in his bosom.

Emily did not observe for several days that an elegant-looking young man frequently paused to gaze at her as she walked out, and in the drawing-room would stand for many moments at a time, with his eyes fixed admiringly upon her. But such undisguised admiratian could not long remain unnoted, and soon her gentle eyes would droop, and a soft blush cover her sweetly-beautiful face, as she became conscious of the fact.

Malcolm saw that the fair young creature was startled from her pure and innocent dream of life, and that she rather shrank from than courted his observation. This maiden delicacy, so different from anything he had met with in the too highly refined society in which he had moved, but deepened the admiration felt by Malcolm for the lovely stranger. He made bolder approaches, and they seemed to frighten her, for she rarely afterwards appeared in public, unless with her father or mother.

The oftener he saw her, the more was the young man charmed with the beautiful girl.—The fact that she was the daughter of a tradesman did not, when discovered, long dampen the ardor of his feelings. On returning to London, he waited on her father and formally declared his wish to visit Emily. Mr. Reardon, a high-minded, virtuous man, was startled and alarmed at the proposition, and begged young Malcolm not to think of an intimacy with his daughter, as their social positions were such that unhappiness to one or both must be the inevitable result. To this, Malcolm returned a most solemn avowal that his intentions were pure and honorable.

"I will not insult you so much as to question that for a moment," said the tradesman; "but even as your wife, my daughter could not be happy in the new scenes to which you would introduce her. And I need not remind you, sir, that an alliance with one in our station would subject you to mortifying annoyances."

"If I can win the love of your child, no fear of what you suggest need be entertained. A virtuous affection is the best guarantee for happiness," replied the ardent young man. "If I am willing to throw aside the false estimation which men place upon rank and birth, surely you ought not to object. I see in your daughter virtues that would adorn the highest social position, and I can place her where she will shine in her own pure lustre."

But the father of Emily did object, and most earnestly. Malcolm, however, was not to be turned from his purpose, and Mr. Reardon seeing this, yielded to his desire to visit his daughter formally. The result was as might have been anticipated. Emily became the bride of the young nobleman. Her beauty, her loveliness of character, her refinement and intelligence, soon made the haughty ones into whose circle she was introduced, forget her origin.—As for the marriage, it proved eminently happy. Malcolm had a virtuous mind and a high sense of honor. He could, therefore, appreciate what was truly excellent in woman, and love what was worthy of exalted affection.

A few years after this marriage, Malcolm started on a tour through France and Italy with his wife and their only child, a little girl just entering her fourth summer. After an absence of two or three months, wishing to enjoy a sea voyage, they embarked from Naples in a vessel bound for London. But they never reached their destination. Soon after sailing, a terrible storm arose, which continued many hours with unabated fury. At midnight the vessel was thrown upon breakers, and in a few minutes dashed to pieces. Nearly all on board perished. With his wife and child clinging to him, Malcolm endeavored to support himself in the water. But the waves, lashed into fury by the fierce storm, soon overwhelmed them. There was a brief struggle of the drowning man to rise above the surface with the precious burden of living souls, beloved, even beyond his own life, but the struggle was fruitless—they all went down into the deep waters.

When daylight broke along the shore of Sicily, sad relics of the storm were to be found here and there, washed upon the strand. The saddest of these were many dead bodies, among them, that of the wife of Malcolm. His body had also floated to the shore, but life proved not to be entirely extinct. The first object that met his eyes, on reviving, was the form of her he had striven so unavailingly to save. The shock proved too much for his reason.

Years afterwards, Edgar Malcolm awoke and found himself the denizen of a monastery in Palermo. Light came but gradually into his mind. As it grew more distinct, and made visible the broken relics of the happy past, his mind sickened, and he turned for consolation to those around him. No great influence was required to make him content to remain in the cloisterod seclusion, where, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, he found, or hoped to find, peace for a troubled spirit, balm for a wounded heart. A portion of the income of his large estate was made over to the church, and the balance left to accumulate in the hands of his legal agent, to be disposed of in any manner that he might determine. Strong efforts were made by his friends, so soon as he was discovered, to induce him to return to England,

Digitized by Google

but he resisted all persuasion, and, finally, to put a barrier between him and the world, took upon himself the vows of a religious order. He was no longer Sir Edgar Malcolm, but a cowled and hooded monk, re-christened Maroni.

Forty years have passed since the day when a terrible misfortune drew a curtain between the heart of Edgar Malcolm and all worldly interests, and Father Maroni is an old and venerable man, beloved and respected in his order. From Palermo his field of usefulness has changed to Naples, where his life is spent in binding up the wounds that evil affections are ever making in the heart, and endeavoring to pour oil upon the troubled waters of passion.

One day, while at the confessional, a servant belonging to a family of rank, divulged to Father Maroni a plot, of which she had accidentally become cognizant, against the honor of a lovely young girl, the orphan child of a deceased nobleman, who had squandered his estate, and left, at his death, two children to the care of a relative. The individual engaged in this unhallowed scheme was Prince Algardo, a man of powerful connections, great wealth, and unscrupulous and determined character. The name of the beautiful girl was Marie Casteloni. It had been arranged, in the absence of Marie's uncle, that, on a certain night, an upper servant or stewart in the family was, for a large bribe, to admit the prince, and leave the unhappy girl entirely in his power. If she yielded to his wishes, well; if not, he was to carry her off by force, and escape into France. Everything was arranged, so that, the moment Marie was removed from the protecting roof of her uncle, the flight was to begin. On the second night after the iniquitous scheme was divulged, the evil deed was to be consummated.

Father Maroni understood well the character of Prince Algardo. More than once had he found himself called upon to step in between him and his intended victims, by which acts he had made the prince his implacable enemy, and extorted a bitter threat in consequence, notwithstanding his religious character, if he ever crossed his path again.

Father Maroni understood well that this was no idle threat on the part of the unscrupulous nobleman. But he was not, by nature, one who hesitated in fear of personal consequences. He had seen Marie Casteloni a few times—though she had never come to him as her spiritual father—and had been struck with something in her face that reminded him of other times and places. Hers was not an Italian beauty; the white complexion, blue eyes, and sunny hair were those of a race born in a colder climate.

"That sacrifice must not be made," said Father Maroni, as soon as the servant had retired.

Marie resided at a beautiful villa half a mile from Naples. It was near the setting of the sun, and she was looking down from a large window upon the beautiful bay, when a venerable priest approached and saluted her with a pious benediction. Marie knew him as Father Maroni, and invited him to come in and rest himself. Once seen, no one could forget Father Maroni. His face was large, calm, and benevolent, while his eyes and lips gave to his countenance an expression of great firmness and resolution. Throughout Naples, he was beloved by the good, and feared by the evil.

In the room where Marie was sitting, played her little sister upon the floor; and soon after Father Maroni had come in, the two principal retainers in the family entered, and not without a feeling of uneasiness, found Marie at the feet of the priest, listening earnestly to his low spoken words.

"Daughter," said Father Maroni, as he held the hand of the gentle maiden, and gazed earnestly into her face, "you do not look like one of the children of our Italy. Your mother was not born in this sunny region?"

"No—she belonged to another people," returned Marie.

"In what country was she born?" asked Father Maroni.

"That I do not know."

"It must have been in England," said the priest, musingly, his eyes fixed almost as by a spell upon the face of the lovely girl.

"I do not know," repeated Marie. "My mother did not know. I have heard her say that she was like one ocean-born, and thrown by a wave upon the shore."

"What did she mean by that?" inquired Father Maroni, speaking in quicker voice than usual.

"A ship was lost in the sea," replied the maiden, "and she, a child too young to tell of either her parents or country, floated alive to the shore."

The fires kindled by nature in the heart of the venerable priest, though they had long been smoldering, had not burned out. Memory blew upon them, and revealed their hidden intensity. Father Maroni found himself instantly agitated.

"Did she not know her name?" he asked.

Marie said "Yes—it was Emily."

Father Maroni started at the sound of this name.

"Was there no relic found with her, no token of any kind?"

"Yes, this locket and miniature;" and Marie drew from her bosom an exquisitely chased gold locket; it enclosed the miniature of a young and beautiful woman.

One glance sufficed for the now deeply agitated priest. The likeness was that of Emily, his lost wife, of her who had been snatched from him by a terrible death. A momentary excitement overcame him, and he pressed the miniature passionately to his lips, greatly to the surprise of Marie, who did not in the least comprehend the meaning of so sudden a change in the manner of Father Maroni. But this ripple on the surface quickly passed away, and the priest was as calm as before. For an hour he lingered with Maria and her little sister Theresa, seeing each moment more clearly the likeness of that beloved one who had passed, amid the

Digitized by Google

horrors of a fearful ocean storm, to the calm abodes of the blessed. Far down in the undiscovered depths of the sea, forty years before, he had believed his dear child lost to him forever. But it was not so; the waves had borne the precious burden that had been cast upon them safely to the shore. Little Emily had been saved, and these were her children.

Years, and a long life of self-restraint, had given Father Maroni great command over his feelings. He had need of all this self-acquired power now. As the twilight began to fall, he laid his hands upon the heads of Marie and Theresa, and said, with a more genuine fervor than had ever accompanied his blessing—"The God of peace keep you, my children, and preserve you from the snare of the fowler."

There was something in the manner of the priest that left a strong impression on the mind of Marie. This, under the circumstances, could hardly have been otherwise. His voice lingered in her ears, and seemed to possess a world of tenderness.

On the next night, just as Marie was about preparing to retire, after having made her evening devotions, she was startled by a noise near one of the windows, which was immediately afterwards thrown open, when a man, closely wrapped in a cloak, stepped into the room. A cry of alarm immediately fell from the lips of Marie, who shrunk to the opposite side of the chamber, as the intruder advanced.

"Don't be alarmed, my pretty one," said the unceremonious visiter, in a light, playful voice, uncovering his face as he spoke, and showing the bold, but handsome features of Prince Algardo. "You know I have always admired you. Long ago I swore to possess you, and now I have come to make good the oath."

As he said this, he laid his hand upon the shrinking form of the frightened girl, and was about raising her from the floor where she had couched down, when he was seized suddenly by a powerful arm, and drawn backwards. Relieving himself, he sprang to his feet, drawing his rapier as he did so. On turning, he found himself confronted by a stranger, fully armed for the emergency. Maddened by this unexpected and bold interference, the prince made a plunge at the heart of his assailant, but his sword arm was thrown coolly up, and before he could recover himself, he received a severe wound in the left side. A fierce struggle ensued, but it lasted only for a brief period, at the end of which, Prince Algardo lay upon the floor that was deluged with his blood.

When Marie, whose senses had fled at the moment of greatest peril, recovered her consciousness, she found herself in a small apartment, with everything around her new and strange. As she started up, with an exclamation of surprise and terror, an old man, whom she had not at first observed, came quickly to her side, saying—"Be calm, my daughter, you are safe."

There was something strangely familiar in the voice, and Marie looked wonderingly into the old man's face.

"Speak!" she said, hurriedly. "I hear the rush of water. Where am I?"

"You, with your sister Theresa, are on shipboard. See, there she lies, sweetly asleep, unconscious of any change. But be calm, my dear child," and the stranger took her hand, and held it tightly. "You remember Father Maroni? I am he."

"You? Father Maroni!"

"Yes. I learned from a faithful servant that Algardo had bribed some of the domestics to admit him to your chamber, that he might remove you to a distance, and make you the slave of his will. I determined to prevent the execution of his plot. In order that I might be better able to do this, I came to your uncle's villa, where I met you. Oh! that was a blessed meeting, for I found in you, Marie, the daughter of my own child, whom I had seen swallowed in the sea that bereft me of her mother. The locket you wear about your neck contains the miniature of one whose loss I have mourned for nearly forty years."

Marie looked bewildered. To her this strange revelation seemed like a dream.

"As soon as I had learned this," resumed Father Maroni, "I went on board an English vessel of war in the harbor, and made known to the officer in command that I was a British subject, and that I had not only large estates, but a title at home. I had with me documents to satisfy him at once that my statement was true. I then related briefly my history—how many years ago I had been wrecked on this sea, in which disaster my wife, and my child also, as I then supposed, were drowned; and that, broken in spirits by the shock, I had sought a cloister's retirement. I then made known the fact I had discovered, that you were the daughter of my child, who had been strangely saved from death, and that an unprincipled young nobleman, who possessed great power and influence, was about sacrificing you, in your helpless, unwarned innocence, to his brutal passions. Captain R—— entered at once into my feelings, and to his courage and determined resolution are you, my dear child, indebted for your rescue. My arm was too feeble to save you, though, had not other and better aid been tendered, I would have been at your side in the hour of danger. Even as it was, I was near at hand. The moment the fierce contest that followed the meeting of Prince Algardo and Captain R—— had been decided in favor of the latter, you and Theresa were removed by some of the other officers who had accompanied us, and hurriedly taken on board the ship, which immediately set sail. We are now on our way to England, and you are under the protection of a hitherto unknown friend, who will love you and care for you with the deepest tenderness. The prince is powerful, and if he should survive his wounds, his revenge towards both you and me, would never be satiated short of the fiercest retaliation. I could no longer remain in Italy with any hope of retaining my life, and I would not go away

Digitized by Google

and leave you and Theresa there. Now we are beyond the power of evil passions. As for me, I shall lay aside my ecclesiastical vows. Hope in life has come warmly back into my bosom; a new current is flowing in my veins; the dead has been, as it were, restored to me."

Long did Marie weep after this narrative had ended. No doubts crossed her mind, for nature responded in her heart to the truth of the wonderful recital.

When day dawned, far in the distance lay, dimly seen, the shores of Italy; and but a few hours more went by, ere the last line that darkened on the horizon, faded before the straining vision. Marie Casteloni wept bitterly, but as day after day returned, and she drew nearer and nearer to her new-found relative, she was more and more comforted; and by the time they arrived in London, she was leaning upon him with a tenderness unfelt for any one since the grave hid her mother from her eyes.

We have no more of interest to add, except that a year subsequent to their arrival in England, Captain R—— led the beautiful Marie to the altar. He was justly entitled to her hand, and no one attempted to dispute the claim.

Prince Algardo never recovered from his wound. He lingered some months, and then paid, with his life, the penalty of his attempted crime. Father Maroni was no more seen nor heard of in Naples, and to but few was the history of his sudden disappearance ever known.

SHE IS DYING!

She is dying. Hush! she is dying. The sunlight streams through the plate-glass windows—the room is fragrant with the sweet breath of the southern flowers—large milk-white African lilies, roses a nightingale would stoop to worship; Cape jessamines, and camellias, with their large glossy leaves.

Through the open casement steals the music of playing fountains; and the light, tempered pleasantly by rose curtains of embroidered satin, kindles up gorgeous old paintings with a halo bright as a rainbow. It is as if fresher sunshine were falling earthward on the bower of beauty. The canary sings in his gilded cage—*her* canary; and the lark raises his note higher and higher on the perfumed air. Why do you clench your hands till the nails draw the rich, rosy blood through the thin, quivering skin? Why do you shut your teeth together, and hiss between them that one word—"hush?" It's a beautiful home, I'm sure; and that lady, with her head upon your bosom, is fair as any dream-vision of the painter. Surely nothing could be purer than that broad, high brow; nothing brighter than those golden curls.

And she loves you, too! Ah! yes, any one can read that in the deep violet eyes, raised so tenderly to your own. Ah! that is it; your young wife loves you.

She linked to yours the existence of an angel, when she knelt beside you at the marriage altar, and placed her hand in yours.

For twelve long, golden, sunny months an angel has walked or sat by your side, or slept in your bosom. You know it! No mortal woman ever made your heart bow before a purity so divine! No earthly embrace ever filled your soul with the glory from the stars; no earthly smile ever shone so unchangingly above all such noisome things as your earth-worms call care and trouble. She is an angel; and other angels have been singing to her in the long days of the pleasant June time.

"Hush," you say; but you cannot shut out the anthem notes of heaven from those unsealed ears! Louder, higher, swell the hymns of the seraphs; and brighter grows the smile on your wife's lips.

She whispers, "Dearest, I'm almost home, and you will come by-and-by, and I am going to ask God to bless you!" But you cannot bear it—you turn away, and the big tears gather in the eyes.

You had held her there on your bosom all day—all night; are you tired? But you cannot answer. Closer—closer you clasp the slight, fair figure; painfully you press your lips to the cold brow. She is dead!

What is it to you that the sunshine is bright? what that its cheerful rays fall on the broad land—*your* lands? What is it—now that she can walk on them no more? And what is death—*her* death? Few people knew her; no nation will raise a monument to her memory! But she was yours; your all! No, yours and God's; and your year of joy is over, and she rests on His bosom now in heaven. They have dug a grave for her. Spring flowers brighten over it, and the green grass smiles with daisies and violets. You go there, and sigh, and pray, and ask God if you, too, may come home? and when no answer comes, your proud heart rises up in bitterness, and with the bold, wicked words upon your tongue, you pause; for your guardian angel looks down from heaven, and whispers—"Hush!"

A Good anecdote is told of Ali Pasha, the Sultan's Grand Vizier, now in Paris. A few evenings ago, a lady, to whom this gentleman was introduced at a *soiree*, hazarded the *naive* question, "Is the Sultan married?" "A great deal, madam," was the Turk's reply.

At the recent examination of one of the schools in Cambridge, a very small boy was asked to define the meaning of the word "progress." He hesitated but a moment, and then, in a clear voice, answered, "Go ahead."

India rubber ladders don't answer as well as was supposed. There is a drawback connected with them, you climb all day without getting up any.

Digitized by Google

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Eldridge never used wine at his own table, and rarely drank anything except when in company. Judge Gray, on the contrary, never sat down to the dinner-table without his decanter of brandy, as well as his bottle of wine.

The glass or two taken by Mr. Eldridge before dinner, added to the glass or two, or three, drank with the judge during the meal, were rather too much for the sober balance of his mind. When he left Judge Gray's house, somewhere about the middle of the afternoon, it was in a state of mental confusion, if not bodily weakness. He staggered in his thoughts, if not in his steps.

"We will see you to-night," said the judge, grasping warmly the hand of Eldridge, as the latter parted from him at his door.

"I'll be there," was answered unhesitatingly.

"I'll have more to tell you then," said the judge. "The scheme is a splendid one."

"Doctor Penrose is going into it, you say?"

"Yes. He is among the shrewd ones of Arden, who know what is what."

"I'll be there, judge. You may depend on me."

"That's right. Come early."

And the two men shook hands with a pleased heartiness, as if they were the oldest, the best, and the most familiar of friends.

Eldridge moved off down the street, with an expression of blank pleasure in his face, and a watery twinkle in his eyes; while Judge Gray, with his brows contracting in earnest thought, and the flexible roundness of his lips vanishing in hard, selfish lines, returned slowly into his house.

Business connected with his profession, required Mr. Eldridge to be in his office, and he returned home immediately, and set himself to work among law books and legal papers. But, confusion of mind, consequent upon a too free acceptance of Judge Gray's hospitalities, made it impossible for him to fix his attention upon the matter before him, and most of the afternoon was, consequently, passed in half dreamy reveries, in which plans for a sudden increase of wealth mingled with troubled thoughts of home.

Towards evening, the mind of Mr. Eldridge grew clearer, and his feelings calmer. The bright colors in which the schemes of Judge Gray had shone with a fascinating lustre, gradually faded, and showed some features in the prospect that were to his eyes far from attractive. Were it not that he had passed his word to be at McQuillan's, he would have resolutely determined not to go. Even under this promise, he hesitated in his thoughts, and seriously considered the propriety of absenting himself from the meeting that was arranged to take place at the village tavern. Some reminiscences of his previous night there, did not leave the most pleasant impression on his mind; nor were all the personages he met there, who appeared to be "hand and glove" with the judge, just the kind of individuals whose acquaintanceship was most agreeable.

"I'm half inclined to break my word," he said, as he aroused himself from a deep reverie, and noticed that twilight was dimly falling, and the day fast retiring before night's approaching shadows. For some time the usual sounds of disorder and wrangling among the children had vexed his ears, though it had not much diverted his thoughts. But now, the increasing turbulence, and sharper thrill of excited voices, caused him to leave his office and go towards the scene of strife. As he stepped into the passage, the street door was quietly opened, and his wife, bonneted and shawled, glided in with a quick, noiseless step.

"Harriet!" He ejaculated, in sudden surprise. Mr. Eldridge was not before aware that his wife had been absent from home during the afternoon.

She stopped, suddenly, with a confused air, and even in the dusky light, the deep crimson of her face was partly visible.

"I thought you were at home," said Mr. Eldridge.

"You don't always think right," was answered in a voice of ill-disguised contempt.

"Where have you been?"

The husband's tones were far too imperative for the temper of his wife.

"Just where I pleased to go," sharply answered Mrs. Eldridge.

"You may go once too often. Take care!"

"Take care of what?"

"There are consequences in the future, it may be, of which you have not dreamed," said Mr. Eldridge, with a calmness of voice that sent a chill along the nerves of his wife. But her temper was not of the yielding quality, and no fear of consequences, seen or unseen, had power to break the iron firmness of her will.

"I'm no child to be frightened by your *boogaboos*," was sneeringly answered. "Nor a superstitious weakling to tremble at any man's oracular nothings. Speak out, if you have anything to say. What consequences?"

"Harriet!"

There was warning in the voice of Mr. Eldridge.

"Morgan!" Mrs. Eldridge mimicked his tone. "If you visit that Mrs. Glendy again, I will ——"

He paused, the threatened consequences unspoken.

"Say on," calmly returned his wife.

"I'll—I'll——"

But, returning self-control, prevented the utterance of words that might have wrought a separation.

Digitized by Google

A little while the unhappy couple stood silently scowling upon each other; then Mr. Eldridge stepped back into his office, and his wife kept on her way to her chamber.

"Oh, foolish, foolish woman!" ejaculated the miserable husband, as he shut the door of his office. "What evil spirit is driving you madly on to ruin your own peace, and that of all to whom you bear intimate relation?"

CHAPTER X.

The meeting of Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge at the supper-table was distant and formal. In one thing there was concord between them, and that was in a calm, stern repression of all turbulence among the children. Neither was in a mood to be trifled with; that the young rebels saw, and wisely forbore to draw down upon themselves certain punishment.

The few sharp words which passed between the husband and wife, at their meeting a little while before, had chafed the feelings of Mr. Eldridge exceedingly. The wine taken at Judge Gray's had left a portion of its inflammable qualities in his blood, dimmed the wiser perceptions of his mind, and weakened his self-control. It was remarkable, how, under the circumstances, he had managed to guard himself in his exciting interview with his fretted companion, on meeting her in the passage a little while before.

A multitude of thoughts crowded through the mind of Mr. Eldridge, as he sat at the tea table, feigning to eat rather than really partaking of food. Several times words formed themselves in his mind, and were about leaping into impulsive expressions, when he checked the purpose to speak and bit his lips in forced silence.

Mrs. Eldridge showed no inclination to let her thoughts pass beyond her own keeping.

The meal ended, husband and wife retired, one to his office, and the other to her own apartment.

"Shall I go or not?" This was the mental enquiry of Eldridge, as he seated himself in his office chair. A long time he held the question in even debate. One word from a loving wife—one glance from her tender eyes—one smile from her lips, would have ended the contest.—All the attractive features of Judge Gray's proposals would have changed instantly, by contrast, into what was repulsive. But he had no guardian angel to walk by his side through the world. He stood solitary in his conflict, repulsed from his own fireside—driven out to meet temptation, instead of being held back from danger, by the strong hand of love.

An hour after leaving the tea-table, we find him amid a company of five well-known personages in Arden, seated around a table in a private room at McQuillan's tavern, on which are glasses, wine, brandy, cigars, and a quire of writing paper, with pens and ink. Judge Gray occupied a seat at the table and was, as could be seen at a glance, the leading spirit of the party. Doctor Penrose was not there. His absence seemed particularly to be regretted by the judge, who had promised him to the company, and was still confident that he would make his appearance.

The first business in order was the examination of a scheme for making a large sum of money, which the judge had proposed, and which he now laid before the company in detail. An extensive tract of land, on the north side of the town, lay just at the terminus of a projected railroad from the capital of the state to Arden, and thence through a wealthy district of country to the main line of railroads leading to Atlantic cities. This tract of land was to be purchased from the present owner, who was ignorant of the railroad schemes, and therefore ignorant of the prospective value of his land.

"Forty dollars an acre will buy this piece of land," said the judge confidently. "It is not good for much as farming soil, but will yield a golden harvest, a few years hence, when cropped with houses and manufactories, as it surely will be."

"How many acres does it contain?" asked Eldridge.

"Six hundred."

"It will cost twenty-four thousand dollars."

"Yes. But liberal time can be secured; and, long before half the payments are due, the sale of one-sixth of the land will meet the whole liability."

"Will this railroad ever be constructed?" was enquired.

"In less than two years, you will hear the locomotives' scream every hour in Arden," confidently replied the judge. "I know, intimately, the men who have taken the matter in hand. They own thousands of acres on the projected line, and wield almost unlimited influence in our legislature. The charter is already drawn, leading capitalists are already pledged for half the stock, and the governor's word is passed to sign the bill. I had letters from friends at the capital yesterday, which give positive assurance that in less than a month the charter will be a legal instrument, and the route put under survey."

"The engineers may designate a route that will not include Arden in the benefits of the road," said Mr. Eldridge.

"No danger of that. We are on the air line."

"Powerful local interests may bend the line," remarked Eldridge."

"Not away from Arden. I know all the interests at stake, and am so confident that the road will be here in less than twenty-four months, that I shall risk all I am worth in property speculations. Send that bottle along, Craig."

The individual addressed in the last sentence, was engaged in cutting the cork of a champagne bottle, the "pop" of which was just then heard. All the glasses around the table were filled, and all drank to the sentiment of Judge Gray—"The new times in Arden."

Before the exhilarating influences of this bottle had subsided, the individuals present resolved themselves into a land association, with Judge Gray as president and Eldridge as Secretary, and voted to purchase the tract of six hundred acres just referred to.

Digitized by Google

"We'll put you down for a hundred acres?" said Judge Gray, addressing Eldridge.

"Thank you, judge," returned the lawyer.—"But you are far too liberal. Twenty acres will come up to my ability."

"Nonsense! I'll write down a hundred.—Why, man, you don't know on which side your bread is buttered. As secretary of our association, your interests should at least be half of mine, and I want two hundred acres. Say a hundred!" And the judge leaned over towards Eldridge and spoke in a lower tone. "Say a hundred. If it should crowd you, I'll take the purchase off of your hands."

"Very well, put me down for a hundred acres," replied Eldridge, into whose head the champagne fumes were rising. "I reckon I can manage it."

The remaining three hundred were distributed between the balance of the company, in portions of fifty acres each. A few formal rules and regulations for the government of the company were next adopted; and then, after an idle half hour devoted to smoking, drinking, and political disquisitions, a couple of packs of cards were thrown upon the table, as the signal for a new diversion.

"You must excuse me," said Eldridge, rising, and making a movement to leave the table.—Confused as his thoughts were by the liquor he had taken, the better principles by which his conduct in life had been governed were shocked at the sight of cards, introduced under the circumstances.

"You are the last man to be excused tonight," said Judge Gray, imperatively, yet in a pleasant way, as he laid his hand upon the arm of Eldridge, and forced him back into his chair. The latter had little power of resistance left; and so yielded to the force of a stronger will.

It was midnight when Eldridge found his way home, none the happier for the evening's deeds and experiences. He was neither a wiser nor a better man. From the safe path in which he had thus far trodden with a manly sense of rectitude, he had stepped aside, and in doing so, had become conscious of the instant presence of an evil-alluring power, against the force of which human strength was little more than weakness. He had not only played at cards for money, but had been the winner by over a hundred dollars at one time during the evening, and been greatly elated at the result. He did not come away in so good a condition, pecuniarily, having lost these winnings and over two hundred dollars besides, for which the man Craig held his obligation as a "debt of honor."

All was silent within, as Eldridge groped his way along the dark passage, and up the stairs. In passing the sitting-room, a thin ray of light glanced through a slight crevice in the door, and he opened it and stepped into the apartment. The lamp was just dying out; but there was light enough to show him his wife sitting asleep in an easy chair; and upon the table a decanter and three wine glasses, with remains of fruit and cake. She had not spent the evening alone. But who were her visiters?

The thought and enquiry, after the occurrences of the previous day, stung the mind of Eldridge into vague suspicion. A few moments he stood, silently gazing upon his unconscious wife, and then left the room with noiseless steps, and went to his chamber. She never knew at what hour he came home that night, nor did he know when she awoke in the dark sitting room, and groped her way to their chamber; for touching the events of the evening, neither made enquiry of the other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLER.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

"Gipsy weird! whose wild eyes see
What the future bears to me,
In its great arms silently!

"Tell me, ere I pass the gate
Of sweet girlhood, if my fate
Write me fair or desolate?

"Tell me if the burning scroll;
Which before thy gaze doth roll,
Weareth marks of weal or dole?"

Oh! the maiden's face was sweet
As the May-blooms round her feet,
Leaning down the winds to greet.

But amid blue heights serene,
Angel-eyes leaned o'er this scene,
Clouds of golden hair between.

Then from angel-psalteries broke,
Ringing outward with one stroke,
Pealing as an organ note:

"Maiden, human eyes ne'er sweep
O'er that mystic page and deep,
Which the Father's love doth keep.

"O'er the stones thy feet may bleed,
But His own right hand shall lead,
Best through all thy human need.

"And when He has guided past
All the life-briars sown broadcast,
Thou shalt wear the crown at last."

V. F. T.

STUDY OF MANKIND.—In order to love mankind, expect but little from them; in order to view their faults without bitterness, we must accustom ourselves to pardon them, and to perceive that indulgence is a justice which frail humanity has a right to demand from wisdom. Now, nothing tends more to dispose us to indulgence, to close our hearts against hatred, to open them to the principles of a humane and soft morality, than a profound knowledge of the human heart. Accordingly, the wisest men have always been the most indulgent.—*Bulwer.*

Digitized by Google

ON THE AGE OF FOREST TREES.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

De Candolle, and other botanists before him, have described different trees which have arrived at a great age, and the first, in the second volume of his "Physiologie Végétale," has given a list of trees, with their respective ages and magnitudes. According to De Candolle, the common elm will sometimes, under favorable circumstances, live 335 years; the ivy, 450; the mountain maple, 500; the larch, 576; the orange tree, 630, and the chestnut tree, 646 years.

There are also trees which arrive at a still higher age. A chestnut tree is now growing on the side of Mount Etna, in Sicily, the stem of which is hollow, and 180 feet in circumference. It is called by the natives "Castagna di cento cavalli," because a hundred horsemen can find shelter in its interior. The age of this tree is unknown, but its immense size proves its great antiquity. It is indeed a noble tree which has outlived and sheltered successive generations!

By Neustadt, in the kingdom of Wurtenburg, in Germany, stands a linden tree, which must have been very old, in 1229; for an old tradition says, that the city, which formerly was called Helmbundt, was destroyed in 1226, and was again rebuilt in 1229, "*near the great linden.*" This linden was so remarkable and well-known, that for centuries the Germans were accustomed to speak of Neustadt as the city "near the great linden." In a poem written in 1408, it is described as growing near the gate of the city, its branches being supported by sixty-seven pillars. In the year 1664 there were eighty-two, and in 1832 one hundred and six of them.—They were built of stone, and erected just as they were required, in accordance with increased horizontal growth of the branches. The oldest inscriptions on these pillars bear the respective dates of 1558, 1562, and 1583, with the name and escutcheons of those who erected them.—In the year 1832, the stem of this tree was, at a height of six feet above the ground, thirty-seven feet six inches in circumference. It must therefore have been from 750 to 800 years old, at the lowest estimate. Since 1832, it has suffered so much by tempests, that it is now almost, comparatively speaking, a complete ruin.

There are some cedars now growing on Mount Lebanon, in Syria, supposed to be the remains of that forest which furnished Solomon with timber for the Jewish temple, 3000 years ago. They were examined by Belonius in 1550, who found them twenty-eight in number. In 1696, Maundrell counted only sixteen, and in 1818, according to Dr. Richardson, there were still seven of them left. There can be no doubt as to the great age of these trees. Maundrell mentions the size of one of them, which was thirty six feet six inches in circumference, and one hundred and seventeen feet in the spread of its boughs.

The oak also sometimes arrives at a very great age. There are oaks now growing in England which were planted before the time of the Norman conquest, in 1066, and which are therefore more than 800 years old.

The yew tree (*Taxus bacaba*) is occasionally still older. One of these trees, which is *now* growing at Fountain's Abbey, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, was examined by Pennant in 1770, and was then more than 1200 years old, and another in the church-yard of Brayburn, in Kent, according to the measurement of Evelyn in 1660, had then attained an age of 2880 years, and, consequently, is now more than 3000 years old.

The so-called American cypress, (*Taxodium distichum,*) which is found in Florida, in Southern Louisiana, and in Mexico, has not unfrequently, at a height of one hundred and twenty feet above the ground, a circumference of forty feet, and must therefore be very old. A fine specimen of this tree now grows in the garden of Chapultepec, Mexico, which was of an immense size about the time of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, in 1520, and was then known as Montezuma's cypress; and in the province of Oaxaca, in the same country, still stands the same cypress which sheltered the troops of Ferdinando Cortez. These trees are at least 4000 years old, in fact De Candolle considers them to be much older.

But the Baobab (*Adansonia digitata*) is the most celebrated instance of extreme vegetable longevity which we have on record. This tree grows in Western Africa. In its native country it bears a name which signifies "a thousand years," and contrary to what is generally the case, this name expresses what is in reality far short of the truth. Adanson noticed one in the *Cape de Verd* islands, which had been observed by two English travellers three centuries earlier; he found within its trunk the inscription, which they had engraven there, covered over by 300 woody layers, and thus was enabled to estimate the rate of increase of the stem in three centuries. With this measure he succeeded in estimating the number of years' growth of the entire stem, and in ascertaining the age of the tree, which he found to be 5,150 years.

The age of the same species of tree varies, as circumstances are more or less favorable to its growth. This is evident from the following list of the relative age of different trees:

The palm lives from 200 to 300 years.
The larch lives from 263 to 576 years.
The chestnut lives from 360 to 626 years.
The orange lives from 400, 509 to 646 years.
The linden lives from 364, 530, 800, 825 to 1,076 years.
The oak lives from 600, 800, 860, 1,000 to 1,400 years.
The olive lives from 700, 1,000 to 2,000 years.
The yew lives from 1,214, 1,466, 2,588 to 2,880 years.

Digitized by Google

To each tree equally with the lowly plant that grows beneath its shade, a limited period of life has been assigned. The tree, even though it stands for a thousand years, must ultimately decay, disappear, and yield its place to another. But this is no reason why we should not seek to prolong the life of trees to the utmost extent of which they are capable. There must be some cause for their early decay, or the prolongation of their vitality. It is very desirable to know how to protect trees against those hurtful outward influences, which bring on disease, premature decay, and loss of vitality, so that the quantity and value of the timber which they form may be increased. The subject deserves to be carefully treated, and shall be considered at some future time.

ARTIFICIAL GEMS.

Just outside the Barriere du Trone, at Paris, stands a large factory, where a species of sand, brought from the Forest of Fontainbleau, is converted into emerald, topaz, sapphire and ruby. Artificial pearls are also produced in great numbers, and as they are lined with fish scales, an active fishery of roach and dace is kept up in the Seine during the spring months, when the fish are in their prime. But it is for the manufacture of diamonds that the factory is most celebrated—diamonds that deceive the eye of everybody but the maker. Thomas Carlyle has given us, among his *Essays*, a story concerning *The Diamond Necklace*, which lets us into the secret of a most stupendous fraud, successfully accomplished before the very eyes of royalty; and if we could get at the history of the transactions of this diamond factory, we should find the fraudulent business still lively. Many have been deceived who never found out the cheat put upon them; others have discovered it to their sorrow. We give one instance from among many, borrowed from a contemporary:

"A few years ago, an English lady entered the shop belonging to the proprietor of the factory, situate on the Boulevard, looking rather flushed and excited, and drawing from her muff a number of morocco cases of many shapes and sizes, opened them one after another, and spread them on the counter.

"I wish," she said, "to inquire the price of a *parure* to be made in exact imitation of this; that is, if you *can* imitate the workmanship with sufficient precision for the distinction never to be observed."

M. B—— examined the articles attentively, named his price, and gave the most unequivocal promise that the *parure* should be an exact counterpart of the one before him. The lady insisted again. She was urgent overmuch, as is the case with the fair sex in general. Was he sure the imitation would be perfect? Had he observed the beauty and purity of these stones? Could he imitate the peculiar manner in which they were cut, &c.

"Soyez tranquille, madame," replied M. B——; "the same workman shall have the job, and you may rely on having an exact counterpart of his former work."

The lady opened her eyes in astonishment and alarm; and M. B—— added, by way of reassuring her: "I will attend to the order myself, as I did when I received the commands of Milor ——, who ordered this very *parure*, I think, last February," and with the greatest unconcern, he proceeded to search his ledger, to ascertain which of his workmen made it, and the date of its delivery. Meanwhile, the lady had sunk down in a swoon. The milor named by the tradesman was no other than her own treacherous lord and master, who had forestalled her, by exchanging Rundell and Bridge's goodly work against M. B——'s deceptive counterfeit, no doubt to liquidate his obligations on the turf. The vexation of the lady on recovering from her fainting fit may be imagined; she reproached the diamond-maker with having assisted her husband in deceiving her, and retired mortified at the idea that she herself had never detected the difference between the false and the real. Many times had she worn the glittering gems, believing them to be the same she had brought in her casket from England."

We have heard it said, that many of the snuff-boxes given away as marks of royal or imperial favor, are adorned with diamonds made in M. B——'s factory; and that Mehemet Ali, the late Pacha of Egypt, was the first to give away the costly-looking shams. If this be true, it would only be fair to expose the mighty personages, as well as cheating grocers. Let the recipients of snuff-boxes and diamond-rings see to it. A mock tiara, that may be bought for 600 francs, will look as well as a real one worth £1000. What, then, shall be said of minor articles?

POPULAR OPINIONS.—To adopt popular opinions without the slightest hesitation, is to run the risk of introducing into science, to its great injury, a multitude of confined notions, founded on phenomena imperfectly seen and inaccurately examined; but to reject such opinions, without examination, is often to lose an opportunity of important discovery.—*Arago.*

JUDGING OTHERS.—We measure the excellency of other men by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet, poor enough, as poets used to be, seeing an alderman, with his gold chain, upon his great horse, by way of scorn said to one of his companions: "Do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks? Why, that fellow cannot make a blank verse!"

Digitized by Google



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"We're going to take supper out on the lawn, and such a grand time as we shall have. There will be thirty of us, Hattie."

"But there's Agnes Lane; you didn't count her name, Bertha. Of course, you'll invite her, though?"

The red lip of the little girl curled very scornfully, as she answered: "No, indeed I sha'n't. Her mother's only a washerwoman, and, of course, we don't associate with such people."

The two children stood together at the close of the afternoon session, in the narrow dressing hall of the academy. They were intimate friends, and went out now to join their companions on the green.

Then a little girl, with soft, blue eyes, moist with tears, came stilly from behind the door, where she had listened to this conversation. It was Agnes Lane, the washerwoman's daughter. You would have pitied her, little children, I am very certain, if you had seen her at that moment, her pale, sweet face all tremulous with wounded feeling, as she tossed on her gingham sun-bonnet and sprang out of the side door, and down a by-path that led to the woods. It was a very bright summer's afternoon; the birds sang their sweet hymns of peace and love to human hearts amid the cool, green branches, and a little way off Agnes Lane could hear the soft feet of the brook, as they ran gleefully over the mossy gray stones under the rock.

But she did not heed the voice of bird or brook at this time, for the louder one that was in her heart. She threw herself down under a hazel bush, thick with clusters of half-ripened nuts, and the sobs broke up from her heart, and the tears rained down on the grass.

"There's no use in my trying to be anybody," thought the little girl, "for they'll despise me anyway, because mamma takes in washing. Oh, dear! if papa hadn't died away off at sea, and left her with me and the baby, she needn't have done this! I don't want to go back to school any more, it makes me feel so, to think all the girls look down on me; and I guess I'll ask mamma to let me stay at home and help her take care of the baby, and do the coarse ironing after this. Poor mamma! it is very hard for her to spare me at all, she has so much to do. It will be very hard te give up my studies, though; just as I am getting up with the other girls. How pleasantly Miss Grant smiled on me, as she said yesterday, 'I think, my dear child, you will be able to enter the first class next term, if you get on so bravely.' And then it will disappoint mamma so much, for she expects I will be a school-teacher some time, and make lots of money, and take care of her and the baby; and she worked so hard all last winter, so I could go to school this summer. But I can't, I'm sure I can't go back again, and have Bertha Willis and all the girls feel so much above me, thinking all the time I am only a 'poor washerwoman's daughter.' Maybe it was foolish of me ever to want to make a school-teacher, or expect to be anybody. What a nice time they will have at the party to-morrow. I never went to one in my whole life. They'll all be dressed in white, with blue sashes; and eat strawberries under the great apple trees on the front lawn; and I shall sit all alone at home, forgotten and despised!" And the tears dripped faster than ever on the grass, over which bowed sorrowfully the brown curls of Agnes Lane.

Take courage, poor little crushed heart. The angels that are with God the Father do not despise and forget thee, and though thou hearest not the rustle of their gleaming wings through the blue summer air, yet they are rushing down to thee, bearing a white thought to drop into thy heart.

Agnes started suddenly, and stared about her. Nobody was near. She heard the cool rustle of the tree boughs rhyming in with the tinkle of

Digitized by Google

the brook-feet, and the singing of the birds. But sweeter than all these was the voice she had heard plainly, as though human lips had spoken at her ear: "The end may be better than the beginning, and the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit."

Then a new light, and a new hope crept into Agnes's heart. She remembered she had a Father in Heaven, if she had none on earth, and that He loved His poor and lowly children just as well as He did His rich and proud ones, for He is no respecter of persons.

Yes, she would be "patient in spirit," and as her lips murmured over the blessed words, a new light broke into the little girl's face. She would keep on at school, studying bravely and earnestly, doing the best she could; and when the girls passed her by scornfully, and took no notice of her, she would try not to let it trouble her, remembering that God would not despise her, and that He had promised to take care of those who "put their trust in Him."

And at last, when the great sun rested like a golden tiara on the mountain in the west, little Agnes rose up from under the hazel bush, tied on her gingham sunbonnet once more, and went home with a quieter heart.

There was nothing talked of at school the next day, but the party. All the girls in the first and second class, except Agnes, were invited, and if a sigh sometimes came up to her lips, or her little hand brushed away the tears from her blue eyes, when she heard the girls talking of their new dresses, and of the nice time they were to have, it is not very strange, not very unlike what you might have done under the same circumstances.

It was recess the day before the party, and Agnes had taken her "Definer," and gone out, all alone, to an old oak tree that threw its shadows into a corner of the large play ground in front of the academy. She was studying very diligently, when a soft hand was lain on her hair, and she looked up to see the hazel eyes of Hattie Ames smiling down in hers.

"What makes you run away from us all every day?" she said, throwing herself down on the grass, and the dark shadows rocked around the children, like ocean-waves heaved gently by the south wind "You are so shy of us all, that we can't, any of us, get acquainted with you, though you've been here almost a term. I think it's quite too bad of you to like your books so well; you can't give us a moment of your time."

"But you know I am the last scholar, and it wasn't my place to speak first. I was afraid it would be intruding," answered Agnes, with a timid grace which was very natural to her, though she was a washerwoman's daughter.

"Well, I expect we haven't been very polite," said Hattie, with a bright, ingenuous smile glancing over her face. School-girls are such wild, harum-scarum creatures, you know, they never think of anything like politeness."

I hardly know how it happened, but Agnes Lane's heart opened to these kindly words as naturally as the buds open to the April rain. Almost before she was conscious of what she was doing, she had confided to her sympathizing companion the whole story of her struggles and suffering, even to the conversation she had overheard the day before, in which Bertha Willis had stigmatised her as the washerwoman's daughter.

"It is too bad; but don't think of it, Agnes. You know Bertha's family are all very aristocratic—at least I have heard mamma say so; but you mustn't mind her haughty looks and manner, for if we don't disgrace ourselves, nobody can disgrace us, and 'the germ of true greatness lies in our own character.' I read that this very morning. And now, Agnes, *we* will be friends, anyway, and you won't mind what the other girls do or say, will you?"

"No, I shan't. Oh! it seems so good to know somebody loves me!" and the impulsive child, yielding to the real luxury of this thought, threw her arms around Hattie's neck, and pressed down a world of quick, quivering kisses on her companion's forehead.

Then the school-bell rang. The two children rose up, and with their arms wound about each other's waists, went toward the academy. If Agnes's face was the more radiant at that moment, I cannot tell whether her heart was the happier of the two—for have you not read, and sometimes felt, little ones, that "It is more blessed to give than to receive"?

INTERESTING CONVERSATIONS,

AND STORIES FOR LITTLE ONES.—No. VII.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

"What funny people the Mexicans were, Miss Mary, weren't they?" said Aggie, after her class had finished reciting their geography one morning. "Funny! why Aggie?" "To think that the fire and noise of the cannon was thunder and lightning!" "But, you must remember, that they had never seen such things before, Aggie, and as there is some similarity between the fire and noise of cannon, and thunder and lightning, it is not at all surprising that they should have come to such a conclusion." "I think I know now what makes the thunder, Miss Mary," said Archie. "Well, let us hear what it is, Archie." "It is the noise the lightning makes when it shoots from the clouds, just the same as a gun when it is fired off." "Very good for a little boy like you, Archie. Lightning parts the air, and the noise it makes when it comes together again is what we term thunder." "And we see the fire from the gun before we hear the noise, just like we see the lightning before we hear the thunder; don't we, Miss Mary?" "Yes, Archie." "But," said Aggie, "we don't hear the thunder as soon as we hear the gun; what's the reason, Miss Mary?" "I suppose you mean that we do not hear the thunder as soon after we see the lightning, as we do the report of a gun after the flash. Is that it?"

Digitized by Google

"Yes, ma'am." "Generally, we do not; but have you never heard the thunder immediately after the lightning, Aggie?" "Oh! yes, ma'am. It did the other day when we were in the woods. But it does not often come so quick." "No, because it is not often so near us. None of us, I suppose, have any particular desire that it should be." "When the thunder comes so soon after the lightning, it always strikes somewhere, doesn't it, Miss Mary," asked Fanny. "Whenever the thunder comes so soon after the flash, we may know that the lightning cloud is very near us, and, in all probability, has struck somewhere." "But why can't we hear the thunder always so soon, Miss Mary?" "Because, as I said a while ago, it is not always so near; and because sound does not travel near so fast as light. Light travels so fast, that it would go eight times around the earth in one second; while sound would only go three hundred and eighty yards in that time. Thus the flash of lightning comes to us almost instantaneously, no matter how distant it may be; but the thunder, which is the sound made by the flash, will be almost five seconds coming a mile!" "Then the more time there is between the lightning and thunder, the farther off it is," said one of the larger scholars. Miss Mary answered "Yes." "Then if we take notice how many seconds there are between the two, and multiply them by three hundred and eighty, we can tell exactly how many yards off the lightning is!" "Yes, and if we divide the number of yards by seventeen hundred and sixty, because seventeen hundred and sixty yards make a mile, we can tell exactly how many miles off it is. But what have you got to say, Archie?" continued Miss Mary, who noticed that the little boy seemed desirous of communicating something. "Why I was just thinking of something I saw the other day. I was out in the country and I saw a man ever so far off, splitting some logs. But I couldn't hear a bit of noise when he brought his axe down, but only when he raised it up. I thought it was so funny, and I asked Tom, our man, who was with me, what was the reason, but he said 'he didn't know.' But it is just the same as the thunder, isn't it, Miss Mary?" "Yes, Archie, the noise which the axe made when it struck the wood, didn't reach your ear until the man had raised it up again. But it is getting late, so we will talk no more about these things at present."

DISRESPECT TO TEACHERS.

The school was composed entirely of boys, and numbered about fifty scholars, ranging from eight, to sixteen years of age. It was situated four or five miles from a large city, in a village which was then, and is now, a noted resort for "fast" young men. As a consequence, the boys became acquainted with all the profane, vulgar, and slang expressions of the day, and were much inclined to be rude and pert, both in and out of school.

One day, a slight disturbance having occurred in one of the classes, the teacher asked a scholar concerning it, and received a very disrespectful and insulting reply.

After a moment's silence, he went on with the recitation, apparently intending to take no notice of the offence. The scholars were much surprised at this seeming indifference, and commented on it freely among themselves at the close of school.

The next morning the teacher called the attention of his school, saying pleasantly that he wished to ask a few questions.

"If," said he, "you were at play in the yard, and a gentleman riding by in a chaise should stop and inquire the way to Brighton, would you tell him?"

"Yes, sir," promptly answered the boys.

"But how would you tell him? In pleasant, gentlemanly tones, or gruffly, as though he had no right to trouble you, and disturb your plays?"

"I would tell him as well as I could," said one of the boys, and all raised their hands to indicate their approval of the answer.

"But suppose a common laborer should ask you the same question, would you tell him?"

"Yes, sir," was again the reply.

"And you would tell him in as polite a manner as you told the other?"

"Yes, sir," said all the boys.

"But suppose that instead of one of those, a strolling beggar, clothed in filthy garments, and having every appearance of a man who had debased himself by his vices, should ask you the same information, would you tell *him?*"

A hearty "yes, sir," was, as before, the response.

"But would you be as particular to tell him as kindly and pleasantly as you would be to tell the others?"

"Most certainly, we should," said the boys, some even adding that they ought to be more particular to speak kindly to such a person.

The teacher had now gained his point. The scholars had established for themselves a principle which each felt was just and true, and it only remained for the teacher to make the application.

"Yesterday," said he, slowly and impressively, "I asked George Jones a question, which I not only had a right to ask, but which it was my duty to ask, and he gave a disrespectful answer. Is it possible that there is a boy in this school, who would treat his teacher worse than he would the meanest vagabond that walks the streets?"

It was enough. Nothing more was said, yet every scholar felt the reproof; and the teacher did not, during the remainder of the term, have occasion to complain of the slightest want of respect on the part of any of his pupils.—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

False happiness is like false money; it passes, for a time, as well as the true; but when it is brought to the touch we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.—*Pope.*

Digitized by Google

Hints to Housekeepers.

www.libtool.com.cn

Observations on Cleaning and Dressing Fish.—Before dressing fish of any kind, great care should be taken that it is well washed and cleaned, but be cautious not to wash it too much, as the flavor is much diminished by too much water. When boiling fish, put a little salt and a little vinegar into the water to give it firmness. Be careful to let fish be well done, but not to let it break. When very fresh, cod and whiting are very much improved by keeping a day, and rubbing a little salt down the back-bone. Fresh-water fish often have a muddy smell and taste, which is easily got rid of by soaking it. After it has been thoroughly cleansed in strong salt and water, if the fish is not too large, scald it in the same, then dry and dress it.

Put the fish in cold water, and let it boil very gently, or the outside will break before the inside is warm. Put all crimped fish into boiing water; and when it boils up, some cold water should be put into it to check it, and keep it simmering. All fish should be taken out of the water the instant it is done, or it will become woolly. To ascertain when it is done, the fish-plate may be drawn up, and, if done, the meat will leave the bone. To keep it hot, and to prevent it losing its color, the fish-plate should be placed across the fish-kettle, and a clean cloth put over the fish.

Small fish may be nicely fried plain, or done with egg and bread crumbs, and then fried.—On the dish on which the fish is to be served should be placed a damask napkin, folded, and upon this put the fish, with the roe and liver; then garnish the dish with horse-radish, parsley, and lemon.

To broil or fry fish nicely, after it is well washed, it should be put in a cloth, and when dry, wetted with egg and bread crumbs. It will be much improved by being wetted with egg and crumbs a second time. Then have your pan ready with plenty of boiling dripping or lard, put your fish into it, and let it fry rather quickly till it is of a nice brown and appears done. If it is done before being nicely browned, it should be taken from the pan, and placed on a sieve before the fire, to drain and brown.—If wanted very nice, put a sheet of cap paper to receive the fish. Should you fry your fish in oil, it obtains a much finer color than when done in lard or dripping. Never use butter, as it makes the fish a bad color. Garnish your dish with green or fried parsley.

In broiling fish, be careful that your gridiron is clean; place it on the fire, and when hot rub it over with suet, to hinder the fish from sticking. The fish must be floured and seasoned before broiling. It must be broiled over a clear fire only, and great care must be taken that it does not burn or become smoky.

Broiled fish for breakfast should always be skinned, buttered, and peppered.

Fish are boiled, fried, broiled, baked, stewed—in fact, cooked in every imaginable fashion. Those named are the chief methods. In every kind the greatest attention and cleanliness must be exercised. A broken, disfigured, abrased, or ill-cooked dish of fish, presented at table, is quite sufficient to destroy the taste for it for ever; on the contrary, when neatly done, it heightens the relish which every one possesses, more or less, and imparts an appetite where one may be wanting, while the cook is held in grateful remembrance.

To Preserve Lard Sweet.—Instead of putting it into large vessels, put it in stone crocks, or jars, of from one to four gallons each; when cooling or thickening, put in your salt, which will mix through the lard, instead of settling on the bottom of the crock. The next day take clean bits of cotton cloth, rather larger than the top of the vessel, and after putting it smoothly down, and pressing the edges snugly around so as to exclude all air, pack in a close layer of salt, then lay over another piece of cotton cloth, and turn over it a plate or a cover which will fit tightly,—then tie over two thicknesses of paper, and set it in a cool dry place. In this way I have kept lard perfectly sweet eighteen months.

Crocks of butter should be kept in the same way.

Coffee Made Clear.—Clear coffee may always be had with little trouble or expense, by thoroughly stirring into the coffee after being roasted and nearly cool, the white of an egg, in the proportion of one egg to a pound of coffee; keep it in a warm, but not hot place, an hour after, to become brittle.

Another Way.—Tie your coffee in a loose flannel bag, leaving plenty of room for it to swell.

Stoves Pipes.—Linseed oil laid upon stove pipes when warm (not hot) and kept at a low temperature five or six hours, will impart a fine lustre. One gill will serve for half a dozen joints.

Know Nothings.—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, half a cup of water, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, half the quantity of soda, nutmeg or spice to your taste, with flour sufficient to roll out and cut, will make cookies for Know Nothings.—*Michigan Farmer.*

To Make Cheap and Excellent Vinegar.—To

Digitized by Google

eight gallons of clear rain water, add three quarts of molasses, turn the mixture into a clean tight cask, shake it well two or three times, and add three spoonfuls of good yeast, or two yeast cakes. Place the cask in a warm place, and in ten or fifteen days add a sheet of common wrapping paper, smeared with molasses and torn into narrow strips, and you will have good vinegar. The paper is necessary to form the "mother," or life of the liquid.

CRACKERS—EXCELLENT RECIPE.—Half a tea-cup of shortening, three tea-cups of cold water, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and nearly five quarts of flour. Rub the shortening, soda, cream of tartar, and salt, well into the flour, then wet up with the water—the dough will be very stiff, needs no pounding nor extra kneading. Cut out, prick, and bake in a quick oven.

TO MAKE MINCE PIES WITHOUT MEAT.—Prepare your pie crust and apples in the usual way: when seasoned, and in the pie-pans, fill to the top of the apples with custard prepared the same as for custard pie; then put on the top crust and bake; you will have a good imitation of mince pie in appearance, but in flavor far preferable, although the taste is similar.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TO PREPARE FRUIT FOR CHILDREN.—A far more wholesome way than in pies or puddings, is to put apples sliced, or plums, currants, gooseberries, &c., into a stone jar, and sprinkle among them as much sugar as necessary. Set the jar in an oven or on a hearth, with a tea-cupful of water to prevent the fruit from burning; or put the jar into a saucepan of water until its contents be perfectly done. Slices of bread or some rice may be put into the jar, to eat with the fruit.

TO DRESS VEGETABLES FOR CHILDREN.—Their rice ought to be cooked in no more water than is necessary to swell it; their apples roasted, or stewed with no more water than is necessary to steam them; their vegetable so well cooked as to make them require little butter, and less digestion; their eggs boiled slow and soft.

SCOTCH SHORT-BREAD.—Mix two pounds of flour, dried and well sifted, with a pound of powdered sugar, three ounces of candied citron and orange peel cut into dice, and half a pound of caraway comfits; mix these with half a pound of melted butter melted in a saucepan; then make the paste, roll it out the thickness of half an inch, cut it into cakes, place them on white paper, prick, and bake them of a pale color.

TO CLARIFY BUTTER.—Scrape off the outsides of the butter you may require, and then put it into a stewpan by the side of a slow fire, where it must remain till the scum rises to the top and the milk settles at the bottom; with a spoon carefully take off the scum; when clear, it is fit for use.

TO PRESERVE CHEESE SOUND.—Wash it in warm whey once a month, wipe it, and keep it on a rack; if you wish it to ripen, keep it in a damp cellar, which will bring it forward; when a whole cheese is cut, the largest piece should be spread inside with butter, and the outside should be wiped to preserve it; to keep that which is in daily use moist, let a clean cloth be wetted and wrapped round the cheese, when carried from table.

TO CLEAN FLOOR-CLOTH.—After sweeping and cleaning the floor-cloth with a broom and damp flannel in the usual manner, wet them over with milk, and rub them till beautifully bright with a dry cloth; they will thus look as if they were rubbed first with a waxed flannel, and afterwards with a dry one, without being so slippery, or so soon clogging with dust or dirt.

TO CLEAN WATER-CASKS.—Scour the inside well out with water and sand, and afterwards apply a quantity of charcoal dust; another and a better method is to rinse them with a strong solution of oil of vitriol and water, which entirely deprives them of their foulness.

BED LINEN should be well aired before it is used. Keep your sheets folded in pairs on a shelf: closets are better than drawers or chests for linen; it will not be so likely to gather damp.

ATTACKING A CROWNED HEAD.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

Now, reader, isn't that "comical?" But behind the laugh that is breaking over your lips, isn't there a sigh for the old days when you wove crowns out of green oak leaves, and gemmed them with golden dandelions? And then there is something so life-like, so *real*, in the positions and expressions of the two children and the quadruped.

"Alimentiveness" and "firmness" must be his most prominent craniological developments, if he does not relinquish his hold, under the clutch of one hand, and the blows of the other. Just look at the emphasis in every lineament of that boy's face. Oh! chivalric defender of helpless innocence and beauty, may'st thou save not only the crown, but the "ear" of her whose cause thou hast so earnestly espoused.

Both are certainly in imminent peril now, but the fixedness of thy purpose, and the indignant application of thy birch twig will most likely procure a speedy release of the "crowned head."

Digitized by Google

Editors' Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE OMNIBUS RIDE, ETC.

If there is anything in this world that electrifies, and revitalizes the spirit whose wings are weary with the burden, and stained with the dust of the earth-life, it is the memory and the mention of deeds of kindness. Little deeds, we mean, unheralded, and unobtrusive, seeking no reward, and finding none in this world. Fresh, crystal drops are they, from that fountain whose waters play on, pure and cool, in the deep heart of the world; just as the fountain waves gush out, bright and serene, in the soiled heart of the city. Small flowers are they, hidden among the grass and weeds, yet filling the highways with their fragrance—grains of pure gold, that shall be coined in the great mint of time, and pass current in the kingdom of Heaven.

Do you love to dwell on the bright side of Humanity, reader? Do you love to search for the golden veins that pierce through our dark earthliness, and wind on and reach up till they strike the new soil of the kingdom of Heaven?

If you do all these things, then you will listen to a simple story we learned the other day, and which we hope may do you as much good as it did us.

It was raining when she entered the omnibus, not one of those good, round, rushing, rollicking showers, that come right down on you in a "whether or no" sort of manner, as if every drop had a soul, and was as glad to get loose from the clouds, as naughty children are to make good their escape from dark closets, where they have been unwillingly immured for the space of five minutes. Nothing of this kind, we assure you, was the rain which the young lady left outside the omnibus, but a sleepy, sighing, dripping, depressed sort of an affair, without any more emphasis or spirit in it than the leaden gray clouds overhead.

But there were heavier clouds wrapped about the heart of the lady as she took her seat, and glanced up and down the crowded omnibus for the sight of some familiar face she might have been quite certain of not finding there. She was a stranger, almost, in the great city, and partly for this reason, and partly for many another, the clouds and the darkness outside, seemed a true reflex of that which was in the lady's heart.

The great brick houses stared coldly down upon her from behind their veils of mist, and she closed her eyes, for there were mists gathering there, too, and leaned her head back against the yellow frame of the omnibus window, while her thoughts reached off to the future.

"How shall I bear the heat and the burden of the day," murmured the young girl, "if the morning be like this. The green feet of the spring are now brushing the golden robe of summer, but the clouds have arisen, and the rain has come; and so have they come upon my life. I know the former have only wrapped over, for a little while, the serene face of the sky, even as I know that beyond the true life lie the blue lakes, and the purple meadows, and the bright mountains of the home promised of the Father.

But it is a long way there, and the

'Dusky halls, and dim old corridors of Death'

must be travelled first, and the life-burden can only be lain off there, though the hands droop, and the steps falter beneath it."

Now these were wrong thoughts, reader; thoughts which the thousand blessed promises of the Bible all repudiate; yet it may be there are times when the hope-bird that stands and sings on the threshold of every human heart, folds her wings for a little while.

But the omnibus stopped suddenly, and the driver leaned down and shouted to the lady that they had reached the place where she had asked him to deposit her.

She rose up, and, dizzy with the swift motion, slowly alighted. But the rain had changed its character while she had been musing in the omnibus. It was a real, old-fashioned, animated shower now, dashing and dancing along the pavement, and spouting and spluttering down the eaves.

The lady was unacquainted with the city, and as she peered from under her umbrella at the houses, she found she had mistaken the locality. She stood there on the side-walk, bewildered, and irresolute, not knowing which course to take, and the rain plashing and pattering around her in very mockery of her trouble.

"You have lost your way? Can't I render you some service, ma'am?" asked a sweet voice at the lady's side, infinitely sweeter than the song of the May-birds at that moment.

She looked up eagerly, and met a pair of blue eyes in a fair girl-face, bending down pityingly upon her.

"Thank you," she answered; "I do not know the way to my friend's, and shall be inexpressibly glad if you will tell me where to find it."

"No, I will go with you. I saw you alight from the omnibus, and I knew by your manner you were quite bewildered, and so after I had ridden a square, I got out and returned to meet you. I couldn't have gone home and left you standing here. But we must hurry, it's raining so. Where does your friend reside?"

The young lady named the place, and added:

Digitized by Google

"But I cannot think of giving you the trouble to accompany me in this rain."

"Oh! don't mind that—we will hurry on;" and the stranger led the way energetically, and the young lady followed with what feelings of wonder and gratitude in her heart you can imagine, better than I describe.

www.libtool.com.cn

Well, they reached their destination after a long walk. The lady could only murmur her broken thanks to the stranger as they parted, but there was a rainbow in her heart, as the door opened to receive her, and she murmured: "God's hand has dropped this white blossom through the darkness. I will take it up, and its fragrance shall fill my spirit with new life."

The summer is reaching its 'mid bloom. Niagara and Newport, Saratoga and the White Mountains, are magic names, now, to the lips of fashion and beauty. And very brightly, in these places, crowned of Art and of Nature, shall flash away the quick summer hours to the triune rhythm of song, and mirth, and dance.

Oh, reader! is it Nature's fiat or man's fault that these infinite differences exist in the lot of our ONE Humanity? Those bright hours, alternating with rides, and drives, and sails where Nature writes her sublimest passages, her grandest anthems, and sweetest lyrics—will be long, and weary, and leaden-footed to the souls of thousands, as they toil them slowly away in the hot, stifling marts, and by the burning highways. Ah, well,

"God's ways seem dark, but soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day."

Blessings on you, John G. Whittier, for those grand, triumphant words; words meet to be sung on the summits of those "shining hills" in the new Fatherland, where we hope to shake hands with you.

V. F. T.

THE HOMES OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

A correspondent writes us in the following simple, heart-felt strain, and we would say here, that all these stranger-words of congratulation, good cheer, and encouragement, that come to us from far-off places, and from stranger-hearts and hands, are the "sweeteners of our toil," read with gratitude, and placed away in our heart's "treasure room:" V. F. T.

"Since the receipt of the March number, I have wished to thank you for your pleasant allusion to home, home influences, and home memories.

"Your picture of that shady, green spot under the elm trees, started my fancy out upon the wing. But I lost sight of that cushioned arm-chair and the table beside it, as I found myself wandering with childish glee among roses and lilacs in a dear old spot where locusts, instead of elm trees, towered above my head with their thick foliage of ever-changing green. I was fain to seat myself, as of yore, beside the casement in that low-ceiled chamber, where a sweet-brier and a honeysuckle met, embraced, and mingled their fragrance.

"An old peach tree, too, spread out its broad arms toward me, which in the early autumn was laden with most tempting and delicious fruit. On a little bough sat the robin whose rich melody so thrilled my heart in childhood. What a dear, dear spot to me was that humble cottage home!

"I have seen more of the great world since; yes, of the beautiful world, and of the grand, proud world. I have dwelt in another and far different home, with life's elegancies and luxuries about me, but no spot has ever graven such indelible pictures on my memory, as that cottage with its surroundings, and that streamlet in the meadow where I first gathered violets, plucked raspberries, and chased butterflies."

EDITORS OF RELIGIOUS PAPERS.

Remarking on an article in the *Evangelical Magazine*, in which "Prayer on behalf of the editors of Christian Journals" is recommended, *Hall's New York Journal of Health* says:

"We need not pray to be fed, unless we use means to procure food. The Church must first get a suitable man to be an editor; to be such, he must be pious, educated, healthy; neither of these three requisites has just precedence of the others. A man may be an educated infidel; he may be a pious fool; he may have piety and education, and yet dyspepsia may make him a ranting fanatic, a raving madman or a dogmatic driveller. Many an editor needs a pill more than a prayer. A worn out preacher is not fit for an editor; no sick man is. There are editors of religious newspapers, whose piety we dare not question—on the contrary, we feel this moment, as if we would gladly exchange it for our own—and whose mental culture far exceeds ours, but whose intolerance of opinion, whose forwardness to publish the fallings and failings of those of a different sect, whose impatient uncourteousness in editorial controversies, whose free dealings in ungentlemanly personalities, we would not possess for all creation. In fact, a most observable difference between the secular and the religious press, is this—that too many of the latter seem to riot in the freedom they feel, of security against being *called out*, to answer for the application of epithets, which men of the world would meet with a bullet.

"It is a notorious fact, that the principal editor of one of the largest and most extensively circulated *religious* weeklies, is personally, in private life, one of the most amiable of men; but, as an editor, hurls against his antagonist, whether a public man or of private station, epithets so hard, so severe, so unfeeling, so unforbearing, so vindictive, that we all see he needs only the power to make him an inquisitor.—Taking this man's piety for granted, in connection with his known previous amiability of temper, the only solution of the incongruity is, that severe application has made him dyspeptic; and this it is that has vinegarized the whole man, which has made him a lost pleiad among the delightful characters of his time. Many men, who are so fortunate as to have no taste for liquor, have no difficulty in declaring, that any man who takes daily a glass of wine or brandy can have no religion; and yet these same men will over-eat themselves three times a day, until the stomach, constitution, temper, health, all are ruined, and the remainder of their days are spent in scribbling sickly sentimentalities for other people. To make, then, the religious press of this country what it ought to be—the handmaid of the Pastor and the Missionary—supply each paper with an editor who has the most vigorous health; who has the learning of an Anthon, the piety of a Payson, and the bonhommie of a Sydney Smith—with a salary, prompt and unconditional, of five thousand a year. Such a

Digitized by Google

man is well worth it, and one of the best economies of the Church would be, to supply such an one to every religious newspaper in the country."

BLESSED BE NOTHING.

We wish every man, woman, and child would read and *feel* the following poem by Lucy Larcom. Each verse is an inspiration, and wherever there beats a heart, it *must* find its way to it, making it stronger and better.

Lucy Larcom is a resident of Beverly, Massachusetts, and genius such as hers is an honor to her country, while it is crowned and consecrated, as, alas! genius always is not, by the purest sentiments, the noblest and highest aspirations.

The following is an illustration of all we have said:

Nay, wealthy brother,
Lend me no pity because I am poor,
Dray horses staggering, loaded 'till dark,
Rather should pity the light soaring lark,
Borrow you rather, to keep in your track,
Hands of Briareus, Hercules' back,
Keen eyes of Argus, and Midas' grave ears.
I with two hands, and a heart void of fears,
Labor, the one gift of life to secure.
Blessed be nothing!

Surfeited brother!
Last night you feasted, then slept upon down,
Dreaming such dreams as were better untold;
When the grim nightmare but loosened his hold,
Discounts and dividends rapped o'er your head;
Care, the beaked vulture, with claw-footed tread,
Stalking round stealthily, gnawed at your breast;
Maize was my supper, a straw bed my rest.
Slumbers like mine buys no king for his crown.
Blessed be nothing!

Self-prisoned brother!
Pass, in your crystal and velvet car borne,
With your gay household of half-breathing dolls,
Prattling of operas, bonnets, and balls—
So whirl you on with a prone, wrinkled brow—
While the brown clods leaping under my plow,
I, careless, whistle, hear Merrimac glide,
See old Monadna, his clouds brushed aside,
Nodding to me through the blue, misty morn,
Blessed be nothing!

Manacled brother!
Never again do you hope to be free?
Manhood within is shrunken with shame,
Thinking the thoughts of a client, a name—
Thoughts of your customers, party, or town;
Shackled and bent to all thoughts—but your own,
Senate or White House too poorly would pay.
Bartered I thus for my birthright, to say
Nothing but duty and love fetter me,
Blessed be nothing!

Idol-bound brother!
Many a god sees you bow at his shrine,
Leaden-eyed Mammon, bedizened with charms;
Fashion, the pitiless Moloch, whose arms
Stifle and scorch you at once in their fold,
Never a cloud edged with silver or gold,
Hangs up its curtain 'twixt me and the One,
Shining upon me as clear as the sun.
Keep your mean idols—I choose the divine.
Blessed be nothing!

Ah! burdened brother!
We shall be crossing a deep river soon,
Will not your trappings encumber you there?
O'er the rough current no boatman will bear
Ingots and coins to Elysium's gate;
Heavy as millstones, you sink with their weight.
Bidding good-bye to the world, I shall shout,
"Nothing I brought here, I take nothing out,
But a soul free for singing the angels' sweet tune,
Blessed be nothing!"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY OF EUROPE, FROM THE FALL OF NAPOLEON IN 1815, TO THE ACCESSION OF LOUIS NAPOLEON IN 1852. By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

These two volumes resume the narrative of European history at the point where the thread was broken off at the close of the celebrated author's previous work, and is designed to close as recently as the accession of Louis Napoleon to the throne of France. The two volumes now published bring the record of events down to the period of Poland's subjugation in 1831. They are written in a masterly style, and though treating of times within the memory of many yet living, are singularly impartial, not only in their details, but in the general tone of reflection and comment by which they are pervaded, especially when we take into consideration the tory bias of the author. As recording the condition of Europe for the last forty years, they offer a variety of information of more than ordinary value, and which may unquestionably be studied with profit by all who take an interest in the progress of civilization, and the gradual expansion of liberal ideas even among nations most closely subject to despotic sway.

SELECT ORATIONS OF M. T. CICERO. Translated by C. D. YONGE. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

THE TRAGEDIES OF ÆSCHYLUS. Literally translated. With critical and illustrative notes, and an introduction. By THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, B. A. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

Two additional volumes in the valuable series known as "Harper's Classical Library." The translations, and illustrative criticisms are by the best scholars of the day. The English reader is here given access to the orations of Cicero, and the tragedies of Æschylus.

THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS. By FREDERICK S. COZZENS. New York: *Derby & Jackson.*

One of the pleasantest books, for a book of humor, that we have yet seen from the American press. For summer reading it is admirable. Literary men, who purpose trying a country life, should by all means consult its pages. They will find some light there, as well as some sport. The author is a genius, and no mistake.

A TREATISE ON ARITHMETIC. By Prof. LOOMIS. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

This treatise has been pronounced one of the best theoretical and practical arithmetics ever published. The rules are explicit, and the illustrations so apparent, that the least experienced in the use of figures can readily comprehend them.

A GENERAL EXPLICATION OF THE TEN PRECEPTS OF THE DECALOGUE. Extracted mainly from the "Apocalypse Explained." A Posthumous work by EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. New York: *Wm. McGeorge.*

Those who desire to know what Swedenborg says on the subject of keeping the commandments, will find his teachings set forth in this publication, which is in cheap form.

Digitized by Google

HISTORY AND REPOSITORY OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE, (Deceased Divines,) containing the Masterpieces of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Flechier, Isaac Barrow, Jeremy Taylor, Chalmers, Robert Hall, M'Laurin, Christmas Evans, Edwards, John M. Mason, etc., etc., with Discourses from Chrysostom, Basil, Gregory Nazianzen, Augustine, Athanasius, and others among the "Fathers," and from Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, John Knox, Hugh Latimer, etc., of the "Reformers." Also, sixty other celebrated Sermons, from as many eminent Divines in the Greek and Latin, English, German, Irish, French, Scottish, American, and Welsh Churches; a large number of which have now, for the first time, been translated into English. The whole arranged in their proper order, and accompanied with Historical Sketches of Preaching in each of the countries represented, and Biographical and Critical Notices of the several Preachers and their discourses. By Rev. Henry C. Fish, author of Premium Essay, "Primitive Piety Revised." In two volumes. New York: *M. W. Dodd.*

We give, above, the full title of these two large octavo volumes, extending to over 1200 pages. They form a library of theology in themselves.

VAGABOND LIFE IN MEXICO. By Gabriel Ferry — For seven years resident of that country. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

Since our war with Mexico, a new interest having been awakened in that country, travellers and temporary residents have depicted the manners, habits and customs of the people, and given us, at the same time, many graphic descriptions of the abundant fertility and the splendid scenery of that country. The latest work of this character is "Vagabond Life in Mexico," by one whose experiences are derived from a seven years' residence among the people. The stories he relates are well told, and the whole narrative of his wanderings, written in a terse, condensed style, is interspersed with picturesque sketches of interesting localities, which add greatly to its general merits.

THE YOUTH OF THE OLD DOMINION. By Samuel Hopkins. Boston: *J. P. Jewett & Co.*

A novelty this. The author has tried the difficult task of blending veritable history with imagined scenes and personages, in order to win over superficial readers, and almost compel them to learn facts while they only seek amusement. The experiment is well worth trying, and the subject could not be better chosen, for the early history of Virginia is in itself a stirring romance. The strictest regard to historic truth has been observed by the author.

LIGHT AND HEARING, HOW PRESERVED AND HOW LOST. By J. Henry Clark, M. D. New York: *C. Scribner.*

Though worthy the attention of the profession, this volume addresses itself more especially to the general reader; the information it imparts being clothed in popular language. Various illustrative diagrams are given of the structure of the eye and ear, and the account of their functions, the disorders to which they are subject, and the means best adapted to their prevention or cure, are so perfectly simplified as to be comprehended by all. All persons whose sight is failing, or whose hearing is defective, should carefully read this book.

NEW MANUAL OF HOMŒOPATHIC VETERINARY MEDICINE. By J. C. Schæffer. Philadelphia: *Radamacher & Sheek.*

Of the value of homœopathy in veterinary practice, we are not able to speak from personal observation, though we cannot see why the action of the remedies should not be as perfect here as in the ordinary practice. As to the system when applied to the genus Homo, we can give a most decidedly favorable report, having tried it in our family for over seventeen years.

LARDNER'S TEN THOUSAND THINGS WORTH KNOWING. New York: *Long & Bro.*

A good quarter's worth of useful information.

A KEY TO THE BIBLE. Being an exposition of the History, Axioms, and General Laws of Sacred Interpretation.— By David Dobie. New York: *C. Scribner.*

The author lays down a number of general rules which should govern in scriptural interpretation, among which are the following:

"The literal, or obvious meaning, is generally the true meaning; except where it asserts a known impossibility, is evidently contrary to reason, or contradicts any positive precept of scripture."

"If, in any passage, a doctrine elsewhere taught be omitted, the passage must be interpreted in harmony with the omission."

"No passage to be explained contrary to the context, nor apart from it."

PAUL FERROLL. By the author of "IX. Poems by V."— New York: *Redfield.*

A well-conceived, well-executed story of English life. The plot opens with dramatic interest, and is kept up throughout the work. The details, too, are all well managed, and though there is little of what is technically called fine writing, the language is choice and forcible. We cannot, however, think the life of the hero illustrates any phase of "human nature." His character is diseased, abnormal, and that God who alone reads the workings of every human heart, can only decide how far such a nature is *accountable.* The journal contains some most exquisite passages.

SOCIAL SCIENCE. By George H. Calvert. New York: *Redfield.*

An abstract thinker and a man of fine literary tastes is Mr. Calvert; but he is late in the day with his earnest advocacy of social and industrial science as the world's regenerator. No external arrangements of men is going to do this great work. All elevation and regeneration of the people must be the result of individual elevation and regeneration. Get the individual in harmony with just principles, and social order will follow as a consequence.

THE FLOWER GARDEN; OR, BRECK'S BOOK OF FLOWERS. By Joseph Breck. Boston: *John P. Jewett & Co.*

This seems a work of great practical utility. The author combines an enthusiastic love of flowers with an extensive knowledge of botany. Indeed he is thoroughly at home in the vegetable and floral kingdom. He displays also much artistic skill in the selection of, and the laying out of a flower garden.— The book will be valuable to all practical and poetical horticulturists.

TRIFLETON PAPERS. By Trifle and the Editor. Boston: *Whittemore, Niles & Hall.*

There is much in these letters that pleases us. They have a good deal of force and vitality, and the language is usually choice, often felicitous. A strong sense of the ludicrous, and a deep relish of fun, are apparent on every page, but interwoven with these are great, noble, honest thoughts, which any life will do well to illustrate.

SKETCHES AND ADVENTURES IN MADEIRA, PORTUGAL, AND THE ANDALUSIAS OF SPAIN. By the author of "Daniel Webster and his Cotemporaries. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

The author gives us a series of graphic pictures of the people themselves; not a book of history, philosophy or criticism. His volume is particularly readable. We are not sure, however, that, as a tourist, he was under any obligation to make a record of all he saw and heard, or even one half of it.

THE BUNSBY PAPERS (Second Series) IRISH ECHOES. By John Brougham, author of a "Basket of Chips." With Designs by McLenan. New York: *Derby & Jackson.*

A pleasant book of Irish stories and sketches, overflowing with Irish humor.

Digitized by Google

HOMERIC BALLADS AND COMEDIES OF LUCIAN. Translated by Dr. MAGINN. Annotated by Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE. New York: *Redfield.*

These poems, translated by a man of such classical erudition as Dr. Maginn, can hardly fail of interesting the general reader. They are especially designed for those who are not familiar with Greek, and will, perhaps, be of more value to these than to the classical scholar.

www.libtool.com.cn

FRANCES E. H. McLELLAN. By her Cousin, E. M. HASKELL. New York: *M. W. Dodd.*

This is a memoir of a young and very interesting girl, who, before her beautiful religious life had matured into its full flower, was transplanted to the "upper gardens." Her rare intelligence, her sweetness and gentleness of character, are portrayed in every chapter of this little volume.

MISSIONS TO INDIA. By MYRON WINSLOW. New York: *M. W. Dodd.*

This book is interesting and valuable, both from its local knowledge and practical bearings. Persons who are about to enter on the arduous and self-denying labors of the missionary, may find much to interest them in the teachings of one who writes from so large an experience.

BERENICE. A Novel. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

There are many beautiful original thoughts in this book. It has force and vigor, too, though as a whole the work seems rather deficient in constructiveness. But the author possesses unquestionable genius, which scintillates, flashes, gleams wild but beautiful, along his pages.

WAYSIDE SONGS. By EDWARD C. GOODWIN. New York: *Mason & Bros.*

These poems are what their name purports. They are sweet, natural, fresh, and seem to emanate from a pure, nature-loving heart. They are not grand or great, but bright, original thoughts, wind through the pleasant pictures, that remind one of green hills and valleys of outer and inner country life, with its scenes and pleasures.

COLUMBA. By PROSPER MERRIMEE. Translated from the French. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

This is a lively picture of Corsican life and manners, a very bright and piquant one, too. Though the author has enjoyed a fine reputation among French writers for years, this is the first of his works that has been introduced to American readers in their own language.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE. By C. BURDETT. New York: *C. Scribner.*

A very pleasant little story, though there is no great originality or display of vigor in it. It is mournful to reflect that *just* such women as the selfish, designing, base Mrs. Evarts, do exist, and sow discord and misery wherever their own aims can be achieved. We wonder if the author was not writing from personal observation.

MONALDI. By WASHINGTON ALLSTON. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

A tragic play, and managed with skill, though the author modestly adds in a note at the conclusion, that he does not claim for the work the pretensions of a novel.

FASHIONS.—CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

We have taken from the *Gazette of Fashion*, three drawings of children's dresses.

No. 1 is a paletot with a cape. The material is fine white *satin jean*, arranged in the form of a saque; the opening in front commencing at the right shoulder, and sloping gradually down the entire length of the garment, terminating at the bottom of the skirt on the left side. The edge of the opening is scollopped and edged with narrow fringe; small drop buttons ornamenting each scollop as far as the waist. The bottom of the garment is scollopped and edged with fringe; every alternate scollop is enriched by a convolvulus, embroidered in white French cotton, separated by a single rose-bud and leaves done in the same material. The short sleeves are scollopped and embroidered in like manner, and looped up in four places by fancy cord and buttons. The waist is secured by a heavy white cord and tassels. Over this saque is worn a talma cape of the same material, scollopped and embroidered like the skirt with branches of rose-buds and convolvulus. The neck is furnished with a small, round collar, edged with embroidery and fringe; underskirt of fine white cambric edged with embroidery, headed by small tucks. The hat is a white Leghorn, decorated with corn-color and white ostrich plumes, and corn-colored ribbon.

No. 2 is a pretty dress for a child. The material is buff *satin jean*, cut in the form of a low-necked saque, with sufficient fullness inserted in the skirt to form full box plaits at the sides. The bottom of the garment is enriched with embroidery done in white French cotton. The edge is wrought in deep button-hole scollops, ornamented with clusters of flowers. The neck is finished with small button-hole scollops. The shirt sleeves are adorned with embroidery like the bottom of the skirt, and inserted in four box-plaits, confined by small white drop buttons. For the street is added a talma cape of the same material, enriched by an embroidery pattern like the skirt.

No. 3 is a useful and pretty little paletot apron. The material is fine buff chambray. The upper portion is made in the form of a low-necked dress, edged with button-hole scollops. The front ornamented by five rows of Victoria cord, terminated within an inch of the neck by small white buttons. The waist is finished by a belt and four pointed lappets, edged with two rows of cord. The skirt is bordered by a hem three inches wide, headed by two rows of the white cord placed slightly apart. The sleeves are made very short, disclosing a pretty white undersleeve, composed of cambric insertion and edging.

READ, THE ARTIST.

A Washington correspondent of the "Pennsylvania Inquirer" makes the following pleasant mention of Mr. Read:—"I had the pleasure, to-day, of meeting an old friend, and one of your townsmen, J. Buchanan Read, Esq, the poet-artist, whose celebrity is already world-wide. He spends a week with us, and has with him two of his recent and most elaborate paintings, which are on private exhibition in one of the committee rooms at the capitol. The largest one, Undine carried away by the Knight, founded on the German legend of that name, is a piece of extraordinary coloring, while the other, The Fall of the Lost

Digitized by Google

Pleiad, is one of those exquisite gems of which few are painted during a single century. In this the poet and the painter stand confessed, for it is the joint production of the genius of both. Your city, State, and the whole country, should be proud of having fledged and fostered a genius so pure and noble as his. He informs me that he will return in a few weeks to Italy, having already commissions enough to detain him there several years.

www.ibiblio.com.cn

A MUSICAL FABLE.

The "Musical Review" of New York, gives a pretty little fable illustrative of the precept, "trust not alone to mechanical execution of music, but endeavor to infuse knowledge with life and soul:"

Side by side on a piano forte reposed a violin and an elegantly bound music box. The violin was old, and covered with marks of severe service, and was the especial contempt of the music box, which, rejoicing in varnish and elaborate ornaments, felt itself contaminated by the presence of its humble neighbor.

"I wish," said the music box, "that you would move your shoulder from my side; don't you see you are tarnishing my varnish?"

"I cannot move," replied the violin. "I am even now quite crowded against the wall."

"But you must," exclaimed the music box, and was about indulging in some very severe remarks, when in a low, rumbling tone, the piano interrupted,

"Be silent, you little upstart! You must not talk thus to your superiors."

"Superiors!" screamed the music box, with a perfect buzz of indignation. "Do you call that miserable-looking, four-stringed thing my superior? Have I not the life of music within me? While I, unaided, put forth the sweetest music, the violin must be scraped and tortured with a bow before a single tone can be forced out of her. Superior, indeed! I flatter myself, Mr. Piano, that you are not my superior, except in size."

"Ah!" replied Mr. Piano, "you forget that you must be wound up before you can play a single tune. A little child can force you to perform, while only a finished artist can draw music from us. Your capacity lies in your mainspring; ours in the soul of the artist."

The music box wound itself up to such a pitch of indignity, that in the endeavor to reply, it broke the mainspring, and the effort ended in a sullen, metallic dong.

"COME TO ME."—AFFECTIONATELY ADDRESSED TO MRS. ISABELLA NEWMAN.

"Come to me," dost thou say, oh, my beloved?
And through the mist and darkness on my heart,
That late have settled, breaks that loving call,
Like sweet, but far-off echoes.
What though May
Walks with her gold and purple on the hills,
The latest-born, most regal child of Spring;
Though the birds' songs shake downward through green boughs
Sweet music with the dawn—I walk, beloved,
'Mid the thick darkness, wildly reaching out
My faint hands for the light.
I cannot tell,
The angels' songs grow distant, and the eyes
Whose light was borrowed of our Father's smile,
Are dim with many tears.
Thou sitt'st to-night,
Gentle girl-wife and mother, where the winds
Heave up the fragrance from the prairie's heart,
To strange, wild measures, and thine eyes of blue,
Of soft October blue, keep their old smile—
Thy voice its music. Oh, for one brief hour
To feel thy white arms round me, and to find
Thy tenderness, like loving hands, uplift
These shadows from my spirit!
Oh, not thus,
Not even *thy* soft hands shall swing aside
The white gates of my soul. God's voice must come,
Cleaving its burning pathway through the dark,
Pouring its bright baptismal from on high;
Then, putting off the sack-cloth, I shall bind
Peace's white philactery about my brow,
And, taking up life's "staff and scrip," go out
To pitch my tent upon the hills once more.

V. F. T.

A MORNING SCENE.—BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

In the morn's exceeding lustre,
Sitting where the flowers cluster,
Blooms of every pleasant fragrance and all colors fair and bright,
In continuous wreaths adorning
This the festive scene of morning—
Gazed I on a landscape fair as ever smiled beneath the light.

In the arbor where I rested,
Through the trailing vines, invested
With unusual beauty borrowed from the glory of the hour,
Came the sunlight, rosy-fingered,
Like a painter, where it lingered,
Giving rarer hues and texture unto every leaf and flower.

To the northward, waters, leaping
Down the circling hills, were peeping,
With a varying lustre, through the drooping branches of a wood,
And in plumes the scene befitting—
Birds from bough to bough were flitting,
Giving life and wondrous beauty to the verdant solitude.

To the southward, calm before me
Lay the sea, in all the glory
Of the morning sky outspreading, like a boundless field of light—
With a smooth and tranquil motion,
O'er that splendid field of ocean,
Moved the barks, sustained and wafted by their airy wings of white.

Eastward, westward, wide extending,
And in either distance blending
With the hues of clear horizons, lay a fair and shining plain,
Where, in bright and varied order,
From the hills' encircling border
To the curving line of ocean, waved the yet unripened grain.

And—the source of all the glory
Of the lovely scene before me—
Over land, and sky, and ocean, life and beauty in its ray;

Digitized by Google

Over forest, field, and mountain;
Over flower, and bird, and fountain,
With a brightness all unclouded, shone the eastward orb of day.

"HE THAT WATERETH OTHERS SHALL BE WATERED HIMSELF."

Rev. Mr. Willetts, of Philadelphia, in an eloquent address at the Anniversary of the Sunday School Union, among others, used the following beautiful illustration of the benefits of exercising a benevolent spirit:—

"But, says one, if we give so much we shall exhaust our resources. Don't be afraid of that, my friend. See that little fountain yonder—away yonder in the distant mountain, shining like a thread of silver through the thick copse, and sparkling like a diamond in its healthful activity. It is hurrying on with tinkling feet to bear its tribute to the river. See, it passes a stagnant pool, and the pool hails it. Whither away, master streamlet? I am going to the river to bear this cup of water God has given me. Ah, you are very foolish for that: you'll need it before the summer is over. It has been a backward spring, and we shall have a hot summer to pay for it—you will dry up then. Well, says the streamlet, if I am to die so soon, I had better work while the day lasts. If I am likely to lose this treasure from the heat, I had better do good with it while I have it. So, on it went, blessing and rejoicing in its course. The pool smiled complacently at its own superior foresight, and husbanded all its resources, letting not a drop steal away. Soon the midsummer heat came down, and it fell upon the little stream. But the trees crowded to its brink and threw out their sheltering branches over it in the day of adversity, for it brought refreshment and life to them; and the sun peeped through the branches, and smiled complacently upon its dimpled face, and seemed to say—"It is not in my heart to harm you"—and the birds sipped its silver tide, and sung its praises; the flowers breathed their perfume upon its bosom; the beasts of the field loved to linger by its banks; the husbandman's eye sparkled with joy as he looked upon the line of verdant beauty that marked its course through his fields and meadows—and so on it went, blessing and blessed of all.

"And where was the prudent pool? Alas! in its inglorious inactivity, it grew sickly and pestilential. The beasts of the field put their lips to it, but turned away without drinking; the breeze stooped and kissed it by mistake, but caught the malaria in the contact, and carried the ague through the region, and the inhabitants caught it, and had to move away, and at last the very frogs cast their venom upon it and deserted it, and Heaven, in mercy to man, smote it with a hotter breath, and dried it up.

"But did not the little stream exhaust itself? Oh, no! God saw to that. It emptied its full cup into the river, and the river bore it on to the sea, and the sea welcomed it, and the sun smiled upon the sea, and the sea sent up its incense to greet the sun, and the clouds caught in their capacious bosoms the incense from the sea, and the winds, like waiting steeds, caught the chariots of the clouds and bore them away—away—to the very mountain that gave the little fountain birth, and there they tipped the brimming cup, and poured the grateful baptism down; and so God saw to it, that the little fountain, though it gave so fully and so freely, never ran dry. And if God so blessed the fountain, will he not also bless you, my friends, if, 'as ye have freely received, ye also freely give.' Be assured he will."

CHILDREN HAVE LUNGS.

"This fact is either not known to parents, or very little regarded. The first thing a baby wants is fresh air, and plenty of it. From the moment a child is born, it should have air and light; and neither be shut up in a dark room, nor have its head covered up in a blanket.

The other morning, making my first call on a lady, with an infant, I saw a heap of blankets lying in a rocking-chair beside the bed, but there was no baby in sight. When I inquired for the newly-arrived, the nurse came, and, after taking off fold after fold, there at last was the poor little half-smothered baby, gasping for breath. Mother and nurse got a lecture that time.

Returning in an omnibus, a pretty woman got in, with her baby completely enveloped in its blankets. Perhaps it was none of my business; but I think it was. The baby had just as good a right to breathe and have the purest air to be had, as any body; and as there was nobody else to take its part, I did.

'Madam,' said I, 'you are smothering that child.'

She smiled, and shook her head. She did not believe a word of it.

'You are making it breathe its own breath over and over again; and no air is fit to breathe but once. I am a physician, and can't let you make your child sick.'

She uncovered the baby's head. It took a long breath—and if it had been old enough to talk, and been up in its manners, it undoubtedly would have said, 'Thank you, Doctor!'"

A HINT FOR PARENTS.

The *Independent*, in an article on the physical degeneracy of the American people, has the following true and important remark:

"The child's *will* governs too much. If they do not wish to go to bed, they sit up; if they *choose* certain articles of food, they must have them—parents forgetting that instinct is no safe guide in a child, whatever it may be in an animal. So we see them, with their delicate organization, keeping late hours, when they should go to bed with the birds; sleeping often in warm and lighted rooms, when the sleeping-room should be cool and dark; and eating hot bread and cakes, sweetmeats, meat and vegetables, pastry and puddings; drinking tea and coffee, to the infinite detriment of stomach and nerves. The injury thus early done can never be repaired."

Digitized by Google

$500, $1,000, 1,500 and $2,000.

THE ABOVE SUMS HAVE BEEN, AND ARE

Now Made Per Annum

BY OUR GOOD AND ACTIVE AGENTS,

IN SELLING OUR POPULAR BOOKS.

www.libtool.com.cn

TWELVE GOOD REASONS WHY:

1. Our Books are very Popular.
2. They are well Advertised, and therefore well known.
3. The Paper, Printing, and Binding are Good.
4. They are nearly all Illustrated.
5. They are all deeply Interesting.
6. They all have a Good Moral Tendency.
7. They are not Sectarian or Sectional.
8. They are suited to the Tastes of all Readers.
9. They are adapted to Public and Private Libraries.
10. They are Sold at a Reasonable Price.
11. They find a Welcome in Every Family.
12. They meet with Ready Sales.

SOME OF OUR BEST SELLING BOOKS.

Cummings' Hunter's Life, 12mo.,	$1 50	Bell Smith's Travels Abroad, 12mo.,	$1 00
The Widow Bedott Papers, 12mo.,	1 25	Arthur's Young Lady at Home, 12mo.,	1 00
Marion Harland's Alone, 12mo.,	1 25	Paul and Virginia, and Exiles of Siberia, 12mo.,	1 25
Marion Harland's Hidden Path, 12mo.,	1 25	Humboldt's Island of Cuba, 12mo.,	1 25
Beecher's Star Papers, 12mo.,	1 25	The Newsboy, 12mo.,	1 25
Young Lady's Own Book, 12mo.,	1 25	Isora's Child, 12mo.,	1 25
Hunting Adventures in Northern Wilds, 12mo.,	1 00	General Jackson and New Orleans, 12mo.,	1 25
The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, 12mo.,	1 25	Discoverers and Pioneers of America, 12mo.,	1 25
Jane Eyre, by Currer Bell, 12mo.,	1 00	Simms's Life of General Marion, 12mo.,	1 25
Mr. Roe's "Long Look Ahead," 12mo.,	1 25	Simms's Life of General Greene, 12mo.,	1 25
Green Mountain Girls; A Story of Vermont, 12mo.,	1 25	Lives of the Signers of Independence, 12mo.,	1 25
Sparrowgrass Papers; or, Living in the Country, 12mo.,	1 00	Lives of Eminent Mechanics, 12mo.,	1 00
War in Kansas; or, a Trip to the Border, 12mo.,	1 00	The Life of General Sam. Houston, 12mo.,	1 25
The Works of Charles Lamb, 12mo.,	1 25	The Children of the Abbey, 12mo.,	1 25
The Scottish Chiefs, by Jane Porter, 12mo.,	1 25	The Adventures of Don Quixote, 12mo.,	1 25
Thaddeus of Warsaw, by Jane Porter, 12mo.,	1 25	Alice Cary's Married, not Mated, 12mo.,	1 00
Peter Parley's Balloon Travels, 12mo.,	1 00	New England Boys; or, Three Apprentices, 12mo.,	1 25
Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington, 12mo.,	1 25	Adventures of Gerard, the Lion Killer, 12mo.,	1 25
Female Life Among the Mormons, 12mo.,	1 00	Rollins' Ancient History, 2 vols., 8vo.,	4 00
Arabian Nights' Entertainment, 12mo.,	1 25	Plutarch's Lives, 8vo.,	2 00
John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 12mo.,	1 25	Hallam's Middle Ages, 8vo.,	2 00
The Swiss Family Robinson, 12mo.,	1 25	Robertson's Historical Works, 3 vols., 8vo.,	6 00
Vicar of Wakefield, and Paul and Virginia, 12mo.,	1 25	Russell's Modern Europe, 3 vols., 8vo.,	6 00
The Green Mountain Traveller, 12mo.,	1 00	Gillies' History of Greece, 8vo.,	2 00
My Courtship and its Consequences, 12mo.,	1 25	Ferguson's History of Rome, 8vo.,	2 00
Camp-Fires of the Red Men, 12mo.,	1 25	The Illustrated Life of Franklin, 8vo.,	2 00
Layard's Discoveries at Nineveh, 12mo.,	1 00	Wau Bun; or, "Early Day" of the Northwest, 8vo.,	2 25
The American Gift Book, 12mo.,	1 00	Stephens' Egypt and the Holy Land, 8vo.,	2 00
The Lost Hunter: A Tale of Early Times, 12mo.,	1 25	Webster's Family Encyclopædia, 8vo.,	3 00
Indian Battles, Captivities and Adventures, 12mo.,	1 25	Ewbank's Hydraulics and Mechanics, 8vo.,	2 50
The American Revolution and History, 12mo.,	1 00	Hannah More's Complete Works, 8vo.,	3 00

And more than 100 other kinds.

☞ 7000 more Agents wanted.
For further particulars and a Catalogue, apply to

DERBY & JACKSON, PUBLISHERS,

1t

119 NASSAU STREET., New York.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google



www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



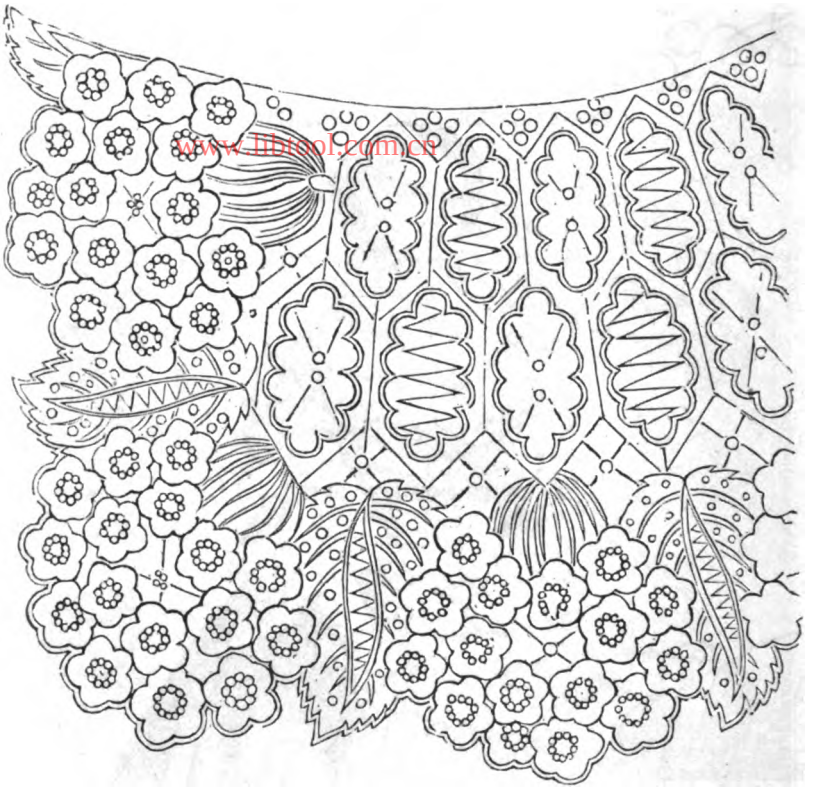
HOME DINNER DRESS.

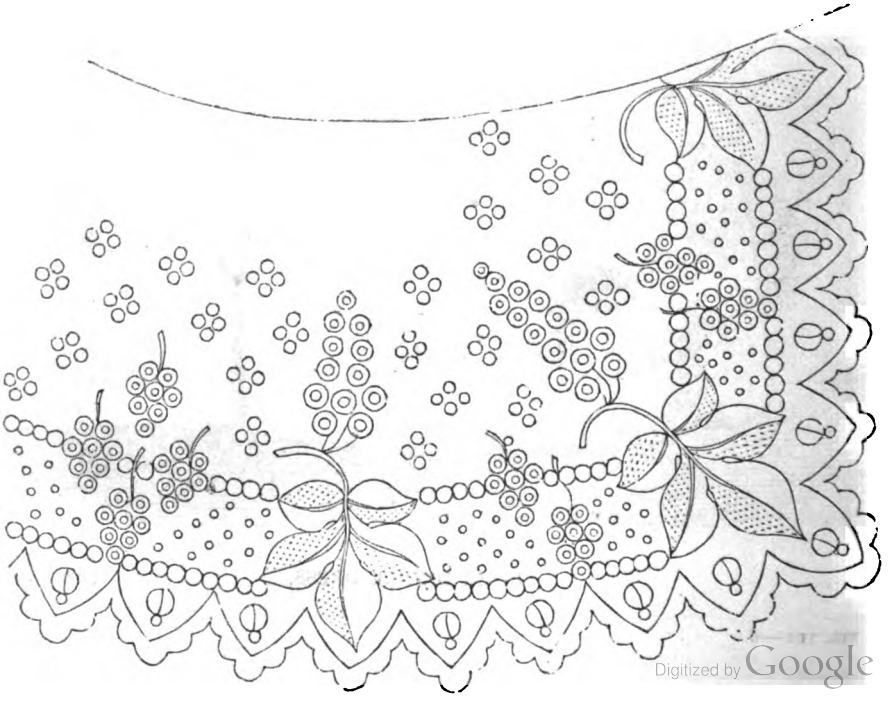
(*See page* 120.)

Digitized by Google

TWO DESIGNS FOR COLLARS.

TO BE WORKED IN MUSLIN.





www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

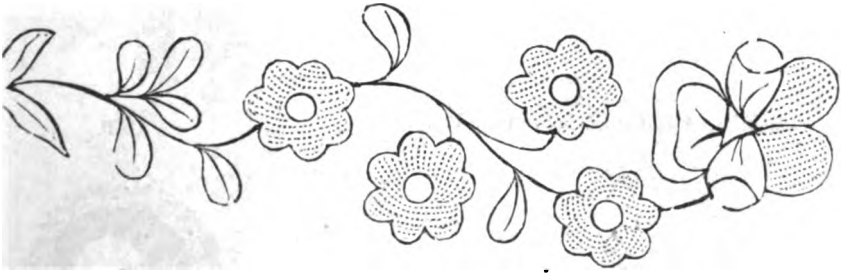


INSERTION BROIDERIE ANGLAISE.

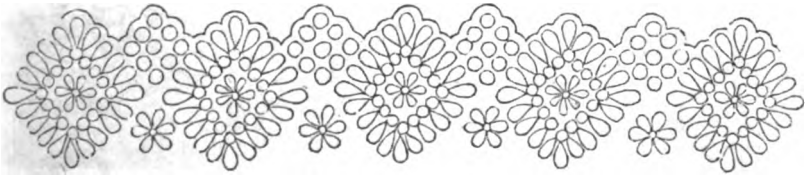
www.libtool.com.cn



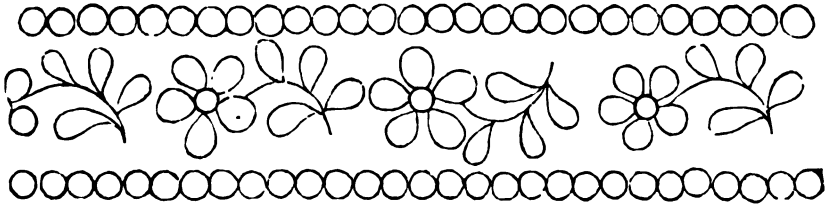
DESIGN FOR CHILD'S SKIRT.



DESIGN FOR SILK MANTILLA.



EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



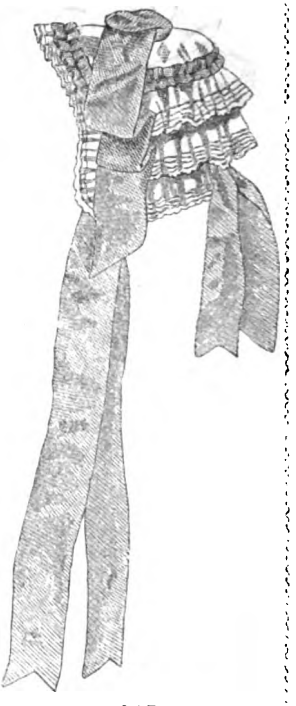
INSERTION FOR UNDERSLEEVE

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



MORNING BASQUE. (See page 120.)



CAP.



BORDER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



BONNET.



COSTUME AT COURT OF CHARLES II, 1666.

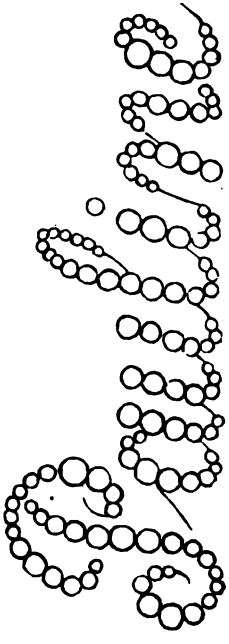
Digitized by Google



DEMI BASQUERIE OF EMBROIDERED
Muslin or Lace, for Dinner-dress.

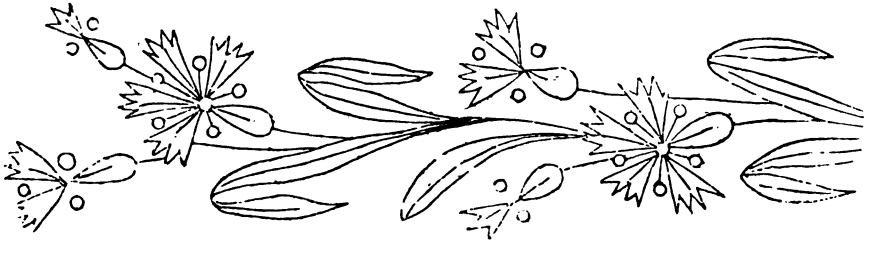


HEAD-DRESS.
Light Parisian Scarf and Bandeaux.





CANZOU OF LACE.

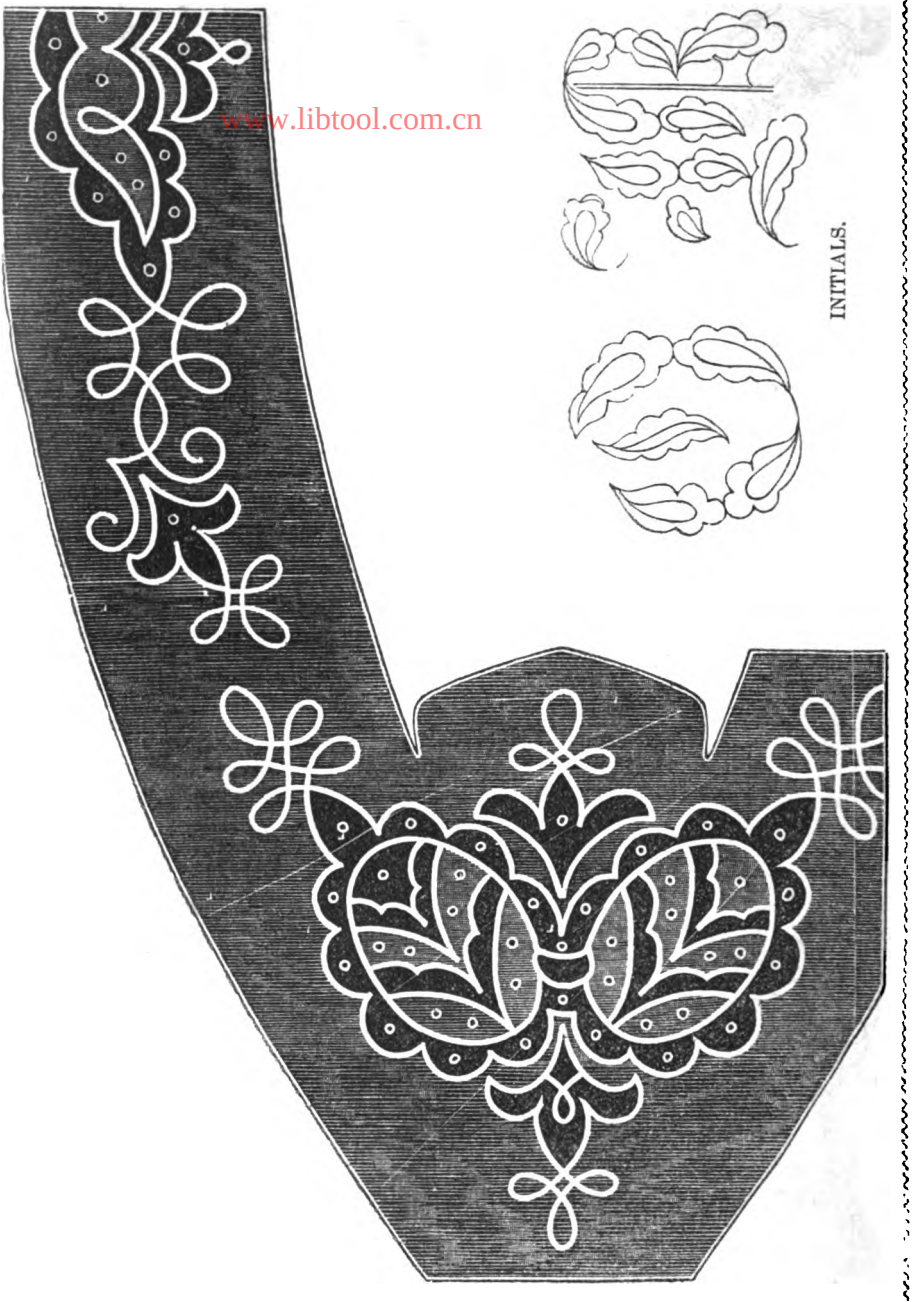


INSERTION.

www.libook.com.cn

Digitized by Google

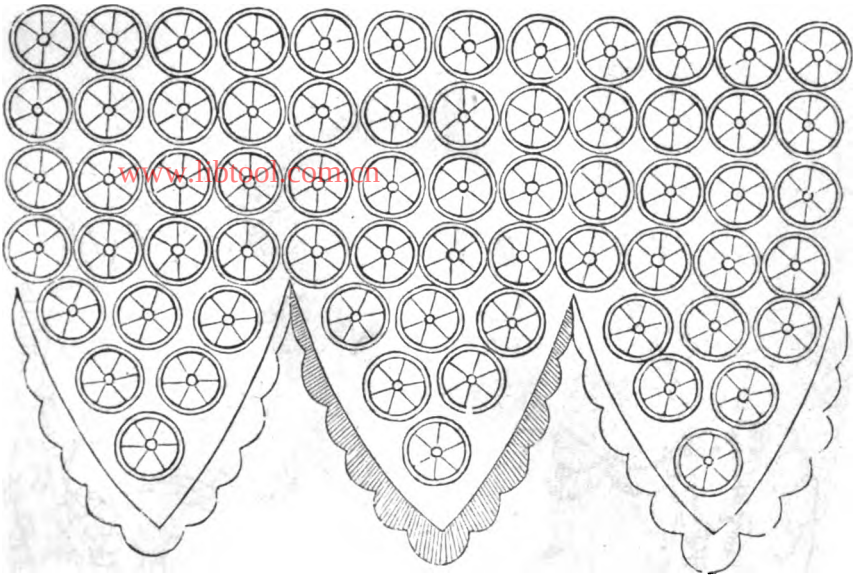
www.libtool.com.cn



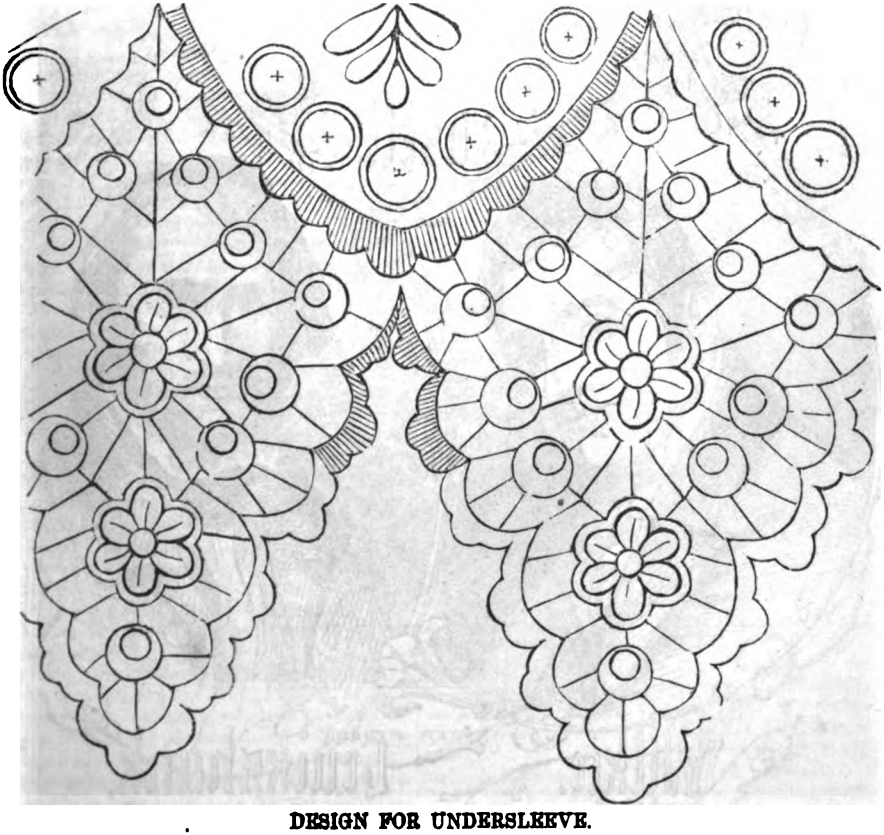
INITIALS.

EMBROIDERED SLIPPER.

Digitized by Google



DESIGN FOR UNDERSLEEVE—WHEEL PATTERN.



DESIGN FOR UNDERSLEEVE.

www.libtool.com.cn
Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



Digitized by Google

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1856.

www.libtool.com.cn

DEPENDENCE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Darkness and gloom without; coldness, desolation, and death within!—How the wind moaned in the pine woods, and whistled sadly and weirdlike around our dilapidated cottage. I crept close up into a corner, and wept. No soft hand wiped away the chilling tears which ran slowly down my cheeks; no gentle voice whispered—"What ails my darling?" but the cold mocking, winds echoed my wild sobs, and the dismal creaking of the fir branches smote like a spirit-voice upon my ear.

My mother was dying! They said so, and I knew it—nay, I felt it! I knew that the grim monster was watching near, that he would soon bear away to the pale shades of eternity my only treasure, my only remaining friend—my *mother!*

Strange faces were hanging over her death-couch, and strange hands were wiping the dews from her forehead; they would not allow her child—her own cherished Zelaine—to stand there where the dark spirit would so soon invade. I wept as none but a grieved child can weep. My mother, my own blessed mother, dying! It could not be! Had not the carmine on her cheek been growing brighter and brighter until it had rivaled the damask rose? and had not her mild eyes lately caught a ray of light from the Heaven beyond the stars, and shone more brilliantly than ever before? No, no; it could not be that she was dying; and I crept to the door of her bed-room, and, wearied and faint, my tired eyes closed in sleep.

They told me she was dead! The cold, gray light of a tempestuous morning, was struggling in at the broken windows, when they bade me come and look at my dead mother. I hardly realized it—I could not! I passed my hand wanderingly over the ice-cold brow; I laid my cheek upon the damp lips; I pushed back the chestnut-colored hair from the stone-like temples, but it was all Death, Death—the very atmosphere savored of his presence!

They took me away from the room, and clothed me in the dark garb of mourning; they braided up the curls which had been *her* delight. And then came the black coffin, and the dismal pall, and the white linen was folded closely over the breast where my desolate head had so oft been gathered, and her thin hands were laid away in their last rest; in the churchyard in a corner, devoted to the poor, was made her grave, and I saw the green sods covered over all that I held dear on earth.

Uncle Randolph came for me. The letter which had conveyed to him the tidings of his only sister's death, and her dying wish that he would care for her poor Zelaine was not unnoticed; and now he had come to take me away from my mother's grave, to his cold, stately home, at Pinewood. I felt an instinctive dread when he drew me toward him, remarking, with cold indifference—"Zelaine you say is her name," then, turning to a hired lady who had cared for me since my mother's death, he said—"She has her mother's eyes, only with a *wilder* expression; but her complexion is dark and sallow. Poor thing!—she will never be handsome; but no matter, she is Edith's child," and, pushing me away from him, he bade me prepare for the journey with despatch.

I visited my mother's lowly resting-place and bade farewell to her ashes; I cast long, lingering looks on everything endeared to me, for *her* sake, and then, with tearless eyes, I suffered my uncle to place me in the carriage. No words were spoken as we rode rapidly along. Coldness and gloom were taking possession of my heart, and, child that I was, I felt a sad presentiment that I was approaching nearer and nearer mise-

Digitized by Google

ry, that hope and love were fast receding; and I laid my head down on the cushions and wept.

I had often heard my mother speak of her brother Walburn, and I was prepared to find him stern and cold, but not so very, *very* chilling toward his orphan niece, the child of his only sister.—Aunt Mildred I had never seen, but report called her proud and uncharitable. A gloomy prospect for a child nine years of age!

The sun was sinking to his home behind the blue mountains, when we arrived at Pinewood, my uncle's residence. Gloom, gloom was all around. The dark stone fronts of the sombre pile of buildings, seemed to look down frowningly upon me, and the pine trees, black in the gathering shadows, moaned sadly and hoarsely in the chill evening breeze.

The hall into which we entered was dreary, like the outside, and the long frescoed parlor into which the servant ushered us, was almost as forbidding. A fire was burning on the ample hearth, and the red light lay warm and bright on the crimson covers of the chairs, and amid the pink roses on the carpet. Uncle bid me lay aside my wraps, and warm my chilled limbs; and then, as if he had done all that was expected of him, he left me alone.

At last—it seemed an age to me—the heavy oaken door swung slowly open, and uncle Randolph appeared, followed by a lady robed in dark velvet.

"Mildred, this is the child, Zelaine Arlington, Edith's child," and the stately lady took a step forward, and bade me come to her. Tremblingly—for there was something in her great grey eyes that frightened me—I obeyed. She pushed back the disordered hair from my forhead, and an impatient expression crossed her handsome face as she spoke, "Pshaw! what a disagreeable countenance! Walburn, take her to the housekeeper, and let her be clothed more befittingly. The room in the eastern tower is to be hers," and with a queenly step, aunt Mildred withdrew.

I do not know how I kept back my tears. I, who had been always spoken to with the voice of love; who, at every childish grief, had been lifted in a mother's pitying arms, and held close to her gentle breast—to be treated thus indifferently! But I swallowed the great sobs which were welling up from my heart, and followed uncle Randolph to the housekeeper's room. The housekeeper was not more cordial than her mistress. She gave me some warm tea and toast, and lighted me up to the room which, for the future, was to be mine.

How thankful I was when I was left alone! I was not superstitious, as are most children of my age; had I been so, the room in which I stood might have filled me with fears. It was a room of octagonal shape, lighted by two large windows, surmounted by heavy oak carvings. The walls were black with age, and the dark bed-hangings swept the green matting which covered the floor. A large chair of antique pattern, a modern lounge, and a few minor articles of comfort, completed the furniture of the apartment.

There were two doors leading from the room, and, with a child's love of adventure, I tried the knob of the nearest. It yielded to my touch, and, with an unhesitating step, I entered a long, gloomy gallery, whose extreme end lay in a black shadow. Shading the lamp with my hand, that the strong current of air might not extinguish it, I hastened forward, and found myself in what was evidently the picture room of the mansion.

Grim-looking images were hung upon the walls; bearded cavaliers; demure, sober matrons; young ladies in blonde tunics and long ringlets, with, here and there, a landscape of rare beauty.

At the extremity of the gallery, I paused. In a modern gilt frame hung a picture, which, young as I was, drew my whole heart towards it. It was the likeness of a boy perhaps fourteen summers old, sitting on a little hillock, by the side of a clear stream. The features were purely classic in their outline. Eyes large, brown, and lustrous; the clustering auburn hair was flung carelessly back from the broad, open brow, and round the finely curved lips lingered a smile of inimitable sweetness.

I remained, spell-bound, gazing on the picture, till the deep, sonorous tones of the hall-clock rung out on the dull air, striking twelve. Reluctantly I turned away, and, seeking my room, I threw myself on the bed, and, overcome by weariness, I fell into a deep slumber.

When I awoke, the red sunbeams were lying on the ceiling at the foot of my bed, and, on rising, I found, to my suprise, that my own garments had been taken away, and those of a costlier texture substituted.

I dressed myself as well as I was able, and combed out my long tangled tresses; but I missed my own dear mother's soft hand on my forehead, and her sweet kiss on my lips. Oh God! this desolation of heart is terrible!

Again, I sought the picture-gallery. I could not resist the wish to gaze upon that picture, which had so deeply enchanted me.

I stood enraptured before it. There seemed a smile almost lifelike on the warm lips, as the rosy beams of the morning sun rested lovingly on the still features; and before that picture I could have knelt in adoration. I loved it as I had loved nothing on earth before, except my mother.

I was summoned to breakfast, and never shall I forget the gloom and bitterness of that morning meal. No kind words, no smiling glances to greet me; only a cold, "Zelaine, take your place there," and, with a withering heart, I obeyed.

Aunt Mildred was a superbly beautiful woman. I could not help admiring her, notwithstanding the haughtiness which characterized her whole bearing.

After breakfast, my course of study was marked out, and, returning to my chamber, I essayed to learn the lesson aunt Mildred had given me.

My eyes overflowed many times, for there was no kind one to assist me and encourage me when I wearied. Aunt Mildred said I had done

Digitized by Google

well, but, in future, she should expect me to do much better.

After I had recited, she said to me, "Zelaine, your study hours will be from ten till twelve, and from two to four; after that you are at liberty to run out of doors and play, if you wish; only be careful and not fall of the rocks, by the seaside."

My heart gave a wild bound of joy when the old clock chimed four: and, throwing on my bonnet, I went out of the great gloomy house into the clear sunshine. I ran on, and on, never stopping until the beating of the surge on the rough, rocky shore, arrested me. 'Twas a wild, glorious sight! Dark, high rocks fringed the bold shore, and, climbing upon the very summits, I sat down. My soul was full of the wild grandeur of the scene. The white foam boiled and seethed around the frowning grey rocks, and the hoarse groaning was like exquisite harmony in my ears. I sought out a deep grotto on the highest peak, and here I carried the tips of fir boughs, and strewed the rough floor. A large stone split off from the main portion of the rock, answered for a seat, and on my new throne I was happier than on the soft cushions of uncle Randolph's luxurious *fauteuils*.

My soul is one of the wild and terrible. From childhood, I have delighted in the grand and awe-inspiring. A tempest is my delight. I love it. The roarings and tremblings of the whirlwind are dear to my soul's very fibres! Here, on these drear rocks, I resolved to pass my leisure hours, for I found a strange joyousness in listening to the deep, measured roar of the ocean, and in gazing out on the violet expanse, unvaried as far as the eye could reach. The gathering night shadows warned me to return, and, casting behind me a regretful glance, I hurried back to Pinewood.

Why need I linger on this portion of my life? It was the same from day to day, and from year to year. The same unvarying round of duties. My study hours were passed in the picture room, before *that* picture, although I had never yet asked a single question regarding it. How had it found a place in the family collection, I knew not, unless my uncle had seen it somewhere, and, admiring its extraordinary beauty, became its purchaser. Be that as it might; I cared not. I loved it with all the wild enthusiasm of my nature, and, before it, I offered up my prayers to the Great Father; for I fancied the deep, loving eyes looked down upon we pityingly, and the fancy made me happy.

Every afternoon, I went to the "haunted rocks," as the wild headlands were called by the neighboring fishermen. Many were the dark tales told of my favorite rocks—of weird voices breaking out on the midnight air, and of pale forms dancing fantastic measures on the beach, but for all this, I loved the dreaded locality better. They told me, in whispered tones, of a dreadful night when a gallant ship went down with all her noble crew, beneath the frenzied waves! * * * * * * *

Time passed, until I was sixteen years of age. Matters stood the same at Pinewood. My aunt was still beautiful and stately, and my uncle submerged in business.

There was much company at the house, but no one noticed me. Sometimes, indeed, young men, with mammoth dickies and astonishing breadth of whiskers, would stare at me with their sleepy-looking eyes, but I cared not for their scornful glances: the animal was too inferior to cause me any other emotion than contempt.

Thus, unloving and unloved, I passed my childhood and youth; that portion of life which is, to the favored child, so full of happiness, was to me a sandy desert, with, here and there, an oasis of tears.

Oh, there were times when I so longed for the enfolding of loving arms, and the music of kindly voices, and all my utter loneliness rushed like a great avalanche over me.

In the meantime, my studies had been arduous, and I had made rapid progress. A cross old Bachelor of Divinity was employed to initiate me into the mysteries of *hic, hæc, hoc*, and the lighter literature of *la langue Francais*.

At sixteen, I was better educated than many a maiden who has been all her life a denizen of the school-room, and comes forth with a diploma, rich in staring capitals.

One dreadful night, when the storm-king had unbound his myriad fiends, with liberty to rage uncontrolled, I threw on my mantle and took my way to the cliffs. Oh, the wild, exquisite grandeur of that night! The red lightning flashed athwart the pitchy blackness, lighting up the boiling ocean until it seemed a boundless plain of fire. The winds howled like infuriated demons, and the hoarse, crackling thunder mingled its voice in the elemental war.

I threw myself down on the wet rocks in an ecstacy of delight. It was all in accordance with my own spirit. I rejoiced that my soul sympathised with objects which strike terror to the heart of man! In my total isolation from human sympathy, I felt the need of something out of the world and yet of it—something on which the hand of Divine Power had rested.

I had lain but a few moments, when, high above the roar of the waters, broke upon my ears a wild, startling scream, like that of a human being in the last struggle for life.

I sprang to my feet, and, as a burning glare lit up the water, I saw, with horror, a large, dark vessel borne swiftly by the winds toward the low, sandy reefs, which extended far out beneath the water. Misanthropic as I was, I was not unpitying. My heart went out in sympathy to the strange ship, and I vowed to try and save *one*, at least, of her numerous passengers.

During my residence at Pinewood, living a greater part of the time on the seashore, I had become familiar with the management of a boat, and could swim like a water-fowl.

I sprang down the rocks to the little cove, where the fishing skiff, in which I had often sailed, to the neighboring islands, lay moored. With an untrembling hand, I loosed the fastenings, and, in a moment, I was abroad upon the

Digitized by Google

ocean. The water around me boiled like the contents of a forging cauldron, but what cared I for that? I loved danger—my whole being rejoiced in it.

Every rock and sunken reef for miles along the coast, were familiar to me, and I knew that it would be death for me to attempt to keep inland of the strange vessel, which was now within a quarter of a mile of the breakers. It required all my strength to keep the boat right side up, but my courage did not fail me. At last, I heard the fatal crash, dull and heavy, followed by a deep gurgling cry which will forever be vivid in my memory; and then the lightning showed me nothing but the rolling ocean, and, close on my bow, a few pieces of broken timber dashing around the rocks.

And again did that wild scream ring out with appalling distinctness, and, resolved to save or perish with it, I rowed my frail craft in the direction whence the cry proceeded. A moment, and the friendly lightning threw around its lurid glare, and revealed to me the object of my search, clinging to a broken fragment of the bowsprit. An instant more, and I grasped the struggling fellow-being in my strong hands, and drew her into the boat.

"Oh save me! save me! save me!" was the wild cry, as the woman grasped my arms with the vice-like strength of frenzied terror. I shook her off. "Lie still, or I will throw you overboard!" I cried, sternly, for I knew that the slightest movement might send us to destruction. The woman sank down senseless in the bottom of the boat, and I put forth all my strength to gain the entrance of the cove.

How, I scarcely know—I reached the shore in safety. My uncle, together with several of the neighboring fishermen, had gathered on the beach, aroused by the shrill cries, and they were horror-struck when they saw my strange situation. I verily believe that they thought me fresh from the infernal regions. Uncle Randolph started back in affright at beholding me, for he had thought me in bed and asleep; and he was, I thought, about to censure me for my inexplicable conduct, when his eyes fell on the insensible burden which had fallen from my wearied grasp.

"Good heaven, Zelaine! what have you here?" Then, pausing a moment as if slowly comprehending the whole, he said, as he lifted the dripping figure in his arms, "You are a brave, noble girl, Zelaine!"

I followed uncle and his senseless charge to Pinewood. Aunt Mildred was horrified when she heard the whole account, and scolded me severely for the "great risk I had run."

And she whom I had saved—would that I could breathe out on paper her unrivalled loveliness! But why attempt it? She was evidently about my own age; slighter in form than myself—a *blonde*. The golden hair, dripping with the cold brine, curled close and thick around her snowy forehead, and the long, silken eye-lashes lay still on her white cheek.

After a long time, by the aid of restoratives, she opened her eyes and gazed wonderingly around. Oh! how beautiful she was! I felt a thrill of envy as I compared that soft, sweet face, and golden tresses, with my own haggard features and elfish locks. God forgive me, I could not help it!

* * * * * * * * *

Morning's light dawned on a dreadful spectacle. The beach was strewn with boxes, bales, and broken timbers, remnants of the ill-fated vessel; and more dreadful than all, the ghastly bodies of those who had gone down beneath the dark waters, were every moment washed up by the surf. They were buried, by my uncle's orders, on the green hill just beyond the grove of cedars, and a plain white monument was placed there to mark the spot.

Melicent Warden, that was the name of the rescued maiden, had narrated to us the particulars of the wrecked vessel. She was a richly-freighted merchantman, with a few passengers, bound for a Mexican port, and by the strong winds she had been borne out of her course, and met destruction in the manner already mentioned.

Miss Warden was a passenger on board the ship, a native of England, and having been recently left a destitute orphan, she had been advised by friends to come to America and engage in teaching. The captain of the ship in which she had sailed, had been her friend, she said, and would have landed her at some United States port, east of the Gulf.

She had no friends, she said, in this country, and sitting in a corner, that I might not betray my emotion, I listened to her story. I had no friends, either, but I had not beauty, glorious beauty, to recommend me, as Melicent Warden had.

As I had expected, uncle and aunt adopted Minnie Warden. I had felt that they would, from the first, and strange as it may appear, I was grieved at the thought. Not that I feared the estrangement of their affection from me, for they had never loved me, but I did not like to have my blessed solitude invaded—I feared, I scarcely knew what.

Minnie was kind to me, how could she be otherwise—I had saved her from a dread fate! But, somehow, distrust of her crept into my heart, I knew not why, but with a woman's *foible*, I disliked her.

One day there came a letter to Uncle Randolph, bearing on the envelope the post-marks of several European mail-offices; and with a face beaming with pleasure, he perused its contents, and then handing it to Aunt Mildred, he rubbed his hands together in glee, and exclaimed: "Read, Mildred, read! Herbert is coming home!"

Aunt sprang forward eagerly to catch the letter, and her eyes sparkled when she had read it. "Who is Herbert?" asked Minnie Warden, looking up wonderingly from the collar she was embroidering for Aunt Mildred. *I* should not have dared to ask that question.

"Herbert Warrener, my nephew," proudly returned Aunt Mildred; "is it possible you have never heard me mention him? He has

Digitized by Google

been in Europe the last two years, improving in his profession—that of an artist. His portrait, taken when he was very young, hangs in the picture-gallery. Have you never seen it, Minnie?"

I heard no more. He whom I had loved so wildly was coming! I brought out my heart to look at it. Why had Aunt Mildred never spoken to *me* of her nephew? Why had she not asked *me* if I had seen his portrait? Alas! alas! I was a poor, plain dependent—hated for the ugliness with which God had endowed me! Bitter, bitter thoughts passed through my mind, and then I was calm—the whirlwind in my bosom subsided, and I went about my duties quietly as ever.

Great preparations were making for Herbert Warrener. The long suit of rooms in the western part of the mansion, which had so long been vacant, were opened, and set in order for his coming. Minnie assisted at everything—there was nothing for me to do.

I passed these days of anticipation mostly out of doors. I had a passion for equestrianism, and mounted on a high-mettled horse, which belonged to my uncle, but had long before been given up as unmanageable, I galloped over the country for miles, the excitement being well-fitted to my wild moods.

Inferno, as I had named my steed, was a noble animal, coal black, and fiery as my heart could wish. There was a sympathy between us. He loved me as well as a dumb creature could love, for he would neigh with delight when I approached him. He was my pet, my favorite, the only living thing I loved, and I would pass hours brushing his smooth, glossy coat, and combing out his long, tangled mane. You will think me foolish—perhaps I was.

The day appointed for Herbert Warrener's arrival, came at last. I felt unable to meet him whose shadow I had so long secretly adored, and I set out on Inferno for a ride over the hills. I rode on, and on, until I reached the dense forest that skirted Pinewood. Here, in a little glade, I dismounted, and let Inferno feed at will.

I sat down on the green grass, in the thick, cool shade, and communed with myself. I gazed on all the beautiful things around me, and I felt a strange, new tenderness stealing over me. I thought of my dead mother, cast out of the hearts of her relatives, and why? because she had loved a son of poverty. My mother, whose maiden name was Edith Randolph, had married Richard Arlington early in life, against the will of her parents and brother; and they had disowned her, and turned away their affections from her. Two years after my birth, my father died, and left my mother with that last resource of poor women, plain needle-work. She had given her employers her life, every stitch was a drop of her life-blood, and at last, worn out with earth, she laid down in that sleep so welcome to the broken-hearted. A letter written just before her death, had touched the feelings of her last relative, her brother, and he had immediately set out for his sister's orphan.

I thought of all this; then came memories of later days—of cold looks, stern words, of love withheld; of wild yearnings, unsatisfied affections, of a heart whose treasures were running to waste, returning nothing but gall and bitterness. I sat there on the damp grass, until the lowering sun warned me of the night's coming. Then I arose, mounted Inferno, and rode slowly toward Pinewood.

Herbert was coming, probably was there already. And Minnie—I knew he would love her! With an artist's eye, and a poet's soul, how could he help it? and what mattered it to me, if he did? I feared to answer.

Pinewood was in sight. I heard gay voices on the portico, as I rode toward the stable, and the night wind bore to my ears the sound of a deep, mellow voice, which fell upon my spirit like the breathings of an angel:

"Zelaine? quite a romantic name! Pray, Aunt Mildred, what is she like?"

Aunt Mildred's voice broke the spell, as she replied:

"She is a strange creature, Herbert; you will not like her. She is reserved to the last degree; and as for affection, she loves nothing in the world but an unmanageable horse, that will permit no one to come within hearing distance but herself—ah!—here she is now," and the rest of the conversation was inaudible.

Aunt Mildred sent a servant to inform me that tea was waiting; and hastily changing my riding apparel, I descended to the parlor. The room was dimly lighted, but I distinctly saw the occupants. Aunt Mildred arose and led me forward: "This is Zelaine Arlington, Herbert, she said; and the hand that grasped mine was warm and friendly, and the voice was very sweet, that said:

"Zelaine, I hope we shall be very good friends."

At the tea-table I saw him in all his glorious beauty. He was the mature counterpart of that idolized picture. Nobleness and truth shone from his clear, dark eyes, and around his mouth was the same irresistible smile. *I loved him!* I felt it in every fibre of my being.

* * * * * * * *

Days passed. Herbert Warrener was still with us. He spoke to me but seldom, for I was cold toward all his friendly advances. I so feared that he would discover my fatal secret, that I dared not trust myself to look in his face.

Minnie was of a very timid disposition, and it was only to please Herbert that she had undertaken to learn to ride. A docile little pony was purchased for her, and pleasant days, Herbert instructed her in the art in which he excelled. Sometimes I went with them, and oh! how I wished that I could be frightened, if it would only bring *him* near to soothe me.

It was spoken of at Pinewood, that Minnie should be Herbert's wife, and her beauty and talents were extolled daily.

Minnie would laughingly declare her intention of captivating him, and tossing back the wealth of shining curls which shaded her fair

Digitized by Google

face, she would say, with evident satisfaction, "Is it not fortunate that I have no rival here?"

Warrener was an artist of the highest order; his pictures were rare specimens of the glorious art, and before the creations of his pencil I have stood entranced for hours. He never showed me his paintings, but to Minnie's taste he fashioned many a glowing landscape.

* * * * * * * *

News came to us that the small-pox had broken out in its most virulent form, at a neighboring village, and that several had already died of the infection.

Minnie was almost wild with apprehension. "To be disfigured by that shocking disease! oh, dear! oh, dear! what was to be done?" Aunt Mildred at last succeeded in pacifying her, and had but barely succeeded, when the door opened, and Mr. Warrener came hurriedly in.

"Aunt," said he, hastily; "Dr. Gray pronounces my head-ache and langour the premonitory symptoms of small-pox, and——"

"Oh, horrible! horrible!" exclaimed Minnie, pallid with fright, "where shall we go? what shall we do?"

"Leave the house as soon as possible," replied he; "I would sooner die than endanger those I love."

But who will stay with you, Herbert? who will care for you?" asked Aunt Mildred, hesitating.

I stepped forward. "Mr. Warrener, I will stay with you," I said, calmly.

He looked at me in astonishment.

"Very well, be it so," said Aunt Mildred; "if the disease should attack you, it will not injure your looks, you shall stay;" and with a relieved air she left the room.

None of the servants, with the exception of an old farm laborer, who had had the disease in Germany, his native country, could be prevailed on to remain at Pinewood; and so I was to be left with only an infirm old man, and my sick charge.

Aunt and Uncle, with Minnie, went to a country relative's early that afternoon, leaving instructions for me to inform them of anything which might transpire.

Thus was I left with him whom I loved better than my own life. I never was so happy as at that moment! What were life and hope, compared to saving him one pang?

Mr. Warrener sat buried in a reverie for some hours after the departure of the family; then, suddenly rousing himself, he called me to him, and gazing into my face with his earnest eyes, he said:

"Miss Arlington, what could induce you to remain here with me? Did you not know that your life may be the cost?"

"I have consented to do only my duty, Mr. Warrener," I replied, calmly.

He took both my hands in his, pressed them thankfully, and then dropping them, said:

"Bring a book, Zelaine, and read to me."

I obeyed, and read to him until his head sank wearily back on the chair, and his eyes closed with a deep murmur of pain. I bathed his hot temples, and put back the shining threads of hair from his flushed brow.

From that time, for seventeen days, he was in an agony. I never left him—I felt no weariness—no need of rest. My hand administered the nauseous medicine—my arms held him when his bed could no longer afford him rest.

The disease attacked him only internally, therefore, I was spared the pain of seeing his face distorted by its ravages. He would have, at long intervals, moments of sanity, and, at such times, he would call me to his bedside and thank me again and again for my kindness, as he was pleased to call it, and entreat me to be careful for his sake, if not for my own.

John, the old servant, was attentive to my slightest wishes, and I every day despatched to the family the state of Herbert's health.

Mr. Warrener grew better. The physician said he would be saved, and I retired so thank God for his mercies.

Consciousness and reason returned at last, and Herbert's first inquiry was for Minnie. Very calmly I told him of her, and asked if he wished to see her. He placed his hand to his forehead, as if to recall some lost thought, and then he said, suddenly: "Tell me, Zelaine, did she desert me willingly, or did Aunt——." He stopped, and added, sorrowfully, "ah, yes, I remember; all left me but *you*, Zelaine! Noble courageous girl! come to me, I want to look at you."

I stepped to the bed-side. "Hold your face down close to me, Zelaine. What makes you look so pale and sad? Ah! I had forgotten—it is your long night-vigils with me—lie down, poor child!" and he passed his hand caressingly over my tangled hair.

Slowly Mr. Warrener recovered strength. I tended him as I would have tended an infant. How dear, how very dear he had become to me, I dared not confess, even to myself. He would sit and look at me for hours, as I read to him, or worked by his side.

In spite of the precautions of Dr. Gray, his beautiful hair fell out, until he was almost bald. At this time it was deemed safe for the family to return, and after the necessary purification of the house was over, they were sent for.

Minnie was nervous, and almost afraid to see Herbert; but when, at last, she ventured into the room, she seemed to be horror struck at his altered appearance. Herbert greeted her kindly, and asked her to sit with him awhile, and tell him of her stay in the country. But she soon grew weary of the sick room, and hastened away to the parlor, to practice some new songs which she had lately received.

Five months rolled away, and Mr. Warrener had almost recovered from the effects of his illness, and Minnie was again his ever constant companion.

Herbert always spoke to me very kindly, and endeavored often to draw me into conversation. I was too conscious of my changing face and trembling voice to risk myself to his notice.

Aunt Mildred relaxed her sternness somewhat,

Digitized by Google

and uncle's demeanor toward me was changed for the better.

One day I had wandered down to the river which met the ocean but a few rods from the rocks, and, throwing myself down on the moss in a dense thicket which skirted the river just above Cliff Falls, I wept with unrestrained violence. A little white kitten, which had been given me by a kind old fisherman, had followed me, and now she crept close up to my side, and by her soft, gentle purring seemed imploring me to accept her consolation. She had made my life happier since she had been mine. It may sound strangely to speak thus of a simple kitten, but let any one be, like me, cast out on the broad ocean of life, in a frail bark, with no hand to steer or arm to sustain, and they will be happy in being loved by the humblest of God's creatures.

I wept for a long time. Tears relieved me.—"Oh, God!" I cried in the bitterness of my spirit, "am I always to live this aimless life? Must *she* stand between me and *him?* She who had deserted him in his great extremity to be cherished in his bosom and soothed upon his heart!" The thought was dreadful! In the wild agony of my soul, I wished she might die. But as I looked upon the calm, blue heavens, the eye of God seemed gazing upon me, and I cast away the though as a great sin.

A wild shriek startled me. It was like that I had heard five years ago, in the blank midnight, when a noble vessel was struggling for life in the boiling ocean. I rushed to the water's edge, and horror froze my blood as I gazed upon the spectacle! There, in the tiny boat, which had been kept for some time moored in a fisherman's dock, on the river, about three-quarters of a mile above the Falls—stood Minnie Warden, her eyes strained in terror, and her hands raised to heaven in mute supplication. Instantaneously, the thought flitted through my mind, there is no mortal ear to hear her screams, no eye to see her destruction—let her perish!—She has won him from you and ——. I bade Satan behind me, and, calculating the chances, I resolved to rescue her, or be carried over the Falls with her.

She was dear to *him*, and he would mourn if she would return to him a cold corpse—I would save her. The chances, however, were but poor. A weak girl in a frail boat, launched upon a rushing stream, but a few rods from the rapids, which terminated in an angry waterfall, and I, a helpless woman, alone could save her!

I knew that my only chance was to intercept the boat in its way to the Falls. Just before the final fall, the river narrowed to but a few yards in width, and a couple of rods above the fall was a point of land jutting out into the current, on which grew a drooping beech. I plunged into the stream close in shore, and suffered myself to be borne on toward the point, when I caught at the overhanging branch of the tree, and awaited the moment that was to decide the fate of both of us.

In all this horror, this near approach of death, I was perfectly calm; not a pulse quickened—my heart beat firm and regular. I reviewed, in a moment, my whole life. All my deep, overwhelming love for *him*, came over me. For an instant I was tempted. Melicent Warden was alone. No eye but that of God saw her, save mine—should I let her perish? *He* would be mine then. Should I stain my soul with murder? No, no, no; my whole soul revolted at the thought.

On came the boat. In a moment, it was driven abreast the point. With a quick movement, I grasped the long painter which still hung from the boat, and drew it with the feeble strength of one hand towards me. By persevering efforts, I succeeded in drawing the boat, with its senseless occupant, into the little pool formed by the narrow point.

I had barely gained the land, when an exclamation of mingled horror and surprise fell on my ear, and Mr. Warrener was at my side. A few hurried words explained all to him, and we bore Minnie to Pinewood.

It seemed that, tempted by the beauty of the day, she had wandered farther than had been her intention, and, seeing a few water-lilies floating on the surface of the river, close to the shore, she had stepped into the boat, which she thought was fastened, to gather them. The weight careened the puny skiff, and it was swept into the current.

Thus had I twice, under God, been instrumental in saving the life of the woman who had come between me and my heart's idol!

* * * * * * * * *

There was a new arrival in the village. A young lawyer, so it was said. Horton, James Horton, was his name. He came up to Pinewood, one evening, to tea. His appearance was prepossessing, but there was about him a *je ne sais quoi* which displeased me. He talked the whole evening, to Minnie, but never addressed me after the introduction. He admires beauty, I suppose, and my plain, pale face disgusted him. Well, I am satisfied with my ugliness.—God made me thus, and I will not murmur.

One sunny afternoon, I went down to the Cliffs. I sat down in my grotto, and wept. *His* name escaped my lips—I could not help it. I heard a deep sigh; I raised my head, and Mr. Warrener was standing, looking earnestly toward me.

Confused, ashamed, and confounded, I buried my face in my hands. I was too wretched even to weep. All the agony of my life-long grief was crowded into that little moment. Rather would I have died, than he should have known that I had dared to love him unasked.

Mr. Warrener laid his hand on my arm, and drew me to a seat beside him. "Zelaine," he said softly, "that which I have witnessed to-day has revealed to me what I had never suspected—that I am dear to you. It is best to explain all. Zelaine, I have loved you very dearly since you watched beside me, when all others fled from me in affright; my love has grown and strengthened, until now it swells through my heart in a deep and mighty current. Narrowly have I observed you, but never, until now, have I dared

Digitized by Google

to believe my passion was returned. Zelaine, my well-beloved!" he exclaimed, throwing his arms around me, "are you happy, poor, little, lone thing, in being beloved?" and he kissed me tenderly.

I put my arms around his neck, and called him "Herbert."

Lying on his bosom, and my hand in his, and his breath upon my cheek, I told him of all my deep love for his picture before I had even seen him; of my heart-loneliness, my yearnings to be loved; and when he drew me to his breast, and called me his own forever—his *lonely* Zelaine no longer—I felt that all my sufferings and desolation were nothing to this great happiness. That night, when I knelt before his picture, I could say, "mine, mine, all mine!"

* * * * * * * * *

We were to be married. Aunt Mildred was indignant, at first, and Minnie looked on in scorn. But I cared not for all this.

The words were said which made the wife of Herbert Warrener, and we left Pinewood for the beautiful villa which was to be our home.—Home! oh, that was a sweet, welcome word to my heart—double so, when HE called it home.

The last golden sunbeams were playing over the white walls of our villa, as we reached it.—Oh, what a dear little room was that he called mine! Books and musical instruments—everything that my heart wished.

I folded my arms around my blessed Herbert, and, in the fullness of my great joy, I thanked God for the treasure vouchsafed to me.

* * * * * * * * *

Minnie Warden is dead. She married Mr. Horton but a few months after my departure from Pinewood, and, now, his debauchery and ill conduct have killed her. Poor girl! my heart is saddened when I look on all my great blessings, and think of her wretched fate!

Every moment of my existence is a prayer of thanks. Herbert—my darling, blessed Herbert—is dearer to me every moment of my life.—Verily, the Good Shepherd has led me through deep waters into green pastures.

THE TREES THAT WE PLANTED.

Tall and strong are these green-robed trees,
Whose leaves are at play in the summer breeze,
And widely around me their cool shade spreads:
It seemeth not that their lofty heads
Were ever scarcely above my own,
Yet 'twas even thus in the time long gone;
And I well remember how carefully
We nursed the growth of each tiny tree.

They are standing close by the school-house dear,
Where we conned our tasks for many a year.
On this green sward round them, we used to play,
At morn, and at noon, and at close of day;
And we often talked of the distant time
When our trees should stand in their stately prime,
And we should play beneath the shade
By their widely-waving branches made.

We thought not that long that time before
Our playful childhood would all be o'er,
That our playmate band would be scattered wide,
And each heart be filled with a stronger pride
Than the growth of our trees gave day by day;
That we should be changed far more than they.
O, careless planners of old were we,
When we builded air-castles so merrily!

I am standing now 'mid our trees, alone,
With a smile and a sigh for the time that's flown;
A smile for its joys so pure and sweet,
A sigh for those I no more may meet.
The greensward bright where we used to play,
In silence resteth this summer day.
I think of them all, but not one is here,
Nor sitteth there one in the school-room near.

Many there be who will come no more
To the spot so haunted in times of yore;
Many there be who will never see
The trees that we planted thus waving free;
But 'tis pleasant to think they will still live on
When the last of our band shall from earth be gone,
That for years and years, through the summer day,
Shall other children beneath them play.

GOD IS LOVE.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Oft in hours of sadness,
When the heart is nigh despair,
And no gleam of gladness
Lights its realm of care—
O'er the spirit softly stealing
Comes a breath of purer feeling,
Like a gentle air,
Opening to the sky
A darksome cloud on high,
To our mental sight revealing,
As if written there,
"God is Love."

What though pain and sorrow
Throng with thorns the path of earth,
And no joyous morrow
Brings the light of mirth;
'Mid the trouble pressing nearly,
Bears the soul its burden cheerly,
If with eye of faith,
Through the mists of earth,
Looking strongly forth,
This sweet truth it seeth clearly,
And with fervor saith,
"God is Love."

Digitized by Google

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

No. XI.—ADDISON.



JOSEPH ADDISON.

Among the distinguished writers who contributed to pronounce the period of Queen Anne's reign the Augustan Age of British literature, none exerted so important an influence as Addison. When it is recollected that it was he who first rendered what we call Magazine literature really popular with all classes of society, we must concede that his influence is felt, even at the present time. The following notice of his life, and very candid and just estimate of his literary productions, is from the pen of the able and discriminating Professor Spalding:

Joseph Addison was the eldest son of a clergyman, able and learned, but not wealthy. He was born in 1672, at the rectory of Milston, in Wiltshire. He was educated chiefly at the Charter House, and at Oxford, and distinguished himself as a writer of Latin verses, a good many of which were afterwards published. He first appeared in print by contributing English verses, some of which were original, and others translations from the classics, to Dryden's collections of miscellaneous poems. Another of his poetical efforts was a poem complimenting King William on the campaign in which he took Namur. It was written after he had been introduced to the notice of leading statesmen of the whig party; whose patronage of him, prompted by their expectation of his usefulness in political life, appears to have been the cause of his abandoning the intention he once had, of entering the church. A pension, procured for him by the interest of Lord Somers, enabled him, in 1699, to visit the continent, where he resided for three years. The best of his poems, a "Letter from Italy," addressed to Lord Halifax, his earliest patron, was written in 1701, while he was still abroad; and his "Travels in Italy," the first large work which he attempted in prose, exhibited very promisingly both his classical and miscellaneous knowledge. and his skill and liveliness in composition. Not very long after his return to England, he wrote, on the suggestion of the prime minister Godolphin, "The Campaign," a poem celebrating Marlborough's victory at Blenheim. He immediately received an appointment as one of the commissioners of excise, the place having become vacant by the death of the celebrated Locke; he was speedily appointed to be an under-secretary of state; and he was secretary to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland in 1710, when the ministry which he served were dismissed from office. The time of his steadiest and most successful activity in literature, embraced the four years extending from this loss of place, to the end of Queen Anne's reign. The Tories being in power, he was excluded from public employment. But, a short while before this, he had begun to produce those periodical essays by which his fame has been longest and most securely preserved. In 1709, he began to furnish papers to the *Tatler*, which was conducted by his school-fellow and friend, Richard Steele. Early in 1711, these two writers commenced the *Spectator*, which was continued every week-day till the close of the following year. It was then dropped, after having made up the 555 numbers commonly printed in its first seven volumes; Addison and Steele contributing almost equally, and together writing all the essays except sixty or seventy. In the course of 1713, the *Guardian* received a large number of essays from Addison; and then also appeared his celebrated tragedy of "Cato." The immense popularity which, partly through political considerations, this stately drama gained, both among readers and among play-goers, raised the reputation of its author to the highest point. During the latter half of the year 1714, he contributed a good many papers to the new series of the *Spectator*, making up its eighth volume. The accession of George I., occurring a little before the publication of the *Spectator* was closed, restored the Whigs to power, and thus again diverted Addison from literature to politics. After having acted as secretary to the regency, he was appointed one of the Lords of Trade. Down to this point in his history, there seems to have been really no good ground for the allegations commonly made of his inefficiency as a man of business. He had, indeed, failed in parliament, having either not spoken at all, or broken down in the only attempt he made. His literary celebrity, however, and his modesty and urbanity of manners, though they might have procured him a reception into the society of persons of rank, could not have obtained and preserved the confidence of succes-

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

sive statesmen, if he had not been quite competent to the practical details of office. But it cannot well be doubted that he was unfit, though it had been only through his inefficiency as a debater, for the last step which he ventured to take on the ladder of ambition. In 1717, a dissension having occurred in the ministry, Townsend and Walpole, the ablest members of the cabinet, passed over to the opposition; and in the administration which was formed by the other Whigs, Addison became a principal secretary of state, having Lord Sunderland, Marlborough's son-in-law, as his colleague. His acceptance of this office is commonly attributed to the influence of his wife, the Countess-Dowager of Warwick; whom he had married a few months before, and who is said to have, by her haughtiness and violence, made her husband unhappy, and to have driven him to dissipation as a means of escape from domestic discomfort. That Addison did become sottish in the last years of his life has not been clearly proved; and one is glad to catch at any reasons for disbelieving it. At all events, his health was now giving way; and the state of it was made the excuse for his resignation of office, which he tendered in April, 1718, after having held it for less than a year. His only subsequent efforts in literature that are worth noticing were, an angry controversy with his old friend Steele, who had joined the opposition section of the Whigs, and his uncompleted treatise on the "Evidences of Christianity." He died at Holland House, in Kensington, in June, 1719, a few weeks after having completed his forty-seventh year. Addison's poetry is of very small account. His minor compositions in verse hold but a low rank, even in that didactic and half-prosaic school, to which they belong. "Cato" itself, owed its fame, in a great measure, to extrinsic circumstances; and it could not have been successful at all, had not dramatic art been then in a state of decay. It is a series of dialogues, rather than a drama; its speeches, often eloquent, and almost always morally noble, are seldom truly poetical, and never passionate or pathetic; and there is an equal feebleness in the incidents and in the characters. It must be allowed, likewise, that no very great value belongs to any of his prose writings, except his contributions to the *Spectator*, and other periodical papers. These, however, make up a large mass of literary compositions, and possess distinguished merit and importance. In the history of English style, a marked epoch is constituted by the appearance of the writers who are oftenest described as the wits of Queen Anne's time; and among these there were none who exerted, on the manner of later authors, so strong an influence as Addison. His grace and refinement, accompanied by an admirable command of familiar idioms, gave him a charm that was wanting in the bare and stern writings of Swift; and, he was superior to Steele, not only in these points, but also in his comparative freedom from looseness and inaccuracy, and in his power of rising to dignity without losing ease or freedom. In respect to matters higher than style, the merit of the periodical essays is chiefly shared between Steele, the projector, and Addison, the only other steady and active contributor. In those sketches of character and manners, and those fragments of invented stories, which were the most popular things in the *Tatler* and its successors, Steele showed more decisive originality, and greater breadth and force of humor; but his coadjutor excelled him by far, both in delicacy of sentiment, and in the skill, ingenuity, and consistency with which he worked up his materials into finished pictures. To Addison the *Spectator* owed, with hardly any exception, its papers of a more elevated and solid cast, those which made it an instrument of enlightenment to its cotemporaries, and entitle it to the grateful attention of posterity. Such were its critical dissertations, always abounding in good taste and eloquent expression, the best of these being the criticisms which did so much for recalling notice to Milton; such were the papers on the "Pleasures of the Imagination," (efforts highly meritorious in the circumstances,) towards ascertaining the principles on which philosophical criticism must be founded; and such, also, were many meditative and religious papers, some of them purely didactic in form, and others allegorical, and all of them excellent alike for their high ethical tone, and for their natural and fine reflectiveness. If Addison's prose writings were once overvalued, the neglect and depreciation with which it has lately been fashionable to treat them, involve an error which goes at least as far the opposite way.



HOLLAND HOUSE.

www.libool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

THE WOMAN WHO IS BURIED ALIVE.

BY HORACE MAYHEW.

There is one class of women that always has my most especial pity. What they suffer, no one can tell. Patient, enduring, only complaining at the last moment, and then only in tones of the softest expostulation, they take rank among the martyrs of society. I have known such a martyr, and my bachelor's soft heart always bleeds for them. I know what the intensity of their secret sorrow must be,—all the more intense because they are shut up, and do not come to the window, and have a good cry at once, but nurse themselves in dark corners, and weep in silence; and it is in consequence of their nun-like privacy of grief that my compassion is always given, like a ready tribute, to them.

They are, in fact, the nuns of private life, and they live in convents. They roam most gloomily from cell to cell—gliding, rather than walking—and you see them growing thinner and thinner, paler and paler, every day, until it is a wonder how they live at all. What becomes of most of them it would be, perhaps, a melancholy history to inquire. Some waste away; some, it may be, are removed to another convent, to renew their sufferings elsewhere; some disappear, like the flies, you do not know how; and a few, perhaps, recover.

I am alluding to the class of much-to-be-pitied women, who, it is well known, are subjected to a life of the most dreadful seclusion. To use the term these poor, unfortunate creatures apply to themselves, they are women who are "buried alive."

Mrs. Flaunce Flounders belongs to this much-persecuted class. She is a short, thick person, whose waist, no longer so slim as it used to be, has puzzled many a partner in waltzing. Her color is what may be called florid. She has already left the earliest stages of womanhood, and is now rapidly advancing toward that middle part of life's journey at which the milestones do not count after thirty-nine. Her spirits are good, and her appetite far from delicate. I have seen her at dinner, when, I should say, her plate was filled oftener than mine; and at supper, I have envied her not less for the magical rapidity with which, not always waiting to be asked, she has taken wine with nearly everybody. She has a hand with long tapering fingers, that seem to possess a magnetic power for attracting a bottle of champagne; and I have always known where to find a bottle, when sent on a marauding expedition by some young ladies, by fixing my eyes steadily on the waving feathers of her gorgeous turban. As the *panache* of Henry IV. pointed, on the battle-field, the way to glory, so do the ornaments of Mrs. Flaunce Flounders' head-dress invariably indicate to me, in a supper-room, the exact spot where the champagne (and the best, too) is to be found.

It was two or three days after a rencontre like the above, when, having occasion to call upon her, I was astounded, perfectly startled, at her revelation that she was neither more nor less than "a woman buried alive." I looked round her room—a handsome drawing-room in Malmesbury-square—and could hardly believe my senses. It was a spacious apartment, luxuriously furnished; with looking-glasses that allowed you to remove the dust off your boots, and looking-glasses that enabled you to compose the topmost curl of your last new wig. It had parrots, birds, flowers, gold-fish—everything to make it comfortable. There were chairs, the cushions of which sprang up like Jack-in-the-boxes the moment you touched them; there were sofas so rapturously soft that, if it were not for the cruelty of the idea, you might almost imagine they were stuffed with babies! My eyes rapidly skimmed over faultless paintings from Italy and Newman-street—over priceless vases from Sevres and the Lowther Arcade—over Lyons silks, tiger hearth-rugs, and carpets that had the genuine stamp of Turkey about them;—and "Really," I said to myself, "if ever I were to be interred with the breath still in me, I do not know of a prettier sepulchre that I could die with comfort in than this."

"Yes, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Flounders, in a voice that would have brought tears into the eyes of an income-tax commissioner, "I am a woman literally, shamefully, buried alive!"

Again and again I stared. There was the same high, florid complexion that one would almost say was artificial, only one's natural politeness stifles the utterance of such uncomplimentary thoughts. There was the same double chin, that looked not unlike a coach-spring, connecting, as it were, the head with the body of the carriage, which, in this instance, was as majestic and erect as ever. There was, also, the same comfortable, corporeal fullness that suggested the vulgar idea that the lining of the same carriage was looked after daily with not less care than the painting of the outside; and the result of my curious examination was that, at all events, the interment seemed to agree remarkably well with the victim.

"Indeed!" was all I faintly uttered.

"Yes, sir! buried alive!" she said, turning her eyes up to a beautiful ormoulu chandelier hanging from a porcelain Cupid above her. "I go nowhere! I am a perfect prisoner! I am deprived of every little amusement—have, indeed, taste for none! I do not see a single soul! Every one is out of town! You are the only person that has called upon me for the last two days—and I am sure it is very kind of you. I am sinking daily—I'm losing spirits, energy, appetite, flesh, everything! I cannot do a thing! I cannot eat—I cannot sleep—I cannot sing—I cannot read! I cannot even cry! This very morning I tried to go on to the balcony for a little fresh air, and—will you believe it?—I

Digitized by Google

nearly fell over the railings into the street, I was so weak from the exertion! Would you be kind enough to hand me that vinaigrette? Thank you."

All this was muttered in a dieaway, lackadaisical voice, that I could scarcely believe it was our dear Mrs. Flounders talking—she whose rather mercurial tongue is generally heard at a theatre high above Formès, or Paul Bedford himself. After a pause, that I was afraid to break, she continued. "Tell me, there's a good soul, tell me—for I hear absolutely nothing in this great big coffin—is it true that Lady Concertina's at Brighton? Have you heard of the grand dinners that the Epergnays are giving at Spa? And is there any truth in the report that the Blancmanges have resumed the *petits soupers* that were so popular last season at Paris? Have the Moulds gone at last up the Rhine? Do you know whether Mrs. Migraine has left Naples since that little *fracas*? And can you tell me whether those horrible Blew D'Evilles have actually gone to besiege poor dear old gouty Lord De Sœuvray in his castle in the north? Oh! I must tell you I received a terrible letter from your old friend Mrs. Humdrum yesterday. She says she's buried alive at Wiesbaden—it seems there isn't a soul there this year! I'm sure it can't be worse than this London! It's too bad! Was there ever a person so buried alive as I am?"

I tried to console her with the best cooling verbal restoratives I could summon to my aid, and, after assuring her that there was a considerable number of lords and ladies, with a marquis besides, and a royal duke into the bargain, who, to my knowledge, were all condemned to a similar kind of vital interment, she revived a little. Then I thought I could with safety leave her, the more especially as I noticed a big-calved Johnny bringing in for luncheon a heavily-laden tray, that discharged, as I thought, a most savory aroma of roasted partridges round the room. Poor woman! It was but right, if she was "sinking daily," that she should have something to cling to—even if it was only the leg of a roast partridge!

Some months later, in December, I met this same Mrs. Flaunce Flounders at Brighton. Notwithstanding the circumstances of her melancholy sepulture, she was still alive, and apparently in extremely rude health—so rude as to be almost vulgar. Her cheeks were of that glowing redness that you warmed yourself, as at a kitchen fire, merely by looking at them.—And her *embonpoint* was such that I quite pitied the poor pony that was waiting for her at the door. She was in her riding-habit, and had only time to shoot at me a few words of friendly greeting as she squeezed by in the narrow passage. "Just going out, you see, for a ride—should die of *ennui* if I stopped at home. No one here! Every one gone! Am anxious to get back—am completely buried alive in this stupid, methodical, stuck-up place." And away she went to saddle the poor pony with the full weight of her burial.

From that time I made a point of studying Mrs. Flounders's complaint. I found it consisted in an unconquerable restlessness to be at a certain place where other people were, and where she was not. This restlessness led to peevishness—the peevishness led to loss of appetite—and loss of appetite would lead, there is no doubt, if only persevered in long enough, to loss of food, and that loss would end, in time—there was not the smallest hesitation in coming to that conclusion—in loss of life. This is what makes the complaint so peculiarly dangerous. Therefore, directly a woman is buried alive, removal is instantly necessary. You must knock down the door of her tomb, and let her escape that very moment. If she is buried alive, because everybody is going out of town, you must let her go out of town. If she is anxious to get back to town because the opera has opened, and the season has begun, by all means let her return. There is no other remedy that will yield the slightest relief. If you do not, her malady soon assumes an alarming form; her cries, her groans, her complaints become so truly piteous, that the house which she happens to be buried alive in, quickly becomes unbearable to all those who are sharing her sepulchral captivity with her. The servants fly from her; her children approach her with dread and trembling; the nurse scarcely dares to venture near her with the baby even in her arms; she is "out" to everybody; she neglects her appearance—does her hair anyhow—leaves her letters unopened—remains for hours in bed—lunches, dines in her bed-room. At tea, perhaps, she makes her appearance, but it is in her morning-wrapper. Where, indeed, is the use of her dressing in a place where she is buried alive? Hysterical fits, at last, supervene, and at regular intervals—mostly at meal-times, and invariably when a stranger is present. It is then that the disease is at its crisis—the sufferings of the poor creature have attained their awful climax. The doctor is sent for. He pays two or three visits, pockets his two or three guineas, when the lady, finding in a lucid interval that he clearly does not understand her constitution, refuses to see him any more. It is then that he confesses that the case is a very serious one; in fact, quite beyond the reach of human skill; and he recommends "change of air."

I have watched many delicate persons who are laboring under a desperate attack of premature interment. In every one I have found that it was urgently necessary to have the patient instantly removed. The ravings, which were previously of a desponding and incoherent character, at once cease, and the patient gradually becomes more composed, and at length even rational. She dresses for dinner, and in the evening is strong enough to go and see a pantomime. The attacks, however, vary very much, and delight in developing themselves when least expected. I have known Mrs. Flounders, for instance, complain of being buried alive under some very singular circumstances: once, in the middle of a grand public ball, where there were at least two thousand persons

Digitized by Google

in the room, and where there was every possible attraction—champagne supper included; at another time, on New-year's day, at a charming country-house, full of delightful company, who, strange to say, did not back-bite one another; and another time at Her Majesty's Theatre, where there must have been, at least, two kings, three queens, and an emperor and empress present. The last occasion, I recollect, was at an horticultural fête, where, if you were buried alive, your funeral would, at all events, take place in the midst of beautiful flowers, and to the sound of military music. Still, you cannot account for these things! I have observed Mrs. Flounders, when she has been buried alive, to be wandering, absent, depressed, feverish, snappish, and with a wild look about her, as of a person who was being suffocated; but the next moment, after she had been removed to some crowded room, where the misletoe was hanging, she has all of a sudden breathed freely, and in a few seconds been quite a different person, telling you little bits of scandal about her friends in the most charming manner possible.

It is for the above reasons that I always deeply pity a poor, sensitive woman who is buried alive. It is only another way of saying that she is not in her element—that she is inhaling some vulgar, vitiated, unfashionable atmosphere, that her refined nature has not been accustomed to. During that period she is only a corpse! Break down, then, I say, the barrier that shuts her out from the world, and let her emerge from her gilded tomb, and be once more a beautiful human being! Such is the paramount duty of all persons—who have incomes of not less than £2000 a year.

POSTSCRIPT.—I do not remember a case ever terminating fatally in fashionable life, of a woman who was buried alive. On the contrary, it seems to agree with them. For example, take Mrs. Flounders, who, to my knowledge, has been buried alive never less than three or four times every year, for the last twenty years, and see how hale and hearty she is! Her figure is as round as ever, and she still enjoys an unimpaired appetite, that, I can tell you, would be anything but welcome at a cheap boarding-house. No; it must be confessed that I do not know of one instance of a woman ever dying under such sepulchral circumstances. But, then, it should be borne in mind that matters have never been pushed to that horrible extremity. No husband has ever been inhuman enough to try the experiment. The poor victim—the dear, delicious angel who was buried alive—has, fortunately, always been liberated in time, or else there is no knowning what mignt have been the awful consequences!

THE TWO WIVES.

BY CARL SPINDLER.—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A good many years ago, there lived, in Simonswälder valley, a young and beautiful girl, whom every one delighted to please, and who was dearly loved by all the maidens and matrons of her neighborhood; although the former envied her a little on account of her beauty, and the faculty which she possessed, of rendering herself agreeable to everybody. This, indeed, is no little gift; and there is many a one with beautiful red and white in her cheeks, with delicate skin and golden hair, who knows but little how to make use of these advantages.

The beautiful maiden was named Mary. She was pious, modest, benevolent, and humble; good at heart, through and through, as she was beautiful from head to foot. I do not know her father's name—but that is no matter—he was not rich, there were many children, and if Mary had not made herself so useful, her mother would never have been able to get along at all. Mary attended to her brothers and sisters, she prepared all the meals, washed the dishes, took care of the garden and the little piece of land attached to the house, and still found time to devote to the Lord's service. She was indefatigable in her exertions, and yet was ever so patient and contented that she became an example for the whole neighborhood. People came from fifty miles round to see little Mary, who was so happy and yet so full of cares; who was so beautiful, so cleanly, and so neat and trim, that she always looked as if she had just came out of a band-box, and yet was the poorest girl in the whole valley; who made use of such delicate and refined language, although she had never, in all her lifetime, been more than two months at school,—not, however, because she was too idle to go, but because of actual want of time. She received praises and presents from high and low; but the presents she gave to her parents, and the praises did not make her vain. But it was impossible that such understanding and such goodness should always go unrewarded. If our Lord had not pitied her parents, he would at once have made an angel of Mary; it may be, too, that he left her on earth so that, through her example, the Christian virtues might be dignified and placed conspicuously before the world. As she could not, in pity to those living on earth, be at once taken to heaven, it was right that she should experience earthly happiness, and that, as I shall relate, came naturally enough.

One day a well looking gentleman, with ruddy cheeks, and in his full prime, came riding along the road which passed the house of Mary's fa-

Digitized by Google

ther to Elzach. His coat and vest were covered with silver, button upon button; his boots were brightly polished, and his hat was pushed right proudly on one side. This was the landlord of the Crown at Kandern, a rich and agreeable man, although he occasionally talked a little roughly—but only occasionally.

He was now in a right good humor. Wherefore? A short time before he had lost a vile termagant of a wife, and was now going to Elzach a-wooing; for a rich lady here had been chosen for him by his friends, and although he had not yet seen her, he almost felt as if she were already his betrothed. He was in a right merry mood, and as he rode along he would now whistle a little in the blue air, and now cut down with his switch, from the branches of the fruit trees which lined the road, the wisps of hay which had been caught up from the passing wagons. Oftentimes, too, he would lay his switch right heartily upon his well-fed horse, which moved along too slowly to suit his impatient mood.—As he rode round the corner of the hedge, which formed the enclosure of Mary's father's garden, he came, suddenly, upon the maiden, who was at the fountain engaged in washing the face of one of her little brothers; which simple duty she performed with remarkable grace. The landlord of the Crown, as he looked upon her, scarcely knew which to admire most, her round white arms, or the snow-white sleeves of her under-dress; the red stockings or the little feet which filled them; or her sunny hair, which put to shame her yellow hat; her fresh mouth, or the smile which played around it; her bright eyes, or the goodness of heart which beamed forth from them. The horse, no longer urged forward, went slower and slower, till at last, his master forgetting him altogether, he stood quite still. The landlord seemed riveted to the spot, for his eyes could not become satisfied with gazing upon the beautiful maiden. He sat and laughed till he showed all his teeth, and Mary could not help looking pleasantly upon the friendly countenance before her; and whilst he said, to himself, "That is the most beautiful creature I ever laid my eyes upon," she thought he was the finest looking man she had ever seen.

The landlord was never troubled with bashfulness from his childhood up, nor was he at this time, for he said to Mary, jestingly, what he meant in good earnest:

"If I were not already fettered you should be my wife, my dear."

The blushing maiden answered him:

"What do you mean, sir? I am very poor, and it is impossible that, with all your riches, you could even think of me, for a single moment, as your wife."

This was a short conversation, for the maiden now ran into the house, and the landlord continued his way to Elzach. But it filled his head with thought, and he no longer pushed his horse forward so impatiently.

In Mary's head and heart everything was arranged in proper order, as is seemly for a well-kept house. Every maiden, however, has, in some corner of her heart, a little concealed chamber where she stows away her most precious household articles, and into which no one, not even the nearest neighbor, is allowed to peep. I am not, therefore, able to say whether Mary thought anything further of the landlord of the Crown, and I cannot exactly tell why she was so frightfully agitated, and acted so bashfully when, about three days after, the landlord first passed, she saw him again riding up to her father's door. To stop, to throw away his switch, to spring from the saddle, and seize the maiden round the waist, did not occupy as much time as the lightest-minded boy would take to say his *Pater-noster*. Really, a modest maid could not but become dreadfully alarmed, and almost ready to faint at such conduct. Before Mary fainted, however, she pushed the audacious man from her and said:

"What do you mean, sir, by such conduct as this?"

And, hereupon, he answered:

"I come, my little dear, to make good my words; I have freed myself at Elzach, and have determined that you, or else no one in the wide world, shall be my wife."

As he uttered these words poor Mary faltered, suddenly became colorless and sank, like an autumn leaf, at his feet. At this moment, unfortunately, Mary's father, almost beside himself with anger, came out of the house, and her mother stood upon the door-sill, weeping, she scarcely knew wherefore, whilst the brothers and sisters cried so loud that even the most distant neighbors came running up in alarm, to see what was the matter. Did I say this occurred unfortunately? Honorable people always intend well, and care little for unfavorable appearances. The landlord of the Crown was, as we have already said, an honorable man, although he occasionally spoke a little bearishly, and what he had said in Mary's ear, he now repeated modestly but fearlessly to her father and mother.

"I saw your daughter," said he politely, "for the first time, a couple of days ago, and her appearance so bewitched me, that I would gladly have been spared a further ride, and have remained here to woo her. But I was then a captive, for there was one waiting at Elzach, to whom I was the same as betrothed. A promise, you know, a man must keep; that is, if it is *possible* for him to keep it. When I saw the maiden, whom my friends had chosen for me, I was not at all pleased with her; but that was no matter, for one should, in all cases, keep his word, and I had foolishly enough promised that I would wed her. But when I heard her petulant voice, and saw her going about, fretting and scolding, and domineering, I opened my eyes and ears wider and wider, and said to myself, 'If my blessed wife has not risen out of her grave, and placed herself before me, in the person of Miss Hurrle, it is certain that this one is not one whit better than she. Whew!' thought I, 'but she will make you taste fire;' and, in

Digitized by Google

good truth, the perspiration started out of my forehead at the pleasant prospect before me.—It flowed still more freely when I learned the dragon-reputation which the young lady bore in all Elzach. And even there I perceived that the whole country spoke of your daughter, who now filled my whole thoughts, as if she were a saint. That grieved me! that cut into my soul! that burned into my brain more fiercely than living coals could do! An angel close at hand, and yet to have a she-devil chained around one's neck! But yesterday—I have fixed a red mark opposite the date, in the calendar, and shall make it a holiday all my life long—when the formal betrothal was to take place, and the notary and parson were invited, a hole was beat in the drum. When I arrived at the house of my intended, like a poor malefactor, I saw plainly that something was wrong; the old people seemed greatly disturbed and terrified, and significant sour and pleasant glances passed amongst the assembled relatives. I could not imagine what was the matter, and was about to ask my amiable intended for an explanation, when, for the first time, I observed that she was not present. But a terrible storm was raging through the house: doors were slammed with a violence that emulated thunder-claps, and footsteps could be heard flying up and down the stairs. This was all done by Hurrle, who was raising a tempest compared to which that of the witches of Heuberg, was a mere trifle. She swore at her brothers and sisters, and the servants, boxed their ears, and raged and stormed in a manner which beggars all description. Her parents trembled like an aspen-leaf, and the people present were almost frightened out of their wits, when the door flew open, and the wild woman yelled in:

"'I've told you that I won't have him. I would have been glad if he had taken himself off as soon as he came—and I now tell you, once for all, that if the miller does not marry me, four horses couldn't compel me to go to Kandern—and then I will not marry anybody, but go to a convent!'"

"She must be a beauty!" said Mary's father, as he took, thoughtfully, a pinch of snuff. Mary thought that the lady could not be enough praised for her frankness, and so, also, thought the landlord, for he continued:

"This would, perhaps, have made many a man furious; but with me it was quite the reverse. It is, sometimes, a great pleasure, as I then found it, to be told to your face, that you are not liked, and, for the very first time, I smiled, pleasantly, upon the wild-cat, made a low bow and said: 'My dear Miss, why, in heaven's name, are you so angry and rancorous. You are running the risk of an attack of gall-fever, and the miller at Kandern would like to have a healthy and cheerful wife. I think so, at least, and I know him well, for he was my school-mate, and is still my good friend. I begin to see the reason why he looked so distressed the last time I was here; and it was stupid of him that he did not speak out. On my heart, too, my dear Miss, has a mountain rested till now, and, heaven be praised! it has fallen off without it having become necessary for me to compel myself to remove it, by saying to you, with the best intentions in the world, that we were not fitted for each other, and that I could not marry you. I thank you, heartily, for having anticipated me, and so let us, at least, remain friends.' I, thereupon, offered her my hand, but the malicious creature would not take it. I had wounded her vanity, and, as long as she lives, she will neither forget nor forgive me for having showed her that the refusal she gave me was very welcome. In the meantime Florian, the miller, had come in—the fellow had been concealed somewhere in the town for two days—and the parents now readily granted their consent to Hurrle's wishes, so that the matter might be brought to a close. Her father then said, 'I must blush before you for this, landlord.' I answered coolly, 'Heaven forbid! it is the turn of others to blush, and I sincerely hope they may not feel like crying before long!' I hinted to the miller that it would have been a great deal better if he had opened his mouth in good time; it would have saved me much trouble, and I might some days sooner have been the betrothed of this charming maiden."

No one will doubt, for a moment, that Mary became the landlord's wife. He urged his suit strongly, the parents had nothing to say against it, and Mary who from the very first loved the landlord, consented willingly. It was not long before the lovers understood each other, and Mary says, "I love thee dearly, Jacob."

And Jacob replies, "Mary thou art more to me than all in the world beside."

"Thou hast such good, faithful eyes," says Mary, again.

And Jacob replied, "In thine eyes a whole blue heaven opens to me!"

And it was not long before the wedding, which took place on the same day that Hurrle and Florian were married. The latter took place at Elzach, whilst Jacob's wedding was celebrated with honor and joy at Kandern.

But our story is not ended with the wedding. The brides are taken home, but what happened afterwards will, perhaps, be found of more importance; for it will show how pride cometh before a fall, and will show, too, how much a pious soul is compelled to bear, patiently, in this world.

The landlord of the crown had a fine house, which belonged to him, in fee; it was three stories high with beautiful beds in the rooms, and mirrors and curtains at the windows, quite imposing. The kitchen was so large that you might have rode a horse in the door, and cooked for sixty men on the hearth. The dining-room was large and dry and well lighted, and filled with good things. In the cellar were stowed away the best burgundy, claret, and mar, cask upon cask. Fourteen cows stood in their stalls, in the stable, and gave milk as plentifully as fountains. There were so many chickens in the yard that all the eggs which were laid, daily, could not be gathered. There were two gardens, one full of greens, potage

Digitized by Google

herbs, and celery; the other loaded with fruits of every kind, large and small. The chests and closets were filled with the most beautiful linen in all the country. There were copper cooking utensils of every description, and a dozen of the finest silver dishes. There were many acres of land sowed in hemp and flax, such as was no where else to be seen; and every morning coffee was served up in beautiful porcelain bowls. There were, old and young, sixteen servants, and a fine coach stood in the coach house. Mary had the most lovely clothes and ornaments which could be got at Edelstein—her husband was ever ready to say, "As you please, my treasure,"—and, after the lapse of a few years, she was the mother of two blooming children, a boy and a girl, for whom the magistrate had stood god-father. Yes, that was a glorious time; nothing occured to mar the happiness it brought, and it seemed as if it would never end.

But the devil is cunning! Whenever the miller, who had married Hurrle, and lived in a constant state of warfare with her, looked into the neighboring paradise of Jacob and Mary, his heart became coal black under his white coat, with grief and envy. Not that he was such a bad man; but his nature was warped and he often thought,

"If Jacob had only taken Hurrle I should now be a happier man. I have nothing but anger and vexation all the day long, whilst Jacob lives, already, in a paradise! That is bitter! That is sour! That is ratsbane!"

Now it must be known that Florian, the miller, was a secret student. He was once intended for the ministry, and had studied, and was on the eve of receiving orders, when his elder brother died and left him the mill. Florian did not long hesitate to cast aside the student's coat and put on the chaff-frock, and, if much learning did not remain, he, at least, brought back to the old home a couple of baskets-full of books. For a long time the old rubbish remained in a garret-room, forgotten by all save the mice, which made their nests amongst them. The miller had long forgotten about the school-plunder, when it happened, one day, after a sharp skirmish with his wife, that, disgusted with life, he went up into the attic, to look for a quiet place where he could put an end to his earthly existence. He carried with him nails, a hammer, and rope. As he entered the little room where the books had been stowed away, he became suddenly agitated, for there, as a child, had he said his night and morning prayers, and slept, sweetly, the sleep of innocence and peace; there had he looked out into the blue air, and watched the flying birds, innocent and joyful as they; and there had he smoked secretly his first pipe of tobacco. The air was now as pure and the sky as blue as it had been four-and-twenty years before, when the same Florian had almost fallen out of the little dormer-window, and his mother came just at the right moment to save him—and then, suddenly, came to his mind his good, faithful mother and his honest father—both parents-hearts, once so warm, now lying under the cold earth. And see! Florian's heart grew weak and tender as it had been at the time which memory brought back so vividly before him. At last his eye fell upon the baskets of books, and then the joyful years of his pupilage were remembered, and if he did not become happy at the recollections which they brought, peace, at least, came into his mind, and the nails and rope went flying out the window. He kept the hammer, for it was now harmless, and he suddenly sat down and read in the old books till all vexatious thoughts had passed away. And this he afterwards often did, for Hurrle, heaven knows! gave him occasion frequently enough, to seek relief here.

One summer afternoon, just after a heavy domestic thunderstorm, he sat in the little garret-room, reading a book so old that it hardly held together as he turned over its leaves. He seemed to be much interested, and continued to read till it began to grow dark, when he put the book under his arm and went over to the Crown.

Jacob was now alone, for Mary, with her oldest child, had gone to visit her parents, one of whom was sick. By her visits, advice, and consolation, Mary made all who were sick well, for, wherever she was, there was health and prosperity. But in her absence mischief brooded, and so was it in the Crown at Kandern.

The landlord was dozing in his arm-chair when Florian came in, for his rest had been disturbed the night before. As the miller entered, he said:

"Look here, Jacob! I have found a book filled with old legends and stories. We will while away the time with it together, for no one will be here to disturb you this evening, as all are out at the shooting. For myself, I have enough fire at home, and your eyes don't look much like those of a sharp-shooter."

Jacob made no other reply than to point to a chair, and reach him a great goblet of wine.—He did not forget himself either, and the same night the friends caroused deeply.

In the book brought by Florian there was a right devilish story of a heathenish English nobleman, whose wife was a mirror of virtue, and yet whom, as if she had been a heretic, he tortured to the last extremity, in order to test her love for him. By the help of God, the poor lamb bore all her sufferings with gentleness and Christian fortitude, and committed her cause to heaven. Her calumniators, at last, gave up their persecutions—her wretch of a husband repented of what he had done and was converted to Christianity. If the steadfast wife has not been canonized by the pope, she ought to have been, and the neglect will be repaired in heaven.

But now the devil spoke out of the miller's mouth, without Florian being aware of it, and said to the landlord:

"Jacob, you have a faithful wife, but you would not dare to try her in the way the English nobleman did."

Whereupon, with wanton presumptuousness, Jacob answered: "What will you bet?"

And the other said, "I'll wager a tun of the best burgundy."

Digitized by Google

"Done," replied Jacob, and gave his hand to the wager; "and I'll lay another tun," continued he, "that to all eternity you will never be master in your own house."

The miller, out of shame, immediately took up the wager, as in this state of mind men often do the weakest things.

What is said in the evening, under the influence of wine, is, generally, forgotten the next morning; but in this case, alas! neither forgot a particle of what had passed between them. Both, indeed, repented bitterly enough, for in cooler moments, they could see, plainly, that to which they were before blinded, that it was wrong to tempt either God or man. But men are self-willed, and stubborn as mules. The miller was one of the most obstinate in the world, and Jacob's head was still harder than the miller's.

Mary was unable to understand why her husband did not send, as usual, to bring her home from the house of her parents, when her presence there was no longer needed: and when she did arrive, and became aware of the change in his manner to her, she was perfectly amazed. He was taciturn and restless; he scarcely looked upon her, and even when he did so, it was with disapproving eyes. In all his life-time before, he had never spoken to her in such a perverse manner, when he did open his mouth; and when she attempted to ask him the cause of this, he answered all her questions like a growling bear. There was no longer any "God greet thee!" or "thank God!" or loving kiss, or "Good night, dear!" or "Good day, dear mother!" Every evening he had a card party at his house, with which he sat up till after midnight. After some time—as he felt it would be impossible to continue this at home—he would go out and spend his evenings at the "Linden," or at the "Cross;" and the miller would bring news to Mary that Jacob was squandering his property, and drinking no little. The miller was constantly with him, as was easy for him, Hurrle caring little about his company at home, and Jacob seemed so much wrapped up in him, that he was never satisfied when Florian was out of his sight.

The dark, sympathizing night, often numbered the bitter tears of the forsaken wife, and, as her custom, would often attempt to whisper in her ear, bad thoughts of retaliation. But this time she missed it.

"Fie! thou evil, old, blind worm!" Mary says to her instigator; "do I unveil my grief to you, that you should suggest such bad things? I expected consolation of you, and you would instil into my bosom the rust of repining, and malice, and sinful thoughts!"

And she immediately flies to the bed of her children—for she remembers that children, when they sleep, are always under the guardianship of the angels—and the angel who watched over them, came to her also to console and instruct her.

"See, my dear Mary," he said; "now is the time to prove that the religion of God has done something for you. You were faithful in prosperity, why should you not still be so, now that you think yourself unfortunate?"

And he then told her of three things which will preserve us from all evil, and which, when once received into the breast, never take their leave; which outlast life on this earth, and, consequently, all suffering and misfortune.

"Take a thread," said the angel, "so long that it will go ten times round the earth; it has an end, but true faith has no end. Think of an ocean, many millions of acres in extent, and of a ship sailing upon it; the ocean may dry up; the ship will at some time certainly either reach a harbor or sink, but hope has no limit. Imagine a fire by which all the forests upon earth are burning up; it will at last go out, but love can never be extinguished. God will not permit them to have an end, for they are God himself. Do you understand me?"

Mary must have understood the angel, for she showed that she had faith without mistrust; hope without desponding; love without sin and jealousy. And she thought to herself that Jacob, too, must possess these three things, as well as herself; so she held to him, firm as steel, and thought:

"I have faith in his love, and will not grieve him with anger and suspicion. I will hope steadily that he will again become kind to me, and I love him so much, that he must become kind again."

And there is not one amongst men and women, who may not possess these three thing.

The fiend, on his side, was not quiet—with all his might he pressed down the poor wife. First, the landlord said to her one day:

"You bring beggars into my house, and waste my substance. Give me the keys, I will attend to the household affairs myself."

This was grievous: but Mary, silent and pious, as usual, gave him the keys.

Very soon after, her husband snarled again: "You are ruining my children. They are of my blood, and I will bring them up as I think best."

And he took the children away, and placed them with his sister, who lived at Schliengen. This was terrible, but Mary held her heart with both hands, and thought:

"God's will be done! my husband is my lord, and the angel watches over the children."

At last the landlord spoke out, bearishly:

"You trouble me night and day with your complaining countenance, and I have a strong suspicion that you make silly complaints to your parents about troubles which you have brought on yourself. I forbid you either to visit or write to them, and it will not be well for you, if you disobey me."

This was heathenish; but, in her anguish, Mary said, prayerfully:

"Thou shalt forsake father and mother, and cleave unto thy husband."

Immediately thereafter, the landlord, who found that he could hold out no longer, brought the matter to a close by growling out:

"I just begin to feel how foolish I have been to marry a wretched beggar, and I can never

Digitized by Google

again look on your face with pleasure. Go, then, put on your rags, and never let me set eyes on you again."

This was altogether devilish; but Mary, in the depth of her wretchedness, sighed:

"Lord, my God, forsake me not," and put on her simple Simonswälder gown, took a paltry bundle under her arm, and stepped, an outcast, from her husband's house, to go, she knew not whither.

Then came the frivolous Hurrle, and scoffed at her, saying:

"The pitcher taken to the fountain is at last broken. Hypocrisy and an evil end generally go together, my devout and exemplary madam! People are always served like you when they imagine that they have the king for their cousin, and that everybody else is but dust and rubbish; and they are served just right, too! It is true," she continued, "that your husband is bad, through and through, and I wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs. You are a fool to suffer all this—of what use is the law, I should like to know, if such things are to be borne tamely. If my husband were to treat me so, it would be a fat case for the lawyers, I guess. He'd have a hornet's nest about his ears in no time, and should march off to the court, where he should be prosecuted till he'd sweat blood. I'd torment the scamp into a nervous-rheumatic-gall fever! It serves *you* just right, however, or you'd not be such a fool as to rest quiet under such treatment. But it is a judgment from Heaven, (calumniators always call in the aid of Heaven to give force to their slanders). Why did you fish away your heart's love from another, eh? Did yon suppose there was nobody else in the world of any consequence beside yourself. Go, now, and try the effect of your charms! You have reason enough, Heaven knows! But I guess you'll be content to rest quiet, now. Where are your rosy cheeks now? Your golden hair will all fall out from sheer trouble. Where is, now, your fine form? your plump neck? your dear, little, rounded hands and feet; where are they now? Have they lost their charms? You'll not fish anybody else away, that I'll go bail for. But, seriously, I wouldn't suffer it. Cry murder! in all the streets, and I'll help you; not on your account, though—for you are a good for nothing jade—but because I love a row, and would dearly love to stone your Jacob, or see him, at least, in the work-house."

At the commencement of this tirade, Mary was almost hopeless; then she grew white and red, and sobbed, and wept, and wrung her hands, and moaned: but, at last, she recovered herself, and when the temptress ceased, she answered, in the same tone:

"God forgive you, for you know not what you say. But I advise you to be silent about my husband; for, as a good wife, I cannot listen to such shameful things; and if he were to hear you, it might not be well for you."

At this moment came Jacob out of the Crown, dressed up as he had been on his wedding day, and with a large nosegay in his button-hole. From the gate came two carriages, with the landlord's best horses harnessed to them. The hats and whip-stalks of the footmen and drivers were decorated with colored ribbons. In the carriage sat Mary's parents, and brothers, and sisters, decked out in their holiday clothes. Jacob ran up and embraced his wife, saying:

"I have played a bad game, and I have paid for it with my heart's bitterest suffering, although I have won it with glory. Forgive me, dearest, for what I have suffered. Our children, here, will plead for the culprit; (and the little ones sprung into Mary's widely spread arms.) So, also, will your parents, and brothers, and sisters, who shall never more go hence; for I have bought them a house near our own, and will I not love them, and care for them as if they were my own parents, and brothers, and sisters?"

Hurrle did not wait to hear any more. As if seven knives had been suddenly thrust into her bad heart, did she go home.

But Mary did not find forgiveness necessary, for as was said above, true love never ceases. Jacob, then, with a soul full of joy, said to Florain:

"I have won my tun of wine, and thrown your cursed book into the fire. But now, if you have the courage, win yours by putting the bridle and bit upon that she-devil of yours at home."

Florian, who felt ashamed, and looked with admiration upon Mary's constancy and nobleness of soul, wished to be even with Jacob. But how did he succeed? He began to speak authoritatively to Hurrle, but she laughed in his face. He locked her in the house, and she jumped out the window. He tried to starve her into submission, but she broke open the kitchen and dairy, and cut off the heads of all the geese and chickens. He attempted, at last, to give her a thorough strapping, after the example of Fritz, the shoen aker, but she threw axe and knife at him. He made an attempt to take her children away from her, but she ran away with them, and left them with her father, whilst she ran farther—but not alone—and Florian never heard anything more of her.

This, indeed, became a fat case for the lawyers. The miller, at last, obtained a divorce; he was not permitted to marry again, but he had peace at last, and employed his time in attempting to educate his wolf-brood into lambs.

Mary and Jacob, as is well-known, lived long and had many children; and their memory is still cherished, by old and young, throughout the whole land.

Sydney Smith says:—"Most London dinners evaporate in whispers to one's next neighbor. I make it a rule never to speak to mine, but fire across the table; though I broke the rule once, when I heard a lady who sat next me, in a low, sweet voice, say—'no gravy, sir.' I had never seen her before, but I turned suddenly round and said: 'Madam, I have been looking all my life for a person who disliked gravy; let us swear eternal friendship.'"

Digitized by Google

NOT FOR MONEY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(CONCLUDED.)

Three weeks had passed. June had placed her green coronet on the mountains, and even in the bare, hot city, we caught occasional trailings of her robe of gold. The day's wearisome work came at last to its close, as—blessed be God!—all the earth-days must, and with a half-smothered sigh of relief and thankfulness, I hurried from the store.

I had not proceeded more than half a square, when a sudden rain-drop plashing on my cheek, lifted my gaze to the sky. A heavy black cloud was shoving its folds over the tops of the houses, with a certain promise of deluging the streets in less than five minutes.

I had nearly a mile to achieve before I reached home, but, of course, walking this was now quite out of the question.

"I must jump into the omnibus at the next crossing, and *that* will take me within two squares of home," I mentally concluded, and hurried rapidly on to gain the intersection of Eighth and Chestnut streets.

But I was too late. Far up the street I caught the dim outline of the great yellow vehicle, lumbering through its cloud of dust—I could not dream of reaching it.

"What shall I do?" The words trembled up from a very weary heart; for the sultry day's toil had reduced me to a state of complete physical exhaustion, and at such times we all know how readily the spirits yield to circumstances—if at that moment an angel's white hand had rifted aside the cloud, and called out to me my last hour, I believe I should have clasped my hands calmly and thanked him.

Faster and faster plashed the heavy drops on my bonnet. Far up the street a slight roof-projection seemed to offer some protection from the shower. I hurried toward it.

"Pardon me, Miss, for presuming to address you, but will you not accept the shelter of my umbrella?"

I turned hastily around to meet a face that, once seen, would not easily be forgotten. It was that of the young man whose brief interview with Mr. and Mrs. Stowell had so interested me.

I hesitated but a moment. It might have been the increasing rain, it might have been the frankly respectful tones and manner, which first decided me; but, at all events, a moment later, I had accepted his arm, and the rain was dashing down angrily on the great umbrella that was our only protection.

For the first half hour, we only exchanged an occasional remark, for the rapid shower would have drowned our voices. But at last the rain lightened, and this afforded us an opportunity for some desultory conversation.

Under ordinary circumstances my position would greatly have embarrassed me, but Alcott Mills possessed the faculty in a remarkable degree of placing others at their ease. I could not, however, entirely forget the difference in our social positions, nor, at first, quite overcome the morbid fear that this had emboldened him to offer his services. I had yet to repent of my injustice, to learn the great heart and soul of Alcott Mills.

"My walk is a very long one," I said apologetically. I fear I am greatly inconveniencing you to accompany me, sir."

"Not at all. I am a famous pedestrian from habit, probably, for I was brought up in the country, and one of my daily tasks was to drive the cows three miles to pasture."

"It is the only one of your farm-boy habits you have retained, I imagine," was my thought, as I glanced up into the fine, intellectual face. I imagined he read my opinion, by the expression of his eyes, as he added:

"I fear the walk may fatigue *you*."

"Oh, no! I have grown quite used to it, during the last two years, and at night it is usually pleasant, because it is a change from my employment."

"And this you do not find congenial? I knew it that morning I glanced first into your face."

This may seem to you very bold, but if you had heard the grave, respectful earnestness with which it was said, you would not think so.

"Not *congenial*, certainly; but love and duty sanctify it." I said it, almost unconsciously, but I felt, rather than saw, the gaze of those deep eyes, that flashed down on me a sentence of mingled sympathy, respect, and admiration

Before he could reply, we reached my home.

"Will you permit me to call to-morrow, and inquire if your walk in the rain has not injured you?" And he placed his card in my hand.

"Thank you. I will give it to Mrs. Mason; if I am absent, she will inform you."

He lifted his hat, and bade me good morning.

"Oh, nurse! how deliciously fragrant. What does it mean?"

These were my first exclamations as I entered the parlor on my return home the next evening.

She glanced toward the mantel, and with a low shriek of delight I reached it, and buried my face among dewy moss-roses, and crimson verbenas, among creamy tulips, and purple heliotrope.

"Oh! every flower has the breath, and the very look of home," I murmured through happy tears, as I lifted the large china vase, and turned round the beautiful blossoms, arranged with most exquisite taste. "Where *did* you get them?"

"They are yours, not mine, Miss Mary, darling. Mr. Mills left them with his compliments."

"He did?" In my surprise I replaced the vase on the mantel, and stared at my nurse.

Digitized by Google

"Yes, he was here nearly three hours, and I never saw a nicer, handsomer gentleman in my life. Then he's so easy and natural-like, for all he's so grand-looking. Why, I felt as if I had known him always, in five minutes, and talked so, too."

"Did you?" I questioned, with a little self consciousness; for I was fully aware of my nurse's garrulous propensity, and I readily forstalled that I must have been a prominent subject of conversation with her. "What did you talk about?"

"Why, about you, of course, my precious dear. I told him how many years I had lived in your father's family, and how I rocked your blue eyes to sleep in the days that you cannot remember, and loved you just as well as if you were my own child. I told him, too, how delicately you were brought up, among the very best of the land, and how nothing was considered too good for you, and how, at last, your father died, after those terrible law-suits, and you came here, and for two years had been working so nobly to support your dear mother and the children. And I told him how it almost killed me to see my darling, who had been such a carefully tended blossom, going out, day after day, to work for her family, and——," here the good woman broke down. She always did when talking of our misfortunes.

"Oh, nurse! how could you say all this to a stranger?"

"Why, dear child, don't you feel bad about it. He listened to every word with so much interest; and when I spoke about Mr. Stowell, and how he wanted to marry you after your father's death, he got right up, and walked quickly across the room, muttering to himself: 'She is a noble girl—one of Nature's diamonds, above all price;' and when he came and sat down again, his eyes shone through a mist, I am certain it was tears."

I buried my burning face in my hands, and the old woman went on.

"Mr. Mills said he should call in a few days to see Mr. Mason, and left his card; but I understand well enough *who* he'll come to see, Miss Mary."

That evening, at supper, Mr. Alcott Mills was the one topic of conversation. Mr. Mason gave us what little knowledge of his history he had incidentally obtained "down town"

The young man was a very promising artist. He had just returned from Europe, and was expecting to remain in Philadelphia until Autumn

"But I can't imagine what on earth he wants to see *me* for," added the master of the house, as he passed his cup to be replenished. I saw his pretty wife exchange a very significant glance with her mother as she received it.

Mr. Mason was engaged in a large book-bindery establishment, and it was ostensibly to consult him with regard to the rejuvenation of some old, but valuable books, that Mr. Mills called at his residence a few evenings later.

Mr. Mason and his wife had, however, gone to a concert, so I was left to entertain the young man until their return. If I did not do this to his satisfaction, I, at least, was equally interested and refreshed by his conversation. Under any circumstances, I should have enjoyed it exceedingly, but almost entirely excluded from congenial companionship, as I had been for the last two years, it was not strange that those graceful thoughts, and that suggestive imagery, all bound together with noble sentiments, and high, earnest, yet practical views of life, and occasionally outsparkling with wit and humor, should have been to me an inspiration, almost an intoxication.

"You must find your work very arduous this warm weather. You are looking pale and weary, too, all but your eyes," said my guest, pausing suddenly in his conversation, and sweeping my face with his deep, radiant eyes. "You ought to ride out in the country twice a week, at least. How I wish you would give me the pleasure of taking you to the Wissahickon."

"Thank you. I fear it would not be possible for me to leave the store long enough——"

"Pardon my interruption, Miss Marshall. Will you go if I will procure you leave of absence?"

Before I could reply, Mr. and Mrs. Mason entered the parlor, but, on Mr. Mills rising to leave, he said to me, in an undertone: "You did not answer my question; will you do it now?"

"Yes; I will go if they can spare me. But I do not see how they can possibly do this"

He smiled. It was one of those rare smiles, that warm, and brighten, and enrich a whole face. "They shall, though."

And they did. The next Thursday afternoon we left the red brick walls, and brown, dusty streets of the city, for the green meadows, the cool shadows, and sweet bird-songs of the country. How my heart sprang out to its old childloves and scenes, for my city transportation had been a forced one, and the flower longed still for the country dew and sunshine

"By which its bud was nursed."

I look down half a dozen years to that afternoon, and I can recall very little of what we said for the first hour. I remember the river broke a glorious God-painting before my enraptured eyes. On one side lay its dark background of woods, the light wind heaving up the heavy foliage, and the sunlight writing its epistles of love on the dark blue page of the waters, as it rolled up the green distance a dimple of beauty on the broad bosom of earth.

Suddenly an elegant open carriage swept along. I glanced admiringly at the coal black horses, with their silver mounted caparisonings, at the daintily-gloved groom, and with a quick start at the occupants of the carriage.

These were Mr. and Mrs. Stowell, and as my eyes met the former, he bowed with a little more than his usual stateliness, while the head of his young wife bent in graceful acknowledgement of my companion's recognition; but a quick quiver shook her lips as she went by.

Digitized by Google

"Mrs. Stowell is an old friend of yours, Mr. Mills?" I questioned, as we swept on.

"Yes; I knew her once, intimately." After a pause—"Shall I tell you, briefly, a passage in her past life?"

"I should greatly like to hear it."

"I met Julia Ellis (now Mrs. Stowell) eight years ago, when her life was coming into the bloom of its seventeenth summer. For four years I was her father's clerk, *for two I was her affianced husband.* I do not wonder your blue eyes turn to me with that startled expression, and I can hardly understand now how I ever loved her, ever thought to make her the woman crowned and consecrated of my life. And yet she was beautiful, she certainly is this now, and I made the mistake that many a man, older and wiser than I, has done before me. I thought this outward loveliness was a type of the inner.

"The earth-beauty took captive my imagination, my intellect, my affections; and, when under the old poplar trees in her father's suburban home, with the winds rocking the green branches above us, I said to her, 'Will you go with me to the end, Julia?" and she wound her white arms about my neck and laid the soft peach bloom of her cheek to mine, and echoed, in her lute-like voice, 'To the end, Alcott!' it is not strange that I thought her the woman-elect of my soul—the beautiful poet-embodiment of my ideal.

"How could I see, in my mad worship of my idol, that there was no stamina, no persistence, no strength to her character. Impulsively generous and warm-hearted, there was yet a great under-current of selfishness in her nature; and, though I doubt not, she *thought* she loved me, and did, and does, better than she ever will any other man, her selfishness has rendered her incapable of woman's life-devotion.

"As I said, I was a clerk in her father's store, and I was poor. Julia was aware of all this, and she elected me above many wealthy suitors, knowing (for I told her,) it must be years before I could shelter her under my own vine and fig tree

"Well, at last, my artist aspirations triumphed over every obstacle. I abjured the mercantile career, which nature never destined for me, and, which only stern necessity compelled me to seek, and, with the assistance of several friends, I went to Europe, and remained in Rome three years. Ah, me! what promises of constancy have those red lips rained into my thirsty heart; what sweet tears from those May-blue eyes have dewed my forehead!

"But we parted. The next year her father failed. Julia was an only child and a spoiled one. Admiration, social excitement, and elegant surroundings, were necessities to her.

"She had not inner riches to meet outer poverty, and not moral courage to brave the change in her circumstances.

"There was little apology for her, though. A remnant of her father's fortune, sufficient to secure his small family from want, was secured to it. But just before the failure, Mr. Stowell, the millionaire, had seen and greatly admired her. Now he offered himself, and his elegant house and fine horses were weighed in the balance with the love of the poor artist, and, after a struggle—so I have since learned from one who knew her intimately—the selfishness of the lady triumphed over the heart of the woman. One month they were betrothed, the next they were married.

"For two months I had not heard of my betrothed, and her silence perplexed and alarmed me. I did not doubt her constancy—I would sooner have distrusted the love of the mother that bore me; but I feared that sickness or some other evil had overtaken my idol.

"One day, I sat in my studio at Rome, when a package from America was brought me. How eagerly I unrolled it! But I searched in vain for the fair, delicate chirography, whose very sight thrilled the pulses of my being It was not there, and in my disappointment, I dropped the letters and papers to the floor. At last, I half-unconsciously lifted one of the letters, opened it, and the first lines my eyes rested on, were those that announced the marriage of Mr. Stowell, the millionaire, with Julia Ellis. Oh, black, blasting hour! lifted up a waste of desolation from all the others in my life; your memory has not power to stir me now!

"Of course, I suffered—any man of *my* nature must, to find his idol, clay. But it was brief. The mists passed away from my eyes; the woman went out from the bridal chamber where I had sanctified and consecrated her in my heart; and as she went, I looked for a moment on her true soul. How stark and shriveled it was!

"'Go, go out of my heart!" I said it at last, very calmly and without any bitterness of spirit, for I pitied her; pited her, that she had bartered for the husks of this life, the great jewels of my affection!"

Alcott Mills paused. I could not answer him for the tears that were dripping from my eyes. I think he saw them. At all events, his head leaned down to me, as he said, low and solemnly, "She went out of my heart, and I shut its door, and all was quiet there—quiet, but so EMPTY. But, within the last month, an angel has come to me. She stands now on the threshhold of my heart. I have seen the radiant crown she wears, and in it are set great jewels of love, and sympathy, and self-sacrifice. Oh, how dark, and miserable, and meagre seems Julia, the earth-woman, the earth-love beside her!

"The angel stands on the threshhold. I have opened the door. Do you think she will walk in, Mary?"

I looked up in bewildered surprise, but the first glance into those deep-set, shining eyes, revealed his meaning. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the great, solemn life-truth dawned and dazzled over my being. *I loved, and I was beloved!*

It was no time for the display of maiden art or affectation, not even for rightful maiden timidity. Solemnly as the question had been asked, my soul answered it, "*I will go in, Alcott.*"

A month later, I went home. I had not apprised my family of my engagement; I had on-

Digitized by Google

ly written them to expect me on a certain day, and a dear friend with me.

But the letter never reached them. It was late in the afternoon when Alcott and I left the depot, in a private carriage that conveyed us over the three miles which intervened between us and *home*. As we drew near our cottage, I observed several persons raking hay in the fields on our right. The youngest of these, suddenly lifted his head, and looked at us. The rake dropped from his hands; he brushed his straw hat from his forehead, and then, with one bound, and a loud shriek, "Goodness alive! If that isn't my sister Mary!" he was over the bars, and I was out of the carriage and in his arms, sobbing only, "Fred, oh, my brother!"

He needn't have blushed, though, if his coat was off, and his handsome face so sun-browned when I turned and presented him to the elegant stranger in the carriage, whose eyes were shining through a mist of tears, and whose voice was hoarse, as he clasped Fred's hand, and returned his greeting.

In a few minutes we were at home; my arms were about my mother's neck, my sister's kisses were on my cheek. That is all I can tell you of that meeting.

I never returned to my toil-life in Philadelphia. My sister Annie took charge of the school which was to have been mine, and Fred obtained a situation in an academy. He is at college now, and winning laurels there. The next October, Alcott and I were married. Six years I have been his wife—*his wife;* those two monosyllables embody all of happiness the earth holds for me.

We live in the country, reader, in a cottage, nestled down among the trees; and every May-time, the rose vines write their crimson romances on the pillars of the portico.

My husband is not a rich man—I doubt whether he ever will be. I certainly do not care, for have I not the unfathomable, unspeakable riches of his love, and do you think I would barter these for Mrs. Stowell's palace, and diamonds, and carriage?

God has rewarded me in this life, for those two years of "much suffering," but He does not always do this, *here*, reader.

The hereafter, may hold the blessing and the benediction, but God keeps it, and He cannot forget.

I know the life-burdens may be very heavy, and the heart, and the flesh fail beneath them, but "as our day is, so shall our strength be."

The light in which I walk now, would not be so bright, if the darkness had not gone before; the mountain heights would not look so fair if I had not trodden the valleys.

We cannot tell what discipline would be best for us; but we know if our appointed tasks are "well done," our Father will come for us, and, taking our hands gently in His own, lead us at last to the morning.

INTERCEPTED LETTER.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

June 1st.

Dear Cos, you surely recollect
The widower—Lawyer Grey—
He owns the cottage where we saw
That fine barouche, one day.

Well, just last Sunday eve, we plann'd—
My married aunt and I—
A visit to this "Sunny Cot,"
(The name I call it by.)

To-morrow, in our pea-green silks
And sweetest smiles, we go,
To beg some cuttings of rare plants,
And roots, and seeds, you know.

June 3d.

We went. It *is* a lovely spot!
Most admirably planned;
The spacious rooms all richly filled,
And everything quite grand.

I said the same to him, and praised
His most distinguished taste.
I praised the pictures—dingy things—
Around the parlors placed.

I told him I was charmed to see
So rare a choice of books;
I'm sure I never opened one,
But judged them by their looks!

We wandered in the garden. Oh!
It *was* delightful there;
Such lovely arbors and kiosks,
Where fountains cooled the air!

I told a thousand pretty fibs
To coax his little Bess:
She only frowned, and clung to "Pa"—
A babyish Miss, I guess.

He had new music, which I praised;
('Twas foolish, foreign stuff,)
And fed the gold-fish and the birds—
I'm sure I did enough.

'Twas all in vain: our pea-green silks
So nearly ruined, too;—
I've heard that lawyers have no hearts,
And quite believe it true.

We took a few geranium slips,
And left the *Shady* Cot;
'Tis very little that I care
Whether they live or not!

June 4th.

Would you believe it, dear! Last night
He married Mary Ladd—
Just a poor sewing-girl, you know:—
What an escape I've had!

Digitized by Google

THE MORNING DREAM.

[We take from the "Bunsby Papers," a volume by John Brougham, just published by Derby & Jackson, a pleasant story to give variety to our pages.]

www.libtool.com.cn

The dream of the night, there's no reason to rue,
But the dream of the morning is sure to come true.
OLD SAYING.

Pretty Peggy May; a bright-eyed, merry-hearted, little darling you are, Peggy! there's no gainsaying that fact; a cunning little gipsy, and most destructive too, as many an aching heart can testify. But who can blame *thee* for that? as well might the summer's sun be blamed for warming the sweet flowers into life. It is a natural ordination that all who see you should love you.

Pretty Peg has just completed her eighteenth year; in the heedless gaiety of youth, she has hitherto gambolled through the road of life, without a grief, almost without a thought. Oh! for the sunny days of childhood, ere, wedded to experience, the soul brings forth its progeny of cares. Why can we not add the knowledge of our wiser years, and linger over that most blessed, least prized period of our existence, when every impulse is at once obeyed, and the ingenuous soul beams forth in smiles, its every working indexed in the face—ere Prudence starts up like a spectre, and cries out: "Beware! there is a prying world that watches every turn, and does not always make a true report." Prudence! how I hate the cold, calculating, heartless phrase. Be loyal in word, be just in act, be honest in all; but Prudence! 'tis twin-brother to Selfishness, spouse of Mistrust, and parent of Hypocrisy! But, methinks I hear some one say, "This is a most cavalierly way of treating one of the cardinal virtues"—to which I reply, "It certainly has, by some means or another, sneaked in amongst the virtues, and thereby established a right to the position; but it is the companionship only which makes it respectable, and it must be accompanied by *all the rest* to neutralize its mischievous tendency."

But what has all this to do with Peggy and her dreams? Pshaw! don't be impatient—we are coming to that. If you have taken the slightest interest in little Peg, prepare to sympathise in her first heart-deep sorrow. She is in love! Now, if she herself were questioned about the matter, I'm pretty sure she would say it's no such thing; but I take upon myself to declare it to be true, and for fear you should think that I make an assertion which I cannot substantiate, permit me to relate the substance of a conversation which took place between Peg and her scarcely less pretty, but infinitely more mischievous cousin, Bridget O'Conner. They had just returned from one of those gregarious merry-meetings, where some spacious granary, just emptied of its contents, gives glorious opportunity for the gladsome hearts of the village, and "all the country round" to meet and astonish the rats—sleek, well-fed rascals, dozing in their holes—with uproarious fun and revelry.

A sudden, and indeed, under the circumstances, extremely significant sigh from Peg, startled Bridget from the little glass where she was speculating as to how she looked, for the last hour or two. I may as well say the scrutiny was perfectly satisfactory—she had not danced all her curls out.

"Gracious me!" she exclaimed, "Peg, how you *do* sigh!"

"And no wonder," rejoined Peggy, with a slight squeeze of acid, "after having danced down twenty couple twenty times, I should like to know who wouldn't?"

"Ah!" but that wasn't a tired sigh, Peg. I know the difference; one needn't dive as low as the *heart* for them; a tired sigh comes flying out upon a breath of joy, and turns into a laugh before it leaves the lips; you are sad, Peg!"

"How you talk; why, what on earth should make me sad?"

"That's exactly what I want to know; now there's no use in your trying to laugh, for you can't do it. Do you think I don't know the *difference* between a laugh and that nasty deceitful croak?"

"Bridget!" exclaimed Peg, with a look which she intended should be very severe and very reproachful, "I'm sleepy."

"Well, then, kiss me, and go to bed," replied Bridget. "Ho! ho!" thought she, "there's something curious about Peg to-night. I think what I think, and if I think right, I'm no woman if I don't find out before I sleep." Craftily she changed the conversation, abused the women's dresses, and criticised their complexions, especially the pretty ones. At last, when she had completely lulled the commotion of Peg's thoughts into a calm, she suddenly cried out: "Oh! Peg, I forgot to tell you, that one of the boys we danced with had his leg broke coming home to-night!"

Peggy, surprised into an emotion she found it impossible to conceal, started up, pale as snow, and gasped out:

"Who was it—who?"

Ha! ha! thought the other, the fox is somewhere about—now to beat the cover.

"Did you hear me ask you who?" said Peg, anxiously.

"I did, dear," replied Bridget, "but I'm trying to recollect. I think," and she looked steadily into Peggy's eyes, "I think it was Ned Riley." Peg didn't even wink.

She doesn't care about him, and I'm not sorry for that, thought Bridget, thereby making an acknowledgment to herself, which the sagacious reader will no doubt interpret truly.

"No, it wasn't Ned," she continued, "now I think of it, it was—it was—a"—

"Who? who?" cried Peg, now sensibly agitated, "do tell me, there's a dear."

Digitized by Google

Not she, not a bit of it, but lingered with feminine ingenuity, now making as though she recollected the name, and then with a shake of her head, pretending to dive back into memory, just as the inquisitors of old used to slacken the torture, to enable the recipient to enjoy another dose.

"Now I have it," said she, "no, I haven't; I do believe I've forgotten who it was, but this I know, it was the pleasantest-mannered and nicest young fellow in the whole heap."

"Then it *must* have been Mark!" exclaimed Peg, throwing prudence overboard, and fixing her large, eloquent eyes full on Bridget's mouth, as if her everlasting fate depended upon the little monosyllable about to issue from it.

"It *was* Mark! that *was* the name!"

Peggy gave a gasp, while Bridget went on, with a triumphant twinkle in her wicked little eye which did not show over-favorably for her humanity.

"*Mark Brady!*" dwelling on the name with slow, distinct emphasis, which made Peggy's heart jump at each word as though she had received an electric shock.

She knew the tenderest part of the sentient anatomy, Bridget did, and took intense delight in stabbing exactly there; not mortal stabs, *that* would be mercy, but just a little too far for tickling. That sort of a woman was Bridget, who, if possessed of an incumbrance in husband shape, would take infinite pains to discover the weakest points in his temper, and industriously attack those quarters, piling up petty provocations, one upon another; none in themselves of sufficient importance to induce a sally, but making altogether a breastwork of aggravation, that must at last o'ertop the wall of temper.—And if the unfortunate besieged don't take his hat, and make a not very honorable retreat, philosophy will be obliged to strike its flag, the signal for a civil war, which, like all such unnatural conflicts, strikes at the root of all domestic comfort, and whichever side may remain the victors, the trophy is a home destroyed.

But to return to Peg, for whose benefit I have indulged in the foregoing rather spiteful digression, in order that she might have time to recover herself; or rather, I should say, to be thoroughly conscious of the extent of her unhappiness. Remember, 'tis her first grief, so pardon its intensity. Phantoms of crutches and of wooden legs came crowding on her imagination, contrasting themselves with the curious agility with which poor Mark had "*beat the floor*" in the merry jig, until he made it echo to every note of the pipes. Then rose up vague spectres of sanguinary-minded surgeons, with strange butcherly instruments; then she saw nothing but fragmentary Marks, unattached legs, a whole room-full dancing by themselves; there they were, twisting and twirling about, in the various difficult complications of the "toe and heel," "double shuffle," "ladies' delight," and "cover the buckle;" she shut her eyes in horror, and was sensible of nothing but a gloomy blood-red. There's no knowing to what lengths her terrible fancies might have gone, had they not been dispersed like wreaths of vapor by a hearty laugh from the mischievous Bridget.—Peggy opened her eyes in astonishment. Was she awake? Yes, there was her cousin enjoying one of the broadest, merriest, wickedest laughs that ever mantled over the face of an arch little female.

"Poor Mark!" she cried, and then burst forth again into ringing laughter, which dimpled her crimson cheeks like—what shall I say?—like a fine healthy-looking cork-red potatoe, an Irish simile, I must say; but had you seen Bridget, and were acquainted with the features of the aforesaid esculent, I'm pretty certain you would acknowledge its aptness.

"What in the name of gracious are you laughing at?" exclaimed Peggy, a gleam of hope breaking on the darkness of her thought.

"Why, that you should take on so, when I told you Mark had broken his leg," gaily replied Bridget.

"Hasn't he?"

"Not half as much as your poor little heart would have been broken if he had," said the tormentor.

"Bridget! Cousin!" said poor Peg, now enduring much more pain from the sudden revulsion of feeling, "you should not have done this; you have crowded a whole life-time of agony in those few moments past."

"Well, forgive me, dear Peggy. I declare I didn't know that you had the affection so strong on you, or I wouldn't have joked for the world. But now, confess, doesn't it serve you right, for not confiding in me, your natural born cousin? Did I ever keep a secret from you? Didn't I tell you all about Pat Finch, and Johnny Magee, and Jack, the hurler, eh?"

"But not one word about Edward Riley, with whom you danced so often to-night," observed Peg, with a very pardonable dash of malice.

It was now Bridget's turn to change color, as she stammered out, "I—I was going to, not that I care much about *him;* no, no, Mark is the flower of the flock, and I've a mighty great mind to set my cap at him myself."

Peggy smiled, a very small, but a peculiar, and it might have been, perfectly self-satisfied smile, as she replied: "Try, Miss Bridget, and I wish you success."

"Truth is scarce when liars are near," said Bridget. "But I say, Peg, does Mark know you love him so hard?"

"Don't be foolish; how should he?"

"Did you never tell him?"

"What do you take me for?"

"Did he never tell *you?*"

"What do you take *him* for?"

"For a man, and moreover a conceited one; don't you mean to let him know his good fortune?"

"It isn't leap year, and if it was, I'd rather die than do such a thing," said Peggy!

"Come, I'll bet you a new cap, that I mean to wear at your wedding, you *will* let him know the state of your feelings, and that, before a week is over your head," provokingly replied Bridget.

Digitized by Google

Peggy, said nothing. Prudent Peg.

"Is it a bet?"

"Yes, yes, anything, but go to sleep, or we shan't get a wink to-night."

"True for you, cousin, for it's *to-morrow* already! Look at the daybreak, how it has frightened our candle, until its almost as pale as your cheek."

www.libtool.com.cn

"Good night, Bridget."

"Good night, dear Peg, don't forget to remember your dreams. Recollect it's morning, now, and whatever we dream, *is sure to come true*."

Before she slept, Bridget formed a project in her mind to ensure the winning of her bet.—What it was, it will be time enough to find out by-and-by.

Very early in the day, Mark Brady and Ned called to inquire after the health of their respective partners. It so happened that Bridget received them; and very quickly, for she was one of those tyrants in love who make their captives feel their chains, on some frivolous pretence or another, dismissed her swain and began to develop her plot with Mark.

Now, Mark, I may as well tell you now as at any other time, was a very favorable specimen of a class I regret to say, not over numerous in Ireland; a well to-do farmer, his rent always ready, his crops carefully gathered, and a trifle put by yearly, so that he enjoyed that most enviable condition in life, "a modest competence." As to his personal appearance, there's scarcely any occasion to describe that, for, with the exception of one individual, I don't suppose he has a feature or characteristic which would be considered by any one at all uncommon or interesting. Suffice it to say, Mark was a *man!* A volume of eulogy could not say more.

And, moreover, Mark *did* love pretty Peggy May; with a whole-hearted, manly, and unselfish love, he loved her. I tell you this, dear reader, in order that you may not waste time in speculating on the subject of Mark's thoughts, as he sat silent and fidgety, a passive victim to the mischievous Bridget, who, shrewd little puss, knew every turn of his mind as though imprinted on his face; and for the matter of that, so they were, in nature's own characters, type most readable.

Mark was apparently very busy, sketching imaginary somethings on the floor with his blackthorn stick, and seemingly unconscious of Bridget's presence, when she suddenly interrupted his revery by saying:

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Brady!"

"Eh! what!" he replied, blushing 'till it fairly stung his cheek like a million of needles—"A penny, is it, Miss? faith, an' it's *dear* they'd be at that same."

"And what might you be thinking of, may I ask, Mr. Mark?" said Bridget, accompanying the question with one of her very sweetest smiles.

"Just nothing at all, Miss," replied Mark.

"'Nothing!' then they *would* be '*dear*,' and that's true Mark; but supposing now," she continued, archly; "I only say, supposing it happened to be your sweetheart you were thinking of, you might find another meaning for that same little word!"

Mark felt as though he had been detected in some fault, as he replied, sketching away on the floor faster than ever, "But what if I hadn't a sweetheart to think of, Miss O'Conner." It was a miserable attempt at prevarication, and he felt that it was.

"Why, then, I should say, as you're not blind, it's mighty lucky that you don't carry such a thing as a heart about you. I'd be ashamed if I were you, rising twenty years old, and neither crooked nor ugly; it's disgraceful to hear you say so—a pretty example to set to the boys!"

"True for you, and so it is," said Mark, "and more betoken, it's a much greater shame for me to tell any lies about the matter; I *have* a sweetheart, though she doesn't know it; ay, and have had one for this nigh hand a twelvemonth."

"Only to think," replied Bridget, casting down her eyes, and affecting to conceal some sudden emotion, "and for a twelve-month nigh hand! Oh, dear! I don't feel well!"

Mark was puzzled, in point of fact, embarrassed. There was something in Bridget's manner which he couldn't understand; he had a vague presentiment that there was a mistake somewhere, but when she, pretending to be overcome, flung herself into his arms, the truth burst upon him at once. He was in a precious dilemma; Bridget was in love with him, and he felt downright ashamed of himself for being so fascinating. What he was to do, or how to extricate himself, he couldn't tell, as she, casting a fascinating glance right at him, said, softly:

"Dear Mark, those good-looking eyes of yours told me of your love, long, long before your lazy tongue."

"Love," interrupted Mark, endeavoring to put in a demurrer.

"To be sure," said she, "I saw it, I knew it very well;" she continued, seeing he was about to speak. "When do you mean to talk to Aunty? You know my fifty pounds are in her hands." She was an heiress, was Bridget.

"Pounds! Aunty! yes, to be sure," replied Mark, perfectly bewildered, "but I thought Ned Riley was"—

"Peggy's sweetheart—well, we all know that," interrupted Bridget, inly enjoying the consternation that painted Mark's cheek a lived white. "And you to be so jealous of Riley," she went on, "not to dance with me last night; I knew the reason, but the jealousy that springs from love is soon forgot, so I forgot yours."

"Peggy! *his* sweetheart? Riley's?"

"To be sure, don't you know they are going to be married?"

"No!" vacantly replied the sorely bewildered Mark.

"Oh, yes! and now I want to tell you a pet plan of mine, if you don't think me too bold, Mark, and that is, how nice and cosy it would be, if we could only all be married on the same day."

This was too much for Mark; he couldn't en-

Digitized by Google

dure it any longer; he started up, pushed his hat very far on his head, saying, in what he intended to be a most severe tone;

"Miss O'Conner, I don't know what could have put such an idea into your head. Marry, indeed! I've enough to do to take care of myself. No, I'm sorry to wound *your* feelings, but I shall never marry!"

www.libtool.com.cn

"Oh! yes, you will," said Bridget, placing her arm in his, which he disengaged, saying bitterly:

"Never! never!"

"Nonsense, I'll bet you will, and, if it was only to humor me, Mark, on the very same day that Peggy is!"

"Bridget, I didn't think I could hate a woman as I'm beginning to hate you."

"Better before marriage than after, Mr. Mark. Come, I'll bet you a new Sunday coat, against a calico gown, and that's long odds in your favor, that what I've said will come true."

"Nonsense!"

"Is it a bet?"

"Pooh! I'll bet my life, against"—

"What it's worth, Mr. Mark—just nothing at all."

"True for you, now, Bridget; true for you," and Mark suddenly quitted the house in such real sorrow that it touched for a moment even Bridget's heart; but only for a moment.—Pshaw! thought she, let him fret; it will do him good, and make the joy greater when he comes to know the truth. A hunt would be nothing without hedges and ditches. Proceeding to the window, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Ha! as I live, here comes Peg herself. She must meet Mark; what fun! He sees her and stops short; what a quandary he's in. She sees *him!* How the little fool blushes; now they meet. Mark doesn't take her hand. I wonder what he's saying. 'It's a fine day,' I suppose, or something equally interesting, he passes on, and Peg looks as scared as if she had seen a ghost."

A sudden thought at this moment seemed to strike Bridget; she clapped her hands together and laughed a little, sharp laugh, saying, "I'll do it, I will; I'll have a bit of fun with Peg, too," so she pretended to be very busy at her spinning-wheel as Peggy entered, and hanging up her cloak and bonnet, sat down without saying a word.

"Ah! Peg," Bridget began, "is that you?—Mark has just been here."

"Indeed?" replied Peggy, twisting up one pretty curl so tightly as to hurt her head.

"The blessed truth," continued the wicked little tormentor. "Did you meet him?"

A very desponding "yes," was the response.

"Well," demanded Bridget, anxiously, "did he say anything—I mean, anything *particular?*"

"He only said the weather was pleasant, and then passed on, without even shaking hands with me, sadly replied Peggy.

"Mark needn't have done that; whatever happens, he ought to be civil to *you*," said Bridget, with a peculiar expression that made Peggy's heart flutter within her like a pigeon.

"Civil to me! what *do* you mean, Bridget?"

Bridget hummed an air, and, as if suddenly wishing to change the conversation, said, gaily:

"Oh! I forget, we were to tell each other's dreams this morning. Peg, you begin, what did *you* dream about?"

"Nothing, Bridget, I didn't sleep."

"Then you couldn't have dreamed," sagely responded the other, "but I did."

"What?"

"I dreamed that I had a beautiful new gown given to me, and by whom do you think?"

"I don't know; Ned Riley, may-be."

"Ned Riley, indeed," replied Bridget with a sneer; "not a bit of it. By a finer man than ever stood in *his* shoes. Who but Mark Brady?"

Peg's heart sank within her.

"This wasn't all I dreamed," and she fixed her wild eyes full on Peg, in a way that made hers fall instantly, "I dreamed that I was married to him."

"To Mark?" whispered Peggy.

"*To Mark!*"

Peggy didn't utter another syllable: didn't even look up, but sat motionless and pale, very pale. Bridget couldn't understand her seeming apathy; a more acute observer would have but contrasted it with the intense emotion which she felt within—an emotion not a whit lessened as Bridget continued, with marked expression:

"I dreamed all that this blessed morning, and morning dreams, you know, *always come true.*"

Peggy, still silent, seemed to be wholly occupied in demolishing, piece by piece, the remnant of a faded flower which she had taken from her bosom, lingering over its destruction as though a portion of her heart went with each fragment—when Bridget suddenly started up, exclaiming, "Here comes Mark, I declare."

A painful spasm shot through Peggy's frame, yet she did not stir from her seat; the only evidence that she heard Bridget's exclamation was that her lips grew as pallid as her cheek.

"But, law, what am I thinking about? I must go and tidy my hair."

And away flew Bridget up to her room, from whence she crept stealthily down, and snugly ensconced herself behind the door. Naughty girl! to listen to what transpired.

Mark, who, since his conversation with Bridget, had seriously contemplated suicide, but was puzzled about the best mode of making away with himself, had come to the conclusion that to enter the army as a common soldier would be the least criminal, although certainly the most lingering process, and it was to lacerate his feelings by a parting interview with his dearly-loved Peg, before he consummated the act of enlistment, that he now came.

Arrived at the door, he hesitated a moment, then giving one big gulp, he lifted the latch and entered. There he saw Peggy herself, looking straight into the fire, never once turning aside or raising her eyes, proof positive to Mark, if he

Digitized by Google

wanted it, that she cared nothing for him. He sat down, and for several minutes there was a dead silence. Mark had fully intended to say something frightfully cutting to his sweetheart, but as he gazed upon her white, sad face, his resentment vanished, and he felt more inclined to implore than to condemn. He wanted to speak, but what to say he had not the remotest idea. At last Peg broke the silence, by murmuring softly, as though it were but a thought, to which she had given involuntary expression—

"May you be happy, Mark! May you be happy!"

"Happy!" echoed Mark, with a sharp emphasis, that thrilled painfully through Peggy, "Faith, it's well for *you* to be wishing me happiness."

"Indeed, indeed I do, Mark—I mean Mr. Brady," meekly replied the poor girl.

"Oh, that's right!" said Mark, bitterly. "Mr. Brady! It used to be Mark."

"But never can again."

"You're right! never!"

"Never!" and poor Peggy sighed deeply.

After another embarrassing pause, broken only by a sort of smothered sound, which *might* have been the wind, but wasn't, Mark started up, exclaiming:

"I see my company is displeasing to you, but I shan't trouble you long. That will be done to-morrow which will separate us for ever."

"To-morrow! so soon?" replied Peggy, with a stifled sob.

"Yes! the sooner the better. What is it *now* to you?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing! But I thought—that is—I'm very, very foolish."

Poor Peggy's heart overflowed its bounds; burying her face in her hands, she burst into tears.

Mark didn't know what to make of it. She must have liked me a little, thought he, or why this grief? Well, it's all my own fault. Why didn't I tell her of my love, like a man? and not sneak about, afraid of the sound of my own voice. I've lost her, lost the only thing that made life to me worth enduring, and the sooner I relieve her of my presence the better."

"Miss May! Peggy!" he said, with an effort at calmness, "this is the last time we may meet on earth; won't you give me your hand at parting?"

Peggy stretched out both hands, exclaiming through her tears—"Mark! Mark! this is, indeed, cruel!"

"It is, I know it is!" said Mark, brushing away an obtrusive tear. "So, God bless you, and good angels watch over you; and if you ever cared for me"—

"If I ever cared for you! oh, Mark!"

"Why! did you?" inquired Mark.

"You were my only thought, my life, my happiness!" There was the same curious sound from the chamber door, but the innocent wind had again to bear the blame. Peggy continued —"Mark, would that you had the same feeling for me!"

"I had! I had!" frantically he replied. "And more, oh! much more than I have words to speak. Why didn't we know this sooner?"

"Ah! why, indeed?" sadly replied Peggy, "but it is too late."

"*Too late!*" replied Mark, "*too late!*"

"Not a bit of it!" exclaimed Bridget, bursting into the room, streaming with tears of suppressed laughter, "Don't look so frightened, good people; I'm not a ghost. Who lost a new cap? eh, Peg. And more, betoken, who is likely to lose a new gown? I'll have my bets, if I die for it. So, you've spoke out at last, have you? You're a pretty pair of lovers. You'd have gone on everlastingly, sighing and fretting yourselves, until there wouldn't have been enough between you to make a decent fiddle-string, if I hadn't interfered."

"You?" cried Peggy and Mark, simultaneously.

"Yes, indeed, it made me perfectly crazy to see the two of you groaning and fussing, without the courage to say what your hearts dictated. There, go and kiss each other, you pair of noodles."

It is hardly necessary to say that Bridget's explanation brought about a pleasant understanding between all parties, and it will be only needful to add that a few weeks afterwards there was a *double* wedding at the little parish chapel. One of the brides wore a bran new calico gown of such wonderful variety of color, and moreover a new cap of so elaborate a style of decoration, that she was the admiration and, of necessity, the envy of the entire female population.

Bridget had won both her wagers, thereby establishing, just as infallibly as all such matters *can* be established, the truth of the old saying:

The dream of the morning is sure to come true.

SONNET—"FLOWERS, SWEET FLOWERS."

Distillations, that float in the azure, descend,
Commissioned on verdure and flowers to attend;
With thankfulness blushing they bow down their heads,
Then straightway unbending arise from their beds,
The dawn of the morning they hail with delight,
And yield their sweet incense at evening's twilight;
The sun is their charmer, when dressed neat and gay,
They laugh, as he smiles, in the sunshine all day;
When wrapt in the folds of the darkness at night,
They mantle their beauty and check their delight;
Whether crushed or caressed they make one defence,
'Tis yielding choice treasures to sight and to sense;
Receivers from Nature, sight drafts they supply,
And whisper their fragrance to her as they die.

F. W. J. S.

New Haven, May, 1856.

THE WORLD would be more happy if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship. But money engrosses all our deference; and we scarce enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of life.

Digitized by Google

JOTTINGS BY MY WINDOW SILL.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

No. XII.—SUBDUED AT LAST!

www.libtool.com.cn

I stood by the open window. Calm and beautiful was the scenery around me. Far beyond stretched the undulating fields; like clouds upon a summer sky, in dark shadows were interspersed the patches of golden grain; here and there, from out the world of dark green foliage peeped out the white-washed gables of the farm-houses; like a huge serpent wound the dusty road along,—while far on the confines beyond, the line of mountain ridges revealed where the gentle Susquehanna slept. Wooing zephyrs toyed with the curls that hung unconfined by pin or comb, around my neck and shoulders. Delicious odors stole around the room on their viewless wings. Twilight shadows were slowly, softly dropping down—and the returning herds were lowing in the darkling lanes without. And yet, amid this quiet beauty which would have filled a poet's soul with ecstacy, I was not happy. A scowl was on my brow, and wildly throbbed my heart. Ah! just one year before, a loving mother, the light, the life of my girlhood, had been consigned to the tomb. Within the church-yard, in the mellow twilight, rose her green mound, while upwards, like a spirit hand, pointed to where her gentle soul had fled, the white spire of the sanctuary.

Yet I was not sad because of that. I had taught my soul to forget its agony at her dying hour; sweet memories of her spiritual teachings lingered in my heart, and made it patient and strong; and often, as I stood in the twilight by that same open window, watching the cloud-isles as they floated slowly away, or the stars as they came out in their softened beauty—I felt her spiritual presence around me, and knelt to consecrate my life to a ministry, a vestal, calm, holy, unwavering as her own had been!

Then why was I sad? Ah! that very evening my father intended to bring home his second bride! A weight, a mountain on my soul was that. Could another supply the place of the lost one? Could another so steadily, so intuitively wreathe her own memory with all others that were lovely and beautiful? Could her hand feel so cool to my fevered brow, her lips speak such gentle words of love and guidance, her eyes look with such love, and hope, and pride into mine? Could I call her mother?—Would not her stern insinuating presence be a bitter mock to that sweet endearing word? Yes—it would; I would hate her! I would spurn her! She was an execrable usurper—a wedge to force my father's heart from mine—an interloper to estrange my heart from a thousand endearing ties, and blight them with associations of herself!

A choking sensation was in my throat; my eyes flashed defiantly; my lips curled with scorn; and stamping my foot, again in the bitterness and wilfulness of my soul, I exclaimed—"I will hate her!"

"Ella!" called a familiar voice below the stairs. It was my father's voice; he had come. Wilder still beat my heart—and dashing back the dark curls from my gipsy face, I went down into the room below.

"Come, Ella," said my father, "let me introdue you to your mother."

I answered not; I did not raise my head; I was barely conscious that I walked towards where they stood. Dark, black, appalling was the image of the future before me; I groaned aloud—and wished myself in the cold grave beside the dear departed one.

A soft musical voice greeted my ears. Ah! had I not steeled my heart I would surely have thought sunbeams were falling everywhere!

"Dear Ella," she said, "my child—we will be warm friends. Oh, I love you already?—Will you look up and say you will try to love me."

She stooped down, and throwing her arms around me, pressed a burning kiss upon my lips. I pushed her back with my hands.

"Go away!" I said—"I don't want you to talk to me. I don't like Judas kisses! I hate you!"

I looked up directly into her face: my lips curled with the hatred in my heart, and my black eyes flashed in the sudden brilliancy of their scorn.

And yet I was startled. Instead of a tall, stately woman—proud, arrogant, iron-hearted and iron-visaged, chilling, with a repellant presence—I beheld a beautiful young woman, with handsome features and lithe-like form—with calm, trusting blue eyes—hair black and silken as my own—and with so many dimples playing around her mouth, that you wondered where they went to when her countenance was at rest.

Never will I forget the look she gave me!—So expressive of wounded feeling—so agonizing in its sensitiveness—so horror-stricken at the reception of the sweet advances of her loving, impulsive soul. That look went to my heart; it pierced me like a dagger. In vain I tried to forget it—in vain closed my eyes to shut out its thrilling import.

And so commenced my first acquaintance with my second mother. Wild, wayward, headstrong girl! How could I have been so merciless, so cruel? There must have been a demon in my soul. My father, too, was deeply wounded at my ungrateful conduct. He chided me not in words, but the mournful expression in his eyes, and the shadow of pain that lingered on his

Digitized by Google

face for days, were more severe to me than any other reproof could have been.

Weeks and months passed on. Much to the disappointment of my dear father, much to the sorrow and regret of my mothar, much to the restlessness and unhappiness of myself—things still continued as at first. I secluded myself; I entered, as it were, my inner life; I treated my mother with common civility, and no more. After my first—to say the least of it—unladylike conduct, she never made other advances.—She treated me kindly, respectfully; but beyond the yearning look at times in her beautiful eyes, there was nothing to make me suppose that she wished a nearer or dearer intercourse. She made no more abrupt efforts to gain my favor; though had I not been so willfully blind to my own happiness and the happiness of others, I could not have failed to observe how much like my own dear mother she was. The same gentle trustfulness was there; the same desire to please; the same unobtrusive assiduity; the same ministry of the glorious and true in woman.

At last Providence severely, but kindly, brought me to a sense of my wickedness. I was prostrated upon a lingering bed of sickness. There, suffering in mind and body, unconscious what moment I might glide away upon the voiceless waters of death, I had the true view of my past life. I shrank back frightened and appalled. And yet long did pride battle with the consciousness of error—long did the wish for a sweet forgiveness struggle with the idea that a frank acknowledgment would be degrading.

My step-mother watched incessantly by my bedside. She bore with my whims and foibles, my disgusts and desires, my peevishness and ingratitude. She trod softly through the room; she shaded the windows to suit my eyes; she prevented the jingling of glasses so annoying to the sick; she bathed my temples, and often read to me for hours. And all the while shone from her deep, calm eyes an earnest desire and solicitude, a kindling love, sweet as that which had come to me in the beautiful long ago!

My heart at last relented. Fearfully had I wronged her. I had created misery for myself and the loving ones around me. One day, during my convalescence, I took her hand within my own, and looking up into her face, tremblingly I said—"How can I ever repay you for such unwearying watchfulness and solicitude to such a wretch as I am?"

She startled; she looked into my eyes now no longer piercing and defiant. A look of spiritual radiance shone upon her features, and bending her face down to mine, she whispered, "Love me, Ella! Simply call me *mother*."

An electric thrill went through my veins.—My throat choaked up, and my eyes filled. I wept, I sobbed, I prayed for full forgiveness; I breathed every endearing epithet I knew.

Ah! rich, beautiful was that sudden awakening, filling my soul with quiet, hallowed grandeur, floating like a stream of delicious music, falling like golden light around me, calling up my heart to its earlier, truer emotions!

And a mother was that confiding woman indeed to me. She filled up the aching void in my life. Strong and rich grew we in the exhaustlessness of our affection; and like a twin sister did my *real* mother seem as she came out from the cherished memories of the past, and stood beside the living in the sunlight of the present! And my father! O, how he rejoiced! The light came back again to his eyes, and the sweet modulation to his voice. I was then the bond that bound with a lasting chord of love two such hearts as which never blessed the life of another as they did mine. This is but a simple episode in my life, yet it may do an erring sister, or a brother, good.

TEARS.

BY OUR EL.

"I did not think to shed a single tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman."

Most men affect a dislike for such an exhibition of sympathy as prompts the shedding of tears. And this doubtless comes, in part at least, from a little remaining susceptibility to their mournful eloquence. If sadness or disappointment, grief or gloom, overshadow their pathway with tints of the sombre, which for a time foreclose the sunlight, they would have pride congeal "those beads of sorrow," and smother their troubles at home in their own breasts; but

"Sorrow that streams not o'er,
Spares but the eye to wound the heart the more;
Dumb, infelt pangs too well supply the woe
That grief, in suffering silence, shuns to show."

"There is a luxury in tears," and as by the careful cleansing of a delicate optical instrument we are enabled to view the more readily all the finer beauties of minuter objects, so, through, above, and after tears, we catch a glimpse of brighter scenes beyond, for the present veiled, perhaps, by the mists of misfortune, but which are none the less beautiful and encouraging because only to be seen through such a shady medium. Thus it is sweet to turn aside from the chilly atmosphere of common intercourse, and feel one's self alone, where his own spirit, like some thirsty grove or garden in a summer shower, can drink in that which feeds his life, and fosters all the graces.

We envy not him whose tear-springs are dry: only apathy and coldness, pride and shame, are his. Rather give us the mortal whose heart will "melt in soft adoption of another's sorrow;" who loves to show "the flowing virtue manly way," and whose real happiness consists in sharing his own griefs with, as in appreciating the joys of a friend;

"For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smiles."

GARDEN CITY, Ill.

Digitized by Google

A BIRTH-DAY.

BY MRS. S. A. WENTZ.

My birth-day! The very sound is full of joy. I catch in its echoes all the images of beauty which many birth-days have helped me to see, and to all dark memories I send a grateful smile, for they have borne me tenderly to the present, enriching my life at every step: therefore I look back upon them through a golden mist, which reveals them to me in softer shapes than of old. Little I dreamed, in girlhood, that after the *twenties* had slipped from my hold, the *thirties* should find me lifting up my head under a more azure sky, breathing a more celestial atmosphere, approaching a youth more loved and glorious than the youth of darkness and ignorance lying just behind me. Well do I recall the occasional feeling that came over me as I inly said: "Now I am in my youth; this is the most beautiful season, so people say."

I do not believe this now. To the sensualist, material youth is the only youth, and when time shuts the gates of *that* morning, night succeeds. There is a youth of body which every eye can see, and there is a youth of soul, whose bloom only God and angels can fully descry—its gracious presence lingers behind the screen of gray hairs and wrinkles; it waits for patient death to break the shell which conceals it—the shell which was once so fresh and fair.

When, this morning, I looked forth upon nature, I forgot that my outward shell was on the declining side of life, so full was my being with a dearer youth. I felt as if I could utter *beloved* to all the world; the wells of my soul overflowed with delicious hope and prophesy; heaven came within my embrace, for heaven alone could have baptized me with such a dew of love and exultation.

This blessed, blessed gift of life; this beautiful birth-day, in which it is fitting to kneel and thank the gracious Father for his love. It is as if I stand at the entrance of a new, and more exquisite life; it is as if the June roses, bursting forth to welcome the day, were emblems of the long expectant buds, now awaking to fling their blossomings about my soul existence. The clear, sparkling air, the great luminary kissing the rose-leaves and grass through the dew-drops, the tender, soft melodies of early risen birds, all said "welcome," as with a joyous gaze I greeted them, the while my spirit mounted to the upper world. And then my thoughts sped to loved ones on earth, who were yesterday to receive sweet tidings from an angel-friend. Mayhap this belief that joy was in a dear household illuminated my being; mayhap angels were rejoicing in our love—rejoicing that they should sometime receive the earth-travellers who had so long together looked towards the waiting home, "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," yet believing.

Ah! if it *could* be that weary, wicked souls, whose looks are ever bent downward, might even momently reap the fruits of faith, their sluggishness would be supplanted by hope; could they glance upon the diamond glories in store for those who love the Eternal Lover, gentle mercy for themselves would prevail, and all men would bend in entreaty before their fellows, seeking to win, to encourage towards the open door of Heaven.

Even now I turn towards one who smiles in Paradise, and who, perchance, bends with loving thought to hear the poem of gratitude that springs up from my spirit, because the Creator has opened my eyes to a perception of rich and wonderful life, of which I know so much less than I shall know. Beautiful it is to feel, on this first birth-day since she left the earth, that she "lives, and moves, and has her being" in that Eden whose sweetnesses are vaguely sweeping over the flowerets of my inward life. Dreams of infancy brood over me; the pearls of innocence, and love, and peace, and utter trust that slept in the soul softly, resting there so long, seem awaking to consciousness. Through weary years they slept, kept in silence by unloving propensities; many combats and many tears have won them to their awaking. I take the pearls of childhood with a look towards Heaven, and then gaze upon them gratefully, recognizing the Giver, and the magnitude of the gifts; realizing that they will give a sweeter splendor to life than they gave when they rested calmly in the ocean-depths of early being.

Often, in by-gone days, some sweet surprise has seemed to come to my soul, and while it trembled there, I have said: "Surely, something very beautiful and joyous is awaiting me!" But life moved on as quietly as before; I had only thought of some bright earthly change, and the presentiment remained unverified. Now, when such a glad presentiment softly thrills me, I look up to the angels and murmur: "Yes, I foresee the Eden life you would tell me of:—thanks!"

And yet the earth grows fair and peaceful, albeit it is but a tarrying place, and is no longer regarded as the place to satisfy hope. It is as if I had grown content to live in a quiet country house, with ordinary duties, resigning all expectation of meeting, at present, any grand adventures, or triumphant fortunes; with annoyances, serene pleasures, and occasional sharp pangs; with the passionate craving for glorious happiness softly hushed, and yet hearing within me every gay, sweet hope, that ever broke laughingly over my heart. Assurance has come, and I know that ere long the quiet, country house, and homely life shall be exchanged for that fairy world, that heavenly world, that joy-breathing world, which awaits those who have striven to seek first "the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness." Surely, the weary and heavy-laden would toil on with stronger courage, if they could believe the words and promises of the Infinite.

Digitized by Google

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XI.

www.libtool.com.cn

More reserved and formal than on the previous evening, was the intercourse of Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge when they met at the breakfast-table. They scarcely looked into each other's faces, even while uttering the few brief sentences that passed their lips; and each felt relieved when the meal was over.

As for Mr. Eldridge, his thoughts, usually so clear, were now in a maze. Nothing upon which he looked presented the usual aspect. Suddenly he had become changed, or all things had assumed new relations. He went into his office and made a formal effort to take up the business of the day. He had cases on hand requiring a clear head, and the most earnest concentration of thought, and he tried to think about them; but thought wandered off in other directions, truant to duty.

How could it be otherwise, after the occurences of the previous day and evening? For nearly half an hour, he strove with himself, trying to gather up the broken threads of interest in the cases referred to, then pushing the papers aside with a kind of desperate movement, he started up from the table at which he was seated, muttering to himself,

"The fiend take all law for the present!"

He moved about the room, uneasily, for several minutes. Then he sat down again, with his mind all absorbed in other subjects. The gaming debt to Craig, and the conduct of his wife, were sources of trouble not unmingled with feelings of humiliation; but the hope inspired by Judge Gray's confident predictions in regard to the future value of the land in which he was to be a large share-holder, lifted his feelings into a pleasanter region. He saw the railroad in progress, and rapidly extending its iron bands towards Arden. The thunder of the locomotive was in his ears, the jars of its viogorous motion thrilling along every nerve. Where, now, the old mill lifted its brown roof in the sluggish air, and the lazy wheel glistened in the sunshine that made rainbows of hope above and around it, arose before his vision long ranges of stores; and away over the fields, now waving with grain, or dark with forest trees, he saw stately dwellings springing up as if by magic. And in all these tokens of wealth and prosperity, he had a liberal share.

How dull and plodding seemed the way along which the lawyer had come thus far in life!—The fees of his professson looked small, even to the stirring of contempt, when he counted their slow aggregation, and viewed them in connexion with his newly-inspired ambition. There was a shorter and more royal road to wealth, and, thanks to a good fortune, he had discovered the way at last.

With such fancies he dallied until all interest in the cases that demanded his present and most earnest thought, was gone, and he folded up the papers on his table, and returned them to the repositories from which they had been taken a little while earlier. It was yet an hour before court opened. With no defined purpose in his thought, he went forth; and yet, as if by instinct, he moved away in the direction of the old mill property, in which lay hidden a mine of wealth, whose existence was only known to a select few in Arden. As he walked along, there came to him a vivid remembrance of his gaming debt to Craig. He had not really forgotten it, but another and more inspiring subject had dimmed it over for a little while. With the remembrance came a feeling of contempt for the man whom he had always regarded as inferior to himself in all respects, mingled with a slight sense of mortification at having been the loser in a contest with one in so few respects his equal.

"There will have to be another trial of skill," he thought, rather than uttered. How reluctantly did his mind come to this conclusion; yet scarcely was it formed ere the man to whom it referred was seen a little way in advance.—Eldridge quickened his steps, and was in a few moments by his side. Their greetings were brief, and not over cordial, and both seemed a little embarrassed. Craig was the first to gain entire self-possession.

"I don't think you were just yourself, last night," said he, after a few common-place words had passed between them. "You are really a better player than I am. Our new speculations must have bewildered you."

"Of course," replied Eldridge—"I cannot say that I am satisfied either with the result or myself. I am no professional card-player, yet I have some skill in that direction."

"Luck only was against you," answered Craig, smiling. "I had no hope of coming out the winner, and shall be rather chary of another contest."

"It will most probably have to come," said Eldridge; "for I am not the man to give up in any struggle. Pride, if no other influence, ever quickens me to renewed effort. I think we shall try it again."

"I'm not ambitious for a new encounter," returned Craig. "Let well enough alone, is one of my mottos. Still, as you are the loser, a principle of honor will not permit me to refuse another trial."

"When shall it be?" enquired Eldridge, whose thoughts were now all interested in a new and dangerous direction.

"I am always at your service," was the prompt answer. "Will you be at McQuillns's to-night?"

Digitized by Google

"Yes."

"So will I. There can be no better time or place."

The two men walked on for a few rods in silence.

"Are you particularly engaged this morning?" enquired Eldridge.

"No. Why do you ask?" the question was put with seeming indifference.

Some moments passed before the lawyer replied. Then he said,

"I'm a little too eager at times. But it is my temperament. I strike while the iron is hot: sometimes well, sometimes wide of the mark; Still I must strike—it's my nature."

"Prompt men are the world's benefactors," said Craig, sententiously.

"True in a certain sense. Yet they often mar their fortunes by a single hurried stroke of bad policy. But I won't moralize. What I was going to say is this:—I don't just like waiting for that renewed trial of skill until this evening. Why not let it come now? I'm at your service."

"And I at yours," replied Craig, with a heartiness of tone that betrayed the pleasure he felt at the challenge.

"When shall it be?" asked Eldridge.

"Perhaps," said Craig, "you have a case in court this morning."

"None that will suffer by my absence. No—I must get this little matter off my thoughts first. I'm a peculiar man, you see, and can't wait, when I get very earnest on any subject My purposes never linger. I strike, as I said before, while the iron is hot."

"Suppose," said Craig, "we ride out to Newton's. I have a horse and wagon at Green's stables?"

"That will do," was promptly answered.

"Where shall I call for you?"

"Nowhere. I'll walk round to the stables with you."

"Very well," was uttered, low down in the throat of Craig, over whose usually pleasant, half-indolent, aimless countenance, an observer could have seen the passage of a singular change. No one, who studied the lines of that countenance now, would have said that he was an aimless man, or one without a vigorous purpose. He partly averted his face, as if aware that his real character was revealing itself.

The steps of the two men were visibly accelerated, as they walked on in the direction of Green's stables. A little while Craig was silent, then he seemed to force himself to speak—and he did act under self-compulsion—referring, in a kind of absent way, to the rail-road project discussed on the previous evening, and to the fortunes it would make for a certain favored few in Arden, the moment it became a law. To this Eldridge responded in words, not in thoughts. The latter was now too deeply interested in another subject.

At the stable, Eldridge was left alone for some minutes, while Craig conferred with the hostler, and got all things ready for the drive. The recollection, during that short period, of certain matters of business to which he had promised to give attention that morning, caused him to waver; and when the horse and wagon was driven out, he said, in a hesitating manner, to Craig:

"I'm really afraid, now, that I cannot go with you this morning. I had forgotten a case that will certainly be reached on the docket; and when it is reached, I must be in court."

"Just as you please," was pleasantly, almost indifferently answered. "Any time will suit me. I'm on the safe side—all right, you know." And he glanced at Eldridge from the corners of his eyes with a tantalizing leer. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, is an old, safe motto. Having the bird in the hand, I shall not trouble myself about the two hopping in the bush—eh?"

Eldridge stood irresolute for some moments, his eyes cast upon the ground. His business duties were claiming his attention on one side, and strongly urging him to return to his office, and make the needed preparation to go into court; on the other side, the desire to recover from Craig the two hundred dollars lost to him on the previous evening, was so earnest, that resistance seemed almost impossible. The entire indifference manifested by Craig at this stage of affairs, rather favored his inclinings, for it was conclusive that the winner of the night before, had no very strong confidence in the result of another trial, under different circumstances.

"I can't afford to lose two hundred dollars," thus Eldridge talked, hurriedly with himself, as he still stood looking upon the ground. "Last night my head was confused by Judge Gray's champagne—it is clear now. The odds were against me last night—they are in my favor now. Two hundred dollars are not to be made every day—not, certainly, to-day, in court. If the case goes against my client, the loss to him won't be much. I can pay him for what he loses by my absence from Court, and still call the morning's business a good one.

"I'll go with you," he said, looking up from the ground, while a light flashed over his countenance.

"Jump in, then," answered Craig, who showed neither surprise nor pleasure at the lawyer's decision. A moment after, and the fleet horse bounded away, and soon the two men left Arden far behind them.

CHAPTER XII.

It was late in the afternoon when they returned to Arden. Very different was their appearance in aspect and carriage as they rode into the town. Craig sat erect, calm, self-possessed; while Eldridge was almost crouching at his side, his eyes fixed on the ground, the lines of his face all relaxed, and his hands grasping the seat and side of the buggy, like one who felt himself insecure.

"Shall I drive to your office?" inquired the former, in an even, courteous voice, as they entered the outskirts of the village.

"No—no!" was replied, with a sudden, ner-

Digitized by Google

vous start. "Leave me at the stable; I'll walk home from there."

Craig drew upon one rein, and the vehicle swept around from the main street.

"Shall we see you at McQuillan's to-night?" inquired Craig, in a soft, inviting tone, as Eldridge stepped from the buggy a few moments afterwards.

"No," was the emphatic answer.

"The Judge will expect you," said the other, in the same pleasant, insinuating voice.

"He won't see me, if he does," was answered, almost rudely. "I shall remain at home to-night."

"You are secretary of the Land Company, remember," suggested the tempter. "Last night's meeting was only a preliminary one. Some things of importance are to be done this evening."

"I can't help it. You, and the Judge, and the rest of you, must do these things to suit yourselves. I shall not be there."

"You'll think better of it after tea; particularly when Judge Gray calls around for you, as he certainly will when I inform him that you do not intend being at your post. He'll not consent to the secretary's absence, unless there be life and death in the case."

"The secretary can resign, and will, if need be," said Eldridge, gruffly.

"He'll do no such thing," was smilingly answered. "Come, brighten up, my friend. It is always darkest just before daylight. Don't look as if you'd lost everything worth having in the world, when so light a thing as the turning up of a card may give you, some day, a fortune. You are about the hardest customer I've met with in a year, and more than a match for me. I'm only indebted to a run of good luck for my present advantage."

"Good evening!" said Eldridge, in a half angry, half contemptuous voice, as he turned off, rudely, from his companion.

"Good evening," returned Craig, in a voice the most courteous imaginable. As the lawyer went plunging away, in an unsteady, desperate kind of pace, Craig stood gazing after him with a sinister expression of countenance.

"I'm not done yet, friend Eldridge," he muttered, the parting lips showing his white teeth, that glistened like the fangs of some beast of prey. Men of your temperament are just the game. We have to play you the line right freely; but, the bait once taken, as it now is, and we are sure to bring you to land. Won't be at McQuillan's? We'll see about that!"

Nearly eight hours had passed since Eldridge left his home in the morning—eight hours, most of which had glided by like so many minutes—eight hours, nearly all of which had been spent in the eager excitement of play. The result has been guessed by the reader. Instead of winning back his two hundred dollars, Eldridge is the further loser of seven hundred; and worse than that, the loser in an equal ratio, of conscience and principle. When cards were introduced on the night before at McQuillan's, his moral sense experienced a shock. No ethical question now intruded itself. It was simply the relation of loss and gain. He had tried as eagerly as any professional card-player to get the money of his opponent, and experienced a real pleasure in the thought of not only recovering his own, but winning a handsome sum from his antagonist; and now he suffered more from the thought of having lost in the contest, than from any troubled sense of wrong doing. His wily adversary had not failed to take more than one advantage over him. The first and leading one, and that which made all the rest easy, was to induce him to drink a glass of mixed brandy, on their arrival at Newton's tavern. Eldridge saw not the telegraphic glances that passed between Craig and the barkeeper, and never, for an instant, suspected the truth, that, while his glass was doubly strengthened with fourth-proof brandy, that of his companion was scarcely colored with the fiery liquor.

The contest between the two men had not been an equal one, by any means. Even with a fair antagonist, Eldridge did not stand on even ground; for his mind, for most of the day, was beclouded from the cause just alleged, while that of his adversary was clear from the beginning. He was not, therefore, in a condition to detect the numerous little frauds passed upon him with the stealthy art of a professional gambler—frauds that told fatally in the result of almost every game.

As Eldridge moved along in the direction of his home, he felt like one breathing in a stifling atmosphere. He had never experienced sensations like those now oppressing him. The very earth seemed unsteady beneath his feet. He hurried on, eager to reach his own door, and pass within to a place of safety—eager to hide from observation, and hold with himself undisturbed intercourse.

Love of home was a strong peculiarity in the mind of Mr. Eldridge; and with all the uninviting features of his domestic life, thought and feeling ever turned homeward, and the more earnestly, if any trouble assailed him. In early manhood, and before his marriage, what lovely pictures of home joys and home comforts did imagination draw! The cheerful hearth-fire; the pictured room; and the loving, tender, true-hearted life-companion—how often were these represented, and how fondly dwelt upon. Honor, gain, ambition, held up their emblazoned shields before him; but their glitter could not win his eyes from this picture, nor dim its exceeding brightness. And when lured by external attractions that concealed much of her real quality, he selected from among the maidens, one to share with him the good and evil of life, his happy eyes looked with a new delight on the prospective home; and the fair form that made it a real paradise, had no longer a shadowy face, but the sweet, loving countenance of his chosen.

The power of a woman over such a man, is almost unlimited. She will be his good angel, leading him through home affections, safely on his way through this world, and upwards to the world of eternal felicity; or, she will be an

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

evil spirit, to fret, and chafe, and mar the good and beautiful within his soul; and, perchance, drag him down to the habitations of endless wretchedness. If she be loving, true, and unselfish, she will be the angel of his home; if fretful, hasty, unsympathising, selfish—the evil spirit of his household; wretched herself, and making all unhappy around her.

www.hbook.com.cn

An error like that just committed by Eldridge, never would have been made, if all had been right at home. No temptation would have been strong enough to lure him away from that haven of peace and safety. And now, when the threshhold of his dwelling was crossed, and the door shut behind him, he felt a sense of relief, and the awakening of truer, better thoughts and purposes, than any he had experienced for hours.

If ever in his life Eldridge needed the tender, soothing ministrations of a loving spirit, it was on this particular occasion. If ever true home-attractions were needed to hold a man back from the path of danger into which his feet had almost unwittingly strayed, it was now. Strongly disturbed was the equillibrium of his moral life; the even balance was trembling—the preponderance ready to bear down the side of evil, and throw the scale of virtue upwards towards the beam.

It was, perhaps, an hour before the evening twilight, when Mr. Eldridge entered his home, and passed hurriedly into his office. He sat down at his table, on which lay, undisturbed, the books and papers left there in the morning, and leaning his arms thereon, bent down and hid his face, breathing out, as he did so, a sigh that was full of anguish. Thus alone, thought took up, naturally, a hurried review of the day's doings. Gradually, the excitement of his feelings was calmed down, and in a state of clearer rationality, he conned over the whole series of actions, from the time he left home, until his present return. The result was, self-condemnation, and a clear conviction that he had not been fairly dealt by. The character of the man with whom he had passed the day, showed itself in a new aspect, and sundry questions with regard to him, which he had often asked of himself in times past, were now partially answered.

"There's something clearly wrong," he said to himself, as thought went out in this new direction. "Craig is not what I have supposed him to be. He wears a face that does not reflect his heart. Yet, he is on the best of terms with Judge Gray, and is constantly referring to him. Can it be that they are but jackal and lion!"

This thought visibly excited Mr. Eldridge. It was a new suspicion thrown into his mind, and one that he made an effort to cast out.

"No—no," he said aloud, as he started up with a disturbed manner—"that is impossible. Judge Gray is a man of honor, with all his social peculiarities. The thought, even, is a great wrong. I will not give it place in my mind for a single moment."

Still, he could not turn wholly aside from the conviction, and his mind kept recurring back to it in spite of his efforts to think in a new direction, and questions like the following would intrude themselves:

"He certainly has shown a very particular interest in me, all at once. What is the meaning of it? What personal or social sympathy can exist between him and a man like Craig? and yet, they are known to be much together. I can't understand it!"

Thought continued busy for a time longer, and questions touching his future action towards these two men, were earnestly debated. The conclusions of his judgment at length found utterance in the words—

"Enough for me that there is danger in the association. It must not, shall not be continued. There is, I fear, something not right behind these land schemes. I do not fancy the wine and brandy part of the business arrangements: and particularly object to the cards. Prospectively, I am already thousands of dollars richer than I was; really, hundreds of dollars poorer. I have made large gains in an imagined future, but have lost seriously in the real present. Morgan Eldridge! stop! Take not a single step farther in this direction. Meet the evil already sustained; and then turn away from temptation!"

Thus spoke out, with emphasis, the man's just convictions. His mind was growing clearer, his feelings calmer, and judgment was rising into a true ascendency.

"I will not go to McQuillan's this evening!" he said, resolutely. "Let them manage affairs in their own way. If all is right about the land speculation, Judge Gray is shrewd enough to take care of his own interests in the matter, and if his are secured, mine must be also. It will be easy enough for me to keep posted up in the doings of the association."

"But you are the secretary," came suggestively into his mind.

"I will send in my resignation to-morrow," was answered to himself.

Eldridge was entirely in earnest. He meant to absent himself from the meeting to take place on that evening, and he meant to have nothing more to do, actively, with the land organization. There was danger for him in this new path into which his feet had wandered, and he was resolute in his purpose at once to turn aside therefrom.

CHAPTER XIII.

So busy had Mr. Eldridge been with his own thought, that, even though half an hour since his return home had elapsed, he had not observed the unusual stillness that reigned through the house. Gradually he became aware of the fact, as, by a natural transition, his consciousness took a new direction, and he listened for something to indicate the presence of his family. But, neither voices, nor the sound of footsteps, far and faint even, reached his ears.

"This is singular," he said to himself,—and he went to the door of his office, and stood, harkening, for almost the space of a minute.—

Digitized by Google

Once or twice he started, slightly, as a real or imagined sound, like the moan of some one in pain, swept by his straining sense.

Mr. Eldridge held his breath, until he could hear his own heart beating loudly, and feel its labored throbbings against his side. A sudden foreboding of evil oppressed him. From his office he stepped into the passage, still listening, and walked to the stairway. As he stood there, harkening still, the same low, smothered voice of suffering, was heard; but from what direction it came, was not apparent.

"Harriet!" he called, in suppressed tones.

Up through the passages he heard the sound of his voice go echoing with a strangely hollow murmur, as if through deserted halls. For a moment or two he listened, and then sprung with a quick bound up the stairs, for he heard distinctly, though in a very low and smothered voice, the word

"Father!"

"Harriet!" he called again.

"Father! father!"

It was the voice of little Katy, faint, yet eager, and full of suffering and fear.

"Where are you, child?" called Mr. Eldridge, whose bewildered sense did not make out the direction from which the sound came.

"Father! oh, father, come!"

The voice was almost by his side. He glanced just within the door of his own chamber, and there, upon the floor lay Katy, her body drawn together, her face pale as ashes, and distorted by suffering, and her large dark eyes looking up at him with an expression of blended hope and anguish. She made not the slightest movement to rise.

"Katy! Katy! What ails you?"

Mr. Eldridge bent down over the prostrate child, and laid his hand upon her forehead. It was cold and clammy.

"Oh, father! father!" Tears gushed from her eyes. But still she lay in that unnatural position—and lay perfectly motionless.

Mr. Eldridge took hold of one arm and drew it up. The movement was answered by a quick sharp cry of pain, and the words—

"Oh, don't, father! don't!"

"What ails you, Katy? Where are you hurt? anxiously enquired Mr. Eldridge.

"William shook me out of the pear tree," she answered, the tears still streaming over her face.

"Where is your mother?"

"I don't know."

"Was she at home when you were hurt?"

"No, sir."

"Where is William?"

"I don't know. He ran away when I fell."

"Are you very badly hurt?"

"Oh, father, father!"

The voice itself, no longer sharp and loud, but low and wailing, answered the question too truly.

"Let me raise you upon the bed?" said Mr. Eldridge, making a motion to draw his hands beneath her.

"Don't, father! Oh, don't touch me," she cried, fearfully.

"You can't lie upon the floor in this way, Katy."

"Don't! don't! don't! Oh!—oh! oh! Father!"

Mr. Eldridge had passed his hands under her, and was lifting her upon the bed. The movement produced such pain that she uttered a single shriek, so wild and full of anguish, that it made the father's blood curdle around his heart. When he had laid her upon the soft bed, and raised himself up so that he could look into her face, he saw a death-like countenance. The suffering of the moment had proved more than nature could bear.

"Katy!" he called to her.

But she heard him not.

"Katy! My child!"

He might as well have spoken to the wind. Close to her lips he next bent his ear; but there came not the faintest sound of breathing. He fixed his eyes sharply upon her neck and breast, but every line and fibre was motionless as stone.

For a little while, Mr. Eldridge was too greatly alarmed and excited to see clearly what to do. The first impression on his mind was, that Katy's life had given out with the wild scream of pain that still rung in his ears, and thrilled along his nerves. A few moments he stood over her in anguish; then he went out into the passage and called, first the name of his wife, then that of the servant, and then, in succession, the names of his two boys. But there returned to him no answer but the echoes of his own voice. It was plain that he was alone in the house with his dead, or, it might be, dying child.

"Katy! Katy!" he called, wringing his hands in anguish, as he returned to the chamber, and once more stood over the inanimate form of the little girl, into whose white face there had not come back a single trace of feeling.

A thought of the doctor caused him to leave the chamber quickly, and hurry down stairs.—"If she should come to herself before I get back?" The suggestion arrested his feet for an instant; but only for an instant. If help was obtained at all, it must be through the physician, and the quicker his aid could be secured, the better.

Mr. Eldridge threw open the door, and glanced eagerly up and down for some one who would bear a message to the doctor. No one appearing, he was about starting off himself, when Doctor Penrose came in sight, a short distance away, at a crossing.

The loud call of Mr. Eldridge reached his ears, and the eager beckoning hand that suddenly cut the air with quick motions, caused him to hasten his steps and change their direction.

"Oh, doctor! Come up quickly!" urged Mr. Eldridge, as soon as Doctor Penrose had reached him within a few paces, and he turned into the house. Doctor Penrose followed him in silence.

"Is she dead?" Was the father's anxious query, as they reached the bedside, and stood looking upon the ashen face of Katy.

Digitized by Google

Doctor Penrose bent his ear close down to the mouth of the child, and listened for a few moments. Then he bared her breast and laid his hand over her heart.

"What is the cause of this?" enquired the doctor, turning with a serious face to Mr. Eldridge.

"I found her," was answered, "only a few minutes ago, lying upon the floor in this room, and moaning in pain. As I lifted her in my arms, to lay her upon the bed, she gave a wild scream and fainted."

"Do you know nothing more?" asked the doctor.

"She told me, before I tried to raise her up, that she had fallen from the pear tree."

"Where is she hurt?"

"I cannot tell. She appears to have crept up stairs, after her fall; but she did not move herself on the floor when I came in."

The doctor passed his hand under her clothing and felt carefully along her limbs and body.

"Is she dead?" asked Mr. Eldridge, hoarsely, as the doctor was silently making the examination.

"I think not—only suspended vital action," was briefly returned.

"Something wrong here," he said, a moment or two after replying to the father's question.

"Wrong where?" was enquired.

"About the spine."

"Oh, doctor!" ejaculated Mr. Eldridge, before whose mind was at once presented the sad image of a hopelessly deformed child. "Her back is not broken? Don't say that, Doctor Penrose—don't say that!"

"I can say nothing, positively," was answered in a low, serious voice. "But, the injury is here"—touching the spine—"See how largely this vertebræ protrudes beyond the others."

"Poor, poor child!" murmured the father, as he turned his face away.

"Where is Mrs. Eldridge?" asked the doctor. "Will you call her?"

"She is not at home," replied Mr. Eldridge.

"Then you had better send for her immediately, if you have not already done so."

"I do not know where to send," returned Mr. Eldridge in a perplexed voice.

"She was at Mrs. Glendy's about three o'clock," said the doctor. "I saw her and Mrs. Weakly going in as I passed."

"What! There!" ejaculated Mr. Eldridge, to whom the intelligence came with a new shock of pain.

"Yes; I am certain of it," replied the doctor. "Suppose you send one of your boys there with a message for her to come home immediately."

"Neither of them are here. But I can go myself. You will stay until my return."

"Be as quick as possible."

Mr. Eldridge left the room, and was half way down stairs, when the doctor called to him, and said:

"Stop at my house, in passing, and say to Mrs. Penrose, that I want her here immediately. Tell her not to delay a single moment, but to come at once."

"Thank you, doctor. I will do so."

And Mr. Eldridge hurried away. Mrs. Penrose, on receiving the message from her husband, and learning, in a few words, from Mr. Eldridge, on what account she was wanted, left for her neighbor's house without stopping to make the slightest change or addition to her dress, while Mr. Eldridge kept on towards the residence of Mrs. Glendy.

"Is Mrs. Eldridge here?" he asked of the servant who came to the door.

"I don't know, sir," was replied, in what seemed to him a tone of evasion.

"Will you see?" Mr. Eldridge spoke in a firm, imperative voice, that made its impression on the servant.

"Yes, sir," she answered, and went back into the house. She was gone for so long a time, that Mr. Eldridge was about laying his hand again upon the knocker, when he saw her coming slowly down the stairway. In his eagerness to get her answer, he stepped within the door, and moved a few paces down the hall.

"Is Mrs. Eldridge here?" He spoke so loud that the sound of his voice went ringing through the house.

"No, sir—she is not here," replied the girl.

There was something in her manner that left strong doubt on the mind of Mr. Eldridge.

"Is Mrs. Glendy at home?"

The girl stammered out a negative.

"Are you sure?"

He did not really hear her answer; for, before it was made, the murmur of suppressed voices sounded distinctly from an adjoining room.—Mr. Eldridge was in no state of mind to weigh nice proprieties of action, or to pay any regard to the ordinary rules of social etiquette. He was satisfied, from the manner of the girl, that his wife was in the house, and the necessity of finding her at once, over-ruled all other considerations. Not an instant did he hesitate, but moved across to the door of the room from which the voices came, and swung it open.—Three persons were revealed within; but neither of them proved to be Mrs. Eldridge. There were Mrs. Glendy, Mrs. Weakly, and a man, well known in Arden, but not by any means of fair reputation. They were seated at a table, on which were cards. A vacant chair, pushed back from the table, plainly showed the recent presence of a fourth member of the party. But, Mr. Eldridge had stronger evidence than this, in the fact, that he saw a portion of a lady's dress vanishing through the door as he entered.

"Sir!" With this simple ejaculation, uttered in the tone of one who felt herself outraged by an unwarrantable intrusion, Mrs. Glendy greeted the abrupt entrance of Mr. Eldridge.—She arose as she spoke, and looked angrily at her unwelcome visitor.

"Is my wife here?" enquired Mr. Eldridge, in a stern, imperative way.

"You can answer that question for yourself." And Mrs. Glendy threw her eyes around the apartment.

"She is not in this room. I can see that. Is she in the house?"

Digitized by Google

"I never answer any but gentlemanly interrogations!" retorted Mrs. Glendy.

"Pardon my rudeness," said Mr. Eldridge, repressing the strong excitement under which he was laboring, and lowering his voice to a more respectful tone. "There has been a sad accident at home, and I am in search of my wife. Doctor Penrose informed me that he saw her here this afternoon."

"She *was* here," replied Mrs. Glendy, her offended manner at once changing, "but left a short time since. What has happened, sir?"

"Our little Kate has had a fall, and is in a dreadful condition," replied Mr. Eldridge.

"Where is she injured?" enquired Mrs. Weakly, evincing a lively concern, and stepping close up to where Mr. Eldridge stood.

"About the spine, I believe. She is now insensible. I found her all alone in the house, lying upon the floor, unable to move. Do you think my wife is at your house, Mrs. Weakly?"

"She may be; but it is doubtful. Who is with your Kate?"

"Dr. Penrose and his wife."

Mr. Eldridge stepped back from the room as he replied, adding, as he was turning away—

"I must hurry home. Should you see my wife, tell her not to delay an instant. If either of you know where she is, in heaven's name send to her quickly."

With these words, Mr. Eldridge left the startled inmates of the room, and glided from the house. As he gained the street, and turned his eyes in the direction of his home, he saw his wife a short distance in advance, running wildly along the pavement.

There was no longer any doubt of her presence at Mrs. Glendy's, at the time of his entrance, nor of her having heard him tell of the dreadful accident which had befallen Katy. A new pang shot through his heart, and an audible groan passed his lips.

"Unhappy wife and mother!" he said aloud. Then, with more bitterness of feeling, added,—"Wretched woman! You have taken one step too far! Right actions need no veil of falsehood; virtuous companionship no mantle of concealment. [illegible]ous heavens! Has it come to this already?"

Mr. Eldridge clasped his hands together in bitter anguish of spirit; then strode forward at a more rapid pace in the direction of home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

SEE ENGRAVING.

'Tis a cold pillow where the sweet stars keep
Their golden watches o'er the battle plain;
And the camp fires are sprinkled through the dark,
And the white tents, like angels' brooding wings,
Sleep in the distance, while the pale Moon comes
To walk with mournful glory through the skies,
And write her silver psalms upon the earth;
And not the murmur of the summer wind,
Flashing along the grass, and not the dews
Dropping their cool baptismals on his brow,
Shall rouse the soldier.
Oh, what picture starts
Glowing along the purple walls of sleep,
With magic coloring! His home! his home!
The English cottage, with its mossy eaves,
The sheep upon the mountains, and the wheat
Shaking its yellow tassels in the breeze,
Are all about him—aye, and more than these.

She springs to meet him with the golden hair
Raining across her cheek,
Like a down-flash of sunbeams through the air,
The while her blue eyes speak.

Speak the great story of her woman's heart,
Through all her woman's tears.
How from the winding of those white arms start
Afar his doubts and fears.

He hears that crowning word, "my father," break
From child-lips, and the song
Which the young birds in the white hawthorns make
Is not so sweet at dawn.

Of life's bright goblet he quaffs deep the wine,
And honey in that hour,
Oh, love! thou hang'st along the steeps of time.
Rare pearls our lives to dower!

But the dark midnight to the purple dawn,
Goes crowned with jewels; and the morn shall hold
Its streams of crimson light along the hills,
And the hoarse drum shall break across the sleep
Of the glad dreamer. He shall wake once more,
And see the camp fires fading in the light,
And the winds surging through the far-off tents;
God help him, while he murmurs with sick heart
And quivering lips, "Lo! it was but a dream!"

V. F. T.

WIT.

Parts may be praised, good nature is adored;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set:
Their want of edge from their offense is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

Digitized by Google

A TRIAD OF PAINTERS.

FUSELI, WILKIE, AND CRUIKSHANK.

www.libtool.com.cn

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

[We give on one of the opening pages of this number, three fine heads of celebrated English painters. For the annexed condensed biographies we are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Challen, editor of "Ladies' Christian Annual," an excellently monthly published in our city.]

FUSELI.

Henry Fuseli, the first on the page, was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, about the year 1741. Of the exact date of his birth, and of the precise manner of spelling his name, there are some slight differences. The artist himself altered the first from that of his father's, and the the last from the register in the parish church where he was christened. His father, John Gaspard Fuessli, was a portrait painter of some celebrity, and one of the ancestors, Matthias Fuessili, had, a century before, made himself a name in Switzerland, as a painter of battles, pillages, storms, conflagrations, etc. It was no wonder, then, that with an artist for a father, and the name of a clever man in his family, that the youthful painter grew enthusiastic about pictures, and took to painting as naturally as a duckling does to water. When he grew old, he loved to get a willing listner to whom he could impart the struggles of his youth; how, with purloined candles, and pencils purchased from his school pocket-money, he would steal away in the night time to make copies of the prints of Michael Angelo and Raphael; how his school-fellows, perceiving his talent for drawing, were anxious to procure specimens of his pencil's vagaries, even though purchased at the expense of toys and sweetmeats; and how, finally, his father becoming acquainted with the fact that his son *would* be a painter, took the very best possible means to bring about such a consummation, by giving him a regular artistic education.

Fuseli's instructor in the arts was Salzer, of Berlin, the author of "A Lexicon of the Fine Arts." At Berlin, whither he had been accompanied by his friend and companion, the then youthful, but afterward celebrated Lavater, our young artist speedily attracted attention; for, besides being a painter, he was a poet of no mean talent. Among the admirers of his genius was Sir Andrew Mitchell, the British embassador to the Court of Russia. From this gentleman Fuseli received much kindness, and it was principally by his advice and assistance that he was enabled at the early age of twenty-two to visit England—then, as now, the home of genius. On parting, the physiognomist presented his friend with this piece of advice, inscribed on a card, in the German language:—"Do but a tenth of what you can do, and fame and fortune will be the result."

Behold the painter in London. His first sensations, he says, were more of overwhelming astonishment and solitude; but these soon gave way to others of a more temperate character, and in a short time we find our artist in the capacity of tutor, translator, essayist, and critic. In fact the letters of recommendation with which he was provided by his friends in Berlin, served no other purpose than to make him acquainted with the booksellers, and, through them, with the miseries of a literary man's life in the last century.

In this way he passed several years, alternately in debt and in high spirits, just according to his success or otherwise with the booksellers and the public. But while he pursued literature he did not neglect art. One day he was introduced by a friend to the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the then President of the Royal Academy, and arbiter of taste and excellence in all that concerned the fine arts. To him Fuseli ventured to submit a few of his drawings. Reynolds examined them attentively and kindly, as his manner was, and inquired of the youth how long he had studied in Italy. Being informed that he had never been in Italy, but was a native of Switzerland, and hardly thought it necessary to go to Rome for inspiration—"Young man," said the President, "were *I* the author of these sketches, and were offered a thousand a year *not* to practice as an artist, I would reject the proposal with contempt." So flattering a judgment decided Fuseli; and from that day the *trade* of an author was abandoned for the profession of a painter.

To paint was with Fuseli to attract a fashionable and admirable audience; and but few years passed ere he was considered as amongst the first of his profession. The characteristics of his peculiar style are well portrayed in the following verse:—

> "All dark and monstrous shapes
> He brings before our eyes,
> And crowds his canvas page
> With hideous phantasies."

In 1798 he opened his Milton Gallery, and crowds assembled daily to gaze on and wonder at the genius and extravagance of the painter. All that is horrible and grotesque in the pages of the poet were made more horrible, terrible, and grotesque on the canvas of the painter; and few, who came merely for pleasure's sake, went away from the gallery without a feeling of sadness and gloom—perhaps as much impressed with the peculiar character of the artist's mind, as informed by his pencil of the attributes of the poet's story.

To attempt anything like a catalogue of the pictures which Fuseli painted—pictures which

Digitized by Google

are esteemed of little value now—would exceed our limits. As a scholar and an artist he was equally esteemed in his day; and for twenty years he held the offices of Professor of Painting and Keeper of the Royal Academy. He is known to the present generation rather by his literary than artistic productions. Of his singularly eccentric style of conversation—a kind of broken English and French intermixed—there are many anecdotes; but for that we have no particular taste, as they one and all exhibit the artist in a severe, disagreeable, sarcastic, almost Voltairean mood; but that he had warmth of character enough to obtain himself friends, and strength enough to secure them, and genius enough to place his name on the record of the "world's great men," is sufficient praise and sufficient reward. He died on the 16th of April, 1825, in the 84th year of his age.

DAVID WILKIE.

David Wilkie was born in a country-house, in the Parish of Cults, in Fifeshire, N. B., on the 18th of November, 1785. His father was the minister of the parish, and appears to have been a quiet, studious man. As soon as Davie was old enough he was sent to school; but, instead of making progress with his books, he used, as Dr. Stonegress—the preceptor of Kettle grammar-school, and now Bishop of Toronto, would persist in thinking, to "waste his time in drawing pictures." Our youth was determined to be a painter; and although his father did not like the profession, and would rather David had been a preacher, his mother encouraged his inclinations, and provided him with the means of studying in the arts.

He was sent in 1799, we are told, to "the Trustee of the Academy in Edinburgh for the Encouragement of Manufactures," with some specimen of drawings, and a letter of introduction from the Earl of Leven to Mr. Thompson, the secretary. The drawings were not considered satisfactory, and it was only at the earnest request of the Earl of Leven that he was admitted. But he soon made wonderful progress.—Everything he attempted he executed with the greatest precision and faithfulness to leading principles. He showed himself a keen observer of nature, and gave early indications of the after excellence of his *tablaux de genre*. He was a constant frequenter of scenes likely to furnish subject for paintings of this sort—trysts, fairs, and market-places. In that species of drawings in which taste and knowledge are combined, he was far behind many in the same class who had not a tithe of his talent; but though behind them in skill, he surpassed all his companions in comprehending the character of whatever he was set to draw. He was always one of the first to enter the Academy when opened in the morning, and invariably one of the last to depart; and his intense application during the hours of study drew upon him the ridicule of the other students, who frequently bantered him on the subject. When the drawing hours were over he returned to his lodgings, and there labored during the remainder of the day to carry out what he had begun in the forenoon, by sitting before a looking-glass and copying his own face and hands, and thus endeavoring to blend his impressions drawn from the antique with those derived from a diligent study of nature. He had already begun to perceive the importance of the action of the hands in telling a story; and whenever he was unable to obtain a model which pleased him, he invariably introduced his own. In his picture of the "Blind Fiddler," which is now in the National Gallery, the hands of every one of the figures are drawn from his own, and also the expression of the heads. The girl leaning on the back of the chair is said to be very like what he was at the time.

In 1803 he won the ten guinea prize which had been offered for the best painting of "Callisto in the bath of Diana." At the sale of his effects after his death, this was sold for £48 6s. In the same year he made his first sketch of the "Village Politicians." He also about this time painted a "Scene from Macbeth," where the murderers sent by Macbeth to the house of Macduff meet his wife and child. The expression of the boy, who boldly answers their questions, was so excellent that Mr. Graham, the teacher of the Academy, immediately predicted that he would one day arrive at eminence from his strong delineation of nature. In 1804, in his nineteenth year, he left the Academy, and returned home. While their he painted "Pitlessie Fair," in which he inserted one hundred and forty portraits of rustics of the neighborhood, most of whom he sketched in church for want of a better opportunity. For this he only received £25 from Kinnear, a Scotch laird.

But the time was coming soon when he was to make himself famous in the world. In 1805 he came to London, and became a student of the Royal Academy. He soon secured the patronage of the rich and noble, and was not allowed to waste his energies in ignoble pursuits. The "Village Politicians," exhibited at the Academy, proved the stepping-stone to Wilkie's fortune, and from that time he earned "golden opinions from all sorts of people."—Soon afterwards, he produced the exquisitely natural and well-known picture, the "Blind Fiddler," which was painted to order for Sir George Beaumont. Its success was immediate and immense, and Wilkie was everywhere considered as the first of British artists for domestic subjects.

> "That genius might depict
> The household feelings well,
> Let the 'Blind Fiddler' teach,
> Or Wilkie's 'Rent Day' tell."

The public were impatient for other specimens of his happy pencil, and various well-known subjects fell in rapid succession—all of them distinguished by a most intimate acquaintance with the habits of "the people," a free touch and good eye for grouping and color, and in fact by the genius of the man. "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage," for Mr. Davidson; and "The Rent Day" for the Earl of Musgrave; "The

Digitized by Google

Sick Lady," "The Jew's Harp," etc. The "Village Festival" was painted for Mr. Angerstein, for eight hundred guineas. In 1809 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and a member in 1811. His own health was now beginning to decline rapidly from the closeness of his application. He therefore determined upon paying a visit to Scotland, where he remained from August until October. Upon his return to town he took apartments in Kensington. In May, 1812, he opened an exhibition of his pictures, twenty-nine in number, in Pall-mall. The undertaking extended his reputation, but caused him a loss of £414. His father died in December, and he then invited his mother and sister to come and live with him in London, in a home which he took in Kensington. In 1813, he painted "Blindman's Buff," for the Prince Regent. For the "Letter of Introduction" and the "Refusal," both small pictures, painted during this year, he received two hundred and fifty and three hundred guineas respectively.

In 1814, he visited Paris with his friend Mr. Haydon, and "the rest of the fashionable world;" and during the following year he painted and exhibited "Distraining for Rent," "The Rabbit on the Wall," and "The Pedlar;" and in 1817, he produced that wonderful work called "The Chelsea Pensioners." It was painted for the Duke of Wellington, at the cost of 1200 guineas, and is by many considered as the masterpiece of the artist.

In 1824, he travelled in Italy for the benefit of his health; in 1830, he was appointed painter in ordinary to his majesty—a post vacant by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence; in 1831 he exhibited his "John Knox," and his "Columbus;" in 1836 he was knighted by King William the Fourth; and in the next year the world was gratified by the appearance of his "Cotter's Saturday Night," and his "Mary, Queen of Scots." In fact, so indefatigable was he in his profession, that every year the Academy was graced by two or more of his paintings. In the autumn of the year 1840, he went to the East, in company with Mr. Woodburn, and travelled over various parts of that classic region till the spring of 1842. On the 21st of May of that year, he embarked at Constantinople on board the Oriental, for England. On the 26th, he arrived off Malta, where he imprudently ate a large quantity of fruit and iced lemonade; and on the first of June, whilst off Gibralter, he died, and on the same evening his body was committed to the deep—the burial service being read over him by the Rev. James Vaughan, Rector of Wroxall. And there he sleeps

"A calm and peaceful sleep,
With the wild waves dashing o'er him."

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

We have but little to say of George Cruikshank. As every one knows

"With his instructive lines
He gladdens wit or sage,
And well may be declared
The Hogarth of his age."

We do not even know the year of his birth—though he is apparently about sixty years old; nor the names of his father and mother—though the great probability is that he had both. But, after all, these are of little consequence—the man and the artist is with us still, and may his memoir remain long unwritten.

In place, therefore, of any labored or lengthened notice of George Cruikshank and his inimitable humorous productions, we take the following sketchy "bit" from the before-quoted work, merely premising that the writer was at the mansion of Samuel Rogers the poet:—

"Ainsworth and George Cruikshank (appropriately enough) entered the apartment together. I say appropriately enough, because they were so intimately connected with each other as author and artist, that they had, to the public eye, been for some time *Siamesed*. Ainsworth looked much like the portrait of him prefixed to one of his recent volumes. He is strikingly handsome; his profile is well cut, and his upper lip has much of that regular curve which we see in some of the Byron portraits. His eye is very dark, and piercing rather than brilliant.—It is evident that he takes great pains with his hair, which is of jet black, and falls in ringlets, not altogether natural, I guess, down his neck. His dress was in the very height of fashion; so much so, as to appear somewhat foppish—and he sported an abundance of trinkets. Ainsworth's manners were by no means easy, and formed quite a contrast to those of Hook, which were marked with peculiar grace.

"Who has not heard of George Cruikshank? the humorous, ever-toiling, indefatigable George? Some years since, a sketch of this inimitable caricaturist appeared in Frazer's Magazine, where he was represented seated on a cask, and sketching a piece of paper placed on the crown of his hat. It was much like him, but as many of my readers may neither have seen that drawing nor the original, I will try to describe him as he appeared that morning at Rogers's.

"Cruikshank is tall, and rather lanky in person. His head is well-shaped, and his face very expressive, but pale and thin. His gray eyes are piercing but ever moving; or, when they do rest on any object, seem at once to look *through* it. He has lightish-colored hair (which he wears carefully combed back, so as to leave his right temple, which is high and well-developed, exposed), and also enormous whiskers. He sports moustachios of a very peculiar cut, which give his visage a half-martial appearance. At first sight, most persons would take him for a foreigner. Many persons suppose that he, whose comic sketches had so often moved their risible muscles, has something of the humorous in his physiognomical aspect. Such is not the case. He looks more like a cynic than a comic illustrator. There is a sort of severe expression discoverable in his countenance, which at times is almost forbidding.

"I did not get an oportunity of being near him, so that I could not listen to his conversation; but I have heard that he is usually taciturn and morose. I was told that he was

Digitized by Google

seldom to be seen in society, and when we consider the vast amount of work which he gets through, this may easily be credited. For years past, he has illustrated the best comic works which have appeared; and not only has he surpassed all others in his own peculiar line, but he has shown that in serious and even tragic subjects he is master of his art. In proof of this I need only refer the reader to some of his illustrations in 'Oliver Twist,' especially that striking one of Fagin in the condemned cell."

www.libtool.com.cn

"MEET ME IN HEAVEN."

BY KEPLER PHILLIPS.

Is it not strange how long a tone of the voice, or a glance from the eye, will remain fresh in the memory? and how, when long years, with their accumulations of joys and sorrows, shall have passed, a few words from the lips of the dying will linger in our ears, and even be, as it were, the guardians of our destiny? Wherever we may wander, amidst whatever scenes we may mingle—be the circumstances which surround us what they may, however truant we may prove to the soul's highest and dearest interests, these little oracles will force themselves upon and claim our attention. We may have many rubies in the casket of memory whose beauty and purity are sources of ceaseless joy; but what heart will not acknowledge this little string of pearls—"Meet me in Heaven"—to possess a charm superior to them all? They may have come from the cold lips of that sainted being who watched our infant years, and who first taught us to bend our knees in humble prayer before the Throne of Grace, and ask that God would deliver us from the temptations of the world; that He would give us strength in the future to preserve untarnished the integrity of our hearts, and that, when the fierce battle of time shall have been fought, we may be found with the conqueror's wreath upon our brows.—A darling sister may have uttered them just before her spirit winged its flight to the better shore; and while we think of her many acts of kindness—the gentle manner in which she would reprove us for our faults, and how, with tearful eyes, she would plead with us to turn from the error of our ways—do we not frequently say to ourselves that we will endeavor to lead a new life—try to meet her? A father may have spoken them, even while the last sand was passing from the hour-glass of existence, and though every thought associated with him recalls the memory of a sternness which always quelled the gushing forth of the young heart's pure emotions, still he was our father, and "Meet me in Heaven," as it faintly comes from his lips, falls upon our hearts with a peculiar mournfulness, and bears away all unkindly feelings.

If we would harken more to these little sad, but holy verbal mementoes of the past, and permit them to have their way, they would create a well-spring of happiness within us, whose glad waters would not only give life and vigor to our own enjoyments, but would also extend their virtues to all around us. Oh! yes, we should ever keep them in our minds, and constantly dwell upon the love that gave them utterance. They will prove sweet and powerful counteractants of this world's selfishness; they will pour within our hearts a continual stream of Christian sympathy for each other's misfortunes—a sympathy which will bless the giver as much as the receiver. And this is not all; they will fortify us amidst the trials and sorrows of life, and will tell us, in pleasant tones, of the good time that is coming, when our hearts shall be no longer weary.

"Meet me in Heaven." We should never try to drive that little note from our ears—never strive to raise its soothing influence from our hearts; we know not what a moral power it may wield; we should place it even as a beacon-light upon the watch-tower of our hearts, and permit its glad beams to extend far out upon the ocean of life, and though we be tossed about by rough gales, our way shall be made clear. And thus this little oracle will follow us until the period shall come for us to journey hence, and as we turn our backs upon time, and our eyes towards eternity, if we will listen, we may hear the spirit-voices of the household band calling us up to their own beautiful home, while our own glad hearts can send the cheering answer to them, that we are coming—coming to "meet you in Heaven!"

THE TRANSITION from joy to sorrow is easiest in pure minds; as the true diamond when moistened by the breath recovers its lustre sooner than false ones.

WINTER, which, strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments only to enlarge the prospect of the eternity before us.

WE WOULD have all young men inquire what time their sweethearts rise in the morning, and how they spend their days; and the young women to be just as inquisitive concerning their swains. It may not be very poetical to be thus prying, but it may save a world of trouble bye-and-bye.

Digitized by Google

ENTOMOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

THE MOLE CRICKET.

Several months have elapsed since our last article upon the Science of Entomology appeared in the Home Magazine. Since that time we have been confined to a sick room, unable to use the pen, and this must be our apology for so long omitting the articles we commenced upon this interesting science. Waiving all further introduction, we give a brief history of one of our most curious native insects. The mole cricket, which may be new to many of our readers, and interesting to all who admire the curious works of the Almighty, and can learn lessons of wisdom from the least of his works.

No insect of the cricket kind is so extraordinary in its appearance and habits, as the *Acheta Gryllotalpa*, commonly known as the mole cricket. The color is of a dusky brown, and at the extremity of the tail there are two hairy appendages; the body consists of eight scaly joints, and the thorax is covered with a very hard and thick shield. But a most curious peculiarity of this insect, from which it received its name, is the form of its fore feet, which spread out precisely like those of the mole, are strong, webbed and hairy and terminate in seperate claws. This curious insect is much larger in Europe than in this country, and much more troublesome and annoying.—It often undermines the banks of canals, and destroys extensive fields, and vegetable gardens, by devouring the roots of the plants, causing the tops to wither and die. It generally runs backward, and is said to burrow faster even than the mole itself.

Gardeners especially detest this insect, as in a single night it will run along a newly sown furrow, robbing it of its entire contents; for nothing can escape it, as its legs are so formed that it can with ease penetrate the earth in any direction, above, beneath, before, and behind.—It seldom ventures above ground during the daytime, and the night is the time for its depredations.

These insects prefer moist meadows, and the banks of rivers and small streams. They excavate beneath the surface a chamber about the size of a small hare's egg, carefully smoothed and rounded, where are deposited a hundred or more eggs of a dusky yellow color. The eggs are hatched in about a month; the young resembling the parent in everything but the wings, which are wanting; at this stage they are soft, of a light color and very small.

They are very careful of their eggs, and the passage leading to the cell where they are deposited, winds in various directions; besides this precaution, the anxious parent stations herself above to watch it. There is a certain black beetle which often attempts to get at the eggs to destroy them, but the watchful parent seizes the beetle from behind, and bites it asunder.

This insect, although so troublesome in many countries, causes very little trouble in this, where it is very seldom seen. We know of but two specimens that have been taken anywhere in this neighborhood, indeed they are the only ones we have ever seen; one was captured by Dr. S. A. Cooley, in Hartford, Conn., and is preserved in our own Cabinet of Entomological specimens, the other was also taken in Hartford by Mr. Henry A. Goodwin, by whom it is still preserved. The last mentioned is a remarkably fine specimen, and was captured during a severe shower, which brought it out from its place of retreat, as these insects are remarkably fond of moisture, and can live almost as well in the water, as out of it.

THE OLD, OLD HOME.

When I long for sainted memories,
Like angel troops they come,
If I fold my arms to ponder
On the old, old home.
The heart has many passages,
Through which the feelings roam,
But its middle aisle is sacred,
To the old, old home.

Where infancy was sheltered,
Like rosebuds from the blast,
Where boyhood's brief elysium
In joyousness was pass'd;
To that sweet spot forever,
As to some hallowed dome,
Life's pilgrim bends his vision,
'Tis his old, old home.

A father sat, how proudly,
By that hearth-stone's rays,
And told his children stories
Of his early manhood's days;
And one soft eye was beaming,
From child to child 't would roam;
Thus a mother counts her treasures
In the old, old home.

The birth-day gifts and festivals,
The blended vesper hymn,
(One dear one who was swelling it,
Is with the Seraphim,)
The fond "good-night," at bed time,
How quiet sleep would come,
And hold us all together,
In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowers,
Close intertwined each heart,
But time and change in concert
Have blown the wreath apart,
But sainted memories,
Like angels ever come,
If I fold my arms and ponder,
On the old, old home.

Digitized by Google



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CONCLUDED.

There was no school on the afternoon of the birth-day party. Poor little Agnes Lane! It was a time of very severe trial to her; as severe probably as any of the struggles of her after-life, but it gave her strength to meet and conquer the difficulties which the future kept in store for her.

It was a very bright summer afternoon, one that seemed especially made for the occasion, with the golden sunbeams glistening like jewels on the gray breasts of the distant mountains, and the winds rocking the lullabies of July through the green branches of the trees.

Little Agnes Lane wandered with a heavy heart through the narrow walk, flanked on either side with currant bushes, which led to the foot of her mother's small garden.

She seemed to see the group of white-robed girls, as they gathered under the old trees in the lawns, and their merry laughter shook up the echoss which lay in the meadows around them.

She saw, too, the long table adorned with its green wreaths, and crowned with mounds of fruit and pyramids of cake, but I do not think she cared for these things half so much as she did that she was excluded, *shut out* from them by her poverty. This was the blow that struck deepest, and rankled sorest, in the heart of Agnes Lane.

"Well, I'll be somebody some day—see if I'm not," murmured the little girl, as she brought down her foot on the sand, and crimsoned her fingers with the sudden crushing of the stem of currants she had plucked from the bushes.

And if you had looked in Agnes' face at that moment, and seen the light as it outshone from her blue eyes, you would have thought it a prophesy of success for her future.

"Come—come into the house, Agnes. Somebody's here who wants to see you," eagerly called out the little girl's mother from the back door; and the child hurried into the kitchen.

The next day at school, amid many pleasant discussions and reminiscences of the birth-day party, it was incidentally mentioned that a brother of Mrs. Lane's had suddenly returned from the West, and taken his sister and her two children away with him, for he was a widower, and a very eccentric one. Nobody, however, paid much attention to this except Harriet Ames, who exclaimed in sorrowful surprise—"Has Agnes really gone? Poor little girl! I shall miss her so much, for I loved her very dearly. And leaning her head on her desk, the girl burst into tears, and no more smiles brightened her sweet face that morning.

—

Twelve years had passed. The parlors of the palace dwelling were brilliantly lighted, and groups of gay and gorgeously dressed guests filled up the long perspective, closed at either end with curtains of rose-damask. It was a large party, given in one of our principal cities, in the house of a young authoress, whose sudden and brilliant success in the literary world had been almost unprecedented.

Her book had been quite the rage, and it seemed as if the reviewers had fairly exhausted their vocabulary of flattering adjectives over this new volume. That it contained much originality, much power and pathos, much depth and earnestness, no intelligent reader could deny.

The authoress entered late. A hush stole through the hum of the crowd, as, escorted by her uncle, a gray-haired, but fine looking old gentleman, she passed up to the hostess. She was not beautiful, but her pale, finely chiselled face, with its deep blue eyes, and sweet mobile mouth, was one you would remember longer than any vision of mere earth-beauty.

Digitized by Google

"Do you really know her, Mr. Hughes. How I wish you would present me to her."

The speaker was a young and haughty-looking girl. Jewels circled her bare arms, and gleamed over her white neck. They called her very beautiful, but I do not think her face was one which the eyes of a little child would have turned to amid its tears.

"I will do so now with much pleasure, Miss Willis," answered the moustachioed gentleman at the lady's side. "Fortunately, it is a favorable time, for she stands in that alcove, and the crowd around her is not so large as it has been.

"We have met before I think, Miss Willis," said the soft voice of the young authoress, as her blue eyes searched the proud face before her.

"I do not remember that I ever had the pleasure of seeing you until this evening. It is one I could never have forgotten," answered the beauty, with one of her most captivating smiles.

"Perhaps I can remind you. You remember little Agnes Lane, the washer-woman's daughter, who went to school with you in Woodfern."

The truth flashed into Bertha Willis's mind, and the warm blood into her face. She remembered the long-gone birth-day party, and how she had scorned and slighted the little girl who now stood before her an honored guest among the proudest of the land, whose words were hung on by great men and lovely woman, and whose slightest attentions were received with most flattering eagerness.

Bertha Willis stammered over a few expressions of delight at meeting her old schoolfellow, but her face contradicted these, and as others gathered about Miss Lane, she fell back with a sigh of relief.

"To think, Hattie," said the belle to a graceful, brown-haired girl, with whom she was pacing the veranda, "this wonderful authoress about whom everybody is going crazy, should prove to be our old schoolmate, Agnes Lane, the washerwoman's daughter! I never was quite so nonplussed in my life, as when she told me this. Her reminiscences of me, I am certain, can't be especially agreeable!

"I can see her still in her calico dress and cotton sun-bonnet——"

"So can I," eagerly interrupted Harriet Ames, "and I loved her when she was the washerwoman's daughter, and felt, child as I was, there were the germs of a great life in her character. How I wish I could see and speak to her now!"

And she did. Half an hour later she was sitting in a private boudoir with the authoress, and smoothing back, with all the old caressing tenderness, the brown hair from the low intellectual forehead.

"Do you remember, Hattie," said Agnes Lane, lifting her blue eyes, full of light, to her companion's face, "the words you said to me that day when you found me under the old oak tree in a corner of the play-ground—words written in letters of gold on my heart, and that have been strength to me often in hours of weakness and despondency! 'Nobody can disgrace us if we do not disgrace ourselves?'"

"Yes, I remember them, Agnes, and looking at you, now I think

"Still she wears her laurels meekly—
When you look within her eyes,
Seeking for the old-time fondness,
You shall find the old replies."

"God grant it may be even so always," murmured Agnes Lane, while her head dropped on Harriet's shoulder, and the tears to her fingers.

Little children, if you are scorned and despised by others, do not fear. Hope on, with a brave heart, for God does not forget; and for you too, "the end may be better than the beginning."

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

"Dear mother," said a little girl, as they were walking together in the garden, "why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer! What *can* be the reason?"

"My dear," said the mother, "gather me a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet."

The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond and a few violets.

"Smell them, my dear," said her mother, "and try which is the sweetest."

The child smelled again and again, and could scarcely believe herself that the lovely almond had no scent, while the plain violet had a delightful odor.

"Well, my child, which is the sweetest?"

"Oh, dear mother, *it is* the little violet!"

"Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond.—Beauty without fragrance, in flowers, is, in my opinion, something like beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls.

"When any of those people who speak without reflection, and may say to you, 'What charming blue eyes; What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, with some of which everybody is born, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember also, when your mother may not be there to tell you, that beauty without gentleness and good temper, is worthless.—[*Selected.*

To Lift a Flint Glass Bottle with a Straw.—Take a straw which is not broken or bruised, and having bent one end of it into a sharp angle, put this curved end into the bottle, so that the bent part may rest against its side: you may then take the other end, and lift up the bottle by it, without breaking the straw, and this will be more easily accomplished, as the angular part of the straw approaches nearer to that which comes out of the bottle.

Digitized by Google

Health Department.

CHECKED PERSPIRATION.—There are two kinds of perspiration, *sensible* and *insensible*. When we see drops of water on the surface of the body as the result of exercise, or subsidence of fever, that is *sensible perspiration*, perspiration recognized by the sense of sight. But when perspiration is so gentle that it cannot be detected in the shape of water-drops, when no moisture can be felt, when it is known to us only by a certain *softness* of the skin, that is *insensible* perspiration, and is so gentle that it may be checked to a very considerable extent without special injury. But to use popular language which cannot be mistaken, when a man is sweating freely, and it is suddenly checked, and the sweat is not brought out again in a very few moments, sudden and painful sickness is a very certain result.

What, then, checks perspiration? A draft of air while we are at rest, after exercise, or getting the clothing wet and remaining at rest while it is so. Getting out of a warm bed and going to an open door or window, has been the death of multitudes.

A lady heard the cry of fire at midnight; it was bitter cold; it was so near, the flames illuminated her chamber. She left the bed, hoisted the window, the cold chilled her in a moment. From that hour until her death, a quarter of a century later, she never saw a well day.

A young lady went to a window in her night-clothes to look at something in the street, leaning her unprotected arms on the stone window-sill, which was damp and cold. She became an invalid, and will remain so for life.

Sir Thomas Colby being in a profuse sweat one night, happened to remember that he had left the key of his wine celler on the parlor table, and, fearing his servants might improve the inadvertence and drink some of his wine, he left his bed, walked down stairs, the sweating process was checked, from which he died in a few days, leaving six millions dollars in the English funds. His illness was so brief and violent that he had no opportunity to make his will, and his immense property was divided among five or six day laborers who were his nearest relatives.

The great practical lesson which we wish to impress upon the mind of the reader is this:—*When you are perspiring freely* KEEP IN MOTION *until you get to a good fire, or to some place where you are perfectly sheltered from any draft or air whatever.—Hall's N. Y. Journal of Health.*

INDIAN DOCTORS.—Of all the gross and palpable impositions upon the public credulity, the pretence that the Indians understood the healing virtues of roots and herbs, is the most absurd and monstrous. Civilized and Christian men having recourse to savages to learn science! It is, however, a notorious fact that Indian "medicine men," as they are called, are the greatest imposters living. They surpass their civilized imitators. They "out-herod Herod" in knavery. The whole system of practice among the Indians has always consisted in fraud and pretence. Catlin, who spent years among the North American Indians, constantly affirms this. They know literally nothing of the power of simples. They employ, over sick, charms, spells, and incantations, and make use of amulets and consecrated medicine bags as curative agents. Yet our scientific botanists go to these ingorant, besotted dupes of superstitution to learn medical science. Sometimes a veritable Indian doctor appears among us with more *brass* than *copper* in his face. He makes his prescriptions with great gravity and solemnity. He cuts his herbs and gathers his roots under the influence of certain astronomical signs. These signs, by the way, are but a relic of old astrology, as ancient as the Pharaohs, and have no more significancy for us than the worship of Isis. But our doctor regards "the stellar" influence in gathering his herbs. He strips the bark *upward* for an emetic, and *downward* for a cathartic.—He steeps the whole in river water taken up in a peculiar way. I once heard of an instance where the whole process failed because the patient dipped the water up stream instead of down! "Because you see," said the learned doctor, "if the water be dipped up stream, it goes *agin* natur; if down stream, it *helps* natur." Such are Indian doctors.—*Ib.*

VEGETABLE MEDICINE.—At the present day there is a great fondness for vegetable medicines. Any thing having the prefix of vegetable before it goes down with the multitude. Notwithstanding every body knows that no new vegetable has been discovered, and no new properties have been detected in vegetables before known, still they confide in the assertion that the commonest herbs may be made sovereign remedies for "all the ills that flesh is heir to." It is equally well known that a majority of all the medicines in the pharmacopœia of the regular faculty are of vegetable origin, and that the most deadly poisons, such as destroy life almost at a blow, like a thunder-bolt, are from the vegetable kingdom. Still we are told that all vegetable remedies are safe, while murcury is the great bugbear of the many. But it has been proved in courts of justice, where quacks have been arraigned for manslaughter, that pills professing to be purely vegetable have produced *salvation* in the patient. There are, perhaps, a score of infallible remedies for consumption, and there can scarcely be a doubt that the only ingredient in them all which serves to allay the irritation of a chronic cough is *opium!* This, for a time, quiets the consumptive patient, and deceives him with the hope of recovery, but by frequent use of it the strength is exhausted, and the system sinks under the repeated assaults of empiricism.—*Ib.*

Digitized by Google

Hints to Housekeepers.

www.libtool.com.cn

Dressed Salmon.—All salmon, whether crimped, split, or in slices, should go through the same process in dressing; but you can vary your sauces as may be most approved of. Put your salmon either in a fish-kettle or a large baking-dish; if a dish, you must cover it with butter paper, and frequently baste it with the marinade, which is made thus: cut a carrot, turnip, celery, onions, a faggot of sweet herbs, two blades of mace, butter it, and put it over your cutlets, then put them either in your oven or on your hot-plate or stove; be careful in turning them, take them out of the sautépan or paper, to dry away the grease, have some good brown sauce ready; after taking off the fat from what they were done in, put the remainder good into your sauce, adding a few drops of anchovy sauce, lemon juice, a little sugar, a glass of wine, then boil well for some time, dish your cutlets one on the other round, and either glaze them or pour the sauce over them.

To Pickle Salmon.—Scale, clean, split, and divide the salmon into handsome pieces; place them in the bottom of a stewpan, with just sufficient water to cover them. Put into three quarts of water one pint of vinegar, a dozen bay leaves, half that quantity of mace, a handful of salt, and a fourth part of an ounce of black pepper. When the salmon is sufficiently boiled remove it, drain it, and place it upon a cloth.—Put in the kettle another layer of salmon, pour over it the liquor which you have prepared, and keep it until the salmon is done. Then remove the fish, place it in a deep dish or pan, and cover it with the pickle, which, if not sufficiently acid, may receive more vinegar and salt, and be boiled forty minutes. Let the air be kept from the fish, and, if kept for any length of time, it will be found necessary to occasionally drain the liquor from the fish, and skim, and boil it.

Washing Silver Ware.—The Philadelphia *Ledger* states that the proprieter of one of the oldest silver establishments in this city, says that "housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap suds; it makes it look like pewter. Never put a particle of soap about your silver, then it will retain its original lustre.—When it wants polish, take a piece of soft leather and whiting and rub it hard."

Sally Lunn Cake.—Rub a piece of butter as large as an egg into a quart of flour, add one tumbler of milk, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda, and a little salt; bake in a round or square pan, and eat warm with butter.

Sweetbreads should be soaked in water, put for eight or ten minutes in boiling water, and then into clear cold spring water, to blanch.—They may be cut in slices, or in dice, and put into fricasees of meat or ragouts, or they may be served as a separate dish.

Maxims in Cookery.—By M. Soyer.—Clear Soup must not be too strong of meat, and must be of a light brown, sherry, or straw color.

White or brown thick Soups must be rather thinnish, lightly adhering to the back of the spoon.

All Purèes must adhere little or more to the back of the spoon.

Fish Sauce should be thicker for boiled fish than for broiled or fried.

Brown Sauce should be a little thinnish, and chesnut color.

White Sauce should be of the color of ivory, and thicker than brown Sauce.

Cream or Dutch Sauce must be rather thickish, and cannot be too white.

Every description of Fish should be well done, but not over-boiled, broiled, stewed, or fried.

Beef and Mutton must be underdone, even for joints, removes, and entrées.

Lamb requires to be well done.

Veal and Pork must be well done.

Venison must be underdone, red in the middle, and full of gravy, but not raw.

Poultry, either broiled, stewed, boiled, or roasted, must be done thoroughly, not cutting in the least red; but must still be full of gravy.

Pheasants and Partridges must be well done through, yet full of gravy.

Grouse, Black Cocks, Grey Hens, and Ptarmagans, must cut reddish, with plenty of gravy, but not too much underdone.

All kinds of Waterfowl must be very much underdone, so that the blood and gravy follow the knife in carving.

Plovers must be rather underdone, but done through.

Rabbits and Pigeons must be well done.

Second-course savory dishes must be rather highly seasoned, but with moderation.

Pastry should, when baked, be clear, light and transparent, and of a beautiful straw color.

Large pies, timbales, and casseroles of rice must be of a yellowish brown color.

Jellies require to be very transparent for fruits, and not too firm, but better so than too delicate.

Orange jellies should be of a deep orange color; and all fruit jellies as near as possible to the color of the fruit.

Creams should be very light and delicate; but fruit creams must be kept of the color of the fruits they are made of.

All kinds of soufflé or fondu must be well done through, or they would be very indigestible.

Digitized by Google

Editors' Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

POLITICS AND THE PULPIT.

The introduction of political themes in the pulpit, and their discussion there on the Sabbath by men set apart to minister in the holy things of religion, is greatly to be deplored, as working evil instead of good. In times of political excitement, when interest and love of power seize every opportunity to sway men by passion and prejudice, the day of rest from thoughts of this world as well as from natural labor, particularly needs to be kept sacred to its high spiritual uses. The minister's calling is not of this world, but the next. His office is to lead men to heaven; and when he so far forgets his peculiar uses as to step down into the arena of politics, and desecrate his pulpit by partisan harangues, he loses more than half of his power over the minds of men in things pertaining to spiritual life.

In all religious congregations are men of different political views, and different ways of regarding questions of governmental policy. Some, with an earnest zeal for reform that is always found in persons of certain temperaments, experiences and habits of thinking, are for using the surgeon's knife and getting rid of great evils at once by unrelenting excision; while others, and usually the larger class, see more of harm than good in such a course, and are disposed to wait patiently the slow progress of events, believing that in the great body of the people there is a healthy power at work, that will, in good time, and without injurious violence, work a radical cure. Now, it is not the clergyman's place to array these two classes of men in opposition to each other, by denouncing one set of views and upholding another. His business is to teach them the laws of spiritual life, and to unite them in the bonds of spiritual brotherhood; to lift their affections above the lusts, contentions, influences, and principles that govern in mere natural life, into the loving, peaceful, unselfish intuitions of angelic life. His duty is to lead them towards heaven; not to inflame their passions, one against the other.—To unite them in good works, not drive them asunder by political antagonisms.

We do not believe that any clergyman can introduce political questions into his pulpit, without loss of right influence among his people, or without producing states of mind in his congregation injurious to vital religion. A writer in one of our daily papers (the *Ledger*) in speaking of a recent unhappy disturbance in a church in this city, produced by the minister's unwise reference to an exciting political subject, makes these sensible observations:

"The pulpit is no place for discussions, the nature of which, joined with the infirmity of human temper and judgment, necessarily leads to intemperance of thought and speech. If they are touched at all it should be in soothing the angry passions which they generate, with a view to restore the mastery of reason and judgment. This is the proper office of the clergyman, and in matters pertaining to his particular vocation, the world defers to his teachings from respect to his character and the sacred office he fulfils. But there is nothing in the pursuits and profession of a clergyman which gives authority to his judgment in political questions, or makes it superior to that of any of his congregation. There every man stands upon his own private judgment. He defers to no authority but his own reason, and presumes to settle the principle of conduct which should guide him, according to his own notions of right and wrong, of expediency or interest. In nine cases out of ten the secular judgment in secular affairs is more enlightened and correct than the clerical, because men mixing with the world are better acquainted with the business of the world and the principles of human action which its strifes and its interests call continually into play. Hence it is unwise for clergymen to bring themselves in conflict with men so much better prepared to grapple with the excitements and questions of the day, and in which their interests, pursuits and aspirations are so much more deeply centred. It is a mistaken judgment to suppose that the authority which appertains to his divine teachings carries weight with it into other and different channels, and the clergyman must have a very imperfect conception of his office when he attempts to dictate where such authority does not exist."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS, &c.

> "The world of the affections is *thy* world,
> Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
> Which best becomes a woman, calm and holy
> Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart
> Fanning its flame."

Now, Mr. Longfellow, in the name of Antoinette Brown and Lucy Stone, how *dare* you write such heresies as that? As if woman's rightful place and position were not the platform and the pulpit, the stump and the Senate chamber. As if State deplomacy were not better adapted to her sphere and abilities than darning stockings; and lecturing on a Booraboola Gha better than rocking babies' cradles. As if St. Paul had any sort of an idea of the manifest destiny and rightful position of woman, when he recommended her to cultivate a meek and quiet spirit, and obey her husband!

Well, fortunately, the world hasn't been standing still for the last eighteen centuries, and since the burning heart of Paul the Apostle first conceived and wrote that obnoxious word, while the oriental sunlight flickered through the prison-grates and glimmered over his rustling parchment—mankind has grown older and wiser.

But while we believe this, reader, just as fully as you do, though you are the leader of half the "reform

Digitized by Google

movements" of this nineteenth century, we do *not* believe the age has outgrown the Bible. Shall the created outgrow the Creator? And yet underlying this Woman's Rights question, there is a double germ of truth—a pure diamond hidden among the crust and debris—a seed of good wheat buried deep in the chaff.

Woman may not yet occupy entirely her true position. She may have rights, privileges, immunities which society has never granted her, and the sooner she be put in possession of these the better for all mankind. The world has yet a long distance to go before it attains perfection, and we can forgive you if you are a little rabid and ultra in this matter of reform measures. It is the *necessary* fault of revolutions generally.

But one thing is true of woman—true as that God made and endowed me with her peculiar gifts and graces: just so far as you ignore her heart, her emotional nature, just so far will all efforts to expand or elevate her be a mistake and a failure, because they are founded on a lie.

WOMAN'S HEART! this is her glory, her crown, her consecration; this it is that makes her the Priestess and the Divinity. Woman *must* rule and reign in the councils of the nations and the camps of the battle field, but it must be through her affections, not her intellect—by her love, not her lecturing. Don't misapprehend us here, though. She is not man's inferior, but his *companion*, and the greater her intellect the correspondingly deeper should be her affections. Is the love of a savage richer or more enduring than that of a refined, cultivated being? An ignorant or narrow-minded woman is unfit to be a wife or a mother, and the man who elects such an one, will find, as he deserves, his reward. Genius that is true to itself must elevate and enlarge and enrich the whole inner life of its possessor—the "world of the affections" as well as that of the intellect.

After all, it is the old, ever new story that *home* is woman's place and sphere. There her life writes out its immortal poem of love and tenderness; there her white hands bring to one heart the honey and the wine. The laurels of fame, and the dazzling heights of ambition never satisfy the soul of a woman. Only as the life of some other life, set in another heart—its pearl of great price—shall she live truly and harmoniously, as God hath designed her—and His word beareth witness to it.

Summer is ripening on the hills. August comes up with slow tread from the tropics to cool its fiery heart with night-draughts of the south wind. The green earth grows very calm as he winds his hot arms about it. A low hymn rustles the forest trees. It is the sweet "lullaby" with which August rocks the summer to its death. Have you labelled any of its hours with a golden "well done," reader? Are you *quite* as ready to meet life's September as the summer is to meet hers? Each hour has brought its mission whether it found you in your quiet homes, or amid the gaieties of some fashionable watering-place. But remember as each day says its twilight farewell to you, it bears the sign and superscription you have left there into the "white calm" of eternity. V. F. T.

MEND THE BREECHES.

"Oh, dear, save me!" said poor Mrs. Brown, settling herself into her flag-bottomed rocking chair, with a terribly woe-begone, given-over expression of countenance, "if that child hasn't gone and torn a hole in the leg of them span new breeches I made for him last week! Well, there's no use tryin'. The more you do, the more you may, and no thanks for it either. I don't b'lieve, since the world stood, any other mother ever had such a set of careless, hollerin', yellin', stampin', tearin', destroyin' boys as I've got. From this time, forrard, I'm resolved to let things take their own course, and go to pell-mell as fast as they can get there," and having thus sagely and emphatically spoken, Mrs. Brown pinned her cap strings with such an air of doleful martyrdom, you would have felt that she was the victim of all kinds of social and domestic conspiracies and outrages.

"No, you won't do any such thing," whispered good Common Sense, in the ear of that most disconsolate lady. "You'll just go and pick up those breeches of Tom's, and darn the rent so nicely, nobody 'll ever suspect there was one there, and they'll last him all summer yet. You'll do it right off, too, before it's time to shell the peas for dinner, instead of sitting there, moping and grumbling all the morning, when you're not a bit worse off than your neighbors; and if your boys are rude and harum-scarum, and make you a world of trouble, they're kind-hearted fellows, and you ought to thank God they do as well as they do." "I s'pose I had. Sometimes I think I am a little grumblin', and fault-finding naterally," soliloquised Mrs. Brown, as she bestirred herself for the shears and the sewing-silk. Half an hour later, she was humming a tune, to the quick motion of her needle, and you would have had to look a long way before you would have found a happier-faced wife and mother, than that of the little woman who sat sewing by the kitchen window, where the wings of the honey-bees flashed in and out among the briar roses.

Look here, reader. Have you the vapors, or the blues, or the *disconsolables* in general? Just hear what Common Sense says, and "*mend the breeches.*"

V. F. T.

TOO MUCH IN-DOORS.

Women in this country, as well in cities as in rural districts, live too much in-doors, and feeble health and low spirits are the sad consequences. They want more exercise—more freedom out in the open air.—Prof. Nash, in a recent number of the American Agriculturalist, has an excellent article on this subject, from which we make a brief extract, and commend it to our readers:—

"The everlasting scrubbing of floors, sweeping carpets, washing dishes, sewing up rips, tending responsibilities, getting breakfast, dinner, supper, going to bed, getting up—this is woman's sphere is it?—

Digitized by Google

Very good. But it should be enlarged a little. There must be more variety, more excitement, more out-door inspiration. Riding out now and then amounts to nothing, unless it be on horseback; and how many of our farmers' wives and daughters were ever on top of grandmother's side saddle? We doubt whether they would dare mount it, unless it were placed upon a box in the garret. There is a want among us of out-door exhilarating, inspirating, muscle-making exercise for women. We are not anxious to build a throne, and put a woman on it, as they do in England. Nor would we make woman hoe the broad turnip fields, and weed the wheat, and shake the hay, as they do. It is not necessary that woman be made a sovereign or a drudge, but her sphere should extend somewhat outside of lath and plaster. Mothers, go out: take your daughters along with you; visit the garden; explore the terra incognita of the whole farm; take an interest in all improvements. The garden is especially within your province. A part of it, and not a stingy part, should be cultivated with a succession of flowers, blooming from April to November."

A NEW ASSOCIATION.

The following Constitution of a new and important association, formed or about to be formed, was transmitted to us nearly a year ago, with a request to have it published in the *Home Magazine*. It got mislaid at the time among some other papers, and has just found its way to the light. We now make the desired publication, and recommend the formation of societies on the plan proposed, in every city, town, and village in the country. A rigid observance of its rules by all who subscribe to the the Constitution, should that number happen to be large—would make its organization a blessing to the earth.

SELF-EXAMINING SOCIETY.

A society under this name has recently been established; the constitution of which is as follows:—

CONSTITUTION.

Article 1—This society shall be known by the name of the Self-Examining Society, and shall be composed of members of both sexes whose minds and hearts are capable of moral improvement.

Art. 2—The object of this society shall be, that, while they may see each other's faults, to feel and correct their own. To suppress all manner of deceit and hypocrisy, slander and defamation, backbiting and evil-speaking, with all that tends to injure or defraud our neighbor, either of his property or character.

Art. 3—This society shall be independent of all other societies, each member being vested with full powers and privileges to attend to his own concerns; and he shall make it his duty to mind his *own* business, and let others' alone. And no president, vice president, secretary, spies, informers, or committee of delegates, shall ever be chosen by the society to watch over the conduct of others, and make a report of their neighbors' doings, until such a work of charity shall have begun at home.

Art. 4—There shall be no public meetings of this society on any appointed day, to manage its concerns, or hear lectures delivered before it; but it shall be the duty of every member to meet himself alone every day, and listen to the lectures of his *own conscience*.

Art. 5—No money shall be raised from time to time to support this society, nor to circulate self-examining almanacs to convince us how much easier it is to examine others than it is to examine ourselves.

Art. 6—Every member of this society shall pay due regard to temperance in eating and drinking, and every thing else. But he shall be his own judge of what he shall eat and what he shall drink, and wherewithal he shall be clothed; while gluttony, drunkenness, tight-lacing shall be left to the gnawings of conscience and consumption, with all the popular reproach which they merit or deserve.

Art. 7—Every member of this society shall be allowed to drink tea, coffee, cold water, butter-milk, or lemonade, as suits him best; or chew, or smoke, or take snuff, when not offensive to the company he is in, without being excommunicated from good society or deliverer over to the buffetings of the Pharisees.

Art. 8—No member of this society shall ever set himself up above his fellows to teach, or seek to establish his own character and consequence by blackening his neighbor's good name, thinking to make his own appear whiter; but it shall be the duty of every one to examine his own *soul*, *heart*, and disposition, and set a double guard over the sin that most easily besets himself.

Art. 9—The members of this society shall seek to do good and not evil—love, not hate, each other—bear with the faults and infirmities of others, knowing that they themselves are men or women, of like passions and imperfections.

Thus each member will worship in his own manner and choice, under his own vine and fig-tree, or under his *Own Truth* and *Good*.

"THE SYBIL."

This is the title of a new semi-monthly paper, "devoted to reforms in every department of life." It is published at Middletown, N. Y., by Jno. W. Hasbrouck, and edited by Mrs. Lydia Sayer. Price $1 a year. In her spirited introduction to her readers, the fair editor says:—"We believe, and hope to prove it, that there is nothing that has such a false and narrowing influence over woman, as her servility to fashion. We invite discussion on this subject, and will promise a 'fair fight' to the disputants. Having passed through a regular 'Reform Dress' ordeal, and knowing the contemptible spirit by which it is met from many, we shall take occasion to show up some of the beauties of that system, as well as the petty persecution resorted to.

"Woman's and man's sphere, their rights and duties, shall both receive our especial attention. Their needs and requirements, powers and influence in the varied spheres of life, the advantages to be derived to both by their being more workers together, and how this may be accomplished shall not go unheeded—while we shall do all in our power to present the practical working of the same to our readers."

An unsparing war is promised by the editor against every social usage that destroys health, vitiates the taste, or depraves the moral sentiments.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

"Hall's New York Journal of Health," has this brief complimentary paragraph about the Lady's Book, which speaks volumes of commendation:—"Well done! A monthly periodical which can be published over a quarter of a century and never allow a profanity to polute its pages, makes another

Digitized by Google

step forward, which is worthy of all praise." In another part of the Journal we find the editor again warmly commending the same excellent magazine, which he says is "demonstrating that oaths and vulgarities are not essential to a publisher's success; demonstrating that a journal may live over a quarter of a century without admitting one line in the derision or abuse of the religion of another; demonstrating that an editor and publisher may obtain pecuniary success without being sold to the makers of patent medicines, and without being made the tools of the unblushing effronteries of quackery and bold impostures."

There, Mr. Godey, you have praise to be proud of.

"NOW THAT there is a strong probability," says a cotemporary, "of good feeling being restored between the two Governments of England and America, let the newspapers of both countries try to foster it. Let them be less acrimonious and taunting towards national peculiarities and foibles, point out the errors of each other, when it is necessary to refer to them, in the kindly spirit of instruction, and not as if they felt a malicious satisfaction in discovering each other's weaknesses. Reproof, in a proper spirit, may do each of them much good." This is good advice, and we hope that it will be taken. Thoughtless, prejudiced, and ill-designing newspaper editors, have power to work a large amount of harm, and they are constantly doing it. Their influence would be diminished, in most cases, if they were known, personally, to the public. Too often, the standing and character of the press give weight to opinions and assertions that have no true basis in fact or right reason. Words, spoken behind the editorial mask have often an apparent oracular signification, that would be entirely lost, were the mask removed, and the real person who was speaking become visible.

EXTRACTS FROM A VALEDICTORY POEM.

They wait for thee—through many a home
Ripples the gladsome sound—"they come!"
And go—the rich pearls of the past
Have dowered the present—hold them fast.
Fill up with kindly word and deed
The lives that from our gaze recede;
And when the day is sloping down
To the night-shadows, dim and brown,
May all our pathways meet the one
Which reaches toward that upper home,
Where the sweet May-wind ever flows
Like a low ballad, through the snows
Of the white blossoms, as they lie
Round the fair-meadow-lands on high—
There may we meet:—Go forth to take
Whate'er the future brings, and wait
Calmly, and patiently, and well,
Till the last summons come—*farewell!* V. F. T.

POLITICAL DETRACTION.

The great evil attendant upon all elections in this country, is deeply to be deplored. No matter how pure a man's life may have been, the moment he becomes a candidate for any public office, detraction of the most shameless character begins. In the words of a cotemporary:—"Let us have a little honor and decency in our politics—a little more fairness and truth, as if the conductors of the party presses really believed their readers had brains enough to comprehend principles, decency enough to despise low detraction, and intelligence sufficient to be reasoned with."

NEVER GIVE WAY TO MELANCHOLY.

Just make this one of your life-laconics, reader. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you! If an evil is inevitable, submit to it, thanking God that evil need not be eternal. Then extract from every hour and circumstance and character, all the brightness, all the sweetness you can. This is life's best philosophy.

AFFECTIONS.

The affections, says Fuller, like the conscience, are rather to be led than driven; and it is to be feared that they who marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry.

HE THAT has never known adversity, is but half acquainted with others, or with himself.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF HERODOTUS IN THE FIFTH CENTURY BEFORE CHRIST. An Imaginary Biography founded on fact. Illustrative of the History, Manners, Religion, Literature, Art, and Social Condition of the Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, Hebrews, Scythians, and other Ancient Nations, in the days of Pericles and Nehemiah. By J. TALBOYS WHEELER, author of "The Geography of Herodotus." In two vols. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

Designed to be an introduction to a higher class of historical and critical reading, and as such invaluable to the general reader. The style is especially pure and correct, while it is enlivened and enriched by the imagery of a poetic mind. The work furnishes a view "of the principal nations of the ancient world, as they were in the days of Pericles and Nehemiah." In order to do this with the finest effect, and thence to produce the most lasting impression upon the reader, the author, as the title intimates, has written an imaginary biography of Herodotus, the celebrated Greek historian and geographer, and by describing his supposed travels to the most famous cities and countries of antiquity, he has been enabled to review their several histories, narrate their traditions, describe the appearance of the people, point out their peculiarities and manners, and develop their religious ideas. How full of interest the work must be, will be apparent to every one.

LINDA, OR THE YOUNG PILOT. By MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson.*

One of Mrs. Hentz's best stories. The plot is well conceived, and full of dramatic power. A warm, glowing imagination throws its rich coloring over every page, while the pictures of southern life and character are graphically and powerfully drawn. Some of the scenes are doubtless rather intense and overwrought, but the story is altogether a very fascinating one; and pure thoughts and noble aspirations wind their golden threads through the book.

THE HUGUENOT EXILES. A Historical Novel. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

A very interesting novel of the times of Louis the XIV. The scenes are laid in a most exciting period

Digitized by Google

of religious history, and the story of the persecutions and sufferings of the Huguenot exiles is enough to wring any heart—not *entirely* stone. The story leads us back to the past, and portrays vividly those terrible scenes and sufferings which have made the names of the Huguenots sacred around our hearth-stones.

THE AGE OF GOLD, OR LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBERT ROMAINE. By ROBERT DEXTER ROMAINE. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

Lively and vivacious, with a good fund of humor. The author evidently has fine powers of observation, and gives us many passages of exceeding beauty and pathos. The story increases constantly in vigor and in interest, and the latter portion is much finer than the commencement, at least to our way of thinking.

THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF CALDERON, WITH SPECIMENS OF HIS PLAYS. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, B. D. New York: *Redfield.*

About half of this volume is devoted to a history of the life and genius of the great Spanish dramatist, and will be deeply interesting to all lovers of the drama. It is beautifully, forcibly, and graphically written, and will introduce the poems of Calderon to many who have hitherto been unacquainted with them. A variety of circumstances have interfered with the translation of this poet's works into our own language, and they can never be fully appreciated by those unfamiliar with the rich old Castilian, in which he incarnated his genius. The author says: "His morality may sometimes be questionable, and more than questionable, but in the entire absence of indelicacy, of grossness, of *double entendre* from his plays, he is nearly or quite without reproach."

THE EARNEST MAN. LIFE AND LABORS OF DR. JUDSON. By H. C. COUANT. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Company.*

In a merely intellectual point of view this volume ranks high, while the life and labors of Dr. Judson, the American pioneer in the missionary field, cannot fail to possess an absorbing interest to a very wide circle of readers. This memoir is briefer than that of Dr. Wayland's, but contains, we presume, all the most prominent events of the missionary's invaluable life. The work was undertaken with the concurrence and approbation of Mrs. Judson, who herself had planned its execution, but whose ill health prevented its accomplishment. The book, it may not be amiss to state, is the property of the doctor's children, "the publishers generously relinquishing, as in the case of the memoir, the larger share of the profits."

WIT AND WISDOM OF THE REV. SIDNEY SMITH.—By EVERT A. DUYCKINCK. New York: *Redfield.*

This selection of miscellanies is a very pleasant one, embracing a variety of subjects, religious, literary, historical, political, &c., all attesting the rare cultivation and critical acumen of the author's mind. Most of Sidney Smith's writings are infused with his genial spirit. While many of them brighten and sparkle with keen sallies of wit—wit which with him was "so beautiful and delightful a part of his nature," because it was nearly always overruled and directed by principle, benevolence, and religion.

VASSAL MORTON. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

A well-written novel, increasing in power and interest with every page. The author's delineations of individual character are distinct and natural.—The moral aim of the book is a high one, and the hero elicits our warm admiration for his courage and powers of endurance, so unlike the sickly rose-water specimens of character which are served up to us, in the stead of true types of manhood, by so many of our present romance scribblers. In some of his pictures of human passions—in the high and heroic—the author succeeds well, better than in the demonstrative and pathetic. On the whole it is an unusually well-written book.

THE HIAWATHA LEGENDS. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

The title of this volume will secure for it a large sale. But it has intrinsic merits, and indicates an earnest and intelligent research into aboriginal life, customs, and theories. The thousand difficulties that must beset one in the execution of such a work, will be apparent to every reader, but the author seems to have overcome them. Of course the warm admirers of Hiawatha will seize the book with alacrity, because in it they will find the veritable histories and traditions upon which that remarkable poem was founded.

LEARNING TO READ. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

A useful book for the very little folks, and one that will probably take them into A-B-C-dom by an easier method than the old fashioned Webster road. The rising generation will be vastly indebted to Abbott, for opening to them so many new and pleasant paths to knowledge.

SERMONS FOR THE PEOPLE. By F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D., Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in the College, at Cambridge. Boston: *Crosby, Nichols & Co.*

THEOGNIS: A LAMP IN THE CAVERNS OF EVIL. By CATIUS JUNIOR. Boston: *Wentworth & Co.*

SIN AND REDEMPTION: A Series of Sermons, to which is added an Oration on Moral Freedom. By D. N. SHELDON, D. D., Pastor of the Elm Street Baptist Church, in Bath, Me. Second edition. Boston: *Crosby & Nichols.*

THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES EXPLAINED. By JAMES M. MACDONALD, D. D., Princeton, N. J. New York: *M. W. Dodd.*

THE THREE GARDENS, EDEN, GETHSEMANE, AND PARADISE; or, Man's Ruin, Redemption, and Restoration. By WILLIAM ADAMS, D. D. Pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York.

Among the issues of the press which have found their way to our table, are the above religious and theological works, to the titles of which we can little more than call attention. Each comes to the serious and thoughtful reader with its peculiar weight of evidence in favor of a religious life; that only true way of living, if we would secure tranquility of mind here, and eternal blessedness hereafter.

THE GRAY BAY MARE, and other Humorous American Sketches. By CHAS. P. LELAND. With numerous Illustrations. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

A pleasant book for summer reading, or an idle hour, by a writer of cultivated tastes, and literary habits of a far more earnest character than this playful volume indicates. It is full of genuine, mirth-provoking humor.

The Orphan Sisters, edited by Mrs. Marsh, author of "Emelia Windham," "Two Old Mens' Tales," &c., has been issued in cheap form by T. B. Peterson.

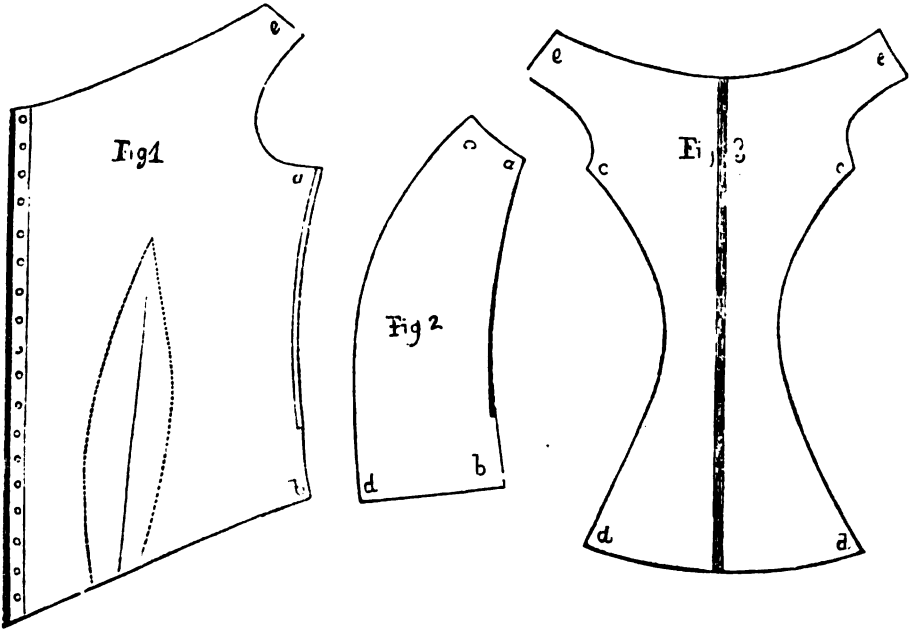
No. 201 of Harpers' "Library of Standard Novels," brings us "John Halifax, Gentleman," by the author of "The Head of the Family," "Olive," &c., &c.

"The more peaceably and quietly we get along, the better for us and others. In nine cases out of ten the wisest policy is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally to leave him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet."

Digitized by Google

The Toilet and Work Table.

www.libtool.com.cn



PATTERN FOR STAYS.

A correspondent of Godey's Lady's Book furnishes the above pattern, and writes respecting it as follows:

"I have inclosed a pattern of a pair of stays, that I have worn for some time past, and can answer for their ease and convenience. I had suffered severely from a pain in my side, but since I have worn stays similar to this pattern, I have been much better. One yard and a quarter of satteen is sufficient to make them; and three lengths of whalebone, one on each side of the front, and another down the middle of the back, should be used. Hooks and eyelet-holes, or buttons, for fastenings."

Fig. 1. Front. Fig. 2. Side-piece.
Fig. 3. The whole of the back.

FASHIONS.

Home Dinner Dress.—The robe is of very clear white muslin, and may be worn over a slip of white or colored silk, or (for a plainer style of costume) over a slip of white cambric muslin. The front of the skirt is ornamented in a very simple and elegant style. The trimming is in the *tablier* form, and consists of rows of bouillonné, within which are inserted runnings of colored ribbon, and the bouillonnés are edged at each side by full rows of narrow Valenciennes lace. To each end of the bouillonnés, as well as in the middle where they slightly incline downward, small bows of ribbon are attached. The corsage of the dress, which is made low, has the front trimmed with bouillonnés and bows of ribbon like the front of the skirt. The sleeves are formed of two puffs and a frill of muslin; the puffs being separated by bands of ribbon finished by bows. Over the elbow descends a double ruffle of Valenciennes lace. Within the corsage may be worn at pleasure, a chemisette of clear muslin, finished at the throat by a small collar of Valenciennes.—The head-dress consists of a cache-peigne worn at the back of the head, and made of ribbon of the same color as that employed in trimming the dress. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the color is quite optional, and may be decided by the taste of the wearer. Some colors are, however, more fashionable, as well as more effective than others, and we would recommend, as well adapted for the purpose, peach blossom, pink, blue, or pomona-green.

Morning Basque, of plain cashmere de bége, or other suitable material. A small lappel turns back from the throat, the space being filled by a cambric frill, with a narrow lace edge. Plain sleeves turned back, trimmed with narrow velvet, or flat silk braid. Side pockets and undersleeves.

Digitized by Google



www.libtool.com.cn

INFANT'S SHOE, EMBROIDERED IN CHAIN-STITCH.

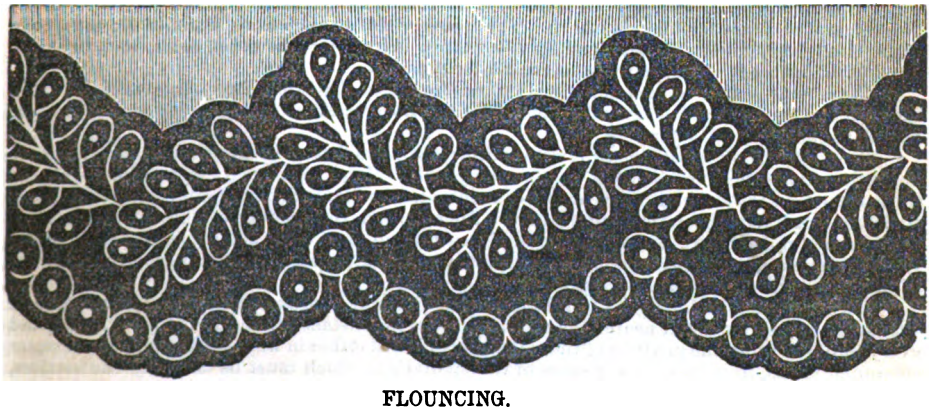
Materials.—Pink silk; a few skeins of white sewing sick; white sarsenet ribbon, three-quarters of an inch wide; muslin and flannel.

This very pretty and comfortable little shoe is to be embroidered entirely in chain-stitch.—The pattern is given so clearly in the engraving, that no difficulty can occur in drawing it. It must be marked on the silk in the ordinary manner. The size of the shoe must be suitable for the child, and a paper pattern should first be prepared, of a very ample size, as the quilted lining of the shoe takes up a considerable space. Mark out the silk, allowing a very ample margin in every direction, making the toe in one piece, the ankle-piece for another, and the sole for the third. Cut out pieces of muslin and flannel to correspond, and quilt them together in small diamonds with sewing-cotton.

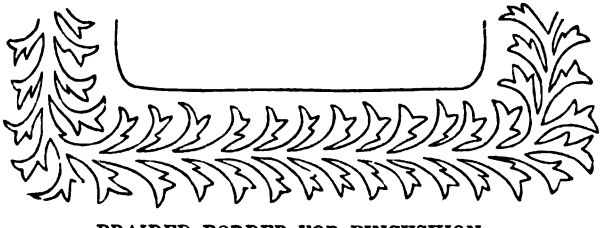
Work the pattern on the silk; then make up the shoe very neatly, running the sole in parallel lines from heel to toe, taking the needle through the thicknesses of silk, flannel, and muslin.

Bind the upper part of the shoe with a fine piping cord, covered with silk; and pierce holes for the tie, sewing them round with silk of the same color as the embroidery.

If gros de Naples is thought too delicate or expensive a material, fine French merino, of any pretty color, may be used for this shoe.



FLOUNCING.



BRAIDED BORDER FOR PINCUSHION.

Digitized by Google

FARM LANDS FOR SALE.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY

IS NOW PREPARED TO SELL

OVER TWO MILLION OF ACRES

OF FARMING LANDS,

IN TRACTS OF 40 ACRES AND UPWARDS,

ON LONG CREDITS, AND AT LOW RATES OF INTEREST

These lands were granted by the Government, to aid in the construction of this Railroad, and include some of the richest and most fertile Prairies in the State, interspersed here and there with magnificent groves of oak and other timber. The road extends from Chicago, on the North-East, to Cairo, at the South, and from thence to Galena and Dunleith, in the North-West extreme of the State, and as all the lands lie within fifteen miles on each side of this Road, ready and cheap means are afforded by it for transporting the products of the lands to any of those points, and from thence to Eastern and Southern markets. Moreover, the rapid growth of flourishing towns and villages along the line, and the great increase in population by immigration, etc., afford a substantial and growing home-demand for farm produce.

The soil is a dark, rich mold, from one to five feet in depth, is gently rolling, and peculiarly fitted for grazing cattle and sheep, and the cultivation of wheat, Indian corn, &c.

Economy in cultivating and great productiveness are the well known characteristics of Illinois lands. Trees are not required to be cut down, stumps grubbed, or stone picked off, as is generally the case in cultivating new land in the older States. The first crop of Indian corn, planted on the newly broken sod usually repays the cost of plowing and fencing.

Wheat sown on new-turned sod is sure to yield very *large profits*. A man with a plough and two yoke of oxen, will break one and a half to two acres per day. Contracts can be made for breaking ready for corn or wheat, at from $2 to $2.50 per acre. By judicious management the land may be ploughed and fenced the first, and under a *high state of cultivation* the second year.

Corn, grain, cattle, etc., will be forwarded at reasonable rates to Chicago, for the Eastern market, and to Cairo for the Southern. The larger yield on the cheap lands of Illinois, over high-priced lands in the Eastern and Middle States, is known to be much more than sufficient to pay the difference of transportion to the Eastern market.

Bituminous coal is mined at several points along the Road, and is a cheap and desirable fuel. It can be delivered at several points along the Road at $1.50 to $4.00 per ton; Wood can be had at the same rates per cord.

Those who think of settling in Iowa or Minnesota, should bear in mind, that lands there, of any value, along the water courses, and for many miles inland, have been disposed of;—that for those located in the interior, there are no conveniences for transporting the produce to market, Railroads not having been introduced there. That to send the produce of these lands, one or two hundred miles by wagon to market, would cost much more than the expense of cultivating them; and hence, Government lands thus situated, at $1.25 per acre, are not so good investments as the land of this company at the prices fixed.

The same remarks hold good in relation to the lands in Kansas and Nebraska, for although vacant lands may be found nearer the water courses, the distance to market is far greater, and every hundred miles the produce of those lands are carried either in wagons, or interrupted water communications, increases the expenses of transportation, which must be borne by the settlers, in the reduced price of their products; and to that extent precisely are the incomes from their farms, and of course on their investments, annually and every year reduced.

The great fertility of the lands now offered for sale by this company, and their consequent yield over those of the Eastern and Middle States, is much more than sufficient to pay the difference in the cost of transportation, especially in view of the facilities furnished by this Road, and others with which it connects, the operations of which are not interrupted by the low water of summer, or the frost of winter.

PRICE, AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The price will vary from $5 to $25, according to location, quality, &c. Contracts for Deeds may be made during the year 1856, stipulating the purchase money to be paid in five annual instalments—the first to become due in two years from the date of contract; the others annually thereafter. The last payment will become due at the end of the sixth year from the date of the contract.

[*See next page.*

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn













Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

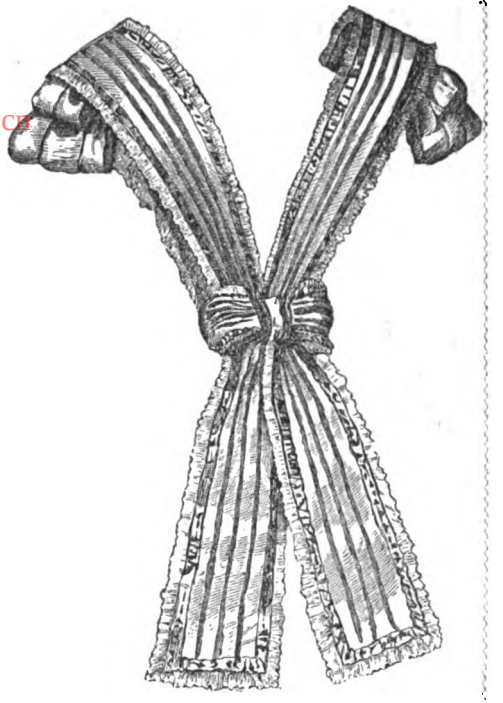


Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



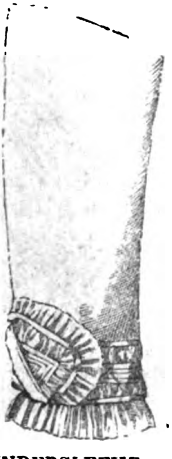
STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.



BRETELLES OF RIBBON.



BACK VIEW.

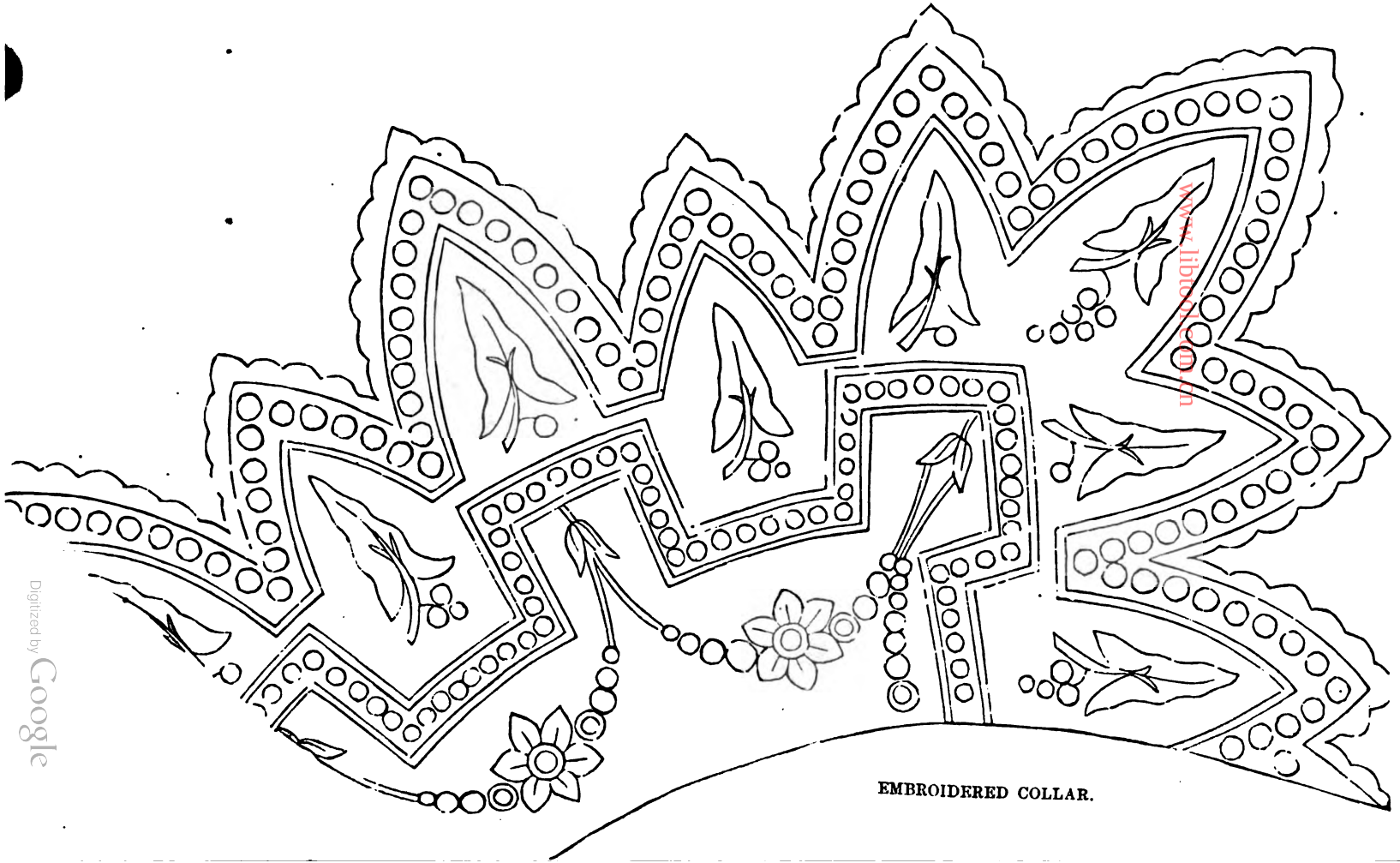


UNDERSLEEVE.



CORNER OF POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.
Designed for a Musician.

Digitized by Google

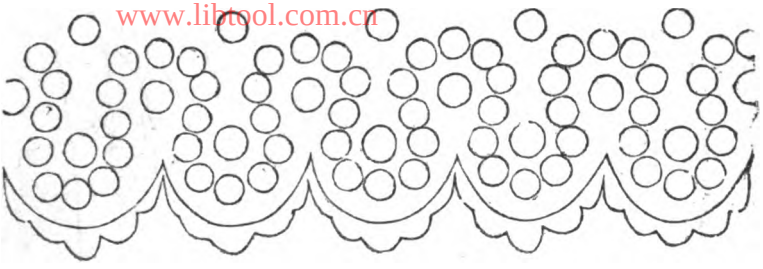


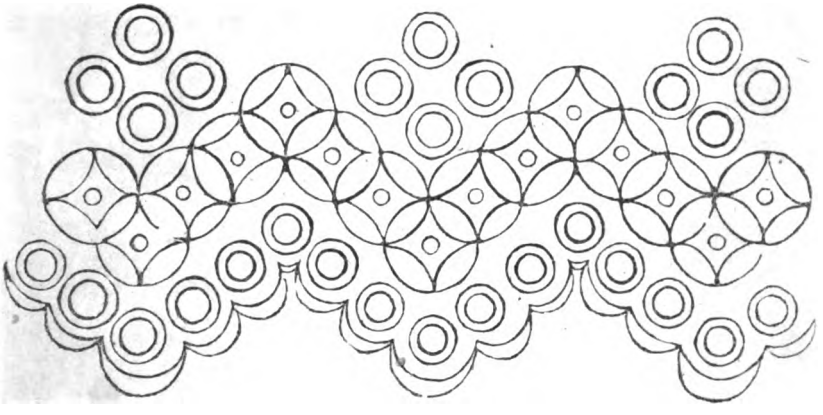
EMBROIDERED COLLAR.

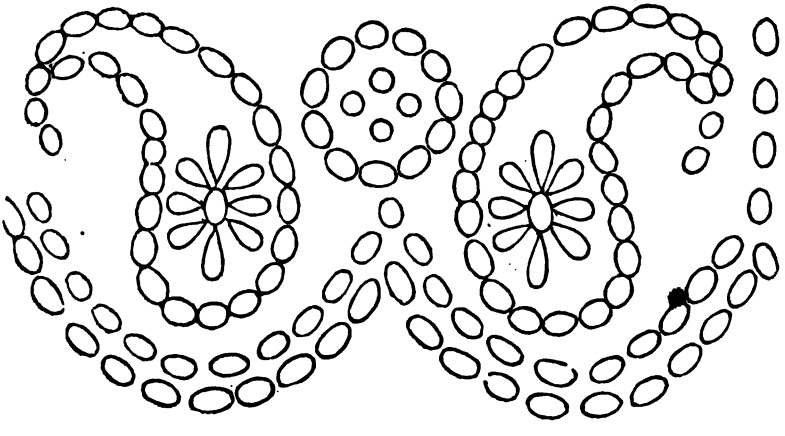
www.libtool.com.cn
Digitized by Google

Embroidery for Children's Underskirts.

www.libtool.com.cn







Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



SEPTEMBER FASHIONS.

Digitized by Google



No. 1.

No. 1.—Dress for Girl ten Years of Age.—Printed jaconnet, ground white, pattern small pink flowers. Skirt has three flounces, scalloped at the edges, and finished with a row of pink braid. Corsage low, and drawn in fulness.—Sleeves composed of two frills, braided at the edges; and the undersleeves consist of puffs of white muslin, confined on bands of needle-work. Trousers are edged with narrow quilled frills. Boots of grey cashmere. A large flat hat of Leghorn, trimmed with pink ribbon.



No. 2.

No. 2.—Head Dress.—The back hair is arranged in a French twist, rolled over the comb instead of at the left side. A light loop of hair commences at the right side, and falls over the twist in a light, graceful wave. The front hair is arranged in plain bandeaux. A Grecian cable cord forms a "*couronne*," placed a trifle nearer the top of the head than they were worn last season. The head dress consists of pink and white roses, falling in full clusters at each side, with branches of leaves and buds falling over the neck and shoulders.



No. 3.

No. 3.—Dress-Cap.—A pretty coiffure of black lace. The crown is round in the back, and forms a slight point on the top of the head.—The foundation is of tulle, edged with half-inch wide black velvet. A fanchon of rich thread lace, edged with deep-pointed scallops, is arranged over the crown, the points just touching the velvet which borders the front. At the back, the lace is allowed to flow loosely, and at each side it is confined by the decorations, which consist of clusters of pink roses and leaves mingled with bows of inch-wide blue ribbon.

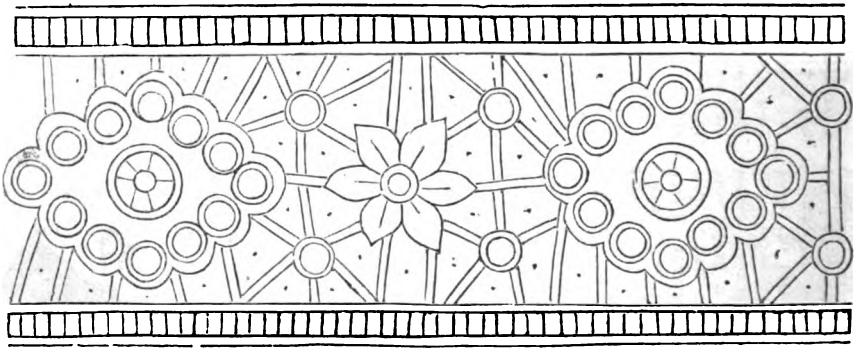
www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



ELEGANT PATTERN FOR FLOUNCING.



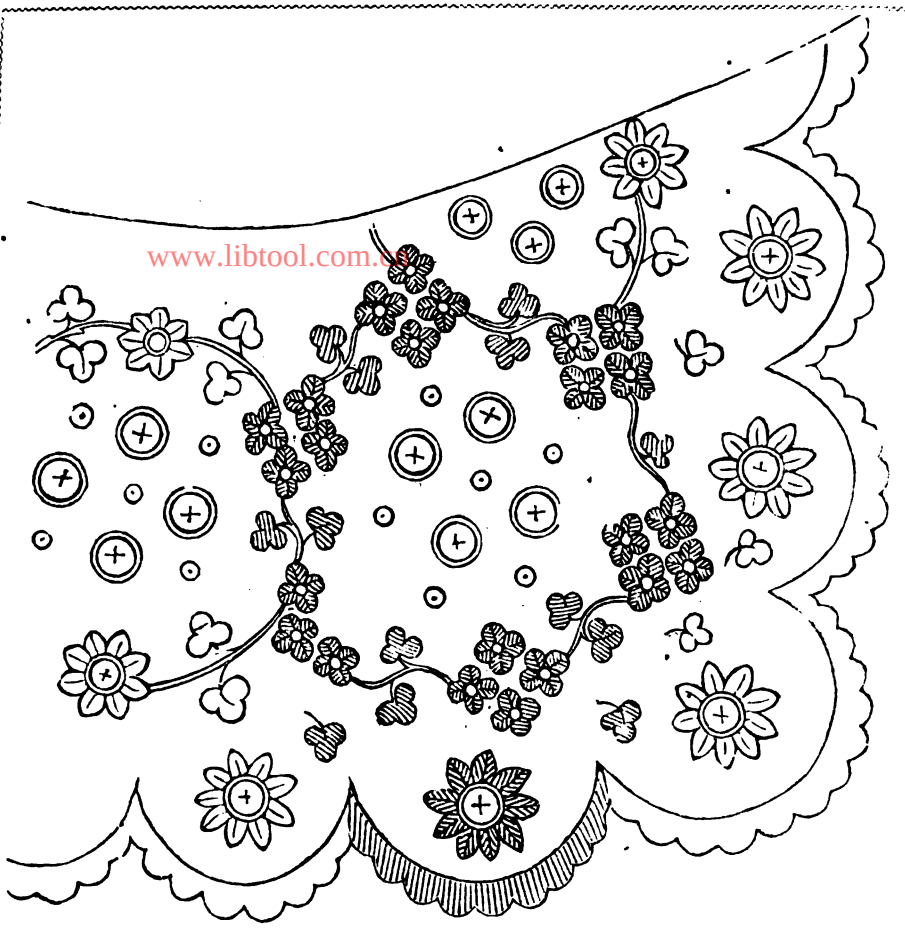
INSERTION PATTERN.



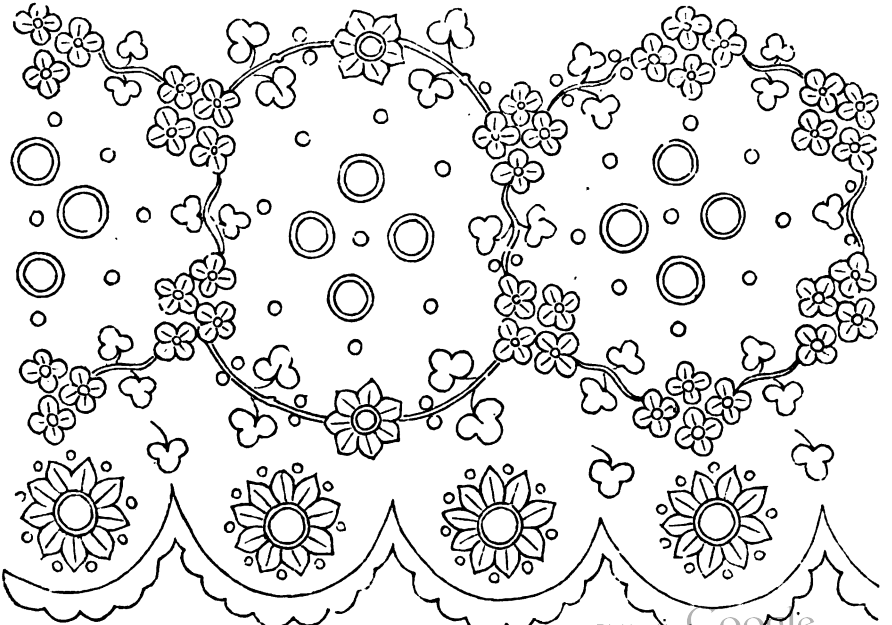
EMBROIDERY WITH CORD.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

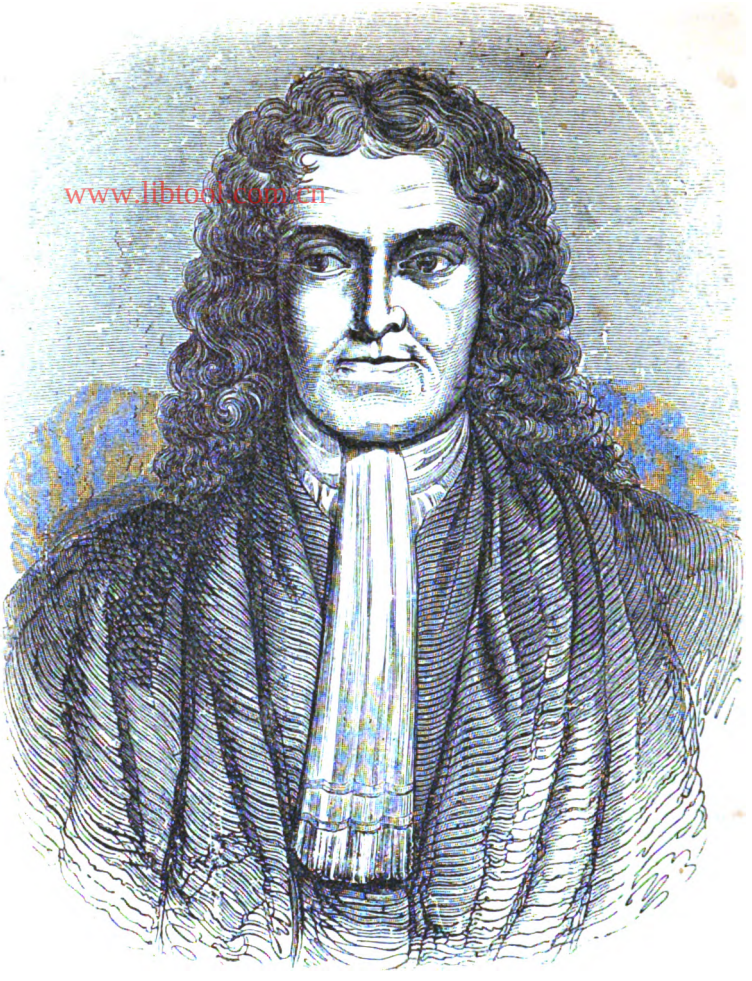


COLLAR.



UNDERSLEEVE.

Digitized by Google



JOHN KYRLE, THE "MAN OF ROSS."

Pope, in the following lines, has immortalized the "Man of Ross," whose real name and portrait are given above. He lived in the town of Ross, Herefordshire, England, where he died a bachelor, at an advanced aged, in 1724. Following the benevolent impulses of his heart, he sought in every way to improve the condition of his neighbors, and to beautify the region around their village. He found the country bare of trees, and, by his example, encouragement, and money, had it planted and ornamented, as the verses intimate. He secured a supply of water for the town; where roads were rough and dangerous, he had a causway constructed, lined with trees and seats for the accommodation of travellers. He distributed food to the poor; gave marriage gifts to industrious couples—did, in fact, all the good deeds enumerated by the poet. Oberlin, the Pastor of Waldback, in the Ban de la Roche, is the fine modern counterpart of the "MAN OF ROSS."

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise! honest muse, and sing the MAN OF ROSS.
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock, who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But, clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross!" each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labor, and the old who rest.
Is any sick, the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance, enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do.
Oh, say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife, and children clear,
This man possessed five hundred pounds a year!

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

ARTHUR'S
Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1856.

www.libtool.com.cn

NIGHT AND MORNING.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Drop! drop! drop! There I lay and listened—wild thoughts surged through my brain—oh, wilder agonies surged over my heart!

The room was a small one, with the roof and the wall meeting on one side—for the house was only a story and-a-half high—and the March rain trampled down on the blackened shingles, hoarsely, pitilessly, as the days had trampled down my heart.

The small glass lamp burned dimly upon the table, and threw a mellow glow over the cozy little chamber, with the yellow wash-stand in the corner, and the rush-bottomed chairs on one side. There was an expression of peace, and quiet, and comfort, in that chamber, sheltered under the eaves, which I could not bear: I closed my eyes, and heard only the trampling and beating of the rain.

I suppose this would have been a soft lullaby to most hearts to which the dim gates of slumber would have swung slowly backward; but to me—oh! to *me*—it was but the mad accompaniment in that wild, shuddering cry, breaking out forever from my soul; breaking out and then melting down into more than the tenderness with which a mother sings by the cradle of her first born.

I was an orphan. Both my parents died while my feet were treading on the verge of their sixth summer, and my father's aunt had adopted me into her home and heart. She was a wealthy widow, and she loved, nay, she *idolized*, me.

My cousin—Richard Wild—was ten years my senior, and he almost broke his mother's heart by a romantic and ill-judged marriage, just after his twenty-first birth-day. His wife was young, handsome, (not beautiful,) witty, and attractive; but her nature was coarse-grained, calculating; ignoble.

Richard was the only heir to a large estate; the young lady's parents were poor and proud, and it became their great ambition to secure this prize for their daughter, who was by no means averse to promoting their desires. Circumstances, too, favored the matter. Richard had just graduated, and was studying law. The office was in the vicinity of the lady's residence, and the daily glimpses of a pair of melting black eyes, through the blinds, or the waving of graceful ringlets in the front door, was not calculated to increase his ardor for Blackstone.

Well *she* entrapped him—that's the word—and so many women have done this before, and so many will do so again—there is no necessity for my repeating the story.

Richard had some good qualities, and many faults. I do not think the former were great or beautiful enough to absorb the latter, so that one could not heartily admire or love him. But he had considerable social magnetism, was a fair scholar, and a *very* fine-looking man. Then he was just the one to be dazzled with outward, showy qualities—too thoughtless and too indolent to look beyond the surface of things.

Well, he was surreptitiously married one night, and the next morning Mrs. Wild learned it. I was but ten years old, but that day lifts itself out from my child-life as no other does.—My aunt's suffering was a terrible thing.

But she was not a woman to sit down and fold her hands helplessly over any grief. "It is the inevitable," she said—"and I must make the best of it." And she did. She settled on Richard an annuity of two thousand dollars, and once in two or three months exchanged a formal call with his wife, whom she of course could never love.

After this, she took me closer to her heart than ever. I grew up to womanhood in the large old country home, happy as the birds that sang among the May boughs, free as the winds that rumpled every June through the rye-fields.

No pains and no money were spared in my

Digitized by Google

education. But it was brought to a sudden termination. I was just eighteen when my aunt died. She had been something of an invalid for several years, but we did not apprehend any immediate danger from this. One night she left, with more than her usual tenderness, her kiss on my forehead. The next morning she was found dead in her bed. The physicians pronounced it a disease of the heart.

She was the only *true* relation that I had on earth, and how I sorrowed and suffered I cannot tell. Perhaps you can, if you have had just such a loss.

In less than a week after she was buried, Richard and his wife came to reside at the old house, and it was home to me no longer.

My aunt left no will, and of course Richard came in full possession of the whole property. I had an intuitive conviction that his wife had always disliked and been jealous of my relations in the household. She exercised her new power with all the venom of a narrow mind, and subjected me to a thousand petty annoyances, against which my proud spirit inwardly chafed. Richard was not positively unkind, but he was easily influenced, and my position was as uncomfortable as obligation on the one hand and malice on the other could make it.

Thank God! I have a strong, high spirit. I bore with all this awhile, and then I rebelled.—Not openly. I was too proud, too conscientious, for that. But I said: Milicent Wild, you had better earn your bread by toiling with your hands from morning till night, the veriest drudge in Christendom, rather than submit to these daily insults—rather than drag out this living death.

With me, to resolve is to execute always. I explained something of my disagreeable position, and my desire to earn my own livelihood, to an old lady who had been an intimate friend of my aunt's.

"And what will you do, my dear child?" she asked, with a world of sympathy in her tones.

"I don't know. Anything, almost, for freedom, blessed freedom, once more. I had thought of teaching. That will be the most congenial employment, and the one for which I am best adapted."

In less than two weeks Mrs. Hills procured me a situation. It was a very pleasant one in a private family, where I was to have the educational supervision of two children. The parents were distant relations of her husband's. The salary was liberal, the home retired and pleasant. I accepted it very gratefully.

My relations were quite chagrined at my leaving them. They had respect enough for the world's opinion not to wish it believed they had virtually turned me out of doors.

My new home was a kind of paradise. Oh! how warm and bright lies the sunshine along the pages of the next two years, as I turn back to them! Mr. Duncan's residence was delightfully situated in the suburbs of the city. It was a cream-colored cottage half hidden in shrubbery, with broad, picturesque wings, and verandas. Two magnificent horse-chestnut trees heaved their great shadows over the lawn, and brushed my casement with their large green leaves and young blossoms.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan were cultivated, refined, warm-hearted; and their children—a boy and girl of eight and ten—were like their parents. How I loved them! How I blessed God every night that He had led my feet into these green places!

"Excuse me, my dear." And Mr. Duncan looked up with a smile from the letter which, contrary to all table conventionalisms, he had been perusing at breakfast.

"I don't know, George, whether I can excuse you, unless you gratify my woman's curiosity by letting me read the letter," laughed the lady as she passed the coffee to her husband.

"It's from Gregory, Jane. He and Will are coming home in the next steamer. Harry, the rogue, put the letter under my plate. You don't wonder now, do you, darling, that I couldn't wait until after breakfast to read it?"

"No, indeed!" In her glad surprise Mrs. Duncan dropped the cream jug from her hands.—"What does he say, George? Does he write cheerfully?"

"Oh, very! A great desire, he says, has come over him too look into our loving eyes again,—and as for Will, he is almost wild with the thought of seeing aunty and his cousins."

"The dear little soul! But he can't remember any of us, George. It's five years since Gregory left us, and Will was only three years then."

"Well, I suspect his father has kept him pretty well posted up in all that relates to you and the children. Why, Milicent, pardon me!" and Mr. Duncan almost caught up the plate of biscuit, and passed it to me.

There was nothing talked of that morning but the expected advent of the uncle and cousin. The children were really hilarious with the idea, and I could see that their parents anticipated the event with eager joy.

I only knew that the gentleman was a widower, that he was Mr. Duncan's only brother, and that he had been travelling in Europe for several years; but, of course, I felt some curiosity to see the individual whom my friends praised so highly.

Well, he came one summer afternoon, just at tea time. He was a tall, slender, grave-looking, middle-aged man, and his occasional smile was very beautiful. He was neither lively nor brilliant, but you felt, intuitively, he had a great deal of quiet power, and an emotional nature, which, though it lay deep and hidden, was vast and rich.

The next month rolled quickly away. Mr. Duncan and I were courteous and conventional in our bearing toward each other. He was naturally reserved, and, though where I am interested I always return, I never *make*, first advances. Two or three times, however, he joined me in my afternoon walks with the children, and I found him a most agreeable companion.

Digitized by Google

"Well, Harry, my boy, what have you been thinking about? You've been sitting still for five whole minutes, and I'll leave it to Miss Wild if that is not an unprecedented fact in your history?" laughed Mr. Duncan, as he patted his nephew's brown curls, one afternoon, while we three sat together in the back parlor.

Harry lifted his head from the window-ledge, where he had lain it—"I was thinking, uncle, that I didn't believe Mr. and Mrs. Marshall loved each other half as well as papa and mamma did."

"Why, Harry, what makes you think so?" I interposed, somewhat surprised at the child's mental analysis of character.

"Why, you see when I went over there to ask if Mark would go down to the bushes with me, Mr. Marshall stood in the hall, and the carriage was at the gate, waiting for Mrs. Marshall, who was buttoning Mark's coat. All of a sudden, Mr. Marshall spoke up so cross and loud, striking his whip across his boot:—'Come, Julia!—Do, for pity's sake, let that young one alone, and put on your bonnet. I have waited here on your slow motions about long enough.'

"'Thank you,' Mrs. Marshall said, just as hateful as she could. 'I'll come down when I get ready, and not before.' Now, mamma would as soon have cut her tongue out as have spoken that way to papa."

"Well, my dear, Mrs. Marshall must have been tired or ill, perhaps," I rejoined; and then remembering *it is never right to abuse a child's moral perceptions by excusing a palpable wrong, no matter from what source it may have emanated*, I added, "still it was not right, Harry. No wife should reply to her husband in that manner."

"And some women could not. May I say *you* are one of those, Miss Wild?" asked Mr. Gregory, turning the deep light of his grey eyes upon me.

"If you'll tell me *how* you know I wouldn't. I'm sure I can't divine how much of the latent domestic termagant I may be blessed with," I playfully answered.

"But *I* can. Do you really suppose I have been here for the last month without learning something of your character, transparent as you are, too?"

The entrance of company prevented my replying to this remark, and relieved my confusion. I remember sitting up late that night, thinking this all over, and mentally resolving I would be very careful of my words and manner in Mr. Duncan's presence. Simplicity and transparency are doubtless in his mind synonymous terms, was my not very self-flattering conclusion.

"Oh! Miss Wild, won't you please pick me two plums that are really ripe on the lowest branch? I have just seen 'em."

What a picture he was—the beautiful boy!—as he came bounding over the grass to my side! The golden curls showered from under his straw-hat; his large blue eyes were lifted beseechingly to mine as he caught my hand, and breathlessly pointed to the tree, which stood in a remote part of the garden.

"Yes, Will, darling," and I rose up from the oaken branch. I'll get them for you if I am tall enough."

I succeeded in reaching one of the lowest branches, but, in swinging back, a small bough caught and broke itself in my hair. "Dear me, I wish I had a pair of scissors!" I impatiently ejaculated, after several ineffectual attempts to disentangle my hair.

"Here is my knife. But I can only let you use it on one condition."—I turned hastily and confronted the speaker. It was Will's father.

"I'll comply with the condition, only let me have the knife," and I reached out my hand for the instrument. He did not offer it. He only came closer to me, and drew my head down gently. A moment later, and he held the bough with one of my curls hanging to it, before my face.

"It is *mine* now," he said with his rare smile, disengaging the ringlet from the leaves.

My blushes only answered him, as he lifted the curl to his lips, and walked away. If he had been a younger man, or more of a cavalier, this would have meant very little, but, coming from *him*, the act had a grave significance.

"Put by your book awhile, Milicent." It was just at twilight, and I sat under the hoary horse-chestnut, with the great shadows beating restlessly beneath, and the broad leaves flapping ceaselessly above me. A golden glow filled the atmosphere, and, by its light, I was imprudently finishing a volume which had absorbed me for the previous two hours. Gregory Duncan drew the book with gentleness from my fingers, and seated himself on the oaken branch, by my side. I remember that he smoothed down for a moment the hair which the wind was rumpling across my forehead. Then he spoke to me. I cannot tell whether it was eloquent or complimentary; whether it was in the language with which men usually woo women, or otherwise; but I know the blessed burden of that speech was *that he loved me*. I know, too, at that hour, the truth arose and poured its new and radiant glory through my whole being—"*I loved him!*"

We sat there a long time, with the great shadows beating over the grass beneath us and the wind mournfully flapping the leaves overhead.

Gregory Duncan told me of his past life—of the young wife who, in the fresh bloom of her girlhood, had placed her babe in his arms, and gone down to the grave-silence.

"And did you not bury the youth, the freshness, the bloom of your heart with her?" I asked.

"No, Milicent."—What a new sweetness the name took from *his* lips!—"I give to you the love of my manhood—a great ocean whose depth no line and plummet have ever sounded."

Even *I* was satisfied.

A week went by. How it flashes down my memory now a great tide of light. Each day rose up before me bearing on its forehead the same shining text, "*He loves me, he loves me!*" No wonder life was to me riches, and poetry, and happiness.

Digitized by Google

At the expiration of this week, Gregory, Mrs. Duncan, and myself, were in the library, examining some medallion heads of Raphael, Shakspeare, and Michael Angelo, which had just been received from New York, when Willard burst into the room—"Papa, aunt Jane, guess who's come!" cried the child, his great eyes dancing with excitement.

www.libtool.com.cn

"Now, I shan't let you go, dear, until you tell us." And his father playfully caught the child in his arms.

"It's aunt Annie. She just covered my face with kisses when I met her in the hall."

"Aunt Hentz! Can it be possible?" said his father in a changed tone, as he put down the child, while I noticed that a shadow darkened for a moment his face.

With an exclamation of surprise, Mrs. Duncan hurried from the room to receive her guest.

"Who is aunt Hentz?" I asked as Will disappeared with his aunt.

"She is a sister of my wife's, Milicent, and for this reason I cannot but feel a regard for her. You will doubtless be pleased with her, for she is a very fascinating woman, with many fine points of character. I have one favor to solicit of you before you meet her."

"Of course it is granted, Gregory."

"Thank you, darling. For the present I wish our engagement to remain unknown to Annie. I will give you my reasons for this at some future time. And my little girl will trust me till then?"

I must have answered him with my eyes, for he smiled, as he leaned down and kissed my forehead. Then he left me.

Something indefinable in Gregory's manner had not prepared me to like Annie Hentz, and I experienced, on our first meeting, an inward repulsion. Yet this disappeared before the evening had passed. She was certainly a lovely-looking person, with those delicate features and soft outlines which make a woman look fresh and youthful so long.

Her black wavy hair was parted simply over her fair forehead; her deep, gray-blue eyes were shaded by long shining lashes, and the smile that dimpled her small mouth was very sweet; sweet,—and yet there was something wanting. It was not the smile of a deep, great, earnest soul. She was dressed very simply, very becomingly in a white lawn, the sleeves looped over her snowy arms, and trimmed with rich folds of Valenciennes lace.

Her manners were sweet and winning as her words. Her motions were slow and graceful. She had fascinated many older heads and hearts than mine.

I thought Mrs. Duncan must have given her a brief outline of my history before we met, for I noticed that her eyes wandered often to my face while we sat at supper. Then as we walked out in the garden, as was our custom, at sunset, she came up to me, and drew her arm in mine—"I have been looking down into your heart. It has made me hope we may be friends," she said with her soft, graceful manner, and her sweet smile. I thanked her, and was about to add the hope was mutual, when, looking up, I encountered Gregory's calm, sad eyes. There was something in his gaze which told me he did not endorse this hope, and arrested my words. He stepped between us, and offered his arm to each, and the wish that we were alone together, soon lost itself in admiration of Annie's conversation. Ah! me. I could not see that the darkness had gathered, and the night was coming.

(TO BE CONTINUED.

CHILDHOOD'S MEMORIES.

BY CARRIE MAY.

Dost thou remember, sister mine,
Our dear old happy home?
The brooklet, and the grand old woods
Through which we used to roam,
To chase the bright-wing'd butterfly,
And hunt the berries rare,
Or gather blue-eyed violets
To twine among our hair?

Dost recollect the noble elm
We called our "giant tree,"
Upon whose mighty arm and strong,
Our famed old swing hung free—
That dear old swing!—where you and I
Have had such sport, and where
Our madcap cousin, Charlie Gray,
Would send us high in air?

Dost thou remember, sister dear,
The night our brother died,
The bright and happy playfellow
To whom our hearts were tied—
The apple of his parents' eye,
The darling of our own,
The sharer of our happy sports,
We never ceased to mourn?

We'd begg'd we might stay up that night,
For we had heard them say
Another morning would not dawn
Ere Willie passed away.
And oh! how bitterly we wept
When told that he was dead;
And, hand in hand, we softly crept
Up to his tiny bed.

We gazed upon his cherished form—
Methinks I see it now:—
A little auburn ringlet lay
Upon his polished brow.
With fearful awe we laid our hands
Upon his cold, white cheek,
And, agonized, we turned away,
With hearts too full to speak.

And, sister, do you recollect
Your bitter, bursting grief,
When mamma cut that curl away,
And did not ask your leave?
And when they asked you *why* you cared,
You answer'd, soft and low,
"I wanted him to go to Heaven
With that curl on his brow."

Digitized by Google

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER XIV.

At the bedside of poor Katy, Mr. Eldridge found his wife weeping and wringing her hands, and filling the house with unavailing cries.—Mrs. Penrose was ministering, as best she could, to the little sufferer, now restored to consciousness, and free, in a measure, from pain.

"Don't cry so, mother," he heard Katy say, as he entered the room.

"O, dear! dear! That I should have a broken-backed child," sobbed Mrs. Eldridge, unheeding the words of her injured little one. "O, dear! dear!"

"Calm yourself, Mrs. Eldridge," said Mrs. Penrose, in a low, firm tone. "Summon all your self-possession."

"Where is the doctor? I thought he was here."

"He has gone home for some bandages; but will be back in a moment."

"O, dear! He stays a long time! Hadn't you better go for him, Mr. Eldridge?"

But Mr. Eldridge didn't even look towards his wife.

"Oh! oh! oh! It's dreadful!" sobbed Mrs. Eldridge. "Dreadful! dreadful! Does the doctor really think her back is broken?"

"My dear madam," said Mrs. Penrose, drawing Mrs. Eldridge away from the bed, and speaking in her ear, "for the sake of your poor child, calm yourself—and for her sake, do not again refer to the nature of the injury she may have sustained."

"But does the doctor really think that her back is broken, Mrs. Penrose?"

"The spine is seriously injured."

"O, dear!" And Mrs. Eldridge sobbed and wrung her hands. "O, dear! Of all things in the world to have a hunch-backed child, and she a daughter! I'd rather a thousand times see her in her grave."

"Mrs. Eldridge!" Surprise and rebuke were blended in the tones of Mrs. Penrose.

"It's true, Mrs. Penrose. O, dear! It will kill me!"

"Think of your child, madam, not of yourself," said the doctor's wife, almost sternly.

"O, I can't think of anything but a cripple in the family, and she a daughter. O, dear! O, dear!"

Much as Mrs. Penrose sought to check these utterances of the selfish mother, that were loud enough to reach the ears of Katy, she was unable to do so. The child heard and understood every word; and they brought to her shrinking heart the first sad intimations of a future, that would be full of neglect, wrong, and suffering. She had seen a broken-backed little girl once—and the image of her deformed body, and shrunken, unlovely face, was as distinct to her mind now as when she first looked on the poor unfortunate. But few emotions of pity were excited within her at the time. She had felt more of disgust than sympathy; and she distinctly remembered, how she had shrunk away from the child, and felt as if she would on no account have touched her. Tears fell over her cheeks; but they were from a fountain never touched before—a fountain very far down in her young spirit, and hidden until now.

"Poor child!" sobbed the mother, touched momentarily, with a true sympathy for her little one, and bending over and laying her cheek against her wet face. "Poor, poor, child!"

At this moment, Doctor Penrose re-entered the chamber. As soon as Mrs. Eldridge saw him, she turned away from the bed, and came a few steps, saying in a voice of peculiar distress:

"O, doctor—doctor. Isn't this terrible?—But don't tell me her back is broken!"

"Hush!" returned Doctor Penrose in a low cautioning whisper; and he raised his finger to his lips.

"Any thing but that, doctor. I can bear any thing but that," sobbed the mother.

"Madam!" Doctor Penrose knit his brows, and looked at her sternly. "I must enjoin calmness and silence."

"But, doctor, how can I be calm and silent? Do you think I have no feelings? I am not made of stone."

"If you please!" said the doctor, stepping past the excited woman, and moving her aside with his hand as he did so.

"How do you feel now, dear?" He spoke to Katy in a low, tender, encouraging voice.

"Better," answered the child.

"Not in much pain?"

"No, sir."

"I shall have to move you a little, dear," said the doctor, "just a little. But I'll try and not hurt you, if possible; and it will soon be over. Then you will feel a great deal better."

A shadow of fear came over the child's face.

"What are you going to do, doctor?" Mrs. Eldridge had turned, and was now standing by his side.

"If you please, madam!" And the doctor waved her back with a gesture of impatience.

"Come, Harriet." Mr. Eldridge laid his hand upon the arm of his wife, and tried to draw her away. But she resisted the attempt.

"What are you going to do with her, doctor?" she asked again.

Doctor Penrose raised himself from the bed, and taking the arm of Mrs. Eldridge in a resolute way, conducted her from the room.

"Don't come back, madam," he said, on gaining the passage, "until we send for you. Your

Digitized by Google

nerves are too much excited; and if you remain you will do harm."

"Oh, doctor!" And Mrs. Eldridge caught hold of the doctor's arm; but he shook her off, resolutely.

"I can't stay away from my child!" she said, in a dramatic tone, making a movement to return to the apartment where the little sufferer lay.

"You must keep away, or act like a sensible woman," retorted the doctor, who was fast losing his temper.

"You are insulting."

"And you are a ——" the word "fool," almost found an utterance.

"For heaven's sake, Eldridge! keep your wife out of the room until I can give this child the attention she needs," said the doctor, as he returned, evincing a good deal of excitement.

"H-u-s-h, doctor! Don't speak so roughly." And Mrs. Penrose laid her hand on her husband's arm, and tried to soothe his temporary disturbance.

"Give all attention to your patient," said Mr. Eldridge, firmly. "I will see that you are not interrupted." And he went hastily out. His wife met him only a step from the door, in the act of returning.

"You can't go in there, now," said he, resolutely, as he shut the door behind him; and Mr. Eldridge looked so sternly into his wife's face, that her eyes quailed.

A little while they stood confronting each other. Then both started, as a sharp cry of pain was heard in the room where their child lay.

"What is he doing to her!" exclaimed the mother, turning pale.

"My poor, poor child!" said Mr. Eldridge, all the tenderest feelings of his heart awakened, and moving towards the little sufferer.

"O, dear! I cannot bear it!" cried Mrs. Eldridge, suddenly raising her hands to her ears, as shriek after shriek came from the lips of Katy—"it will kill me."

Disgust at the utter selfishness exhibited by his wife, was mingled in the heart of Mr. Eldridge, with yearning pity for his child. He could not help saying, in a tone of contempt—

"I'm afraid of the consequences in your case! Sympathy with pain is more terrible than pain itself. Perhaps she had better be removed from the house, lest her cries shock your nerves too severely!"

All was again silent in the room where Katy was alone with the doctor and his wife. The cutting rebuke just uttered was felt by Mrs. Eldridge, whose eyes quailed under the stern, almost fierce gaze of her excited and indignant husband. With finger on her lip, Mrs. Penrose now appeared at the door, near which the parents of Katy still remained.

"It is over," she said, in a low whisper.—"And she will not have to be disturbed again, poor child!"

"Is it as bad as the doctor thought?" asked Mr. Eldridge, hoarsely.

"The spine is badly injured," replied Mrs. Penrose.

"Broken?"

"So it is termed."

"My poor, unfortunate child!" Tears dimmed the eyes of Mr. Eldridge.

"O, it is dreadful! dreadful!" sobbed Mrs. Eldridge. "I could have borne her death more calmly. A poor hunch-back! A burden to herself and to every one else. O, dear! O, dear! Is she asleep now, Mrs. Penrose?"

"She is free from pain."

"Shall I go in to her?"

"Not unless you will be very composed."

"How can I be? I am her mother; and my nerves are not of iron. How can I look at her, crippled as she is for life, and be all unmoved?"

"Then, for the present, you must not go near her. The doctor insists on the most perfect quiet."

Mr. Eldridge laid his hand on the arm of his wife, and endeavored to lead her away, saying as he did so:

"Come, Harriet! The shock has been too much for you."

But she stood firmly resistant. He still endeavored to draw her away.

"Release my arm!" she said, angrily, shaking him off.

"Let reason and affection unite to govern you, Mrs. Eldridge," said Mrs. Penrose, in a low, but penetrating voice. "You need them both in the present case. Under one of those mysterious permissions of Providence, that look so dark in the suffering present, you are suddenly called upon to assume a new relation; one demanding self denial, and calling for the exercise of tender pity and unselfish love. Think not of yourself, but of your poor, dear little sufferer, whose whole life is to be marred by this sad misfortune."

"I could have seen her laid in her grave with less emotion," said Mrs. Eldridge, sobbing again. "O, dear! O, dear! To be a cripple for life—and such a cripple! A broken-backed woman! Isn't it dreadful, Mrs. Penrose?"

The doctor's wife did not venture a reply.—Disgust, at the selfish mother, was so strong, that, had she spoke, she must have uttered words that might not be said without lasting offence.

Doctor Penrose now joined them in the passage, where they were standing. He looked very serious. Mr. Eldridge came to his side, and grasping his hand, said:

"I know the worst, doctor. My poor child is hopelessly injured."

"I fear so, Mr. Eldridge," replied the doctor, soberly. "It is one of those sad cases that draw deepest on the sympathies. Let me particularly enjoin," he added, in a firmer voice, and with professional emphasis, "the most perfect quiet for my patient. Above all things," and he looked steadily at Mrs. Penrose—"let no allusion be made, in her presence, to the nature of her injury. No good can arise therefrom, and much evil may be occasioned."

The mother answered only by a succession of impassioned sobs and moans.

"Do not let her be moved under any pretence

Digitized by Google

whatever," added the doctor. "I will call around again in about an hour, to see how she is doing. You had better remain a little while longer, Mrs. Penrose. I have one or two visits yet to make before night."

The doctor withdrew, and his wife returned to the room where the child lay, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge. Katy raised her large eyes, humid from recent suffering, and fixed them upon her father's face, with a look that touched him deeply—so deeply that he could not keep back the tears. He bent over, and pressed his lips to her forehead very tenderly.

"How does my little girl feel?" he asked, in a low voice, which had in it more of love's music for the ears of Katy than she had ever heard before.

"Better, papa!" answered the child in a whisper, looking gratefully into his face.

"I'm glad of it," he said, laying his hand upon her head, and smoothing her damp hair with a caressing movement.

"Oh, dear!" now broke in Mrs. Eldridge, with one of her dramatic sobs, "Oh! my poor, poor child!" And she bent over Katy with an impassioned gesture, tears gushing over her face.

"Don't cry, mother," said Katy; "I'm better now."

"O, dear, no; you ain't any better, and you'll never be any better, child. O, dear! To think it should have happened to one of my children. O, my! O, dear!"

"Harriet!"

"Mrs. Eldridge!"

Mr. Eldridge and the doctor's wife spoke in warning voices at the same moment. Katy's eyes filled with tears—she shut them tightly and turned her head away, while an expression of grief settled upon her pale face.

"For her sake," whispered Mrs. Penrose, "control yourself."

"It is easy to talk," said Mrs. Eldridge, with considerable petulence in her voice. "If it were your child who had her back broken, you wouldn't take it any more easily than I do."

Mrs. Penrose turned from the bedside, and walked to the opposite part of the room. Mr. Eldridge, moved by an impulse similar to that from which Mrs. Penrose had acted, went almost hastily from the apartment, leaving the mother alone by the bedside of Katy.

A few more selfish, imbecile utterances were made, and then Mrs. Eldridge also retired, going from the room, and passing to an adjoining chamber, where she threw herself, with a feeling of weak abandonment, on a bed, and hid her face among the pillows.

As soon as Mr. Eldridge heard his wife leave Katy's room, he returned, and sitting down by his child, bent over and looked tenderly and lovingly upon her changed and suffering countenance—even pressing his lips again to her forehead, a sign of affection not given until now for a long, long time. He took, also, one of her little hands, and held it tightly within his own.

"How do you feel now, dear?" he enquired, in tones of affection.

Light came, with a flash, into Katy's eyes.—It was not within her memory, the time when her father had spoken with so much of love in his voice.

"I'm better," she simply answered, while a smile trembled about her lips, and even flushed slightly her almost colorless face. Her father kissed her again, for his heart was yearning towards her, full of pity.

"Don't you feel any pain?" he asked.

"No, father." The smile was deeper, and the flush on her face warmer; for her heart was touched by the manifested love of her father, as it had never been touched before. Never, perhaps, since life had grown into full consciousness, had she felt so truly happy as at this moment.

"I'm glad to hear you say so, dear." And a hand was laid, gently, on her head.

"I don't think William meant to do it, father," said Katy, after a little while. "He shook the tree, but he didn't know I would fall."

The brows of Mr. Eldridge contracted. He did not think, with Katy, that William was blameless. He knew, too well, his evil, reckless disposition.

"Don't whip him, father" The child spoke in a pleading voice. "He didn't mean to hurt me. How could he know that I was going to fall? And he'll be so sorry."

Mr. Eldridge was silent with surprise. Heretofore, if either of her brothers wronged her in the slightest manner, she was angrily importunate for his punishment; and took delight in the consequent suffering.

"I think he will be sorry." Mr. Eldridge spoke rather to himself than to Katy. The child took up his words instantly, saying,

"Oh, I know he'll be sorry. He gets angry, and so do I. But he wouldn't hurt me bad on purpose."

"It's very wrong to get angry," said Mr. Eldridge.

"I know it is." The little face grew thoughtful even to seriousness. "I'll try and not get angry any more, as long as I live."

Mr. Eldridge was touched by the simple earnestness of his little afflicted one, yet more by the spirit of forgiveness, so new in her, yet so beautiful to him in its first and unexpected manifestation.

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

These words fell from his lips. The utterance was involuntary—the tone in which they were said, reverent.

Katy lifted her eyes again to her father's face, and looked at him half wonderingly.

In that hour, strong bonds, never to be broken, were cast around the hearts of the father and child. Each regarded the other with a new and tenderer feeling.

"I forgive William."

These words, from the lips of Katy, broke the deep silence that followed.

Mr. Eldridge tried to respond, but he could not trust his voice. Tears suddenly filled his eyes, and he turned away his face, to conceal his emotion.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Penrose, who had been a deeply interested witness of these new, brief passages of love between the father and child, now came forward, and laying her hand on Mr. Eldridge, said:

"I'm afraid this is too exciting for Katy. The doctor says she must be kept perfectly quiet. Perhaps, you had better leave her alone with me."

www.libtool.com.cn

"You are right," answered the father, rising up quickly. Again he pressed his lips to the brow and lips of Katy—then turned away and left the room. Katy's eyes followed his retiring form as it receded through the door. When it had vanished, the lids dropped slowly upon her cheeks, and were shut tightly. But a gentle smile remained upon her lips.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Eldridge, on leaving the room where his suffering child lay, did not seek the apartment whither his wife had retired, but went down stairs to his office. Instead of desiring to draw nearer to her in this affliction, her recent conduct, and the spirit in which she received the painful intelligence of Katy's injury, created a strong feeling of repulsion. Her visit to Mrs. Glendy's, and the circumstances under which he found her there, now that they were recalled in thought, re-awakened the angry indignation felt a short time before, and he said, bitterly,

"That was one step too far!"

The thought, starting in his mind at the same instant, that she was only occupied as he had been all day, and, perhaps, harmlessly in comparison, sent the blood hotly to his brow.

"If right for you, why wrong for her?" The question came to him with an unwelcome pertinence. But he pushed it aside with an impulsive ejaculation of scorn for a woman who could stoop to a man's vices.

A mental conflict, such as this, was in no way calculated to soothe the troubled mind of Mr. Eldridge—to awaken better impulses, or to strengthen those already active. All the tender feelings that moved over his heart, and stirred its waters deeply as he stood bending over Katy a little while before, were now obscured, and in their place was anger towards his wife, mingled with contempt for the weak selfishness she had exhibited. From this state of mind he was suddenly started by hearing her loud, quick call to William. She had come down stairs, and was standing in the street door.

"Oh, you wicked wretch you!" she exclaimed, a moment after. "You've almost killed your sister! Her back's broken; and she'll be a cripple for life!"

"I didn't touch her." Mr. Eldridge heard William say.

"Yes you did, though! You shook her out of the pear tree."

"Who says so?"

"Why, Katy says so."

"She lies? I didn't do no such thing. She fell out herself. I never touched the tree. Did I, Jacob?"

"No, you didn't," replied the elder brother, positively.

"There—I told you I didn't. Jacob was there, and he knows, I guess."

"She's no business climbing trees like a Tomboy," added Jacob. "I've told her she'd get hurt one of these days—and now she has."

"Her back's broken, and she'll be a poor cripple for life," said Mrs. Eldridge.

"'T'aint none of my fault. I've told her to keep out of the trees. Girls can't climb," returned William, scarcely touched by the painful intelligence.

"William!" Mr. Eldridge had come to his office door, and now called his son in a stern voice. The lad started, and grew slightly pale.

"Sir!" There was a quiver in his voice.

"I want you. Come!"

William came slowly towards his father.

"What are you going to do?" enquired Mrs. Eldridge, who moved along by the side of William. Her husband made no reply, but laid his hand on the boy's arm, as soon as he was in reach, and drew him towards the door of his office.

"He didn't shake Katy out of the tree," said Mrs. Eldridge, very positively, "and you mustn't punish him."

There came a rush of angry feelings into the heart of Mr. Eldridge at this interference, and with an impatient jerk he flung William past him into his office. The impulse given to the boy was stronger than the father had designed; for, on releasing his hold upon his arm, William was thrown with some violence to the opposite side of the room, where he struck against a chair. There was an instant wild outcry, that peeled through the house.

"O, dear! O, dear! Oh, my head! my head!"

"Brute!" exclaimed Mrs. Eldridge.

Doctor Penrose had entered just as William reached the door of his father's office, and witnessed all that passed. Mr. Eldridge saw him standing by the side of his wife, as he turned towards her, on hearing the offensive epithet she had applied to him, and he was stung by a sense of disgrace that went deep into his heart.

"William! Cease crying this instant!" he said, sternly. But the boy heeded him not.

"You've crippled him, I suppose." Half triumphant was the tone in which Mrs. Eldridge uttered these words, as if she had an interest in fixing some wrong upon her husband.

Fearing that the boy had sustained a serious injury, Doctor Penrose stepped into the office, and passing over to William, said to him in a quiet, authoritative voice:

"Stop this crying, and tell me where you are hurt."

"Here—oh, here!" And William held his hands against the side of his head. The doctor laid his fingers on the injured parts, and found a lump like a pigeon's egg.

"It's here, is it?" he enquired.

"Yes. O, dear! O, dear!"

"Come! come! Stop this crying," said the

Digitized by Google

doctor in a commanding way. "You're not hurt, of any consequence."

This decision in the case was final, and so William felt it to be, for he ceased his outcry instantly.

The scene, now, was painfully embarrassing to all parties. Mr. Eldridge felt himself disgraced in the doctor's eyes by the opprobrious epithet of his wife, made under circumstances that, seen only in a single aspect, gave color to the implication.

"All this is bad, and all very mortifying, doctor," he said, after a pause. "But don't think the worst of it. I have causes of disturbance that lie deeper, perhaps, than you imagine.—Will you go up and see Katy?"

The voice of Mr. Eldridge softened with the last sentence.

The doctor left the door, and went up stairs, without a word in reply.

"Harriet!" Mr. Eldridge turned with an indignant expression to his wife, the instant that Doctor Penrose left them, "I have borne a great deal from you during the few troubled years of our married life, and I could have borne a great deal more, if it went not beyond the annoyances incident to an ill-regulated, selfish, impatient temper. But, when you add to all this disgrace of yourself and family, and insult to me, you go a step too far, as you will find to your sorrow."

"Oh, don't make any weak threats," was answered with a sneer. "I'm used to them."

To this Mr. Eldridge said not a word, but passed her in the door of his office, and went up to join the doctor at Katy's bed side.

"I'm glad to find her so comfortable," said Doctor Penrose, turning from Katy, over whom he was standing. "She has no pain."

"What was the matter with William?" Katy looked earnestly at her father, and with a troubled expression of countenance, as she made the enquiry.

"Nothing but a little bruise on his head," replied the doctor, not waiting for Mr. Eldridge to answer. "He fell against a chair."

"I'm sure he didn't mean to hurt me," said Katy. "He didn't know I'd fall."

"Oh, no; of course he didn't mean to do it," said the doctor. "It was only in play."

"I've shaken the tree when he was in it, and not in play either." Katy spoke the words, as if to herself, closing the sentence in a tone of self-reproach. "But, I'll never do it again," she added, with a sigh. "I wouldn't have him fall and get hurt so for the world."

Her eyes filled, and she closed the lids over them tightly.

"Don't punish him for it. He didn't know I would fall. You won't whip him, will you, father?" she said, a moment after, glancing up, through tearful eyes, into her father's face.

"No, my dear child, no!" Mr. Eldridge answered with unusual earnestness and in a voice not untouched by emotion. "Of course your brother would not hurt you so badly on purpose."

Katy seemed relieved by this assurance. She made no farther remark, but lay with her large eyes fixed upon the face of her father, between whom and herself there had suddenly grown up a new and tender interest. What depth and beauty were in those dark eyes? Mr. Eldridge wondered as he looked into them.

"She must not be moved," said the doctor, speaking aside to Mr. Eldridge, who seemed scarcely to hear him.

"We must now leave her in your care," added the doctor. "See that she is kept as quiet as possible; and do not, on any account, permit a change of position."

"All that you direct shall be carefully observed," answered Mr. Eldridge. "I will remain with her myself, all night."

The eyes of Katy turned with a look of grateful wonder towards her father. It was a new thing in the history of her young life to have any one express interest in her, much less accept self-denial for her sake. Rarely had her father spoken to her, except to rebuke. She had been repelled from, rather than drawn towards him. He had been a stern reprover in the family—not a loving and confiding friend. This was the aspect in which the wayward, ill-regulated, impulsive child had regarded her father, not conscious that it was her selfishness and ill-nature that repelled him. The change, not understood, was felt in the deeper places of her young heart, where no light had penetrated before. Sun-rays had struggled in through rifted clouds, and were warming the earth of her spirit, upon which good seeds were scattered by attendant angels.

"Lie as still as you can," said the doctor, stooping over Katy, and speaking kindly; "and be as patient as you can. I will see you again, early in the morning."

"Good by, dear." Mrs. Penrose kissed the little sufferer. "I'll call around this evening and see you again."

"Good by," murmured Katy.

"I shall not soon forget this kindness," said Mr. Eldridge, as he grasped the hand of Mrs. Penrose. "What should we have done without you?"

"Poor child! If we could only restore her by days, or weeks, or even months of attention, how gladly would it be given," replied Mrs. Penrose.

The doctor and his wife retired, and Mr. Eldridge returned and sat down, with a sad spirit, by the bedside of his injured little one. Her small white hand lay extended towards him, and he took it gently, and caressed it with a tenderness of touch that thrilled pleasantly to the heart of Katy.

"I don't feel any pain now, father," she said.

"I'm very glad of it, dear, but you mustn't talk. The doctor wants you to lie very quiet. I'll sit here. Now, shut your eyes, and try and get to sleep."

Katy closed her eyes in obedience to the words. But the gentle wreathing of her lips in trancient smiles, and the quivering of her lashes, showed that sleep was a stranger to her senses, though she remained until the darkness

Digitized by Google

of night closed in, still as if in slumber If pain ran harshly along a nerve, she gave no sign of suffering—if weariness oppressed her frame, she stirred not.

Nearly an hour went by, all the inmates of the house beyond the chamber preserving a marked stillness, as if death were in the dwelling. Then Mr. Eldridge noted a deeper breathing. It was almost dark in the room, and he could not tell by the face of Katy whether she slept or not. But in a little while all doubt was removed, and he knew that sweet forgetfulness had stolen upon her spirit. With quiet steps he went to the window and drew the curtains closer, then went softly from the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

The news of the accident to Katy soon passed from lip to lip, until most of the people in Arden knew of its occurrence. Friends, neighbors, and even strangers to the family, called during the evening to make inquiries, or sympathize with Mrs. Eldridge in her trouble. Among these were Mrs. Weakly and Mrs. Glendy, who remained with their distressed friend longest and latest of all. When Doctor Penrose came in between nine and ten o'clock, to see his little patient, he found her awake, a glare of lighted lamps in the room, and her mother, with three or four women, among them the two just mentioned, seated close to her bed, in a lively round of conversation.

"This won't do, friends," he said promptly. "My little patient must be kept quiet. It was my last direction. Will you remove one of those lights, Mrs. Eldridge?"

There was so much displeasure in the doctor's voice, that his words had instant effect. The women felt the rebuke, and most of them retired from the apartment.

Doctor Penrose found the pulse of Katy considerably excited, and no wonder, after all she had been listening to, from the lips of three or four gossipping females, who had become so much interested in their own tittle-tattle, as to forget that a listener was present whose ears could not help drinking in their words with thirsty eagerness.

"You must excuse the remark, Mrs. Eldridge," said Doctor Penrose, when left, finally, alone with the mother of Katy; "but all this is very thoughtless and very wrong. I was particular in saying that your child must be kept very quiet. Her life depends upon it."

"I can't see, doctor, how I was to help myself," was answered, a little petulantly. "If neighbors will come in and talk, what am I to do?"

"Keep them from the room where your sick child lies. The remedy is very simple, madam."

"It is easy enough——"

"Madam!"—the doctor's impatient spirit boiled over—"Madam!" he interrupted her, speaking in a low voice—"You are a *mother*, and a mother's heart, if in the right place, needs no promptings to duty in a case like this."

Mrs. Eldridge tossed her head with an offended manner, as she replied:

"I am not used to hearing such language, sir, from any one."

"I can't help it," replied the doctor, who was not over-stocked with patience at any time, and who felt particularly worried just now. "I have spoken only the truth, as required by my professional obligations. If you will not hear, my skirts are freed from consequences."

All this was said by the doctor in an undertone, so that his words could not reach Katy's ears. As he closed the last sentence, he turned abruptly away from Mrs. Eldridge, who fairly rushed from the room, and sought her husband, to whom, with crimsoned face, and passion-burning eyes, she exclaimed:

"Dr. Penrose has insulted me!"

"You have probably misinterpreted his language," said Mr. Eldridge, coolly.

"I tell you I have not! He has insulted me, and you are no man if you do not resent it!"

"In what way has he insulted you?" Mr. Eldridge still remained cool in exterior, almost to indifference.

"By words and deportment, both;" was replied.

"I presume he turned that tribe of gossipping, thoughtless women out of Katy's room, and I am glad he had nerve enough to do so. It is no more than I ought to have done an hour ago."

"And why didn't you do it, pray?" retorted Mrs. Eldridge, with a sneer, her whole manner suddenly changing.

"Only, that I feared it would be worse for our poor child." Mr. Eldridge said this in a low, almost sad voice.

"Worse for her? I don't understand you!"

"No matter. They're gone now, thank heaven! and poor Katy has some chance again for the rest and quiet so essential to her condition. If it is on this account that you are offended with the doctor, I cannot resent any thing that has been said, though he have spoken never so sharply."

Thus, every new aspect of affairs had the effect to separate and alienate, instead of uniting the parents, at a time when the pressure of misfortune, in the case of their child, should have driven them closer together. In fact, the incidents of the day, in which each had taken a peculiar part, were in no way calculated to bring the mind in harmony with itself, or to produce a right state of feeling towards others. The rapidly gliding hours had seen Eldridge in a continued fever of excitement, while the employment and associations of Mrs. Eldridge had altogether failed to leave with her approving thoughts or tranquil feelings. The intrusion of her husband at Mr. Glendy's, and consequent knowledge of her presence there, produced, even with the grief of her child's misfortune, a state of defiance towards him, not in any degree lessened by the few angry passages which had already occurred between them.

Very darkly fell the shadows over this unhappy household. The night was one memorable in the history of its inmates. The husband

Digitized by Google

and wife occupied rooms separate from each other; Mr. Eldridge remaining all the hours until morning broke, in the chamber with Katy, towards whom his heart yearned with a new-born compassion. Not for an instant, during the time, had sleep weighed down his eyelids; but, all through the long watches, thought battled with thought, and his mind groped about in the darkness of the present, eagerly seeking for light upon the future. The real character of Craig was now as plainly revealed to him as if "gambler" had been written on his forehead; and, after a full review of his relation towards that individual, judgment and conscience both decided that it would be wiser and better to have no further trials of skill with him, but to meet the losses already sustained, as best he could. This conclusion was not arrived at without a struggle against the necessity of giving up all hope of recovering the large sums of money he had lost, amounting to over nine hundred dollars.

The result, touching Judge Gray and the land speculations, was not so clear. Many things led him to believe that between Craig and the judge there existed an evil compact; while other considerations came in with strong doubts of the justice of any such conclusion. Now that the loss of nine hundred dollars to Craig was regarded as inevitable, the greater necessity existed for obtaining money by some quicker way than his profession afforded.

But for this necessity, he would have decided to abandon at once all his recently-formed connexions with a company of men in whom he did not feel the clearest confidence. If, wing-weary, his spirit could now have flown back to the ark of home, sure that a hand would be extended to receive—sure of a loving heart to welcome—with what eager, trembling hope, like the dove of old, would that spirit have fluttered its pinions in the troubled air, soon to fold them in peace and safety. In this hour of darkness and temptation—of conflict between good and evil—the loving voice of a true-hearted wife, uttering words of divine power—"Peace; be still!"—would have ended the strife. The waters would have been assuaged, the bow of promise would have spanned beautifully the heavens of his soul.

Alas for him, that it was not so! When the morning broke upon nature, it did not image the state of Eldridge. His mind was still in darkness, confusion, and doubt. He felt weak for good, and almost desperate under the assaults of evil.

During the latter part of the night, Katy had been restless; though she complained but little, and seemed grateful for every attention received from her father. The morning showed a pale face, on which no eye could fail to note marks of suffering.

"Have you been up all night, father?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," he answered gently.

"Where is mother?"

"In the next room."

Katy looked earnestly at her father for some moments, and with an unusual expression on her face.

"Kiss me," she murmured at last. The request was spoken timidly, as if she were in doubt whether her father would respond as her heart desired. He did respond, and with a tenderness that satisfied her spirit, thirsting for repeated draughts at the new well-spring of love, which had suddenly burst forth in the desert of her young life.

CHAPTER XVII.

There are few sacrifices of feeling that a true wife will not make for her husband, when the trial of her love comes. Mrs. Penrose had a native delicacy of feeling, and a sense of personal independence, that caused her to shrink from trespassing in any way upon the rights or privileges of others. She was ever ready to confer favors, but rarely asked of another anything for herself.

From the moment she became aware of the peculiar difficulties that beset her husband's way, she resolved to aid him, if it were in a woman's power to do so. Her first impulse was to call upon Mr. Barlow, and seek to divert him from his stern purpose. But, the more she thought of this, the less inclined was she to put either herself or husband in so unpleasant a relation to any man. The act involved a diminution of self-respect, and pride awakened with a protest. So that purpose was, for a time, abandoned.

The doctor's countenance continued to wear a sober aspect, as day after day went by, and the means of extrication from his difficulties appeared as remote as ever. He talked but little with his wife on the subject. When he did refer to it, she always spoke encouragingly, and said that she knew the worst he dreaded would never come. At last, notice of an immediate foreclosure of the mortgage was served, and a day of sale mentioned. Dr. Penrose was stricken down with despair. His hands dropped helplessly. He felt like abandoning his struggle with the world.

"Never give up!" said his wife, firmly. "The darkest hours of the night are just before day-dawn."

"There will be no day-dawn for us, Lucy," was the sad reply. "We are in the hands of one who knows not mercy. Our pleasant home must be given up—the little we have saved through self-denial, swept away. I can't bear the thought! It maddens me!"

A low voice, full of loving assurance, stole over his spirit, and calmed it turbulence.

"You shame me, Lucy," said Doctor Penrose. "I will be more of a man, and bear this trouble, as I should, with a manlier firmness."

After a pause, he added—"I will take heart again, and make a new effort to save myself. I will see Judge Gray this very night, and have another talk with him. He has always shown a friendly spirit, and may, when he learns to what extremity Barlow is about proceeding, put it into my power to prevent the sacrifice he seems bent on making. Acquainted with all

Digitized by Google

legal matters as he is, he will, at least, advise me how best to act in this trying emergency."

The bare mention of Judge Gray's name, in this connexion, caused an unpleasant feeling to arise in the mind of Mrs. Penrose. Since she had heard of his meetings, with other citizens of Arden, at McQuillan's, and of his effort to get her husband to join in these convocations, she had looked upon all association with him as involving some unknown danger, and there now arose a vague fear in her heart which it was impossible to overcome. The impulse to say "Don't go to *him*," was so strong, that she repressed it with difficulty.

It was late in the afternoon. Dr. Penrose had hurried through his visits, and was home earlier than usual.

"After tea I will go around and see the judge," he said, as hope began to revive, the longer he thought of once more applying to Judge Gray.

Mrs. Penrose made no response.

"I'm not so sure," added the doctor, "that I have been right in keeping aloof from him, after his cordial way of treating me last week. He as good as received my word to meet him with some other gentlemen at Arden; and I am not altogether satisfied that I was right in failing to keep my promise. The fact is," he added, "promises should always be kept sacredly,"

"I am in part to blame for that, you know, said Mrs. Eldridge, forcing a smile.

"I believe you are; but you meant well, as you always do," replied her husband. "I only hope it is not yet too late to gain what I desired to gain last week—the substantial interest of Judge Gray."

Mrs. Penrose said nothing in answer to this, though her heart sunk within her. Without knowing anything of Judge Gray, his associations or principles, that gave color to her fears, she felt an overwhelming dread of having her husband come into any kind of intimate association with him, particularly under present circumstances, when the desperate condition of his affairs laid him open to temptation. Some household duty claiming her attention, she left him, without venturing a word of opposition to the purpose he had declared.

After tea, Mrs. Penrose said to her husband, coming to the door of his office, whither he had gone after leaving the table:

"I am going out for a few minutes. Don't leave until I return."

"You mustn't stay long," replied the doctor. "I have two or three patients to visit, and want to see them early."

"I'll be gone only a very little while. So be sure to wait for me."

Mrs. Penrose left the house, and took her way down the street with a step firm enough to show a definite purpose, yet a little hurried—indicative of disturbed, or anxious thought. The fact was, she had made up her mind to try the desperate resort of an appeal to Mr. Barlow himself, as less to be feared or deprecated, than an application for aid to Judge Gray.

Mr. Barlow's residence was at some distance from that part of the town where Doctor Penrose resided, and Mrs. Penrose moved on quickly, the evening twilight falling around, and deepening steadily towards darkness. As she drew nearer and nearer the dwelling of their unfeeling creditor, her heart beat more heavily, her thoughts were more confused, and she could fix upon no manner of address that was satisfactory to her own mind, as promising to give the subject of her mission a favorable introduction. A little way from the house she paused to recover the even tone of her mind, disturbed beyond its wont. It was a new errand to her, that upon which she was speeding; and one, the thought of which caused a painful sense of humiliation. All her native pride and independence arose in opposition to the act proposed, and she felt her cheeks growing hot with shame. But weak hesitation must not continue. There was a stern duty to perform—and the time had come. So she moved on again.

The dwelling of Mr. Barlow stood a little way from the street, and the entrance was through a flower garden. Mrs. Penrose laid her hand upon the gate, swung it open, and stepped inside upon the gravel walk that led up to the door. As she turned, after closing the gate, to pass down the walk, she noticed a light glancing from one window to another, in the upper rooms, as if carried by some person in a hurried manner. Voices were heard in quick ejaculations. Then a sharp cry of pain reached the ears of Mrs. Penrose. It was the cry of a child. With a woman's and a mother's instinct, she sprung forward towards the house.

"Run for Doctor Penrose!" she heard Mrs. Barlow say, in a voice of anguish.

"No!"—was quickly responded—"Go for Doctor Grant." Mrs. Penrose knew the speaker to be Mr. Barlow.

Before the messenger left the door, Mrs. Penrose entered,

"What has happened?" she asked, with an earnestness and sympathy that was felt, even by the half-abashed creditor, to be real.

"Oh, Mrs. Penrose. Is it you? I'm so glad. Come here as quickly as you can! What shall we do? Our Anna is dreadfully scalded!"

Mrs. Barlow had grasped the arm of Mrs. Penrose, and was almost dragging her away.

"Is the doctor at home?" asked Mr. Barlow, in a hurried voice.

"I left him there just now," replied Mrs. Penrose.

"John, go for Doctor Penrose," said Mr. Barlow; "and tell him to come quickly. Say that Anna is badly scalded, and that he must not delay an instant."

The messenger darted off, and Mrs. Penrose went back into the sitting room, where she found the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, a child about six years old, writhing in anguish indescribable, and screaming wildly. She had gone to the stove, on which was a kettle of boiling water, set by a domestic carelessly on the edge, and in reaching over for something, had thrown it over, the contents penetrating her garments on one side, and scalding her from the hips downward. In the wild excitement

Digitized by Google

that followed, no one had yet attempted to remove the little one's garments, so that the real injury she had sustained, was not known.

"Bring me a sheet of raw cotton, and some sweet oil, or lard," said Mrs. Penrose, in a firm voice, at once assuming to direct, where all had lost their self-possession. She then lifted the child carefully in her arms, speaking to her encouraging and compassionate words, and commenced removing her clothes. All her left hip, and the leg, down to the ankle, were of an angry crimson, with here and there white spots, where blisters were already forming.

"Be quick!" said Mrs. Penrose. "Let me have the cotton and oil with as little delay as possible."

"Don't cry, dear," she added, speaking encouragingly to the child. "It won't hurt you long."

Mr. Barlow, whose feelings were greatly shocked, and who felt like going off to some remote part of the house, that he might neither see the condition of his child, or hear her terrible screams, forced himself, from something like duty, to come forward and see to what extent the little one was injured. A sight of the scalded limb caused him to utter an exclamation of pain, and turn, sickening, away.

"My poor, poor child! It is dreadful! Can nothing be done for her? Oh, when will the doctor be here?" he said, as he paced the floor with hurried steps.

"There is no oil in the house," said Mrs. Barlow, coming into the room, "but here is lard," she held a plate in her hand.

"That will do," replied Mrs. Penrose. "Now bring me a little soot from the chimney. Get it as quickly as possible. A handful will do."

The soot was brought with scarcely a moment's delay, and thrown upon the lard by direction of Mrs. Penrose, who hastily mixed it with her hand, and then laid it upon the burned flesh. All over this the cotton was spread, so that every part of the scalded surface was entirely covered from the air. By the time this was done, the cries of Anna had ceased; and her eyes, swimming in tears, were fixed upon the earnest face of Mrs. Penrose, with a look full of gratitude. Mr. Barlow had witnessed, with trembling eagerness, the application, and saw the almost instantaneous effect.

"We have taken it in good time," said Mrs. Penrose, "and I think the skin will be saved. Poor child! you feel better now?"

"Yes, ma'am," murmured the little one, still keeping her thankful eyes on the face of Mrs. Penrose.

"God bless you!" Mr. Barlow's feelings were touched, and he could not keep back from his lips the gratitude suddenly felt for the instrument of relief to his suffering child—"I shall never forget this, Mrs. Penrose."

Mrs. Penrose lifted her eyes to the face of her husband's hard creditor, and looked at him steadily for a few moments. He understood her, for his gaze dropped. But, he looked up quickly, and returned her glance with a meaning in his face that she understood as well as if he had clothed his thoughts in words. She saw that he was conquered, and that their dark hour of trial had passed away.

Hurried footsteps along the passage, now heralded the arrival of Dr. Penrose. Mr. Barlow grasped his hand as he came in, and said:

"Thank you, doctor, for coming so promptly. Our dear little Anna has met with a sad accident."

"Scalded? So I understood your messenger."

"Yes; from her hip, on the left side, down to the ankle."

"What has been done?" Doctor Penrose turned towards that part of the room where the family were grouped around the child.

"Lucy'" he ejaculated—"You here!"

The doctor's surprise was genuine.

"Yes," she replied. "I was just by the gate when the accident happened, and have done all I could for the dear child."

"What have you done?"

The hurried treatment was described.

"You are a capital doctor's wife," said Dr. Penrose, smiling. "I don't see that you have left your husband much to do. Is the surface of the skin well covered?"

"O, yes. I saw to that, particularly."

"Why did you use the soot in the lard?" enquired the doctor.

"It is one of my old Aunt Patty's remedies; and she says it is unfailing. Many a burn and scald have I seen her treat with soot and lard; and blisters rarely showed themselves afterwards"

"Creosote has, of late, been used in burns by some physicians, and with encouraging result," remarked the doctor. "The good qualities of the soot, if any there be, depend, no doubt, on the presence of that substance. Apart from this, however, the other applications are right, and for the present we will not disturb them."

"She appears very easy, now," said the mother of Anna. "At first, her screams were awful, and chilled the blood to my heart. But, almost on the instant that your wife commenced covering the burn, her cries lost their wild anguish. Oh, how shall we be sufficiently thankful for her timely call, and wise, prompt, action"

"Doctor Penrose,"—Mr. Barlow laid his hand on the doctor's arm—"let me say a word to you."

The two men retired across the room.

"We've both been a little hasty, and a little to blame," said Mr. Barlow; "I'm not a hard man at the core, though some people think I am. I'm irritable, and self-willed, and rather stubborn, sometimes, I know; and apt to push things resolutely. So much in explanation of a matter that I wish had never occurred. But, we'll let the past go for what it is worth. Your good wife has disarmed and rebuked me, besides laying me under an obligation which I would be worse than a heathen not to repay. Take your own time, doctor. You'll hear no more from me. I know, and every man in Arden knows you to be right at heart. I was wrong, and so felt it in my consoience, to trouble your peace as I have done."

Digitized by Google

Doctor Penrose caught the hand of Mr. Barlow, and grasped it eagerly.

"You have lifted a crushing weight from my heart," said he. "I was in despair."

"Had you no resource?" enquired Mr. Barlow, who, now that a feeling like sympathy for his debtor was awakened, felt a rising curiosity to know what he had purposed doing."

"None that I could rely upon. As a last resource, I was going, to night, to see Judge Gray and some of his friends, and had your messenger arrived ten minutes later, he would not have found me at home."

There was a pause of some moments.

"Doctor Penrose!" Mr. Barlow spoke slowly, and with unusual emphasis—"Let me say this to you:—*Beware of Judge Gray and his friends!*"

"May I ask why you give this earnest caution?" enquired the doctor.

"I say nothing farther—beware of Judge Gray and his friends. If you are wise, you will heed my words; and time will verify their import."

"I shall certainly heed them," said Doctor Penrose; "for they but echo my own vague suspicions."

Doctor Penrose and his wife went homeward a little while after, with light and thankful spirits—their sleep was sound, and their dreams full of hopeful images. And the sleep of their softened creditor was pleasanter, for all the grief felt for his suffering child, than it would have been, had not the Angel of Mercy found entrance to his heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOOSE LEAVES,

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A COUNTRY EDITOR.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

THE VOICE OF THE WINTER WIND.

Cold, bitter winter is here—here before its time. While we write, the

"Wind of the wild winter night"

is singing its melancholy songs around us.—Sometimes those weird tones tell plaintively of the far-gone joys of innocent childhood; sometimes they wail for departed friends; but, more frequently, the song grieves for hours lost to usefulness. It is a bitter thing to mourn for time thrown away. "Time that is past can never return; the day that is lost, is lost forever."

But the fire that burns brightly on the hearth, and its cheerful aspect, may counteract the melancholy influence of the wailing blast. Let us look at the bright side of things; let us watch the ruddy blaze. How in its lustre and beauty it smiles at, and playfully, as if with a sense of conscious power, defies the stern cold.that out-of-doors rules paramount. Aye, fierce winter may reign without; but here in our comfortable room, the household hearth, the "bonny ingleside" annuls his wrath, and sheds around the pleasant influences of home. Home!—Reader, have you studied the magic of that word? have you ever discovered why it is a spell of such might? Of course, you have. Who that has been blessed with a home has not learned it? Home means love; an ever-watchful and unselfish affection, a full confidence that swerves not, whatever betide—but, above all things, Love!

Hark! there again sounds that mournful voice. The lamenting song of the winter blast will force its sorrows upon our musing. Alas! how many are there who have no home.

We speak not of such as those who, perhaps, even while we write, are contending, far away in the darkness, upon the broad turnpike which passes our door, against the fierce and bitter winter night, thinly clad, and houseless. Their wants are physical, such as all men may see, and must acknowledge. Their appeal to the heart of humanity is plain, undeniable. We trust in that human heart, that they will receive, as they should, at the first wayside house, the shelter and physical comfort they need.

We speak of those whose condition is more melancholy, more hopeless; of those whose hearts have no home. Physical comforts, even luxury, may surround them, and yet be to them but as the mirage of the desert—a delusive and mocking image of that for which they yearn.—Hearts, noble in their nature, have perished in this desolation; age has withered under its influence. It has caused manhood in despair to yield in the battle of life, and—pitiful to tell—even guileless, unconscious childhood has been blasted by it in its very bud.

Look to it, parents, and especially mothers; see, each one of you, that you make your home a "home where the heart is," where mutual love binds father and mother, sister and brother, into one united, happy family; so that, when the winter night gathers you around the social ingleside of home, you may find your own household hearth the most pleasant spot on all the wide earth.

THE SUPERSTITION OF COMMON SENSE.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy!"

The above lines written by Shakspeare, more than two hundred years ago, are an evidence of the profound depth of his mind. Had it been

Digitized by Google

true in his time, not only in poetic fancy but in fact, that

"The sacred name
Of poet and of prophet were the same,"

he could not have more truly predicted. Who, indeed, would have believed, in the age when he wrote, that the steam which was seen to issue from the spout of a kettle would ever become an agent by which the most gigantic machinery would be moved; by which the ocean and the land would be traversed, literally with the speed of the winds? Or that the powerful lightning, from whose vivid glance they shrunk, and at whose mighty voice they trembled, would be trained by man as a messenger to convey intelligence with the speed, almost, of thought? Or, more wonderful still, that, if there be any truth in mesmerism—and we must place some faith in it, or deny all evidence—that the mind has under its control a subtile and invisible influence, that puts the witchcraft and necromancy of the olden days to the blush?

But there is a deeper meaning suggested in the above lines of the Bard of Avon, than is involved in the development of the powers either of steam, electricity, or animal magnetism. In this sentence, addressed to his friend Horatio, Hamlet has reference to the appearance of his father's ghost. It intimates also that this apparition is in accordance with the experiences of the abstract man, with certain motions in his world of mind, certain indefinable thoughts and intangible feelings, which lie too deep for words. Indeed, the common superstition—so to speak—as to visions of the spirits of the departed, is a subject worthy of the most profound investigation of psychologists. It evinces, at least, that the ordinary mind, unbiassed by education, and in many more instances than are confessed, in spite of it, entertains a deep belief in the nearness of the spiritual world. If we look into the profundity of our own minds, we will find that we, too, almost unconsciously, as it were, are tinctured with this opinion, or, rather, impression; for it is more a feeling than a thought. An influence of this kind, almost universal, is most assuredly of sufficient importance to merit the examination even of philosophers. While fondly clinging to our ingenious theories, may we not be turning our faces from the truth? While we pride ourselves in the imagined light of our self-styled philosophy, may we not be sitting in the darkness of real ignorance?

We remember the case of a student who smiled in pity at the folly, as he thought it at the time, of a gardener, who suspended a gauze covering over his flowers to protect them from the dew. "Poor man!" he said to himself, "your labor is useless; the dew does not fall from the sky, but is deposited from the surrounding atmosphere." And yet after experiment convinced the philosopher that the florist's experience was worth much more than his own theory; that, though the dew does not fall from heaven, yet the covering prevents it from being deposited on the flowers.

Let us not call an opinion superstitious, let us not laugh at it as ridiculous, until we examine and learn whether it be in truth superstitious, or whether it be really ridiculous. Where so many entertain a belief, there must be some cause for it. Though an investigation may lead us to a proof of its untruth, yet that investigation will add somewhat to our knowledge of the human mind.

May we not be taking the external world too literally? Can we gaze in the fullness of thought upon the most diminutive insect, the lowliest flower, or the smallest blade of grass, without reading deep lessons of wisdom? And yet literally it is only a little insect, a simple flower, or a tiny leaf. "The letter killeth; the spirit quickeneth unto life." Often when roused from a revery, and questioned of what we have been thinking, we are unable to answer; and yet the mind has been contemplating the shadow of majestic thoughts, too sublime for its aspiring grasp, too vast to be condensed into words.

When contemplating a fair sunset sky, what a pure and tranquilizing delight fills the mind! Does this delight come merely from the loveliness of the glowing west? We feel that it does not. We feel that as the evening waters reflect the distant star, so that beauteous scene is but the image of something far more glorious in the world of mind.

These are all kindred themes. They all teach us that there are influences around us and within us, which we feel but know not. Wisdom teaches her lessons everywhere. They are spoken in the whisper of the wind, in the murmur of the waters; they are written on all things that the earth contains, and on the skies that are arched above us. But our ears are closed to her voice, our eyes are darkened to her presence. Let us take the hands of prejudice from our ears; let us remove the film of real superstition from our eyes, and then we shall be able to learn some of those "things in heaven and earth" which are not "dreamt of in philosophy."

OLD SONGS.

"Sing us old songs—the music of the heart."
—WORDSWORTH.

How many sweet and beautiful influences the beneficent Creator,

"Our Father and our Love,"

has formed around us and within us, to elevate our minds, and to purify our affections. Among those of them that exist within our own minds, perhaps, none is more powerful than the memory of childhood's days. It enables us to form an idea of the blessedness of innocence, by recalling to our minds the time when our thoughts were guileless, and our hearts entertained no feelings but love towards any. And how often does the memory of those days come to us, soothingly and winningly, on the wings of remembered music. But it is not with our childhood alone that old songs connect us; they are the links of a mystic chain which unites the present with all the past of our existence.

Digitized by Google

For ourself, the power of old songs is strong within us; and there is no period of our past life that is not connected in our recollection with some pleasant strain. The lullabies and ballads of the nursery, and certain sweet hymn-tunes, refer us to the very earliest time of our intelligent life; and we again see the kind faces, and listen to the affectionate tones of nurse, and parents, and sisters and brothers. Then there are hymns and anthems that, coming to us with a more solemn cadence, carry us back to the old but beautiful little church of a country parish, whither we accompanied our parents in the far-gone sabbaths. And the minister, with his serious countenance, rises again in white surplice, at the sacred desk; and we feel again something of the awe which, in our younger days, that holy place inspired within us. Again, a slow-sounding, mournful anthem pictures before us a solemn grove of pines and cedars on the banks of our native river, and a funeral procession bearing to the tomb the mortal remains of one who died "full of years and full of honor."

But there are also more cheerful recollections connected with our remembered music. There are old songs that bring before us the sunshine glittering on the cottage walls of our native home, and the flowers blooming in the old-fashioned garden, and the birds singing in the branches of the locusts and in the close foliage of the tall Lombardy poplars, whose swaying tops appeared to our childhood—blissful in its ignorance—to brush against the sky.

Cheerful songs of a more exciting character bring before us still more lively scenes. "Jim Crow," "India Cotton Gown," "Juba," and such Ethiopian melodies, recall to us the moonlit dance around the negro huts on the old plantation, where we were born and passed the earlier part of our boyhood. And "Round de Corn, Sally," "Here we go, Bowsy," and other songs of the same class, remind us vividly of pleasantly uproarious scenes around the corn bank, and bring before us the merry face of many a well-remembered plantation hand. "The long Road to Boston" carries us back to our country dancing-school, with all its reminiscences; while "Old Zip Coon" and "Old Potomac" take us to old St. Mary's county, Maryland, where we passed a year or two of our early manhood.—Then there are songs which remember us of an engineering expedition to the Alleghany mountains; and there is a pleasant strain connected with our memory of two lovely and interesting sisters, with whom we were acquainted in their

"Bloom of youthful beauty;"

of whom one died in her youth in far-off Texas, and the other is a widow, mourning in one of the south-western States.

But we have not space to dwell longer on this subject;

"Memory is with me ever; low and sweet
Tones from the past are whispered in the breeze,
Telling of vanished pleasures; and my feet
Move to the measure of her melodies."

BY THE STREAM.

We have no wide waters near our village, but there are several bright little streams within a short walk of it. They need be but a short distance, indeed, for us to spare time to visit them.

Dr. Franklin has said, somewhere in his writings, that one who is deprived of the regular hours of sleep, will find much refreshment in taking even a few minutes' nap in a chair. And we, debarred of the pleasure of sauntering a whole morning or afternoon through woods and fields, find grateful relaxation in standing, even for a moment or two, by one of our bright little streams, watching the rushing current and the infinitely varied hues that play upon its surface, sometimes looking up through the trees, to the clouds that float in such fantastic shapes far overhead on the blue ocean of ether, and ever drinking in, with such enjoyment as an epicure never knew, the music of bird, and stream, and breeze.

How beautifully pure are the waters flowing here over a rocky, and there over a pebbly bed! In every change of position or of hue still clear and sparkling, gushing, and shining, and singing

"Ever and aye, unceasingly,"

and still ever unconscious of their own loveliness, and of the exceeding sweetness of their tones! There are—oh! fortunate for fallen humanity—there are human beings in this respect like that stream; beings whose lives pass on in gentle and unobtrusive loveliness, and the sweet harmony of whose heart-full words and actions is ever soothing and stilling the sorrows and passions of all around them, while they never seem conscious of the good influence which they exert—an influence, which, like the fragrance that surrounds the flower, is sweet because it is breathed from the essential life.

How refreshing it is to the fevered mind to look down into the cool waters, while the lights and shadows come and go upon the varying stream of thought, as they flash and darken upon the surface of the quivering rivulet! How many a bright dream has floated down the current, how many tears have fallen into it, since it first poured along its palpitating course! The happy child, the gentle maiden, the hopeful youth, the thoughtful middle-aged, the feeble and bent with years, have wandered or stood by its margin, and gazed dreamily into its waters. The history of all that this stream has reflected would be the history of many a human heart.

Ah! if the dreamer, care-free, could pass his hours ever amid the gentler influences of Nature, what a happy life were his!

POETRY AND DESIGNING.—There is a great affinity between designing and poetry; for the Latin poets, and the designers of the Roman medals, lived very near to one another, and were bred up to the same relish for wit and fancy.—*Addison.*

Digitized by Google



HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—THE MOGUL, OR TARTAR DYNASTY.

No. VII.—NADIR SHAH.

In this, our concluding paper, which embraces no less than seven reigns we must notice very briefly the principal events that marked the fall of the great Mogul empire; nor is this to be regretted, for the narrative is a melancholy one, unrelieved by the interest which heroism of any kind may throw around a falling cause We have merely to witness one miserable struggle after another for the imperial sway, among the descendants of its noble founders, whilst the empire itself, for which all were struggling, was being lost to all during their contentions.

Aurungzebe left three sons, Mahomed Mauzim, who at an early age received the title of Shah Aulum, Azim Shah, and Kam Buskh. In pursuance of the unhappy policy which his own and his farther's unnatural rebellion seemed to render indispensible, the emperor had kept the princes, during his latter days, as far as possible

Digitized by Google

from the capital. No sooner was the fact of their father's decease known to them, than they each claimed the throne. Azim, being the nearest, first arrived at the imperial camp, and was declared emperor. He then lost not a moment in marching against Shah Aulum, who possessed the government of Cabul, and who, on his part, on hearing the important intelligence, had acted with equal promptitude, by dispatching orders to his sons, Moiz-ad-Dien and Azeem Ooshaun, who possessed respectively the governments of Multan and Bengal, to advance upon Agra with the utmost diligence; which was done, and that city, with all its immense treasures, quietly taken possession of. Shah Aulum now addressed a letter to his brother, offering to divide the kingdom. Azim rejected the proposal, was defeated, and, with his two sons, slain in the combat. The victor now offered the kingdom of Golconda to his remaining brother, Kam Buskh, in addition to the kingdom of Beejapore, already possessed by him. Undeterred by the fate of his brother, that prince refused these terms, and persisted in his attempts upon the throne; but having been deserted by his chief nobles, and the greater part of his army, who saw no reasonable prospects of his success, he perished in a desperate attack, with a few hundred followers, on Shah Aulum's army.

The emperor had now to contend with a new power that was rendering itself formidable to the imperial authority, this was the people called the Seiks. Their origin was religious, but circumstances rendered their career in a measure political. In the time of Baber, a celebrated Dervish, struck with the beauty of a merchant's son, of the Kshatrya caste, took him into his own house, and instructed him in the doctrines of Islamism. Nannuk, the young disciple, in the course of his theological studies, selected such doctrines, expressions, and sentiments, as particularly pleased him, and the result was a book, written in a very elegant style, called "Korrint," which, by degrees, became the text-book of a sect. Rejecting much of the absurdities of the two great religions of India, the Moslem and Hindu, and preserving some of the good which both contain, Nannuk obtained numerous followers. After his death, nine chiefs in succession governed the body of Seiks, who lived in a very peaceable, inoffensive manner. But in Aurungzebe's reign, whether from the intolerence of the emperor, or from the ambition of the Seik leaders, two of the latter were seized, one put to death, and the other banished Bandu was the leader at the time of Shah Aulum's accession, who, having assumed the name of his predecessor, Joroo Jovind, carried rapine and slaughter among the Mogul inhabitants wherever he moved. Shah Aulum checked the progress of the Seiks, but did not destroy them. His reign lasted only five years, and, although the emperor was in no way distinguished for energy or any uncommon abilities, he has left the reputation behind him of an accomplished, liberal, and humane prince. He died in 1712.

A general contest among the emperor's four sons, who were all in the imperial camp at the time, began the moment the breath had quitted their parent's body. The names of the princes were Moiz-ad-Dien, Azeem Ooshaun, Ruffet Ooshaun, and Kojesteh Akter. Azeem Ooshaun, the second son, who had a large amount of treasure prepared, and who, from his position, as nearest to the emperor, was able to seize upon the imperial treasure and effects, at once assumed the sceptre. And he might have maintained it, in all probability, but for his petulance toward Zulfeccar Khan, a distinguished Omrah, who had been Aurungzebe's principal general. Zulfeccar, finding his services rejected, immediately went to the camp of the eldest prince, Moiz-ad-Dien, and succeeded in uniting all the other brothers against Azeem, upon the understanding that, if successful, the empire should be divided amongst them. Had Azeem been as prompt in attacking, as in making enemies, he might still have been victorious, but he allowed them time for preparation. The result was defeat. It is supposed that his elephant rushed down a precipice into the river, near which the battle was fought, and sunk with him, for Azeem Ooshaun was no more heard of. Zulfeccar now determined to place the eldest son on the throne, to the exclusion of the other brothers: he succeeded, and the new emperor was proclaimed under the title of Jehander Shah, in 1712. His reign was as short as it was disgraceful. His principal adviser was a concubine, who had belonged to the impure profession of public dancers, and it was no uncommon circumstance to see the emperor of all the Moguls walking in the vicinity of Delhi with mean and abandoned females. Feroksere, a son of Azeem Ooshaun, now endeavored to accomplish what his father had failed in, and as a preliminary step obtained the support of two distinguished brothers, Abdoolla, and Hussun Khan, who were of the high rank of the Syeds, or descendants from the Prophet. The weakness of the emperor clung to him to the last. One man alone could have saved him—Zulfeccar—and him he disgusted by his conduct. After some delay, a son of the emperor's marched at the head of an army to oppose Feroksere, but the troops, on the eve of the battle, dispersed, and joined the enemy. Jehander now marched in person against his rival, and a severe combat was fought, in which, despite the skill and bravery of Zulfeccer, the imperial army was defeated, yet not so decidedly but that that brave general hoped to reverse the calamity on the following day, when he discovered, to his surprise and confusion, that the emperor had fled. This was indeed decisive. Jehander entered Delhi in disguise, and placed himself under the protection of Zulfeccar's son, Assud Khan, who was the governor. The friends of Feroksere, now growing bold from the knowledge of the recent victory, demanded that Jehander should be given up to them. Assud, however, placed him in confinement, and, in the hope of securing the favor of the new monarch to his father and himself, transmitted a messenger to Ferok-

Digitized by Google

sere, stating what he had done, and desiring his commands. He received so gracious an answer, that Zulfeccar was incautious enough to join his son and meet Feroksere, who immediately had him seized, strangled, and his dead body exposed with that of his murdered master, Jehander, who thus concluded his short reign of a few months.

www.libtool.com.cn

Feroksere was proclaimed in 1713, and as he began his reign, so he continued. Every individual within his power, from whom he thought it possible that danger might come, he slaughtered without compunction. The most distinguished posts were now conferred on the two Syads, an unnecessary step upon the part of the emperor, for they were the men to take without scruple whatever they desired. Feroksere became a mere tool in their hands; and when this was fully perceived by him, matters only became worse; for in endeavoring to get rid of them, he plunged himself into a vortex of intrigues from which death alone extricated him. After various manœuvres had been ineffectually tried, the emperor engaged one Daood Khan Punnee, an Affghan governor, to attack Hussun in one of his marches; this scheme was defeated in the very moment of success, by Daood's death from a musket-ball. Ultimately, the brothers deposed Feroksere, who died shortly after in captivity, whether naturally, or from violence, seems uncertain. During this reign, which lasted six years, Banda, the Sikh leader, had fallen into the emperor's hands, and was put to death by torture in the capital, and his followers dispersed with great loss. The Mahrattas, on the other hand, were, during all these conflicts, steadily increasing in power.

Two brothers, Ruffeh-al-Dirjant, and Ruffeh-al-Dowlat, now reigned in succession, the first of whom lived but five months, and the second three.

Rooshun Akter, the son of Shah Aulum's fourth son, was now proclaimed emperor under the title of Mahomed Shah. The miserable cabals that had so embroiled the empire during the reign of Feroksere, were also in full operation during the early part of the present reign, the objects in both cases being the same; on the part of the Syads, to control the emperor—and on the part of the emperor, to get rid of such overbearing subjects. Hussun was at length assassinated by one of the emperor's agents, and Abdoolla defeated, upon which the emperor returned to the capital with as much pomp and magnificence as though he had but just assumed the sceptre, and certainly it was only from that time he exercised the imperial authority. Little benefit accrued from the change. Mahomed was weak, and devoted to luxury. He had too able ministers, Nizam-al-Mulk and Saadit Khan, but he was disgusted with their gravity, and they with his preference of other and less able men: accordingly, they withdrew for a time to their respective governments, the first to the Deccan, and the last to Oude, where their descendants, more fortunate than those of their imperial master, exercise princely authority to this day. The numerous enemies who had grown up unnoticed or unchecked during so many weak administrations, now began to extend their ravages farther, and with greater boldness. The Mahrattas, in particular, had become so powerful, that at last the emperor adopted the fatal and most disgraceful expedient of engaging to pay them the fourth of his revenues as the price of peace. The moral power of the empire, which might, for some time, have survived even the decline of its physical strength, was, by this one act, irrecoverably lost. As a characteristic trait of the utterly worthless character of this sovereign, we must not omit to mention, that, soon after this treaty was made, finding the collection of this fourth troublesome, he actually empowered the Mahrattas to levy it themselves upon the unfortunate inhabitants, who were thus abandoned to the spoiler. We have now to speak of the most awful of the events that signalized the fall of the Mogul dominions—the invasion by Nadir Shah; and it is not unworthy of remark, that as of the two most fearful inroads Hindustan has known, Timur's preceded and prepared the country for the rise of the Mogul power, and the other, under Nadir Shah, followed its decline, and accelerated its fall, so the motives to each were the same, plunder; both were successful from the same cause, the disorganized state of the country under its weak and worthless rulers; and, lastly, the results of each were in the highest degree important, the first, as we have shown, being the establishment of Baber and his successors; whilst the last opened the way for the most momentous event of Indian history—the British rule.

Nadir was the son of a shepherd of Chorassan, who, by selling a portion of his father's flocks, hired a banditti, with whom he scoured the country. He engaged himself in the service of Thamas, son of Hussun, the Sophi of Persia, who had been deposed by an Affghan. Under this prince, who aimed at the restoration of his family, Nadir greatly distinguished himself, and at last grew strong enough to attack the Affghan usurper, and overthrow him. He now put out the eyes of the unfortunate Thamas, and caused himself to be proclaimed king of Persia, in 1736, under the title of Nadir Shah. The Affghans still troubling him, he pursued them into their own country, and from thence he marched into Hindustan. He was partially provoked into this measure by the murder of an ambassador and his escort by the inhabitants of Jellalabad, and by the contemptuous treatment of his demand for explanation and redress, exhibited by Mahomed. Nadir first punished the people of the offending city, by filling its streets with blood; he then marched towards Delhi by Peshawir and Lahore, encountering little opposition; so rapid were his movements, that he was within four days' march of Delhi, before the emperor had the slightest idea of the proximity of his dangerous visiter. When the hostile armies met, Nadir's veteran forces bore down all opposition; the emperor's principal general and minister, Dowran, was killed, and Saadit taken prisoner. The latter endeavored to turn his

Digitized by Google

captivity to good purpose, by negotiating with Nadir the terms on which the latter could be induced to quit Hindustan. He so far succeeded, that Mahomed came personally to Nadir's camp, and the agreement was concluded that the conqueror should quit India on the receipt of two millions of money. This happy arrangement was defeated by the unprincipled ambition, which stopped short at no degree of infamy, of the emperor's chief minister, Saadit and the Nizam. The object of their ambition was the post just vacant by the death of Dowran. Saadit's services in the treaty justly entitled him to it, which the Nizam being aware of, at once demanded the office from the emperor, over whom he now exercised almost unlimited sway, and the unhappy Mahomed had no resource but to comply. Saadit now undid all that he had previously accomplished; he represented to Nadir that the ransom was so paltry, that he would himself engage to pay an equal amount from his own private fortune; he expatiated on the immense treasures of Delhi. The temptation was too great for the listener; Nadir took possession of the capital on the 9th of March, 1739, retaining Mahomed as his prisoner, whom, however, he treated with respect, and relieved from the idea of being driven from his throne. Saadit and the Nizim now received the reward of their villainy. Nadir addressed them thus:—"Are not you both most ungrateful villains to your king and country, who, after possessing such wealth and dignities, called me from my own dominions to ruin them and yourselves? But I will scourge you with all my wrath, which is the instrument of the vengeance of God." He then spat upon their beards, and dismissed them with the greatest indignity. Saadit died almost immediately; one authority says from having taken poison, another from disease.

For nearly two days the inhabitants were unmolested; but a slight incident that occurred on the evening of the second day, produced the appalling calamities that rendered Nadir's name terrible. A Persian seized by force the basket of a man who was selling pigeons, who immediately called out that Nadir had ordered a general pillage, and made a violent outcry. The streets were filled with people, many of whom fell upon the Persian, and the companions who had gathered round and supported him. At this moment the cry was raised that Nadir was dead; and, as with one impulse, the people fell upon the Persian soldiers, and before nightfall killed two thousand of them. Nadir, who was in the citadel, was informed of the affair about midnight. He instantly went into a public part of the city, and waited for daybreak, when a person from a neighboring terrace, shot at him, and killed an officer by his side. This gave the last sting to the madman's growing fury. Squadrons were sent through the streets, and musqueteers upon the terraces to commence a general massacre. No age nor sex was spared; men, women, and children fell indiscriminately on the same bloody heaps; and according to the frightful estimate of Colonel Dow, 100,000 souls perished before two o'clock of that day.

"The king of Persia," says the same authority, "sat, during this dreadful scene, in the Musgid of Roshan ul Dowlat. None but the slaves durst come near him, for his countenance was dark and terrible. At length the unfortunate emperor, attended by a number of his chief Omrahs, ventured to approach him with downcast eyes. The Omrahs who preceded Mahomed bowed down their foreheads to the ground. Nadir Shah asked them sternly what they wanted. They cried out with one voice, "Spare the city." Mahomed said not a word, but the tears flowed fast from his eyes. The tyrant, for once touched with pity, sheathed his sword, and said: "For the sake of the prince Mahomed, I forgive." So instantaneous were the effects of his orders, that in a few minutes everything was calm in the city. The pillage was yet to take place. The amount, according to the authorities who make it the least, was above thirty-two millions; whilst others say nearly eighty millions. During its collection, to add to the horrible state of the city, the gates were strictly closed, and the inhabitants whom the sword had spared, were now perishing by famine. The public spirit of an actor, named Tucki, relieved the citizens from this calamity; for having exhibited a play before Nadir, which greatly pleased the latter, and for which he was told to ask what he wished, and it should be done, Tucki fell on his knees before Nadir, and cried, "O, king, command the gates to be opened, that the poor may not perish." The request was granted, and Tucki rewarded in the noblest manner, by the blessings of his fellow-creatures.

Nadir finally quitted Delhi on the 14th of April, having first given some good advice to the emperor, and obliged him to cede the provinces between Persia and Hindustan.

During the subsequent years of the emperor's life, the Rohillas, originally an Affghan clan, rose under Ali Mohammed. This power, like the Mahratta, became celebrated in the Anglo-Indian wars. The Affghan nation itself, under a most enterprising chief, Ahmed Abdalla, their king, invaded Hindustan, but at first without any material consequences. The emperor died in 1747, in the thirtieth year of his reign, and the forty-ninth of his age.

Ahmed Shah, the eldest son of Mahomed, succeeded to the throne without opposition. The chief transactions of his reign are connected with the increase of the Rohillas and Mahratta powers, and with the repeated invasions of Abdalla, the Affghan king, who completely severed the north-western provinces of Moultan and Lahore from the empire. On all sides the emperor was attacked and insulted, constantly compelled to give way, and only enabled to obtain peace by concession after concession. About this time a grandson of the Nizam, who figured so conspicuously in the affairs of the previous reign, by name Ghazee-ad-Dien, became formidable to the emperor for his skill, his ambition, and the extent of his resources. A scheme was concerted by Ahmed Shah and some of his creatures to get rid of him, but

Digitized by Google

they were out-manœuvred. Ghazee-ad-Dien seized Delhi, deposed the emperor, and put out his eyes. A son of Jehander Shah succeeded, under the title of Aulumgeer II., to whom Ghazee-ad-Dien made himself vizier, or in other words, over whom he made himself master.

In this reign the Sikhs, whom we have before noticed, once more rose into importance, and Abdalla, in revenge for an act of treachery by Ghazee-ad-Dien towards the governor of Lahore, marched up to the very gates of Delhi, which the emperor was obliged to open to him, and for some weeks the capital was again at the mercy of an invading soldiery. The once mighty emperor of Hindustan had now sunk so low in the person of Aulumgeer II., as to beg Abdalla, at his departure, that he would not leave him at the mercy of his overbearing vizier. He was assisted as he desired, but soon fell again into the hands of the bold Ghazee-ad-Dien, by whom he was assissinated in 1759. The Mahrattas now approached the capital, to endeavor, by one bold stroke, to possess themselves of the empire. They were opposed by Abdalla, who was again on the Indian territory. The hostile force met in 1760, near Paniput, so famous in Indian history for the eventful battles fought on its plain, and, after a contest unexampled for severity, Abdalla remained victor. Of an army of 140,000 horse, commanded by all the most celebrated Mahratta generals, only a mere residue of the former, and three of the latter escaped. Abdalla still refused the sovereignty, which he gave to Alee Gohur, under the title of Aulum II.

With this emperor, who was never really master of the dominions he nominally possessed, and who experienced a great variety of the most cruel disasters and misfortunes, the Mogul empire terminated, by Shah Aulum's resigning his authority to the English for a pension.

In conclusion, we may express our hope that the short sketch we have given in these papers of a most interesting portion of Indian history, conveys its own moral, which "all who run may read," namely, that neither the purest virtue, nor the loftiest intellect in a sovereign can give strength to the inherent weakness of an absolute despotism; where the weight of empire is, as it were, supported at the apex by the king, rather than, as in freer countries, at the base by the people. In the political phenomena of India under the Mogul dynasty, there are two circumstances that particularly strike upon the attention: the continual outbreaks of the provincial governors, and the facility with which, under Timur, Baber, and Nadir Shah, a vast and densely populated country was overrun by foreign invaders. The explanation of the first seems to be found in the nature of the tenure by which provincial governors held their authority. They could have no permanent interest in their districts, because the land belonged entirely to the emperor, and they were liable to be suddenly removed to another and perhaps distant part, or dismissed altogether, in which case they might at once fall into poverty and insignificance. They were thus induced to drain the resources of their government to the utmost, as their possession was so uncertain, and frequently with the additional motive of enabling them to carry on a rebellion against the emperor, whenever he should wish to dispossess them of the provinces. The system was thus a perpetual premium upon revolt and oppression. The other circumstance to which we alluded, seems to be thus accounted for:—the people, not having the smallest share in the machinery of government, were perfectly uninterested in the continual struggles of their superiors for power. All changes were alike to them; or, if not alike, the balance of anticipated good was most probably favorable for such an invader as Baber; it is even possible that Timur and Nadir, coming, as they did, when confusion and discontent pervaded the empire, were looked for with more curiosity than dread, more hope than fear, by the uninstructed multitudes of India.

ELLENNA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Thou camest across me like a meteor's light,
Breaking athwart the dim, dull sky of night,
Flashing deep eyes like pools of water bright,
Sweet Ellenna!
I loved thee as the pagan loves the sun,
As the tired hare the water's crystal run,
Dearer than light unto the cloistered nun
Thou wert to me.

But one came near and stole thee, love, away,
When dripped the rain, one dismal autumn day,
He took thee with him 'cross the foam-white bay,
Sweet Ellenna!
And I sat down to dream of massive halls,
With rusty armor grim ranged on the walls,
And dames who danced at stern old feudal balls,
And thou wert there.

Sweet one, if thou in all thy love hadst died,
And pale and coffined been borne from my side
By dead, white arms across death's foaming tide,
I had not wept!
But now I think of thee as thou wert *then*,
Winning soft glances from proud, lordly men,
All thy love-wealth poured in my bosom, when
Thou kissed me, Ellenna!

Wealth had a charm for thy meek azure eyes,
And thou wert won by looking at the prize,
Ne'er heeding all my hot, heart burning sighs,
Oh, Ellenna!
'Tis past. I ask not that it different be;
Hadst thou been mine, I fear I'd worshipped thee,
Forgetful of God's wondrous majesty—
Bowing before an earthly shrine.

I'll look upon thy face no more, no more;
I fear to see the smile thy red lips wore,
But on that far-off, starry-spangled shore,
I'll hover near!
And there our love shall live, unchained by gold,
Where hearts are coined not, neither bought nor sold,
Where God's strong arms around his children fold,
My Ellenna!

Digitized by Google

JONES UNDER TWO ASPECTS.

JONES AT HOME—AND JONES ABROAD.

It is strange how the same person may vary under different circumstances! Only look at Jones. The clown tumbling on the stage at Christmas, and the clown smoking his pipe at his own fireside, cannot be two more distinct personages than Jones at home and Jones abroad.

Now, Jones at home is a plain, simple, inoffensive person. His clothes are as neat and as regular as his other habits. Walking always in the quiet shade of life, he is happy if he escapes notice. He steps out carefully, at a slow, measured pace, measuring his time to the accuracy of half a minute. You never see him pushing his way roughly to the front ranks. He falls in with the others, and takes his place cheerfully where chance allots it to him. Should he push against any one, an instant apology comes gushing from his lips. His manners are as modest as his ways. He has always a hand ready to help any one over a dirty path; and, wherever there is a dangerous crossing, you see him affectionate almost in his attentions to old ladies and children. Self with him is the last person thought of. At dinner he would scorn being helped before his neighbor. If the last pear is his by right of rotation, he will resign it without a murmur, even though the person claiming it has had one already. At night, if it's raining, he will go outside the omnibus with pleasure "to oblige a lady." To the fair sex, generally, he is quite a Brompton Bayard of chivalry. Raleigh only threw his cloak down upon the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over; but Jones would fling himself, body, cloak, pantaloons, and all, and would take pride in his abject and moist position, if he only felt a lady's tiny foot tip-toeing it gently over his manly form. I would be bound he would not brush the mud off his clothes for many a day, but would look proudly on every dirty spot, as a glittering cross of knighthood that had been conferred upon him by some matchless Queen of Beauty! All his reproofs have the mildness of milk-and-water. As for a blow, it is doubtful if his hand, brave as it is, could twist itself into the formation of a fist. He uses it only to caress, as if mankind was some loved dog that he was fond of patting. He never treads on a person's prejudices; and as for sneers, sarcasms, or raillery, he would as soon commit to memory the irreverent songs that are popular at the Coalhole, as lend his lips to any such cutting inquiry of a person as whether his maternal parent was aware of his absence from home? Upright in all his commercial dealings as any of the great pillars on the Stock Exchange—as respectful in his demeanor as a tradesman who has "a little bill to make up"—with a heart, like a fire-engine, kept ready harnessed to fly instantly, upon the smallest alarm, to the assistance of distress—Jones is, with justice, one of the Court cards in the Brompton pack, and, without a flaw, the brightest jewel of the Crescent in which he lives!

But Jones abroad is a very different person. So different is he from the other Jones at home, you would not recognise him for the same individual. The fact is, the moment he leaves England he begins picking out, one by one, all the rose-leaves that constituted the charm and bloom of his character at home, until at last there is nothing but the green stalk left; and this he parades about with as much pride as if there was still the same blushing flower on the top of it. It is strange, but, like the Christmas clown above mentioned, no sooner does he leave his own fireside than he begins painting his face, and disfiguring himself, and tumbling and shrieking unmeaningly, and playing all sorts of absurd antics. These are partly tolerated because people think he is mad, and excuse him upon the broad, generous plea that "he is an Englishman." The poor "furrineers" imagine, because Jones is a clown amongst them, that he is a clown always, and that, in fact, the whole country is full of such clowns; nor can you be surprised at their having grown up in this geographical error, when they do see so many exhibitions of Grimaldi-ism on the part of our beloved countrymen. Jones for the time is laboring under some curious hallucination that, because he has gone abroad to enjoy himself, he must do everything that a rational creature ought not to do. His dress instantly undergoes a strange metamorphosis. From the plain, simple garb, of one sober uniform color, that he wore before, he emerges all at once into a dragon-fly of the brightest colors, that keep buzzing and flying in everybody's face. Nothing is too extravagant for his appearance; and, if he had ordered the tailor to make him a suit of clothes out of a patch-work counterpane, he would not have succeeded in putting on his body a mass of ill-associated tints more chaotically flung together. The effect is most grotesque, and the little children follow him under the cruel delusion that they are about to see conjuring tricks. Groups of countrymen collect round him in the market-place, and every time he opens his mouth expect to see fire issuing out of it, and make sure, whenever he puts his hand into his pocket, that he will pull out at least a glass globe with a number of gold-fish swimming about in it, or at all events begin unwinding off his body an interminable cable of sausages. But when they observe that he takes his hat off without as much as a pigeon flying into the air, and that he blows his nose without so much as a pack of cards falling out of his pocket-handkerchief, they leave Jones in disgust, and drop off with the firm conviction

Digitized by Google

that Jones is an imposter. When he visits a cathedral he does not think of those whose attendance is prompted by quite another feeling than that of idle curiosity. He lounges about staring, disturbing persons in their devotions; and, should anything in the service strike him as being rather strange or ridiculous, he does not scruple to give utterance to his indignation, and, at times, I am ashamed to say, even goes so far as to laugh idiotically. I have seen him actually comb his hair during High Mass; and I have had a difficulty in believing that it could be the same exemplary Jones whose conduct at home is such a pattern for the charity children at Brompton church. I have observed with pain strangers nudge his elbow to remind him that he has forgotten to remove the cap off his head, and been shocked at his taking a sketch of some fine altarpiece before which peasants were praying on Christmas-eve. At theatres his conduct is very little better. He will talk because he cannot understand the performance himself, and laughs outright at the comical notion of people making use of such "abominable gibberish as that." He keeps disturbing his neighbors by continually going out and coming in again, and is astonished at the little willingness they show in making way for him. At tables d'hôte he loudly expresses his disgust. Nothing is good enough for him. The wines are downright vinegar. Why don't they have port, sherry, or marsala—something that a Christian can drink? The dishes are all filthy "kickshaws." He is not going to poison his stomach with them; and he calls for joints, curries, deviled bones, Irish-stews, bashawed lobsters, Welsh-rabbits, scalloped oysters, and the like; and great is his indignation when he hears that they have not got them. He is always boasting of the superior wealth of his country, and declaring publicly that England would "buy up the whole beggarly lot of them." He is always vaunting the mighty superiority of England in everything; and it is this eternal English standard, by which he will measure everything, that makes every enjoyment fall short of his expectations. He seems to carry it about with him as a rod for his own chastisement. He imagines that the Continent was made for Englishmen, and that, if the customs of a country are not in strict accordance with his English tastes and fancy, he has a right to visit his full contempt upon the inhabitants.—Thus, he is extremely facetious on frogs, and wonderfully sarcastic over sourkrout. All police-sergeants, gendarmes, and custom-house officers, he fancies he has a vested right to oppose and abuse as much as he pleases. He resents a demand to see his passport as an insult, and parts with his keys to have his trunks examined as an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject, about which he has a good mind to write to Lord Palmerston. Poor Lord Palmerston! What frightful abuse does Jones make of his name! and, if only one-half of the letters that Jones, and the whole tribe of Joneses on the Continent, threaten to write to his Lordship, are ever written, we unfeignedly pity his Lordship's secretary, and hope he has a large sum allowed him for paper and sealing-wax.—But Jones is the author of all his own troubles. He stirs up the water and makes it muddy, and then complains that he cannot drink it. If he would only take things as he finds them, instead of howling and running after things that are not to be got, he would be twice as happy. If he would not grumble so much, perhaps he would be able to admire something out of England. If he would not look upon every foreigner as a cheat who wants to impose upon him, perhaps he would not so often lose his temper in the course of the day, and certainly would not be a sou the poorer by the time he went to bed. And, lastly, if he would only learn to conform to the customs of a country, and to do as the inhabitants do, instead of always expecting the inhabitants to do what he, as an Englishman, imagines they ought to do, he would not make himself so objectionable, would be treated with much greater civility, would enlarge the circle of his own enjoyments, and bring back with him to his own country far pleasanter reminiscences of his travels abroad. But, to do this, Jones must get rid of the conceit, the suspicion, the vulgarity, the narrow-mindedness, the ill-temper, and, above all, that national bulldogedness—snarling, growling, barking, attacking everybody, and opposing everything—which he fancies is always necessary to assume with different clothes the moment he lands on the Continent.

When this triumph is achieved, we shall no longer notice with sorrow the painful discrepancy there exists between JONES AT HOME and JONES ABROAD. There will be but one Jones then, and he will carry Brompton to the Boulevards, and bring back with him in return the Boulevards to Brompton.

HORACE MAYHEW.

PUPIL AND TUTOR.

P. What shall I do lest life in silence pass?
T. And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute,
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean; fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.

P. What shall I do to be for ever known?
T. Thy duty ever.
P. This did full many who yet sleep unknown.
T. Oh! never, never.
Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown:
Divine their lot!

P. What shall I do to have eternal life?
T. Discharge aright
The simple dues with which the day is rife,
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled;
While he who ever acts as Conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.

Digitized by Google

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

No. XII.—BACON.

Th's illustrious man, to whom is ascribed the honor of having founded the modern system of philosophy, was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon.

www.libool.com.cn



FRANCIS BACON.

His mother was Anne, daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, eminent for her skill in Latin and Greek. He was born in 1560, and showed such marks of genius, that he was taken notice of by Queen Elizabeth when very young. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and made such incredible progress in his studies that, before he was sixteen, he had not only run through the whole circle of liberal arts, as then taught, but he began to perceive those imperfections in the reigning philosophy, which he afterward so effectually exposed. On his leaving the University, his father sent him to France, where, before he was nineteen years of age, he wrote a general view of the state of Europe; but, Sir Nicholas dying, he was obliged suddenly to return to England, when he applied himself to the study of the common law, at Gray's Inn. At this period the famous Earl of Essex, who could distinguish merit, entered into an intimate friendship with him. He zealously attempted, though without success, to procure him the office of queen's solicitor; and, in order to comfort his friend under the disappointment, conferred on him a present of land to the value of £1800. Bacon, notwitstanding the earl's friendship, and even the early prepossession of her majesty in his favor, met with many obstacles to his preferment during her reign. His enemies represented him as a speculative man, whose head was filled with philosophical notions, and, therefore, more likely to perplex than to forward public business. It was with great difficulty that Lord Treasurer Burleigh obtained for him the reversion of register to the star chamber, worth about £1600 a year, which only fell to him about twenty years after Neither did he obtain any other preferments all this reign, though if obedience to a sovereign in the most disagreeable of all offices—viz., the casting of reflections on a deceased friend—intitled him, he might have claimed it. The people were so clamorous, even against the queen herself, on the death of Essex, that it was thought necessary to vindicate the conduct of the administration. This was assigned to Bacon, which brought on him universal censure; nay, his life was threatened.

Upon the accession of King James, he was soon raised to considerable honors, and wrote in favor of the union of the two kingdoms of Scotland and England, which the king so passionately desired. In 1616, he was sworn of the privy council. He then applied himself to the reducing and recomposing of the laws of England. He distinguished himself, when attorney-general, by his endeavors to restrain dueling, then very frequent. In 1617, he was appointed lord keeper of the great seal, and in 1618, lord chancellor of England, and created Lord Verulam.

In the midst of these honors and multiplicity of business, he forgot not his philosophy, but, in 1620, he published his great work, entitled *Novum Organum*. We find, by several of his letters, that he thought convening of parliaments was the best expedient for the king and people.

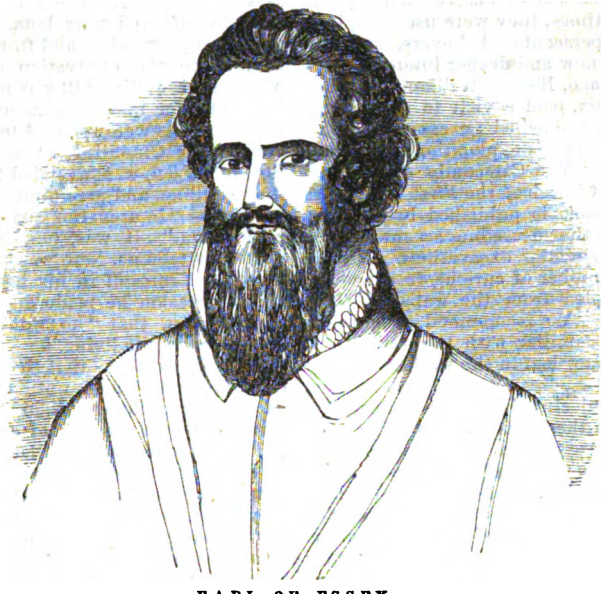
In 1621, he was advanced to the dignity of Viscount St. Albans, and appeared with great splendor at the opening of the session of parliament. But he soon after met with a melancholy reverse of fortune. For, about the 12th of March, a committee of the house of commons was appointed to inspect the abuses of the courts of justice The first thing they fell upon was bribery and corruption, of which the lord chancellor was accused. For that very year complaints being made to the house of commons of his lordship's having received bribes, those com-



LORD BURLEIGH.

Digitized by Google

plaints were sent up to the house of lords; and new ones being daily made of a like nature, things soon grew too high to be got over. The king found it impossible to save both his chancellor, who was openly accused of corruption, and Buckingham his favorite, who was secretly and, therefore, more dangerously attacked, as the encourager of whatever was deemed most illegal and oppressive. He, therefore, forced the former to abandon his defence, positively enjoining him to submit to his peers, and promising to screen him in the last determination, or, if that could not be, to reward him afterward. The chancellor, though he foresaw his approaching ruin, if he did not plead for himself, resolved to obey; and the house of peers, on the 3d of May, 1821, gave judgment against him, "that he should be fined £40,000, and remain prisoner in the tower during the king's pleasure; that he should forever be incapable of holding any office, place, or employment in the state; and that he should never sit in parliament, or come within the verge of the court." The fault which, next to his ingratitude to Essex, thus



EARL OF ESSEX.

tarnished the glory of this illustrious man, is said to have proceeded from his indulgence to his servants, who made a corrupt use of it.—One day, during his trial, passing through a room where several of his domestics were sitting, upon their rising up to salute him, he said, "Sit down, my masters; your rise has been my fall." And we are told by Rushworth, in his historical collections, "that he treasured up nothing for himself or family, but was over-indulgent to his servants, and connived at their takings. They were profuse and expensive, and had at their command whatever he was master of.

The gifts taken were, for the most part, for interlocutory orders. His decrees were generally made with so much equity, that, though gifts rendered him suspected of injustice, yet never any decree made by him was reversed as unjust. It was peculiar to this great man—say the authors of the Biog. Brit.—to have nothing narrow and selfish in his composition. He gave away without concern whatever he possessed; and, believing other men of the same mould, he received with as little consideration.

He retired, after a short imprsionment, from engagements of an active life, to the shade of a contemplative one, which he had always loved. The king remitted his fine, and he was summoned to parliament in the first year of King Charles I.

It appears from the works composed during his retirement that his thoughts were still free, vigorous, and noble. The last five years of his life he devoted wholly to his studies. In his recess, he composed the greatest part of his English and Latin works. He died in 1626, and was buried in St. Michael's church, at St. Albans, where a monument of white marble was erected to him by Sir Thomas Meautys, formerly his secretary, and afterward clerk of the privy council under two kings. A complete edition of his works was published in London, in 1740.

Addison has said of him, "that he had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful graces and embellishments of Cicero." Mr. Walpole called him the "prophet of arts," which Newton was afterward to reveal; and adds, that his genius and his works will be universally admired as long as science exists. But, we must add with regret, "as long as ingratitude and adulation are despicable, so long shall we lament the depravity of this great man's heart. Alas! that he who could command immortal fame, should have stooped to the little ambition of power!"

Digitized by Google

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

THEIR ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

Among the curiosities of the world, are the Catacombs of Rome, which form a network of excavations beneath the "Eternal City;" extending, at one time, to a distance, it is believed, of over fifteen miles. These subterranean passages were originally commenced by the Etruscans, and afterwards continued by the Romans, and are the remains of extensive quarries. In early Christian times, they were used as places of refuge for persecuted believers, and this gives to them a new and deeper interest.

A few years ago, Bishop William Ingraham Kip, of California, paid a visit to these Catacombs, and has published an exceedingly interesting account of his explorations, in a small volume entitled "The Catacombs of Rome, as illustrating the Church of the First Three Centuries." The book is published by Redfield. We take from it the succeeding account of the origin of these singular excavations. It is illustrated by a number of curious drawings and inscriptions, copied from the walls of these hidden passages. We recommend its perusal to all not already familiar with the subject. It will be found a new leaf in the world's singular history:

It has been conjectured by some writers, says Bishop Kip, that these excavations were commenced long before the founding of the Eternal City by that race who made it famous under the name of Rome. There are traces everywhere of a former mighty people inhabiting these sites, long anterior to the age assigned to Romulus and Remus, when the massive Etruscan tombs were reared, and those temples built in Pæstum, which, two thousand years ago, the Romans were accustomed to visit as antiquities. But they were a people all knowledge of whose language and records has perished. No Rosetta stone has yet been found to furnish a key to the literature of this mysterious race, and their existence is only known by the inscriptions, and sculptures, and vases dug out of the earth, and filling the museums of Italy, or by their rifled tombs presenting objects of curious study to the antiquarian. We speak of them as the Etruscans, but beyond this everything with regard to them is a blank.

It is supposed that by them these quarries may have been first opened, for there is a massiveness in the character of their architecture which enables us at once to distinguish it, even from the earlier Roman. These ancient quarries abound, too, not only at Rome, but at Naples, and through all the south of Italy. They are traced, too, in Sicily, in Greece, in nearly all the Greek isles, and in Asia Minor; and perhaps the celebrated labyrinth in the island of Crete, was formed originally by excavations of this kind. But they are never found except in the vicinity of some considerable and ancient city, or near the spot where some such city once stood.

The Romans inherited the domains of this mysterious race, and we find allusions to the Catacombs in their writers, long before the Christian era. The great increase of the city in the latter days of the republic, led again to the working of quarries in the immediate neighborhood, to procure the materials necessary for building. The soil of the Campagna rests on tufa and puzzolana, a volcanic, sandy rock, easily quarried, and from its texture well adapted to the excavation of long galleries, while the Esquiline hill was undermined to obtain sand for making cement. These subterranean works were referred to by Cicero, in his oration for Cluentius, when Asinius, a young Roman citizen, was inveigled to the gardens of the Esquiline, and precipitated into one of the sand-pits—"in arenarias quasdam extra portam Esquilinam." It was, too, in these caverns, Seutonius tells us, Nero was afterward advised to conceal himself in his hour of danger; on which occasion he made answer to his freedman, Phaon, that "he would not go under the ground while living."

In this way it was that these crypts or galleries were first formed, until the whole subsoil on one side of Rome was, in the course of time, perforated by a network of excavations, which ultimately extended to a distance of fifteen or, as some say, twenty miles. But when these quarries were exhausted of their original stores, they stood vacant, ready to be appropriated to any other use. And none, of course, would know their intricate windings, but those whose hands had formed them, and by whose labor these excavations had been made.

Then came the advent of the Christian faith. The *arenarii*, or sand-diggers, and the workmen in the quarries, were persons of the lowest grade, and cut off by their occupation from the crowds in the busy city, probably formed a separate and distinct community. There is reason to believe that Christianity found among them its earliest proselytes, for its first followers everywhere were the lowest in the social scale. These "hereditary bondsmen," indeed, scarcely calling their lives their own in this world, would most naturally gladly welcome the hopes which dawned upon them from the world to come. One of the most common figures found portrayed in nearly all of these quarries—and which can easily be distinguished from the Christian order of the fossors—is that of a man carrying some implement of labor, often for the purpose of excavation, and wearing the short tunic and scanty dress of the slave. In times of persecution, therefore, the converts employed in the subterranean passages had already provided for them a secure retreat, which also they opened to their brethren in the faith, until it became the place of refuge of the Roman Church. In addition to this, we learn from a number of testimonies, that the early

Digitized by Google

Christians themselves, as a punishment for abandoning the ancient faith, were often sentenced to labor in these sand pits. In the "Acts of the Martyrs," we are told, that the Emperor Maximian "condemned all the Roman soldiers, who were Christians, to hard labor; and in various places set them to work, some to dig stones, others, sand. He also ordered Ciriacus and Sisinnus to be strictly guarded, condemning them to dig sand, and to carry it on their shoulders." Thus it was that the members of the early Church, and they alone, became familiar with these winding recesses.

We can easily imagine how concealment in these gloomy labyrinths became practicable. The earliest victims selected in a persecution would, of course, be those most prominent in the Church—its bishop, or ministers, or officers.* These, therefore, would at once take refuge in the Catacombs, where the humbler members of the Church, whose obscurity for a time gave them safety, could easily supply them with all the necessaries of life. Springs, too, which still exist in various corridors, and wells—some of which are supposed to have been dug for the purpose of draining parts of the Catacombs—show some of the means by which life was preserved.

And may we not trace in this the hand of a protecting Providence? The Church was about to enter the furnace of affliction, and to be encircled by the rage of the adversaries; here, then, had previously been provided a sure refuge, where it could abide until the storm was overpast. This was the cradle of the infant community. And, perhaps, we may go a step farther, and assert, that while the church in Rome owed much of the rapidity of its triumph to the protection afforded by the Catacombs, by furnishing a place of refuge where the faithful generally had a secure retreat, in later times, the lessons taught by these ancient sepulchres must have long served to arrest the progress of innovation, as the Roman Christians beheld recorded, before their eyes, evidences of the faith held "in their fathers' day, and in the old time before them." That the Catacombs were, throughout, well known to the early Christians, is evident; for all parts bear trace of their occupancy. We meet on every side with tombs and chapels, paintings and inscriptions, and, for three hundred years, the entire Christian population of Rome found sepulture in these recesses.

The "Acts of the Martyrs" relate many attempts made by the persecutors of the early Christians, to trace them in these retreats. But the entrances were so numerous, scattered for miles over the Campagna, and the labyrinths below so complicated, and blocked up in various places, that pursuit was generally useless. Occasionally, however, these efforts were successful, and the Catacombs became not only the burial-place of the martyrs, but also the scene of their last sufferings. In the time of Cyprian, Xystus, Bishop of Rome, together with Quartus, one of his clergy, poured out their blood on this spot; and Stephen, another Bishop of Rome, was traced by the heathen soldiers to his subterranean chapel. They allowed him to conclude the service in which he was engaged, when he was thrust back into his episcopal chair, and thus beheaded.*

In the life of this St. Stephen, the first Roman Bishop of that name, there are many scenes connected with the Catacombs. It was there that he was obliged to pass much of his time, sending forth the priest Eusebius, and the deacon Marcellus, to invite the faithful to come to him for personal conference. There he assembled his clergy, and collected the neophytes, to instruct and baptize them. Among his followers was Hippolytus, a Christian of Rome, who had also taken refuge in the Catacombs. His sister Paulina, and her husband Adrias, both pagans, who were intrusted with the secret of his retreat, supplied him with the requisites of life, by means of their two children, a boy of ten, and a girl of thirteen years of age. They were in the habit of repairing to their uncle's hiding-place at stated times, with a basket of provisions. Hippolytus, sorrowing over the heathen darkness of his relatives, sought the venerable bishop, and consulted him on the subject of his painful solicitude. The advice he received was, to detain them on their next visit, in the hope that their parents, alarmed by their absence, would themselves seek them in the Catacombs, when a favorable opportunity would be afforded for placing before them the claims of our faith. The expedient was adopted, and when the children next made their usual visit, they were easily persuaded to remain. Their parents, at the expiration of the ordinary interval, became alarmed, and hurried to the cemetery, where they found their son and daughter with St. Stephen, who used all his persuasive eloquence, but apparently in vain, to make them converts to the Christian faith. They retired unbelievers; but the good seed was sown. They returned again, at the request of the bishop, and, after repeated meetings, and a course of instruction, they and their children were baptized; and all four, as well as St. Stephen and Hippolytus, were honored with the crown of martyrdom, and buried in the Catacombs.†

St. Chrysostom, who, although not living in the age of persecution, was near enough to it to receive its traditions in all their original freshness, uses, on one occasion, an illustration plainly drawn from these scenes. He speaks of "a lady unaccustomed to privation, trembling in a vault, apprehensive of the capture of her maid, upon whom she depends for her daily food."

We have, too, the testimony of Prudentius, who, also, in a most graphic manner, portrays

* When, in 1809, Napoleon was pressing his demands upon Pius VII., that pontiff, in refusing to comply, said: "I shall make no resistance; I am ready to retire into a convent, or into the same Catacombs of Rome that afforded shelter to the first successors of St. Peter."

* Baronius: Annals, tom. iii., p. 76.

† Baronius: Annals, tom. iii., p. 69.

Digitized by Google

these retreats. After speaking of the care shown by the church, in gathering the mangled remains of the martyr, Hippolytus, he thus minutely describes the catacomb in which they are deposited:—

"Haud procul extremo culta ad pomeria vallo,
Mersa latebrosis crypta patet foreis,
Hujus in occultum gradibus via prona reflexis
Ire per anfractus luce latente docet;
Primas namque fores summo tenus intrat hiatu;
Illustratque dies limina vestibuli.
Inde ubi progressu facili nigrescere visa est
Nox obscura loci per specus ambiguum,
Occurrunt celsis immensa foramina tectis,
Quæ jaciunt claros antra super radios.
Quamlibet ancipites texant hinc inde recessus,
Arcta sub umbrosis atria porticibus;
Attamen excisi subter cava viscera montis
Crebra terebrato fornice lux penetrat;
Sic datur absentis per subterranea solis
Cernere fulgorum luminibusque frui."*

"Beyond the rampart, 'mid the garden-grounds,
Darkles a crypt in the sequestered mine:
With tortuous steps, a swift descent and prone,
Dives down into its heart. The cavern's mouth
Lies open freely to the day, and drinks
A light that cheers the shadowy vestibule;
But, in its bosom, night, obscure and vast,
Blackens around the explorer's way, nor yields
Save where, down fissures slanting through the vaults,
Clear rays, though broken, glance on roof and wall.
On all sides spreads the labyrinth, woven dense
With paths that cross each other; branching now
In caverned chapels and sepulchral halls;
But ever through the subterranean maze
That light from fissure and from cleft looks down,
Fruition granting of an absent sun."

There is one inscription over the grave of a martyr, which shows that he was surprised by the emissaries of Antonine, while praying in the Catacombs. The date of this event was during the fifth persecution, in the reign of the second Antonine (for the first was friendly to the Christians), which began in the year 161. We copy a portion only of the epitaph:—

"GENVA ENIM FLECTENS VERO DEO SA CRIFICATVRVS AD SVPPLICIA DVCTTVRO TEMPORA INFAVSTA QVIBVS INTER SA CRA ET VOTA NE IN CAVERNIS QVIDEM SALVARI POSSIMVS"

"For while on his knees, and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O, sad times! in which sacred rites and prayers, *even in caverns*, afford no protection to us!"

The edicts of the Roman emperors, indeed, often referred to the cemeteries as places of worship. Such was the case when Æmilianus, a præfect of Egypt during the persecution under Valerian, issued an edict, one sentence of which was—"Moreover, it shall no longer be lawful for you or for others to hold assemblies, nor to enter the cemeteries, as they are called." Orders to the same import were sent forth by Maximium, on the renewal of the Diocletian persecution, forbidding the Christians to meet in the Catacombs. The attempt, however, proved futile, and the followers of Christ still found a refuge in their accustomed places of meeting, until the adherents of the old religion, under the government of Hilario, were so exasperated, that they demanded the destruction of the Catacombs.* No effort was made, however, to carry this into effect, peace came once more at the close of the Valerian persecution, and when the Emperor Gallienus sent forth an edict, declaring that the ministers of the faith might perform the customary duties of their office with freedom, particular reference is made to the Catacombs, which had been seized by his officers. He grants permission to the bishops, "to recover what are called the Cemeteries."† So well known at this time had become these caves as places of Christian worship. Even after the general establishment of Christianity, as late as the year 352, during a temporary persecution by the Arians, Liberius, bishop of Rome, took up his abode in the cemetery of St. Agnes.

"To our classic associations, indeed, Rome was still, under Trajan and the Antonines, the city of the Cæsars, the metropolis of pagan idolatry—in the pages of her poets and historians, we still linger among the triumph of the Capitol, the shows of the Coliseum—or, if we read of a Christian being dragged before the tribunal, or exposed to the beasts, we think of him as one of a scattered community, few in number, spiritless in action, and politically insignificant. But all this while there was living beneath the visible, an invisible Rome—a population unheeded, unreckoned — thought of vaguely, vaguely spoken of, and with the familiarity and indifference that men feel who live on a volcano, yet a population strong-hearted, of quick impulses, nerved alike to suffer or to die, and in numbers, resolution, and physical force, sufficient to have hurled their oppressors from the throne of the world, had they not deemed it their duty to kiss the rod, to love their enemies, to bless those that cursed them, and to submit for their Redeemer's sake to the 'powers that be.' Here, in these 'dens and caves of the earth,' they lived; here, they died—a 'spectacle' in their lifetime 'to men and angels,' and on their death a 'triumph' to mankind—a triumph of which the echoes still float around the walls of Rome, and over the desolate Campagna, while those that once thrilled the Capitol are silenced, and the walls that returned them have long since crumbled into dust."‡

Thus, three centuries passed by, and Christianity, emerging from these recesses, walked boldly on the soil beneath which she had so long been glad to seek concealment. Then, for a time, the Catacombs were places which the Christians, now living in security, visited with

* Peristephanon: Hymn iv.

* Tertullian, Ep. and Scapulam, cap. 5.

† Eusebius: Hist. Eccles., lib. vii., cap 13.

‡ Lord Lindsay's *Christian Art*, vol. i., p. iv.

Digitized by Google

reverence, as the scenes of their brethren's sufferings. St. Jerome thus speaks of them in the middle of the fourth century: "When I was at Rome," says the monk of Palestine, "still a youth, and employed in literary pursuits, I was accustomed, in company with others of my own age, and actuated by the same feelings, to visit on Sundays the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs, and often to go down into the crypts dug in the heart of the earth, where the walls on either side are lined with the dead; and so intense is the darkness, that we almost realize the words of the prophet, 'They go down alive into Hades.' Here and there a scanty aperture, ill-deserving the name of a window, admits scarcely light enough to mitigate the gloom which reigns below; and as we advance through the shades with cautious steps, we are forcibly reminded of the words of Virgil: 'Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.—Horror on all sides, even the silence terrifies the mind.'"*

But these crypts became more than places to be visited by the curious with melancholy interest. When "the calamities were overpast," and the true-hearted needed no longer for safety to "wander in dens and caves of the earth," reverence for these dark abodes, which had been the scenes of the sufferings and constancy of those from whom they had inherited their faith, was witnessed in their still continuing to be selected as places of sepulture. Compelled no longer by the rage of the adversary, to spend their lives in these gloomy retreats, they turned to them in the hour of death, and enjoined that their last resting-place should be with the martyrs in this *terra sancta*. Popes and prelates, kings and queens, emperors and empresses, the highest in rank and the most devout in life, or most penitent in death, were for some centuries interred in these crypts, in the neighborhood of the tombs of Roman slaves and criminals, Christian laborers, and hewers of stone, and the early martyrs. Even from the remote parts of Europe, the bodies of illustrious persons were carried thither for sepulture, as, a few centuries later, princes and nobles commanded in their wills that their bodies, or, at least, their hearts, should be carried to Palestine and buried in the Holy Land. The following are a few of the illustrious dead who were inhumed in the Roman Catacombs during the Middle Ages:—

Anaclitus, fifth bishop of Rome.
Pope Leo I.
Pope Gregory the Great, who first undertook the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons.
Popes Gregory II. and III.
Pope Leo IX. He died A. D. 1050, and was the last pope buried in the Catacombs.
The Emperor Honorius.
The Emperor Valentinian.
The Emperor Otho II.
Cedwalla, a king of the Western Saxons.
Conrad, a king of the Mercians.
Offa, a Saxon king.
Ina, the king of the Anglo-Saxons, with Queen Eldiburga, his wife.
The Princess Mary, daughter of Stilicho, and wife of the Emperor Honorius.
The Empress Agnes.
The unfortunate Charlotte, Queen of Cyprus.
The celebrated Countess Matilda, who lived in the twelfth century, and to whom the Roman see was much indebted for the increase of its wealth and territorial possessions.*

But it was not long after the firm establishment of Christianity as the religion of the state, that the flood of barbarian invasion rolled over Italy, when neither works of art, or holy places, or consecrated churches, were respected by their rude northern conquerors. When the army of the Huns, under Attila, and then that of the Goths, under Totila, were gathered about the walls of Rome, pressing its siege, they ransacked the Catacombs, and tore open the graves, in the hope of finding buried treasures. And these were followed by the Lombards, and Saracens, and other devastators. Each added to the desecrations, until the Catacombs were necessarily deserted by the Christian population of Rome. Burials ceased in the crypts, and services in the chapels, until the neglected caverns were left to bats, and obscure birds and beasts, or became the hiding-places of runaway debtors, thieves, and banditti. The Roman peasants avoided them in dread, or when, on their way to and from the market places of the city, they were obliged to pass the mouths of the caverns under the Esquiline mount, they did so in companies, hurrying by with trembling steps, as they muttered a prayer, or chanted a psalm or hymn.

Then came the tumultuous times of the Middle Ages, when the country was surrendered up to the warfare of factuous nobles, and an unruly populace, when often, for long seasons, all was utter anarchy, and in the language of Dante—

"Never was Romagna without war
In her proud tyrants' bosoms."

Every tomb and monument was turned into a fortress, and the visiter to Rome can still see about them the remains of these mediæval battlements. The Fragipani held the massive arch of Janus Quadrifons and the Coliseum; the Orsini, the tomb of Hadrian, and the theatre of Pompey; the Colonna family, the mausoleum of Augustus, and the baths of Constantine; the tomb of Cæcilia Metella was converted into a fortress by the Savelli and the Gaetani: the ruins of the Capitol were held by the Corsi; the Quirinal by the Conti; and the Pantheon by the garrison of the popes.

It was not to be expected, therefore, that the

* Hieronymus in Ezechiel, cap. x.

* This list is given by Macfarlane, p. 35. He has taken it from that of the Abbe Gaume, *Les Trois Romes*, v. iv., p. 30. Arringhi has also devoted a chapter to this subject, in which he gives substantially the same catalogue: "De Imperatoribus ac regibus, qui apud Vaticanum sepulturæ traditi sunt."—Lib. ii. cap. 9.

Digitized by Google

Catacombs should escape the same desecration. The contests of the feudal retainers of these warlike nobles, penetrated even to these secluded caverns, conspiracies were arranged in their dark recesses, and armed insurgents assembled there, to wait for reinforcements from the neighboring towns and villages, and for the fierce banditti from the mountains. During that long contest between the powerful families of Colonna and Orsini, the combats between their vassals and retainers took place, not only on the Esquiline mount, but also in the caverns beneath. The awfulness of the spot, the dread presence of the departed, and the emblems of religion, imposed no restraint upon the furious combatants, but often these dark passages rang with the rival war-cries—"The Colonna! the Colonna!" and "Beware the bear's hug!" So, too, was it, when Sciarra Colonna seized Pope Boniface, and made him prisoner in his own palace. He had called down from the mountains of the Abruzzi, and his other fiefs and castles in the Appennines, bands of fierce retainers, who arrived in small parties, and, to prevent suspicion, concealed themselves in these caverns, until their leader could summon them forth at the moment for action.

Nor was the case different, when in the next age the papal court was removed to Avignon, during the seventy years which Petrarch calls "the Babylonian captivity." Then, a darker ruin gathered about the Imperial city. The country around was inundated, and the stagnant waters, mixed with decomposed vegetable matter, evaporated under the intense summer sun, until the whole neighborhood of the city, where the openings of the Catacombs were situated, became the prey to the most deadly malaria. At certain seasons these passages were occupied by shepherds and their flocks, while spending the winter months in grazing on the wide-spread Campagna, but ordinarily they seemed to have been the resort of robbers and felons. This is the testimony of Petrarch:—

"They are become like robbers' caves,
So that only the good are denied entrance;
And among altars and saintly statues,
Every cruel enterprise seems to be concerted." *

Amid the revolutions caused by the efforts of Cola di Rienzi, "the last of the Tribunes," the Catacombs are again mentioned as places of muster and concealment, and one of the old chroniclers tells us, that when the final hour of the Tribune had come, and the furious populace were gathered against him, being advised by some of his friends to take temporary refuge in the Catacombs, he answered, as Nero had done thirteen hundred years before, that "he would not bury himself alive."

Yet even in the darkest times, when most persons shunned the Catacombs as places of danger, there seem to have been some, who, moved by piety or curiosity, occasionally visited the few crypts which were most accessible, and left behind them, on the walls or tombstones, brief inscriptions, hastily and slightly cut, to record their visits. Thus we find, in one place, a few words, denoting that a Bishop of Pisa and his companions had been there at the beginning of the fourteenth century; and in another place are traced the name of six individuals—German names, Latinized—with the sign of the cross after each name, and the date, A. D., 1397, underneath them all. On one of the early Christian tombs, too, were found a palm-leaf, worked in silver, and a small coronet of silver, gilded, and inscribed with a name, and the date 1340. They had been concealed and preserved by the pozzolano and earth falling upon them and burying them. In another crypt was found this inscription, with the date 1321 above it, and the names of three visitors beneath it: "Gather together, O Christians, in these caverns, to read the holy books, to sing hymns to the honor of martyrs and saints that here lie buried, having died in the Lord; to sing psalms for those who are now dying in the faith. There is light in this darkness. There is music in these tombs."

It is evident that, during these ages, these sanctuaries of the ancient Church were gradually forgotten. The mouths of most of the Catacombs were blocked up by the accumulation of rubbish, by the falling in of the tufa and earth over the arches, or by the rapid growth of gigantic weeds, dense bushes, and trees. It required constant use to preserve a knowledge of their intricate windings, and therefore a few only of the principal entrances were kept open. Even these gradually became neglected, until the Church scarcely remembered her ancient home. It was not until the sixteenth century, that, through the labors of Bosio, the entire range of the Catacombs was reopened, after being untouched for more than a thousand years. They were found to be a vast treasury, rich in memorials of saints and martyrs—an enduring testimony, every page of which bore witness to the truth of Christian history, and recorded in letters "graven on the rock," the trials and persecutions of the early Church. Then, when the revival of letters enabled the learned to profit by the discovery, investigations commenced, which have been prosecuted to the present day, as the question has been agitated, whether Rome shall be permitted to claim identity in discipline and doctrine with these ancient disciples, who have thus bequeathed to us the memorials of their faith and sufferings.

Such is the history of the Catacombs. These dark and gloomy passages once formed the cradle of the Christian faith in Europe. As one age of persecution after another, drew its dark pall over the Church, it was here that the true-hearted found their place of refuge—their impregnable fortress against the might of pagan Rome. These narrow passages "rang with their hymns of lofty cheer"—here, they were trained for those victories which "wrote their names among the stars;" and, when the conflict was over, here their brethren laid them to their rest, in the very spot which had been so often hallowed by their prayers. "And their sepulchres are with us unto this day."

* "Quasi spelunca di ladron sean fatti,
Tal ch' a buon solamente uscio si chiude;
E tra le altari, e tra statue ignude,
Ogni impresa crudel par che si tratti." CANZONE, XI.

Digitized by Google

ONE YEAR OF LIFE.

BY LIZZIE LINWOOD.

Come with me, kind reader, from the ever beautifully ending paths through which imagination leads you, and listen to the sad history of one little year in the life of one who has a *real* existence. And if a tear of sympathy starts, let it drop, I pray you, for may be some ministering angel will witness and receive, and bear its comfort away to the hurt heart whose sorrows we here unfold. Thus wilt thou pour "balm upon a wounded spirit," whose gratitude, hereafter, "when the great books are opened," will enable you to rise one degree higher in the scales of heavenly bliss!

Elsie Grey was married—in the little church, that none might be excluded from the sight, though we half suspected that pride had much to do with the public exposure of the handsome bridegroom. He was a stranger in our village, Elsie having made her conquest while on a visit to a friend far away. Their brief acquaintance was lengthened by a few months of correspondence, which opened but little of his true character to her, while her own soul went out in all its fullness and trueness and constancy in the letters she weekly penned to him.

Poor Elsie! It would have been better for thee had some friendly voice sounded a warning, loud and long, ere that final step was taken. But—no—it was *permitted*, and "doeth *He* not all things well?"

True, she had received a letter of doubtful meaning from her friend—she could not quite understand it, though she comprehended that some disagreeable feeling existed toward him to whom she was affianced.

But loving hearts are slow to credit words of disparagement spoken of the one beloved. So Elsie Grey had laid aside her friend's letter with an inward determination to keep her heart free from doubts, and her confidence pure and deep in him to whom she was soon to be united.—There were no charges made—no plain accusations—*why* should she be influenced by such general remarks? She felt sure it was but the want of a closer acquaintance, or the ungenerous sayings of some envious one that had influenced her friend to write to her thus.

Yet the wedding day had brought "trembling and tears," and it was not without a shudder that friends and acquaintances were given up for the kindness and protection of an untried one.

She had had a brilliant description of the home to which she was going—its beauties, its conveniences, the large circle of friends who were waiting to receive her, and the ease and comfort which a handsome property promised them. And she had believed it—*all*—for Eugene Herbert's face was not one to create distrust.

It was night when they arrived, after a two days' journey, to the spot where that sweet dream of love and happiness was to have a slow awakening. But the dim lights could not hide from Elsie's vision the contrast between what she saw and what she had expected to see.—Not but that it was all well enough—not but that she would have been willing to have gone into the rudest cottage with her heart's chosen—but—that he had *deceived* her—purposely deceived her! The thought burst upon her mind with a terrible reality, but with a mighty effort she crushed it down, and in answer to a moment's mental prayer, she was enabled to speak calmly with those to whom she was presented. Her husband did not seem to notice the struggle, but, with a carelessness of manner she had never observed in him before, he gave some directions to those in attendance, and, after a few general remarks appropriate to the occasion, he left her to make enquiries as to occurrences during his absence.

When Elsie found herself alone with her husband again, she felt a most painful embarrassment, but, he was again tender, and she who had ever looked upon falsehood with the deepest disgust, powerless to condemn, received his caress, utterly unable to believe what her sight and hearing had made known to her.

Weeks passed, and the weight upon the young wife's heart grew heavier, and the tear came oftener to her eye, but the husband, throwing off the character of the lover, had seemed to become suddenly insensible to change or emotion in the one he had promised to love and protect. His manner became hasty and indifferent, while poor Elsie, with a wild desire to hold fast some of the happiness that was so speedily and so surely escaping, tasked her ingenuity to the utmost to conceal from him, and herself, too, the loss of the confidence and respect upon which her affection had rested.

Every month brought with it some new development of the husband's character. Creditors were making frequent and pressing demands. And, though some effort was made to conceal the tangled consequences of dishonorable dealings, yet continually the wife's mind was becoming more enlightened, and greater was the exertion called for to keep alive the ideal in presence of the real. Terrible, terrible was the struggle, known only to those who have had a like experience.

Mrs. Herbert stood at her hall door one pleasant morning. Two merry birds were hopping about in the yard—mated and happy. She was musing upon their relative situations, while a sigh escaped her at the thought that intelligence should ever be the means of sinking its possessors lower in the scale of virtue than the creatures whose movements were governed by instinct alone.

"Wherefore sighing—lady, mine!" said a voice just behind her. She turned and met her

Digitized by Google

husband, with a crushed letter in his hand, and a look of anxiety upon his countenance, that contrasted strongly with the mirthful tone in which he had addressed her. She forced back the tears that were pressing to be shed, and, with as much cheerfulness as she could command, was attempting a reply, when she was startled at the sudden paleness that overspread her companion's face, and looking where his gaze was directed, she observed two gentlemen walking with quick and firm steps toward the house.

"Tell them I am not at home," said her husband, hastily retreating through an inner door.

"Tell them he is not at home!" mentally exclaimed the unhappy woman. "Stain my soul with a lie! God help me—*I cannot do it.*"

The strangers were already upon the steps with the question—"Is Mr. Herbert in?"

With a crimsoned face Elsie turned away, while the officers, (for such they were,) without further ceremony, walked through the house into the room where her husband had gone, and, after a few moments' hurried conversation, again made their appearance with the young man between them—a prisoner!

Elsie Grey! Frightful waves of earth's trouble wouldst thou have escaped, hadst thou never awakened from that death-like swoon.—But kind friends gathered around, and, in answer to her almost frantic inquiries after her husband, she was told that he had been taken upon a charge of having obtained property under false pretence, but that friends had gone with him to offer bail in case he was not proved innocent, so that he would return to her that very night, without doubt.

And he did return—Eugene Herbert came back to his wife with a smile upon his face and guilt in his heart. He spoke of the whole affair as a trifling occurrence. He said they were passionate men—those creditors—they had misconstrued the matter to his disadvantage, but, he was rid of them, he hoped, for the present.

And the wife believed her husband—of course. What good would it have done for her to have searched out the windings of his guilty ways? She tried to be happy, and to think that her husband had been dealt with severely, and she more then half accomplished the difficult task. But, "the end is not yet."

* * * * * * *

A year has passed—a year of married life. A beauteous babe lies in Elsie's arms.

Surely, now, the father's heart will grow purer under this new and holy relation. Alas! the growth of wrong has become too great to be crowded out by a tender nursling.

Ere the little one has reached the close of the second month of its life, justice is again in search of the reckless man. And, with feelings almost calloused by grief, the wife, scarcely able to comprehend, hears her husband's words,

"I must go—to-day, Elsie."

"But when will you return?"

"I cannot tell—perhaps not at all. Perhaps I shall make my way to California and send for you to meet me there."

The mother sought for calmness and comfort in the face of her unconscious babe; nor did she seek in vain. God was with her, and though the feelings of horror at the circumstances that surrounded her, dimmed for a moment her view of His mercy, yet she was enabled to drive despair away, and, pressing her innocent child to her heart, she prayed that *that* might at least be spared her, "pure and undefiled," from the wicked ways of earth's transgressors.

Evening came, and the mother was alone with her infant. As if to assure herself of her sympathy for her husband, she murmured aloud,

"How cruel to compel him to leave the comforts of home, to be away from his wife and child, with no one to soothe him, and none but strangers to minister to his wants." And, lulling her babe, and letting fall the hot tears upon its fatherless head, she still murmured,

"But; I am glad those terrible men came too late—he was safely away. Oh, God, protect him—my husband—the father of my child."

Thus did Elsie Grey strive to love the man who had deceived her, and with a woman's trustfulness, clung to all appearance of good, blinding her eyes to the wrong so apparent to others.

But the morrow brought with it its trials.—The morning meal was finished, and the Irish domestic, much to Elsie's relief, was out of hearing, when, unannounced, two gentlemen stood before the trembling wife. But, surprises had become common, and, nerving herself to meet whatever terrible developments were yet to come, she courteously bowed, and invited them to be seated.

Declining the invitation, they formally made known their business. They held in their hands a chattel mortgage of every article the house contained!

Shocked beyond expression, for the first time did bitter thoughts arise in Elsie's heart. To think her husband had left her with only sufficient means to supply present necessities, and with the knowledge that an instrument had been given which could be used to strip her of every comfort, was cruelty too barefaced for even *her* charity to cover.

Sickened to the deepest depths of her loving heart, she seated herself for support, and calmly bade the men do their duty.

But, fortunately for earth's afflicted, men are not all leaden-hearted. It did not require great knowledge for those who stood in the presence of Mrs. Herbert that morning, to see that her calmness was the calmness of despair, and with feelings of humanity they forbore to press further upon her wounded spirit.

They gave her friendly advice, the purport of which was to seek the protection of her friends, if she had any, and assured her that nothing should be removed from her sight that she was accustomed to look upon, so long as she chose to remain where she was.

With a bewildered brain Elsie penned a hasty letter to the home of her childhood. She did not tell of her husband's wrong, she told only

Digitized by Google

of his *misfortunes*, and the forced separation which was the consequence.

Another day brought a letter from her husband, written in the liveliest strain, with accounts of a pleasant journey, an hospitable host, and comforts in abundance; and closing with a caution to Elsie to let nothing lessen her interest in him, but to remember he was her husband, and had strong claims upon her child!

Heavier, heavier grew the weight upon the wife's heart, and well nigh had she yielded to despair, when a hasty note reached her from the friends "at home." Every line was an urgent request for her immediate return to them, and every word a word of sympathy.

Yearningly she let her thoughts wander back to the green groves where she had played her childish plays, unknown to care, and tearfully she sought guidance from Him who "guideth aright."

Another day, and still farther developments, and her resolution was taken. Rallying what little strength remained to her, with the assistance of friends, she made speedy preparations for the journey, and with her little one in her arms, under the protection of a kind-hearted stranger, she bade adieu to the scene of her torture, and by fast-flying cars was speedily borne to the home she had left, and the friends she had proved.

But not *yet*, kind reader, had she given up the father of her child. With a strange faith that defies all comparison, she still hoped he was worthy of her affection, and, amidst the cautiously, though firmly expressed opinions of her friends, she managed to keep alive a faint expectation that some marvellous occurrence would yet prove him guiltless of wrong. With tenderness in her heart she wrote him a long and faithful letter. She told him of all that had taken place since he left her, and, though she did not censure, she candidly expressed her disapproval of a business course so tangled as to produce such dreadful consequences, and earnestly entreated him to prudence and foresight.

But the reply—spare its repetition—it precluded all possibility of a worthy source—it condemned her as a faithless wife, forsaking her husband, and exhibited a recklessness as to the future, that crushed out every earthly hope from Elsie's heart, and drove her with a wild cry to her Maker, who sent forth His blessed spirit to be her comforter, and graciously accepted her as one of His.

Oh, merciful Father! Let her hope that the night of her life is ended, and that the day which follows, though shadowy its light, may be free from past terrors and sickening heart-struggles. So shall her arms be lifted to Thee in confidence, and with humility will she bear her life's burthen.

MEMORY.

BY O. EVERTS.

I am not dreaming now. O, no!
And yet on sunny paths I stray;
Beside me gentle streamlets flow,
And wild-flowers blossom on my way.
"This way, this way"—
A voice seems singing in my ear—
A winning voice—"This way, this way."

I am not dreaming now. O, no!
Yet this is not the path of care,
Nor this the field where sorrows grow.
How fragrant is the perfumed air!—
"This way, this way!"—
Some wizard must have charmed the air;
Some syren sings, "This way, this way.

I am not dreaming now. O, no!
I'm wakeful as the birds at dawn;
I feel the joyous south-wind blow
Like spring-time, as I follow on
This way, this way.
There is no joy can equal this!
Sing on sweet voice!—"This way, this way!"

I am not dreaming now. O, no!
But ah! yon cloud obscures it all!
How changed the gentle streamlet's flow!
How soon the withered blossoms fall!
Ah, me! Ah, me!
The present blots out all the past:
It was no dream—but MEMORY!

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently! all harsh words are vain,
However often tried;
They do but make the heart more hard,
Then never rashly chide.

A kind remonstrance will achieve
More real lasting good,
Than all the fluency of words
Addressed in angry mood.

The traveller, when the boisterous wind,
Contending with the sun,
Assailed him, closer held his cloak
Than he before had done.

But, warmed by the resistless force
Of Sol's more genial ray,
He yielded, melted, and, o'ercome,
He put his cloak away.

Digitized by Google

A CHAPTER ON HOSPITALITY.

[Mrs. Kirkland has written an excellent "Chapter on Hospitality," which we take the liberty of transferring to our pages, from her beautiful "Evening Book," published by Chas. Scribner, New York.]

www.hbook.com.cn

Few of the good and pleasant things of this world will bear analyzing. We must take them as they are, or we lose them altogether. Even our own most fondly-cherished benevolences—the things whereby in our secret souls, we hope to cover at least a part of the multitude of sins—change color when we apply the severe tests with which we are wont to try the good deeds of our neighbors. It is not well to sift everything for the sake of detecting earthiness; yet the world is so full of adulterations that something is necessary in self-defence. We may inquire a little into some fair-seeming shows, at least to draw lessons for our own practice.

No quality or habit is more popular, or more naturally popular, than hospitality. It appeals so directly to the universal part of us—the poor wants of poor human nature, in the first place, and that other want, no less urgent, that what contributes to the refreshment of the body, should be seasoned with love or kindness or some show of them. We love even the pretence so dearly that we praise an inn—that abode of the mercenary demons—in proportion as there is the outward semblance of this, though we know it will all be "put down in the bill." This may be one reason why some persons who have sacrificed life's best blessing—spontaneous, disinterested affection—to the indulgence of certain anti-social uncongenialities, find their only pleasure in advancing age, in places where the appearance, at least of "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," may be purchased with money—the only means left these unfortunates.

Being popular, hospitality is, of course, a virtue which most people wish to practice in some shape, and which many people try to practice at the smallest possible expense. We do not mean expense of money—though this is sometimes spared rather unnecessarily—but of some other things not so cheap as money. Sad blunders are made—blunders of various kinds; some, which cover us with shame upon reflection; some, which cover us with ridicule while we are happily unconscious; some, which make enemies where we hoped to have secured friends; some, through means of which our pride appears while we flatter ourselves that we are conferring a highly appreciated honor upon our guests. In primitive conditions of life, where the daily wants become especially prominent, from the degree of uncertainty which exists as to whether they will be satisfied, and how—hospitality is often impulsive and sincere. Sympathy is necessarily strong in such cases. It is in highly civilized and artificial life, that hospitality becomes an art, to be studied like other fine arts, or neglected and contemned through pride and inveterate self-indulgence. Poole—Paul Pry Poole—has an amusing sketch, "A Christmas Visit to Dribble Hall," an extract from which, in the "Living Age," gave rise to this homily, by calling up to remembrance certain amusing passages in our own experience, which set us upon theorizing a little in the matter. "Squire Dribble" is a person who chooses to invite people to his house, and when they are there and fairly in his power, takes particular care to avoid perceiving their wants, and especially cannot be made to understand that their habits *may* not be precisely similar to his own. Two gentlemen arrive at his country-house too late for dinner; he regrets they did not come sooner, but promises to hurry *supper* by *half-an-hour*. On their hinting pretty broadly that so considerable a delay will be inconvenient after a long drive, he offers a slice of "something cold" with tea. In the morning he insists upon their rising at his hour, and allows them to dress in the bitter cold without fire, and so come down blue and shivering to the breakfast-table, where the eggs are counted out, and the newspaper clutched by the squire, who declares that he would not give a farthing for the paper unless he sees the first of it.

This is no fancy sketch—we are convinced of it. We have seen American Dribbles who occasionally tried to be hospitable just in the squire's manner. In houses, where all below stairs was costly and luxurious, we have seen the guest-chamber unfurnished even with the requisite amount of chairs and tables; no attendance of a servant offered, and no notice given of the time for rising, until the bell rang for the early breakfast, which was then on the table. We have seen a lady who had visits and shopping on her hands, suffered to sit still, when her time was limited, because the walking was too bad for her to venture out on foot, and delicacy prevented her sending out for a carriage while there was one quite at liberty, though not offered. In this matter of carriages, particularly, a "Dribble" hospitality is but too common; for again and again have we seen young ladies who were visiting where a coach was kept, obliged to walk home after evening parties—attended by a servant or some woful beau—a mile or two in the cold, because, although no carriage was sent, it was well understood that the family pride forbade any inmate from using a hired one.

To be "treated like one of the family" is sometimes very agreeable; but this may be carried a little too far. We once knew a lady so candid as to protest against this mark of affection. She declared that when she visited, it made part of her pleasure to be treated like company. Guests differ so much on this point that one must have unusual tact if, in entertaining much, an occasional error be not committed. Some are so painfully anxious to avoid giving trouble, that an additional dish makes them miserable, quite forgetting that with many

Digitized by Google

a good, kind-hearted entertainer this very trouble is a pleasure. Some, again, find their habits so imperious that they play "Dribble" in other people's houses, putting everybody out as to time, place, and circumstance, without a misgiving. A noted lady travelling in this country some years ago, required her bottle of Champagne every night on going to bed, and that in the soberest of eastern families. This, too, was only an item in the list of the rather onerous inamissibles. We have heard more than one anecdote of popular clergymen, who, during occasional visits to their greatest admirers, have construed the guest-right so rigorously as to cause all the household to heave a simultaneous sigh of relief at their departure.

Conscientious people, whose habits are very strict, and who sincerely believe certain practices and certain articles of diet to be highly deleterious, are sometimes cruelly divided between the desire to make their guests' time pass agreeably, and to entertain them with the best the house affords; and the fear of contributing to evil habits, or offering what is injurious to health. Since the temperance reformation, many persons have learned to think every form of spirituous liquors so injurious that they dare not set anything of the kind before their friends; while, on the other hand, the old ideas of generous conviviality and hearty welcome attached to this form of refreshment are so potent, that they feel a species of regret—perhaps, also, of false shame—which makes an adherence to principle, in this particular, extremely difficult. Others, on the contrary, after all that has been said and written on the subject, seem still to fancy that they show their hospitality by pressing the guest to drink whether he will or not; and even in a case where it is well known that the person so pressed had been saved on the brink of ruin only by the resolution not to touch even a glass, we have seen a lady tempt and urge an unfortunate visitor, until she looked to us like some fell Mœnad luring a hapless mortal to destruction.

Even in the matter of tea and coffee, some people have a conscience, and offer with reluctance to their friends what seems to them premature old age, depression of spirits, paralysis, and early death. Others, again, are so over kind, that they must make your coffee strong enough to be sour and your tea to be bitter, reminding one of the story of the good, old, Jersey lady who entertained Gen. Washington during the time of the war, when *molasses* was the usual sweetener.

"Not quite so sweet, ma'am, if you please," said the courteous great man, when he handed his tea-cup to be filled the second time.

"Oh, dear!" said the hospitable dame, putting in rather an *extra* share of the precious article, "if it was *all* molasses it wouldn't be too good for General Washington!"

Pinching hospitality is bad enough, but ostentatious hospitality is, if possible, worse. To see in all your host's pompous offers, in all his sedulous attentions, and all his unwearied display of resources, himself, and not you, the real object; to feel that, while you are géné with his oppressive civilities, he considers himself as laying you under the greatest obligations; to find ceremonious observance taking the place of welcome, and formality rendering ease impossible—this is but too common in this country, as well as elsewhere among those who lack nothing of this world's goods but the knowledge how to enjoy. A visit under such circumstances is so odious that a guest would need to be presented with a good part of the fine things he sees—according to the worthy host in the Persian Tales—to induce him to make a second attempt.

Sincerity is sometimes severely tried in cases where hospitality appears to demand one course, while truth and nature cry out for its opposite. To seem glad to see a visitor when, from whatever circumstances, you wish he had chosen to stop anywhere else; to be obliged to press him to stay when your affairs imperatively require that you should be left alone; to feel constrained to be "in spirits" with a heavy heart; to wear a hilarious aspect when mirth is "as vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes;" that we should ever do or even attempt such things, shows how deeply we feel the claims of hospitality. They are done or attempted every day, not through self-interest or any such unworthy motive, but simply from the instinctive dread of seeming deficient in what mankind in all ages have agreed to consider a sacred duty. Those who, through moroseness, pride, or parsimony, decline these and kindred sacrifices, are universally denounced as selfish churls, or haughty egotists, and voted inhuman by the general voice.

Like many other virtues, hospitality is practiced in its perfection by the poor. If the rich *did their share*, how would the woes of this world be lightened! how would the diffusive blessing irradiate a wider and wider circle, until the vast confines of society would bask in the reviving ray! If every forlorn widow, whose heart bleeds over the recollection of past happiness, made bitter by contrast with present poverty and sorrow, found a comfortable home in the ample establishment of her rich kinsman; if every young man struggling for a foothold on the slippery soil of life, were cheered and aided by the countenance of some neighbor whom fortune had endowed with the power to confer happiness; if the lovely girl, shrinking and delicate, whom we see every day toiling for a mere pittance to sustain frail life, and guard the sacred remnant of gentility, were taken by the hand, invited and encouraged, by ladies who pass them by with a cold nod—but where shall we stop in enumerating the cases in which true, genial hospitality, practiced by the rich ungrudgingly, without a selfish drawback—would prove a fountain of blessedness, almost an antidote to half the keener miseries under which society groans!

Yes; the poor—and children—understand hospitality after the pure model of Christ and his apostles. We can cite two instances, both *true*.

In the western woods, a few years since, lived

Digitized by Google

a very indigent Irish family. Their log-cabin scarcely protected them from the weather, and the potato field made but poor provision for the numerous rosy cheeks that shone through the unstopped chinks when a stranger was passing by. Yet when another Irish family, poorer still, and way-worn and travel-soiled, stopped at their door—children, household goods, and all—they not only received and entertained them for the night, but kept them many days, sharing with this family numerous as their own, the *one* room and loft, which made up their poor dwelling, and treating them in all respects as if they had been invited guests. And the mother of the same family, on hearing of the death of a widowed sister who had lived in New York, immediately set on foot an inquiry as to the residence of the children, with a view to coming all the way to the city to take the orphans home to her own house, and bring them up with her own children. We never heard whether the search was successful, for the circumstance occurred about the time we were leaving that part of the country; but that the intention was sincere, and would be carried into effect, if possible, there was no shadow of doubt.

As to children and their sincere, generous little hearts, we were going to say, that one asked his mother, in all seriousness, "Mamma, why don't you ask the *poor people* when you have a party? Doesn't it say so in the Bible?" A keen reproof, and unanswerable.

The nearest we recollect to have observed to this literal construction of the sacred injunction, among those who may be called the rich, in contradistinction to those whom we usually call poor—though our kind friends were far from being what the world considers rich—was in the case of a city family, who lived well, and who always on Christmas day, Thanksgiving, or other festival time, when a dinner more generous than ordinary, smoked upon the board, took care to invite their homeless friends who lived somewhat poorly or uncomfortably—the widow from her low-priced boarding house; the young clerk, perhaps, far from his father's comfortable fireside; the daily teacher, whose only deficiency lay in his purse—these were the guests cheered at this truly hospitable board. And cheered heartily—not with cold, half-reluctant civility, but with the warmest welcome, and the pleasant appendix of the long, merry evening with music and games, and the frolic-dance after the piano. We would not be understood to give this as a solitary instance, but we wish we knew of many such.

The forms of society are in a high degree inimical to true hospitality. Pride has crushed genuine social feeling out of too many hearts, and the consequence is a cold sterility of intercourse, a soul-stifling ceremoniousness, a sleepless vigilance for self, totally incompatible with that free, flowing, genial intercourse with humanity, so nourishing to all the better feelings.—The sacred love of home—the panacea for many of life's ills—suffers with the rest. Few people have homes now-a-days. The fine, cheerful, every-day parlor, with its table covered with the implements of real occupation and real amusement; mamma on the sofa, with her needle; grandmamma in her great chair, knitting; pussy winking at the fire, is gone. In its place we have two georgeous rooms, arranged for company, but empty of human life; tables covered with gaudy, ostentatious, and useless articles—a very mockery of anything like rational pastime—the light of heaven as cautiously excluded as the delicious music of free, childish voices; every member of the family wandering in forlorn loneliness, or huddled in some "back room" or "basement," in which are collected the only means of comfort left them under this miserable arrangement. This is the substitute which hundreds of people accept in place of home! Shall we look in such places for hospitality? As soon expect figs from thistles. Invitations there will be occasionally, doubtless, for "society" expects it; but let a country cousin present himself, and see whether he will be put in the state apartments. Let no infirm and indigent relative expect a place under such roof. Let not even the humble individual, who placed the stepping-stone which led to that fortune, ask a share in the abundance which would never have had a beginning but for his timely aid. "We have changed all that!"

But setttng aside the hospitality which has any reference to duty or obligation, it is to be feared that the other kind—that which is exercised for the sake of the pleasure it brings—is becoming more and more rare among us. The deadly strife of emulation, the mad pursuit of wealth, the suspicion engendered by rivalry, leave little chance for the spontaneity, the *abandon*, the hearty sympathy, which give the charm to social meetings and make the exercise of hospitality one of the highest pleasures. We have attempted to dignify our simple republicanism by far-away, melancholy imitations of the Old World; but the incongruity between these forms and the true spirit of our institutions is such, that all we gain is a bald emptiness, gilded over with vulgar show. Real dignity, such as that of John Adams when he lived among his country neighbors as if he had never seen a court, we are learning to despise. We persist in making ourselves the laughing-stock of really refined people, by forsaking our true ground and attempting to stand upon that which shows our deficiencies to the greatest disadvantage. When shall we learn that the "spare feast—a radish and an egg," if partaken by the good and cultivated, has a charm which no expense can purchase? When shall we look at the spirit rather than the semblance of things—when give up the shadow for the substance?

YOU WHO COMPLAIN that men annoy you, may there not be those to whom you are an annoyance? You who are so stern in reprehension of your neighbor's fault, are you without reproach? What strange work would it make with your self-complacency, if all whose feelings or convenience you have thwarted, were to commence a system of retaliation?

Digitized by Google

HOBBIES.

"How I do hate a man with a hobby!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith to me the other evening, when we were seated together.

I made no immediate reply, but looked quickly up from my book.

"There now," said she, "that is so like your tiresome, unsympathising way—you mean that I am wrong again, of course."

"My dear," said I, "I was pausing to consider whether it was some particular man that you hated, who happened, besides, to have a hobby, and"—

"Oh, there now!—well and what difference does that make? But the truth is, that I hate every one that has a hobby."

"Then, my dear," added I, "you mean to say that you hate everybody, which I don't believe; for I know that you don't hate me, and I have a hobby."

"You!"

"Yes, and you—and"—

"I declare I haven't!"

"Well, my dear, as no man yet succeeded thoroughly in taking his own portrait, or truly describing his own character, let us for a moment forget ourselves, and turn our glances around us. Here is Paradise-row,—an average sort of place,—let us glance cursorily from number one to number twelve, and as far as our observation serves us, we shall find a hobby in each house,—either enthroned in the best room and gloried in, or poked away in the roof or cellar, as if half ashamed of."

My wife was not at all displeased at the turn I had given to the conversation, and had half forgotten the subject of her alleged hatred in the pleasure of jotting down a catalogue of the hobby-horses kept by our neighbors in Paradise-row. The next half hour was spent in a manner, I confess, more amusing than defensible. I need not transcribe that catalogue: nor is it my purpose to entertain the reader with a show-up of my neighbors. Indeed, my object is of a very different character. I would invoke a large spirit of toleration—a sympathy rather for the hobbies of all men—supposing always that they are such as are consistent with good fellowship and the well-being of society. And why? simply because each individual of the human race must have a hobby—more or less developed. As true as that there are no two things exactly alike in nature, so are there no two minds similarly biassed. What, then, is *my* hobby, strictly speaking, cannot be another's. "Love me, love my dog," is an excellent maxim, tending to the general harmony of social life; but it is not natural to us. The very qualities that render "Carlo" peculiarly pleasing to you, cannot operate with me, differing as my taste must differ from yours. "Pincher" is a dog more to my mind, and you are not only excusable for not seeing his perfections as I do, but it is impossible that you should. This great truth, then, of universal dissimilarity, ought to be impressed on all minds, and carry with it a feeling of universal toleration. I must be prepared to find everywhere with everybody a "Carlo" or a "Pincher," and, having regard to my own claims, be ready to yield their just measure to others; and whether the hobby be a domestic pet or a pet project, a scheme or a skye terrier, to hold it in proper consideration.

All this may be pronounced "very good," but too general in its application. An instance or two will give it point:—

My old friend, Tim Faddles, was one of the most universally popular men conceivable.—This, notwithstanding that he was a bachelor, neither young, good-looking—in the ordinary sense of the term—rich, accomplished, nor influential. He was a bank clerk, and, like the rest of the world, had a hobby,—of course he had,—every one believed it; but, strange to say, but few could guess what it was. His house, his garden, his clothes, pictures, sports, politics, church-going, were all so gently spirited, that none of these were hobbyfied into any peculiarity. His neighbors on each side were not long in guessing it, but he never told them.—The people at number four thought he had a mangle, and did his own linen. Those at number six—the other side—concluded him to be an optician grinding lenses. The truth was, his passion was turning.

He had a lathe. At this he worked, in his leisure hours, with a fervor and enthusiasm truly wonderful. He possessed, moreover, a copy of every work that had ever been printed upon the subject of turnery. The amount of solid timber turned into sawdust by Tim must have been enormous. And for what purpose? *Cui bono?* it may be asked. The answer is simple, but triumphantly clenching:—For fun. It was his hobby. But what then? Did T. Faddles tolerate any less the fine stud of hobby-horses kept by his friends? Not in the least. Not only did he never trot *his* horse up and down the High-street of Merryville, instead thereof keeping it snugly within its own paddock, but he had a keen and a kindly eye to discern the best points in those of his neighbors.

Mrs. Sapgreen's conservatory had in him a fervent admirer,—he was Mr. Wort's the amateur kitchen gardener's, best customer, eating no potatoes at home but those grown by him—or at least pretending to do so—my belief being that he secretly bestowed them upon Mrs. Wattle's pigs, which he publicly patronized; he was an astronomical student with Mr. Skyrake; a parochial reformer with Stickler of the Lodge; a naturalist—*vulgo*, bird-stuffer—with Mr. Chirp. Certain in his own mind that every man had his "soft place," "weakness," "crochet," or by whatever other name you may call it, he diligently sought it out, and having found, used his knowledge generously. The golden maxim set in the divine words, "all things to

Digitized by Google

all men," found in him a practical exponent.

Even old Wrench, with his raking gout—which was *his* hobby—although it had turned all the milk of human kindness he ever possessed into the sourest curds and whey, and made a misanthrope of him,—made no exception in the case of Faddles, whose sympathy was unmistakably genuine. Had poor Wrench had any thing to leave beyond his crutches, Faddles would have been his heir. In short, from Mrs. Doseby's, with her cough mixture, at one end of Merryville, to Miss Pinks, with her real King Charles' spaniels at the other, Tim Faddles was a general sympathiser without being a hypocrite: for under all his outward manifestations was firmly laid a solid substratum of kind-heartedness, a charity which, beginning at home, does not end there.

THOU ART LOST TO ME, DEAR MARY.

BY ALFRED BURNETT.

Thou art lost to me, dear Mary!
Thou art lost to me for aye,
And my heart is wildly beating,
With fond thoughts of thee to-day.
For memory now is busy
With moments passed with thee,
And bringing to my mind once more
Thy matchless purity.

Those were joyous days, dear Mary,
When thou wert all to me;
The shrine at which my soul did bow,
In wild idolatry.
Oh! dearly prized and cherished!
I see thee once again,
As when I first beheld thee,
Unknowing grief or pain.

Thine eyes are beaming on me,
And I meet thy earnest gaze,
And see the smile which won me,
In those bright and halcyon days!
Thy little hand, confidingly,
Is fondly clasped in mine,
Whilst I my lips have dared to seal,
My Mary, unto thine.

But thy lips are wan and faded,
And the lustre fled thine eye,
When they laid thee in thy snowy shroud—
When, Mary, thou didst die.
The mellow, warm, and summer's eve,
Hath lost its charm to me,
Since Mary in the churchyard sleeps,
So lone and quietly.

The autumn days, which once I loved,
The autumn winds that played,
And wooed me to the forest bare
And to the wood-land glade,
Now tune their harps for me in vain,
And chaunt their mournful stave;
I can but think they mourn a dirge
Above my Mary's grave!

The wintry blasts, which rudely howled,
And which I loved to dare,
And mock their thunders with my voice,
Now fill me with despair—
For winter to my heart hath come,
Since Mary sought repose,
And when the light of her sweet eyes
Remorseless death did close.

The spring's mild breath, that fans my cheek
In twilight's holy hour,
Reminds me of the breath of her,
Spring's brightest, purest flower.
There's not a pleasant sound I hear,
Nor beauty that I see,
Which does not tell of treasures lost,
When earth was robbed of thee!

I know that thou art sleeping
Where the mournful willow bends,
In a grave which often's been bedewed
By tears of loving friends;
Where the flowers grow the brightest,
And the roses earliest bloom,
In the calm and peaceful slumber
Of the lone and quiet tomb.

Thou art lost to me, dear Mary!
And I'm desolate and lone;
In vain I try to weave a song
Of bright and joyous tone.
I see thee, pale, and motionless,
As when I saw thee last,
And rushing to my brain there come
The memories of the past!

Thou art lost to me, dear Mary,
But in yon cloudless sky,
I'll press thee once more in my heart,
Without a tear or sigh.
In dreams, again I'm by thy side,
Thy form once more I see,
And in the sunny land of dreams
Thou art *not* lost to me.

LONDON, July 2nd, 1856.

Digitized by Google

ON THE PRESERVATION OF THE STEMS OF TREES FROM PREMATURE DECAY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

The subject which we have selected for discussion is of great importance, considered in an economical point of view. To produce timber in the greatest quantity and of a superior quality, is a very desirable object. To prolong the life of trees to the utmost extent of which they are capable, we must endeavor to prevent or cure the injuries which they are apt to receive whilst young.

It is seldom, where there is much exposure, that trees escape injuries by which the period of their life is greatly abbreviated. Most of the shade trees in Philadelphia have received wounds which will ensure the premature decay of the wood in the interior of their stems. The young stems of trees planted in exposed situations, are very properly surrounded with a temporary wooden frame-work for the prevention of such injuries. But this is not sufficient.—When the wound has been once received, something ought to be done to exclude the atmosphere; for if the air enters the organism of a tree otherwise than by the appropriate channels, its influence is decidedly injurious. The interior of the stem soon becomes rotten and hollow. The oxygen of the atmosphere produces its *eremacausis*, or slow combustion. Hence it is that, whenever the stem is wounded, nature invariably makes an attempt to heal the incision, and a stratum of cork cells is developed, forming what is called the lips of the wound.—If the incision is deep, it is seldom that this process of healing is completed, and the wound closed up. Hence, the tissues in the interior still remain exposed to the air, and their decay and dissolution progresses slowly but surely.—The cause of this results from the peculiar growth of the bark.

The wood and bark of trees are formed out of the cells of the cambium layer. If we examine a young branch or stem late in the fall, we will find the bark and wood firmly united to each other. If, however, we make the examination in spring—the early part of spring—we shall be able very readily to separate them, because the stratum of cells, out of which originate the annual layers of bark and wood, is gorged with sap. The cells are interjacent between the bark and wood. Out of the sap with which their cavities are charged, other cells are formed after the same plan and pattern as the present cells. From within originate from the cambium, the first cells of a new layer of wood, and, from without, the commencement of a new layer of bark. Hence, out of the viscid mucilaginous matter which forms, in early spring, between the bark and wood, a new layer of bark and wood is annually produced.

It is obvious, from the very nature of things, that, as each new layer of wood is deposited on the exterior of the last year's layer, the wood will constantly increase, each ring remaining unaltered in its dimensions and position until it finally decays. On the contrary, as each new layer of bark is of necessity deposited on the inside of the last year's stratum of bark, the previous annual deposits of bark must be subjected to gradual but incessant distension. This is increased by the annual deposition of new wood-rings. The combined action of these two causes produces a constant tendency to *expansion*, fissure, and ultimate separation of the older exterior layers of bark. The long fissures which the bark of old trees exhibits, are the natural results of the thickening of the subjacent wood-rings, and the internal formation of new layers of bark. Hence it is that if an incision is made on the bark of a young tree, the injury inflicted is almost irreparable; for the tendency of the bark is to expand, and, hence, the wound widens faster than it heals, and is never closed against the atmosphere. The interior of the tree thus becomes rotten and hollow at a very early period in its natural life, and its timber is rendered worthless.

Air, to be of any service to a tree, must be admitted by the natural channels; viz., the pores on the leaves and young twigs, and the fibres of the roots. The air that circulates in the inside of the tree, is very different from that which surrounds it on the outside. As soon as air enters any living organism, either vegetable or animal, it becomes subjected to the vital action of the tissues, and undergoes chemical decomposition. If air, undecomposed, be introduced into the blood, it produces instant death. Every surgeon knows how important it is to protect wounds from exposure to the air. Air brought into immediate contact with vitally active tissues, is not food, but poison. It must undergo the appropriate changes in the leaves of plants and in the lungs of animals, before it will serve any useful purpose to the organism. In the animal, the oxygen of the air is absorbed, and the carbonic acid expelled, which is the grand staple food of the vegetable. For plants, it is well-known, separate the carbon from the oxygen, assimilating the former and giving forth the latter. Carbonic acid, generally speaking, is destructive to animal life, and oxygen is equally injurious to vegetable life; nevertheless, there are physiological processes in the organism of animals and vegetables when both are in demand; but they are injurious when they gain access otherwise than by the proper channels.

In order to preserve the stems of trees from decay, we must be careful not to wound them whilst young; and, should the bark receive a wound, close it with some cement. In other words, treat a wounded tree on the same principle as a wounded animal; EXCLUDE THE AIR, and you will facilitate the effort which nature makes in both instances to heal the wound.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, 1856.

Digitized by Google

INSECT TENACITY OF LIFE.

It is a fact, proved by observation and experiment, that caterpillars will retain their vitality, and pass through their usual changes, after the congealment of their juices by intense cold.—Those of the mag-pie moth, exposed all through the winter on a leafless currant bush, will sometimes become stiff as the twigs they occupy, and those of the cabbage butterfly subjected to a frost which turned them into lumps of ice, arrived, nevertheless, at their perfect state.

Other insects would seem to be endowed with the same power of resisting cold. Among these are gnats and mosquitos, which, as attested by recent travellers, have risen, an active swarm, from dissolved masses of ice, wherein they have lain imbedded thick as plums in a Christmas pudding.

Nor is it only against the "demon frost" that these determined insect occupiers are accustomed to bar the doors of their Lilliputian tenements, a variety of them having been found to shew equal contempt of flood, fire, famine, and steel, those other bailiffs employed as often, in executions, by the universal tyrant.

To exemplify, next, the resistance of insect vitality against the power of *water*. There is a certain beetle called the *Printer*, because while feeding as a grub upon the under bark of trees, it outs out therein a variety of tracks resembling letters; and to such an extent was this species of type engraving once carried on, that a million and a half of pines are said to have been sacrificed in the Hartz Forest, to supply material for the work. It became, of course, desirable to knock up a business carried on at such serious public cost; but though these devils of printers were battered, together with their type, within their books of bark—though the trees of their habitation were laid upon the ice, and, finally, plunged in water, they remained alive and unhurt.

A somewhat similar, but yet more wonderful instance of obstinate vitality has worthily obtained a place amongst the "Miracula Insectorum" of Linnæus. This is afforded by certain tough-coated grubs, with rat-like tails, which are common inhabitants of drains and stagnant waters. These often becoming part and parcel of the turbid pulp used in paper-making, exposed afterward to the action of wooden mallets, and finally squeezed in the strongest presses, are declared frequently to have survived these annihilating operations.

In July or August, these miraculous little animals assume the chrysalis or pupa, still retaining their rattish tails, and, early in September, cleave the air as black and yellow flies, bearing some resemblance to drone bees. We found, last summer, laid up in the decayed wood of an old willow, a large assemblage of these rat-tailed pupæ, which had probably, while yet grubs, deserted for the hollow of the tree, some stagnant and very uninviting pools adjacent.

But what is the tinge of the marvellous, investing the above relations, compared with the red-hot hue of wonder which colors the following almost incredible, yet—as it would seem—not ill-attested anecdote? The summoners here were the united powers of fire and water—the sturdy spirit of bees—the little, contumacious tenants which refused to dislodge for all their combined authority.

Mr. Beddome, a respectable chemist of Tooley Street, London, in a letter to the editor of the *Times*, which was copied in the *Times Telescope* for 1822, thus writes:—"I bought twenty large hives, and a hogshead of Dutch honey in the native state, not separated from the wax, which had been in the warehouse above a year; and, after emptying the hives as well as I could, I boiled them for a considerable time in water, to obtain the honey from between the interstices. A considerable number of bees, mixed with honey, floated on the surface of the water. These I skimmed off, and placed on flag-stones outside my laboratory, which was at the top of the house, exposed to a July meridian sun.—You may imagine my astonishment, when, in half an hour, I saw scores of these bees, that had been for months in a state of suffocation, and then well boiled, gradually come to life and fly away. There were so many of them that I closed the door, fearing that they might be disposed to return, and punish me for the barbarous usage they had received at my hands."

The above we confess to be a marvel of marvels; but there is something scarcely less wonderful in the stubbornness with which the vital sparks of many insects have been known to hold out within the tiny citadels of their bodies when called on to surrender, not by flood or fire, but by famine. We read of a chameleon fly subsisting nine months upon air; of a churchyard beetle living without food for three years; of sheep-lice existing twelve months in a shorn fleece; while the grub of an aphis-eating fly left under a glass, was found alive three months afterwards, the thread of its existence having been actually eight times doubled by the very circumstances seeming most adapted to cut it short.

There is yet another agent of destruction more piercing than frost, more overwhelming than water, more consuming than fire, more wasting than famine—a destroyer, not of matter only, but of mind—which has, nevertheless, been set at defiance by the principle of insect life.

This destroyer is a spirit—that deadly spirit drawn from "the vast deeps" of the distiller's infernal shades, which, in the shape of Geneva, was once tried by Kirby, without effect, upon a lady-bird. But let us give the experiment in the words of the relator, whose delightful work on insects might never have been written but for the interest and wonder it excited. "One morning," he says, "I observed on my study-window a little, yellow lady-bird with black dots. 'You are very pretty,' said I to myself,

Digitized by Google

'and I should like to have a collection of such creatures.' Immediately I seized my prey, and, not knowing how to destroy, plunged it in Geneva. After leaving it in this situation a day and night, and seeing it without motion, I concluded it was dead, and laid it in the sun to dry. It no sooner, however, felt the warmth, than it began to move, and afterward flew away. *From this time I began to attend to insects.*"

Lastly, it is not always that cutting steel or festering brass is effectual in the severing of that slender thread on which, nevertheless, the life of an insect hangs so strongly suspended.

We are told of beetles found living weeks after impalement on a transfixing pin. We daily see crane-flies (more commonly known as father-longlegs) footing it featly over the grass, or "upstairs and downstairs," with one or more of its half-dozen shanks deficient and flying merrily, with scarce even a leg left to walk on.

Indeed, the famous fable of Agrippa would by no means apply to many of the insect race; for with them, certainly, there does not seem to exist the same degree of mutual dependency observable between the body and the members. The severed head of a wasp will bite, while its severed leg clutches a morsel of sugar, as if they were saying to the detached stomach, "we have no need of a digester;" and the dismembered body, in return, will sting furiously, as if to reply, "and I have no need of a directing head or assisting limbs."

The same is exemplified in the instance of a dragon-fly, which, deprived of its long abdomen, was seen to devour two small flies. Connected with this obstinate vitality of insects, comes, naturally, the question of their sensitivity, which, from this very vitality, we may certainly infer to be less acute than with other animals. Happily for them, and certainly much to our own comfort, when we think upon the subject, we have far more reason to doubt than to believe the oft-repeated dictum, that

> "The poor beetle, which we tread upon,
> In corporal sufferance feels as great a pang
> As when a giant dies."

The above facts alone are nearly enough to prove the contrary; for did a poor beetle trod upon or impaled, endure, in proportion to its size, the same amount of suffering as a giant, it is more than likely that life would be driven from its seat long before the expiration of weeks of torture.

ENTOMOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

THE SAW-FLY.

The spring is an excellent time to commence making a collection of insects, and is a pleasant occupation for the young, as they wander through the woods, in shady places, in the garden, and by the roadside.

In a future paper, we will try to give some directions for collecting and preserving the specimens, and trust more attention will be given to the subject, and that many new and interesting facts in relation to insect economy, may be evolved, and many happy hours be spent in this delightful pursuit.

Some of our readers may have noticed a large, formidable-looking, four-winged insect, of a steel blue color, and bearing strong resemblance to a wasp, buzzing about in the grass by the roadside, or attempting, in a clumsy way, to climb upon the casings of the windows in their houses. These curious insects, although possessing such a fierce aspect, are perfectly harmless, and may be handled with perfect safety.

The insect to which we allude is the *Cimbex Americana*, a large variety of Saw-fly. During the summer season, particularly toward autumn, may be seen a smooth white worm, having a dark brown stripe on the back, running from the head down the whole length of the body. They feed upon the elm, bass-wood, and willow, and, when disturbed, instantly coil up and fall to the ground.

After feeding for a few weeks, these worms attain their full size, and measure about two inches in length. They then descend to the ground, when they spin an oval cocoon of a dark brown color, the inside of which is hard and smooth. Within this cocoon, the worm turns a chrysalis, and bursts forth a perfect fly the next spring.

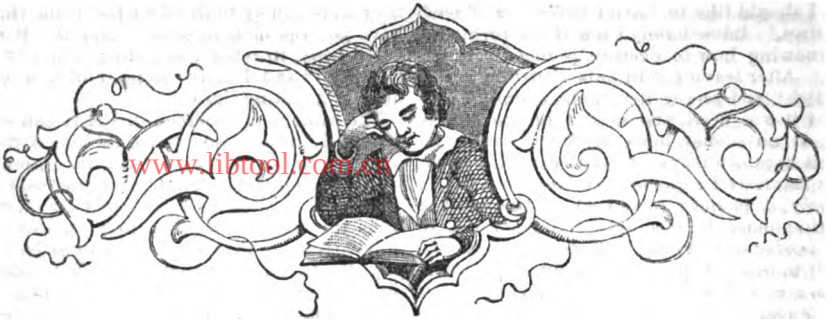
Frequently, several of these cocoons will be found ranged side by side, and cemented together. When the insects burst forth, they gnaw a hole in one end of the cocoon, through which they make their way out from the narrow cell, where they have been so long confined.

These curious insects may often be seen when engaged in laying their eggs upon those plants which will be suitable for the food of the larvae, when they shall have emerged from the egg. This insect does very little injury, seldom or never attacking fruit trees, and not being so common as most caterpillars, its depredations are seldom noticed.

This species of Saw-fly measures about two inches in the expansion of the wings, and about one inch and a half from the head to the extremity of the body. The antennae are short, terminating in a club-shaped appendage, and are of a dark yellow color. The males are distinguished by a cresent-shaped, indented, yellow spot, close to the thorax, where it connects with the abdomen. All of this class of insects, of which this is the largest, are perfectly harmless and incapable of injuring any one.

Never having met with any account of the transformations of this species, we give only what has fallen under our own observation.

Digitized by Google



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE GOOD DEED IN SEASON.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Get away with you, you dirty old beggar boy! I'd like to know what right *you* have to look over the fence at our flowers?" The speaker was a little boy, not more than eleven years old, and though people sometimes called it handsome, his face looked very harsh and disagreeable just then.

He stood in a beautiful garden, just in the suburbs of the city; and it was June time, and the tulips were just opening themselves to the sunshine. Oh! it was a great joy to look at them, as they bowed gracefully to the light wind their necks of crimson, of yellow, and carnation. The beds flanked either side of the path, that curved around a small arbor, where the young grape-clusters that lay hidden among the large leaves, wrote a beautiful prophesy for the autumn.

A white paling ran in front of the garden, and over this the little beggar boy, so rudely addressed, was leaning. He was very lean, very dirty, very ragged. I am afraid, little children, you would have turned away in disgust from so repulsive a spectacle, and yet God and the angels loved him!

He was looking, with all his soul in his eyes, on the beautiful blossoms, as they swayed to and fro in the summer wind, and his heart softened while he leaned his arm on the fence railing, and forgot everything in that long, absorbed gaze. Ah! it was seldom the beggar boy saw anything good or beautiful, and it was sad his dream should have such a rude awakening.

The blood rushed up to his face, and a glance full of evil and defiance flashed into his eyes. But before the boy could retort, a little girl sprang out from the arbor, and looked eagerly from one child to the other. She was very fair, with soft, hazel eyes, over which drooped long, shining lashes. Rich curls hung over her bare, white shoulders, and her lips were the color of the crimson tulip blossoms.

"How could you speak so cross to the boy, Hinton?" she asked, with a tone of sad reproach quivering through the sweetness of her voice. "I'm sure it doesn't do us any harm, to have him look at the flowers as long as he wants to."

"Well, Helen" urged the brother, slightly mollified, and slightly ashamed. "I don't like to have beggars gaping over the fence. It looks so low."

"Now, that's all a notion of yours, Hinton. I'm sure, if the flowers can do anybody any good, we ought to be very glad. Little boy," and the child turned to the beggar boy and addressed him as courteously as though he had been a prince—"I'll pick you some of the tulips if you'll wait a moment."

"Helen, I do believe you're the funniest girl that ever lived!" ejaculated the child's brother, as he turned away, and with a low whistle sauntered down the path, feeling very uncomfortable, for her conduct was a stronger reproof to him than any words could have been.

Helen plucked one of each specimen of the tulips, and there were a great variety of these, and gave them to the child. His face brightened as he received them, and thanked her.

Oh! the little girl had dropped a "pearl of great price" into the black, turbid billows of the boy's life, and the after-years should bring it up, beautiful and bright again.

Twelve years had passed. The little, blue-eyed girl had grown into a tall, graceful woman. One bright June afternoon, she walked with her husband through the garden, for she was on a visit to her parents. The place was little changed, and the tulips had opened their lips of crimson and gold to the sunshine, just as

Digitized by Google

they had done twelve years before. Suddenly they observed a young man in a workman's blue overalls, leaning over the fence, his eyes wandering eagerly from the beautiful flowers to herself. He had a frank, pleasant countenance, and there was something in his manner that interested the gentleman and lady.

"Look here, Edward," she said. "I'll pluck him some of the flowers. It always does me good to see people admiring them," and releasing her husband's arm, she approached the paling, saying—and the smile round her lips was very like the old, child one—"Are you fond of flowers, sir? it will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a moment very earnestly into the fair, sweet face. "Twelve years ago, this very month," he said, in a voice deep, and yet tremulous with feeling, "I stood here, leaning on this railing, a dirty, ragged little beggar boy, and you asked me this very question. Twelve years ago you placed the bright flowers in my hands, and they made a new boy—aye, and they have made a man of me, too. Your face has been a light, ma'am, all along the dark hours of my life, and this day that little beggar boy can stand on the old place, and say to you, though he's an humble and hard-working man yet, thank God he's an honest one."

Tear-drops trembled like morning dew on the shining lashes of the lady, as she turned to her husband, who had joined her, and listened in absorbed astonishment to the workman's words, "God," she said, "put it into my child-heart to do that little deed of kindness, and see now how great is the reward that He has given me."

And the setting sun poured a flood of rich purple light over the group that stood there—over the workman in his blue overalls, over the lady with her golden hair, and over the proud-looking gentleman at her side. Altogether, it was a picture for a painter, but the angels who looked down on it from Heaven, saw something more than a picture there.

THE INKSTAND: A FABLE.

An antique china inkstand stood on a philosopher's table.

"I am very beautiful," said the inkstand, "and should be much more so, if it was not for that black ink I am compelled to hold; I am sure there is nothing else in the room half so handsome, or so much handled or admired as I am; it is the quantity of gold about me, I think, that gives such an imposing effect. But you, you dirty ink, see what a slop you've made on my face; I wish you were back in your bottle, or, better still, they would fling you out of the window."

"To show how shallow you really are," said the ink, "what a hollow-hearted being you must be, not to know that it is my influence that gives you what little importance you may possess. *You* are a heavy mortal, with one idea, that can never do anything but stand still and be stared at; but as for me, I am the life, the soul, the mind of your existence. You cannot throw life and power from out of you, a hundred miles hence; but within me is wisdom, and science, and learning, and beauty, for every drop of me is full of all that can diffuse knowledge, and make it useful and delightful to the world; what would *you* be without *me* for a mind, while I could just as well have fulfilled my purpose in a cracked pot, or, had it been so ordained, some empty cocoa-nut shell."

"Love may be lord of all," said the philosopher, taking up the inkstand, "but *vanity* is indeed the archbishop that crowns him. The mere dull lump of clay, priding its outside on beauty and gold given to it by the designer, without the slightest effort on its own part—a beauty that any cat may unconsciously upset and destroy in a moment! And thou, *ink*, that art the mind of the thing, of what avail is all the poetry and wisdom now imbedded in thee, if it is not drawn out and worked upon by a superior power? The empty inkstand of itself, would soon be put on a shelf and forgotten; and, *ink*, where is thy worth and usefulness, while thou standest idle here, getting thick and stagnant with disuse, and retaining every impurity that presents itself?"

TO KATE.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

There's a bright-winged bird in the currant-bush,
That beats the piano fairly;
Ah, sweeter than bob-o'-link or thrush,
He sings in the morning early.

And what do you think is the song he sings—
Dear Kate, with hair so curly?
As he flutters there on his golden wings,
"Get up in the morning early!"

"Get up and be happy and cheerful as I,
Through smiles show your small teeth pearly,—
I always sing for my currant pie,
So must you in the morning early.

"Speak kindly and pleasantly all day long,
Never look crabbed or surly—
Your voice will more welcome be than my song,
When I sing in the morning so early."

—[*Little Pilgrim.*

WHY THE MUSES WERE CALLED PIERIDES.—Pierus, a rich man of Thessaly, was the father of nine daughters. They were all musical, and so vain of their talents, that they presumed to rival the Muses in song, and challenged them to a trial of vocal skill. The contest ended in the entire defeat of the daughters of Pierus; and their audacity was punished by the transformation of the whole nine into magpies. It was supposed that the victorious Muses afterwards assumed the name of the conquered daughters of Pierus, and commanded themselves to be styled "Pierides," on the same principle that Minerva caused herself to be called "Pallas," she having slain the giant of that name.

Digitized by Google

Health Department.

A WIFE-SAVING EXPERIMENT.—From "Hall's New York Journal of Health," we take the following, which is particularly recommended to husbands with invalid or unhappy wives:—

It boots me little what men think of me—WHAT I AM is the polar star on which I fix my gaze, as I toss on life's billowy ocean—it is the foundation stone on which I stand, and feel myself more impregnable than Gibraltar's rock; a fountain of satisfaction to me welling up unceasingly, as pure as the dew-drops, and sweeter than honey from the rose-bud. That is, speaking of wives, and the way to manage them! We know what kind of a ene we have, and can afford the surmisings of others, just as Longworth, the millionare of the West, whose tax-bill alone exceeds thirty thousand dollars a year, can afford, as he does, to dress almost as well as a common drayman. Well, we are wool gathering to-day, but what we began this article to say, is, if you find your wife out of sorts—cross, hard to please, about half-way between sick and well—do not attempt to buy her over with a new dress; that is like inhalation for consumption, a mere diversion while the money is being abstracted from your purse, or, like a pill of opium, alleviating only, eradicating nothing; or like cutting off a cancer, to break out in a worse form at some other place; but take her to the country, some ten or twenty miles distant, keep her going all the time, and in eight or ten days return home. You will find her in all desirable respects a different woman: it is an almost inevitable result arising from change of air, change of food, change of association, and, not least, from that *expansion of view* which attends larger associations. This is an important item in travel, one of its greatest benefits. The most celebrated travelers are the men who are the most liberal in their feelings, the least dogmatical, the least impatient of opinions contrary to their own. By indulging your wives in frequent excursions, three or four times in a year, you will enlarge their views of things, increase their sociabilities, improve their health and their temper; and, more, you will find they have an increasing love for home.

HARD STUDY VS. HARD EATING.—Students and dyspeptics, read this article from Hall's New York Journal of Health:—

Hard study hurts nobody, but hard eating does. It is a very common thing to attribute the premature disability or death of students and eminent men, to too close application to their studies. It has now become to be a generally admitted truth, that "hard study," as it is called, endangers life. It is a mischievous error that severe mental application undermines health. Unthinking people will dismiss this with the exclamation of "that's all stuff," or something equally conclusive. To those who search after truth in the love of it, we wish to offer some suggestions.

Many German scholars have studied for a life-time, for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and a very large number, from twelve to fifteen hours, lived in comparative health, and died beyond the sixties.

One of the most sterling of living minds, Prof. Silliman, the elder, is now in mid-winter, travelling through the country at the age of nearly eighty years, and in good health, delivering geological lectures, living mentally on the hard food of rocks, iron, iridium, and the like. Another strong example of the truth that health and hard study are not incompatible, is found in the great Missourian, Thomas H. Benton, now past the three-score and ten, and in the enjoyment of vigorous health; a more severe student than he has been, and is now, the American public does not know. Dr. Charles Caldwell, our honored preceptor, lived beyond the eighties with high bodily health, remarkable physical vigor, and mental force scarcely abated, yet, for a great part of his life, he studied fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, and at one time gave but five hours to sleep. John Quincy Adams, the old man eloquent, is another equally strong example of our position. All these men, with the venerable Dr. Nott, now more than eighty years old, made the preservation of health a scientific study, and by systematic temperance, neither blind nor spasmodic, secured the prize for which they labored, and with it years, usefulness, and honor. The inculcation of these important truths was precisely the object we had in view, in the projection of this Journal, with the more immediate practical application to the clergy of this country, whom we see daily disabled or dying, scores of years before their time, not, as is uniformly and benevolently stated, from their "arduous labors," but by a persistent and inexcusable ignorance of the laws of life and health, and wicked neglect of them. We use this strong language purposely, for ignorance of duty to their own bodies is no more excusable than ignorance of duty to their own souls, for upon both classes of duty the lights brightly shine, full bright enough for all practical purposes—the lights of nature, of science, of experience, and of grace. How much of the hard, intolerant theology of the times was concocted and is perpetuated by dyspeptic stomachs, reflecting men can readily conjecture. We take it upon ourselves to guard and guide the shepherds. We would like to say much more on this subject, but long articles are neither read nor copied, and, by many, a long cigar, or a long *quid*, would be preferred. For the present, therefore, we content ourselves with the enunciation of the gist of this article. Students and professional men are not so much injured by hard study as by hard eating; nor is severe study, for a life-time, of itself incompatible with mental and bodily vigor, to the full age of threescore years and ten.

Digitized by Google

Hints to Housekeepers.

www.libtool.com.cn

Trout Stewed.—This is a pleasing and delicate dish when nicely stewed. It is dressed very much in the fashion of other small fish stewed, only that it requires perhaps more care in the different processes. First, wash and clean the fish, wipe it perfectly dry, put into a stewpan two ounces of butter, dredge in, as it melts, flour, and add grated nutmeg, a little mace, and a little cayenne. Stew well, and when fluid and thoroughly mixed, lay in the fish, which having suffered to slightly brown, cover with a pint of veal gravy; throw in a little salt, a small faggot of parsly, and a few rings of lemon-peel; stew slowly forty minutes, then take out the fish, strain the gravy clear, and pour it over the fish; it may be strained over it; before, however, it is poured over, a glass of bucellas may be added to the gravy.

How to Wash Flannel.—Some washerwomen possess quite a *knack* in washing flannels, so as to prevent it fulling. It is not the soapsuds nor rinsing-waters that thicken up flannel in washing, but the *rubbing* of it. Cloth is fulled by being "pounced and jounced" in the stocks of the fulling-mill with soapsuds. The action of rubbing flannel on the wash-board is just the same as that of the fulling-mill. Flannel, therefore, should always be washed in very strong soapsuds, which will remove the dirt and grease, by squeezing, better than hard rubbing will in weak soapsuds. It should also be rinsed out of the soap in warm water, and never in cold, as the fibres of the wool do not shrink up as much in warm water after coming out of the warm soapsuds. Great care should be taken to rinse the soap completely out of the flannel.—This advice will apply to the washing of blankets, the same as it does to the washing of flannel.

To Braise a Ham.—Put the ham into water the night previous to cooking, and next day wash it in warm water, and trim it by cutting away all the yellow fat and rusty parts; take off the knuckle and pare down all the under part; put it in a stewpan, and just cover it with water; lay in a slice of beef cut into pieces, a few onions, a faggot of sweet herbs, three small carrots, and a little allspice; simmer from three to six hours; it must depend entirely upon the size and weight. Take out the ham, and skin it; glaze, and serve it upon a gurée of vegetables. The braise may be made into a rich brown soup, thickened and flavored with wine; it may serve also for the flavoring of soups.

Egg Plant.—Boil them in a good deal of water a few minutes, to take out the bitter taste, then cut in slices, and sprinkle a little salt on them Then fry them brown on a griddle, with only butter enough to keep them from sticking.

Stewed Egg Plant.—Take the purple kind, stew soft, take off the skin, mash it with butter and sweet herbs, grate bread over the top, and bake till brown.

Salsify or Vegetable Oyster.—Boil till tender, then pour off the water, and add a little milk, a little salt, and butter.

Another way is to parboil it, scraping off the outside, cut it in slices, dip it into beaten egg and fine bread crumbs, and fry it in lard.

Another way is, to make a batter of wheat-flour, milk, eggs, and a little salt. Cut the salsify in slices; after it is boiled tender, put it in the butter, and drop this mixture into hot fat by the spoonful. Cook them a light brown.

Fresh Fruit and Tomatoes.—Every housekeeper should lay up a supply of these for winter use, which may be done with very little trouble, by using Dr. Arthur's "Self-Sealing Fruit-Can," an article largely used in all the Atlantic cities, and coming more and more into use throughout the country. The fruit preserved in these vessels, which are made of fireproof earthenware as well as tin, retains its fresh flavor, and is so much better than the old-fashioned preserves, that no persons who once use it, will care to waste time and sugar in the work of putting up fruit as heretofore. *Tomatoes* are kept in them in a perfectly fresh condition. *See advertisement in this number.*

Fresh Stewed Fruit.—Ripe or green fruit stewed with as much sugar as will make it agreeable to the taste, and sealed up while hot in "Arthur's Self-Sealing Cans," will remain as fresh as when sealed up for months or years.

I often introduce onions, eschalots, or even a little garlic in some of my most delicate dishes; but so well blended with other flavors that I never have a single objection, even by those who have a great dislike to onions, eschalots, or garlic.

Horseraddish and herbs of every description may always be used with discretion to great advantage.

Contrary to the expressed opinion of every other previous work on cookery, I say that too much seasoning is preferable to too little; while you fear over-seasoning, you produce no flavor at all; by allowing each guest to season for himself your sauce attains a diversity of flavors. The cook must season for the guest, not the guest for the cook.

I recommend sugar in almost all savory dishes, as it greatly facilitates digestion, and invigorates the palate; but always increase or diminish the quantity, according to the taste of your employer.—*M. Soyer.*

Digitized by Google

Editors' Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

LITERARY CRITICISMS.

The present system of literary criticisms is so near a farce, that those who stand behind the curtains, and see how the thing is done, can scarcely repress a smile when they read the dogmatic opinions of books that are gravely sent forth in scores and hundreds; written, in most cases, as task-work, and with an effort to appear knowing and critical: the books themselves unread beyond the preface or title pages.

Occasionally, we have the issue of publications, something on the plan of the London "Athenæum," or "Literary Gazette," which profess to take the ground of earnest, independent, manly criticism. But, alas for the pretension! In nearly all cases we find in them the conceit, ill-nature, and assurance of their prototypes, without their breadth and ability. They are the narrow mouth-pieces of certain cliques of great pretension, but meagre execution—of pretended literateurs, who "are nothing, if not critical."

The public smiles at the vain-glorious displays made in these "purely" literary publications—smiles at the prominent ears protruding through the lion's skin—pities the weak ill-nature, or stolid blunders of the self-constituted reviewers—and goes on reading and judging for itself. Happily, in this country, society is made up of men and women sufficiently well educated and well read to have their own opinions about books, and the author who can speak to the general intelligence and the common heart, is sure of an appreciative welcome. There is no necessity for paying toll at the critical turnpike-gates, set up here and there by men who traffic in letters, like picture-dealers in art, and who would palm off a smoked literary daub, in which they have a pecuniary interest, for a genuine Raphael or Correggio. No—no. Americans are too well read, too discriminating, and too much used to independent thought, to be hoodwinked by such as these. They are, themselves, the only deceived parties in the case, and their deception would be short-lived, were not the illusion kept up by interested publishers, who find them pliant in their hands, and who use them for their own advantage.

These self-constituted literary umpires are not, therefore, to be trusted, and their opinions are reflected in only a very narrow circle. The independent public goes on judging for itself, and making up its own opinions of books and authors. The ordinary notices which appear in monthly magazines and weekly and daily newspapers, are, for the most part, taken as announcements made through the courtesy of editors, in return for complimentary copies sent by publishers: and through them readers of books are kept advised of the issues of the press. The effort to give to these mere announcements the gravity of criticisms, is the farce to which we have alluded. There are exceptions, of course; and we have seen in some of our magazines and newspapers, occasional criticisms, brief or extended, of the highest order; but these must only be regarded *as* exceptions. The great mass are only "notices" of publications, and should so be considered.

It would be, indeed, a great relief to the overtasked and mind-weary editor, who sees the pile of new books rising higher and higher on his table every day, if he knew that his readers expected little more than a notification of their titles, with such brief information in regard to them as he might, from his general knowledge of books and authors, happen to possess. This is all he can do, at best; and if the extent of his ability in the case were more generally understood, it would be better all around. The dogmatism, used so often now as a cloak of concealment, would be laid aside, and instead of pretended opinions, where few opportunities for forming opinions exist, we should have such general ideas of books as would not mislead; and that would be a large gain to the public over the present system.

LIFE AT WATERING-PLACES, &c.

"And you really start next week for the Springs, Mrs. Beach?"

"Yes, we shall go early in the week, bag and baggage; for the weather's got to be really overcoming here in the city," answered Mrs. Beach, as she complacently folded the last of Amanda and Juliette's organdies, which she had been displaying to her somewhat humbler and much-envying neighbor.

Now, it was rather remarkable, and not a little alarming—the change which had of late taken place in the health of Mrs. Beach and her interesting daughters. Five years ago, when the head of that rising and respectable family kept a small grocery and fruit store, on a certain corner, whose locality he henceforth religiously ignored—Mrs. Beach, Amanda, and Juliette never dreamed of leaving the city for their annual recuperation, and looked just as blooming in July as they did in January.

But since that blessed conversion of an alley into an avenue, by which a few feet of land, which one year would have brought hundreds, suddenly rose to the value of thousands—the health of the "Beaches" has greatly deteriorated. Amanda and Juliette are pronounced decidedly "delicate" by their mother, and it is to be feared the lives of these dear creatures would be sacrificed to any unfortunate circumstance which should prevent their yearly advent at Newport or Niagara, Saratoga or Cape May.

"But what do you do when you get there? How

Digitized by Google

do you spend your time?" inquired Mrs. Stillman, who combined a Yankee's curiosity with a notable housewife's ideas of the value of time.

"Why, of course, we don't '*do*' anything except enjoy ourselves, generally," responded Mrs. Beach, commiserating her neighbor's benightedness with regard to fashionable society.

"We breakfast at half-past eight. Dressing for this is quite a plain matter. It doesn't require more than an hour and a-half at the farthest. Well, after this we go into the parlor, or out on the piazza. The young folks stroll under the trees, or off to the nine-pin alley, where they usually pass half the morning. Most of the ladies take a book, or a bit of embroidery, into the parlor; but there isn't much sewing or reading to be done in such a buzz of conversation.—The ladies are all talking about the latest fashions, or the new arrivals, and discussing who is the wealthiest, and lives in the grandest style: so the morning wears away. Well, then comes the dressing for dinner, which, I can tell you, is no light affair. You see, there is a great deal of rivalry in the matter—indeed, any one that doesn't *dress* at a watering-place had better keep away from it. Every article you wear is known, and the price of it fixed, from your collar to your shoe-strings. Of course, one doesn't like to be cut down by others, and so it's a continual strife who shall dress the best.

"Well, after dinner we go back to the parlor, or take naps in our rooms, and, maybe, the gentlemen get up parties to go out riding or boating. At all events, there are the swing and the nine-pins to kill the afternoon.

"Then it's dress for the evening again; and we always have balls, dancing-parties, charades, or something of this kind. So, you see, it takes us all the time to enjoy ourselves, or get up some excitement."

Now, reader, are you a frequenter of fashionable watering-places? Are you familiar with their social life? If so, your own experience has already confirmed or denied Mrs. Beach's epitome of this. Certain it is she had been there, and ought to know.

And how large a proportion of the wives, and mothers, and daughters of our land fritter away two months of every year in this worse than butterfly existence! What to them are the great lessons, the grand paintings, the sublime poems that Nature opens and utters all about them! "Their eyes are darkened that they cannot see, their ears are heavy that they cannot hear." Their one over-shadowing life-aim and purpose is to *dress—to dress better than their neighbors.*

For our own part, we know of few more painful commentaries on the weakness and wickedness of human nature, than a week, in the height of the season, at one of our fashionable watering-places, furnishes! The follies and the flouncing, the gossip and the glamour, the lounging and the listlessness, the petty jealousies and rivalries, are equally saddening and sickening. How few of all these pleasure-seekers come away with natures deepened, mellowed, enriched by familiar intercourse with the great scenes about them! Of what use, beyond the mere physical, sensuous excitement and pleasure, are rides, and sails, and walks to them? Nature preaches only to the souls of the "faithful." For the earnest, for the true-hearted, for the loving, she keeps her evangels.

Of course, we do not mean to deprecate innocent pleasures and amusements. Youth must have its day, and God forbid we should dash aside one drop of its wine and its sweet waters; but dressing and dancing are not all of these.

And is there not some woman—are there not some *women*—who will resolve to be apostles to these places; women who shall infuse a higher moral and intellectual tone into their social life; women who shall sow these light hours with the good seed, whose fruit ripens only in the light of eternity?

September has come, winding her necklaces of golden mist about the mountains, stringing her jewels of red berries along the country hedges and hollows, and treading with balmy feet the green path over which the summer passed smiling to her death.

And so God's love appointeth the seasons, and glorious in beauty and laden with gifts they walk by us.

V. F. T.

LITTLE MRS. JENKINS.

"Did Martha Fipps say that about my Tom?" soliloquised little, plethoric Mrs. Jenkins, as she seated herself in her rocking-chair, broom in one hand, and duster in the other, for the fuller consideration of the enormous scandal which her neighbor had just perpetrated against that lady's eldest born—Tom Jenkins, at your service.

"To think she should have called Tom a rude, unmannerly boy. In my humble opinion, she had better look nearer home. There's Dick, and Webster, two of the worst, rattle-brain, yelpin', mischief-brewin' boys that ever I laid my two eyes on; and as for Martha, she's no more government than our old puss, not a bit.

"And now she sets herself up to judgin' *my* children! It's outrageous," and the little woman tapped the floor with the broom, and waxed warm as she proceeded. "I won't stand such treatment, anyway. I'll let Martha Jenkins see I've got some spunk, if she thought I hadn't. Poor Tom! it's too bad to abuse the child so. Of course, he's a little noisy and headstrong, like all boys; but there never was a sweeter baby since the world stood, and it's a burnin' shame."

Here poor Mrs. Jenkins' feelings quite overcame her. The broom and the duster sank to the floor, while she buried her face in the corner of her apron, and two or three gasping sobs echoed through the kitchen.

Somehow, the thermometer of her feelings cooled down with her tears, as rapidly as Fahrenheit's does after a July shower. "Martha always was a little fiery and quick spoken, but it was all over with her

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

in a minute," whispered a low, soft voice in her heart. "And then, though Tom is certainly a remarkable child, he is, at times, a little obstroperous, and if he did overhear her telling the butcher all this, you ought not to forget how kind she was when he was sick with the measles. And then, you've known each other ever since you were girls, and been such good friends; it would be a sin to break with her now. I'd forgive and forget all about it, if I were you."

A half hour later, Mrs. Jenkins put her head out of the kitchen window, and called to Tom, who was at that moment inverting himself on the grass-plat: "Tom, go this very minute, and pull me up a large nice mess of our new beets, and then come straight here."

Tom slowly turned his lower extremities downward, and took himself off in the direction of the beet-bed. A few minutes later, he presented himself at the kitchen door, with the long beet tops in both hands.

"Well, thom is a real nice mess," said Mrs. Jenkins, admiringly surveying the large vegetables. "Now, Tom, I want you should take these right over to *Miss* Fipps. They'll be just in time for dinner. Now, pull up your shirt collar, and pull down your hair, and be jest as perlite as you can."

"Miss Fipps says she's very much obleeged to you, and wishes you would come over there to tea this afternoon," called out Tom, under the kitchen window, on his return.

"Well, I guess I'll go. It's always pleasant, visiting at Martha's."

Then that same soft voice whispered to the little woman: "Now, how much better this is, than getting angry, and having a fuss with your old friend."

"To be sure it was," hummed Mrs. Jenkins, as she vigorously dusted the rocking chair. V. F. T.

SCHOLASTIC TITLES.

A certain reviewer takes the ground that the affixing of honorary titles, such as, A. M., D. D., LL. D., &c., to the name of an author in his book, is "the strongest possible admission of mediocrity," and in remarking upon the use of the D. D., in a recent volume of excellent sermons, says:—"Who ever thought of putting any title to Jeremy Taylor? and yet the fine old divine will be read by the lovers of pure piety and reverers of pulpit eloquence to all time, independent of sect." If the public understood all about the conferring of these literary titles, there would be less respect for them than is now entertained. The compliment is not unfrequently a personal favor, instead of a title to scholarship, and meant to give the individual a position in the public regard which he was too indolent or weak to obtain through earnest scholarship. Let a man's work speak for itself. It is not worth the ink and paper by which it becomes a verity in the literary world, if it requires an A. M. or an LL. D. to make it go down with the people.

SHE IS DYING.

Our readers cannot have forgotten a little sketch under this title, which appeared in our July number, and which, through some inadvertency, was not accredited to its gifted authoress—ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER. It was one of those rare inspirations of pathos and poetry which go straight to the heart, like an old memory come back with the power of a present grief, shaking up sighs to the lips and tears to the eyes of the reader.

Ellen Louise Chandler is a native of Connecticut, and she has incarnated her genius in many beautiful poems and delicious prose sketches, earning for herself a rare reputation throughout the country. We give below one of her sweet home-pictures:— V. F. T.

"ALMOST THERE."

"Heigh-ho! I'm almost home. I do wish this slow coach would go a little faster!" The speaker looked out of the coach-window upon the fields whitening gradually with the snow-storm. The landscape was growing familiar. The brown farm-houses, with their capacious barns, a mile off from his father's dwelling, were the homes of neighbors, as country people estimate neighborhood. Nothing had changed, and yet he had been away from home five years, without once hearing from the loved ones, to whom, softened and penitent, he was now hastening.

A vision came up before him. He remembered a gentle, blue-eyed woman, whose smile was the only sunshine of his not over-happy childhood. He remembered how tenderly she had blessed him as she bade him good-night, the last time he had ever listened to her voice. In fancy, he stole once more down the back stairs, and looked into the bed-room, where she lay sleeping. Once more, as on *that* night, he laid down his little pack, on the lower stair, and crept in to the bedside. He looked at the pale, care-worn still delicate face, and thought of the morrow's waking. He had never told even her, that he meant to run away, and yet he loved her so. He looked at the marble features of that stern, Puritanical father, that decon in the church, that good man, and thought, with flushed brow and clenched fist, of the last whipping he had given him. Then, once more, his eyes rested on his mother's face. He could not go without one last kiss. He bent over her, and a tear fell on her wasted cheek. She started in her sleep, and he turned hurriedly away. All was lost if she should awake, for she would never suffer him to go out alone into the great world her meek heart dreaded.

All these memories swept over him, blinding his eyes, and shutting out from his vision the intervening years, as the stage-coach dragged slowly onward through the drifted snow. He was almost there. It was Thanksgiving; he had not thought of that before. He had loved that day, even in his boyhood. They would be at supper now;—his mother at the head of the board, litte Carrie on her low stool beside her, his own place vacant, and his father, sitting before the turkey, ready to forgive him.

He sprang from the stage, and hurried joyfully to the door. But he paused on the step, and his heart seemed fluttering up into his mouth. For the first time, he thought there might have been changes. He pushed open the door less joyously, and the snow, which had been piled up outside of it, tumbled into the entry, and the screaming wind rushed in, and he pushed through the snow and wind, and opened the kitchen door.

The fire burned on the hearth as he had fancied, the asparagus boughs waved over the looking-glass in its cherry frame, and a pair of big, winter boots

Digitized by Google

toasted, just as of old, in front of the bright blaze.—But was that his father sitting there before the turkey, so gray, so old? And why did his maiden aunt Hannah fill his gentle mother's place? Where was Carrie?—"Father," he faltered, "don't you know me? I'm your truant son James, come home again to ask your forgiveness."

"I forgave you long ago," said an altered, sorrowful voice, in which James Chamberlin could never have recognized the terror of his youth, the voice of his stern father. "May be, it was for the best, James; leastways, *she* thought so, and she loved you always. I know I was a hard master for you, and I've sometimes thought I could die easier if I could ask *your* pardon afore my time come."

"Mine!" The word was gasped forth with a choking sob, and good Aunt Hannah, who had watched the meeting in silence hitherto, folded her arms round her favorite nephew, and drew him to her breast.

"Where is my mother?" the young man asked, at last, with a convulsive shudder.

"In the grave-yard, yonder," answered the old man, solemnly. "When she found you were not coming back, she broke her heart, and died. Don't cry, don't cry so. *I* can't cry, and it was more my fault than yours. Carrie is gone, too—married and gone out West,—as good as dead, for all we shall ever see of her here. Thank God, you have come back to close the old man's eyes."

It was a sad, sad story. I do not like to tell it.—No sighs, no tears, no penitence, can bring the life-blood back to the cold lips of the dead. Mary Chamberlin slept on in her grave, heedless of the wild tears and prayers which her penitent son poured out, many a noontide and many a midnight above it.—The old man died and was laid beside her in his last sleep; and, now, once more, with the snows of a life which has known no summer resting upon his hair, James Chamberlin looks forward, not eagerly indeed, but patiently, hopefully, murmuring—"I am almost there," and the home, whither his dim eyes turn is in a far-off country, even Heaven.

COUNTRY SCENE.—(Illustrated.)

"And if Maria sells the eggs and speckled hens at market, I shall really have a new rocking-horse, mamma?" and the child grasps, as you see, with one little, round, chubby hand, at the mane of the animal he sits astride, while he lifts his bright, eager face to his mother.

That mild, calm, motherly face. The softness of maidenhood has not quite gone out of it, and speaks a language to your heart which her foreign dialect might not.

"Yes, Jean, my boy, you shall have the rocking-horse," answer the low, sweet tones, half drowned by the plashing of the horse's feet in the cool stream.

There is another pair of eyes, very like the mother's, that look tenderly from under their long lashes on the boy. Between the mother and the sister, it is very evident, the little rogue is a spoiled child, and he has probably, by dint of cries and coaxing, usurped her place on the angular back of the animal, whose youthful pranks—judging from the stiff bending of his extremities and the submissive carriage of his head—must long since have disappeared. Do you see, too, with what an expression, made up of sagacity and anxiety, the dog, on the right, watches their passage through the stream? The probability of the youngest traveller maintaining his equilibrium from one side to the other, are certainly rather ticklish, and possibly the canine representative is gravely forestalling the shrieking and splashing, the kicking and commotion that would be certain to follow.

But, for our own part, we will not imagine so tragical a close to so calm and fair a picture, with its delicate spreading of soft clouds over the radiant sky and the hoary elm-trees, breathing out the low sighs of the morning wind, or throwing their long, graceful shadows like dark pennons upon the stream.

V. F. T.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

A sister's influence in a family, who can estimate its value, if thrown on the side of harmony, order, and fraternal union? We think it will be found, that where a sister is loving, kind, and forbearing, her brothers will grow up with gentle spirits towards manhood, and in but rare instances wander from the path of virtue. Some sisters, and with regret be it spoken, enter into selfish conflict with their brothers. This is never done without an almost total destruction of influence for good. The stronger brother learns to despise the weaker sister, who fails in every struggle with her rough antagonist. Nothing does she gain, but ah! how much does she lose. Above all, and worst of all, she loses influence for good over her brother, who, in stepping forth into the world, needs, above all things, the protecting power of her unselfish love, going with him, and remaining consciously with him as a protecting angel.

HAVE FAITH.

"Where others have found sorrow, she shall have joy, for Nathalie *believes*." And how much of life, after all, this "believing" is! "If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed," said the God-man. And it would be well for us if we could carry up to old age some of the sweet faith of our childhood.

And then, it is usually the case, those who distrust most, usually find the least beauty, the least love. Of course, we don't mean a weak, blind faith in all persons and circumstances, but that faith that looks up trustingly to God, and out to the future, with a smile that sows seed in the dark furrows of life, believing that the sunshine and the clouds of the coming years, will make them into flowers that shall gladden some heart and eyes. Blessed are they that "believe!"

V. F. T.

Mr. Alfred Burnett, editor of the Cincinnati *Home Journal*, and a young writer of promising ability, has been giving literary recitations in England, with much credit to himself, if we are to judge from the favorable comments of the press. We give an original poem from his pen in the present number of the Home Magazine, entitled, "Thou art lost to me, dear Mary," in which are many fine passages.

Digitized by Google

Referring to one of his entertainments, the *Exmouth Mercury* says:—

"Many of the poems selected for the occasion, were in themselves very beautiful, but were rendered doubly so by the exquisite style in which they were given, and the charm of his finely modulated voice. His rare talent in delineating the fiercer passions, and stormy moods of ever changing nature, is truly wonderful."

www.libtool.com.cn

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HUMOROUS POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, from Chaucer to Saxe. By J. PARTON: New York, *Mason & Bro.*

The largest and, perhaps, the best collection of humorous poetry yet made, extending to between six and seven hundred pages, and embracing Narratives, Burlesques, Epigrams, Satires, Parodies, Epitaphs, Enigmas, Travesties, &c., almost without number.—An unexpected feature of the book, says Mr. Parton, is that there is not a line in it by a female hand.—"The alleged foibles of the fair," he remarks, "have given occasion to libraries of comic verse; yet, with diligent search, no humorous poems by women have been found which are of sufficient merit to give them claim to a place in a collection like this. That lively wit and graceful gaiety, that quick perception of the absurd, which ladies are continually displaying in their conversation and correspondence, never, it seems, suggest the successful epigram, or inspire happy satirical verse." This is a curious literary fact. In making his selections, the editor has, with good taste, omitted all poems which, from their freedom of expression, cannot be read aloud in the company of men and women. The whole volume is destined to have a good circulation, and will give light wings to many hours that otherwise would drag heavily along.

FASHIONABLE LIFE. By MARY H. EASTMAN: Philadelphia, *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Mrs. Eastman, who is very favorably known to the public through two or three elegantly illustrated volumes of aboriginal legends and sketches, in which, aided by long personal observation, she has done the public a real service by presenting faithful transcripts of Indian life, now tries her graceful pen on a work of fiction, the second, we believe, that she has written.—"Fashionable Life" gives us a series of pictures intended to show the depressing effects upon the mind and heart of woman, of a social system in which pleasure and selfish ease are the chief ends in view. Some of the scenes presented are vigorously drawn, some are amusing, and all are full of interest to the reader. The tone of the book is healthy and its morality sound. This is a great merit, at a time when so many of the productions of our female writers are tinctured with false philosophy and a morbid sentimentalism. Religious in her feelings, Mrs. Eastman infuses through her book a deep respect for the things of religion, and ever points the struggling, the toiling, the grieving, and the unhappy upward for the true solution of life's difficult problem. She believes that "to patient faith, the prize is sure," and that

"All who to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown."

And there is no truer or better philosophy than this.

THE MARTINS OF CRO' MARTIN. By CHARLES LEVER: New York, *Harper & Bro.*

A new book from the sparkling, witty, laughter-provoking author of "Charles O'Malley, will receive a hearty welcome.

A COMPLETE PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER, or Geographical Dictionary of the World. Containing a notice and the pronunciation of the names of nearly one hundred thousand places. With the most recent and authentic information respecting the countries, Islands, rivers, mountains, cities, towns, &c., in every portion of the globe. Including the latest and most reliable statistics of population, commerce, &c. Also a complete Etymological vocabulary of geographical names, and many other valuable features to be found in no other Gazetteer in the English language. Edited by J. THOMAS, M. D., and T. BALDWIN; assisted by several other gentlemen. Philadelphia, *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

It may be rather late in the day to refer to this work, which has been sometime before the public, but having omitted to do so at the date of its completion, we take occasion to bear a warm testimony in its favor, as a book the most perfect of its kind. The principal editor—Dr. Thomas—to whom the public is indebted for the *pronouncing* feature of this Gazetteer, is one of the most laborious, pains-taking, accurate men of the day. He devoted some five or six years of strict personal attention to this work, aided all the while by a number of accomplished assistants, by whom an immense body of new material and fresh information, gathered in all parts of the world, was sifted, arranged, and digested. The Gazetteer is, consequently, up to the time, thoroughly reliable, and a credit to all engaged in its production.

CLARA, or Slave-Life in Europe. With a preface, by Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON: New York, *Harper & Bro.*

This picture of life in Germany, by M. Hacklander, has awakened a lively interest on the Continent.—Alison, the celebrated historian, who has drawn toward it the attention of English readers, and led to its translation, says that "it is intended to exhibit a picture of all the stages of society, from the cellar through the *entresol* and the saloon to the garret, in order to prove that all classes have their fetters, that the conventional chains of civilized life are even more galling than the rude fetters of the African, and that many a white slave would have something to envy in the lot of Uncle Tom. It is to be feared that there is too much truth in this view of the effects of civilization; and, in working it out, Haklander has evinced a great dramatic power, and a thorough acquaintance with all the gradations of German society."

The scenes, characters, and incidents of the book are not all of a kind to be placed in the hands of every reader. The author had an object to accomplish, and, in working it out, has exhibited a condition of society in some respects painfully revolting.

LECTURES READ TO THE SENIORS IN HARVARD College. By EDW. T. CHANNING, late Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory: Boston, *Ticknor & Fields.*

Like the recently published lectures of the late Prof. Read of our city, these critical hints to students and literary men, which present models of style, are well worthy to extend their mission beyond the narrow limits of a college. The editor and publishers of the volume have done the public a good service. The book is one much needed in this day of hurried and superficial authorship, and should be studied carefully by all young writers; while older veterans in the field might gain much by gleaning its pages. Mr Channing held the office of Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University, Cambridge, for thirty-two years.

MECHANICS' TABLES, Containing Areas and Circumferences of Circles, and Sides of Equal Squares. Circumferences of Angled Hoops, angled outside and inside: Cutting of Boiler Plates; Covering of Solids, &c., and Weights of various Metals, &c., &c. Miscellaneous notes, comprising Dimensions of Materials, Alloys, Paints, Lackers, &c. By CHARLES H. HASWELL, Marine Engineer. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

A pocket volume of seventy-two pages, in which mechanics will find a collection of invaluable tables and rules.

Digitized by Google

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet Laureate, &c.—Complete in one volume. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

Containing, of course, "In Memorium," "The Princess," and "Maud," the poet's longest productions. But it is by his shorter poems that Tennyson has awakened deep echoes in the hearts of the people, and by which he is best understood. Among these are some of the most exquisite gems in the language. The present collection is designed to be complete to the time, and as it is in a neat 18mo, of some 500 pages, is not a costly volume, and, therefore, within the reach of all lovers of poetry. It contains a fine portrait of the author.

THE TONGUE OF FIRE, or the True Power of Christianity. By Wm. Arthur, A. M., author of the "Successful Merchant:" New York, *Harper & Bro.*

The simple announcement of this volume, from the pen of one whose recent visit to our country made for himself so favorable an impression, is sufficient to create a large demand, apart from the desire naturally felt by all readers of the "Successful Merchant" to possess another book by the same gifted author. "The Tongue of Fire" is a small volume, strictly religious in its character, and designed to give the author's views of the Holy Spirit in its descent and operations.

THE NORTHERN HOME MAGAZINE. Portland, Me.: *Daley & Lafkin.*

This is a new enterprise, but one that seems to have a good deal of vitality in it. Maine has owned no literary magazine, though, of course, there was material enough to furnish one, and we agree with the editress, that "Maine minds might speak to Maine hearts." The moral tone of the Magazine seems unexceptionable, and its intellectual one highly promising. We cordially wish it success. Terms, $2 per annum, in advance.

SIBERT'S WOLD—A Tale. By the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," "Dream Chintz," &c.: Boston and Cambridge, *James Munroe & Co.*

A charming story by a writer who has won her way into the affections of a wide circle of American readers.

MRS. DENISON'S NEW STORY.

Our readers will remember that we promised them a new story, from the pen of Mrs. Mary A. Denison, as one of the attractions of the Magazine for this year. We shall keep our promise, and commence the publication thereof in the October number. It is entitled "Idyl." Mrs. Denison is one of our favorite writers, charming by the gracefulness of her style, and absorbing the mind in her characters, around which her genius throws a living interest.—"Idyl" will be completed in three numbers of the Magazine. It will be found a charming story. Our own story—"What Can Woman Do?"—grows on our hands; but we shall endeavor to complete it in the November number, or, latest, in that for December.

"Fresh Fruit all the Year at Summer Prices, and how to obtain them."—This is the title of a little book which gives plain directions for putting up all kinds of fresh fruit and tomatoes, in self-sealing cans for winter use. It will be found invaluable to housekeepers. The price is only 12 1-2 cents. If any of our country friends desire to possess it, we will procure and mail it on receipt of this sum.

NEW MUSIC.

D. Lawton, 281 Coates St., sends us "Gouttes de Eau (drops of water) Caprice Etude, for the piano, by Jos. Ascher. A very beautiful and brilliant composition, moderately difficult, and a good study to secure flexibility of the fingers.

COLORED PLATES OF FASHION.

With the next, or October number of the Home Magazine, we shall commence giving colored steel fashion-plates, and continue them monthly thereafter.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD LANDS.

The advertisement of these lands having appeared in our Magazine for some months past, the following information in regard to them will doubtless be of interest to a considerable number of our readers:—

The lands offered for sale by the Illinois Central Rail Road Company, were granted by the United States to the State of Illinois, by the act of 20th September, 1850. All the conditions stipulated in that act have been fulfilled, and the title to these lands can no longer be affected by legislation.

By the act of 10th February, 1851, the State of Illinois incorporated this company, and directed the governor to convey to said company, by a deed in fee simple, all of said lands, &c., which was done.

The said act further required said company to execute a deed of trust of all said lands, &c., to certain persons named therein by the state, to secure the performance of the conditions and stipulations required thereby. The bonds issued under this trust are being paid as fast as the money is received, from the sale of the lands set apart for that purpose. All bonds received for lands, or purchased with the proceeds of such lands, are officially cancelled by the trustees.

Where payment is made in full, the purchaser at once obtains his title from the trustees appointed by the state. If the sale is on credit, however, the title is not given till final payment is made, but the purchaser receives a contract, stipulating that such title will be given on full payment, and compliance with the conditions specified therein. Each payment for lands sold on credit, can be made in construction bonds, or cash; and if in the latter, it is applied to the purchase of such bonds; and the particular tract is at once exempted from liability, and a perfect title given by the trustees—being, in fact, the first conveyance under the authority of the general government.

The sales are made under the direction of the trustees, and are authorized by an act of the state legislature. The lands thus sold are exempted from taxation by said law of the state until finally paid for.

The trustees execute deeds for all lands sold; and the conveyance by said trustees, in the terms of the law, is "an absolute title in fee simple," and operates "as a release or an acquittance of the particular tract or tracts so sold from all liability or incumbrance on account of said deed of trust, and the issue of said bonds—so as to vest in the purchasers a complete and indefensible title."

Thus it is seen, that the act of Congress making the grant, secures the title in purchasers, whatever may be the action of the state; and the law of the state, incorporating this company, while amply securing the bond-holders, is alike careful to protect purchasers of the lands, and to secure to them perfect and complete titles in any and every contingency.

Digitized by Google

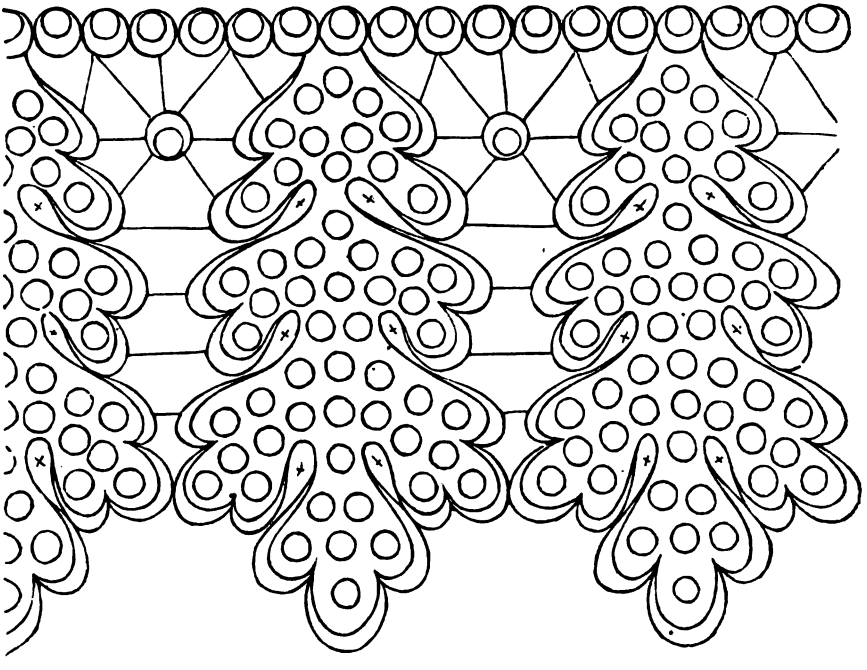
The Toilet and Work Table.

GLOVE BOX.—*Materials.*—A card-board frame, four ivory feet, white satin, silk wadding-cord, ribbon, and fringe; and for the embroidery *ombre* lilac, pink and green silks, white ditto, a small quantity of three shades of orange, small bugle pearls, a little white embroidery chenille, gold thread, and bullion.



Embroidered at the top with a bouquet of narcissus, lilacs, and ears of barley. The narcissus is embroidered in white Daoca silk, veined with the faintest possible green; the centre of the flower in orange, with a little scarlet for the edge of the cup. The pearl bugles are used for the barley-ears, each one being surrounded with white chenille, and with the beard represented by morsels of gold bullion, about one half an inch long, at the point of each pearl. The bunch of lilacs is, as a matter of course, worked in lilac silk, with a small pearl, surrounded by bullion, in the centre of each. The veinings of the leaves are in gold thread and bullion.

The frame of this box is in strong card-board, with a lining of flannel, both inside and out, between it and the satin. The seams inside are covered with white cord; the same material covers the outer seams, and runs along the edge. The outside of the lid is stuffed to a considerable thickness with fine wadding, over which the embroidered satin is placed. The border is of quilled ribbon, with white fringe round the sides, headed with a handsome cord.



PATTERN FOR FLOUNCING.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

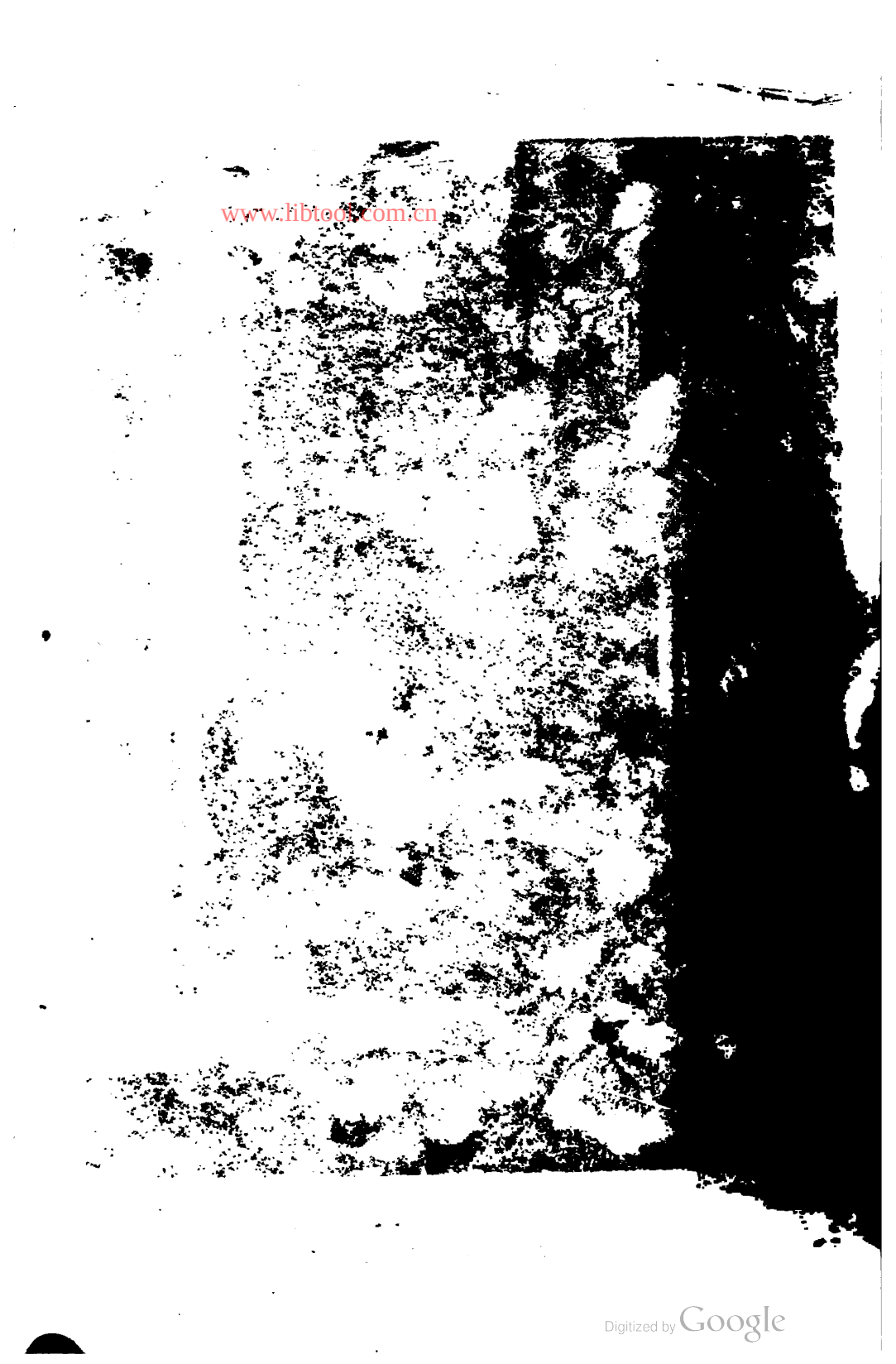


SOUR GRAPES.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google


www.libtool.com.cn
Digitized by Google



www.libtool.com.cn

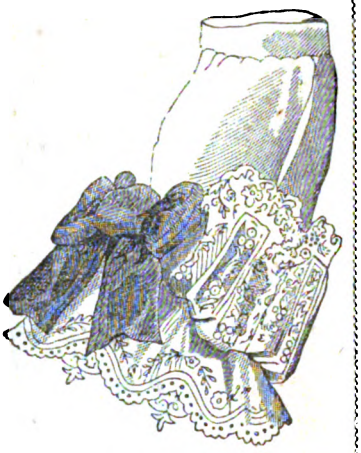
Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google



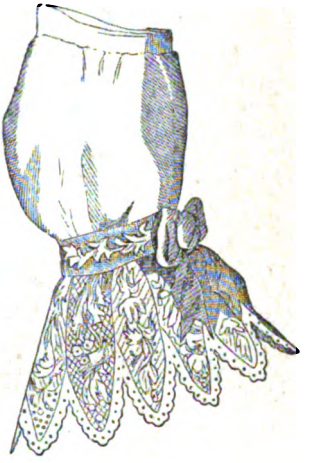
RIBBON BERTHA.



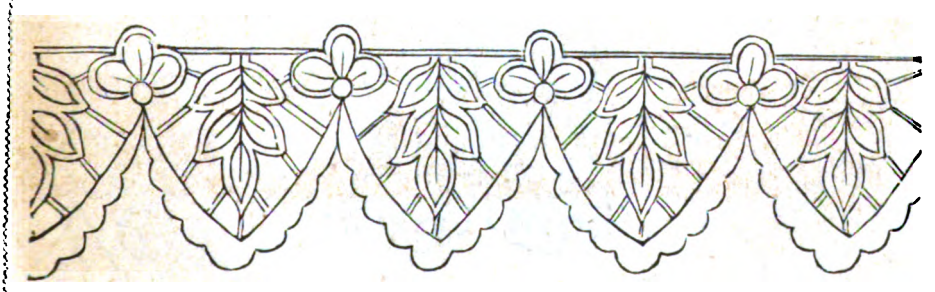
UNDERSLEEVE.



MUSLIN SET.



UNDERSLEEVE.

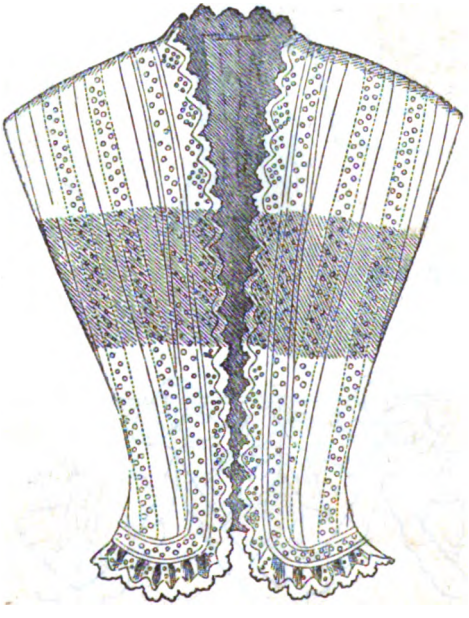


PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.

Digitized by Google



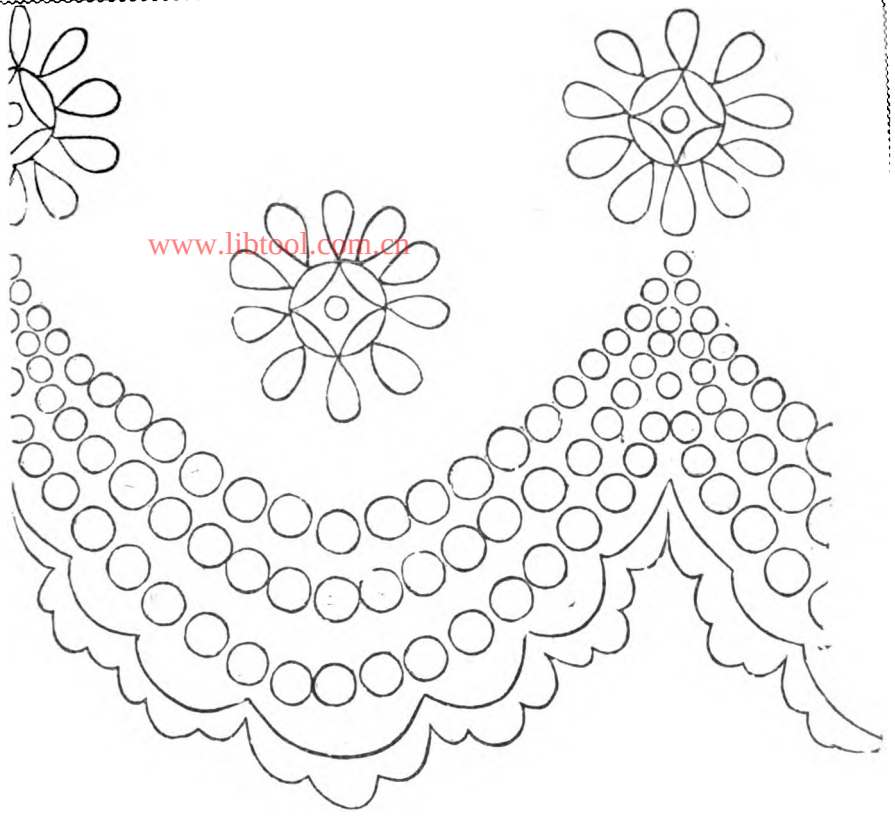
Elegant *Cassaque* of richly figured lace, trimmed with double-plaited edge round the throat, to be worn over a colored taffeta, or glace skirt.



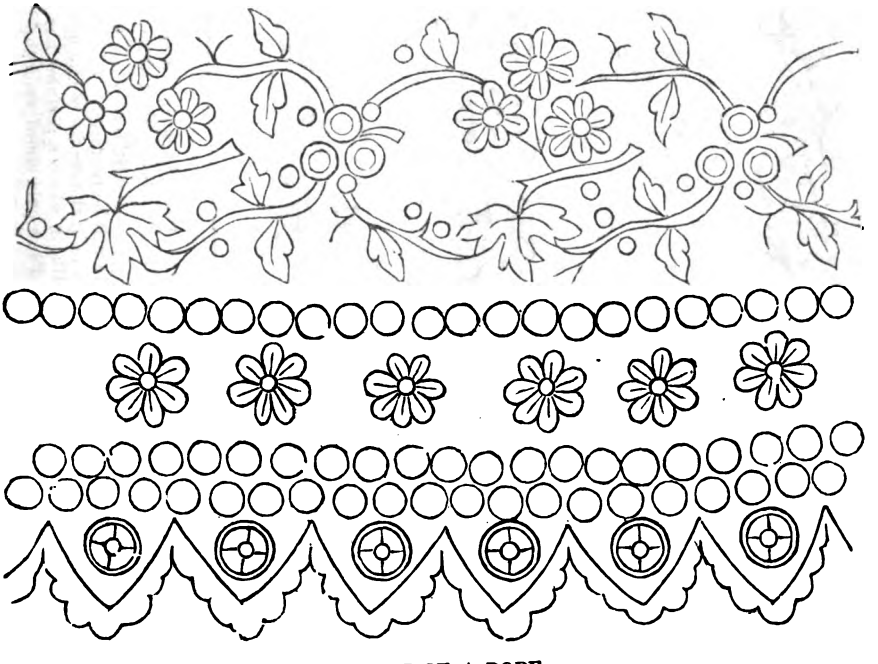
Chemisette to wear with open jacket in riding costume. It is of alternate plaits and insertions of cambric, edged with the same kind of work.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



PATTERN EOR EMBROIDERY.



SKIRT OF A ROBE.

Digitized by Google



EMBROIDERED GLOVE-BOX.

Materials.—Three-eighths of purple satin; a similar quantity of blue silk or satin; two shades of blue embroidery chenille, one skein of each shade; skein of the best gold twist; three yards of gold chord; purple and blue sewing silk, and a sheet of stout card-board.

Draw the design upon a piece of satin ten inches long and eight inches wide. This is for the top. For the sides, satin about thirty inches long and two inches wide will be required. Upon these, work the designs, as in the illustration, in embroidery stitch, the flowers with the chenille, using the light shade in the centre of the flower, and the stems, leaves, and letters with gold twist. Make an inner box for the gloves; line this with quilted silk, in which a perfume has been introduced; make the outside covering of purple satin. Cover the top and sides with the worked satin, and sew gold chord upon the joinings.

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

www.libtool.com.cn

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1856.

THE DEPOSIT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Travellers in La Sarthe may have noticed, at a little distance from Alencon, a village called St. Paterne, situated in the edge of the forest, and, at two gun-shots from the village, the modern buildings of a large farm, whose lands extend towards La Fresnaye. This farm, which, for its excellent cultivation, might pass for a model farm, was, several years since, the property of a man, wealthy and intelligent, but singularly feared in the neighborhood. He was called M. Loisel. Engaged, at the age of fifteen years, in the first insurrection of La Vendée, he had survived the disasters of his party, and had settled in La Sarthe, where he had acquired considerable property.

Although he was sixty years old, the master of the Viviers* (that was the name of his domain) had lost nothing of his eagerness to augment his already large possessions. An implacable avenger of the least infringement on his rights, he leaned, in all things, towards the most vigorous justice; so he was hated almost as much as feared.

Dawn had begun to light up the roofs of the farm-house, whose out-buildings were still plunged in shadows; no sound was heard there, and even the two watch-dogs were asleep, with their heads resting on the edge of the barrel, which served for a kennel. The garden walls, with their crown of vines, were vaguely outlined through the dusk, when footsteps were heard in the avenue that skirted them.

Two females advanced, slowly, in company with a young man, who walked with his head down, and as if overcome with deep grief. The elder held the hand of the younger, not less afflicted than their companion, and sought to console her by kind words.

"Come, Rosine, take courage," said she, in an affectionate tone; "your separation is not to be eternal. Michel will return to us."

The young girl shook her head.

"You know what my uncle has said," murmured she, in a troubled voice.

"Yes," continued Michel, in a tone of bitterness; "while M. Loisel believed me to be the son of the farmer who had adopted and educated me, after the destruction of my family, I had no cause of complaint; he has been to me what he has been to you, severly equitable; but from the day when, in pursuance of your advice, and with the hope of exciting his interest, I informed him of my true name, I have seemed to become odious to him. Always occupied in finding fault with me, he has appeared to be waiting for an occasion to dismiss me from the farm; the discovery of my love has served as a pretext."

"Say as a cause, Michel," replied the mother, sadly. "Alas! my brother has the malady too often the consequence of riches: he despises poverty. But what matters it to you, now that you are no longer to be under his orders? Life is open before you; what hinders you from making your way in it like others? Have you not received from God intelligence and health? You will henceforth have, besides, an object to attain, never lose sight of my friend; genuine attachment is not proved by despair, but by sustained effort; labor with perseverence; my daughter will wait for you."

"You promise me this, Madame Darcy," exclaimed Michel, who had stopped.

"I promise it," repeated the elder lady, in a grave and softened tone. "Reasons, the importance of which you appreciate, prevent my allowing this marriage to take place at present. I am indebted to my brother for the education

* The Fish Ponds.

Digitized by Google

of Rosine, for all the comforts we have both enjoyed for the past ten years; so many services rendered impose upon us submission to the will of M. Loisel. Besides, good sense would oppose obstacles to the immediate accomplishment of this union. Rosine has no fortune, you are out of employment; it is necessary, first, to ascertain that you can live by your labor. Depart for Alencon, my friend, seek to merit the confidence of the excellent merchant into whose employ you are about to enter, and you will not delay, I hope, to assure for yourself a sufficient maintenance to enable me to confide to you the fate of my child."

Michel, whose eyes were moistened with tears, pressed the hands of Madame Darcy in his own. They had arrived at the extremity of the avenue in which they had been walking; the elder lady opened her arms to the young man.

"Let us separate here," she said, in an accent of emotion; "we have nothing more to say to each other, and we must not prolong uselessly the sadness of adieux. Your horse awaits you, you have told me, at the little gate; go, my friend, and think of us."

Michel stammered some broken words, embraced the mother and daughter, then threw himself hastily into an alley which led to another corner of the garden.

The two women remained motionless at the same spot, until he disappeared, and then sadly retraced the path to their apartment.

The departure of Michel was, in fact, almost as much a cause of sorrow to Madame Darcy, as to Rosine herself. During the two years in which the young man had kept the books of M. Loisel, she had learned to appreciate his good qualities, and to comprehend that the happiness of her daughter could not be confided to safer hands; so she had seen their affection spring up with joy, and had flattered herself that her brother would not oppose it. But everything had turned out differently from her expectations. Far from manifesting more good will for Michel on learning that he belonged to one of the noble families to whom the disasters of La Vendée had formerly brought ruin and death, he appeared, from this moment, to see him with impatience, and scarcely had he been informed of his hopes, when he requested him to offer his services elsewhere. The intervention of Madame Darcy, and the tears of Rosine were unavailing. The proprietor of the Viviers declared that his niece should never marry, with his consent, a man without fortune and without position; that he wished for her an alliance which should fortify his own importance, and that the two women might choose between the young man and himself.

The adieux of Michel have already made known to the reader what had been his choice. Without renouncing a union which she continued to approve, Madame Darcy thought it necessary to postpone it. Thanks to her recommendation, Michel obtained a situation with one of the richest manufacturers in the department, and was now setting out, as we have seen, to enter on its duties.

Having almost reached the corner of the garden where the little gate was, at which he was to go out, the young man slackened his pace involuntarily, and looked behind him. Two vague forms glided in the distance behind the trees, and were insensibly lost in the fogs of the morning. Michel followed them with his eyes with an inexplicable emotion. He had, perhaps, just seen for the last time, her who had been associated, until then, with his plans for the future. He felt his heart swell, and remained on the same spot, as if stunned by this sorrowful thought.

Almost at the same moment, a slight noise of rustling branches resounded at a little distance: the young man, absorbed in his reflections, paid no attention to it.

Meanwhile, a gray head suddenly rose amid the vines which adorned the top of the walls of the orchard; it turned in every direction to interrogate the half-obscurity which still enveloped the garden; but a group of shrubs concealed Michel. Reassured by the silence, it rose higher, and quickly brought to view the whole bust of a man, poorly clad, to whose shoulders hung an old game-bag made of russet leather. Age and misery had imprinted their sad marks on his whole person. His appearance was pitiful, his movements uncertain, his countenance anxious. After having recognized, on the opposite side of the wall, the fissures which had assisted him in climbing it on preceding days, he stepped upon the top, seated himself, and was seeking with his foot a point of support, in order to descend, when Michel suddenly awoke from his reverie, and resumed his walk towards the little gate.

His unexpected apparition seemed to cause as much fear as surprise to the nocturnal visitor. He precipitately stooped on the top of the wall, placed his right foot in the first interstice he could find, and reached down his left foot to seek a second; unfortunately, the point of support to which he trusted himself gave way under him, his hands slipped, and he fell in the middle of the thorns and nettles outside the wall.

At the sound of this fall, Michel raised his head; but the daylight was yet too faint to enable him to distinguish the broken trellices and crushed vines, which alone could have made him comprehend the whole. He therefore did not stop to seek the cause of what he had heard, and, continuing his way to the little gate, of which he drew the bolt, found himself in the fields.

He was about to cross a field of lucern in flower, to reach his horse, when heavy groans attracted his attention. He listened: the sound came from the high grass at the foot of the wall. Michel advanced with a sort of uncertainty towards the direction of the groans; a moving and plaintive object appeared. He quickened his pace, and found himself beside the injured man.

"The *Roller!*" exclaimed he, in astonishment.

"Ah! save me, Master Michel," stammered the man with the game-bag, as he writhed

Digitized by Google

among the brush; "I am killed! I am dead!"

"Come," resumed the young man, who did not suspect the seriousness of the fall; "you drank too much this evening at the *Red Cross*, and you have just awoke with a soreness in your bones."

"No, no," sighed the *Roller*, "do not think so, Master Michel; as true as I am a Christian, I am killed! See how my blood flows."

"Blood!" repeated Michel, in surprise; "what is the matter then? what has happened to you?"

In spite of his sufferings, the *Roller* had the presence of mind not to reply to this last question. He began to redouble his complaints, mingling them with a story which it was impossible to understand, and which confirmed his listener in the thought that his fall was the result of intoxication He urged him to make an effort to rise, but all his attempts to do so were useless. Michel, seeing that he could not walk, went in search of his horse, on which he seated him, proposing to return to the farm-house, which was the nearest habitation; but the *Roller* obstinately refused, and demanded to be led to his cabin, which was on the outskirts of the village.

When he arrived there, his companion raised him in his arms, and deposited him on a heap of straw, which served as his bed. He afterwards wished to leave him, in order to summon the physician of St. Paterne; but the wounded man detained him with a broken voice:

"Do not abandon me," exclaimed he. "If I am left here, I am a lost man!"

"I must summon a physician," observed Michel.

"No," replied the mendicant, "I do not want any! All I want now, is something to drink."

The young man looked around him, and found only a pitcher of water, and a bottle of brandy. The *Roller* wanted brandy, affirming that nothing was better for falls, and giving, as a proof of this, that physicians order it for bruises; but he could not convince Michel, who contented himself with handing him the pitcher, and who was preparing to summon assistance, notwithstanding his opposition, when M. Loisel appeared at the door of the cabin.

The proprietor of the *Viviers*, who always rose early to visit his farm, had just perceived the horse of the young man at the door of Francois, and had entered to learn what Michel could be doing there at such an hour.

On perceiving him, the wounded man made a gesture of fear, and attempted to rise; but his strength failed. M. Loisel inquired what had happened, and Michel told him how he had found the Roller unable to move, near the garden wall.

"And what were you doing there?" asked the master of the Viviers, fixing his eyes on Francois.

The latter made an effort to raise his hand, and, taking off his cap, said:

"Pardon me, sir. I was there in spite of myself, the proof of which is, that I could not rise alone, or put one foot before the other."

"But how did you fall?"

"Alas!" said the beggar, "as people always do, from awkwardness and misfortune."

"I found him under the old wall, near one of the large stones placed as an abutment," observed Michel.

The proprietor raised his head hastily.

"Then he was on the side of the great crevice?" asked he.

"At the very place of the breach which you intended to have repaired."

M. Loisel struck the ground with the stick he was holding in his hand.

"The rascal has fallen in an attempt to climb the wall," said he.

"It is not true!" exclaimed the Roller, with a precipitation which confirmed the suspicions of the master.

"You were leaving the garden, or entering it," resumed he, threateningly.

"Not at all, not at all," stammered Francois; "what could I do in your garden? I have no business with your apricots."

"So, you know that there are some?" observed M Loisel.

"That is to say—there should be—" replied the disconcerted *Roller*; "everybody knows that farmers seek good fruit."

"Then it is you who have robbed me for the last fortnight?"

"Do not repeat such things," said Francois, becoming insolent, in order not to appear disturbed; "you should not torment poor people when you have no proof."

"I will have it!" interrupted the master of the *Viviers*, whose looks rested on the game-bag, which the *Roller* had pushed into a corner.

And hastily approaching it, he seized the cord, drew it to him, opened the bag, and out rolled some of the finest fruits of his garden.

The proof was too irresistible for the *Roller* to deny it longer; so, changing his tone, he began to implore the indulgence of the master of the *Viviers* But the latter, hastening to the door, summoned a boy from the farm, who was approaching, ordered him to take the horse at the door, and bring a justice of the peace without delay.

The justice soon arrived, and commenced to interrogate the *Roller*.

The latter made a full confession, intermingled with justifications, regrets, and prayers. He related, in broken confidence, his entire life delivered to evil influences, or to the temptations of poverty. Like many others, he had received from his parents only the wretched existence with difficulty prolonged up to this time The justice hoped that this confession would soften the accuser, but the latter insisted on a warrant being made out, and placed his signature to it with almost joyful eagerness. In his capacity of witness, Michel was obliged to do the same; M. Loisel handed him the pen.

"And especially sign your real name," observed he, seeing the young man pause over

Digitized by Google

the paper; "write, legibly, Michel De Villiers."

The *Roller*, who was writhing on his bed, suddenly stopped

"De Villiers?" repeated he, turning; "then your name is not Loumand?"

"That is the name of him who educated me," repeated Michel; "My father's name was De Villiers"

"Henri De Villiers?"

"Yes."

"Did he serve in La Vendée?"

"Under M. De Lescure."

"It is he," said Francois, raising himself up. "I must see him immediately."

"Do you not know that I am an orphan?" interrupted Michel.

The *Roller* struck his forehead.

"It is true," said he; "but you are his son and sole heir?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then, it is with you that I have to deal; perhaps you may even know my business?"

He was leaning over the edge of the bed, and his hands were convulsively searching among the straws, from which he drew a fragment of cloth, wrapped about a shapeless object. M. Loisel hastily approached.

"It is many years since this was confided to me," said the wounded man; "at the time of the passage of the Loire by the royalists, after the butchery of Mans"

"Well?" interrupted M. Loisel, impatiently.

"Well, I fled towards Brittany, like everybody else," continued the wounded man; "and was waiting at Carquefon an opportunity to cross the water, when another fugitive arrived at the farm where I was concealed. He had just encountered some dragoons, and received three sabre-wounds; so he had but a short time to live. When he saw that he must die, he summoned all the people about the farm, and gave me this, making me swear to convey it to Henri De Villiers."

"And you have not fulfilled this promise," said the justice.

"Because I have sought in vain for a person known by this name."

"But you undoubtedly know the name of him from whom you received this deposit?"

"Certainly," replied Francois; "it was a waiter from the *Lion of Angers*, called William."

M. Loisel hastily moved, and changed countenance.

"All this can be verified," observed the justice, whom the emotion of the master had not escaped. "Let us see what this fragment of cloth contains?"

"Not much," replied Francois; "only a piece of a tin plate, with some scribbling, which I have never been able to read."

"We will see what it is," resumed the justice, approaching the window; "for here are indeed some lines engraven on the metal."

The proprietor of the *Viviers* turned pale, and the justice read aloud:

"I, the undersigned, acknowledge having received from William, of the Lion of Angers, three hundred and twenty louis d' ors, a watch, set with diamonds, and two rings, constituting a deposit, confided by Henri De Villiers, which deposit I promise to restore to him or his heirs on demand

"Duplicated at Varades, the 3rd of January, 1794."*

"And the signature?" hastily asked Michel.

"The signature ought to be known to you, for it is that of M. George Loisel."

The young man started back with an exclamation of surprise, and the proprietor of the *Viviers* closed his eyes, as if seized with dizziness.

But the *Roller*, who had heard it, rose.

"George Loisel! Is it possible? But why have you not returned it, then?"

"The receipt is a falsehood—a calumny!" stammered Loisel.

"There is yet another proof," added the *Roller*.

"A proof!" murmured Loisel, more and more alarmed.

"Yes, the copy of the receipt. If the church of Varades has not been re-paved, it will be found under the seventh stone from the *Venitier*. William told me this when he gave me the piece of plate."

There was silence. The beggar enjoyed the confusion of the man to whom he had vainly pleaded a few moments before. Michel seemed to be the sport of a dream, and the justice was the first to break silence.

"It is difficult to doubt so many proofs," said he, with grave severity, and M. Loisel did not think it prudent to deny any more. His pride gave way; he dropped into a chair. The justice retired apart with Michel, and they conversed in a low tone; at last they approached.

"I hope this matter may be arranged without scandal," said Michel.

"Provided M. Loisel shall be accommodating," said the justice.

M. Loisel raised his head, and his look eagerly interrogated his two questioners.

"What would you?" asked he, in a low and husky voice.

"You are not ignorant of the affection of M. De Villiers for your niece," resumed the justice; "a marriage would unite the interests of the two families, and render all reference to the past unnecessary."

M. Loisel appeared to hesitate.

"Remember, that both your fortune and your honor are at stake," resumed the justice. "The proofs furnished by the *Roller* are too undeniable not to convince the judges if brought to trial. Put an end to this unpleasant business, by giving your consent to a marriage which will make the joy of your sister and her daughter; good impulses are sometimes good calculations."

---

* To those of our readers who look upon this as an invention of romance, we refer to the Memoirs of Madame La Rochejaquelen. They will see that in the wars of La Vendee, not only receipts, but the registry of the births of the children of the proscribed, were engraved with a nail on tin, enclosed in boxes, and buried, in order to serve in a later period as titles.

Digitized by Google

Whether from shame or emotion, M. Loisel could not reply; but he waved his hand in token of consent, and darted from the cabin

A month afterwards, Michel De Villiers espoused Mademoiselle Darcy, who brought, as a dowry, a large part of the revenues of the *Viviers*.

The public admired the generosity of M. Loisel, and Michel left him all the glory of it, keeping silence on the subject of the deposit confided to him by William.

But he never forgot the service which Francois had rendered; and, thanks to him, the latter could end his days without being any more exposed to the temptations of poverty.

THE LABORING MAN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Blest be the lab'ring man,
Who works with ready hand,
Content to sow, to reap, and mow,
And plough the barren land!
To fertilize the plain,
And make the desert bloom—
To plant the golden wheat and rye,
Where erst was swampy gloom;
Thro' joy and sorrow here, in life's short span,
My prayer shall be, God keep the lab'ring man!

Blest be his rough, hard hands,
Embrowned with toil!
I love them, for they till
My country's soil!
Blest be his brave true heart,
Though silken vest,
And chains of jewelled gold
Fold not his breast!
The foremost form in liberty's proud van,
Earnest and true. God bless the lab'ring man!

Let soft-brained dandies sneer,
And rouge-daubed misses scorn—
Shame! that in our fair land
Such dastards should be born!
Go on in hollow deeds,
Worse than a senseless void,
The laboring man's a glorious sun.
And thou, an asteroid!
Sweat, laborer, if thou wilt, angels' coral wings shall fan
Thy heated brow and parched lips. God bless the lab'ring man!

The brave, strong sons of truth,
Defenders of the frail,
Oh, let their noble deeds be borne
Abroad by every gale.
Their faith and trust in Heaven,
Their standards raised on high,
Until the gorgeous upper folds
Are lost in ether sky!
Through joy and sorrow here, in life's short span,
My prayer shall be, God bless the lab'ring man!

"'TIS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED."

BY MAGGIE STEWART.

It is sweet to be remembered,
E'en when Life's sky is bright;
It adds new fragrance to the flower,
New radiance to the light.
And birds 'mong leafy branches,
Sing with a sweeter tone;
Hope's altar-fire it kindleth,
To know we're *not* "alone."

It is sweet to be remembered,
When skies are dark with gloom,
And tried and trusted friendships
Are buried in the tomb;
It makes our hearts grow lighter,
When faith is growing dim;
And lifts our spirits Heavenward,
To trust and lean on Him.

It is sweet to be remembered
By the loved ones far away,
And the kindly words they send us,
Sheds a gentle, cheering ray.
Oh! *are* we still remembered?
Say we softly 'mid our tears,
Will they keep our mem'ry sacred,
Through the weary, toilsome years?

It is sweet to be remembered
When the dying hour is near,
For the prayers of our beloved
Make our weak faith more clear,
And to Death's dark shadowy angel,
A lovely smile is given.
Ah! 'tis *blest* to be remembered
By that better Friend in Heaven.

COLDWATER, Michigan, Aug. 5th, 1856.

Digitized by Google

IDYL.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER I.

The Mangler.

www.libtool.com.cn

The old, old story of poverty and suffering, how long must it be told? The old plaint of "man's inhumanity to man," that in all the records of the past has been set to such mournful music!—when shall it be ended? Not till the new heaven and new earth shall be formed, and all the Father's sublime purposes fulfilled, mankind stands forth, a being created in his image, and without sin, made wise and noble by all his sufferings and sacrifices, as the angels themselves. But my purpose is not to write a homily, but a tale that shall stir the sympathies, and, I hope, improve the hearts of my readers.

The September gale of 18— had set in. Never seemed wind and rain more terrible to those, who, well fed, and well housed, could look in security from their sealed windows, and watch the antics of the storm—how then did it fall upon the houseless, or those to whom the word "home," connected with four broken walls, a fireless hearth, and crazy windows, seemed a mockery.

In an old court, so cheerless that the passer-by might shudder at a glance up its dilapidated path and gloomy houses, were several ancient tenements, occupied by swarms of human beings. At the best window of all these, hung a little, cracked sign—"mangling done here." Sometimes, beside that sign, appeared a homely, weather-beaten face, in a limp-cap border, and, sometimes, a beautiful cherub, whose eyes looked sunshine, almost, into the dreary court. Within, in one corner, lay an invalid upon a comfortable bed. Her face was very wan, very ghastly, yet expressive of resignation and christain faith. A mangle stood in the corner opposite, a cradle by the fire-side; there was a poor flame upon the hearth—a plain deal table in the center of the room—and cleanliness was "abundant."

"I guess, deary, you'll take a little sip of tea now—'tain't none o' the strongest," said the old lady—for lady, by the soft accent of her tongue, and gentleness of her manner, she deserved to be called—"come, now," she continued, going up to the bedside, "shan't I make you one?"

"Yes, if you please, Hannah," responded the sick woman, faintly, unclosing her eyes; "but I feel so quiet, so very quiet and comfortable, so free from pain, that I hardly wanted to think, much less to speak or move; but perhaps it is better I should."

"You've felt nicely, all day, dear, haven't you?" queried the nurse, proffering the refreshing beverage, after she had propped her charge with pillows, and thrust gently back a tress of fine, golden hair that had escaped from under her cap. "I do raly hope the good Lord'll look down and smile upon you, so that you'll git strong enough, maybe, to go to the winder agin, and if you should live till the spring, why, then——"

"I shall never live till the spring, Hannah," murmured the other, instantly adding, with a nervous energy peculiar to consumptives, "haven't you seen—I mean—haven't you *thought*, all day, that this delicious ease—this freedom from suffering, *means* something?"

"There! now you've made me spill the saucer right in your night-gown," cried Hannah, while her lip quivered violently, and the sudden tears blinded her. "I shouldn't think, *Miss* West, you'd speak in that way—a body can't help knowing what you mean by your looks," and giving one short, heavy sob, Hannah replaced cup and saucer on the table, flung her apron, once, up to her eyes, dashed it away again, and gave one side-glance at her mistress, as she went towards the window.

"Isn't it a *very* bad storm, Hannah?" asked the weak, faint voice again, this time sinking into a half-audible whisper.

"Awful! I ain't seen anything so bad for a dozen years or more," replied the mangler.

"He won't be here, then, to-night," murmured Alice West. "I did feel, as if, perhaps, he might. Hannah, won't you get my brother's letter, and read it to me once more?"

"Yes, my dear; on'y you wait till I git a candle lighted, for it's getting too dark for my old eyes to read—now, you jest be easy a minute—I've got enough left for the night through, thank the Lord, and a little wood in the closet, and a loaf of bread, and tea enough for a day or two, saying you should drink it three times—there—now I'm ready—let me see—I put the letter behind the bit of glass—here it is;" and sitting down, with the little candlestick in one hand, and the letter in the other, she commenced reading. The bright eyes of the sick woman were fastened on her face, as Hannah waded, in her slow manner, through the common-places in the first part of the letter, for Colonel Brent, by whom it had been written, used both pen and style of the old school, and Hannah's eyesight was poor.

"As to your son," she continued, in a monotonous undertone, still reading—"I will take him to my heart and to my home; he shall be, in all respects, as if he were my own child. I have wealth, fame, influence; all shall be used for his benefit. Should he please me, and by a dutiful deportment confirm my hopes and strengthen my attachment, then, in case of my death, he will be my heir. I shall come and see you to-morrow, or the next day. I am, at present, kept by most important business, which will detain me till then."

"*Important business* and his dying sister," murmured the sick woman, while the large

Digitized by Google

tears overbrimmed her eyes—"how could he?"

"Never mind, dear," said Hannah, nervously rearranging the pillows; "he hasn't seen you for so long, and then the family quarrel, and prejudice, you know"—just then the wind, with one terrific howl, swept up the little court, and dashed against the frail lights of the window. A stream of cold, wet air, told that it had burst in the glass. Alice West lifted herself feebly to look, while Hannah, with many an exclamation, set herself to work to repair the injury.

"There, it's all right again, dear—now, do try to sleep, and get some rest. I hate to see them eyes so wide open."

"O, Hannah!" exclaimed the consumptive, her thoughts reverting to the letter; "he has said nothing about the *religious* education of dear little George, and I was so particular to speak of it in my letter—and he has not even replied to my wish that you should accompany my darling. What am I to think?"

"Trust that to the Lord, darling. The Colonel didn't think my coming important enough to speak of; of course, he wouldn't separate George and I—he must *know* it would e'en a'most break my heart to leave him; not that I want an easy place—I warrant, I'll work hard enough to 'arn my vittles, but I feel as if I must look after the child. But la! dear, you may be spared many a year yet."

"No—not another day," exclaimed Alice West, with a voice and manner that startled Hannah almost out of her self-possession. "Ever since yesterday at twilight, I have felt a certainty that my life is almost ended—and, oh! if it wasn't for my child," she added, in a broken voice, "it would be sweet—*sweet* to go."

"You have given him to the Lord," whispered Hannah, in a husky voice.

"Yes, yes—oh! He *will* hear a dying mother's prayer; He *will* listen to the agonizing cries I have sent to his throne; yes—I fear not; though temptations surround him—though he be nurtured in moral darkness, my prayer stands before Him. He cannot prove recreant to His promise," she added, with an appealing look at her faithful watcher.

"Never!" said Hannah; and in the dim light there gathered a great beauty over the rough, unhandsome face of the honest, God-praising mangler, as, with her strong faith, she comforted the dying.

CHAPTER II.

A Glimpse Backwards.

An hour passed: a sort of slumber seemed to have fallen upon the sick woman. She laid perfectly still, her eyes half closed, a sweet smile resting on her worn features. The door opened softly, and from the next room came a girl of fifteen years, bearing a beautiful burden in her arms.

"Here's Georgy," she whispered; "see, he fell asleep in my arms, while I was telling him 'Tom Thumb,' and I thought I'd bring him in, just so."

"Bless him!" murmured the nurse, reverently lying back a mass of curls that had fallen before his face; "she's failing very fast," she continued, in answer to a mute, enquiring look; "I'm afraid she won't stand it till morning. She's kind o' sleepy now, but she said, when you brought him back, she should like to kiss him—so, I guess I'll speak to her. I'm 'fraid it's the last chance, poor thing!"

The girl followed her timidly to the bedside; Hannah held the lovely cherub in her arms, and said, softly, "here's Georgy."

The sleeper did not stir. Hannah touched the thin, white hands that laid clasped together, then her face grew very pale, and she drew back with a sort of terror; but, in a moment, bursting into tears, she cried, in heart-rending accents—"oh! poor baby—she'll never look at you again—she'll never speak to you again! she's dead! she's dead!"

The girl fled from the room, and soon it was filled with sympathizing, but clamorous neighbors, some of whom surrounded the cradle of the child—others, the corpse of the poor mother, who died so easily, she gave no sign.

"What's to become of the poor boy?" asked one of the women.

"I hear he's given to Colonel Brent," replied another; "if so, the Lord pity him, for he's the greatest kind of an atheist; don't believe in God, or Heaven, or anything."

"He's given to a higher than him," exclaimed Hannah, sternly, stopping her tears for a moment, and speaking half indignantly—"he's given to the Lord, woman! His dying mother, with her last breath, and strength, and failing life, gave him to the Lord, and if a thousand infidels brought him up, the Lord would have a care for him, and save him, too;" and letting the tears fall again, she went to the bed where stood the officious neighbors, and motioning them away, she said: "I don't want anybody to do this but myself. I held her when she was born, and next to her own mother, I am the one to lay her out. I've got every thing," she added, with a sorrowful smile—"these hands earned her shroud—so, neighbors, though I thank ye for your kindness, I'd rather be alone." And they all, respecting her grief, left the room silently.

Hannah had been in the family of her mistress ever since she was five years of age, and she was now over forty. When she was yet a young and awkward girl, little loved, little thought of, or cared for, anyway, Alice Brent was born. On this child she lavished the wealth of her warm heart, and the angel-like girl returned her affection with an eager love. Mrs. Brent was a fashionable—I had like to have said heartless—mother, who left her children much to the care of servants, and it was fortunate that this homely, tender, and christian girl had charge of the little Alice—for her devotion and affection for the child were singularly unselfish, and as rare as disinterested. Lionel Brent, the brother of the little Alice, was a young man, some twenty years her senior—a proud, passionate, headstrong, daring fellow, utterly devoid of principle, yet, strange to say, gentle-

Digitized by Google

manly in his demeanor, and choice in his selection of friends. Alice was his pet and his plaything. Her little wardrobe, gorgeous as a queen's—her play-room, a museum of splendid and curious toys. As she grew older, he would laugh at her quaint old notions, as he called her conscientious scruples, always declaring that it was well enough for women to be saints; but he never tried to infect her pure mind with the poison of his infidelity. At the age of seventeen, she married his mortal enemy, for which deed he never forgave her; and, not content with showering his displeasure upon her, he secretly worked the ruin of her husband. She never knew it. She saw the change come slowly, but surely, and at last, at one blow, knew herself to be the widow of a gambler and a suicide, not ten years after her unhappy marriage. During all this time of sorrow and affliction, Hannah had been her faithful servant; had dressed three little babes in their first robes, and laid them out, with her own hands, in their last. The parents of Alice both died during the prevalence of an epidemic, and of their large fortune she received only a pittance from her brother, who was the sole heir. Pressed to the earth with poverty, a babe in her arms, whose advent had been perilously hastened by the shock of her bereavement; forsaken by her brother, who could not see the ruin he had wrought, and who had left home for a foreign tour—broken in health, and with the hectic on her cheek, poor Alice had now no friend but Hannah. A hard winter came on. The poor suffered, as, in this land of plenty, they had never suffered before; but Hannah toiled late and early, denying herself food and rest, that her mistress, as she still called her, might not go supperless to bed. Disease came on like a giant. The physician, whom the faithful servant called in, said, frankly, that medical skill would avail nothing; that the days of Alice were numbered, and medicine would but torture her. He recommended nutritious food, and plenty of it.

"Please God she shall never want for that," said Hannah, and she never did; for her strong hand, strong heart, and stronger will, supplied both mother and child with luxuries, while a crust of bread was often all her meal. A week previous to the time in which Alice is introduced to the reader, Hannah read in a daily paper of the return of Lionel, now Colonel Brent; and Alice, with the feverish haste of disease, had written to him, picturing her distress, her forlorn situation, and begging him to take care of her child when she should be gone. She asked no other favor—she asked that with fear and trembling, for she had always been afraid of her brother—his nature was not, as the term is, *en rapport* with hers. How could it be? She was a gentle, childlike christian, an incarnation of truth, purity, and virtue; he was a cold and unbelieving sensualist, whose divinity was his own body, and whose gods were his perverted tastes. She implored him, not knowing the strength of his atheistic belief, to bring up the boy in the fear of God, as he would hope for a blessing hereafter. She begged that Hannah, who had been with him from his infancy, might still remain his nurse, as the child was much attached to her: all this she asked for the child, nothing for herself, not even that he would call and see her. It might be that an instinctive feeling taught her that he would need no summons—that he would fly, remembering his olden love and tenderness, and watch her last moments—but the reader has heard the most important part of his answer. Return we to the dead.

www.fultonl.com.cn

CHAPTER III.

The Colonel's Arrival.

Still the storm wind lengthened its melancholy wail—still beat the rain drops in a frantic storm-dance against the window, and voices howled and shrieked, and mingled with the war of the angry elements. Hannah had built a fire and trimmed her candle—had thrown a snow-white sheet over the corpse, after kissing the marble forehead again and again—after laying the small, wasted hands, lovingly together—and taken her seat by the hearth, where, bending her head upon her hands, and resting her elbows upon her knees, she swayed herself to the mournful cadence of her thoughts.

"Ah!" she muttered, as she watched from under her hands the white light of the fire, playing in wandering flashes upon the counterpane—"it's a dreadful wild night to keep watch with the dead; but I'll do it all of myself. Poor soul! and here's the boy sleeping as sweetly as if there was no trouble for him in the world. Lord help him to bear it when it comes, poor child! I'll put the vials away—they break my heart, almost, to see them standing there, and *she'll* never want them again—what *can* that be?" she cried, suddenly ceasing to rock the baby, sitting bolt upright, and listening.

It grew distinct, the rattle of a carriage up the paved court—then a noise, as of clumsily undoing a door—a loud voice, that made its shouting heard above the clamor of the wind, then a thundering knock on the outside of the old house. Hannah trembled, she knew not why, and sprang for the candle as if she would guard the sleeping child with her life. It seemed to her, vaguely, as if danger threatened her boy; nor was she reassured, when the girl, who lived in the next room, looked in to say that a man wanted to see her.

"He must come up, then," whispered Hannah—"if it *should* be him," and turning, she drew down her cape, smoothed back her hair, and had just composed her visage when Colonel Brent entered.

He was a tall man—startlingly tall, with raven hair, and a bearing of power that made his assumption seem more like superiority. He paused as he entered, his features grew pale, and he uncovered his head.

"So—so—my poor sister—gone," he whispered.

"Yes, sir," replied Hannah, answering to his self-convicting thoughts—"and no hand of re-

Digitized by Google

lation, or even of friend, except poor old Hannah's, to close her eyes."

"I—I would have come before—but—really" he began with a softer voice—"I did not think it was so bad as *this*—why—why did she not *apply* to me for *aid?* Really, I thought she was, at least, in *comfortable* circumstances."

"And so she was, sir, as far as I could make them so," said Hannah, with a trembling voice; "she did not want for food, (though"—she might have added—"I did, many a time,) and as to applying to you, you were in India when she was at the worst. Will you look at her, sir?"

"No—no," said the Colonel, in distinct monosyllables, nervously, waving his hand—"I have no fancy for stamping dead faces on my memory. Where is the boy?"

Hannah stooped over the sleeping boy. The tears blinded her, and she was indignant at the want of feeling displayed towards the remains of an only sister; but she drew away the cotton cloth from the head of the cradle, disclosing a face of such rare beauty, that the cold man before her was betrayed into an exclamation of astonishment.

"Exquisite! what a lovely boy!" he said, looking intently at the child—"not a West feature—all 'Brent,'" he continued; "so much the better—I shall be proud of him."

"You can't help being proud of him, sir," said Hannah, with a glistening eye; "I'm proud of him myself, though it's a sin I'm sometimes sorry for. His mother was very much troubled about him before she died, though she put her trust in God, like a good christian; (the Colonel winced) but she wanted me to say to you, sir, that if you took him, as of course you will, she would have you pay particular attention to his religious training. It's a sad thing for such a mother as that to leave her son, sir. She was so pure, and good, and patient. I'm sure, if she'd lived, she would have brought the child up to be a minister, or some such holy man—and as you said nothing about it in your letter, why, she thought I had better say to you, that you——"

"How old is the child?" asked Colonel Brent, in a voice whose impatience startled her.

It took the good woman a moment to collect her wits, at this unceremonious interruption; and, with a glance expressive of astonishment, she answered: "just three years old, Christmas Eve."

"Well—has he got anything fit to wear?"

"Of course he has!" exclaimed the indignant Hannah.

"Then bundle him up—for I have a woman in the carriage out here to take him; only don't let him cry. I hate to hear children cry."

"O, sir!" cried Hannah, standing transfixed before this abrupt command.

"I came after him to-night, of course. And if I had not, is it well to leave the boy in the confusion that will necessarily ensue at the funeral? Is it not better to place him where his grief will be softened, and old associations worn off——why, woman, you look like a statue."

"O, sir! I feel very badly," said Hannah, with a distressed look, and beginning to cry; "it is so soon to take him, and I *must* stay by my mistress till all is over; but—but—perhaps it *is* best—though I may not come for three or four days yet—perhaps it is best."

"Yes, come and see him as soon as all things are decently done; here's money for the funeral—of course, he is attached to you. I have a very good nurse engaged," he added, coldly.

Hannah turned deadly pale, and gasped. The purse she had just received, fell from her powerless hands to the floor, as she cried out—"then I—I am not to go with him—oh! Mr. Lionel, it was his *mother's* wish—his dying mother's wish."

"Of course you're not," said Colonel Brent, in a calm voice; "her written wish reached me too late. I had engaged a French woman—a very excellent and dignified *lady*, at exorbitant wages, to take charge of my little foster daughter, Kate; of course, one woman will be enough to attend to both children. Now, madam, I beg you will spare me a scene."

"You shall—not—have him—you *shall* not have him!" cried Hannah, in low, but fearfully frantic tones. "I have nursed him and cared for him since the day of his birth, as I did his mother before him—oh, sir! *don't* part us now!" she implored, stretching her hands before the cradle, in an agony of apprehension. "I'll work for him—*slave* for him; I'll save you all the trouble of bringing him up. I am not so poor, oh, no—I can keep the boy—he loves me," she added, great tears running down the hollows of her cheeks—"he loves me dearly—and I love him; my very heart is bound onto him—don't part us! I'll work like your slave," she continued, seeing the Colonel endeavoring to speak—"from garret to celler, and from celler to garret, I'll delve and dig, if you'll only let me be in the house with him. For the sake of her, your dead sister—oh! for her sake—her sake—" her grief was choking her, she could say no more, but stood panting and suffocating beneath the burden of this threatened agony.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed the heartless man, in an angry voice. "I tell you I shall take the child to-night—and I have a nurse already engaged; is that enough?"

"O, my boy! my Georgy, my innocent lamb!" cried Hannah, almost falling upon the cradle, and, for a moment, burying her face in the pillows; then snatching him in her arms, she kissed him wildly, letting her tears run amidst his golden locks. "I must give you away, my sweet Georgy! I must give you away! Oh! I didn't think of this one hour ago; I did't think of this! Look! I am on my knees to you—I have served you and yours faithfully—oh! let me only be an under servant in the house where this child is! I will only speak to him sometimes—but I shall see him every day. I ask it only for love—oh! don't, don't curse me with a denial—don't!"

"Get up, woman, and have done with your

Digitized by Google

soting. Jake, bring in that fur wrapper, and be ready to take this child," he continued, going to the door. "Now, woman, be quick with your leave-taking."

Poor Hannah had risen from her knees, and stood with the sleeping child all gathered to her bosom, stood glaring upon him, with her great, hollow, gray eyes. A thousand curses raged in her heart, that only her christian impulses kept from her ashy lips. She looked down, long, yearningly, upon the innocent face, that for so many hours had been her light, almost her only comfort. She looked from him to the corpse, mutely wondering, perhaps, why no voice came forth in protest against this outrage; she looked from thence to heaven, and then her soul cried out for help, and help came. Calmly she gave the boy up, although it seemed as if every heart-string was cracking—coldly her eyes followed him, and she shuddered with the fear of his going out into the storm; and then, when the door was shut—calmly she set herself down before the now dead embers on the hearth—and only one agonizing, moaning cry, issued from her parted lips—"alone!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FAIRY-FOOTED ALLIE.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

Where the rose-leaves, softly stirred,
With the breezes dally,
There are pattering footsteps heard,—
In and out they sally;
Flitting like a humming-bird;
Fairy-footed Allie.

O'er the violet, azure eyed,
Softly she is bending;
At the honeysuckle's side,
Fair buds gently tending—
For the lily's glorious pride
Hear her song ascending.

Oh! she lives among the flowers—
With her touch they dally;
For her love, the shrubs and bowers
All their beauties rally,
Joying with this joy of ours,
Fairy-footed Allie.

Dyed with radiance from the sun,
Are her golden tresses;
Zephyrs lift them, one by one,
In their fond caresses;
Life's best light for us ye've won,
Sweet, breeze-braided tresses.

Threading softly, all day long,
Each bright garden alley;
Following far the robin's song
Down the shaded valley;
None can harm or do her wrong,
Fairy-footed Allie.

Mourning o'er each young flower's blight,
(Shield her heaven forever;)
Dancing, with a new delight,
Where the rose-leaves quiver;
Breathing for each bliss, at night,
Thanks to God, the giver.

Oh! our hearts with joy are stirred,
All their love they rally;
When with tripping foot and word,
'Mongst the flowers to dally,
Comes our clip-winged humming-bird,
Fairy-footed Allie. —[*Home Companion.*

WHAT IS IT.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

What kept the moss a-growing
Through January's snowing?
It knew—oh, never doubt it!
The blasted tree without it
Would bleaker seem, and older
To summer's new beholder.
So, green through all the snowing,
'Twas love that kept it growing.

What was the water saying
Beneath the ice-roof playing,
Whereon the sunshine listened,
While underneath, it glistened?
"Oh, queenly sun, arisen
To loose me from my prison;
I murmur not from grieving,
I sing, in thee believing!"

What brought the peach-buds swelling
From out their birchen dwelling?
The song of blue-birds won them,
Fresh music, poured upon them,
In bloom is overflowing;
The blush and perfume showing
That life is richer, better,
Joy's never-pardoned debtor.

Oh, loving, soul-fresh faces,
Moss of deserted places—
Oh, voices of the chosen,
Through deadliest cold unfrozen—
Oh, lives with beauty brimming,
Glad in the heaven's near hymning,
Ye know the hidden glory.
Who else may tell that story?

Grow, sing, and bloom undaunted!
A world so shadow-haunted
Needs all your bursting splendor
Soft lights, and murmurs tender.
The human want is pressing,
O'ershadow it with blessing!
Your triumph sure believing,
Till hearts shall hush their grieving!—[*Crayon.*

Digitized by Google

FATHER MARQUETTE.

[From that charming book, "Sunshine on Daily Paths," published by Messrs. Peck & Bliss of our city, we take the following finely-written sketch of Father Marquette's visit to the Mississippi River.]

www.libtool.com.cn

There was an old map published when printing was a new invention, and Ptolemy's Geography had not been superseded by Goldsmith's, Arrowsmith's, or any other modern Smith, in which there was a delta laid down in the Gulf of Mexico, corresponding to the delta of the Mississippi. That was the utmost recognition of the father of waters made at the beginning of the sixteenth century; that is to say, in the year one thousand five hundred and thirteen.—After that, the Spaniards, in their own free, lively way, made expeditions into Florida—Leon, Cordova, and Ayllon having died there one after another. A Spaniard, quite a mediæval or half-way character—who had a name of which one-half seems to have been borrowed from the ancient Roman stage, and the rest from yesterday's newspaper—Pamphilus de Narvaez, took upon him to conquer and colonize the whole of the Gulf of Mexico. That was in fifteen twenty-eight. Storm, disease, and famine swept his men away; and if they colonized the new shore



FATHER MARQUETTE EXPLORING THE MISSISSIPPI.

with any thing, it was their bones. A few, however, upon whose bones a little flesh was left, being thrown by themselves upon an island on the coast of the Mississippi, escaped and struck inland. They were five miserable men, of which the leader was Cabeza de Vaca. They juggled their way through a thousand perils—passing from tribe to tribe as medicine-men—

Digitized by Google

and crossed the continent from sea to sea, among wild natives, speaking unknown tongues, over the great Father of Waters, and over bison plains, across the New World to the Gulf of California. These were the first men of the Old World by whom oars were dipped into the waters of the Mississippi. But they took no heed of the great river, and did not chronicle its name. Although their narrative is published, we only know, from the fact of its having crossed their path, that this was one of the the great streams they traversed.

Although the river was visited by members of other expeditions sent out from Spain, yet nothing was made for the character of the Mississippi as an ancient river. It was, for hundreds of years, laid down in European maps as a trumpery little stream, and was seldom even distinguished by a name. Indeed, the river was not effectively discovered until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Jesuit missionaries found their way to it under Father Marquette, a remarkable man, born at Laon, in Spain, in the year sixteen thirty-seven. He was first attached to several northern missions, in which he endured much and labored hard, with a good deal of success. When he undertook to explore in the south, he was thirty-six years old, and had learned six or seven native languages.

"We were not long," he said, "in preparing our outfit, although we were embarking on a voyage, the duration of which we could not foresee. We set out in two bark canoes—M. Jolliet, myself, and five men—resolved to do all and suffer all for so glorious an enterprise. Our joy at being chosen for this expedition roused our courage, and sweetened the labor of rowing from morning till night." They made all possible inquiries as to matters that it would behoove them to know upon the journey; and Marquette, for his part, put himself under the protection of his patroness, the Virgin, promised that, if she did them the grace to discover the great river, he would give it the name of Conception; and that he would also give that name to the first mission which he should establish among those new nations.—They discovered and so named the river, but the name was not retained.

Father Marquette and his companions, quitting Lake Huron, passed first among the tribes of the Wild Oats. Their wild oats were to be found self-sown in small rivers with slimy bottoms, and in marshy places When the people of the wild oats heard upon what errand the little company was engaged, they thought it a mad one. "They told me," wrote the father, "that we should meet nations that never spare strangers, but tomahawk them without any provocation; that the war which had broken out among various nations on our route exposed us to another evident danger—that of being killed by the war parties which are constantly in the field; that the Great river was very dangerous, unless the difficult parts are known; that it was full of frightful monsters who swallowed up men and canoes together; that there was even a demon there who could be heard from afar, who stopped the passage, and engulfed all who dared approach; lastly, that the heat was so excessive in those countries that it would infallibly cause our death." No knight who proposed to blow the horn of an enchanted castle ever was better warned of all the dangers he would have to face, than the six good people in the couple of boats made out of birch bark, who were on their way to immortality as the first explorers of the Mississippi.

After passing over dangerous rapids on the Fox River of Green Bay, the party came among the Fire Nation, where the father tested a mineral stream, and examined an herb fatal to snakes. The town of the Fire Nation (Maskontens) was on the limit of the land then known to Europeans. It was perched on a hill from which the eye ranged without check over boundless prairies on all sides, dotted here and there with groves and thickets. In the account given of the Fire Nation, I note only one fact that is particularly worth present mention, and that is very particular, inasmuch as it proves that the civilization of the Fire-men was, in a certain direction, far in advance of ours. We have such things procurable as greatcoats, of which the great recommendation is, that they admit of being folded up and put into the pocket, but the Maskontens and Kikabous are cleverer than that. "As bark for cabins is rare in their country," Father Marquette wrote, "they use rushes, which serve them for walls and roof, but which are no great shelter against the wind, and still less against the rain when it falls in torrents.—The advantage of this kind of cabin is, that they can roll them up, and carry them easily where they like in hunting-time."

From that last outpost of European civilization, the little party quitted the waters which flowed to Quebec, distant four or five hundred leagues, prepared, as the good priest said, "to follow those which will henceforth lead us into strange lands. Before embarking, we all began together a new devotion to the blessed Vigin immaculate, which we practiced every day, addressing to her particular prayers to put under her protection both our persons and the success of our voyage. Then, after having encouraged one another, we got into our canoes." They descended a broad river beset with shallows, flowing between fertile banks and around vine-clad islets, and so, after forty leagues on that same route, they entered the Mississippi, on the seventeenth day of June, at forty-two and a half degree north, "with a joy that I cannot express."

Although Marquette increased the name of the river from Missipi (the complete word simply means the "Great River"), its full alphabetical honors were not yet attained. It was a four i'd monster then as now; but it only went upon three s's, and had but a single p. It was spelt, then, Missisipi. As it now stands, it is not so complete as it is made when scientific men get hold of it, and tie it to the tail of some unhappy animal, with two more s's in it, and another i, as in the case of the catfish of the

Digitized by Google

Mississippi, *Silurus Mississippiensis*. That is the fish thus mentioned by Marquette, among the wonders of his voyage! "From time to time we met monstrous fish, one of which struck so violently against our canoe, that I took it for a large tree about to knock us to pieces. Another time we perceived on the water a monster with the head of a tiger, a pointed snout like a wildcat's, a beard and ears erect, a grayish head, and a neck all black" That was an American tiger-cat. After a little time, the voyagers sailed down through the land of game into the country of turkeys and pisikious, which are the bisons.

On the twenty-fifth of June, in a region ignorant of quarter-day, they, for the first time, perceived footprints of men by the waterside, and a beaten path entering a beautiful prairie They stopped to examine it, and, concluding that it was a path leading to some Indian village, as the purpose of their journey was to discover men rather than things, they resolved to reconnoitre, leaving the canoe with their men, whom they charged strictly to be cautious. Father Marquette and Sieur Jolliet followed from the river, trusting themselves to the discretion of unknown barbarians. It was in no frivolous mood that the two Europeans could set out on such a walk across the beautiful prairie. "We followed the little path," Farther Marquette wrote, "in silence. Then, having advanced about two leagues, we discovered a village on the banks of the river, and two others on a hill, half a league from the former. Then, indeed, we recommended ourselves to God with all our hearts; and, having implored His help, we passed on undiscovered, and came so near that we even heard the Indians talking. We then deemed it time to announce ourselves, as we did by a cry, which we raised with all our strength, and then halted without advancing any farther. At this cry the Indians rushed out of their cabins, and, having probably recognized us as French, especially seeing a blackgown," (the Indian term for Jesuit,) "or at least having no reason to distrust us, seeing we were but two, and had made known our coming, they deputed four old men to come and speak with us. Two carried tobacco pipes well adorned, and trimmed with many kinds of feathers. They marched slowly, lifting their pipes toward the sun, as if offering them to him to smoke, but yet without uttering a single word. They were a long time coming the little way from the village to us. Having reached us at last, they stopped to consider us attentively. I now took courage, seeing these ceremonies, which are used by them only with friends, and still more on seeing them covered with stuffs, which made me judge them to be allies. I, therefore, spoke to them first, and asked them who they were; they answered that they were Illinois, and in token of peace they presented their pipes to smoke. They then invited us to their village, where all the tribe awaited us with impatience." Upon the Illinois, the missionaries, reaching the tribe from another corner, had already made some impression; the calumet, now a familiar idea, appears to have been first made known under that name by Father Marquette, who gives also a full description of the pipe itself, and of its social uses.

The Illinois received the two Frenchmen in their village with extreme courtesy. At the door of the cabin in which they were to be received, stood an old man perfectly naked, with his arms stretched out and raised toward the sun, "as if he wished to screen himself from its rays, which, nevertheless, passed between his fingers to his face" When they came near him, he said, "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace." They were attended by a crowd of curious, but at the same time respectful gazers, to the town of the great sachem, who, with two others, stood, like the first old man, at his cabin door, with calumets pointing to the sun. Within the cabin Father Marquette explained himself, marking, in Indian form, each weighty fact with a present; after which the great sachem rose, and laying his hand on the head of a little slave, whom he was about to give to them, spoke thus, "I thank thee, Blackgown, and thee, Frenchman," addressing Jolliet, "for taking so much pains to come and visit us. Never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright as to-day; never has our river been so calm, nor so free from rock—which your canoes have removed as they passed; never has our tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor our corn appeared so beautiful as we behold it to-day. Here is my son, that I give thee, that thou mayest know my heart. I pray thee to take pity on me and all my nation. Thou knowest the Great Spirit who has made us all; thou speakest to him, and hearest his word; ask him to give me life and health, and come and dwell with us that we may know him."

In addition to the slave and other things, the great sachem gave to the explorers a calumet trimmed with the feathers of the white eagle (signifying peace), that proved afterward to be of very great importance to them as they travelled down the stream. There was a great feast, also, which consisted of four courses, following the council. "The first course was a great wooden dish full of sagamity, that is to say, of Indian meal boiled in water, and seasoned with grease. The master of ceremonies," said Blackgown, "with a spoonful of sagamity, presented it three or four times to my mouth, as we do with a little child; he did the same to M. Jolliet. For the second course he brought in a second dish, containing three fish. He took some pains to remove the bones, and, having blown upon it to cool it, put it into my mouth, as we would food to a bird. For the third course they produced a large dog, which they had just killed (when the Indian kills his faithful dog for a feast, it is the highest mark of friendship for his guest); but learning that we did not eat it, it was withdrawn Finally, the fourth course was a piece of wild ox, the fattest portions of which were put into our mouths."

About the end of June, Blackgown and his

Digitized by Google

companions took leave of the Illinois, and continued their decent of the Mississippi, noticing the rocks and plants, and especially struck by the painted monsters on the side of a high rock, which are still well preserved, but appear, then, to have been much more lively in their colors than they are at present. Upon these first explorers of the river, they made a great impression, and they are thus described in Marquette's narrative:—"As we coasted along the rocks, frightful of their height and length, we saw two monsters painted on one of those rocks, which startled us at first, and on which the boldest Indian dares not gaze long. They are as large as a calf, with horns on the head like a deer, a fearful look, red eyes, bearded like a tiger, the face somewhat like a man's, the body covered with scales, and the tail so long that it twice makes the turn of the body, passing over the head, and down between the legs, and ending at last in a fish's tail. Green, red, and a kind of black, are the colors employed. On the whole, these two monsters are so well painted, that we could not believe any Indian to have been the designer, as good painters in France would find it hard to do as well (!); besides this, they are so high that it is hard to get conveniently at them to paint them."

The explorers reached, next, the point at which Pekitanoüi (the Missouri) flows into the Mississippi, where there was a frightful agitation; a mass of large trees entire with branches—real floating islands—came rushing from the mouth of the river Pekitanoüi so impetuously, that they could not, without danger, expose themselves to pass across. The water was all muddy, and would not get clear.

Onward and onward still, the travellers came to the mouth of a river called the Ouaboukigon, now known as the Ohio, which is Iroquois for beautiful river. Before reaching that point, they escaped out of the jaws of the demon against whom they had been warned, by the Wild Oats. "The demon," Blackgown explained, "is this: a small bay, full of rocks, some twenty feet high, into which the whole current of the river is whirled. Hurled back against that which follows, and checked by a neighboring island, the mass of water is forced through a narrow channel. All this is not done without a furious combat of the waters tumbling over each other, nor without a great roaring, which strikes terror into Indians, who fear every thing."

Father on, they passed an iron mine, and a place rich in colored clays. The father put some heavy red sand on one of his paddles, and it took the color so well, that, after fifteen days' use of the oar in rowing, it was not washed out.

Still travelling south, they began next to see canes, and to come into the country of the mosquitoes. They perceived, also, Indians waiting for them, armed with guns, and stood on the defensive, while the missionary held up his feathered calumet, and spoke to them in the there unknown—Huron language. The meeting in the end was peaceful. Food was supplied to the travellers, and they were told that in ten days they could reach the sea. The news roused their courage, and made them take up their paddles with renewed ardor. They advanced, and began to see less prairie land, to find both sides of the river lined with lofty woods.

They had reached the thirty-three degree of north latitude, when they came upon a village in which the Indians were yelling and exciting one another to combat, armed with bows, arrows, axes, war-clubs, and bucklers, prepared for an attack by land and water. Even there, also, the calumet at last prevailed to still the strife; and two of the chiefs, having thrown their bows and quivers into Marquette's boat, as it were at his feet, entered, and carried them ashore, and gave them fish and sagimity.

At the next town they were received in state, and liberally treated by the Indians, who were courteous, but very poor. The chief found it not easy to protect them against plunder, and, having quashed a conspiracy, sent for his guests, and danced the calumet before them to remove their fears. By this time the explorers had gone far enough to be assured, beyond all possibility of doubt, that the great river flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, at a point from which they were then but a few days' journey. If they went on to the river's mouth, they would sail, therefore, into the power of the Spaniards, who would make prisoners of them, and so the fruit of their voyage would be lost. The great problem—into what sea did the river flow?—was solved, and they determined to return while they could do so safely. With some trouble, they rowed up the stream, and shortening their way by ascending the river Illinois, they reached Lake Michigan. As he had baptized on the way home a dying child, the good Catholic believed that his trouble was rewarded by the salvation of at least one soul.

Father Marquette had promised to return and instruct the inhabitants of an Illinois town named Kaskaskia. He had some difficulty in keeping his promise, for the great hardships endured on his exploring voyage had brought on a dysentery, and reduced him sadly. After the close of the next summer, however, having obtained leave, he set out with two companions. His health remained pretty good during a month's navigation, but when the snow began to fall his malady returned; and, though he travelled on yet for another fortnight, he was at last compelled to stop on the fourth of December, when he had reached the Chicago, (connected with the Illinois by portage,) for the river was then frozen. A cabin was there built for him, and the sick man spent a cheerless winter, wanting all needful aid and comfort, devoting his time to colloquies with Heaven, and the spiritual care of his two friends. Desiring that he might not die without reaching his little flock, he held with his companions a solemn novena in honor of the Immaculate Conception. When the river was clear of ice, he was indeed able to set out again; and on the eighth of April came among his Indians, who received him as an angel from heaven, and gathered about him, in a beautiful prairie near the town, five hundred chiefs and fifteen hun-

Digitized by Google

dred youths, not counting women and children. They sat in a circle about Blackgown, who stood, pale and wasted, at a rustic altar, decorated with four large pictures of the Virgin. He spoke his heart to them, and then said mass. Three days afterward he celebrated Easter, and having thus opened the mission, named it as he had promised that it should be named.

Compelled then to return, he was brought back into Lake Michigan, so weak that his men despaired of being able to carry him alive to the journey's end; he could not help himself or even stir, but had to be handled and carried like an infant. He spent what strength he had upon religious offices. One Friday, radiant with joy, he told his friends that he should die upon the morrow, and gave directions for the arrangement of his body in burial; he desired that a cross should be raised over him, and enjoined them, only three hours before his death, to take his chapel-bell when he was dead, and ring it while they carried him to the grave. So he spoke as they sailed along the lake, and when they passed a little hill beside a river's mouth, he told them that he should be buried there. They wished to pass on, but the wind changed, and they were forced to turn aside into the river. Blackgown was then carried ashore, and a little fire was kindled by him, and a little bark cabin raised hastily over him; and so, while the men were unloading, left alone, and stretched upon the wild shore among the forests, he prepared himself for death. He had prayed always to die on Saturday, the day sacred to the Virgin, and so he did. Upon that spot he died, calmly and gently, as he had lived. The last entry in his journal expressed sympathy for the hardships of the traders. Of his own he never spoke. One of the last acts of his life was to bid his companions take rest and sleep, for he would call them when his agony of death came on. His two poor friends, shedding many tears, carried the kind Blackgown devoutly to his grave upon the hill, ringing the bell as they went. And so they left him, with a large cross raised over his body.

When years had passed away, some Algonquin Indians, who had been first taught by the priest, on their way home from hunting, resolved to pass by the tomb of their good father, whom they loved. When there, it came into their hearts to take his bones for burial within the church of St. Ignatius, at their own mission. They carried them accordingly within a box of birch-bark, attended by a convoy of thirty canoes. As they approached the mission, a fresh procession of canoes, in which were all the French Indians of the place, headed by Father Pierson, met the convoy. Then Father Pierson followed them solemnly to second burial, and intoned the De Profundis, under the great vault of heaven, in sight of the canoes still on the water, and of all the silent people on the shores.

LOOSE LEAVES,

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A COUNTRY EDITOR.—NO. II.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

A SPRING RAMBLE.

An ex-squire of our village and the village editor, took a stroll one lovely afternoon this week down one of our beautiful little streams, rod in hand, and bent upon the destruction of the innocent trout. The occasion was one of unusual relaxation to the editor, at least—we can vouch for that—and he was disposed very naturally to make the most of his holiday. The avowed purpose of their ramble, however, was not remarkably successful, since their achievements in the piscatory line may be summed up as follows: The editor caught one good-sized trout and one large tadpole; the ex-squire made captive one large trout, one small *ditto*, one silver-side, and one *very* large tadpole. Nothing to boast of, truly. But what of that? They enjoyed one of those pleasant spring rambles, whose influence is to give back to mature years something of the fresh feelings of childhood.

There were the verdant fields, the forest with its newly budding leaves, the picturesque farm-houses, surrounded by green lawns and blossoming fruit trees, the young wheat covering many a wide acre of gentle vale and sloping hill-side, and the broad meadows with their musical brooks and pure, health-giving breezes—all over-arched by a blue and cloudless sky. It was one of those beautiful afternoons, when all the air seems filled with golden dust, which serve to give us an idea—if anything on earth can—of the scenery of Eden-life. There were leanings against old gnarled trees, and listenings to the soft songs of the waters that lulled their hearers to pleasant, but indistinct dreams. Or, where the stream spread out into wide and still expanses, there were abstracted gazings into the mimic world below, where first the stout trunks, and then the light and feathery branches of the trees were clearly reflected—and the pure blue sky under-arching all. And all the while sweet murmurings of voices, of winds and waters, near and far, and golden sunlight all around.

No wonder that one, under such charming influences, should ask himself why there are such things as care and sorrow upon earth. Might not all of mortal life be as pleasant as this pleasant afternoon? The good All-Father has given to his children a beautiful abode, but how seldom do they even note its beauty. And the dwelling-place which He has created for them a paradise, their evil passions have converted al-

Digitized by Google

most into a desert, in respect to that healthful, spiritual influence which natural scenery was made to produce upon the human mind. Let us love nature more and sin less, and thus "look through nature up to nature's God."

ABOUT SPRING TIME AND FAIRIES.

www.libtool.com.cn

According to the almanac, spring has been with us two months, yet so unlike has she been to her usual self that we have scarcely recognized her presence. She is always more or less coy and coquettish; but this year she has remained longer than usual, undecided in her choice between cold and rude courtship, uttered in the harsh voice of winter, and the warm and gentle wooing breathed in the soft tones of summer. Summer, however, has at length, as ever, won the triumph. And now the fair spring, like a young maiden who is happy in her choice, is all smiles and sunshine. Earth is induing a priestly robe to consecrate the approaching nuptials of the two seasons; and the emblems that adorn that priestly robe are full of lessons of a religious character.

"Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth,
Under the bright and gorgeous sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the flowers, aye, and the budding leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings."

This was a merry time in the old days. Then the young men and maidens danced, at the betrothal of the seasons, all the long, lively May-day, and often far into the night when the moon was crescent or at full, around the flower-wreathed May-pole. And, when the human revellers, wearied with the long enjoyment, retired to refreshing slumbers and to pleasant dreams, superstition still peopled the green around the May-pole with those delightful creations of the olden mind, the gay and beautiful Fairies, whose dances and gambols gave to the scene a mimic and mystic life during all the livelong night.

"Alas! the lively fays have long
Been only known in tale and song."

Yes, fairies, such as our ancestors loved to picture as sporting beneath

"The sweet silver light of the moon,"

are no longer seen. Yet, to the gentle and imaginative mind, fairies of a more real, though more delicate creation, are known even now to exist They sparkle in the stars, and dance on the tiny billows of the rivulet. They float with the light cloud on the azure ocean of ether; and we hear their tender voices in the tree tops, when the branches sway to the soft breeze. And when the beautiful spring, as now, illumines the earth with the glory of her prescence, they smile in the opening blossoms and peep at us coquettishly from the lowly shelter of the violet. These are the fairies of thought.

We have, also, the fairies of the affections. We see them in the heart-moving smiles of those we love, in the tender and truthful glance of the soul-speaking eye; we hear them in the sweet an gentle tones of those who love us. If these fairies be the creations of superstition, let us hope that the superstition which calls them into existence may be one which no after time shall dispel. And now, while the spring brings to us so abundantly the fairies of thought, let us endeavor to win to us, as their companions, the fairies of the affections, that

"Two Springs to our spirits their warmth may impart,
The Spring of the year and the Spring of the heart."

AT SUNSET.

The window at which we write faces the west, which is now glowing with all the emblazonry of a gorgeous sunset.

Who does not love to gaze upon the sunset sky? We have seen persons of all ages, from the calm and hoary-headed man to the lively child, and of all conditions, from the man of letters to the totally unlearned, stop in their walk and look, lingeringly and with an absorbed attention, upon the sunset west. Yet what one of them, if questioned, could tell his thoughts at such a time? Yet the shadows of majestic imaginings are passing over his mind, and he is experiencing an ineffable but dreamy delight, while gazing on the vision of loveliness along the western horizon.

Whence comes the sense of enjoyment which all experience who look upon a lovely sunset? Who can tell? That it is a pleasure that flows partly, at least, from a higher source than the mere beauty of the scene, all must own who have felt it. We have sometimes attempted to account for it thus:

The reflecting mind must ever carry within itself a melancholy conviction that it has fallen far beneath the state of purity and goodness for which the great All-Father intended it—so far, that it can very seldom, even to a small extent, realize the delight which the possession of such a state confers. The inexpressible beauty and sublimity of a sunset view, exceeding, as it does, all other heavenly and earthly phenomena presented to the outward vision, may intimate to the mind, in an image of natural loveliness, an idea of that spiritual loveliness which every human soul, not utterly debased, must, at *times*, however distant, long to make its own.

What limitless themes for the contemplation of the wisdom and love of the Creator and Preserver of all, does the study of nature afford.

WHITEFIELD and a pious companion were much annoyed one night, at a public-house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy, that he could not rest. "I will go in to them, and reprove their wickedness," he said. His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof fell apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he lay down to sleep. His companion asked him rather abruptly, "What did you gain by it?" "A soft pillow," he said, patiently, and soon fell asleep. Yes, "a soft pillow" is the reward of fidelity—the companion of a clear conscience. It is a sufficient remuneration for doing right, in the absence of all other reward.

Digitized by Google

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

No. XIII.—THEODOSIUS THE GREAT.

We notice this monarch, chiefly with a view to mark at how early a period the spiritual



THEODOSIUS.

power, in the Roman empire, had risen to such a height, as actually to overawe and coerce the temporal power, in ecclesiastical affairs. We think it would hardly be considered expedient for the Archbishop of Paris to refuse the communion to Napoleon III., for directing the massacre of December 2nd.; but it will be seen by the following sketch, that a proceeding of this kind actually took place in the fourth century of the christian era. The sketch is from the pen of Mr. Elihu Rich:

Theodosius the Great, emperor of the whole Roman world, was the son of a distinguished general of that name, who was executed at Carthage, by order of Gratian, in 376. The young Theodosius, then about thirty years of age, retired to Galicia, which, according to some accounts, was his native place; but in the third year after, he was recalled by Gratian, and proclaimed his colleague in Illyricum, and the eastern provinces of the empire. Theodosius now proved himself the worthy successor of CONSTANTINE, and delivered the empire from the irruption of the Visigoths, both with the strong arm of the warrior, and the hardy head of the politician; he resembled him, also, as the



ARCHBISHOP AMBROSE REFUSING THE COMMUNION TO THEODOSIUS THE GREAT.

champion of orthodoxy, and eventually completed the work that Constantine had only begun, by extinguishing idolatry, and strengthening the bulwarks of orthodoxy against Arianism. In 383, Gratian became the victim of a rebellion, and Maximus, usurping the western

Digitized by Google

empire, was defeated by Theodosius, who gave him battle on the banks of the Drave, in Pannonia. His triumphant entry into Rome took place in 389, but before and after this period, he had the arduous task of suppressing continual seditions in the great cities. The most threatening of these broke out at Thessalonica, and Theodosius, yielding to his anger, and to the advice of Rufinus, sent a commission to punish the inhabitants, some thousands of whom were put to the sword, though Theodosius, too late, had countermanded his orders. For this measure of severity he was boldly deprived of christian communion by Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan, who turned him back from the church porch, and only consented to his reunion after a repentance of months. The abolition of paganism dates in 391, and the undisputed sovereign authority of Theodosius in 394, when he defeated Arbogastes, and the pretender Eugenius. He now divided his dominions between his sons, Honorius and Arcadius, and expired at Milan the year following, 395.

SWISS CUSTOM.

When a girl has arrived at a marriageable age, the young men of the village assemble, by consent, on a given night, at the gallery of the chalet, in which the fair one resides. This creates no manner of surprise in the minds of her parents, who not only wink at the practice, but are never better pleased than when the charms of their daughter attract the greatest number of admirers. Their arrival is soon announced by sundry taps at the different windows. After the family in the house has been roused (for the scene usually takes place at midnight, when they have all retired to rest), the window of the room prepared for the occasion, in which the girl is first alone, is opened. Their parley commences, of rather a boisterous description; each man, in turn, urges his suit with all the eloquence and art of which he is possessed. The fair one hesitates, doubts, asks questions, but comes to no decision. She then invites the party to partake of a repast of cakes and kirschwasser, which is prepared for them on the balcony. Indeed, this entertainment, with the strong water of the cherry, forms a prominent feature in the proceedings of the night. After having regaled themselves for some time, during which, and through the window, she has made use of all the witchery of woman's art, she feigns a desire to get rid of them, and will sometimes call her parents to accomplish this object. The youths, however, are not to be put off, for, according to the custom of the country, they have come here for the express purpose of compelling her, on that night, there and then, to make up her mind, and to declare the object of her choice. At length, after further parley, her heart is touched, or, at least, she pretends it is, by the favored swain. After certain preliminaries between the girl and her parents, her lover is admitted through the window, where the affiance is signed and sealed, but not delivered, in presence of both father and mother. By consent of all parties, the ceremony is not to extend beyond a couple of hours, when, after a second jollification with kirschwasser, they all retire—the happy man to bless his stars, but the rejected to console themselves with the hope, that, at the next tournament of love-making, they may succeed better. In general, the girl's decision is taken in good part by all, and is regarded as decisive.

IDLENESS.

Idleness is a fault we all condemn in the young, and too often indulge in, without remorse, ourselves. There is a busy idleness, which sometimes blinds us to its nature. We seem, to ourselves and others, to be occupied; but what is the result of it all? What Hannah Moore calls "a quiet and dull frittering away of time," whether it be in "unprofitable small-talk, or in constant idle reading, or sauntering over some useless piece of work," is surely not "redeeming the time;" and yet, how many days and hours are thus unprofitably wasted, and neither ourselves or others benefited. All women who have much leisure, are liable to this fault; and, besides its own sinfulness—for surely, waste of time is a sin—it encourages a weak, unenergetic frame of mind, and is apt to produce either apathetic content in trifling occupation, or a restless desire of excitement and amusement, to help on the weary time these trifles cannot kill. Those who have their time entirely at their own disposal, with, perhaps, no definite duty to occupy them, should guard, resolutely, against waste of time; make duties for yourselves; fix hours for your different occupations; do, with your might, whatsoever your hand findeth to do; and carefully, conscientiously ascertain, which of your employments is *not worth* all this care; have a motive, a reason for all you do, and frequently examine yourselves as to *what* you are doing; and, surely, you will find time too precious to be either squandered, or frittered, or idled away.

Digitized by Google

THE LION'S SKIN.

On the road leading from Verberie to Compiègne, is a solitary *auberge*, well known to the inhabitants of the department, as affording them a temporary asylum, when, attracted from their hearths, either by necessity or inclination, they are compelled to await the arrival of the public conveyances. One lovely evening during the autumn of 1838, the diligence deposited at the house in question, an individual whose appearance formed a marked contrast to that of his fellow-travellers. He was a distinguished-looking man, of perhaps forty years of age; but looking older or younger than his years, according as they were numbered from the general expression of his countenance, or from a minute examination of his features individually. His glance was habitually so calm, his smile so grave and reserved, that the observer was sensible of a certain inconsistency in the absence of grey hairs and wrinkles. This combination of physical youth with apparent mental maturity, might not, perhaps, have accorded over well with the common theory, that the sword of the mind wears out its scabbard; the supporters of this opinion would, no doubt, in the present instance, have argued, from the perfection of the case, that the blade had been insufficiently whetted. Would this judgment have been a true and just one? To the solution of this problem our story will now tend.

At the arrival of the diligence, the hostess of the little inn, had, of course, presented herself on the threshhold of her domain, and recognizing by the light of the lanterns, the traveller who had just alighted, she addressed him, with the volubility generally characteristic of her calling.

"Can it be you, Monsieur Servian?" she said. "Many a long day has passed since we have seen you here. You are going, no doubt, to Colonel Herbelin's, where you will find a merry party, if not a large one, collected to receive you. First, there is your own nephew, Monsieur Felix Cambier, who grows a fine young gentleman."

"Felix is right to profit by his holidays," said the stranger, smiling; "you have, perhaps, heard, Madame Ribois, that in six weeks he is to enter at St. Cyr."

"Then," continued his informant, "there is Madame Caussade, who has spent the summer with her father. Since the death of her husband, who, poor man, was much older than herself, she has done her best to drive away melancholy, and banish useless regrets. She rides, shoots, leaps hedges and ditches, and, in fact, looks so happy, that it is enough to make other people wish to be widows likewise. It was only yesterday that I saw her gallop past with Monsieur Tonayrion, who has scarcely left her side for two months, and who, if report speaks truly, is soon to become the Colonel's son-in-law."

During the above monologue, the countenance of the person addressed as Monsieur Servian, had given evidence of various inward emotions, to a degree not quite reconcilable with his habitual *sangfroid*. At the mention of Madame Caussade and her presence in the neighborhood, he exhibited unmistakable surprise, mingled (it may be) with pleasure, though the latter feeling was less plainly to be divined than the former. Whatever agreeable sentiments and anticipations, however, he may have cherished, were, apparently, quickly banished by the last piece of information conveyed by the hostess, and it was with an air of displeasure, ill-concealed by the affectation of indifference, that he inquired:

"And who is this Monsieur Tonayrion?"

"He deserves to be a Captain of Dragoons, at least," was the eager reply. "He is a grand-looking gentleman, with a large moustache; and you never see him without a whip in his hand, a cigar in his mouth, and spurs which jingle as he walks."

Servian frowned, and bit his lip; nay, he looked wistfully after the departing diligence, as though half regretting that he too had not pursued his journey onward. From these reflections he was aroused by many promising offers of accommodation for the night.

"It is now eleven," said Madame Ribois; "the Colonel's house is half a league from here, and the road through the forest dangerous; I will prepare your bed and supper."

But our traveller was neither to be persuaded nor alarmed into compliance with her wishes; and with an intimation that he would send for his luggage on the following day, he started for his final place of destination. The road stigmatized as dangerous by Madame Ribois, was perfectly familiar to him. Undismayed by the darkness of the night, and the deep gloom of the forest, he accomplished his walk safely and expeditiously, and at length presented himself (an unexpected guest) at the house of Monsieur Herbelin.

A warm grasp of the hand, and a hearty welcome from the old officer, proved that to him the arrival of his friend was a source of the greatest gratification. From the cool greeting (albeit accompanied by a slight blush) of his daughter, the fair widow, the same conclusion could scarcely be drawn; whilst the brief and barely courteous salutation which passed between our hero and the aforesaid Monsieur Tonayrion, showed that their mutual acquaintance was a source of little pleasure to either. After some conversation, chiefly supported by Monsieur Servian and his host, the latter gave the signal of departure for the night. Madame Caussade arose to close the piano, and as this movement rather separated her from the rest of the party, Servian seized the opportunity of approaching her.

"Madame," said he, in a low and serious tone of voice, which trembled with suppressed emotion, "I trust your opinion of me is at least good enough to convince you that this meeting was as unexpected by me as by you. If my presence

Digitized by Google

is displeasing to you, speak but one word, and to-morrow, before you are awake, I shall have left."

"I am in my father's house, not in my own," replied the lady, with a coldness a little assumed. "Here I never give orders, and it rests with yourself to decide on the propriety or impropriety of your visit."

www.libtool.com.cn

She terminated the dialogue by a slight bow, and with a general "Good night" to her father and his guests, quitted the apartment, which, in a few moments, was entirely untenanted.

On the following morning, before the breakfast-bell had sounded, Colonel Herbelin was seated in his own room, watching, rather impatiently, the heavy rain, which had deprived him of his usual morning ramble round the Park. He was suddenly aroused from his occupation, by two or three rapid knocks at the door, and the entrance of his daughter, attired in the most *recherche* and coquettish of *peignoirs*. Her charming and piquant face assumed an expression of gravity, as she said, after bestowing on her father his usual morning salutation, "My mission will surprise you a little, I fancy; I am come to say farewell, for a time, at least."

"What do you mean, Estelle?" interrupted M. Herbelin, looking at his daughter with amazement.

Madame Caussade seated herself by the side of her father, who, observing this preliminary to a confidential conversation, gravely awaited the coming explanation.

"Father," said Estelle, "I only ask of you five minutes' attention. When I became a widow, eighteen months since, a mutual friend of yours and my lost husband's, sought me in marriage. He was of good family, rich, amiable, and distinguished both by mental and personal qualifications: in fact, possessed of a host of good qualities. For one solitary reason (a decisive one in my own mind) I refused him, and we parted. By a chance, which I cannot help imagining to be a little preconcerted on his part, we met again, yesterday evening. Now this circumstance annoys me, and as I would not willingly deprive you of the pleasure of entertaining your friend, I will remedy matters by leaving to-day for Paris. I promise to return when his visit terminates, and can only hope that he will have too much sense to make it a long one."

"Is it of Eugène Servian, then, that you are speaking?" interrupted the Colonel, looking almost overwhelmed with the discovery.

"Of himself," said Estelle, coldly.

Her father rose impetuously, and after traversing the room two or three times with hasty steps, stopped, face to face, with the young widow.

"Servian has done you the honor of asking your hand, and you have refused it?" he exclaimed. "If I were sure of that, I believe I should disinherit you."

"Disinherit me, then," replied Estelle, with a smile which seemed to brave the paternal anger, "for I only tell you the truth."

"And pray," inquired her father, "since you allow him the possession of almost every good quality, what may be the objection which in your opinion more than counterbalences his numerous advantages?"

"Oh! *perhaps* it is a mere trifle," said Estelle, with a smile full of irony and disdain; "the only drawback I have discovered in your friend, Monsieur Servian's character, is (and here she spoke in a whisper, as though she almost feared to utter the words), that he is a *coward*."

"Servian a coward!" repeated Colonel Herbelin, with as much indignation as though the obnoxious epithet had been applied to himself. "Estelle, I know that in your character of a spoiled child, you feel privileged to talk all the nonsense that enters your head; but this piece of folly is, let me tell you, of too serious a character."

"Grant me two minutes longer," rejoined Madame Caussade, "and I will convince you of the truth of my assertion. They say when a window is cracked it is better to break it altogether; and assuredly, Monsieur Servian's courage is more than cracked."

"Go on," said her father, in a very discontented tone; "I am listening."

"You know," she continued, "that about two years ago—some few months before the death of Monsieur Caussade—the physicians, in despair of his recovery, sent him to the waters of Vichy. Monsieur Servian, who had long been intimate with my husband, travelled with us. Between Nevers and Moulines——"

"You have told me all that before," interrupted the Colonel, somewhat testily. "The diligence was attacked by robbers; in short, you had an adventure."

"So far you know, it is true; but you have not heard the part sustained by your friend, in the comedy. We were in the *coupe*. It was about midnight. When the carriage was stopped, the doors opened, and several men in blouses and masks, brutally ordered us to descend. I was only a woman; Monsieur Caussade old and infirm: it was natural for us to obey. But for Monsieur Servian, a man in the prime of life! Imagine him, father, alighting the very first, without the slightest resistance, and merely entreating the robbers not to do me any injury. Was not this a noble and well-timed attention?"

"The villains were armed, perhaps," said the Colonel.

"To the teeth; but that was no excuse," replied his daughter.

"Listen, my love," pursued Monsieur Herbelin, with a kind of embarrasment which would be felt by a conscientous advocate when pleading a cause that he believed to be good, but the weak points of which had been revealed to him by the discussion. "There is much to be said for Servian's conduct on this occasion. You must distinguish between temerity and courage. I am not at all sure that in a like predicament I should not have acted as he did."

"My dear father," said Estelle, impatiently, "do not attempt to justify him; for you cannot succeed. I will not deny that before this ridiculous adventure, I liked him, and when free, might, perhaps, have loved him; but the

Digitized by Google

mask is fallen—the hero vanished. Never, I feel, could I love a man whose character did not inspire in me that confidence and esteem which alone authorises the supremacy of a husband."

"I never heard that Monsieur Caussade was an Achilles, and yet you married him!"

"True," said the young widow, laughing; "but the first time my friends married me; the second, with your permission, I will marry myself."

"You know, foolish child," said the Colonel, "I never oppose your wishes. This union would have given me pleasure, because I think Servian would have made you happy; but as you are of a different opinion, we will say no more about it. All I ask of you is to remain here, and be civil to him. Brave or not brave, he is my friend and our guest."

"So be it," said Estelle · "but for two days only. If he should be indiscreet enough to remain longer, I forewarn you that I shall yield my place to him.——And now that we are friends again," she added, with an affectionate smile, "I will leave you."

"Nay," said the Colonel, "since confession is the order of the day, let it be a general one. Do you love Monsieur Tonayrion, Estelle?"

"I have not arrived at that point yet," she replied, with a little proud turn of the head; "but should this ever happen, would my choice displease you?"

"As regards himself personally, I have nothing particular to say," rejoined her father. "He is certainly a puppy; but I dare say, one might get on with him. I only regret that before allowing him to establish himself on terms of intimacy with us, I did not make enquiries respecting his position, of which I know literally nothing."

"My dearest father," said Estelle, in her most winning way, "when I married Monsieur Caussade, you only thought of my interest; let me now think of my happiness. I know not if Monsieur Tonayrion is rich; but, at any rate, I have enough for both. I think I have discovered in him qualities which I esteem above all other considerations. He is not, it is true, as intelligent or as cultivated as Monsieur Servian; but then he is courageous."

"How do you know that?" asked the Colonel. "Because he wears a moustache and spurs?"

To this affronting question Estelle did not vouchsafe any direct reply; but continued—

"Monsieur Tonayrion's only fault is not, in my eyes, a very serious one. He was born too late. Twenty years ago he would have been a soldier; that is his true vocation, as he has assured me a hundred times at least. He has only lacked opportunity to acquire a reputation which would have rendered him a worthy son-in-law *even* to such a man as yourself."

Colonel Herbelin was not insensible to the little flattery expressed by his daughter's eyes as well as lips; and, as he looked at her beautiful and beaming face, he could not help exclaiming—

"You deserve a Marshal of France, and a young one, too. Tonayrion will be a fortunate fellow indeed! But I entreat you, do nothing rashly," he continued. "I will write to Paris; for you understand that I cannot give my consent until I know more about this gentleman."

"Write, my dear father," said Estelle; "Raoul will, I am sure, not fear any inquiry."

The bell which announced breakfast now rang; and Colonel Herbelin, taking his daughter's arm, descended to the dining-room, where their guests were already assembled.

* * * * * * *

The indiscreet chattering of Madame Ribois had borne its usual fruits. From the moment of his introduction to Raoul, Servian had conceived for him all the dislike usually felt by a man in love, towards one whom he believes to be preferred to himself. This violent antipathy, which he found it impossible to stifle, was covered, however, by the most scrupulous politeness. The self-satisfied Tonayrion, on his side, regarded as unworthy his attention an individual who dressed simply, expressed himself modestly, and, to crown all, had arrived by the diligence. Leaving, therefore, to young Felix Cambier, the task (to which he proved quite equal) of sustaining the conversation, they had only exchanged two or three cold and commonplace sentences, when the entrance of Madame Caussade gave rise to fresh discontent on the part of the lover, who had sought her hand, and to renewed presumption in the one who now aspired to it.

It frequently happens that women are as intense in their aversions as in their attachments. They deliver themselves up to the former with more freedom, since conventionalism, which makes love almost a crime, does not interdict hatred, provided its weapons be gracefully wielded. Estelle was sensible of an irresistible wish to punish Servian for the liberty he had taken in presenting himself before her. "He professes," thought the young widow, "to have been ignorant of my presence here; but is that likely, or even possible? Would he, with his strong attachment, have been absent a whole year, and have made no inquiries concerning me from those who could have given him information? It is improbable, to say the least of it. What, then, can be his object? Does he think me volatile enough to accept now what I formerly refused? If I were sure that this was his idea, I would make him repent having regarded me as a woman without character or decision."

To chastise what she inwardly termed the impertinence of her former lover, she availed herself of Monsieur Tonayrion, justly regarding him as the most efficacious instrument she could use in effecting her purpose. She lavished upon him during breakfast a shower of gracious smiles, expressive glances, confidential whispers; in fact, every little encouragement which a lady could bestow on one individual to drive another to distraction. Not content with these acts of cruelty, and regardless of the truce demanded by her father, the pittiless widow opened a drawing-room battery of piquante allusions

Digitized by Google

and bitter pleasantries, rendered not the less wounding by the wit and elegance with which they were uttered. Notwithstanding the evident discomfort of the good Colonel, and his efforts to render the conversation inoffensive, she persisted in recurring to the subject which she thought most likely to humiliate Servian. The emphatic commendation of bravery was from her lip directed as the most mortifying personality to him who had once shown himself deficient in the quality. "There are faults which have a claim upon our indulgence," she said: "perfection is unattainable, and we should forgive all weaknesses in which there is nothing disgraceful; but cowardice is so degrading, one is sullied by mere contact with it. Other faults, too, may be corrected; but cowardice never!"

As Madame Caussade unfolded this severe opinion, to which her sparkling eye and proud smile gave double force, the countenances of her auditory presented a variety of expressions, each sufficiently marked to have satisfied the requirements of an artist. Colonel Herbelin, pitying the humiliation which he believed his friend to be suffering, coughed, wiped his spectacles, moved his seat; in short, did all in his power to cover his discomfiture. Felix Cambier felt even more ill at ease than the Colonel. The charms of his fair hostess had deeply impressed themselves on the susceptible heart of eighteen; and whilst her good opinion seemed more important to him than aught in the world beside, he felt some doubt how far the share of courage which Nature had implanted in his breast would enable him to attain it. This sensation most ingeniously disclosed itself on his blushing and embarrassed countenance. Monsieur Tonayrion, on the contrary, erected his head some degrees higher than usual, affectionately caressing his moustache as he did so. And finally Servian, far from being disconcerted, as one would have expected, listened with calm attention, and smiled from time to time with a mingled expression of sadness and sarcasm.

"My words appear to amuse you," said Estelle, fixing her eyes upon him; "you think it, no doubt, highly ridiculous that a woman should estimate courage and despise cowardice."

"On the contrary," replied Servian, quietly; "it appears to me as natural that a woman should prize in a man all manly qualities, as that we, on our side, should prefer in a lady, sweetness, reserve, kindness of heart; in short, those virtues peculiarly feminine and attaching."

Piqued at the indirect reproof conveyed in these words, Estelle haughtily turned away her head, and inquired of Raoul what he would do if attacked by robbers.

"What I have already done on similar occasions," replied he, with an indifference quite heroical.

"The first time this happened to me, in Paris, I was returning home after midnight, and, by an accident, which it is unnecessary to explain, was on foot. At the corner of the Rue Chantereine three men threw themselves upon me. My only means of defence was a sword-cane; but this I used so vigorously, that in about half-a-minute one of my adversaries was extended in the middle of the street; a second was supporting himself, as he best could, against a wall; and the third had disappeared. My other adventure took place during my residence in Africa. I was attacked, one evening, near Algiers, by two ferocious Bedouins, and, happily, escaped with a ball in my coat, and a sword wound in my left arm!"

"And the Bedouins?" demanded Felix, who listened to the narrator with a mixture of admiration and envy.

"I do not imagine," said Raoul, "that since that day they have ever given our Algerines any cause of complaint. My gun, it is true, was only loaded with small shot; but, as we were face to face, my double-barrel knocked them both down, one to the right, and the other to the left, and with the butt-end I completed the business."

"And in these two encounters did you experience no sensation of fear?" inquired Madame Caussade, evidently charmed with the prowess of her admirer.

"Fear, Madame!" replied Tonayrion—"is it possible that people are ever afraid?"

"Sometimes," interrupted Colonel Herbelin, with the generous hope of alleviating the mental agony under which Servian was supposed to be suffering. "I, who now address you, have once or twice experienced something akin to it."

"You do not understand my father's novel ambition," added the young widow. "For love of his neighbor he absolutely wishes to be regarded as a man without courage—it is rather unfortunate that his reputation is established, and that no one will believe him."

Now it happened that Servian was seated next to the Colonel, and the word "neighbor" so clearly applied to him, that his host, finding it impossible to extract the sting from this fresh sarcasm, hastily rose in order to terminate the conversation. "The rain is over," he said; "let us take a turn on the terrace."

The three guests arose; Madame Caussade did likewise; but, instead of leaving the room with them, placed herself at the piano, judging from her father's expression that she had already carried her raillery as far as possible without seriously displeasing him. Eugène Servian had, externally at least, endured the attack of which he had been the victim with imperturbable coolness. Estelle had exhausted her arrows of sarcasm without raising even a frown on his brow. She herself felt discontented with the world, angry with Servian—because he had not had the politeness to appear unhappy—angry with Felix, with Tonayrion, with her father (though why, she would have found it difficult to explain), and, above all, thoroughly discontented with herself. When, for some frivolous reason, a woman is thus seized with an universal antipathy, the conclusion we must draw is, that love is the root of this branching hatred.

Digitized by Google

The rest of the day, which was heralded in by the preceding scene, and the one which succeeded it, passed, if not peaceably, with at least fewer active demonstrations of enmity on the part of Estelle than might have been expected from the vigorous opening of the campaign. On the third evening following Servian's domestication in the house, Madame Caussade had seized the opportunity afforded by the adjournment of her father and his guests to the billiard-room, for a solitary ramble in the chestnut avenue which formed the principal approach to the mansion. On the subject of her meditations who can decide? That they were various and absorbing, was proved by the unnoticed flight of time. She was at length aroused from her reverie by the appearance of Servian, who advanced towards her, and with whom, therefore, it was impossible to avoid a meeting. At the approach of her former lover, she assumed an air cold enough to dispel any pleasure he might have been inclined to derive from the *rencontre*; and in observing this change in her, the smile disappeared from his lip, and his countenance expressed only a polite, but impassable gravity.

"Madame," he said, "I have not sought this interview; but, as chance has afforded it, permit me to profit by it, and to speak to you on a subject which presses heavily on my heart. It does not regard myself, and I would entreat you to forget how fondly I have loved you, and to look upon me only as your father's friend, and as one forever devoted to your interests." As he continued, his voice and manner insensibly softened, and he spoke with something like the tenderness of a father. "They tell me," he said, "that you are about to unite yourself to Monsieur Tonayrion. You have treated me contemptuously during my stay here, and, could I entertain one bitter feeling concerning you, I should rejoice in the prospect of this marriage; but, Estelle, I love you still, and to see myself revenged would be the keenest misery I could suffer."

"What solemn accents! what mournful prognostications!" exclaimed Madame Caussade, with affected gaiety. "You believe, then, that if I marry Monsieur Tonayrion, I expose myself to become the most unfortunate of woman?"

"Your happy disposition, will, I trust, always preserve you from excessive grief," he replied; "but between the extremity of unhappiness, and the ideal bliss of which you dream, there are many intermediate steps. What I dread for you above all," continued Servian, tenderly, "is the loss of those illusions which, if too roughly destroyed, create a more desolate void in the heart than misfortune itself. Your rich and fertile imagination gilds every object on which it glances; and thus it is that Monsieur Tonayrion is now a hero in your eyes. But are you sure that this heroism does not exist rather in your head than in his heart? Are you sure that the feathers of this peacock, whose plumage you admire, will not fall, one by one, at the test of marriage? First, perhaps, intelligence; then kindness; and finally—courage."

"Here I protest," said Madame Caussade, "I will not undertake to stand sponsor for Monsieur Tonayrion's general excellence. In point of intellect, for instance, I could not rationally compare him with yourself; but as to his courage—this feather, to employ your metaphor, can never be plucked from him."

"And what if I deprive him of it?"

"You!" rejoined the young widow, laughing.

Estelle could only account for the strange temerity of such a proposition, by supposing that jealousy had completely turned her admirer's brain; this idea really touched her.

"Let us change the subject," she said, with a benevolence which her natural love of raillery rendered additionally meritorious. "I am not generally fond of advice, but I acknowledge the right of an old friend to offer it, even unasked. I recognize the kindness of your intention, though the counsel itself is superfluous. You have reminded me that marriage is a risk; but you, I think, have had no reason to believe that my consent may be lightly obtained."

Madame Caussade now terminated the conversation by a slight bow, and entered the house.

"Does she love him?" thought Servian. "Can so much wit, beauty, and grace, fall to the lot of this braggart? No; I will unmask him, though I get but ingratitude for my pains."

At the same moment which witnessed this resolution, Estelle, spite of the calm assurance she had externally displayed, became sensible in the depths of her soul of a doubt hitherto unknown. "Although Monsieur Servian's jealousy throws some suspicion on his opinion," she said to herself, "I must confess that there was reason in what he said. Monsieur Tonayrion's chief attraction is an intrepidity of character almost amounting to heroism; it is true I have confidence in this, but what *proof* have I ever had?"

The heroism of Monsieur Raoul was thus menaced by a double test; and on the following morning a curious accident afforded to Estelle the opportunity of exercising hers, and thus satisfying all her doubts.

The extensive park which surrounded Colonel Herbelin's residence touched on the Forest of Compiègne, and was separated from it only by a deep fosse, and a hedge in very bad condition. Behind this enclosure was a belt of traps and snares, destined to punish the havoc made by the hares, rabbits, and larger game of the forest on the Colonel's domain. It happened, on the morning in question, that Felix Cambier had started very early on a hunting expedition. His pointer and himself having beaten the woods for some time with indifferent success, were, at length, slowly returning homeward by the side of the hedge, when he observed, at the bottom of a deep trap, an object which almost consoled him for past disappointments. This was a large wolf, rendered doubly savage by its ineffectual though violent efforts to escape from the unwonted confinement. Having assured himself that its exit was impossible, Felix, for the pre-

Digitized by Google

sent, granted it life; and, when he had completed a leisurely examination of the animal, proceeded home to breakfast, which was nearly over by the time he joined the party. He related, of course, the occurrence which had detained him, and excited in the mind of Madame Caussade so eager a desire to be introduced to their singular captive, that, in deference to her impatience, his breakfast was rather inconveniently abbreviated, and the whole party adjourned to the Park.

At the aspect of the curious group which surrounded the edge of the trap, the wolf ceased its useless bounds, and crouched down in a corner.

"Is that the ferocious animal you spoke of?" inquired Estelle, struck with its apparent alarm; "why a small dog looks more formidable. Mustapha would kill it directly."

"I doubt it," said Servian.

"What do you not doubt?" replied Madame Caussade.

"For my own part, madam," said Tonayrion, "I am quite of your opinion; a mere kick would disable such an animal as that—it could scare nothing but sheep."

"You would not fear, then, to approach it unarmed?" inquired the lady.

"One should not boast of one's own performances," replied the hero. "It is true, I have fought with a lion; but one is not always equally disposed for such amusements."

He then bestowed on his auditors a long history of his combat with the monarch of the desert; and described the manner in which, by introducing his yataghan vertically into its mouth, he had, as it were, gagged it, until he was able to shoot it comfortably and leisurely.

As Estelle listened to this remarkable adventure, she experienced a strong accession of incredulity. "He relates too much," she thought; "and these extraordinary events happen only to himself; it is evident that Servian has no faith in this one, and that little Felix is biting his lips to suppress his laughter." There was in her character a sort of fierce determination, which rendered doubt intolerant to her. For Estelle to conceive a project was to execute it; accustomed from infancy to follow her own caprices rather than the laws of cold circumspection, which generally regulate the conduct of women, she acted without forethought, and on the impulse of the moment. Now, this inspiration was generally excellent, sometimes adventurous, but in the present instance so rash and eccentric, that we should scarcely dare to mention it, had we not impressed on the minds of our readers that Madame Caussade was young, pretty, witty, fascinating, and, finally—a widow! What more can be said? Surely by virtue of these qualifications she must be forgiven a whim which would have appeared extravagant at least in an awkward school-girl, a respectable matron, or the virtuously ugly mother of a family.

Leaning, then, over the edge of the trap, she devoted her attention to teazing the prisoner, by shaking her cambric handkerchief over its head; all at once she feigned terror at some quick movement of the animal, started violently, and the delicate fabric fell into the possession of the wolf. "My handkerchief!" she exclaimed, "the creature will devour it!" These words were accompanied by a speaking glance at Tonayrion. There could be but one manner of understanding and obeying this look—to jump into the trap, and hasten to the rescue; but whether his perception or his courage failed him, certain it is that he did nothing of the kind. Instead of heroically tearing from the wolf the handkerchief which it had just seized, he cast his eyes around, and perceiving a fishing-rod which had been left near the hedge, he ran to fetch it. On observing this prudent expedient of her lover, the favor with which Estelle had regarded him changed to sudden but decided aversion. "Another mask fallen, another hero vanished," thought she. Involuntarily she turned to Servian. Accustomed to read her thoughts and study her character, he had divined all, and could not resist a smile at the result of her plan, for there is always something agreeable in the discomfiture of a rival, even though we may not hope to profit by it.

"It appears," said he, with perfidious pleasantry, "that this gentleman, who takes lions with a hook, wishes also to fish for wolves with a line."

Instead of laughing at this witticism, Madame Caussade turned her back on the speaker; and in consequence of this movement found herself face to face with Felix. On the countenance of the future officer was written such absolute devotion and fierce resolution, that the young widow, who had hitherto regarded him as a child, now for the first time thought of him as a man. At this moment, the capricious sprite, of which we have already spoken, whispered in her ear, "What a humiliation for Monsieur Raoul, if this young man, whom he affects to despise, should surpass him in courage!". Yielding to an irresistible temptation, she looked earnestly at Felix, who, under the fascination of her glance, was suddenly transformed from the Page to the Knight. He fancied himself endowed with the stature of a giant, the heart of a lion, the arm of Hercules; and, in a transport of enthusiasm, he jumped into the trap. "Felix!" exclaimed Servian, angrily; whilst Estelle, already repentant, could not resist a cry of horror.

The descent of a thunderbolt could not have surprised the savage brute more than this unexpected invasion of its own peculiar territory. Quitting the handkerchief, which was by this time almost torn to pieces, it crouched down in a corner, exhibiting to the aggressor a double row of sharp teeth, and other equally unpleasant symptoms of its hostile intentions. At this sight, Felix lost three parts of his enthusiasm: for some seconds he could only contemplate his adversary with suspended breath, fixed eye, and palpitating heart.

"Give me your hand," said Servian, who had knelt down to assist his nephew's exit.

"I am dishonored," replied the youth, "if I do not rescue this handkerchief; they will say

Digitized by Google

I am a coward; and I must prove the contrary, if I am devoured for it."

So saying, he gently stooped down; but had no sooner touched the unfortunate cambric, than the wolf sprang upon him, and bit him in the arm and breast. Felix vainly attempted to defend himself; in a second he was on the ground, and those same sharp teeth were piercing through his cravat. At this sight, Servian instantly threw himself in, and seizing the wolf by the nape of its neck, with incredible vigor dragged it from Felix, and forced it down on its flank; he then knelt on it, compressing its throat at the same time so violently between his hands, that the animal speedily exhibited more tongue than teeth. Madame Caussade, instead of fainting, as most women would have done under the same circumstances, hastily detached the girdle of her morning-dress, and threw it to Servian, who by this means was enabled, safely and dexterously, to terminate the existence of the previously half-strangled animal. He then turned anxiously to his nephew, who appeared to support himself with difficulty, and to be almost unconscious of what was passing around him. On examining his injuries, he discovered, to his own great relief, that the worst bite was by no means deep, or likely to prove dangerous. "Come," said he, "you have only a scratch, and remember they are looking at you." Felix raised his head, and perceived Madame Caussade regarding Servian with an air of indescribable astonishment; whilst near her stood Raoul, fishing-rod in hand, evidently disconcerted at the part he had acted in the performance, though his usual pompous and triumphant air was still observable in full force. Felix, ashamed of displaying any emotion, or even the bodily weakness of which he was sensible, endeavored to spring from the trap; it was only by the assistance of his uncle that he at length succeeded; and on the accomplishment of this feat his strength failed him, and he fainted. Servian, who watched him with the most affectionate solicitude, prevented his fall by supporting him in his arms.

"Is he dangerously wounded?" anxiously inquired Estelle.

Servian looked at her with a freezing glance, and presenting the remains of her handkerchief, replied—"You, at least, should be contented, Madam; for there is blood on it."

To this severe but just reproof the lady only responded by a blush of shame and contrition, which, however, was unnoticed by him who had called it forth, as bearing the youth in his arms he had advanced rapidly towards the house.

Madame Caussade having revealed to Monsieur Tonayrion her opinion of his character in certain ironical compliments and pointed sarcasms, finally deputed him to the *honorable* task of picking up her girdle, and also left the spot.

For some hours after his adventure, Felix, suffered from an attack of fever, brought on, it appeared, less by the slight injury he had sustained, than by the mental uneasiness he endured in reflecting on what he termed his own cowardice. No sooner was his strength in some slight degree restored, than he secretly left the house, explaining this step in a note to his uncle, by saying that he felt it impossible, after his late despicable weakness, to present himself before those who had witnessed it; that he had therefore departed at once for St Cyr, hoping in some way to have retrieved his character before his next meeting with his uncle and Madame Caussade.

"It is quite as well," thought Servian. "The society of a woman as fascinating as Estelle would only fill his head with romantic ideas, quite incompatible with serious study."

It is just possible that this little feeling of satisfaction arose as much from the jealousy of the lover as the anxiety of the uncle, though he was far from acknowledging a weakness which he would have deemed unworthy of himself. He had hitherto regarded Estelle's humors and caprices with that tender indulgence usually felt by a man of mature age towards the woman he loves. "She has an excellent heart," he thought; "and spoiled as she has been by her father and husband, how could she be otherwise than a little headstrong and self-willed?" It was thus Servian had justified and excused his affection; but the incident connected with the wolf had caused a decided change in his sentiments, and he made no effort to conceal from Estelle the painful impression left on his mind by what he termed her inhumanity on the occasion.

Love is undeniably a fantastic elf. Simultaneously with Servian's resolution to abandon a worship which his reason condemned, there awoke in Madame Caussade's heart an attachment which, for two years, had been suppressed, and which she had imagined to be altogether extinguished. Servian exposing his life for his nephew assumed in her eyes a glorious dignity which he had never before presented. The man of forty and the young widow seemed to have changed characters; to him now appertained pride, coldness, and sarcasm; to her, gentleness, discretion, and patience. Hitherto the victim, Servian now became the aggressor; and foreseeing, perhaps, a return of his heart-servitude, he hastened to profit by the temporary strength derived from his displeasure. All the bitter remarks formerly launched by Estelle on effeminate men, were now by him repaid with interest to the score of unfeminine women; and a bystander would have been amused on such occasions to observe the air of nonchalante grace with which she would ensconce herself in an arm-chair, and play with a piece of work previously untouched for months—in short, act the part of a frail beauty, whom a breath would almost have annihilated. Strange and inexplicable as it may appear, the anger of Servian pleased her; and in proportion as she saw him ripe for revolt, her desire for his love increased. When patient, gentle, and respectful, she had ill-treated him; and now that he was sarcastic and provoking, she listened with a submission resembling tenderness.

To the Colonel and Monsieur Tonayrion this reaction was quite inexplicable; and the former

Digitized by Google

at length determined, by speaking to Servian, to remedy, if possible, the unsatisfactory condition of affairs; he therefore lost no time in assuring him frankly of his own personal desire for his marriage with Estelle, and also of his conviction that, if so disposed, he might yet win her, and checkmate Tonayrion. "Her only grievance against you," he added, "is a mere piece of childish folly."

Servian could not repress a feeling of satisfaction on learning that her rejection of him had arisen not from a general dislike, but from some individual cause of offence. In vain he ransacked his memory, for the Colonel had obstinately persisted in leaving his curiosity unsatisfied; finally, his displeasure vanished before his love, and he sought with Estelle the explanation which it may be imagined she had no wish to avoid. The commencement of the conversation may pass unrecorded; suffice it to say, that they were perfectly contented with each other before Servian even thought of inquiring the particular misdeed for which he had been made to suffer.

"You remember," said Madame Caussade, "our journey to Vichy, when the diligence was stopped by robbers. On that occasion—I fancied—I was deceived, I know—but it appeared to me then—that you were afraid!"

These words she uttered softly and rapidly, like a penitent confessing a mortal sin.

"And is this your sole grievance?" said Servian, smiling with calm serenity.

"My only one. But tell me, was I not mistaken?"

"No!" he replied, passionately, "I was afraid; and the mere recollection of that moment sends a shudder through my frame. Is it possible that you, a woman, did not understand? *You* were there; these wretches were armed; and at the first show of resistance a ball might have struck you; and yet you could not understand why I trembled?"

"I did not think of that," she replied; "and yet they tell me I have some penetration."

Servian took the hand she offered, and pressed it tenderly in his own.

The lovers were seated by the window, enjoying the first happy moment of complete mutual confidence and reconciliation; then the door was burst open, and Colonel Herbelin entered.

"Where is Monsieur Tonayrion?" he inquired hastily.

"In his room, I suppose," replied Madame Caussade; "have you anything to say to him?"

"Many things," said her father, in a somewhat ill-tempered tone; "and the first thing will be, to wish him a pleasant journey. I think he has honored us with his company quite as long as is necessary."

"You have had letters from Paris," said Estelle eagerly.

"I have," replied the Colonel, "and containing some very edifying information. Margeron has delayed replying to my inquiries; but he had his reasons."

Monsieur Herbelin now drew a letter from his pocket, and, in a voice accentuated with anger, read aloud the following words:—

"As soon as I received your note, my old comrade, I began the business in question; the information I have obtained may be relied on as authentic. Tonayrion Jean Raoul is the son of a perfumer at Bordeaux, was formerly clerk to a notary, but now, without profession or fortune, is well known at low gaming-houses. As to his courage, that is more than equivocal. He has been known to engage in two duels; but the first, in which pistols were used, was with a poor wretch three-parts blind, at a distance of thirty-five paces; the second, in which swords were the weapons, was with a child of seventeen, who had never set foot in a fencing-school. If your charming daughter is indiscreet enough to marry a fellow like this, the best thing you can do is to sink all your money in an annuity, unless you feel tempted to try matrimony again yourself; but at our age this is no slight undertaking. Ever yours,

"MARGERON."

"What do you think of that?" demanded the Colonel, taking off his spectacles with great impetuosity. "I shall now go and order Monsieur Tonayrion to decamp with all speed; and he had better not excite me, or it will be the worse for him."

Estelle detained her father a few minutes, to inform him, with many blushes, of her reconciliation with Servian. This happy news so much appeased his wrath, that, after a warm embrace bestowed on his daughter, and hearty congratulations on his future son-in-law, he departed, in a comparatively calm state of mind, to dismiss the intruder.

Tonayrion, on finding his false plumes stripped from him, was only too happy to depart in peace; and about half-an-hour afterwards, he was observed by the happy family-party assembled in the drawing-room, creeping stealthily from the house, with his worldly possessions in his hand, intending, no doubt, to realize elsewhere the fable of the *ass with the lion's skin*.

MORE THAN A MATCH.—A Scotch farmer, celebrated in his neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in the athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of fighting people who came to try if they could settle him or not. Lord D——, a great pugilistic amateur, had come from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scott. The latter was working in an enclosure at a little distance from his house, when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree, and addressed the farmer:—"Friend, I have heard a great deal of talk about you, and I have come a long way to see which of us is the best wrestler." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman by the middle of the body, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working. When his lordship had got himself fairly picked up, "Well," said the farmer, "have you anything more to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship; "but perhaps you'd be so good as to throw me my horse."

Digitized by Google

NIGHT AND MORNING.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

www.libtool.com.cn

(CONCLUDED.)

Two or three days passed away swiftly, pleasantly. Miss Hentz was very graceful, very agreeable. No, she was more than this—truly fascinating. She was very kind, almost loving, to me. Gregory treated us both with courteous attention. I could see that Annie greatly admired him, but I little suspected what he knew so well. One afternoon, less than a week after Miss Hentz's arrival, I promised Harry Duncan a boquet for holding some skeins of sewing-silk, while I wound them, and just at sunset, I brought up my scissors, and Mrs. Duncan's sun-bonnet, and went down the garden in quest of some flowers.

I wandered off to an old, dilapidated arbor, hung with a grape-vine, which stood in one corner of the garden, and stumbled suddenly upon Gregory Duncan.

I playfully held up the flowers, that he might inhale their fragrance, and then he pulled off my sun-bonnet, protesting he would not see my face disfigured by such a shockingly unbecoming thing.

"You haven't, yet, any 'right or authority' to prescribe what I shall wear, my dear sir," I pout-ingly rejoined.

"Well, I shall have, one of these days, darling," he lifted up my face, and looked with his deep, tender eyes, upon the blushes that filled it.

I started; for at that moment I seemed to hear a slight rustling, like that of a person moving stealthily on the other side of the arbor. No; it could only have been the wind rumpling the trailing branches of the old grape-vine. So I stood there, chatting with Gregory, while he held the flowers, and I tied their stems with the blue ribbons, that was Harry's favorite color. I did not see how, with white, rigid face, Annie Hentz stole, meanwhile, into the house.

That night, she paced up and down her room, with her hands clasped behind her, and the lips, around which smiles seemed always to hover like dawning sunshine, crushed together in bitter anger, and fierce resolution.

"To think he loves her!" she muttered; "he, for whom I almost hated the sister who watched over my childhood, with all the tenderness of our dead mother—hated her, because she was his wife! Oh, Gregory! Gregory!" and here a tremulous tenderness crept through the bitter tones. "I have wasted for you the best years of my youth, and now to see the love that would be the crowning joy of my life given to another! It shall not be! Young and innocent as she is, she will never dream of the great ocean which has broadened and deepened in my soul, till I cannot say to the great waves, 'here shalt thou be stayed.' And how I waited for him during those long, weary years that he was in Europe. How I hurried here to meet him, though my pride bade me stay away until he came to me.

"Oh! curses on the sweet face that won his love! But she shall not have it! I say she shall not," and she stamped her feet madly. "I will circumvent her somehow!" She sat down, for a few moments, on a low ottoman, and buried her face in her hands.

Suddenly she sprang up. "I have it! I have it! Doctor Welsh will do anything for me." A triumphant light flashed over her features. She sat down by the table, and wrote, hurriedly.

Oh! Annie Hentz! Annie Hentz! So blind in your mad passion as to believe the evil shall triumph! Do you not know, hath it not been told you, can you not perceive, that the wrong-doing works its own sentence for time, or for eternity. "Though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely, I know that it will be well with them that fear before God."

"My dear, I want to see you quite alone, and have a long talk with you. Where shall we go?"

Annie Hentz entered the study, just as the school-hours had closed, and leaned over my desk with these words.

"Come up to my room, then; we shall be undisturbed there, and it is yet three hours to supper."

So we went up stairs together. Annie playfully pushed me down on the lounge, and, laying her head in my lap, she demanded a promise of inviolable secrecy. I gave it. Then she told her story, confiding in me, she said, as she had never done in human being

Dr. Welsh was a young man, who had finished his professional studies only two years before. He had loved Annie with all the tenderness of his proud, strong nature, long before this; but he was poor. Indeed, his family had been miserably so. His mother was a widow, and an Englishwoman, who supported herself by taking in plain sewing, but nature had set its own royal seal upon her son, and Annie cared not for his antecedents.

Her aunt, however, with whom she had always lived, and whose idol she had been, was greatly opposed to the union. She was a proud woman, and a resolute one, and, for her love's sake, Annie could not offend or grieve her.

So the doctor and she waited, patient and hopeful. His practice was constantly increasing, and his social position was now a very enviable one to Annie's, for the world could not help recognizing so much worth and talent. In a

Digitized by Google

year or two, Annie doubted not she should be able to overcome her aunt's prejudices, and marry him.

The doctor had written her that business would bring him to the vicinity of B——, and that he should devote a few days to visiting Annie.

"I am very anxious that Gregory should know nothing of our engagement," concluded the lady, "for he might reveal it to aunt, you know, he is so punctilious in matters of duty. So I am going to ask Fred, with your permission, to be very polite to you—I mean to show us both equal attention, *publicly*, and you will receive it naturally, so no suspicions may be aroused. You will oblige me in this matter, won't you, dear? it is so very little."

I hesitated a moment. My relations with Gregory placed me in a somewhat awkward position, but I could not reveal this, for he had interdicted it.

Then I reflected. No one in the house was aware of our engagement. Gregory himself treated Annie with the same courtesy he did me, and there would be nothing in the occasional attentions of the doctor, which any lady, married or single, might not accept.

Then, those soft, pleading eyes, looking up wistfully under their long lashes, were more effective than any other arguments. "Yes, dear, I will treat him with the same politeness I would any guest, who did not visit one member of our family exclusively."

I sealed the promise with a kiss, for I loved Annie, and her thanks more than repaid me for what seemed so very small a matter.

The next day the doctor came. I was prepared to like him, and, on the whole, I did. He was gentlemanly, fine-looking, and agreeable, without any great depth, or originality of character, so it seemed to me.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan were very hospitable, and received him, as Annie's neighbor and friend, very cordially.

The second evening after his arrival, Miss Hentz proposed a walk to the cemetery, in which we all acquiesced. I had hardly seen Gregory during the day, and as I stood in the alcove of the window, he came up to me, and whispered: "Milicent, I would like you should walk with me, to-night. I have something to say to you."

"Very well; I will join you in a moment." And I ran up stairs for my bonnet and shawl.

"Milicent, my dear, I think Jane begins to have a suspicion that the doctor cares too much for me. You know his eyes *will* speak when they look at me. He will ask you to walk with him to night. You understand," hurriedly whispered Annie, as, dressed for our walk, we met at the sitting-room door.

Then we went in. I did not like to tell her of Gregory's invitation, and, indeed, there was no time to do this.

I was greatly embarrassed by my position, as I left the house. At the gate, both gentlemen offered me an arm. Another glance from under those shining lashes, and I accepted the doctor's, really too much bewildered to know what I ought to do; for to have refused him would have betrayed, to Annie, my partiality for Gregory, which he had requested me not to do.

I saw a shadow darken the face of my betrothed. I should have seen a deeper one had I heard Annie's remark, as soon as we were out of hearing.

"I really think, Gregory, we shall have a practical illustration of love at first sight. Do you not see how attentive the doctor is to Milicent, and I fancy the lady is in no wise reluctant?"

For several following days I saw very little of Mr. Duncan. I had intended to explain, as well as I could, without betraying Annie, the cause of my declining his company. But no opportunity presented itself for this.

I seemed unavoidably thrown with the doctor, though I do not think either of us greatly enjoyed this, for each heart was with another.

The day Docter Welsh left, Annie Hentz was taken ill with a severe headache. She sent for me to come to her room, and informed me that the doctor, who, I supposed, had left in the afternoon train, had engaged to meet her in the arbor that evening, at eight o'clock.

He was to give her a locket containing his miniature, which he had had taken for her that day. Beside, he had some messages which he could only deliver privately.

"Milicent, you know what my heart asks. It is the last time. Oh! if you ever loved, if you have the heart of a woman, do not refuse me!"

The tones were full of pleading, but, oh! the clasped hands, the bright eyes, shining through their heavy tears—these were more so. Oh! Annie Hentz, had *you* the "heart of a woman!" But God have mercy upon you, even as I have tried to!

"Yes, I will go." The words came very reluctantly from my lips, but I could not look in her face and refuse her.

"Gregory, my brother, I am very sorry for you," Annie leaned over him, and her fair face was full of tender, mournful pity, as she pushed, with her soft fingers, the heavy, dark hair from his forehead.

They were all alone together, for she had sent him a message to come up to her room, and read the last magazine to her.

He had been doing this for an hour, and now, as he closed the book, she spoke those half-tender, half-sorrowful words, leaning, as I said, over his chair.

"Why, Annie"—half startled—"for what reason do you pity me?"

"I had rather die than tell you, and yet—and yet—were you not my idolized Laura's husband? are you not still my darling brother?"

So, with her woman's art, she succeeded in arousing his curiosity, his fears. Then, yielding to his entreaties, with her soft voice, and broken sobs, she told the LIE.

It was this. That I had revealed to her my engagement with Gregory, and my subsequent repentance of this. I had given the truth and the love I pledged to him, to the young doctor

Digitized by Google

—there was a deep, low groan, which interrupted the speaker. He clasped her hands, wildly.

"Annie, Annie; can it be true that Milicent, my betrothed wife, has done this?"

"Alas! how should I know of your engagement, if she had not told me, Gregory? But Milicent has made an appointment to meet the doctor in the old grape arbor at the foot of the garden, at eight o'clock. You can witness the meeting if you chose, by establishing yourself behind the old apple tree on the right."

It was a dark, cold evening, although it was mid-summer. Gray clouds blanketed over the sky, and it was with a kind of shuddering chill that I cautiously closed the door, and hurried down the walk to meet the doctor. Perhaps I did wrong in acceeding to Annie's wishes. It is better always to *live* the truth, if it be possible. But Annie's reasoning was very plausible, and she had acquired a great influence over me. I do not know but my moral perceptions were obscured, but I do know, if I had been certain that this was not right, I should not have done as I did.

The doctor was there. At first he thought I was Annie, and clasped me to his heart. He held my hands while he talked with me, giving me many messages of tenderness and love for her, though his love tones could not penetrate far beyond the arbor. "You will take this to her," he said, as we parted, leaving a kiss upon my forehead, with the locket he laid in my hand.

I hurried back to the house. In a few moments, Gregory entered the room. We all noticed he was very white, with a strange glare in his eyes. He merely replied, to our inquiries, that he was ill, and went to his own room, while I repaired to Annie's; but Gregory's white look haunted me all night. The next day I was confined to my room with a severe cold, taken the night before in the damp, old arbor. Annie was very kind to me.

Toward night, Mrs. Duncan entered my chamber with a strange, startled look. "Milicent," and she then threw herself down by the bedside. "Something very singular has happened—something that has completely overcome me. *Gregory has gone*—gone without a single word, without even saying good-bye. He has taken dear little Will with him, and only left a brief letter for his brother, saying he should not return for a year or two. We do not even know where he has gone," and she burst into tears.

Of the next two days, I remember very little. I lay in a kind of stupor. I hardly think I suffered much then, but oh, when consciousness fully returned to me, when the *night* settled down, black and stifling upon my life!

He has gone from me forever, without one word or sign of recognition! I could not tear out his memory from my heart. I must bear the great agony alone. Reader, do you know literally, experimentally, what the *heart-ache* is? No one suspected my suffering. They only knew I was ill, and oh, how kind and tender they were to me.

I could assign no reason for Gregory's departure. Sometimes I thought he had been trifling with me. Then I would remember the radiance that broke into those deep eyes, when they met my own, and believe he loved me! His whole conduct was inexplicable. We had parted! Only the light of eternity should clear up the mystery. Only with the morning bells of immortality breaking on my soul, should the great life-problem be solved.

I regained strength slowly. I could not wander through the house, or out into the garden, for the old haunts struck such swords through my soul.

Annie Hentz had left a few days after Gregory's departure, with many expressions of affection for me, and regret at my illness. Of course, no suspicion of the truth entered my mind. I believed her my friend, and yet, all this time, she was corresponding with Gregory.

At last, I could endure it no longer. The voice that cried out in my heart, through my waking and sleeping hours, "Go, go," must be obeyed. The pleasant cottage was no longer home to me, and I firmly believe, if I had remained there two weeks longer, with those terrible memories, I should have gone stark mad.

But I left—*ran away*—one night, when Mr. and Mrs. Duncan were absent. I could not, of course, assign the true cause for my doing this, but the letter I left behind me, blistered with tears, must have satisfied them it was no lack of affection drew my feet from their threshold.

I had no near kindred, but my mother had a cousin, a plain, honest, good-hearted sort of New England farmer, who resided some two hundred miles from B——. I had seen him but twice in my life. But, in the secluded village where he lived, I should be sure to find, what I most needed, *quiet*.

I went. He received me very kindly; so did his wife, a good, motherly woman, and the two rosy-cheeked, sun-embrowned children, who laid the peace-offering of wild flowers in my lap, and gazed up shyly into my face. And at late evening, when one of those wild rain-storms, which haunt the late summer, gathered into the sky, they marshaled me up stairs to the little spare chamber, where you first met me, reader.

So I lay there, battling with my great suffering until midnight. Then I prayed. I could not do this before, for the words seemed bound on my lips. The tears came; first a blind shower, then, softly, peacefully, and in their midst, I sank into slumber. God's angels had charge concerning me.

I felt that engrossing employment was my only security from madness, and I set right about obtaining it. The largest district school in the vicinity, was to open the next week. The committee had been disappointed in the expected teacher, and I applied for and secured the situation.

It was a very arduous one—just what I needed, for it drove me out of myself. *Excepting faith in God, there is nothing like constant, systematic employment for the suffering.*

Four months rolled by. I turn over their

Digitized by Google

leaves hastily. There are passages of great darkness along all of them; but there is light, too—light serene and holy—that broke down from Heaven upon my soul. Of course, I heard nothing from Gregory. I had written to Mr. and Mrs. Duncan several times. They had forgiven my leaving their house, much as it had grieved them.

www.libtool.com.cn

At the end of these four months, in early November, a letter came for me sealed with black. I opened it, and read that my cousin, Richard Wild, and his wife had died suddenly with a contageous fever, which had stricken many homes in their neighborhood. They had left no children, and I was sole heiress of the estate.

They were all the relatives I had on earth and, deeply as they had wronged me, I could but sorrow sincerely for their death. In less than three hours, I was on my way to their funeral. After this took place, I found it was imperatively necessary that I should reside at the old homestead, until the estate should all be settled.

Well, time's loom wove out the old year, and, when the white threads of January were first braided together, the light broke again upon my life. It occurred very singularly, as all great events do.

We had had a very severe snow-storm, and this, with slight indisposition, confined me to the house for several days.

Late one afternoon, the clouds lightened, and the snow ceased. A path had been cleared to the front gate, and I enveloped myself in a cloak and hood, and went out to take a brisk walk in the clear, frosty air. I had just reached the gate, when a one-horse sleigh wheeled suddenly round the corner of our house. I had a full view of the rider's face, as he turned it curiously toward the quaint, old building. No wonder I staggered and caught hold of the gate slats; for Gregory Duncan was before me! I knew him with the first glance.

He did not recognize me, for the hood half concealed my face. The sleigh swept by. I saw this, and felt that in another moment he would be beyond recall. Hardly conscious of what I was doing, it seemed without my own volition, I called out to him loudly, wildly—"Gregory! Gregory Duncan! come back to me!"

The reins were drawn up suddenly. I saw the driver wheel the vehicle round, with a look of profound astonishment on his face. Then he drew up to the gate.

I pushed back my hood. There was a quick start, and his face grew very pale—"Milicent Wild!"

"Will you come into the house with me only five minutes? I *must* see you"—I asked with white lips and shaking limbs.

He hesitated a moment. "Are you married?"

I shook my head. I could not speak, for the question seemed so cruel an one.

He sprang out, and we went up to the house together. We walked into the parlor, and I shut the door. There I stood, calm, resolute, before him. "Now, Gregory Duncan, neither maidenly reserve or womanly pride shall interfere with the right I have to ask you this question—the right as your once betrothed wife:—Why have you treated me as you have done?"

"*Why?* Because you were false to me!—Because you, my betrothed wife, listened to the love-vows of Dr. Welsh, and I myself witnessed your clandestine meeting with him, in the old arbor. Oh! Milicent, Milicent! I would have died before I had otherwise believed this of you!"

What a cry of anguish broke through all the reproach of his words. The light began to dawn dimly upon me.

"I was not false to you, Gregory."

And then, with my eyes looking all the time into his, *I told him every circumstance of my acquaintance and intercourse with Dr Welsh.*

His face gradually changed as I proceeded. It lightened, it brightened, it triumphed! He was not a demonstrative man, but, as I closed, he gathered me up into his arms, close to his heart. He held me there strongly, almost madly, like a man. "Mine! mine own!—lost and found!" he murmured, and then he wept like a woman.

That night, sitting at his feet, the entire duplicity which Annie Hentz had practiced was made known to me. She had lived with Gregory and his wife the year before the latter died, and it was the knowledge of Annie's affection for him—which Gregory felt he could never reciprocate—that induced him to go to Europe. Beautiful, gentle, attractive, he always thought his wife's sister; but he was an acute student of human nature, and he felt that there was a lack of principle in her character, for which no brilliant endowments or fine qualities could ever compensate.

He had requested me not to inform her of my engagement, because he was certain I should thereby incur her hatred; for Annie had, in countless ways, revealed to Gregory the affection he had inspired. But her plans worked well. They had corresponded during his absence; for he had been travelling in South America. Of me he had never heard, and of his brother only indirectly.

A distant relative of Annie's had recently died, and left her heiress to some property, which was, however, greatly involved. She had urgently entreated Gregory to come and aid her in the adjustment of the affairs The severe snow-storm had injured the road so much, it was deemed unsafe to travel on it, and he was hurrying across the State by a private conveyance, when—his eyes and that old smile finished the sentence.

"And if you had seen her, Gregory?"

"I cannot tell. She is an artful woman, Milicent, and of late my heart had warmed toward her. She was the only one earth that loved me. Oh! God must have sent this angel on the road, to-day."

That night we wrote briefly to Annie Hentz:

"We have seen each other, and know all.—May God forgive you. "MILICENT WILD.

"GREGORY DUNCAN."

Digitized by Google

At last I told him of myself. How the great fortune had come to me, in the little secluded village where I had buried myself; and how—but you know all the rest, reader. Then we knelt down together, and blessed God, who had given us the Morning after the Night.

In the next May, we were married, among country blossoms and bird songs.

We live in the old house. Will, my darling boy, is with us, and his bright face and merry voice make glad through these long summer days, the heart of his mother who is on earth; she hopes, sometimes the heart of his mother who is in Heaven.

I am very happy. Gregory, my husband—but here my pen must pause. The life of his wife shall only praise him. So, with the heavenly and the earthly love all about me, I go on my life-way, watching and waiting for the time when the Father shall call me; for not here is our "abiding place."

Annie is married to the doctor. She never answered our letter. I know nothing of her present life, but I never, at night, lie my head on my pillow, till I have prayed God, in his great mercy, to forgive her.

TOO LATE.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

Underneath a birchen tree,
Where long grass and daisies grow,
Where in spring the violets blow,
On a moonlit eve stood we,
I and Effie, long ago.

Smiling, "Carve my name," she said,
"On the birch-tree's silver rind,
It shall sometimes call to mind
In the upward path you tread,
Lowlier pleasures, left behind."

There I carved it by the moon,
Effie standing smiling by,
And her soft hands resting nigh;
And before again it shone,
Far upon the sea rode I.

Far from Effie and from home,
Filled with yearnings deep and stormy,
In the land of Art and Song,
In the solemn-shadowed Rome,
Many years I lingered long.

There I learned the sculptor's art;
Thirsted, toiled, and wrought for Fame,
Toiled to win a deathless name;
Once to my forgetful heart,
From my love a missive came.

Only "On the tree," it said,
"All the letters are o'ergrown;
One for every summer flown,
And the tree itself is dead:"
"Ha!" cried I, "*it was not stone.*"

Still I lingered, toiled for Fame;
And the warning threads of grey
Thick upon my temples lay,
When from home the tidings came,
Saying, "Effie died in May!"

Woke I then as one that dreamed—
Marvelling at my life's low sun,
At the day so nearly done;
And like circling serpents, seemed
All the laurels I had won!

Homeward o'er the tossing tide!
Restless heart on restless wave!
And beside my Effie's grave,
One who loved her till she died,
To my hand this message gave.

Only "Carve my name," wrote she,
"On the marble o'er my head,
On the white slab o'er my bed,
As you carved it on the tree,
In the blessed May-time fled."

Underneath yon sculptured stone,
Where the willows droop so low,
Where long grass and violets grow,
Sleeps the young heart, early won,
Won and broken, long ago!

BRIGHT HOURS AND GLOOMY.

Ah, this beautiful world! indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off; and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

Digitized by Google

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO!*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Soon after day dawned, Mr. Eldridge went to the room where his wife slept, and awakened her.

"I've been up all night, Harriet," said he; "and feel very weary. Will you come and stay with Katy, while I lie down for an hour?"

"Will I? Of course I will! You speak as if I had no interest in the child," replied Mrs. Eldridge, pettishly.

A keen retort was on the lips of Mr Eldridge, but he kept it back.

"Is she sleeping?" enquired Mrs. Eldridge.

"No; I left her awake. She slept tolerably well through the night, poor child!"

The tone of pity in which Mr. Eldridge said "poor child," annoyed his wife, for it seemed to imply a doubt of her right feeling for the suffering little one.

"Poor child!"—she repeated the words in a slightly contemptuous voice. "You talk and act as if no body cared for her but yourself."

"Actions speak for themselves," coldly replied Mr. Eldridge, as he turned away, and went to another apartment.

The retort stung Mrs. Eldridge; for she had passed the night sleeping, while her husband watched with Katy.

After taking some time to dress, she went into Katy's room. She was far from being in a gentle frame of mind. Tenderness did not rule her feelings. She felt cold toward her child; the coldness having its origin in the implied censure of her husband, for that indifference which could permit her to sleep through the night, and leave to him the task of watching. She did not smile as she approached the bed, and asked, in a voice that stirred no loving emotion—

"How are you, dear?"

"I'm better," and Katy, whose large eyes had been eagerly reading her mother's face for some love-records, turned her head aside, and let the long lashes, wet with tears of pain a little while before, fall slowly upon her pale cheeks. How sad the poor child felt! Helpless, and exhausted by suffering, her heart asked for tender pity, and longed for loving words, that only a mother's voice could utter. But they came not at the moment when expectation was most eager; and the pain of disappointment then felt, was the keenest her young spirit had known.

Mrs. Eldridge noticed the movement, and was annoyed by it. The mother's love was not strong enough in her heart to make her comprehend the mental condition of her child. She did not understand the new state into which she had been born, nor imagined the new capacities and new desires with which she had been suddenly endowed.

"Why do you turn your head away?" she asked in a quick, stern voice.

Katy's eyes flew up, and, with a surprised, grieving look, she turned them upon her mother's face. Mrs. Eldridge saw that they were full of tears.

A faint glimmer of light came into her mind, and an emotion of true pity for her child was awakened in her heart; but the light was very dim, and the emotion feeble.

Katy answered not in words, and the harsh query was not repeated. Silence followed, while the distance between mother and child increased instead of diminishing.

"Did you sleep through the night?" asked Mrs. Eldridge.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you feel any pain now?"

"Not much."

"You feel some pain?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where?"

"All over my back."

The eyes of Katy were fixed on her mother's face, while the questions and answers passed, looking for some tokens of the pity and tenderness for which her heart was panting. But she found them not. The selfish mother's thoughts were with herself rather than with her child. Without asking Katy if she wanted anything, or if there was anything that she could do for her, Mrs. Eldridge left the bedside, and commenced putting things in order about the room.

"Was ever a place in such confusion!" she muttered. "Dear! dear!" she went on as she moved about the room—"a tumbler of water spilled on the carpet, that's soaking wet. Who did this?"

"It was father, I believe," answered Katy, to whom the question was addressed.

"I didn't suppose it was any body else!"

Katy could not understand why her mother should turn upon her with an angry look and tone, when she simply answered her question, and that, too, with a feeling of reluctance, because she feared that blame might be attached to her father.

Talking to herself in a fretful, impatient way, Mrs. Eldridge continued moving about the room, until everything was restored to something like order; and it cannot be denied that the whole aspect of the apartment was materially changed for the better. All it wanted was the light of love to warm its icy coldness of aspect, and to soften its harsher outlines.

"Do you want anything?"

The most important work done—that of "putting things to right"—the mother next thought of her child. The question was made in a tone that almost extorted a negative answer—it was so full of indifference

"No, ma'am," answered Katy. There was a sadness in the feeble voice which uttered these words, that made its way to the consciousness

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by T. S. ARTHUR & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Digitized by Google

of Mrs. Eldridge, and rebuked her strange coldness toward her child.

"Would you like a drink of cool water?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm very dry."

"Why didn't you say so, when I asked a moment ago, if you wanted anything?"

An instant flush of anger was in the mother's face.

www.libtool.com.cn

"You act as if you thought I didn't want to do anything for you," she added. "Now, I'm not going to have any of this sort of nonsense, my young lady! and you needn't begin with it. When you want anything, say so. It will be bad enough to have you lying about helpless—to be waited on for everything—without having airs put on."

Mrs. Eldridge left the room. When she returned, Katy was sobbing violently.

"Here's the water," said she in a cold, almost harsh voice. "Take it."

But Katy did not look up, nor cease weeping. It was not from passion, nor pride, nor captiousness, that she wept. The harsh accusation of her mother, so unjust toward her, and so cruel under the circumstances, had smitten her young heart, in which new and tender feelings had been created, with such pain that nature cried out in anguish.

"Stop this, now! I'll have none of it!" the mother spoke very sharply.

The poor child tried to rally herself—tried to repress the nervous impulses that were ruling her, but in vain. She sobbed even more violently.

"Take this water! Katy! D'you hear!—You said you were dry; now drink! You needn't put on these airs. They go for nothing with me. I understand you!"

Mrs. Eldridge was angry and resolute, and Katy was unable to control herself.

"You've got to drink it!" said the mother, blind with passion.

She was passing a hand under the shoulders of Katy, in order to raise her up, and force the water into her mouth, when her husband, who had been listening in a state of strong excitement to what his wife was saying, no longer able to restrain his feelings, came into the room. Seeing the movement, and knowing that the instant an attempt to lift her in that way was made, terrible pain, if not displacement of the spine, would be the consequence, he sprung forward, and, grasping the arm of his wife, drew her from the bed with almost a giant's force, exclaiming as he did so,

"Mad woman! Do you wish to kill your child!

"What spirit possesses you!" he added, turning to where she now stood, frightened at the sudden movement, and scowling fiercely upon her. "Don't you know that her spine is injured? and that she must not be moved, except with the greatest care?"

A little while the husband and wife stood glaring at each other. The latter soon recovered from the stupor of surprise into which the assault had thrown her.

"You will repent of this," she spoke in a low, resolute voice. "I have said that no man should ever lay his hand on me in anger, and not repent of it, and I will keep my word to the death!"

The blood which had a few moments before crimsoned her face, all left it; and she stood, motionless and statue-like, with a countenance pale and distorted.

Mr. Eldridge was in no mood for conciliation; so he only waved his hand impatiently, and curled his lip. The cool contempt with which he met her threatning words, which were no unmeaning utterance, stung his wife into momentary madness. With an imprecation that startled him by its profanity, she glanced from the room, and left him alone with their frightened little one.

Silently, Mr. Eldridge sat down by the side of Katy, partly averting his face from her, yet moving his hand over the bed until it rested on one of hers, which it grasped with a tender pressure, that was returned eagerly.

"Will you have some water?" he asked, after a few moments had elapsed.

"No, father. I'm not dry now," murmured the child.

"Don't you want anything?"

"No, father."

"Does your back pain you much?"

"Not now."

The heart of Mr. Eldridge swelled with tenderness for Katy, as her little hand kept clasping his, its touch of love thrilling to his heart—and he leaned over and kissed her.

"I love you, father." It seemed as if the child could not keep back the words from her lips.

"Dear Katy!" He kissed her again, and then sat for a long time silent, buried in troubled thoughts, and trying to penetrate the thick clouds that darkened his sky and shadowed the way along which his feet must tread.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Weakly, "Is Katy dead?"

"No. It would be better, perhaps, if she were!"

"You are terribly agitated, Mrs. Eldridge. What has happened?"

"That which crushes all softness out of my woman's heart. Eldridge has dared to put his hands on me!"

"What!"

"Has dared to put his hands on me in anger, and I'll never forgive him!"

"Sit down—calm yourself," said Mrs. Weakly. "This is serious business!"

"It *is* serious business. Half-an-hour ago he did that to me, which he will never have the opportunity of repeating. I have left his house, and forever. All I want here, is shelter for a few days, and your wise counsel."

"Both of which, dear, injured friend! you shall have. But tell me all that has happened."

"I can remember nothing except that he laid his hand on me in anger. This blasting fact sweeps all else from my memory."

Digitized by Google

"Strike a wife!" exclaimed Mrs. Weakly, excited into strong womanly indignation. "My blood seethes at the mention of such an outrage! You did well to leave on the instant."

"He did not strike me." No: Mrs. Eldridge said not these words, although they sprung to her lips, and truth pleaded for their utterance.

www.libtool.com.cn

"Strike a wife!" repeated the friend. "Such a thing has not before been known in Arden!"

"Where is your husband?" enquired Mrs. Eldridge.

"He hasn't come down yet, this morning."

"I do not wish to meet him," said Mrs. Eldridge.

"No necessity for that. Come up with me to our little spare-room, and you shall be cloistered like a nun!"

The two women went hastily and silently up to the spare chamber, which was in the story above where Mr. Weakly slept.

"How you tremble! Compose yourself," said Mrs. Weakly, as they entered the room. "Hadn't you better lie down?"

Mrs. Eldridge threw herself, with an abandoned air, upon the bed, giving way to a flood of tears as she did so.

"My poor unhappy friend! To think that this dreadful ordeal was in store for you. I never could have believed it of Eldridge—the brute! To strike a wife! the climax of all outrages. Do you know that was the reason why Mrs. Glendy separated from her husband?"

"I never heard it before."

"It is true. I once had the whole story from her own lips. She is not much given to the melting mood, but I can tell you, she cried like a child when she related the circumstance. She loved her husband; but the outrage was one that her pride never would forgive. She loved him to the last hour of his life; but never saw him from the day he lifted his hand against her, and never forgave him. She is a woman of true spirit. We must advise with her."

"O, yes, I must see her, and as soon as possible. My own thoughts are too much in confusion. I cannot see clearly. I am in the centre of a bewildering maze."

"How is poor little Katy?" asked Mrs. Weakly, her thoughts naturally reverting to the child.

"Don't speak of her!" exclaimed Mrs. Eldridge, putting up both hands, and averting her face. "I cannot bear it!"

It did occur to Mrs. Weakly that, perhaps, under the circumstances, something was due from Mrs. Eldridge to her hopelessly injured little one, and that, for her sake, a great deal ought to have been endured. She could not really understand how it was possible for a mother to abandon her child to stranger-hands, only a few hours after having been hurt in so dreadful a manner. But the subject appeared to distress her friend so deeply, that she asked no further questions, and tried to push aside from her own mind a view of the case that rather tended to subdue the enthusiasm at first awakened in behalf of the outraged wife. Her own heart told her, that a mother's love, in this case, should have been stronger than a wife's indignation.

At breakfast, Mr. Weakly said to his wife:—

"Who was the person I heard you talking with so earnestly this morning? The voice sounded like that of Eldridge's wife. She's an early visitor."

"Eldridge's wife!" Mrs. Weakly tossed her head and laughed lightly. "You must have been asleep and dreaming, instead of awake and listening, as you imagined. Eldridge's wife! Poor thing!"—the voice fell to a more sober tone—"She has something else to do, with her broken-backed child, besides gadding about before breakfast in the morning."

"So I should imagine," said Mr. Weakly. "Poor little thing! I wonder how she passed the night. It was a dreadful accident. I cannot bear to think of it."

"Dreadful, indeed. Poor child!" said Mrs. Weakly, in a tone of womanly sympathy; "What a life she has before her. If she were my child, I could wish her dead rather than so hopelessly crippled and deformed."

After breakfast, Mr. Weakly went out, as usual, to his business, and Mrs. Weakly hurried up to her friend with a cup of tea, and some light articles of food. The tea only was taken; and then the question—"What is to be done?"—was earnestly debated.

Without the more experienced advice of Mrs. Glendy, it was found impossible to reach any satisfactory conclusion. The day was now too far advanced for Mrs. Eldridge to go abroad, as she would be seen, and she wished, for the present, to remain concealed. So her friend put on her bonnet, and ran over to see the wise counsellor, who was to guide the bark of their mutual friend safely over the dangerous reefs upon which it had been suddenly cast. Her call was an unusually early one, and Mrs. Weakly had to wait a long time before Mrs. Glendy made her appearance. At last she came into the parlor with an impressive air, kissed her visitor warmly, and said, as she grasped her hand—

"Good morning, my dear Mrs. Weakly! You have given me an early and pleasant surprise. But you look serious, my friend. Ah! no wonder. That dreadful scene we witnessed last night was enough to make any one feel serious. Poor Mrs. Eldridge! I pity her from my heart."

"And you may well pity her," said Mrs. Weakly, "for she has a worse trouble than that."

"Worse! How? You startle me!"

"A great deal worse. A trouble past mending," said Mrs. Weakly, in a solemn manner.

"Speak! What is it? I have a heart to feel."

"She had some angry words with her husband this morning, and he——

Mrs. Weakly paused.

"What?" Mrs. Glendy bent forward eagerly.

"Struck her!"

Mrs. Glendy, who had taken a seat beside her friend, started up, with clenched hand and burning cheeks, exclaiming—

Digitized by Google

"Man's unpardonable sin against woman! Struck her did you say?" And Mrs. Glendy leaned her face close to that of her friend.

"Yes—struck her," said Mrs. Weakly, speaking low in her throat—"struck her!"

"And she left his house on the instant?"

"She did."

"Right! She would have been unworthy the name of woman had she remained an hour after the commission of such an outrage. Where is she?"

"At my house; and she desires to see you as soon as possible."

"I will be there right early. Say to her, that I deeply sympathize with her—approve her course—and beg of her to be calm, womanly, and resolute."

"How soon may we expect you?" asked Mrs. Weakly.

"In less than half-an-hour."

"What if Mr. Eldridge, learning that his wife is at my house, should call there and demand an interview?"

"Let it be imperatively refused. He has lifted his hand against her, and that act should work an eternal separation between a man and his wife, driving them as far asunder as the antipodes. Henceforth, let them be nothing to each other."

"So say I. If Weakly were to—but that is impossible," added Mrs. Weakly—"It isn't in him; and if it were, his knowledge of my spirit would forever keep his passions under control."

Mrs. Weakly was within a short distance of her house, on her return from Mrs. Glendy's, when she saw Mr. Eldridge coming hurriedly down the street. They met at her door. He looked pale and excited.

"Have you seen my wife this morning?" he asked, almost roughly.

"Your wife?" There was evasion in the voice and manner of Mrs. Weakly.

"Yes, my wife. Have you seen her?"

"No, sir," firmly answered Mrs. Weakly. "She is no longer his wife—that blow severed the bond," she said to herself, in palliation of the falsehood.

Eldridge gazed into the face of Mrs. Weakly for a few moments. She returned his look with an unflinching steadiness, and then said, in a tone of well-feigned interest—

"Poor little Katy! How did she pass the night, and how is she this morning?"

"She is doing as well as could be expected, all things considered," replied Mr. Eldridge. After a moment he added—"You are certain that you have not seen Mrs. Eldridge?"

"I have already answered that question, sir," replied Mrs. Weakly, in an offended manner. "But why do you ask?" A woman's curiosity prompted this query.

"She left home more than an hour ago, and I cannot imagine where she has gone."

"Why did she leave?" was enquired.

"Heaven knows! I don't."

"Some good reason, no doubt," said Mrs. Weakly.

"Some good reason for a woman, it may be." Mr. Eldridge curled his lip as he spoke, adding—"Your woman's reasons are generally whims and impulses, as far as I can see. They will, but never think."

"But they know how to will with a will," retorted Mrs. Weakly, in a sharp voice, "as some men know to their cost, and as you may, perhaps, discover, to your sorrow, before you die."

"I've found that out already," said Eldridge. "But that doesn't signify now. I don't wish to exchange sharp words with any one, but to find my wife. Should you see her, oblige me by saying to her, that her sick and crippled child needs her attention, and must have it."

"*Must* is no word for a man to utter when speaking of his wife," said Mrs. Weakly.

A slight sound at the moment reached the ears of Mr. Eldridge, and glancing upwards, by a kind of instinct, he saw the face of his wife looking down upon him from between the partly closed shutters above. For only a moment he saw it—in the next it was hidden from his sight.

"Ha!" he ejaculated. "So she is here!"

"Who is here?" boldly asked Mrs. Weakly.

"My wife, as I supposed. Will you bear to her a message from her husband!"

"Your *wife* is not here." Mrs. Weakly laid a particular emphasis on the word wife.

"I feared that she was in the hands of bad advisers," said Mr. Eldridge, sternly. "It is clear now. A thoughtless, wrong-minded woman, has power to do a vast amount of harm in this world."

"Rail on, sir! Contempt for woman, is, by most of your sex, considered a manly virtue."

Mr. Eldridge waved his hand impatiently, saying—

"I am in no mood to bandy words. Do me only a single favor. Bear this message to my wife."

Curiosity as to the message was stronger than the suddenly formed purpose of Mrs. Weakly to deny the existence of a true marital relation.

"Say on, sir. I am all attention," she replied.

"Tell her, from me, that, for the sake of her suffering child, I wish her to return home at once." Mr. Eldridge spoke very much like a man in earnest—and so he was. "Say to her, that all of this day, the doors of my house remain open; but that, after the sun goes down, they will be closed against her, and forever!"

"Yes, sir, I understand!" And the little woman curled her lip and tossed her head.

"All I desire, madam, is, that you will repeat my words. May I depend on you?" said Eldridge.

"O, certainly, sir. I will give them to the letter." returned Mrs. Weakly, in a defiant manner.

"Good morning!" And before the lady had time for a word in reply, Mr. Eldridge was striding away in the direction of his home.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Eldridge, shocked, outraged, and discouraged by the conduct of his wife towards Katy, did not leave the bed side again, until breakfast was announced. For a portion of the time he had remained with his head bowed down, and his face buried in a pillow, the hand of his child clasped tightly within his own. The night had been sleepless, and nature was overwearied. Complete bodily repose gave power to slumber, and, for a few moments, external consciousness faded, and he dreamed that he saw his wife fleeing from the house. So vivid was this dream, that when he started up at the sound of the breakfast bell, he could not, for a few moments, pass it aside as an airy vision.

"Where is your mother?" he enquired of the two older children, on entering the breakfast-room.

"I don't know," was the answer of both.

Mr Eldridge turned away, and went hastily up stairs, passing from room to room, but in none of them finding the object of his search.

"Harriet!" he called, in a suppressed voice.

"Harriet!" the tones were louder.

"Harriet!" only echo returned the word.

Mr. Eldridge sat down to think, and if possible, to force his thoughts into order and coherence.

"What does this mean?" he asked of himself. "Where has she gone? Why has she left the house?"

The truth was suggested, but he flung the suggestion aside as improbable.

"No, no! She is not insane enough for that, violent and wrong-headed as she has sometimes shown herself.

But the suggestion, once made, could not be kept out of his mind. He remembered with what angry violence he had laid his hand upon her, and how fearfully excited she had become. Her last passionate threats and imprecations sounded in his ears, as if just flung upon the air, and he perceived in them a meaning not realized before.

"Gracious heavens!" he exclaimed, aloud, as the possibility of her having taken a step, destined to prove so disastrous to all their future, grew distinct in his thoughts. "It cannot be!"

For a time, Mr. Eldridge felt like a man stunned by a heavy blow. There was a pressure on heart and brain. Then, all the suffering, disgrace, desolation, disruptions, and bitter experiences in store for himself and children, were vividly seen, and he groaned aloud, as he looked, in imagination, upon the sad realities to come.

"Impossible!" he could not help saying. "Harriet is passionate, selfish, and self-willed; but not mad enough to drag down upon herself, her husband, and her children, such utter ruin as this."

But, time glided on, and Mrs. Eldridge did not make her appearance. From the domestic, her husband learned that she had left the house a little while after their angry passage of words. This strengthened his worst fears.

Faint from loss of rest, and violent mental excitement, Mr. Eldridge, who had taken no food since the day before, felt that he must have something to keep him from sinking. There was brandy in the house; he thought of it, and acted, at once, upon the thought. The draught taken was large for him, and it brought mind and body up to a firmer tone, though reason was left obscured. It was after this stimulus was received, and while partially under its influence, that he set forth in search of his wife, and left for her, with Mrs. Weakly, his indignant ultimatum. The fact of her desertion of home, at this particular time, when their youngest child needed a mother's devoted care more than at any period since her birth, stood forth, to his mind, in such revolting deformity, that he felt her to be unworthy the name of woman. His whole nature rose up against her.

Mr. Eldridge was in this state of mind, when he returned from his hurried visit to the house of Mrs. Weakly in search of his wife. Doctor Penrose and his kind-hearted lady met him at his own door, and went up with him to the room where Katy lay. The poor child had received but few of the attentions she needed. Her room was in order—so much had been done by the mother's hands—but her bed had not been made, nor had she received any food.

A glance told Mrs. Penrose that something was wrong. She looked around the room, then at the bed, and at the child, with her damp, matted hair, and face from which water had not removed the traces of tears.

"I'm afraid this shock has been too much for Mrs. Eldridge, and that she is sick," Mrs. Penrose remarked.

"Worse than that!" Mr. Eldridge spoke in an undertone, and half to himself, though his words reached the ears of both the doctor and his wife, and startled them by their strange tone and vague significance. Neither of them felt at liberty to question farther.

"How is my little girl?" the doctor asked, in a kind, encouraging voice, as he bent over Katy, and laid his hand lightly on her forehead.

"Better," was the simple response

Such attentions as were needed from the physician, were then given. Doctor Penrose found her in rather a feverish condition, and, upon the whole, not doing so well as he had hoped to find her. That she had been neglected, was too apparent.

Mrs. Penrose gave such personal care to the child, as her condition demanded.

"She has had no breakfast," said Mr. Eldridge, aside.

"Indeed! that must be seen to," and the doctor's wife passed quickly from the room, and went down into the kitchen.

"Katy has had nothing to eat this morning," she said to the girl, whom she found sitting by a table, resting, thereon, her great red arms, and looking both stupid and lazy.

"'Deed, and ye may say that, ma'am; it's mighty little the checkins get, when the ould hen won't scratch for 'em."

"The poor child must have some breakfast. Will you make her a piece of toast?"

Digitized by Google

"Yis, ma'am, or ony thing else ye'll tell me to do for her, though she is the greatest little possessed I ever did see in me born days. But they say her back is broken. Och! sorra the day for her!"

Mrs. Penrose did not encourage the girl to talk; yet, for all this, by the time she had some toast and tea, and a soft-boiled egg ready for Katy, she understood, pretty distinctly, that there had been a sharp quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge, and that the latter had gone off at an early hour, and had not yet returned.

Soon after Mrs. Penrose left the sick room, Mr. Eldridge drew the doctor into the next apartment, and when they were there alone, said to him, in a grave, sad way:

"Dr. Penrose, a thing has just happened which is destined to bring disgrace upon my family, and to mar our whole future. My wife has left my house in a fit of passion."

"No—no—surely not, Mr. Eldridge!" said the doctor, startled at the announcement.

"It is too true. Let me relate to you the circumstances, just as they occurred."

And Mr. Eldridge repeated what the reader already knows, about the conduct of Mrs. Eldridge towards Katy, his own rough interference, and her subsequent withdrawal to the house of Mrs. Weakly, whither he had traced her.

"It is only an outburst of passion, and will soon be over," said the doctor.

"It must be over very soon, to avail anything," said Mr. Eldridge, resolutely. "She has tried me just beyond the point of endurance. If she returns before the sun goes down, well—she may return! But, by all that is sacred! if she is beyond my threshhold at that hour, the door is closed against her forever!"

"Speak not rashly," said the doctor. "Above all, do not act rashly in so serious a business as this. Your wife, besides being blinded by passion, is in the hands, I fear, of bad advisers."

"I never was more in earnest in my life, than I am now," replied Mr. Eldridge, sternly, clenching both hands as he spoke. "Tried, for years, as few men have been tried, my whole nature is, at last, stung into revolt. I am not the man I was yesterday. Then I would have temporized, as of old, yielded, and forgiven. It is not so now; for good or evil, I am changed; and if that mad woman does not return to-day, she shall never return!"

"Think of your poor, injured child, who *must* have the tender, patient, never-ceasing care of a mother," said the doctor.

"That she can never have; for heaven has not blest her with a true mother." The voice of Mr. Eldridge was softer, and trembled slightly. "She has more to hope from the heart of a stranger, than from the heart of her who bore her. In all human probability, the change will be in her favor."

"But such a change must not be talked of as possible," said Dr. Penrose.

"I fear it is very possible. You do not know Harriet Eldridge as I know her."

"The kind offices of neighbors you will not reject?" said Doctor Penrose.

"I can pledge myself to nothing, doctor. Mrs. Eldridge has my ultimatum. It is with her to accept or reject. If she returns home, and acts as a wife and mother should act, all may be well. But, if the sun goes down this day, and she remain absent after that hour, her fate is sealed. I will have nothing more to do with her."

"Madness! Folly! What has come over you, my good friend?" said the doctor.

"Simply this: I am, at last, driven to the wall, and have turned upon my pursuer!"

"Doctor." It was the voice of Mrs. Penrose, calling from Katy's room. So the hurried interview ended. Mr. Eldridge descended to his office, and left the doctor and his wife alone. In about ten minutes, the former came down stairs.

"Katy must have a careful attendant," said he, on meeting Mr. Eldridge. "It will not do for her to be left alone."

"I know that, doctor; but where shall I find the right person?"

"There will be no difficulty, I presume, in procuring a nurse. As I go down the street, I will call in and see Mrs. Lamb. She is a kind soul, and will come, no doubt, for a few days. Mrs. Penrose will remain with Katy until she arrives."

The doctor passed on without further remark, leaving the unhappy man alone with his maddening thoughts.

CHAPTER XXI.

As the day wore on, the thoughts and feelings of Mr. Eldridge experienced a hundred fluctuations, though never once did he recede from his stern purpose in regard to his wife. There were times when he hoped that she would repent of her rashness, and return home ere the sun went down; and times when he desired the present separation to be eternal. He saw little to hope for in any temporary healing of the rupture. Hostile feelings would remain, and hostile acts be resumed, sooner or later. Of all this strife, ungentleness, disorder, and bickering, he was heart-weary. Already imagination had sketched for him a different, and more attractive home than the one over which his wife had ruled for years. The new-born love of Katy created a strange, vague, fluttering hope, in his over-tried heart. He still felt for her that yearning love, which had sprung into existence only a few hours before, and which gained fresh vigor every moment. He went out but once during the day, and that only for a little while. Most of the time he was walking the floor of his office, wandering restlessly about the house, or sitting beside Katy, holding one of her hands, and looking down lovingly upon her young face, that had all at once grown singularly gentle in its expression.

Meantime, Doctor Penrose and his excellent wife were doing all in their power to effect a reconciliation; or, rather, to induce Mrs. Eldridge to return home. Most of the day Mrs. Penrose passed in the company of Mrs. Eldridge and her two wrong advisers. Mrs. Weakly she succeed-

Digitized by Google

ed in partially gaining over to her side, but Mrs. Glendy never yielded her view of the case for an instant, declaring that if Mrs. Eldridge let her foot cross the threshhold of her husband's door, while he maintained his present threatening attitude, she would disgrace her sex.

The only concession which Mrs. Penrose could gain from the indignant trio, was this: If Mr. Eldridge would withdraw his tyrannical ultimatum, and leave his wife free to return at any time she pleased, she might come home in a day or two—perhaps, sometime during that very evening.

Hopeless of inducing Mrs. Eldridge to recede from this position, Mrs. Penrose, accompanied by her husband, went around to see Mr. Eldridge late in the afternoon. They found him unchanged in his purpose.

"It lacks," said he, in answer to an earnest entreaty to meet, with some concession, the stubborn pride of his wrongly counselled wife—"but one hour to sunset. If she return before that time, well. If absent, the door is closed against her forever! I have said it once and again; and by all that is evil and good, I will keep my word! She says that I struck her. The charge is as false as her own heart! That is the crowning outrage. No—no, kind friends! I am deeply grateful for the interest you have taken, and shall never forget it while life lasts."

"But think of your children," urged Mrs. Penrose, feebly, for little hope of making any impression remained.

"If I have wavered at all in my purpose," was firmly answered, "the thought of my children has inspired me with new resolution. She has been no true mother, and it is best for them to be at once and forever removed from her influence."

The sun went down, and Mrs. Eldridge was still absent from the home of her husband. He had waited, in feverish restlessness, up to the fatal moment. It came, and passed.

"God help us all!"

The words fell impulsively from the lips of Mr. Eldridge, as, with a desperate effort to give force to his purpose, he shut the door of his house, and locked it with a resolute hand.

"God help us all!" he repeated, as he walked back along the passage. He had only gone a few paces, when the bell rung violently.

"Too late!" he muttered, between his teeth. "Too late! The sun has gone down, and the door is shut. Too late! Too late! God help us all!"

His manner was that of a person half insane.

The bell rung once more. The servant came to answer it, but Mr. Eldridge waved her back.

"No—no." And he shook his clenched hand towards the door. "The sun is down, and it is shut! I said that it would be so! Go your own way! The world is wide enough for both you and me. Henceforth our paths diverge"

Mr. Eldridge stood still. The beating of his heart was audible in his own ears. All was silent as death.

"She was but a moment too late," was whispered in his thoughts. "Not a moment, it may be. She has come at the time, and you must keep your word."

The heart of Mr. Eldridge began to yield; he moved a pace or two in the direction of the door, and then paused. Again the bell was rung, but more feebly. The diminished hope indicated by this less confident summons, had the right effect, and something of pity for his repentant wife was stirred in his bosom.

"It is well, perhaps," he murmured, as he kept on towards the door. His hand was on the key, and as he turned the bolts of the lock, the bell-wire rattled again, and the low sound of the distant ringing bell came faintly to his ears.

"The agony is over!" It was his mental ejaculation as he slowly opened the door; all the powers of his mind in exercise to repress the strong agitation that was nearly overmastering him.

"Has she returned?" A voice, trembling between hope and fear, asked the question.

Mr. Eldridge leaned against the door to support himself.

"Yes—yes! I am sure she has come back!" Mrs. Penrose spoke eagerly.

"She is not here?" Mr. Eldridge shook his head slowly, and there was deep sadness in his voice.

Mrs. Penrose seemed stunned. A moment or two she stood with pale cheeks, and eyes cast upon the ground. Then uttering, fervently, yet in a despairing voice—

"God help you all!" she turned away, and went hurriedly homeward.

"Amen!" came from the lips of Mr. Eldridge, as he shut the door. "Amen! God help us all!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A death in the house could not have wrought a deeper change on the inmates, than did this unhappy event. The feeling of each member towards the absent mother, was such as we feel towards the "departed." There was a strange stillness about the dwelling. William and Jacob, who had, a few times, asked where their mother was, and when she would return, ceased their enquiries, for the answers were grave and unsatisfactory, burdening their young thoughts with an oppressive mystery. Their strife ceased; their bearing was more quiet, and they talked with each other in lower tones. When they came into Katy's room, it was with noiseless steps; and when they looked into her face, new and gentler feelings moved over their young hearts. The dislike and antagonism with which they had always met her heretofore, were gone now, and something of vague wonder was in their hearts at the change. It was their sister Katy—and yet not the same Katy. They could not understand it all; but they saw her with different eyes, and felt towards her as they had never felt before.

Something was due to Mrs. Lamb, the nurse of Katy, for this milder aspect of affairs. She was a loving, gentle, wise, and right-hearted woman, and felt deep pity for the abandoned

Digitized by Google

children. The sphere of her true quality was felt by all who came near to her. No one trifled with Mrs. Lamb; yet she wore not a grave countenance. No one felt like indulging in ill-humor, or unkindly feelings towards others, when she was present; yet she rarely rebuked by words, the evil that was manifested in her presence.

www.libtool.com.cn

The influence of such a woman, at such a time, could not fail to be for good. Wisely, yet not from thought, but in obedience to the true instincts of her character, did she adapt herself to the state of things around her. Towards the two boys, she at once manifested an interest which they felt to be genuine, and which drew them nearer to her, and gave her power over them. Particularly did she endeavor, in the beginning, to awaken in their hearts genuine pity for their little sister. This proved no difficult task, for the change in Katy had a softening influence on all who came near her.

In a few days, order reigned where everything had been disorder. Yet had there been no repression of evils with a strong hand; no formal external dispositions; no assumption of rule.

Mr. Eldridge came in and went out, a silent and, for most of the time, an apparently absent-minded man. He took but little notice of any of the children, except Katy; and to her he spoke but few words—but the tone in which these words were uttered, was very tender. And whenever he came into the chamber where she lay, something held him there so strongly, that often he had to force himself from the child's presence.

The injury which Katy had sustained, proved quite as bad as the doctor's worst apprehensions. There was a permanent displacement of one of the vertebræ, and the little girl was hopelessly deformed.

Days and weeks came and went, but the mother did not return, nor make the smallest movement towards a reconciliation. Mrs. Lamb, who had consented to take charge of Katy as a temporary arrangement, found herself becoming so necessary to the comfort and integrity of Mr. Eldridge's family, that the prospect of separation therefrom, except by something like a violent breaking away, and an abandonment of duties that it seemed imperative on her to discharge, looked, every day, more and more remote. In Katy's heart, another new love had been born—the earnest, confiding, deep love of the child for a mother. Until now, she had never known the gentle, untiring, self-devoted, tender care, with which some children are blessed from the hour consciousness dawns on their young minds. It was a new, joyful experience for her, and bound her to Mrs. Lamb with an affection that gained new strength with every hour. William and Jacob found in her a friend whose ears were always open to them, and whose hands were always ready to supply their wants; a wise counsellor and gentle harmonizer, when strife arose between them; a teacher and leader to good at all times. Gradually they came to confide in her, and soon to love her with child-like tenderness.

This great change in his household, Mr. Eldridge felt and, as far as his unhappy condition of mind would permit, enjoyed. But he was changed in passing through the recent violent strife, and not altogether for the better. The conduct of his wife he felt as a disgrace to himself and family. She had distinctly charged that he had lifted his hand against her, a falsehood that he knew half of the people in Arden believed. To strike a woman, he had always held to be the deed of a human brute. And, now, to have that last act of progressive abandonment of true manliness charged upon him, maddened or hopelessly depressed his feelings, according as opposite states of mind found rule.

Judge Gray, when he heard of the domestic trouble of Mr. Eldridge, offered him, in an earnest, friendly way, his sympathy, and such counsel as it might be in his power to give, and succeeded in drawing the unhappy man quite within the circle of his dangerous influence.

"Come and see me often," was the invariable injunction, when they separated. "I wish you to regard me as your interested friend," was often said.

Eldridge gradually lost the feeling of repulsion he had experienced towards the judge, and took more and more pleasure in the nocturnal associations and employments into which his more intimate acquaintance naturally introduced him. Craig he found an almost constant visitor at the house of Judge Gray, and the good understanding that evidently existed between them, was a fact that more than puzzled him. Could it be possible that the judge knew the real character of the man in whom he seemed to confide, and admitted to so close an intimacy? Over and over again did Mr. Eldridge ask himself this question. If this were really so, then the judge was a false and a dangerous man in the community. The conclusion was irresistable.

It was not long before Eldridge was tempted into another trial of skill with Craig. He was moved thereto by the hope of making up losses, in providing for which he had been compelled to sacrifice a piece of property, that, in a few years, would have increased in value to double the sum he obtained for it. Judge Gray was the purchaser, and Craig made no objection to receive his note of hand, payable twelve months after date, in liquidation of the lawyers debt of honor.

A few light winnings stimulated Eldridge to renewed contests; and, in the end, he was the loser again, to a serious extent. It was a rare thing, now, for him to remain at home during the evening. There was no social life there to attract him. Before his wife went away, ungenial as she contrived to make everything, he felt a certain obligation to stay at home, even if he spent the time reading, or remained in his office. He was domestic in his feelings, and home-loving; and while the wife-centre was there, he yielded to the attraction, feeble as it was. Towards Katy, his love continued to grow daily into a deeper feeling than usually

Digitized by Google

exists between a father and his child. He always went to her room first, on coming home, and rarely left the house without looking in to say a parting word, or to leave a kiss upon her lips. But he had wants and cravings beyond what his child could meet; and he went forth, evening after evening, like the dove from the ark, seeking a resting place for his heart, but finding none. Ah! if, like the dove, he had come back as innocent as when he went forth!

And so time wore on. The only change for the better was in the children, whom the passionate mother had abandoned; but who had found a wiser, truer, more loving friend than she. It was wonderful, how orderly, how gentle, how apparently unselfish they had grown; how a mild word from Mrs. Lamb would lead them instantly into obedience! Strong language, threats, angry denunciation, and even blows, had spurred them to rebellion; but, now, a gentle reproof, or mild admonition, coming to their ears in tones of love, subdued them instantly.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Of the position, purposes, and movements of his wife, Mr. Eldridge remained entirely ignorant. He made no inquiries in that direction, and no one ventured to communicate with him on a subject of so much delicacy.

For a few days, Mrs. Eldridge remained domiciled with her very particular friend, Mrs. Weakly, keeping her room all the time. Then she went to the house of Mrs. Glendy, on invitation, that she might come into closer communication with that lady, and get the benefit of her larger experience in life, and wiser counsel. That she was very unhappy, need not be told. If she had been left to herself, she would have returned home, ere the sun went down, much as pride revolted at the tyrannical threat of her husband. Under other circumstances, she would not have regarded such a threat as having in it any meaning; but she felt now that her husband's stern words were not idle utterances; and when the day closed in darkness, her troubled heart was sadly conscious that a great gulf was between her and the home from which she had gone forth in anger.

Mrs. Weakly's enthusiasm for her friend, did not continue to burn with the ardor felt in the beginning. The business of separating a wife from her husband was likely to involve more consequences than, in her thoughtlessness, she had at first imagined. In the interviews which she had held with Mrs. Penrose during the exciting day on which the Doctor's wife had used all the influence she possessed to bring about a reconciliation, many things were said that did not die in the memory of Mrs. Weakly, but presented themselves for consideration in calmer moments.

As a visiting friend, she had found Mrs. Eldridge very agreeable. She could drop in upon her, when she was in the mood, and gossip away for an hour or so, to her heart's content; her pride gratified, the while, in seeing that she was winning over to her own way of thinking a woman of some spirit, whose domestic relations were clogs upon her freedom, and who had a husband very much inclined, as most men are, to question a wife's right to do in all things just as she pleases. They could talk, and laugh, and sip a glass of wine together—feel exceedingly agreeable, and vow in their hearts an eternal friendship.

But things were considerably changed now. The day of these pleasant meetings was over. The eyes that danced in smiles were now drowned in tears; the lips that parted in merry laughter, rigid with anger, despondency, or grief; the cheerful voice veiled in sadness, or made repulsive through selfish complainings. The light heart of Mrs. Weakly grew weary under such a pressure. It was, for her, altogether a new experience. Not very long was she in coming to the conclusion that she had been something mistaken in Mrs. Eldridge; that she was a selfish, tiresome woman. From the beginning, she had not been altogether satisfied about the abandonment of her injured child, only a few hours after the sad accident which had made it a cripple for life, even though her friend acted in accordance with her own impulsive advice. The more she looked at this fact, the less did she like the aspect it presented; and, as the common sentiment, whenever it came to her ears, was in agreement with her own thoughts, the work of coldness, even to partial alienation, went steadily on.

What did Mrs. Eldridge propose doing? What were her views in regard to individual independence? What her plans for the future? These were the questions that soon began to arise in the mind of Mrs. Weakly, and she did not hesitate to press them upon her unhappy friend, much to her bewilderment, if not dismay. Every hour Mrs. Eldridge saw the sky growing darker over her head, and the way before her more uncertain.

Mrs. Glendy's enthusiasm in the case did not begin to die out as quickly as that of Mrs. Weakly. She had a strong-minded woman's grudge against the other sex, and when a good opportunity to make her power felt against any man was offered, embraced it with eagerness. The rough, imperative manner in which Mr. Eldridge interrogated her, on his recent visit to her house in search of his wife, had excited her indignation, and left her mind in a condition to believe almost anything that was charged against him as a domestic tyrant. She was, therefore, prepared to give Mrs. Eldridge aid and comfort in her warfare against tyranny, and to make her house, at least for a time, a place of refuge for the oppressed. So, in a few days, Mrs. Eldridge passed from the dwelling of Mrs. Weakly to that of Mrs. Glendy. In parting from Mrs. Weakly, she had a humiliating consciousness that the lady felt herself relieved by the change—and this was true.

Weeks glided by, every succeeding day throwing a veil of deeper sobriety over the feelings of Mrs. Eldridge. Long ere this, she had believed that overtures of reconciliation would come from her husband; long ere this, she had looked for and desired such overtures.

Digitized by Google

But they came not. Mrs. Weakly, who moved about all the while among the people of Arden, carefully gathered up for her friend all the intelligence about her family that was floating from lip to lip. The unvarying testimony was, that under the care of the good Mrs. Lamb, wonderful changes were being wrought in the temper and conduct of the children, and that, now, peace and order reigned, where once the ear was forever jarred by sounds of discord Katy was still in bed, and the worst that had been feared for her was inevitable. She was doomed to be a cripple for life. But every one spoke in admiration of her patience; of the unvarying gentleness of her temper; and of the strong affection that was growing up between her and her father.

Like sharp stings came all this to the heart of Mrs. Eldridge; for selfish pride felt it as a rebuke, and the fact would, she saw, make, in the common mind, an impression against her. Oh, how many times, in her lonely and sleepless hours, did she wish herself back in the home she had so madly deserted! But the door had been shut against her, and she felt that it was shut forever.

What of the future? Ah, that question could not be set aside! But how was it to be answered? What resources had she to fall back upon? Where was she to go? What other home had she in the wide, wide world? Father and mother had passed, many years before, into the other world. Her only sister had stepped aside from the ways of virtue, and might, for all she knew, long since have departed to her account. An aunt, the sister of her father, a widow in humble life, resided in a small village about sixty miles from Arden. This aunt she had not seen, nor held any communication with, since childhood; and, now, the thought of her, as her mind groped about for some friend and place of refuge, brought no quicker heart-beat. Aunt Margaret! Yes, that was the old lady's name. Mrs. Eldridge had almost forgotten it; and the image and character of her relative were quite as indistinct as her name. No light dawned in that direction; and the unhappy woman, after thinking a little while about Aunt Margaret, put the thought of her aside, feeling sadder than before.

Mrs. Eldridge had been in the house of Mrs. Glendy only a short time, when some things occurred that startled her. A good many visitors came and went, particularly in the evening. She saw none of these, for the reason of her presence in the house was also a reason why she kept herself entirely secluded. During the evening, she rarely saw Mrs. Glendy, who was occupied with company. The voices of men and women were heard in the hum of conversation up to a late hour. Mrs. Eldridge understood pretty clearly the meaning of this; for she had a very distinct remembrance of certain company she had met there, and of certain occupations that engaged them. She had herself taken a hand at cards, and lost and won several small sums of money.

One day, not very long after Mrs. Eldridge's removal to the house of Mrs. Glendy, she was sitting alone in a small parlor, on the second story, where she felt entirely free from all intrusion, when she was surprised by hearing the steps of a man ascending the stairs. The blood rushed back to her heart, and she felt, for a moment or two, as if she would suffocate. Could it be her husband! Along the passage came the footsteps, slow but firm. The door was opened and the man Craig, whom she had met at Mrs. Glendy's once or twice, came in! He paused, after advancing a few feet into the room, saying—

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, for this intrusion; but I have a word or two to say, that you may be glad to hear."

There was a blending of respect and familiarity in his manner. Mrs. Eldridge arose, hastily, her face flushing, and her manner confused.

"Where is Mrs. Glendy?" she asked.

"In the parlor, with company. I would not have ventured upon this apparent rudeness, had she not been engaged. Be seated, madam. I have only a word or two to say."

And he came a step or two nearer.

"I have seen your husband, and held a long conversation with him. Many things that were said, I cannot repeat. But there are some remarks that were made, touching yourself, that I feel it imperative upon me to communicate—if you will hear them."

The color receded from the face of Mrs. Eldridge; and, for want of strength to stand, she dropped back into the chair from which she had arisen.

"Your husband is very bitter against you."

Craig, as he made this remark, quietly seated himself a few feet from Mrs. Eldridge, and leaned towards her, with his evil eyes fixed upon her countenance. She did not reply, for surprise kept her silent.

"I have met Mr. Eldridge a number of times since the late unhappy event, and he has talked with me freely as a friend. We are on terms of close intimacy, and have been for years. I know his whole heart."

Craig paused to note the effect of his words, still keeping his eyes upon the face of Mrs. Eldridge.

"I cannot approve his action in the present case," he went on, "and I have not hesitated to tell him so freely, at the risk of giving offence."

The chair of Craig was drawn a little nearer, and his tone fell to a lower key. Mrs. Eldridge sat, immovable, with her eyes upon the floor; but, it was plain to be seen, listening eagerly.

"To-day, we talked the matter over again, and I insisted that he should come to you, and have all differences at once and forever reconciled."

The eyes of Mrs. Eldridge were lifted quickly to the face of the visitor, but the look she encountered, checked, for an instant, the beating of her heart, and sent a low shudder through her frame.

"But," added Craig, with affected indignation,

Digitized by Google

"he remained as hard as granite, and as immovable as the mountains. Nothing but your utter humiliation, madam, will satisfy him. *You* must come to *him*!" There was contempt in the man's tones.

One point was gained. The tempter succeeded in arousing the pride of Mrs. Eldridge. The angry blood came back to her pale face, flushing it to a scarlet hue.

"But," added Craig, in a lower voice, "I have felt it but a common duty to bear to you even this information, hard as it is. There are vital interests at stake. This estrangement and separation must not continue. One of you must yield first. As he remains so stubborn, so haughty, so self-determined, the overtures for reconciliation had better come from you; and I am here now to suggest this course of action."

"Never!" exclaimed Mrs. Eldridge, passionately. "Never! If he expects to humiliate Harriet Eldridge, he will find himself in the end largely mistaken. I thought he knew me better."

"So did I; and I told him so. But nothing less than submission will satisfy his lordly nature. I am out of all patience with the man!"

"He will never be satisfied to the end of his life," replied Mrs. Eldridge, in a voice that was hoarse with indignation.

"While I must admire your spirit," said Craig, in an insinuating voice, "I cannot but counsel a more yielding temper on your part. This separation ought not to continue—must not continue. It is cursing both your lives. For the sake of your husband—"

"Enough sir! I thank you for the good office you have undertaken; but influence in this direction is hopeless, if there is to be no movement towards concession on the other side."

"There certainly will be none, madam. I know your husband and his views too completely, to leave me any room for hope."

"Very well," said Mrs. Eldridge, resolutely. "My pride and endurance are quite equal to his, as he will find, it may be, to his sorrow."

"He says," remarked Craig, affecting to speak with some indifference of manner, "that your absence has changed nothing at home for the worse. That, in fact, everything goes on in a pleasanter, more orderly manner, and that the children have acquired new characters since you left. He seems charmed with the rule of that soft, gentle, insinuating Mrs. Lamb, a woman I never did like. She has the noiseless, stealthy tread of a cat!"

The desired effect was produced. The words of Craig stung the spirit of Mrs. Eldridge into temporary madness. All the darker passions of her nature were aroused.

"Mrs. Lamb!" She ejaculated in a tone of bitter contempt.

"Yes, Mrs. Lamb." The manner in which Craig repeated the name, increased, instead of allaying the wild disturbance of mind he had aimed to create; and in doing which he had been entirely successful.

"Was she a frequent visitor at your house?" he enquired, in a voice of covert meaning.

"No." Was strongly answered.

"Mrs. Eldridge." Craig's manner suddenly underwent an entire change. He spoke in a low, serious tone of voice, and leaned nearer as he spoke. "I wish you to regard me in this matter as a friend. My attachment for your husband first interested me in the case, and, at the outset, hearing only his side of the story, I must confess that I thought you altogether to blame. From his own showing, I was at first led to question this conclusion, and the moment I began to question, my eyes were opened. A woman cannot bear everything."

"No, Mr. Craig; not if she have in her the true spirit of a woman," said Mrs. Eldridge, indignantly.

"So I have said to him. But he disgusted me with his answer. 'A wife must obey,' he answered.'"

"Obey! Give me patience!" The excited woman stamped upon the floor.

"You may well say, 'Give me patience!'" The voice of Craig was not meant to soothe the irritation he had occasioned. "As I have just remarked, a woman cannot bear everything, and should not."

There was a pause of some moments. Mrs. Eldridge sat with her eyes upon the floor, while Craig gazed on her intently.

"You will not concede anything?" said the tempter.

"Nothing! He will find in me no variableness, nor shadow of turning. I will be iron towards him, unless he bend first."

"I like your spirit, but fear the consequences."

"I have great endurance, Mr. Craig. You may cut me into pieces; but I will not yield my purpose."

"I see, then, no present hope of a reconciliation."

"I fear there is none," said Mrs. Eldridge.

"What, then, of the future?" Craig asked the question in a way that threw the mind of Mrs. Eldridge into entire confusion. Alas! How dark was all the future. She did not answer, but sat, as before, with her eyes cast down.

"Have you relatives?" enquired Craig, "to whom you can go in your present unhappy extremity?"

Mrs. Eldridge shook her head. Had she looked up suddenly into the face that was bending nearer, she would have seen a ray of satisfaction glancing over its unpleasant outlines.

"No tried friends?"

"None."

A bright gleam shot over the countenance of Craig.

"Mrs. Glendy is a noble-minded woman; you will find her a true friend. I know how deeply she feels for your wrongs."

"I am under great obligations for her disinterested kindness," said Mrs. Eldridge, mournfully.

"You may trust her implicitly."

Digitized by Google

Almost unperceived by Mrs. Eldridge, Craig had continued to draw the chair upon which he was seated, nearer and nearer; and now, as he uttered the last sentence, he laid his hand upon her arm. The touch sent a thrill of repulsion through her whole being, and she sprung to her feet, with a sudden impulse, stepping back a pace or two, and exclaiming:

"Leave me, sir, this instant!"

"Mrs. Eldridge"—Craig also started to his feet, for the sudden, indignant movement of Mrs. Eldridge, had surprised him almost as much as his act of familiarity had surprised the lady.

"Leave me, sir!" The words were repeated in a stern voice.

"But, my dear madam—"

Mrs. Eldridge waved her hand imperatively.

"If you do not leave the room instantly, I will call down to Mrs. Glendy."

But Craig, who was recovering from his first surprise, showed no disposition to obey. He only receded some distance from the indignant woman, and assumed a respectful manner.

"Take your chair, Mrs. Eldridge," he said coolly. "My earnestness in your cause, as the unhappy wife of a friend highly regarded, but in error, has led me to a seeming familiarity where none was intended. I do not leave, as you command me to do, on the instant, because I am anxious to serve you, and will not let feeling come in to paralize my good purposes. Calm yourself!"

Mrs. Eldridge, seeing that the man purposed to remain, and having no further desire to listen to anything he might have to say, went quickly from the room, and passed to her own private apartment, where she locked herself in.

She had been alone for some twenty minutes, when there was a light tap on her door.

"Who is there?" she called.

"Mrs. Eldridge!" It was the voice of Mrs. Glendy.

The door was opened instantly, and Mrs. Glendy stepped into the room. Her face wore a pleasant aspect. As she took the chair offered her by Mrs. Eldridge, she said, smiling:

"What has my good friend, Mr. Craig, been saying to offend you? He tells me that he has been so unfortunate as, unwittingly, to arouse your indignation against him."

"He presumed upon a familiarity that no gentleman would venture to take under the circumstances. The act of coming, unannounced, to the room where I believed myself free from intrusion was, in itself, an outrage."

O, dear! no, Mrs. Eldridge! It was the thoughtless act of an earnest-minded man, over eager to serve you. I was engaged at the time, and could not come up with him. He would have waited until I was disengaged, but I urged him to see you, saying, that I knew you too well to fear for his right reception. Indeed, Mrs. Eldridge, you have entirely misapprehended him. Mr. Craig is a man of unselfish impulses, and has taken up your cause in the warmest manner. I cannot tell you how deeply grieved he is, that you should have misconceived his intentions."

Mrs. Eldridge was silent.

"He is still here," added Mrs. Glendy. "Will you see him in my presence?"

"No," was the firm answer.

A shade of disappointment dimmed the face of Mrs. Glendy.

"You are not in earnest, my dear Mrs. Eldridge."

"I am entirely so. The man's conduct admits of no excuse."

"O, dear!" laughed Mrs Glendy, "what a strange body you are! Well, well; you'll see better in time, and, in the end, know your friends better. You will not give Mr. Craig an opportunity to explain himself?"

"Not to-day. My feelings are too much disturbed, and my mind in too great confusion."

"A reason that Mr. Craig must receive as valid," said Mrs. Glendy, cheerfully. "The man hasn't much tact," she added, "but he is all right at heart. I know him like a book."

Excusing herself, in a little while, Mrs. Glendy left the apartment, and Mrs. Eldridge was again alone. There was something in the manner of Mrs. Glendy, during this short interview, that left a vaguely unpleasant impression on her mind—something that was like the lifting of a vail, giving a sudden glimpse of things erst hidden from sight, yet too brief for distinct vision. Her earnest apology for Craig did not remove a single feeling of repulsion from the mind of Mrs. Eldridge, but rather involved the apologist. Why should *she* take up the man's case so warmly?

"I have indeed fallen upon evil days," murmured the wretched woman, as clouds drew thicker around her. "Where am I, and whither am I going?"

But there came no answer to questions that intruded themselves unbidden, and almost clamored for a reply.

What of the future? No echo came back from the impenetrable darkness beyond.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE.—The imperishable, inexhaustible, unapproachable nature of love is shown in this—that all the millions of love stories that have been written, have not one whit abated the immortal interest that there is in the rudest and stupidest love story. All the rest of the wretched thing may be the most dismal twaddle, but you can't help feeling a little interest, when you have once taken up the book, as to whether Arabella will ultimately relent in favor of Augustus; and whether that wicked creature, man or woman, who is keeping them apart, will not soon be disposed of, somehow.

HE THAT flings the colorings of a peevish temper on things around him, will overlay with it the most blessed sunshine that ever fell on terrestrial objects, and make them reflect the hues of his own heart; whereas, he whose soul flings out of itself the sunshine of a benevolent disposition, will make it gild the darkest places with a heavenly light.

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE HOUR SAVED.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"How long will it be before we go, Miss Lee?" and little, restless Blanche Hope came and laid her rosy cheek on my shoulder, while half-eagerly, half-petulantly, she asked the question.

"It will be just an hour, my dear," glancing up at the tiny clock on the mantel. "You know, papa said he would be here at three precisely, and its only two now."

"A whole hour! Oh! it will be *so* long to wait, and I've nothing in the world to do, but just stand here at the window, and watch for the carriage, or else count sixty every minute, and that's so *dreadful* dull. Now, Miss Lee, if you'll only go to the piano, and play "The Old Sexton" for me? Do, please?"

I glanced into the sweet, pleading face, and it was very hard to refuse her. But there was no help for it. I had promised the washer-woman's little girl she should have the white dress to sing in at the concert that evening, and Blanche's father had insisted I should ride out to the blackberry fields, with the family, that afternoon.

So, after all, little Nora must go without the pretty head-dress I had designed for her, of white buds and geranium leaves I was very glad I had said nothing about it to the child.

"No, Blanche, I can't strike a key for you this afternoon, for I must get Nora's dress finished before papa comes, or there'll be no blackberries for me this afternoon."

"Well, what shall I do then? It's so hard to wait."

"I know 'tis, little girl—harder than anything in the world. There is something you might do, though, that would make the hour pass very swiftly, and very pleasantly, too, I think."

"What is it? what is it?" the bright face all aglow.

"Get your thimble, and sit down by me, and hem Nora's skirt. You did that handkerchief so neatly, yesterday, I am quite willing to trust you. Come, Blanche, be a brave girl, and say you'll try."

"Oh! I can't, Miss Lee. You see, I shall be thinking about the ride all the time, and how glorious it will be to fill our baskets with the berries, and to race through the long field grass; and then we shall drive round to Widow Blake's old brown house, and such a nice supper as we'll be sure to get there! Then I'll go out in the barn-yard, and help feed the chickens, and see them milk the cows, and hear the white geese cackle, and see the turkeys stretch up their long, black necks so comically! How much time has gone now, Miss Lee?"

"Three minutes, and you have fifty-seven on your hands, Blanche."

"Fifty-seven!" sighed the little girl, as if this were a most terrible weight on her mind. "What shall I do?"

Then I told her of the pretty wreath I had projected for Nora, and how the little girl's black eyes would sparkle under the white blossoms, and how, if the skirt were only hemmed, I should have time to make the wreath before Mr. Hope returned.

Blanche was a warm-hearted little girl, though much petting had made her something of a spoiled child.

"Well, I guess I'll go and get my needle-book," she said, at last, evidently considering herself a great martyr in the cause of charity.

A few moments later, Blanche Hope sat on a stool, at my feet, sewing away, very diligently, on the white muslin, that had been the one subject of Nora's waking and sleeping dreams for the last month. I remember that we chatted pretty briskly, at first, about the ride and the good time we were going to have; but, at last, we must have become absorbed in our work, for we only occasionally exchanged a word or a smile.

"Come, come, girls, put up that work this

Digitized by Google

minute, and jump into the carriage. I expected you'd be all ready. Where's mother, Blanche?" and Mr. Hope broke in suddenly upon us, just as his daughter was placing the last stitch in the dress, and I the last flower in the wreath.

"Why, papa, who ever thought of seeing you so quick!" broke up Blanche's surprised voice. "You said you wouldn't be here till three o'clock."

"Well, puss," patting her under the chin, "just look at that clock, and tell me what time it is, if you can. Why, I expected to find you in a fever of impatience at the gate, instead of which, it proves to be a fit of industry in Miss Lee's room. Very well! if my little daughter don't want to go and ride with her papa, I know of a nice little girl who would be very glad to."

Blanche knew perfectly well, by the half-arch, half-playful smile hovering about her father's mouth, just how much this meant, as she answered:

"No you won't, papa. You know you wouldn't exchange your little Blanche for the best girl in the world."

"Now, just hear what a vain little parrot she is," said her father, as he caught his fair child, a moment, in his arms, and then bade her trot off for her bonnet, if she wanted to pick any blackberries that afternoon. But before she went, Blanche stopped to whisper in my ear: "I'm so glad, Miss Lee, I hemmed that skirt! It made the hour go so much quicker, and Nora'll have the wreath, now!"

What a ride we had that afternoon! I can't begin to recount half its pleasant sights and experiences.

We piled our baskets to the brim with great, shining berries; we gathered our hands full of wild roses, and, afterwards, we visited the frog pond, and the old mill.

Then, the supper we had at Widow Blake's, realized Blanche's predictions; and the visit to the barn-yard, among the poultry and chickens, was, I believe, the cap-sheaf of that young lady's happiness.

"Well, we reached home, just after sundown, in high spirits. Nora was there, her round, good-humored face elongated into something like solemnity, in view of wearing a white dress, and singing at a concert.

But when she was duly attired in this, the wreath placed on her head, and we led her to the mirror to behold her revolutionized self, the child's astonishment and admiration expressed themselves in her very original simile:

"Shure, ma'am," her eyes growing rounder and blacker all the time. "I'm as handsome, every bit, as the angels over the altar at our church."

And Blanche clapped her hands and danced wildly about her, and then put up her little, rosy mouth to my ear, and whispered:

"Oh! I am so glad I hemmed the skirt."

And will she not be very glad, too, little children, when she meets it in the kingdom of Heaven—"*the hour saved*!"

THE GOOD DOG AND BAD BOY.

My neighbor keeps a noble Newfoundland dog in his store, to guard it in the night. Not long since, I was passing his store about midday, when he came out with Towser at his heels, and a pail in his hand. He told Towser to take the pail and carry it to the house, a few rods across the way. The dog did not whine over the command, nor curl his tail, and refuse to go; no, not he. He obeyed at once, took the pail in his mouth, and away he went to the house. I watched him, to see how well he fulfilled his master's orders. The door was closed, so he sat down on the piazza, and awaited a welcome. Five minutes passed, and no one opened the door; yet the dog was patient and faithful. Five minutes more passed, and just as I was about to leave, he was seen from the window, and admitted with his charge. Faithful dog, thought I, never to refuse obedience, or wait for the second bidding.

Then I thought of little Willie S———, who said to his mother in my presence: "No, I can't do it; let Ned go—he is not doing any thing."

"Willie!" exclaimed his mother, in a commanding tone; "go and bring that wood immediately; don't let me have to tell you again."

The little fellow was mending his cart, but he dropped his hammer, now that he saw there was no escape, and started. "I always have the wood to bring," he muttered, as he left the room. He obeyed very reluctantly. He went pouting and murmuring after the wood, and when he returned, he threw it into the box with a violence that threatened to break it to pieces. His mother looked ashamed and heart-sick. I pitied her from the depths of my soul. Think of it. Her son was less obedient than the dog; for the dog went cheerfully, wagging his bushy tail, and lifting his head, as if to say, "*I obey.*"

Learn a good lesson from the example of the dog, and never let it be said of you, "Towser is more obedient than Willie."—*Merry's Museum.*

FANCIFUL DEFINITIONS

OF THE SAYING, "TIT FOR TAT."

Proving yourself as great a fool as your antagonist.

The primitive idea of justice.

Six of one for half-a-dozen of another.

A tournament in which the wisest wins.

A lady returning a stolen kiss.

A plea for revenge.

Obtaining an article on credit for which you have no intention of paying, and finding, when you arrive at home, that you have had your pocket picked.

A favorite game with children, and too often popular with those of an older growth.

Our old nature demanding "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

Robbing a thief.

Digitized by Google

Mother's Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

LITTLE RUTH.

"Ruthe, Ruthe, there, don't touch the berries. It will be tea-time soon, then you shall have some in the new china cup, with the flower-girl on one side; and——"

"But I don't want to wait till supper time. I want 'em now, I say," answered the little one, stamping her feet, and pouting her red lips, and striving, vainly, to reach with her small hands the glass dish, which, piled high with tempting blackberries, stood on the table.

"Now, do be still, Ruthe. You bother my life out of me! I wish you'd go away, and do as I bid you."

The mother's tone was half coaxing, half querulous—just such an one as would be likely to have no effect at all.

"I won't go away till you give me the berries, mamma," cried the child louder and more determined than ever, her pretty face darkening with passion, as she pulled her mother's sleeve.

"They'll stain your fingers and lips, so you won't be fit to appear at the table," expostulated Mrs. Malcolm, as she sprinkled a new layer of sugar on the top of the berries.

"Now, here's a nice piece of sponge cake—

"I won't touch it, I tell you!" and the little one passionately struck away her mother's hand, then throwing herself on the floor commenced kicking and screaming vociferously.

"Oh, dear! you'll drive me mad, you naughty girl! You deserve to be whipped. Do get up and take these, and be off with you," and she held up a table-spoonful of the berries.

Ruth rose, shaking back her bright curls, and holding out her small hands for the berries.

"Now mind you don't get any stains on that white apron, because Uncle Harry's coming to tea," was the mother's last injunction, as the child ran off triumphantly.

"Oh! Mrs. Malcolm, how *could* you?" It was certainly no business of mine, but the thought framed itself into words almost involuntarily.

"Well, what *can* I do?" was the mother's half pettish, half apologetic reply. "Ruth is such a high spirited creature that it's a dreadful task to conquer her—more than my nerves can endure, at any rate. She'll come out of it all one of these days, I trust."

Poor mother! what a "too late" was she not laying up for her future!

An hour later, Ruth and I walked together in the garden. It was just after sunset, and the west was sheeted over with gorgeous purple clouds, while the wind stirred coldly among the raspberry vines which flanked either side of the garden walk. Little Ruth had a very impressible nature, and now she held fast to my hand, and her little feet pattered softly by my side, while she listened very attentively to the story I was telling her.

I forgot her fierce, passionate temper, her rude, saucy ways, as I looked down on the little, bright head, and thought what a fine, generous, impulsive nature God had given the fair child, and how it only needed judicious guiding and training to make it a joy and a blessing to all about it, but alas! alas! how was the evil growing in that young heart, and she whose great right and blessed privilege it was to pluck it therefrom—alas! alas!

Suddenly the child raised her eyes to my face, and something of the sorrowful tenderness my heart was feeling, must have been written there; for she asked, anxiously, "What makes you look so sad. I love you," and as I leaned down, she drew her little arms around my neck, and kissed my cheek with her cool, moist lips.

Suddenly there was a little stir among the current bushes on our right. The child's head was lifted in a moment, and a quick change came over her face.

"What is it, Ruthe?" I asked.

"That little errand girl that lives with Miss Holmes has got at our currants again. You see she can just put her hand through the fence to pick them. There she goes now. Oh, if I could only catch her, I'd strike her and pound her till she couldn't stand!" You would have thought so, if you could have seen the clenched hands, and the angry blood flashing into the child's face.

"Oh, Ruthe! that is very wicked. Don't say it. You might tell the little girl it was wrong to take the currants, but you wouldn't strike her, I hope; for that would grieve your Father in Heaven."

"I don't believe it would either," quickly answered the child—"for I told mamma I would do so, yesterday; and she only laughed, and said to Aunt Jane—'Now, don't she look cunning?'—I guess my ma knows."

"Perhaps she didn't think or pay attention, dear." It was all I could say. I could not tell little Ruthe that her mother was wrong, so I only sighed a sigh that ended in a prayer that God would keep the evil from growing in the heart of the little child.

Oh, mothers! behold and consider how great a work God hath given you to do!

V. F. T.

Digitized by Google

Health Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

QUANTITY OF FOOD.—Every person arrived at the age of maturity, or even before, should be able to judge for himself, as to the quantity of food proper for each meal, as well as to the frequency with which it should be repeated during the day. Few appear, however, to be aware of the important fact, that the body is nourished, not in proportion to the amount, or even to the nutritious qualities of the food which is consumed, but to the quantity which the stomach actually digests. All beyond this disorders the stomach; and if the excess be frequently indulged in, the latter becomes incapable of converting into nutriment even a sufficiency for the support of the system. Most persons act as though the strength, vigor, and health of the body rise in proportion to the load of food they are capable of forcing daily into the stomach; and, hence, over-feeding is the common error, at least in our own country. A slight deficiency of food is, however, less injurious than too great an amount. The old maxim, "If health be your object, rise from the table before the appetite is sated," is founded in truth; and, though the Epicure will sneer at it, yet were he wisely to adhere to it, he would save himself from many a gloomy hour of pain and suffering.

WARM BATHING.—Many erroneous notions prevail respecting the use and properties of the warm bath. To many persons the idea of submersion in warm water on a summer's day, would be preposterous; but if it be rationally considered, it will be found that the warm bath may be taken with equal, or, perhaps, greater benefit in the summer than in winter. During hot weather the secretions in the skin are much increased in quantity, and, consequently, a greater necessity exists that it should be kept perfectly free from obstructions. Another prevailing error respecting the warm bath is, that it tends to relax and enervate the body; for experience has sufficiently proved the fallacy of the opinion, and many physicians have prescribed its use to patients laboring under debility from disease, none of whom experience such effects, but have all felt invigorated, and mostly restored to health and strength. Many persons are deterred from using the warm bath, especially in winter, from the fear of catching cold; but this fear is groundless, for it has been found that the warm bath, by increasing the circulation on the surface of the body, renders it more capable of withstanding the effects of cold than it otherwise would have been.

BAD EFFECTS OF SMOKING.—I must here enter my strong and solemn protest, says a writer in the Montreal Medical Journal, against the pernicious abuse of immoderate smoking, now so general—morning, noon, midnight—eternal smoking. It is impossible but that this vile adoption of a vulgar, foreign sensuality, and incessant stimulation of brain and heart, must weaken nervous power, clog the secretions, impair the digestion, disturb the understanding, stint the growth of the young, and shorten the days of both young and old. Already are the national staminia enervated by the emasculating habit; and, in another generation, the manly, moral, and physical attributes of the higher class of Englishmen, will be smoked and shrivveled into the dimensions of the Spanish and Portugues.

SICK FROM EATING CANDY.—Alice D——, of Bloomingdale, Pa., thus writes to the editor of the Middle States Medical Reformer—"My child, a little girl of eight summers, has been a remarkably healthy child. Her pa having promised her some candy, brought her some the other day. She ate two or three sticks of it, but soon became deathly sick and pale, and, had she not vomited, I am impressed with the belief she would have died. Could the candy have caused it?"

"Of course it did," replied the editor. "It poisoned her. Thousands of children are sent to their graves every year from eating colored candies. Many of them are flavored with the hydrated oxyd of Arnyle, known as Fusel oil, so poisonous that the odor itself causes headache and other bad symptoms. Their colors are often made by the most concentrated poisons. Only the white candies can be safely eaten."

WALNUTS, ALMONDS, NUTS.—The chemical elements of the various species of nuts differ considerably from that of other fruits. In these we have the farinaceous principle of the grains, with an oil which is rare in other vegetable productions. Both the farina and the oil, besides a small portion of saccharine, are nutritive; but the oil renders them hard of digestion, and fatal consequences occur from eating quantities of nuts. All nuts ought to be used as fresh as possible, for the oil becomes rancid by keeping. It is of great importance that the kernel should be well chewed, for the unbroken portion cannot be digested by the strongest stomach. Salt is a good condiment, and improves the flavor. The French use pepper and verjuice with new walnuts.

Digitized by Google

Hints to Housekeepers.

QUINCES FOR THE TABLE.—We know from personal observation, says the *Farmer's Mirror*, that few persons are acquainted with the best method of preparing quinces for the table; it is simply this: Bake them, remove the skin, slice, and serve them with cream and sugar. Prepared in this manner, many prefer them to the peach. If you have never eaten them prepared in this way, try it, by all means, and you will thank us for the suggestion.

QUINCES AND PEARS.—*A delicious article.*—Take good preserving pears. Peel and quarter them, and boil, in a small quantity of water, until tender. Take about one-fourth the quantity of quinces, and do them in the same way. Then put both together, with as much sugar as will sweeten to the taste, into a preserving kettle, and let them boil for three or four minutes. While scalding hot, seal them up in Arthur's air tight, self-sealing cans or jars, and you will have them in just the same condition of freshness at mid-winter, or during the next spring or summer, that they were when closed up. A la ly who preserved them in this way last season, furnishes this receipt. She says that all of her friends who tasted her pears and quinces, pronounced them delicious.

APPLES IN SELF-SEALING CANS.--Take firm, well-flavored apples, such as pippins, &c. Pare, quarter, and boil until tender, but not so long as to break in pieces. Then add as much sugar as will sweeten to the taste, and let the whole boil up once or twice. Fill the cans or jars, and seal. Few articles for winter desert, or the tea-table, will be found more delicate. Try a few cans.

STEWED APPLES.—Apples kept over for winter use, lose their perfect flavor, and the summer luxury of "stewed apples," is rarely enjoyed during the winter or spring. While apples are plenty, and in fine flavor, stew them in sugar, and seal them up in Arthur's cans. They will be as spicy and delicious at Christmas as in September. A cheaper or more favorite article for the tea-table can scarcely be found.

OPENING ARTHUR'S SELF-SEALING CANS AND JARS.—A few persons who failed to observe the directions which were given them for opening these vessels, found the operation rather difficult. There is always a right way and a wrong way to do anything; the right way being easy, and the wrong way more or less difficult. All who followed the directions given, found no trouble whatever.

The can or jar may be readily opened, by setting a very hot flat-iron, or lid of the range, on the top, and letting it remain until the cement becomes soft enough to allow the lid to be removed with ease. *It is useless to attempt to remove the lid until the cement becomes very soft.* Or the vessel may be set in the oven of the stove or range, until the cement becomes fluid, when the top can be lifted off.

To remove, effectually, all difficulty in this matter of opening the cans and jars, Messrs Arthur, Burnham & Co., of Philadelphia, now furnish an iron ring for each sized can, at a trifling cost, by means of which the lid is removed with the greatest ease. The ring is heated quite hot, and laid upon the lid of the can or jar. The heat passes immediately down into the cement, and in a minute or two it becomes fluid. All that is then required, is to raise up one edge of the lid with a stiff piece of iron, such as a nail, file, or blunt knife, and the instant the air goes in, the cover comes off without resistance. These rings will be useful for many other purposes about the kitchen, besides opening the cans and jars.

CHICKEN CORN-PIE.—A lady contributor sends us the following:

First, prepare two chickens as for frying, then put them down and let them stew in a great deal of good, rich, highly-seasoned gravy, until they are just done. Then, have ready picked, two dozen ears of corn; take a very sharp knife, and shave them down once or twice, and then scrape the heart out, with the rest already shaved down; then get a baking-pan, (a deep one,) place a layer of the corn on the bottom of the pan or dish, then a layer of the chicken, with some of the gravy, then a layer of corn, and so on, until you get all the chicken in. Then cover with the corn, and pour in all the gravy, and put a small lump of butter on the top, and set it to baking, in not a very hot oven. It does not take long to cook; as soon as the corn is cooked, it will be ready to send to the table. It can either be sent in the pan it is baked in, or turned out into another dish. There must be a great deal of gravy, or it will cook too dry.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Take half-dozen ears of green sweet corn, (good size,) and with a sharp-pointed knife split each row of kernels, and scrape from the ear. Mix with this pulp—two eggs, well-beaten, two tablespoons sugar, one of butter, one salt-spoon of salt, half-pint sweet cream, (milk may be substituted with an extra spoonful of butter,) and one dozen crackers, grated or pounded very fine. Mix well together, and bake three hours if in a pudding-dish—or two in custard cups. Use the corn raw in both recipes.

ARTIFICIAL OYSTERS.—Grate as many ears of green corn as will make one pint of pulp; add one teacupful of flour, half teacup butter, one egg, and pepper and salt to suit your taste. Dropped and fried in butter.

Digitized by Google

Editors' Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE COUNTRY GRAVEYARD.

It was the noon of a summer Sabbath. The day had been dim, quiet, hazy, with great woolly clouds piled all over the sky, and occasonal outbreakings and quiverings of sunshine, like beautiful thoughts in a story, or sweet notes swelling upward through a low song.

It was a picturesque little spot, that old country graveyard, shut off from the highway, and the green fields by its plain, white railing; and there the fathers and mothers had lain down to sleep in the hope of a "resurrection unto life immortal." There were only two persons, a gentleman and a lady, making their way slowly among the tall grass and the old, brown moss-covered tomb-stones, that leaned against each other, and still told, with feeble voices, of all that lay beneath them.

The old burying ground was half choked up with blackberry vines. They climbed over the sunken graves, and wound their green arms about the head-stones, and, on the Sabbath of which I write, the berries hung thick and tempting on the low vines. And there they would hang on till the wind shook them down, or they dropped away of their own ripeness; for nobody ever thought of picking the berries that grew in the graveyard. The little children passed by every day with their baskets and kettles, but no tiny hands were thrust through the railing; no childish feet ever pattered through the tall, old gate, though they knew well that out among the wood hollows and field hedges no berries grew larger or fairer than these—*these that were the price of the dead!*

The lady had never been here before, and she looked around with curious, half awe-filled eyes, as she followed the gentleman. Oh, he was thinking of the time many, many years gone by, when they led him through that long, tangled grass to the burial of his mother.

"It was here," almost whispered the gentlemen, as one does in the presence of the dead, and then both stood still before the tall, gray column which told how many summers before, in the morning of her womanhood, the "mother" had lain down to the sleep which no child-voice had ever awakened.

"Eighteen hundred and twenty-eight," murmured the young lady, as she leaned over the head-stone. "How long ago that was! Can you remember it?"

"Yes, very dimly—just as you do some of the old night dreams of your childhood."

"Then tell me about that time, won't you please? It is such a fitting place, close by where *she* was, with the Sabbath quiet and beauty all around, and the wind bringing up to us the sweet hymns of the worshippers from the old, stone church."

"Do you see the great, white house beyond the bridge, with its steep, old-fashioned roof, and the vine mounting all around the piazza, and the tall maple-tree in front, where the young birds of thirty summers ago sang just as sweetly as they are singing this Sabbath morning?

"It was night-time then, though, and *she* lay in that lower room on the right, and I was sleeping in the chamber overhead, with the newly risen stars looking in the window on the little boy whom the next hour was to write *motherless*. I remember a light shone suddenly through the room, and some one saying softly, 'Come, my child, get up quick. Your mother wants to see you once more.'

"I did not comprehend what this meant, but I remember a chill struck through my heart, as they carried me down stairs and into the room where she lay, where she had lain many days, her face growing whiter, and her sweet voice lower all the time.

"Well, they lifted me up to the bedside. She placed her thin arms about my neck, and kissed my forehead with lips as cold as the winter snow. Then she whispered so low that no ear but mine heard—mine that has kept the words through all the long upward years, and that hears them now faintly and sweetly as on that night—'My little boy, God will take care of you.' Her eyes closed, and when they lifted me away, the life of my mother had gone down into the valley of death!"

And the lady who, leaning against the old tomb-stone, had listened that Sabbath morning to this story, thought, amid the tears she sent back to her heart, that the mother had bequeathed a beautiful legacy to her son. Mighty name, and broad lands, and royal sceptre many a one has left to her child, but that dying prophecy, "My little boy, God will take care of you," in its beautiful, touching faith and consecration following him up into manhood, and down, it may be, among the shadows of old age, was worth more than all these: fitting words to carry out from this world, and to keep sacred even among the angels who are in Heaven, till the mother, meeting her child again, shall say triumphantly on the Eternal Hills, as she did faintly in the Earthly Valley—"God HAS taken care of you, my boy!"

OCTOBER, the great prophet, is walking among us, writing his crimson ordinances on the forest trees and hedges, spelling out the year's destiny in morning frosts, and sighing it in evening winds. Alas! for the glory that shall depart, for the earth must put off the garments of Life for the winding-sheet of Death! But she is decked with beauty, and flushed with blushes now, as a maiden for her bridal. The

Digitized by Google

tree boughs dip downward with their fruitage of gold and purple—their hands break to us the Great Feast of the year. All hail to thee, October!

V. F. T.

LETTER FROM MINNIE MARY LEE.

We have long wondered, and so have some of our readers, what had become of our graceful correspondent, "Minnie Mary Lee," whose pleasant words were always so welcome to the columns of the Home Gazette, and the pages of the Home Magazine. At last we have a letter, not intended for publication, however; yet how can we withhold it, when so many of our readers will find its perusal a genuine pleasure? Household cares, and the mother's sweet offices, have won her away from the paths of literature, as they have won, and will continue to win, hundreds alike gifted with power to stir the heart by inspiring words, and charm the fancy with beautiful images. Over more than one sentence of personal allusion, we have felt constrained to draw our pen; but we must give all, or none. So here is the letter:—

"Sauk Rapids, M. T., July 16, 1856.

"Mr. Arthur:—Do you retain any remembrance of Minnie Mary Lee? Tho' long lost to that name, she neverthless exists, and is still a constant reader of the Home Magazine, now almost doubly valuable by the acquisition of its new and delightful lady-editor. I congratulate you upon the assistance of so talented and accomplished an associate.

"I have by no means forgotten you, as my long silence would indicate: no, no—but the multiplicity of domestic duties has completely withdrawn my time and attention from the pleasant art of composition, and too much, I fear, from the loved ways of literature. But necessity reconciles me to the change.

"I have for many months been intending to send a line to you, at least to thank you for the beautiful and precious gift of your own books; that I have not done so is inexcusable. And yet I plead your pardon, which I know you will grant, when I tell you that *Arthur* is a household word with us; that being the name of our second boy, a very spirited and promising little darling of fourteen months, named expressly for yourself, whom his partial mamma destines for the same profession as his namesake, if, happily, the turn of his mind makes it his choice. The care of him has allowed me no time for letter-writing, which I once delighted in. Freddie has become a great boy, a genuine specimen of Minnesotian heartiness and health. By the way, I suppose you know his name was not Freddie, but Willie Percy.

"This country, recently so new, is becoming old. The Indian is rarely seen. The wigwam is reared no more in our midst; it lines no more the opposite shores of the great river, The noise of the saw-mill rivals the music of the rapids. The prairies and the woodlands are converted into pleasant homes for hopeful strangers. Romance disappears where so much reality and every-day life comes in. But let it come. I will not preach a sermon about it now.

"I visited N. H. last year, and hoped to have called upon you, but it was not convenient. Shall you never visit this country of health and cool breezes? If so, I hope you will come up as far as this, and see how beautiful and grand this western world is.

"My love to Miss Virginia for the beautiful tales she tells, and to all of your own happy family, especially to little Delia, the pet, who will even become a young lady ere you are aware. Adieu.

"God bless you evermore,

"Minnie Mary Lee."

There is a sad, sad sequel to this, and it gives us the heartache, as it will many others, to read the brief record that follows. We had written the above introduction to our correspondent's pleasant, womanly letter, and laid it aside for the printer, when, after the lapse of a few days, in opening a newspaper—the "Frontierman," published at Sauk Rapids, Minesota—our eyes rested upon this painful announcement:—"Died, in this village, on Wednesday morning last, the 6th inst., Willie Percy, eldest son of Wm. H. Wood and Julia A. A. Wood, (Minnie Mary Lee,) aged 3 years, 7 months, and 9 days."

The editor adds to this brief, sad notice:—

"It is with pain that we announce the sudden and unexpected death of this lovely child.

"It seems doubly painful from the fact that his father left but a few days ago for Dubuque. Willie had been slightly unwell for some two or three weeks before Mr. Wood left home, but not the slightest fear was entertained for his recovery. In fact so little was thought of his indisposition, that some of the neighbors know nothing of it. About noon on Tuesday, the 5th inst., while his mother was perusing newspapers, in which the little boy in a playful manner joined, unobserved by her, he had slipped into an adjoining room, from which Mrs. W. hearing a strange noise, entered and found her little boy on the floor in spasms—consciousness had left him forever. He, however, lingered along until about 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning, when he died, apparently, without pain. We sympathize deeply with the parents of the deceased, and trust that the consolations of religion will sustain them in this sudden and trying affliction."

And deeply, too, do we, in common with very many readers of the Home Magazine, condole with the bereaved parents, in this their great affliction; and to the grieving mother, we offer, on our own behalf, and on that of scores of our readers, most earnest sympathy. May He who, for wise purposes, removed one of her heart-treasures, send down from the heaven, where it has been received by angels, the oil and wine of strength and consolation.

We think these two lines of Alexander Smith's almost worth the price of the book, though every other leaf were a blank:

"Give battle to the leaguered world—if thou'rt worthy, truly brave,
Thou shalt make the hardest circumstance, a helper, or a slave."

Digitized by Google

THE SET OF "CHEENY."

"It's too mortal bad, and I'd set my heart on't so, invitin' the parson and his wife, and deacon and *Miss* Wilson here to supper next week, and now it's all knocked in the head. I did think Richard might make enough out of that last field of corn to let me have eight dollars for the cheeny-set, but the drought came on and ruined half of it—it's jest my luck!

"It was so provokin', too, to have him say—jest like a man, for all the world—'Well, let 'em eat out o' the blue dishes; I guess 'twon't hurt 'em any more than it does us.'

"As if, now, I didn't know better than to ask the parson's and deacon's wife to sit down to a table spread with that are old blue-flowered crockery! I should want to hide my face for shame, the rest of my life."

Poor Mrs. Reynolds! It was a keen disappointment—her husband's refusing to get the "cheeny" he had promised her for a year past, and she sat with both arms leaning on the breakfast table, and her head drooped between them, in the most disconsolate manner imaginable. She hadn't "spirit" enough left to get up and clear away the dishes—nay, I am positively certain, it was, at that moment, Mrs. Reynold's solemn belief and opinion that she was the most suffering, abused, ill-treated, and generally and particularly injured wife, mother, and woman, in Christendom.

"To think Richard should have got out of temper," continued the lady, taking up her melancholy monologue again, "jest because I said all my neighbors had what they wanted, but *I* never could, and he answered as cross as a bear, 'Well, you'll have to earn your gimcracks yourself, for all I see.'

"Now, I must admit, when I married Richard Reynolds, I did expect he'd at least support me decently, but"—an awful ambiguous shake of the head, in no wise complimentary to the gentleman in question, concluded this sentence.

A moment after, Mrs. Reynolds sprang up suddenly, and commenced walking across the room, with her hands behind her, and her eyes bent musingly on the carpet. "I might do that," she murmured, doubtfully; "I should have to stick to the work pretty tight, for awhile, to earn eight dollars, with all the rest I have to do, for it's the only way I shall ever get the 'cheeny,' that's certain.

"Richard, somehow, never was very forehanded, but"—here the woman's heart spoke out, above petty vexation, and wounded pride—"I know he'd work himself to the bone for me and the children, and if he hasn't as much money as some folks I might have had, no woman has a kinder or better husband in all the world. I'll go over this very morning, and see if I can't get some of them skirts at the society;" and Mrs. Reynolds turned towards the breakfast table with a brisk step, and a cleared forehead.

Well, six months later, the parson's and the deacon's wife took tea with Mrs. Reynolds, and I doubt whether there was a prouder woman in all the village han the one who, presiding at her table with considerable dignity, and numerous apologies, was secretly congratulating herself with the thought: "They'll see we've got as nice cheeny as anybody, but they won't suspect I earned it all myself."

V. F. T.

PATIENT WAITING.

From one who has written many pleasant sketches for our Magazine, we have a letter, after a long interval, enclosing a brief article. Feeble health has left her pen idle for most of the time. Though a hopeless invalid, and looking to a not far distant time when mortal must put on immortality, she writes with a smiling cheerfulness that is beautiful. "My life as an invalid," she says, "is a very happy one.—Never did earth seem brighter, and never were my friends so dear. The seeming nearness of death brightens earth, for heaven lies just beyond the grave, and light is reflected across the vale of shadows. This life seems more and more closely connected with the future, and I more truly realize that he who is fitted to live as he ought, is fitted to die."

There will indeed be darkness in the household, at least, for a time, when the light of this pure spirit is removed from its earthly candlestick; but the memory of her gentleness, her purity, her loving devotion and patient waiting, will remain as a blessing, and be links in the chain that binds its inmate to her and heaven.

The secret of our correspondent's cheerful spirit, is found in her life of untiring usefulness. "A variety of causes," she says in the letter from which the above extract is made, "have prevented my writing anything for you sooner. The most powerful one has been, the fact that in January, so soon as I could sit up long enough, I commenced hearing a recitation of a part of my old pulpils. The duty has taken most of my mental energy, as well as my most valuable morning time, nearly every day since. It seems a very trifle, only two hours a day, but I have little strength."

There is, in all useful employment, a sustaining power, and this our correrpondent is daily realizing. It is use that brings us nearest to heaven, for heaven, in the language of a seer, "is a continent of uses." May the period of her separation from loving friends, and those who are made wiser and happier by her gentle ministrations, be yet far distant.

SUNDAY LABOR.

An old farmer who feared neither God nor man, had hired a devout negro; and to get some Sunday work out of him, he would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday night, and on Sunday would put that point to the man's conscience. One morning old "Sambo" proved refractory; "he would work no more on Sundays." The master then argued with him that it was "a case of necessity;" that the Scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit, on the Sabbath day, a beast that had fallen in.

"Yes, massa," rejoined the black; "but not if he spend Saturday in digging the pit for the very purpose."

Digitized by Google

SOUR GRAPES. (*Illustrated.*)

"Can't you put up your hand, and pick me just that little, *tienty* bunch, Katy?" lisps the hazel-eyed, little fellow, and he pushes up his round, fat cheek to his sister's shoulder, and, with a face full of childish longing, looks up to the green clusters hidden among the large leaves.

Do you see those rich, brown curls, dipping over the bare shoulders, and the round, fat arms that lean on the railing of the piazza; and do you hear the soft, girlish voice that answers, "I can't reach them, Freddy, 'cause I am only *so* tall, and they're away up there.—Oh! but wouldn't they taste good!"

"Wouldn't they though!" choruses in Freddy; and, then, the brother and sister stand still, looking up, with childish longing, on the unattainable grapes.

The unattainables! What a lesson this picture reads to "children of a larger growth." The great longings after some imagined good—the gazing out to the far lights of the future, unmindful of the present—the passing by the flowers and fruits which every day scatters along our pathways to look off to the gardens, that are walled round and locked up.—Alas! alas! all these belong not alone to childhood!

And yet of all this beauty and brightness after which our hearts so crave—of all those golden clusters for which our souls cry out by night and by day, and will not be comforted—it may, perhaps, be written with equal truth as it is under the bright-faced children, "Sour grapes! sour grapes!" V. F. T.

READER, have you read this most exquisite poem, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley? If you have, it will do you no harm to read it again—if you haven't, you will thank us for inserting it here:—

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.
The western wind was wild, and dark wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

"The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round, and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
Of drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"

"A HELPING word to one in trouble, is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and ruin, and smooth, on-rolling prosperity."

GENTEEL POVERTY.

Mrs. Eastman, in her recent volume entitled "Fashionable Life," a brief notice of which will be found in the last number of the Home Magazine, thus discourses on the subject of genteel poverty. The picture does not possess many attractive features:

"Deliver me from genteel poverty! it is one of the curses of society. Think of the money it took to provide becoming morning dresses for eight young women; to furnish materials for their skirts, (these they always embroidered themselves,) to buy their slippers (that they were forever covering with their old party dresses), to stocking their pretty feet, to purchase dresses of silk, and lawn, and barege. Oh, the bills for pomatum and gaiter boots! for tarleton and sashes, and French flowers! for bracelets and hair pins! for hack-hire and colonge-water! Oh! the money that it took to go to the springs, to call back the bloom to those sixteen cheeks! Then, it was continually visiting cards, and boquets, and new music, and bonnets, and opera cloaks, and the thousand and one follies that city girls must have, or they lose caste, and may possibly fall, wretched victims, into the second best society. Life was a real treadmill to Mrs. Carroll; she was always on the go, shopping at cheap stores, beating down merchants, or their prices, promising to discharge debts, or adding to those that never could be discharged. Do you not pity her? I would rather be a factory girl, making cotton forever; a common-school teacher, feruling the badness out, and the new ideas into the heads of her victims. A little southern negro, having her ears boxed fifteen times a day, than to be in bondage to the world, ashamed of poverty, that all the turning and cleaning of silk dresses, and dying of merinos in creation, will never hide; a bondage that makes a woman strive to look as well, or *as fine*, with her dollar, as her friend looks with her million; a bondage that brings with it anxiety and debt; and debt, in such a case, is dishonesty."

WARMING HOUSES.

The simplest and most popular mode of warming houses, is by the hot air-furnace, of which there are many in use—good, bad, and indifferent; the bad and indifferent making up more than two-thirds of the whole number, to the serious detriment of health, waste of fuel, and loss of comfort. Better have no furnace in the house, unless you have one constructed on right principles. No mere cheap contrivance is to be depended upon, and will always yield more trouble than satisfaction. Among the many heaters that claim public attention, that known as Chilson's Air-warming and Ventilating Furnace, strikes us as one of the best. To us, it seems to combine nearly every advantage desired, presenting, as it does, a large amount of radiating surface, with a fire arrangement that effectually prevents that destruction of oxygen so injurious to health. It is made entirely of cast iron, set in a double brick chamber, and will last for a long series of years. The fire cylinder, which is brick-lined, is broad and shallow, thus presenting a wide fire-surface, which ensures clear combustion, without communicating a red heat to any portion of the iron used in the furnace. The joints are luted, so that the escape of gas is impossible. We advise all who are about selecting heaters to carefully examine the "Chilson" furnace before making a final decision.

Digitized by Google

COLORED PLATES OF FASHION.

Our lady friends, who are interested in styles of dress and changing modes, will be pleased to see that we have commenced, in this number, the regular monthly publication of colored steel fashion plates. The wood engraving, effective as it is, and affording, by its comparative cheapness, the advantage of a greater variety of articles, wants the grace, color, and beauty which the eye seeks in any representation of dress. But we shall not abandon the wood engraving so far as needle-work and special articles of dress are concerned. These will be given in as liberal numbers as before.

But such of our readers as are indifferent to matters of fashion, need not fear any material change in the reading portion of the Magazine. Here the same care, expense, and labor will be continued, and increased value and interest given to the work. We only seek, by new attractions, to widen the circle of our readers.

An English laborer, whose child was suddenly killed by the falling of a beam, wrote the following lines suggested by the melancholy event. They are touchingly beautiful:

"Sweet, laughing child! the cottage door
Stands free and open now;
But oh! its sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy brow!
Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.

"Thy mother by the fireside sits,
And listens to thy call,
And, slowly, slowly, as she knits,
Her quiet tears down fall.
Her little "hindering thing" is gone,
And, undisturbed, she may work on!"

FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.—*Fig.* 1.—Chene silk robe of rich and elegant design; color, pale green, which renders it a becoming toilet for spring or autumn—the material being very rich, trimming of any kind would be superfluous. The waist, or body, is entirely plain, and made to fit tightly to the bust, fastened up the front by silk buttons to match the dress. The sleeves are worn with very wide flow, and diminish at the top, and are very short, so that the undersleeve can be fully displayed, which should be of point or honiton lace, with collar to match, and much smaller than have been worn for the last two or three years. Hair is worn nearly flat to the face, with head-dress of ribbon, closely looped. This is one of the most chaste and elegant costumes of the season.

Fig. 2.—The evening dress is composed of embroidered India muslin, and being very thin, can be worn with advantage over a pink slip. Great amplitude of skirt is still much in vogue. Pointed waists are worn altogether for evening dresses. Berthe, of silk blond, with puffing of the same at either edge, through which a pink ribbon may be drawn, producing a very neat and tasteful appearance. The Berthe is pointed both back and front, also, on the shoulders. Head-dress of white and pink roses, mixed with ribbon; the ends are very long, and worn on the left side. Sash is of very broad pink ribbon, fastened at the waist with double bow, ends extending nearly to the edge of the dress.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EMPEROR Napoleon and the Empress Josephine, containing Letters from the time of their Marriage until the death of Josephine, and also several private letters from the Emperor to his brother Joseph and other important personages, with numerous illustrative notes and anecdotes. By JNO. S. C. ABBOTT.—New York, *Mason & Bro.*

We cannot but admire one quality in the compiler of this volume, and that is an unconquerable firmness. Few authors have been more bitterly assailed, or more strongly denounced; and yet he holds on without seeming to yield a single iota of his first declared opinions in regard to the Emperor Napeleon, and continues to stand forth his champion and apologist. We are not of those who sympathize with him. To us, Napoleon I. is simply an embodiment of unbounded selfishness, manifesting itself in a giant ambition, that rarely, if ever, scrupled at the means, so that the end were gained. In the eyes of Mr. Abbott, he stands forth a very different being.

These confidential letters give an inner revelation of the man. But the pen is quite as often used to conceal the real sentiments, as words; and the Emperor's correspondence, as will be clear to most who read his letters, affords no exception to the rule. As a new contribution to the public stock of information in regard to him, they are exceedingly valuable, and in many instances deeply interesting. The volume is destined to have a large number of readers.

ROBERT GRAHAM—The Sequel to "Linda." By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ: Philadelphia, *T. B. Peterson.*

We can reccommend the novels of Mrs. Hentz as safe reading to all lovers of fiction. Since the publication of her brief prize story, "The Mob Cap," she has been a favorite with the public; and the many domestic romances which have appeared from her pen, have met a favorable reception and a wide circulation. This sequel to "Linda," is one of her best productions.

THE PICTURE-BOOK FOR THE YOUNG. By MARY HOWITT, with twenty Illustrations by Byram & Pierce: Philadelphia, *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

A charming book for the little ones, as all are that come from the graceful pen of Mary Howitt. The pictures are just the things to captivate the young fancy—large in size and liberal in number. Buy it, if you wish to make a child happy at a small cost.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, with Ivry and Armada. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Boston and Cambridge—*James Monroe & Co.*

These lays and ballads have already been classed with productions in English literature that are destined to live. Their publication in one volume but meets the public want.

WAYSIDE SONGS. By EDWARD C. GOODWIN, Author of "Hampton Heights." New York, *Mason & Bro.*

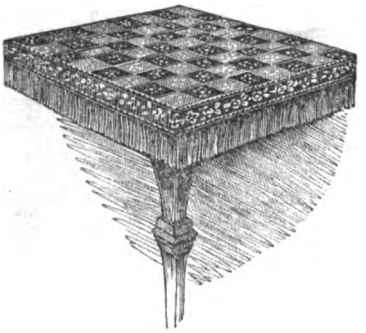
A small volume of pleasant poems, that will find an echo in many hearts.

THE KINGDOM WHICH SHALL NOT BE DESTROYED, etc. An Exposition of Prophesy, more especially of Daniel, Chap. VII. By Rev. J. OSWOLD, A. M., York, Pa. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Digitized by Google

The Toilet and Work Table.

www.libtool.com.cn

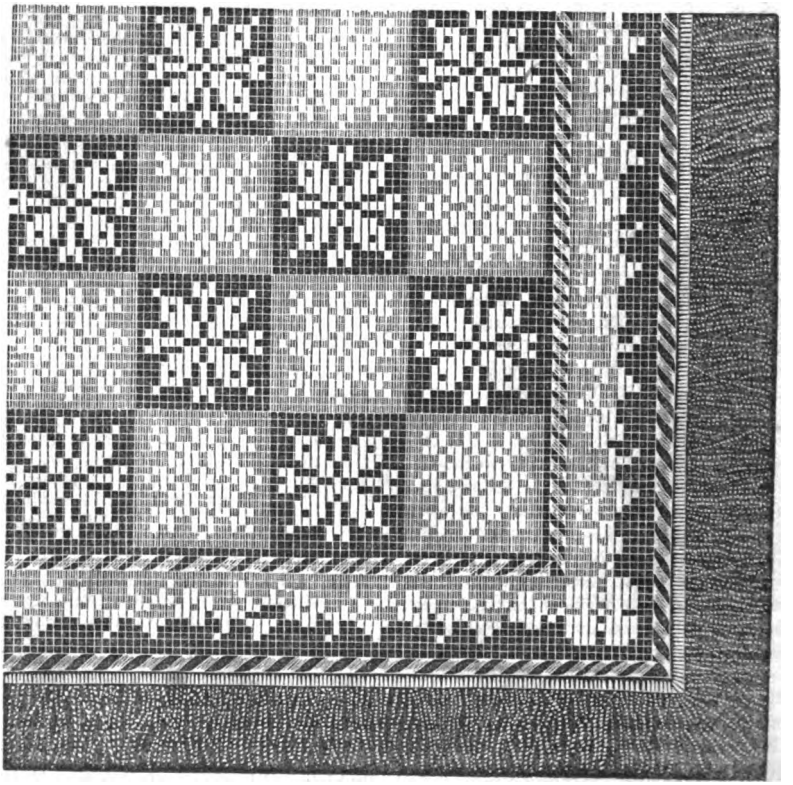


CHESS-TABLE COVER, IN BERLIN WORK.—*Materials.*—A square of rather coarse canvas. Filoselle of the following colors: rich crimson, blue, and maize. Crimson and maize silk cord, and blue bullion fringe.

Select the ordinary square canvas for this work. Great care should be exercised in choosing the colors that will blend well. The whole of the pattern is done in the maize silk, the squares being grounded alternately in crimson and blue. The upper part of the border is also grounded in one color, and the lower in another. A corner for the border is given.

By the aid of two illustrations, this cover can be worked without any trouble. It is done in ordinary cross-stitch, and the proper selection of materials is the only difficulty, as much of the effect depends on the size of the canvas, and the contrast of the colors.

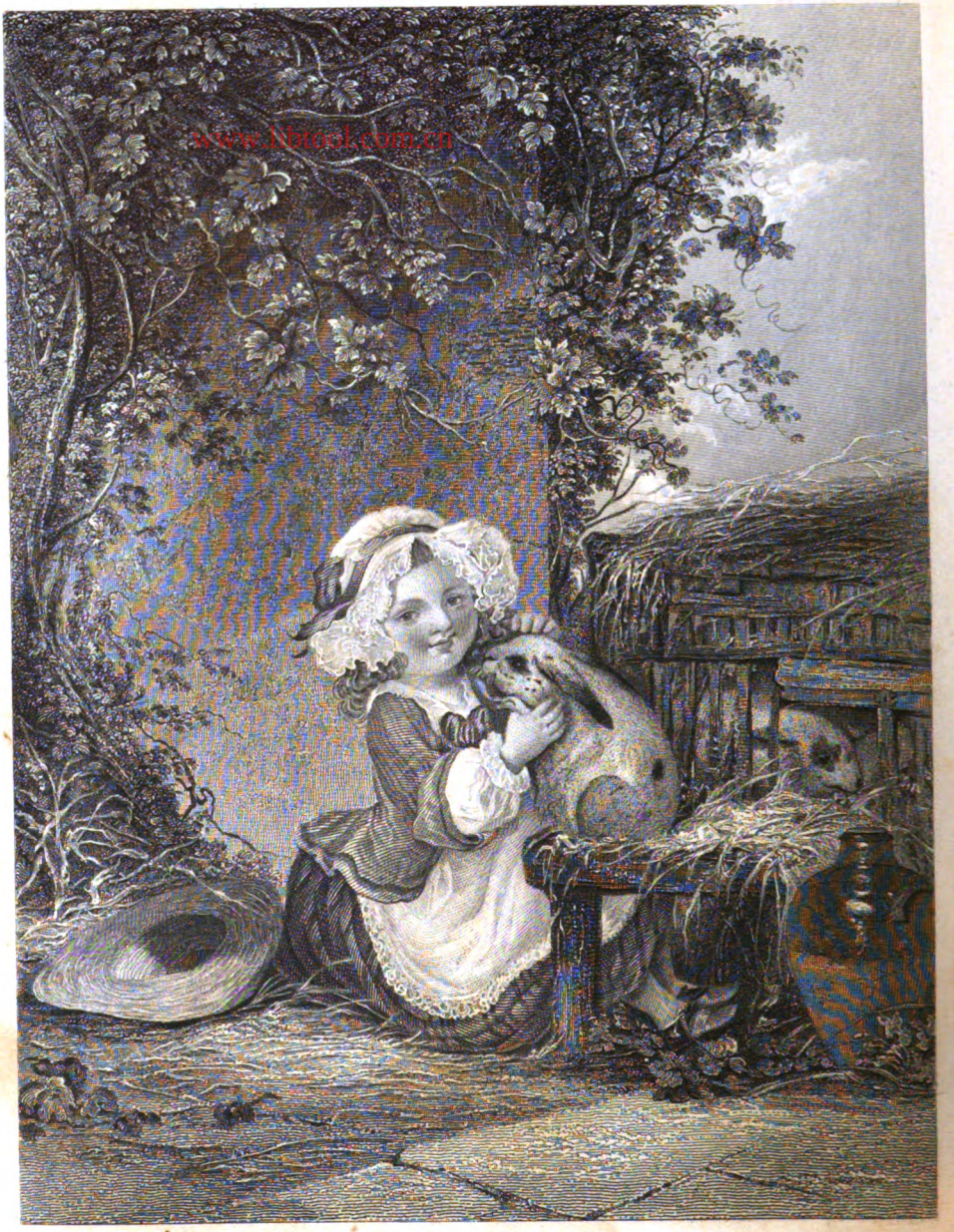
Tables with handsome pedestals, and common tops, fit either for covering with bead-work, or with such a movable cover as this, can readily be procured.



Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google



PLAYING MOTHER.

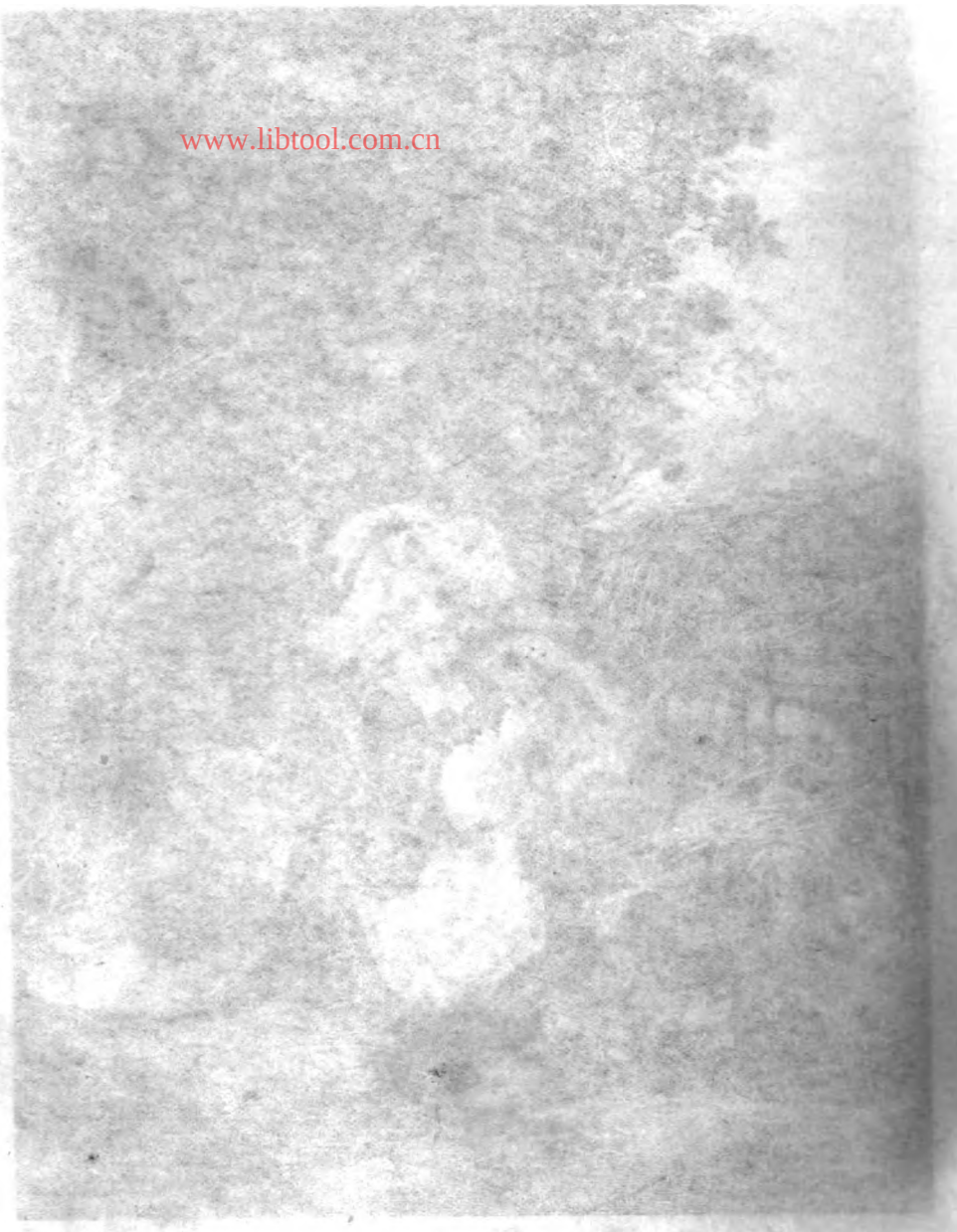
Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



MOTHER.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google



CHILD'S DRESS NO. I.

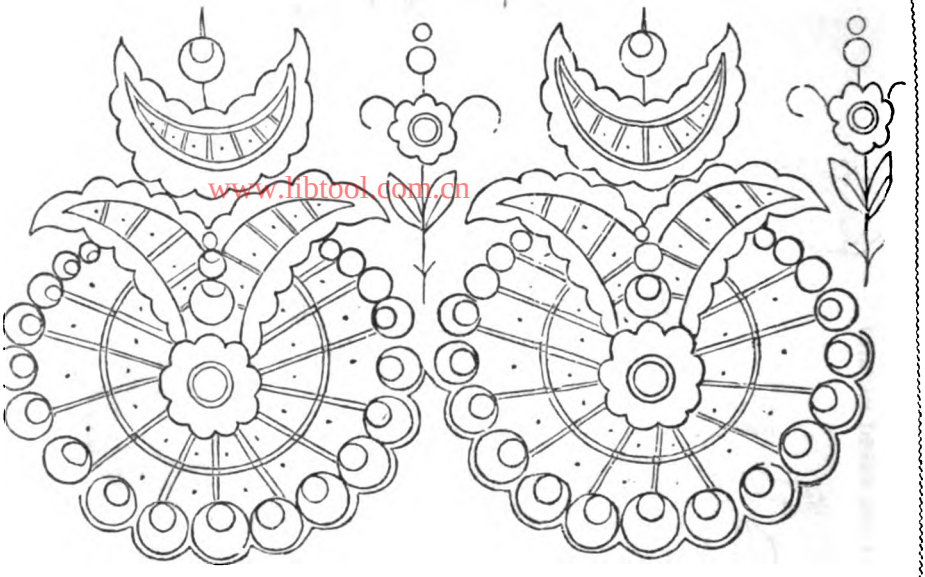


CHILD'S DRESS NO. II. [*See page* 304.

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

www.fibtool.com.cn



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



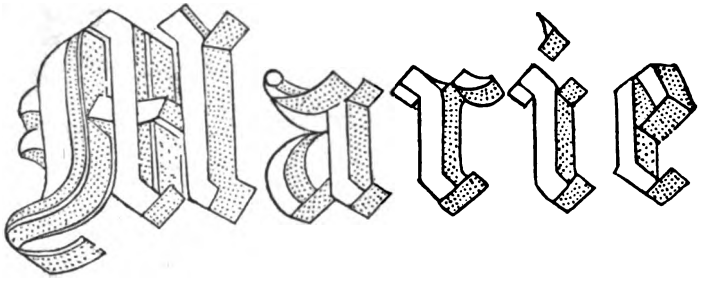
CHILD'S COLAR.

Digitized by Google

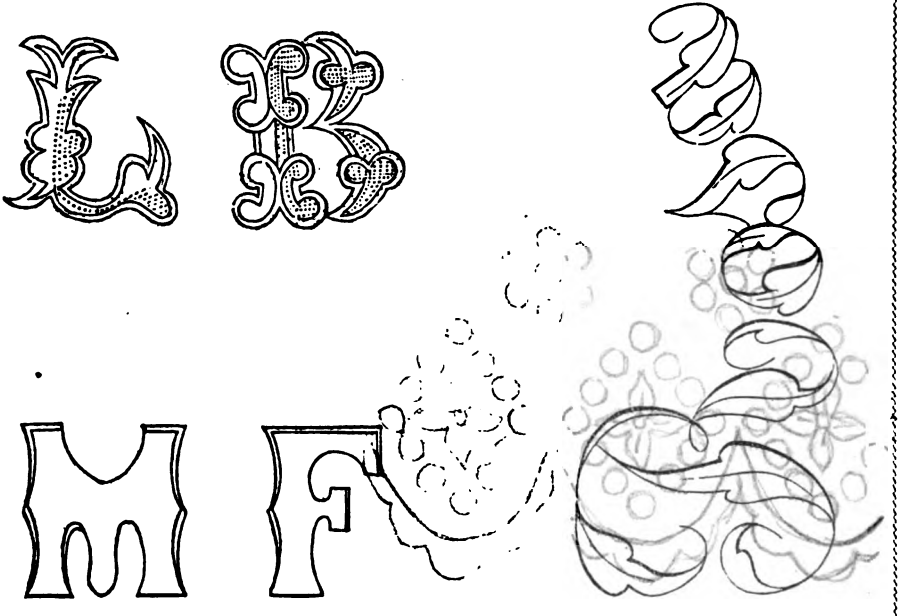
www.tbtool.com.cn



Satin Stitch.

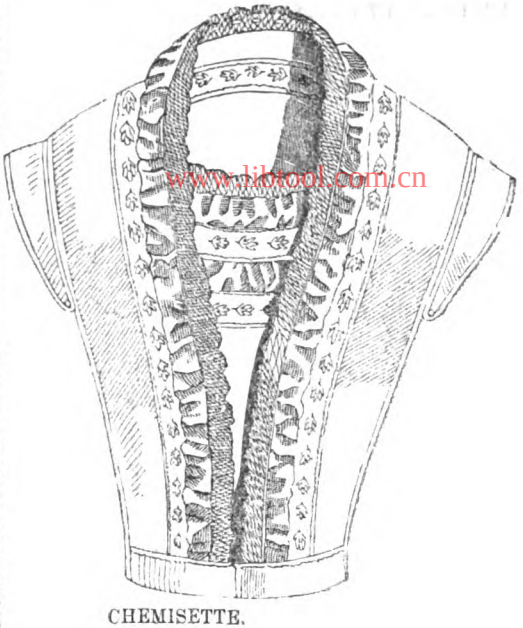


White Satin Stitch, surrounded by red or pink cotton.



Digitized by Google

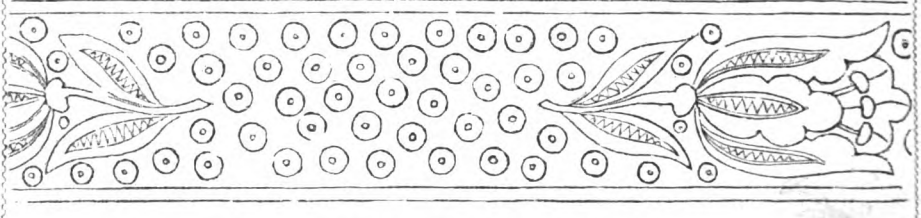
www.libtool.com.cn



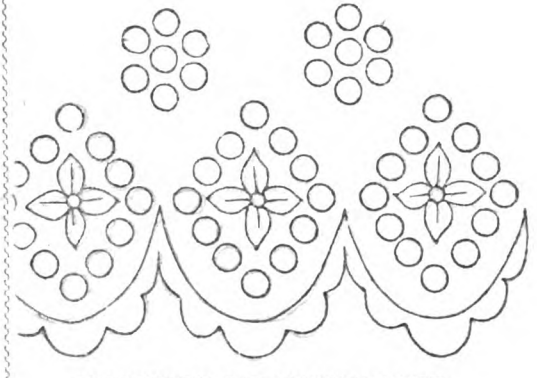
CHEMISETTE.



UNDERSLEEVE.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



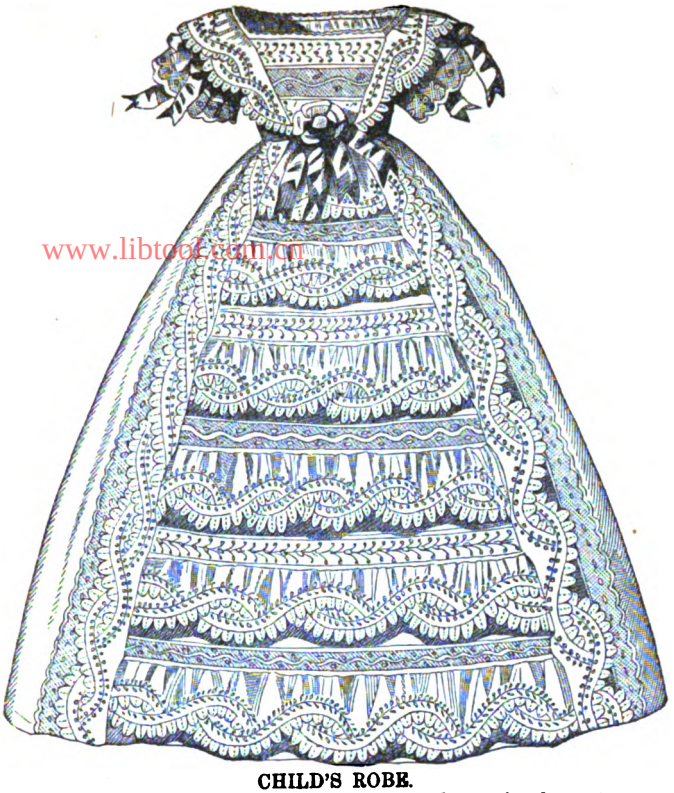
EMBROIDERY FOR INFANT'S SKIRT.



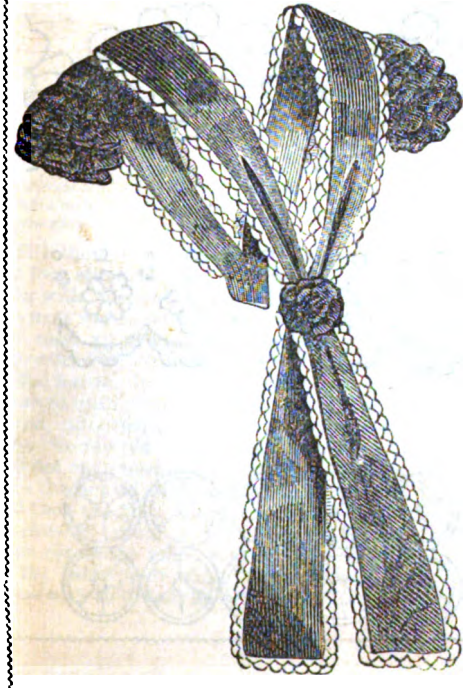
DINNER CAP.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



CHILD'S ROBE.
Front in rich insertion and embroidered bands, set in alternate rows.



RIBBON BRETELLES.

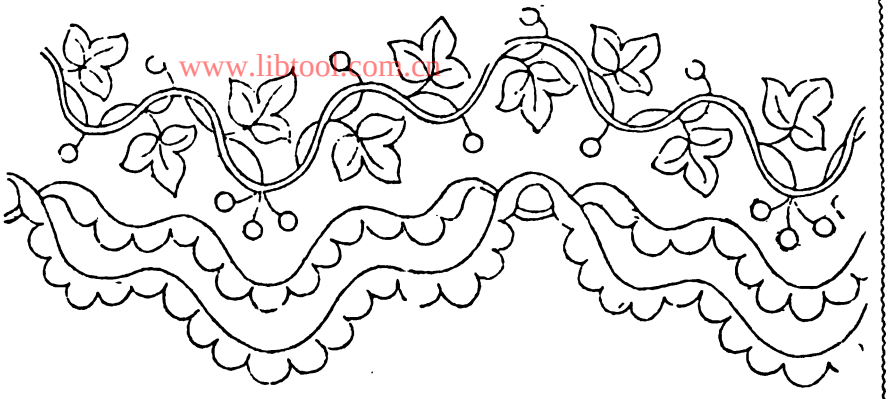


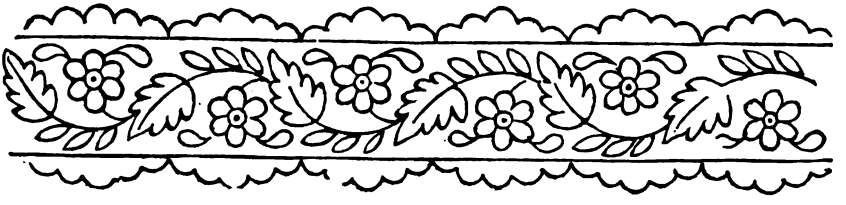
DINNER CAP for middle-aged lady.

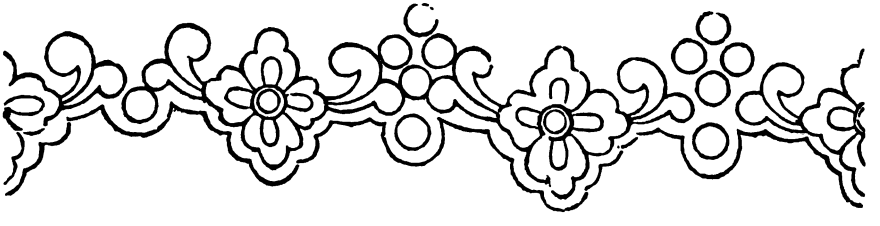
Digitized by Google

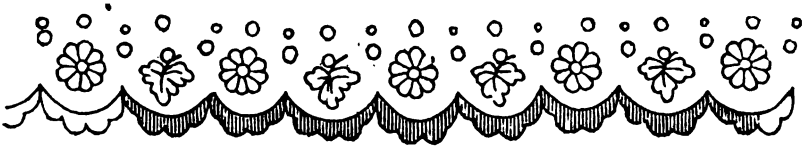
BANDS, EDGING, AND INSERTION.

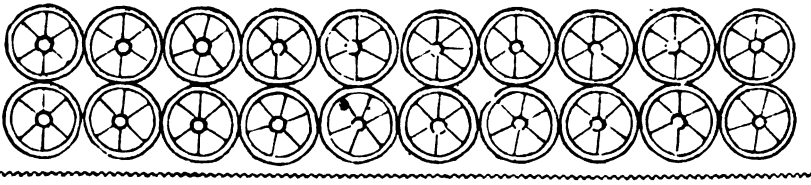
www.libtool.com.cn





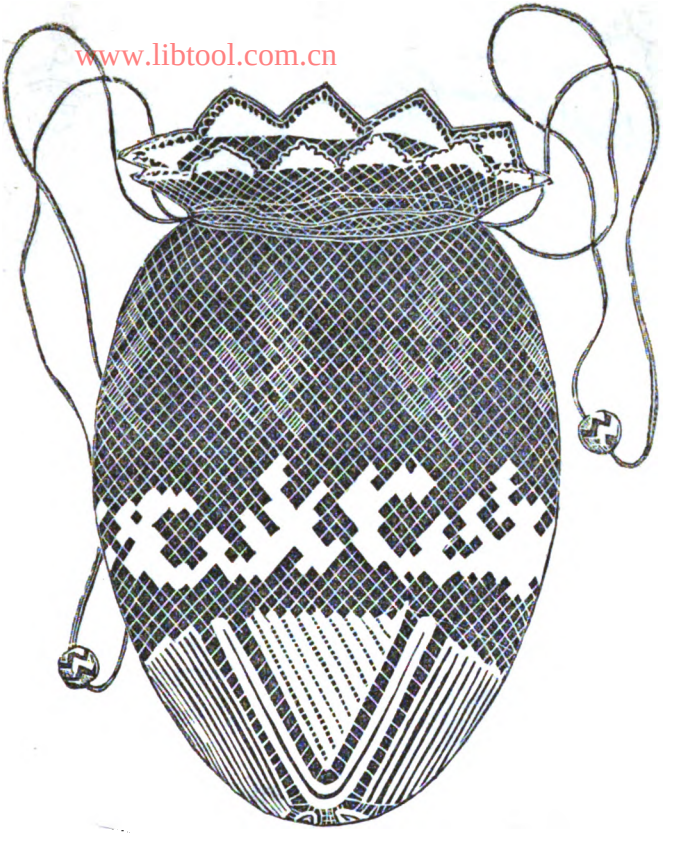






Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



FILIGREE PURSE.

Materials.—A reel of Soie d' Avignon, two skeins of gold thread, a little white and cerise crocket silk, and passementerie trimmings. Use a very fine steel mesh.

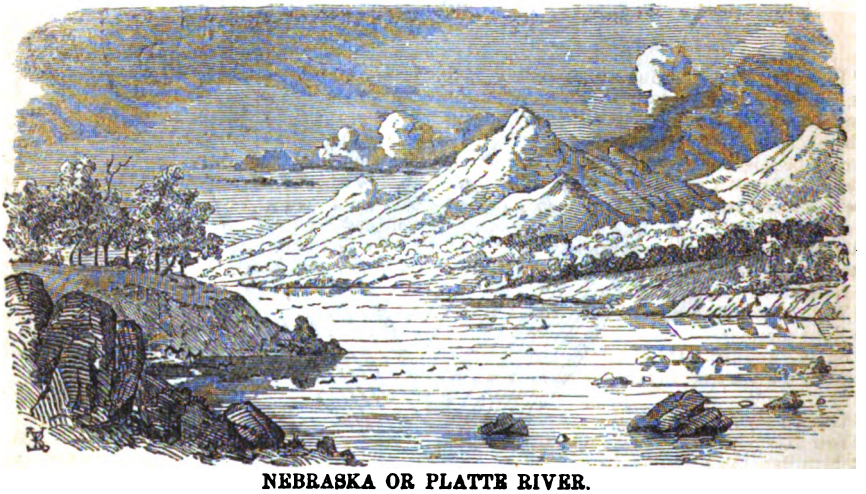
Fill the needle with the soie d'Avignon, and net four stitches. Now, do two in each, beginning with the first, so as to form a round. In the next round, work one in stitch, and two in the next all round. In the third do two in every third stitch, and one in each of the others. In the fourth, do two in every fourth, and continue so until there are sixty-four holes in the round, after which work, without increasing, forty-two rounds. Take a mesh twice as large, and net one round. Then with the small mesh take the second stitch through the first, net it, and then the first. Repeat as with these two stitches all round. Do three plain rounds. Then repeat the round with the large mesh, and all the subsequent ones. Then terminate the purse with the vandyke edge, which is made by netting backwards and forwards on seven stitches until there are only two. When the whole top is thus finished in points, net all round them with a stitch on every stitch. Now, damp the netting slightly (which will not in the least deteriorate the soie d' Avignon) and stretch it out over a round-ended tumbler to dry. Now, darn up both sides of each line of the star at the bottom of the purse in gold, and and darn a triangular piece, between every two alternately in cerise and white. The arabesques above this are gold; the flowers, cerise; the points alternately gold, white, and cerise. The chords are run in the largest round. We have named green as the ground for this purse, but black, cerise, and Napoleon blue, and other colors, are equally suitable, and then other shades may be substituted, if desired, for white or cerise.

Digitized by Google

VIEWS IN THE FAR WEST.



FIRST METHODIST MISSION IN OREGON.



NEBRASKA OR PLATTE RIVER.



WILLAMETTE PLAINS—MORMON SETTLEMENT.

www.libtool.com.cn
Digitized by Google

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1856.

www.libtool.com.cn

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"We'll bring all that down in good time," said Mrs. Glendy, speaking to herself, as she left the room of the excited and indignant Mrs. Eldridge. "There's some prudery remaining, but it will die out. Craig has too little tact, and too little patience. She's a woman of spirit, and no mistake! Time works wonderful changes, and we'll see what we shall see."

And with these vague utterances, she descended to the parlor, where the man Craig awaited her return.

"Well, how did you find her?" he enquired, in a light manner.

"Spicy," replied Mrs. Glendy.

"She's a keen one, and no mistake; now isn't she?"

"There's stuff about her."

"You may well say that. Eldridge met his match in her, I'm thinking," said Craig.

"He did. And just such a match as all men of his character should meet. I like to see you would-be domestic tyrants catch a tartar, sometimes."

"She has teeth and claws, I take it," was remarked, in a coarse manner.

"As you will find, unless you treat her very gingerly," said Mrs. Glendy, with quite as vulgar an air as that of her companion.

But we cannot soil our pages with a further record of their conversation. Before parting, a system of treatment for Mrs. Eldridge was settled upon, which, it was believed, would bend her to their purposes.

The miserable woman was left entirely alone during the remainder of the day. When supper was announced, she asked to have a cup of tea sent to her room, which was done. There appeared to be many visitors at the house during the evening; and she heard the murmur of a good deal of conversation, carried on, it seemed to her, in subdued voices, and at no great distance from the apartment she occupied. Mrs. Glendy did not visit her again during that day or evening. They met at breakfast time, on the next morning, and Mrs. Eldridge felt, instantly, that her friend was changed towards her. Mrs. Glendy smiled and bowed courteously, and had a pleasant word, as before; but the smile was colder, the manner not so bland, and the utterance void of heartiness. A certain formality and approach to embarrassment could not fail to arise.

After breakfast, Mrs. Glendy took her unhappy friend by the arm, and said, as they walked together from the dining-room:

"Have you given your future any serious thought yet, Mrs. Eldridge."

"I have thought of little else for the last two days," was the almost mournful answer.

"What are your plans and purposes? I ask as a friend deeply interested in your welfare."

"Plans? Purposes?" Mrs. Eldridge was bewildered.

"Yes. You have taken the very decisive step of a separation from your husband. That was as it should be. You acted like a woman of spirit, as you are. But a step like this is only the entrance upon a new path in life. There are many steps beyond, before the journey's end is reached. Have you not thought of this?"

Tears sprung to the eyes of Mrs. Eldridge; her lips quivered, as she essayed to answer; but there was no vocal answer.

"You must pardon me for intruding upon you a subject that is painful and unwelcome," said Mrs. Glendy. "It is only the act of true friendship. You are now alone in the world, as regards your husband, and you must stand alone, and walk alone, with the same womanly independence that led you to throw off the chains of a tyrant. What of your family con-

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Digitized by Google

nexions? Are there relations with whom you can find a home?"

Mrs. Eldridge shook her head.

"Then you are entirely alone in the world?"

"Entirely."

Mrs. Glendy bent her eyes upon the floor, and appeared to muse for some time.

"I thought you had a brother living," she at length remarked.

"I never had a brother," was replied.

"I'm certain I heard somebody say so. But it was a mistake, of course. You have no sister, either?"

"None."

"Well," Mrs. Glendy spoke in a lighter tone; "there is one advantage in all this. There'll be no one to assume the right of fault-finding or interference, let you do what you will. Your own inclinings may be your rule of action."

"And they, I trust, will always lead me to do right," said Mrs. Eldridge, promptly, for she could not help feeling that the woman by her side was assuming the character of a tempter.

"Of course," was the ready answer. "But your own free determinations must be your rule of right. With all the drawbacks of your position, it has, at least, this great advantage. You can choose your own sphere of life, and no lip will be parted to utter a yea or a nay. Such freedom is worth gaining at almost any sacrifice."

Mrs. Eldridge made no response.

"What skill have you?" enquired Mrs. Glendy. They had reached the parlor, and were now sitting together on a sofa.

"Skill? How? I do not clearly take your meaning," said the perplexed woman.

"What was the character of your education? Thorough?"

Mrs. Eldridge shook her head, as she sighed out the word—

"Superficial."

"You may have a good knowledge of music, qualifying you for the position of a teacher?"

How coldly fell these words upon the heart of Mrs. Eldridge.

"I never had a taste for music." The voice was husky and choking.

"How in regard to French?" pursued the querist.

"I speak no language beside my native tongue."

"What of drawing?"

"I was never taught the rudiments."

"Unfortunate!" Mrs. Glendy shook her head and looked sober. "If you cannot teach, or impart some accomplishment, the way before you is a difficult one. But there must be self-dependence at all hazards, if you even have to take the position of plain seamstress in some family."

Mrs. Eldridge started at the suggestion, and looked up with flashing eyes.

"Do not be offended with me," said Mrs. Glendy, blandly. "My task is in no way agreeable. But the difficulty is a serious one, and I am earnest in my desire to help you. What will you do?"

"Leave your house within an hour," was the unexpected answer, that came, almost indignantly, from the lips of Mrs. Eldridge; "if my presence is in the slightest degree an unwelcome one." It came so unlooked for, that Mrs. Glendy was stung, and thrown off her guard, answering, without time for reflection:

"As you please about that, madam!"

And she arose with an angry stain on her cheeks. Mrs. Eldridge arose also, and the two women went from the room by separate doors. Ten minutes afterwards, the latter left the house; but where was she going? Hurriedly she moved down the street. Had she taken the desperate resolution to return home, submit herself to her husband, and find a place of refuge in her own family? Be that as it may, she had walked only a short distance, when, on looking up from the ground, she saw Mr. Eldridge approaching, and but a few paces in advance. His eyes were fixed coldly and sternly upon her. Instantly her steps were arrested, and she stood still. The power to move being, for the moment, gone. But there was not the slightest pause on the part of Mr. Eldridge, nor any sign of recognition. He stalked on and past his wife, noticing her presence only by his stern, repellant looks.

The steps of poor Mrs. Eldridge were unsteady as she moved forward again. A little way beyond, was the house of Mrs. Weakly, and into this she turned; not that she looked for a warm welcome, but where else could she go?

She was met by her friend with an exclamation of painful surprise, and no wonder, for her face was pale as ashes. Mrs. Eldridge tried to speak, but the power of utterance was gone. She had only time to get fairly within the house, when she fainted.

"Trouble," muttered Mrs. Weakly, in a fretful voice, as she assisted the domestic whom she had called, to carry the insensible body of Mrs. Eldridge up to one of her chambers. "I wonder why she didn't stay where she was?"

As a matter of course, with feelings that prompted such a remark, Mrs. Weakly was not over cordial towards Mrs. Eldridge, when the latter was restored to consciousness. What had occurred at Mrs. Glendy's was related; but Mrs. Weakly thought that her friend had looked at things through an exaggerated medium, and urged her to go back again, and advise more earnestly with Mrs. Glendy as to the future.

"My feet will never cross her threshhold again," said Mrs. Eldridge, in a voice that showed her to be altogether in earnest.

"What, then, do you intend doing?" The question was asked without delicacy or hesitation.

"Heaven knows! The way is very dark before me." And Mrs. Eldridge caught her breath, to keep down her feelings.

"I would cheerfully give you a home," said Mrs Weakly, "but my husband is strongly prejudiced against you, and would not consent to your remaining in the house. He is very angry at the part I have taken in your favor,

Digitized by Google

and we have had warm words on the subject several times already. Should he find you here on his return, he will be outrageous. I never knew him to take on so about anything in my life. O dear! What is to be done, I know not. I wish—"

But the little woman caught herself, and kept back the words that were leaping into thoughtless utterance. Her tone and manner were, however, very unpleasant.

Poor Mrs. Eldridge felt crushed to the earth and helpless. So much for her very dear friends, who had so warmly encouraged her to separate from her husband.

"I ask only one favor of you, Mrs. Weakly." She spoke in a subdued, almost humble voice, pausing for a response.

"Name it," returned the friend. The little words were not over cordially spoken.

"The privilege of remaining in your house three days. After that, I will trouble you no longer with my unwelcome presence."

"Now, Mrs. Eldridge! How can you utter such language, and to me!" exclaimed Mrs. Weakly, "As if I had changed towards you! Unwelcome presence! I feel hurt by your words."

"It was not in my heart to wound," said Mrs. Eldridge, still speaking in a low, troubled voice. "But I cannot hide the fact, that I am no longer to you, or others, what I was a few short weeks ago. Let that, however, pass. All I desire is, that you will grant me the small favor of a home for three days. After that, I will go forth, never again to return."

"My dear Mrs. Eldridge! I answer yes, yes, and without an instant's hesitation," replied Mrs. Weakly, greatly relieved at this moderate stipulation; for she had begun to fear that her friend was about to fall back upon her and Mrs. Glendy, a helpless burden.

"It will grieve me," said Mrs. Eldridge, "if my brief presence in your house should cause any thing unpleasant between you and your husband."

"Oh, as to that," answered Mrs. Weakly, "My husband can be made to hear reason. I'll manage him. It will only be for three days, at most."

Three days at most! There was more of satisfaction in the tone with which these words were uttered, than Mrs. Weakly dreamed that she was betraying.

The three days passed quickly. Not very intimate or cordial was the intercourse of the friends during the time. Mrs. Eldridge was reserved, and Mrs. Weakly did not ply her with curious questions, for her interest in the future of the woman she had helped to lead astray from the path in which her feet should now be walking, went little beyond the three days.

The first act of Mrs. Eldridge, was to transmit a brief note to her husband, desiring him to send her clothing, and a small sum of money. Her messenger returned with word that in an hour all she asked would be ready.

What an hour of suspense that was to the wretched woman! How many thoughts, suggestions, hopes, and fears agitated her mind! Would her husband make any written communication? Would he send her even a verbal message? Oh, if he would but speak one kind word! On that word she would fly back to him, burying all indignation and self-will beneath the ruins of her humbled pride. How weak and helpless she felt! How powerless to go forth into the world and engage, single-handed, in the battle of life!

At the expiration of the hour, punctual to the very minute, the messenger went back. From the time he left, until his return, Mrs. Eldridge sat at the window of her room, which looked out upon the street, waiting his appearance with a disturbed, eager, questioning spirit. How much was suspended on a single thread, that might snap in an instant!

The messenger returned. Mrs. Eldridge saw two large trunks deposited on the pavement. How heavily her sad heart sank down—how weak she became—a momentary faintness made her eyes grow dim. But hope sprung up again, and fluttered its weak wings eagerly. The messenger drew a letter from his pocket, and came towards the door. Until that missive reached her, Mrs. Eldridge scarcely breathed. The calmness with which she broke the seal, and unfolded the sheet of paper it contained, was superhuman. A moment after it dropped from her hand, her form shrinking down, as if a heavy weight had been laid upon her shoulders. Her head sunk upon her bosom, and she sat the image of weak despair.

Not a single line had her husband written! There was an enclosure of one hundred dollars, but not a word of rebuke, forgiveness, or counsel. The dead, blank silence crushed down upon her like hopeless fate.

CHAPTER XXV.

We change the scene from Arden. Many miles away, in the pleasant town of Bloomfield, lived a woman far advanced in years, named Mrs. Angell. She was a widow, with an only and widowed daughter, who had come home to her in the dark days of her bereavement, broken in health and spirits, and burdened with four young children. Mrs. Angell owned a small house, and a few acres of ground; and had, besides, a yearly income of three hundred dollars secured to her during the term of her natural life.

Twelve years had passed since Phœbe, the daughter, young, beautiful, and full of joyful hope in the future, went forth a bride from the home of her mother, and left the heart of that mother sad and desolate; for Phœbe was the very light of her life. Now she had returned, the freshness of her youth gone, her spirits broken, and her weary heart sighing for rest and peace, even if they were found only in the grave. And thitherward her steps were, indeed, tending; nor was the journey to be long.

"Dear Mother! dear home!" How full of emotion was the voice that uttered these words, repeated over and over again, and for days after Phœbe's return. For a time, it

Digitized by Google

seemed to her almost as if she were dreaming; and she would shut her eyes, and try to bring the present reality into distinct appreciation.

"Dear Mother! dear home!" She had no other words but these to express her feelings. Ah! since she went out from her home and her mother, life had assumed new aspects. For a time, the sky was clearer, and the days went down in greater beauty, leaving behind the rich promise of brighter days to come. But soon, too soon, alas! clouds dimmed the fair horizon—gathering darker and gloomier, as time wore on, until fearful storms broke upon her head, and left their marks of desolation all along the path she was treading.

The weary, heart-sick wanderer had come back to the old home; but oh! how changed.

Mrs. Angell was really too old and feeble to assume the new duties, and take upon herself the new burdens that must come as the consequence of her daughter's return. But, even if she had desired to escape the duty, and refuse the burden, there was no alternative. Love inspired her with new strength, and almost, for a time, renewed her youth. Into her heart as well as her home, she received the helpless one.

Had Phœbe been alone, the task would have been a light one for old Mrs. Angell. But Phœbe brought with her, four badly-trained and badly-governed children, who made a rude invasion of the quiet home of their grandmother, and threw all things into temporary disorder. The mother fretted, scolded, complained, threatened, but her words, it was observed by Mrs. Angell, were scarcely, if at all heeded. She had lost the control of her children—if, indeed, she had ever possessed a right influence over them.

"You'll never be able to get along with them children in the world," said a neighbor to Mrs. Angell. "They'll worry the life and soul out of you."

"They're healthy, active, and unrestrained," was Mrs. Angell's mild answer—"a little rude and quarrelsome, but not worse at heart than other children. I shall be able to get along with them."

At this moment, the two oldest came stamping and screaming into the room, paying not the smallest heed to those present, nor abating in the least degree, their noise, at the gentle remonstrance of their grandmother.

The neighbor, herself well advanced in years, shook her head, as the noisy couple left, finally, at their own good pleasure, remarking, as she did so:

"I pity you, Mrs. Angell! Were such a brood thrown upon my hands, at my time of life, I'd run away from Bloomfield. It's a shame! Phœbe should have made an effort to keep them herself, and by herself.

The neighbor spoke warmly.

"Phœbe is too weak," Mrs. Angell, replied in a voice that trembled with feeling, "even to stand alone in the world, far less to bear up with the weight of these children upon her. The days of her earthly prilgrimage, I fear, are numbered, and the sum small. For one thing I thank my Heavenly Father, and it is this—" The voice of good Mrs. Angell had grown firm again, and light shone in her aged countenance. "That I have a home and a heart for her and hers. Many times have I thought that my work was done in this world; and I have sometimes wondered why I was still permitted to live on. But I was only a blind doubter and questioner. He who sees the end from the beginning, saw the work still in reserve for me—a great and important work of training four young immortals for His Kingdom. All is clear now, my friend, and the path of duty plain before me. May He give me strength, and faith, and patience!"

"Amen! For you will need them." The neighbor responded almost irreverently.

"We need them at all times, and under every varying circumstance of our lives," said Mrs. Angell. "I need them now, as I have always needed them, and it is so, and has always been so with you. We usually feel as as much burdenened by small duties as by large ones, for as our day is, so will our strength be. Under some circumstances, the grasshopper is a burden. But the more important duties that require earnestness and self-sacrifice, have their larger and, sometimes, their exceeding great rewards."

"You always take a higher view of things than it is possible for me to take," replied the neighbor. "I wish sometimes that I were like you. But we can't be all alike in this world. As for the burden which you have now taken upon yourself, you will find it heavier than a flock of grasshoppers! Goodness!"—The children returned, screeching and stamping through the room again. "Did you ever hear such a din, or see such a graceless, unmannerly set!" remarked the neighbor on their final egress. "If you succeed in doing anything with them, you will be a worker of wonders."

"There is a door of entrance into every heart, if you can only unlock it," said Mrs. Angell, cheerfully.

"There are some hearts, the door of which no human hand has skill to unlock," was replied.

Mrs. Angell shook her head. "I never tried to enter the heart of any one, that I did not find the key."

"I should like to see you make the trial with my daughter Mary's oldest boy Tom. Such a limb I never met with. Mary sent him down here a few weeks ago to spend his vacation, but I packed him off home in three days. I never saw his match! He paid no more heed to me than if I had been some superannuated old negro. If I said 'Tom, *stop* that noise,' or '*Don't* do that, Tom;' he never so much as looked at me, but kept on acting worse if anything. Why, he hadn't been in the house three hours, before I boxed his ears soundly for some impudence, which I never take from children. If the king's son were to give me impudence, I'd box his ears for him soundly, I would! Any how, I don't believe in children

Digitized by Google

being pushed off upon their grandmothers, just to get rid of them; and so I wrote to Mary, when I sent Tom home. We have had our own trouble with our own children; and now let our children take care of their own young ones. This is the doctrine I preach, and practice too. Mary got right down angry and wrote to me a tart letter. But I took no notice of that. Young blood boils over quickly; but it cools off in good time. There's one thing you'll have to do, Mrs Angell, and that is, take these children down with a strong hand; if you don't, they'll kill you. As for that imaginary door in the heart, I guess you'll never find it. Ruling by love is a very pleasant theory, but that sort of rule, I'm thinking, has ruined more children than anything else. You have to govern the young reprobates with an iron hand. That's been my way."

"The result," Mrs. Angell could have said, but that would have been too personal and painful—"does not speak volumes in favor of your theory." Her thoughts had turned involuntarily to the children of her old friend and neighbor, not one of whom had turned out as a mother's heart could wish. In their early days, they were hectored, punished, and driven about in a way that closed up their hearts; not lovingly guided, and their natural evils so repressed, that good affections could take root in the soil of their young minds. And when they grew old enough, and strong enough for successful rebellion, they threw of the maternal yoke, and went out in the world, prepared to resist all authority that put trammels on their freedom. No; the result did not speak strongly in favor of the aged friend's theory.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Angell, in a mild voice. "We must all act as we see to be right. Your way was never my way."

"I know that, Mrs. Angell; for we used to have many talks on the subject," the neighbor's voice fell, and became a little mournful in its tone,—"And maybe I *was* too hard, sometimes. But I did everything for the best. Ah me! Children are always a sorrow. I've heard of having joy in children, and all that; but I never saw anybody yet whose experience verified the saying."

Mrs. Angell made no answer, but sat with her eyes upon the floor, lost in thoughts and memories excited by the remarks of her friend. The latter remained silent also. At last Mrs. Angell said:

"I often think of that boy—the son of your first husband—who ran away so many years ago. What has become of him?"

"O dear Mrs. Angell! I never suffer memory to go back that far, if I can help it," sighed the neighbor. "Poor Morgan! There was a great deal of good in him, for all his self-will and disobedience. He was a smart boy, too, and I was so proud of him—if he wasn't my own flesh and blood. But two sharp tempers came together when we met; or, rather, it was flint and steel. I was very young and inexperienced, then, Mrs. Angell, as you know; and very high tempered. Poor boy! His father almost broke his heart about him."

"He cannot be living," said Mrs. Angell.

"No. We gave him up for dead many years ago."

"How long has it been, Mrs. Burden, since he went away?"

"Twenty-five years."

"He was thirteen, I believe?"

"Yes, just entering his fourteenth year. But I cannot bear to think of it, Mrs. Angell. I was to blame there, I know. I had too little patience for the boy, and made rather a hard stepmother. His own mother was a gentle, yielding, affectionate creature, as we all know, and spoiled Morgan completely. It is not much to be wondered, that he felt coldly towards one who, in assuming her place, attempted the new government of force, and required implicit obedience. Such obedience is, I hold, absolutely necessary, and must be gained. But I erred in being too impatient. I did not take time for the will to become pliant before requiring it to bend. Poor Morgan! The thought of him has made many a night sleepless. None of my children have done very well; but his case has ever grieved me most of all. Poor boy! There was in him the promise of a brilliant manhood. What would I not give to know his fate! But I must not talk of this. It makes me too sad; and regrets at my time of live are fruitless. How is Phœbe to-day?"

"Not so well. She has night-sweats, and grows weaker under them."

"Poor child! That is bad," said Mrs. Burden, rising. "Well, good day," she added. "I hope all will come out right; but you have undertaken a great deal at your time of life."

And the neighbor went home, musing by the way, and wondering how Mrs. Angell would ever bear up under the new duties she had taken upon herself.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Steadily searched Mrs. Angell for the door in the hearts of her grand-children, and she found it, as she knew that she would—found it in each heart—opened the door, and went in.

Very great was the wonder of Mrs. Burden at the steady change that went on in these children—progressively visible each time she dropped in, as was her frequent custom, to sit and talk with her old friend and neighbor.

"It really beats me out," she said, "to see what an alteration there is in that great, rough boy. He was like a bear. How in the world have you managed to tame him?"

"Not by force, Mrs. Burden," returned Mrs. Angell. "Not by force, you may be sure; for, if I had the will to rule by a strong arm, the strength is wanting. My frame is weak, my step totters, my hand is feeble. I am in the sere and yellow-leaf. O, no! my friend; the power over them was gained in another way. I sought for the door in their hearts, and found it."

"It is wonderful! I can say no more," the face of Mrs. Burden expressed astonishment.

Digitized by Google

"John," the grandmother spoke, in a very gentle voice, leaning from the window near which she was sitting—"tell William that he is hammering most too loud—the noise will disturb his mother."

"He'll stop, of course!" Mrs. Burden spoke doubtingly.

But scarcely had the words passed her lips, ere the noise ceased.

www.libtool.com.cn

"Grandmother," said a voice at the window, in a cheerful tone. "I'm mending my waggon-wheel, and have only one more nail to drive."

"O, very well," replied Mrs. Angell; "you can drive that one."

"If you think it disturbs mother, I can go round by the barn," said William.

"Perhaps you had better do so, Willy; your mother is sleeping."

The bright face of the lad disappeared from the window, and in a few moments the sound of his hammer was heard, faintly, in the distance.

"Well! that does beat all!" exclaimed Mrs. Burden. "I've read of such things in books, but never saw the like before, with my natural eyes. How have you managed? What is your secret?"

"I have not subdued them by force, as already said; and there are but two ways to manage children," replied Mrs. Angell. "Contention and the strong hand *may* answer in some cases—though I have my doubts—but love is always powerful. Make a child understand that you are his friend, and feel an interest in all that concerns him, and your influence is at once established. Love creates love. The saying is so trite, that we forget its value."

"It isn't so easy to do all that," said Mrs. Burden.

"Do what?"

"Take an interest in everything that interests children. I never could do it, even in my younger days, and I'm sure I couldn't do it now."

"If we, from the heart, desire their good," was answered, "we will, in all possible ways, adapt ourselves to their condition. Singularly enough, all the sacrifice, adaptation, and conformity to circumstance, is, by some people, required of children. They must bend to everything around them, while nothing bends to them. They must be proper and orderly, self-denying and patient—must not be angry, nor rude, self-willed, nor exacting. And yet the very parents who visit these evils in their children with indignant rebuke, or swift punishment, never think it necessary to overcome like evils in themselves. At best, they go little beyond adroit concealment, and even this veil is too rarely assumed at home. If a mother, in sudden anger, speak sharply to her child, and use unseemly words, can we wonder that the child imitates her when in strife with his brother or sister. If she strike, in a fit of passion, will not the child, acting from its inherent impulses, and instructed by such high example, strike also? As the mother, or nurse, or attendant is, so, Mrs. Burden, will the children be. There must be self-conquest before there can be order in the household. We must be truly loving, before the spirit of love can pervade our homes. Order, peace, good-will, gentleness, and a preference of one over the other, never have their origin among the children, rising from them upwards, but have birth in the hearts of the parents, and are seen first in their lives. It is from them that the sphere of loves goes forth, filling the whole atmosphere, and making it radiant with heavenly light, and musical with the songs of angels."

The head of Mrs. Burden bent lower and lower, as Mrs. Angell talked; for she was rebuked by her words. Both sat silent for some moments. In the pause, the sound of wheels was heard, and Mrs. Angell, glancing from the window, said, in a tone of indifference:

"The stage. It always passes about this time."

"See! the driver is reigning up his horses." Mrs. Burden leaned over towards the window as she spoke.

"So he is. I wonder who is going to stop here? No one that I can think of"

"There's a lady getting out," said Mrs. Burden. "Can you see her face?"

"Yes, but she is a stranger to me. There's some mistake, probably. I must go out and see what it means."

By the time Mrs. Angell arrived at the garden gate, that opened on the road, two trunks had been deposited on the ground, and the stranger stood beside them. Her veil was closely drawn.

"Mrs. Angell?" she said, in a tone of enquiry.

"That is my name, madam," replied the old lady.

Mrs. Burden had come out to the road-side, her curiosity strongly excited. Her presence seemed unwelcome to the stranger, who drew the folds of her veil closer, and turned her face partly aside from the sharp scrutiny of her small, piercing grey eyes.

There was a momentary embarrassment on all sides; but this was relieved by Mrs. Angell, who, in a voice, the kindness of which penetrated the stranger's heart, invited her to walk in, at the same time giving direction to a working man, who had come out on hearing the stage stop, to carry the two trunks into the house.

The curiosity of Mrs. Burden was intensely excited; but she saw that it was not right for her to remain, under the circumstances, and so went home.

The stranger, as soon as she was alone with Mrs. Angell, drew aside her veil, and showed her the pale, thin face of a woman, not far in years beyond life's middle altitude. There was something familiar in the face, and yet, Mrs. Angell could not recognize it as the face of one she had ever known. How intently were the dark eyes of the stranger fixed upon her countenance! How eagerly was every line, as an index to her heart, read over!

"Aunt Margaret!" she at last ejaculated, a

Digitized by Google

gush of feeling in her voice. How the words and tones thrilled the heart of Mrs. Angell.

"Aunt Margaret!" repeated the stranger, bending closer. "Oh, Aunt Margaret!"

Feeling could be controlled no longer. Tears leaped from the stranger's eyes, and bending forward, she laid her weeping face against the good old lady's bosom.

www.libtool.com.cn

"Who are you?" emotion had spent itself, and the stranger, calm in exterior, had laid off her travelling attire, and sat looking into the face of Mrs. Angell, from which her eyes turned scarcely a moment. The question was soberly asked, and in a voice that said—"I must have a true answer."

"Aunt Margaret!" was the stranger's only, yet tenderly uttered response.

"Is your name Harriet?" Mrs. Angell enquired, a sudden light breaking in upon her mind.

"My name is Harriet," was answered.

"My brother had a child named Harriet," said the old lady.

"I am Harriet," replied the stranger, with forced calmness. "The daughter of your brother James."

"Dear heart!" ejaculated Mrs. Angell, her eyes filling with tears. "And can this indeed be my brother's child!"

She was bewildered for a time. Then she had many questions to ask. But, to all questions touching herself, the stranger maintained the most entire reserve.

"You had a sister, I believe?" said Mrs. Angell.

"Yes." The enquiry seemed to give her pain.

"Is she living?"

"No," was the brief answer.

Mrs. Angell waited for her niece to communicate something about one so near to her as an only sister. But not a word of information was volunteered; and she did not feel at liberty, under the circumstances, to intrude upon her any questions.

"By what other name than Harriet shall I call you?" asked Mrs. Angell.

"I have no other name here, Aunt Margaret," was answered, mournfully.

"No other name to me?" Mrs. Angell spoke as if she felt that such reserve towards her could not, and would not, be maintained.

"No other name, even to you, Aunt Margaret," replied the stranger, or niece, as we must now designate her. "I have come to you, out of the world where I am known, and it is my desire to forget, if that were possible, the whole of my identity with that world. But, heaven help me! oblivion is impossible!"

For a short time, the unhappy woman was strongly agitated; but in a little while recovered herself.

"Aunt Margaret," she resumed, speaking very earnestly, yet in a sad voice; "you see one before you who, both sinning, and sinned against—yet most sinned against—has been driven from the old paths of life, and now seeks a hiding-place. I have come to you, because, why I cannot tell, my heart yearned towards you, and I felt that with you I should find an arm to lean upon in my weakness. If you say to me, 'Pass on—there is no home for you here,' I will take up my burden, and go farther. But—oh! Aunt Margaret—do not say this, at least, not now—for, in the whole wide world, there is not a door, but this, where I have the shadow of a claim to admission. For my father's sake, do not send me forth again!"

"Dear child!" said Aunt Margaret, drawing an arm around the neck of her weeping relative; "you have nothing to fear on that score. I shall not say—'Pass on!'"

"The Friend of the friendless bless you!" was murmured. When a little calmer, the niece resumed:

"I shall be a burden to you; but will make the burden as light as possible. I have come out of the world in haste, fleeing from evils too great to be endured, and have come out portionless. But I have hands and a willing heart, and both shall work for you. Only let me hide myself here!"

"I have not much to share with you, Harriet," said Mrs. Angell; "but, to a portion of what I have, as far as it goes, you are welcome. It may not be, however, that, in my humble way of life, you will find what custom, and a different mode of living, have rendered necessary to your comfort."

"There is too great anguish here," replied the niece, laying her hand against her bosom, "to leave much concern for what is on the outside. But I fear that I shall be but a burden to you, at best. Whose children are these?" she added, making the enquiry abruptly, as the grand-children of Mrs. Angell went shouting and laughing past the window.

"My daughter Phœbe's;" Mrs. Angell sighed as she spoke.

"Are you fond of children?" she enquired, a moment after, speaking with some earnestness.

"Not very," was half indifferently answered.

Mrs. Angell sighed again, and let her eyes fall upon the floor, while her countenance assumed a sober aspect. A sigh from the lips of her niece, so deep that it almost startled Mrs. Angell, caused her to look up. The face of Harriet was almost distorted by some sharp mental suffering.

"Have you children? and are they living?" If she had paused a moment for reflection, Mrs. Angell would not have put this abrupt query—more particularly, as her niece had positively averred, that she would give no information touching the past in her history. The question seemed to pierce with the pain of a sharp sword. Harriet sprung to her feet, uttering a quick exclamation. Turning a pale face upon her aunt, she said:

"Was it not enough, Aunt Margaret, that I said to you, 'I wish to forget the past.' Do not spur me into madness. I am not strong enough to bear up much longer under the crushing weight that is on me. O, Lord, help me!" and she flung her hands wildly above her head. A

Digitized by Google

voice so full of despair as that in which the last sentence was uttered, Mrs. Angell had never heard.

"May I be alone for a little while, Aunt Margaret?"

The strong agitation was suddenly repressed, and Harriet stood before her aunt, calm, but very pale.

www.libtool.com.cn

"Come"—Mrs. Angell's voice was low and tender—"Come, my poor child."

And she led her to a small, neat chamber, above, the bed and windows of which were draped in purest white.

"The world cannot find you here, Harriet," said she, as she turned partly away, to leave her alone—"But God is everywhere, a present help in times of trouble."

"Lord help *me!*" Heart and lips uttered the words fervently, as the door closed, and the miserable woman sunk upon her knees by the bed-side.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mr. Eldridge did not see his wife again, after meeting her in the street, as mentioned. Absence softened his feelings towards her but very little. Her request for clothing, and some money granted, that final act of separation, was, to him, the closing scene in the unhappy drama of their married life. Incidentally he learned, some weeks later, that she had left Arden; but where she had gone was not stated, and he asked no questions. His own steps, from the hour of this unfortunate event, were in a downward path. Judge Gray soon drew him entirely within his influence, and this influence was for evil, not good.

Under the wise, unselfish care of Mrs. Lamb, another spirit began to pervade the household of Mr. Eldridge, and his children, from being quarrelsome and ungovernable, soon manifested opposite tempers, and showed themselves orderly and quiet at all times when their father was at home. But it needed a different and stronger attraction than simply quiet children, to hold back Mr. Eldridge from the allurements that now invited him abroad, on each successive evening. He had a home, but no heart-companion—no one to watch and wait for him when absent, or welcome his return. He came in and went out at will, with a feeling that no one thought of him while away, or felt happier at his coming. No; this is speaking too strongly. We had almost forgotten Katy, the little injured one, and the new love that had sprung up between her and her father. Steadily burned this flame. How the child's face would brighten at the sound of her father's voice, or the echo of his returning footsteps. His night and morning kiss was a joy to her. Towards the child, his feelings were of the tenderest character, and often he sat by the bed on which she lay, holding her little hand, when, but for the bond between them, he would have been away from his home. But not strong enough was this bond to hold him back from temptation. There was needed a stronger power than this.

Time moved on, and Katy gradually recovered from the serious injury she had sustained, and was able, first, to sit up a little, then, to move through the room, and, finally, to go over the house with little, or no, assistance. But she was sadly deformed and dwarfed; and the natural beauty of her countenance was gone forever. Daily the childish features grew more and more pinched. The blossoms returned not to her wan cheeks, nor the ruby to her lips. It made the heart ache to look at her. No one could have recognized, in the quiet, little, hunch-backed girl, sitting, with a pensive face, in the door of her father's dwelling, the wild, dancing, noisy, passionate romp, who made all things alive around her a few months before.

Every body felt kindly, and acted kindly towards little Katy. Even her brothers, with whom she had lived in contention almost from her birth, no longer felt any antagonism towards her, but emulated each other in friendly offices. They amused her with their playthings, read to her little stories out of books, and shared with her the dainties they happened to receive.

The kind Mrs. Lamb still remained in the family of Mr. Eldridge, and it was mainly her influence, aided, of course, by the change in little Katy, that worked such a revolution. She was mild, gentle, sympathizing, but firm; and the children found themselves far happier in obeying her rules, than in following the impulses of a natural wilfulness.

Scarcely a year had passed since the fatal quarrel with his wife, before it was apparent to every one in Arden, that Mr. Eldridge was moving with rapid feet in the path that leads to ruin. Not a single evening was spent at home; and it rarely happened that he came in until past the hour of midnight. He was as much changed in appearance as in life; for the dissolute course he was leading, left its disfiguring marks on his countenance. Gradually, his best practice began to leave him, for, through want of attention, or from a confused intellect, the consequence of his habits, he lost two or three important cases, where justice and law were both on his side. But there were causes at work of more rapid execution than even a dissolute life, destined in a very little while to bear him down, and sweep from his possession every vestage of property he had acquired by years of industry and prudence.

Craig had fastened himself upon him like a vampire, and with no intention of letting go his hold while there was a dollar left to win. He had studied his victim with a carefulness that gave him full knowledge of all his weak points of character, and now he was almost entirely within his power. Step by step, step by step, he led him downwards, and dollar by dollar, he exhausted his substance; and yet so managed it, that Eldridge always sought him, and, in most cases, proposed the trial of skill. Judge Gray maintained a more dignified attitude towards the infatuated man, and when he met him at the card-table, generally contrived to be the loser, though never for sums of any importance. Thus he managed to keep the suspicions of Eldridge quiet as to any complicity he might

Digitized by Google

have in his ruin. He always stood his friend, if he wanted money; but never accommodated him without security and a consideration. So that, in time, Judge Gray had his hand upon all the property the lawyer possessed, and could wrench it from him at any moment he felt inclined to do so. And the inclination was not wanting. In his own good time Judge Gray would act, and that without mercy.

The land scheme had fallen through, apparently, in consequence of the owner of the mill property not caring to sell, but, really, because Judge Gray had never intended that the action of the Company should proceed that far. The railroad scheme must, he knew, be defeated, at the next Sesson of the Legislature, as it was; the whole affair having been projected by certain political gamblers to serve personal ends, and not having in it any value whatever as a measure of public interest. Other tempting speculations were proposed, and plans for working them out digested; but it always happened, that, between the inception of the scheme and its execution, unexpected circumstances interposed which took the shape of insurmountable difficulties. Somehow, it always happened, that the Judge was the only party in the case who reaped any advantage; and the real advantage gained by him was by no means always apparent. He was too "long-headed" for even the sharpest men of Arden, and bent most of those to his will, who came into intimate association with him.

"Let me have two hundred dollars, Judge," said Eldridge, entering hurriedly the office of Judge Gray, a little over a year from the time his rapid descent began.

The Judge shrugged his shoulders and replied—

"Haven't got fifty to bless myself with."

"I must have it, Judge!" Eldridge grew excited.

"Can't get it here—that's certain." The Judge appeared unusually serious. "The fact is, you've drained me out."

"Me!" Eldridge looked surprised.

"Yes, you. Haven't I met nearly all your demands for money, reasonable or unreasonable. But there is a point where even friendship becomes powerless to serve."

"You are fully secured." Eldridge spoke with some warmth, and a little indignaiion.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Judge Gray. "But there is one thing very certain, Mr. Eldridge, I must realize on some of these securities, unless you can take them up."

"You must!" Eldridge had been drinking rather more freely than usual, and was not, therefore, in a state to meet this unexpected aspect of affairs. Something of defiance was now added to his indignation.

"I have said so, Mr. Eldridge, and my words rarely have a double meaning. I have considerable sums of money to raise, and must raise them on my securities—for all my available means are loaned out on securities." Judge Gray spoke firmly, like a man who felt altogether in earnest; and confused as the mind of Eldridge was, he received this distinct impression. To a certain extent he was sobered; and became altogether so when Judge Gray added—

"There is no occasion for excitement, Mr. Eldridge, about this matter—none in the least. It is a plain business affair. You borrowed my money, did you not?"

"Yes."

"And among other securities, you gave me a mortgage on your house?"

"I did."

"Why did you give this mortgage?"

"To make you safe."

"Precisely. But was there nothing intended beyond the mere making safe?"

"What more was intended?" asked Eldridge.

"Clearly, that, in case you could not return my money when I needed it, the means of realization would be in my hands. Was not this so?"

"Oh, certainly!" The admission was not made heartily.

"Very well. The time has come when I am compelled to realize; and now, I ask you, what is to be done?"

Eldridge offered no reply, but sat like a man stupified, with his eyes upon the floor.

"I am, of course, inclined to make everything as easy for you as possible, unless you throw obstacles in my way."

"Why should I do that, Judge?" Eldridge seemed hurt by the intimation.

"There is no good reason why you should do so; for the case is a very clear one. At what do you value your house?"

"It is worth every dollar of five thousand."

Judge Gray shook his head.

It would not bring my mortgage under the hammer."

"Four thousand dollars?"

"No."

"That would depend on circumstance. I've been offered four thousand five hundred over and over again."

"By whom?"

"By two or three parties."

"Let me advice you to sell, then," said the Judge. "I wouldn't give a dollar over four thousand, if I was in the market as a purchaser."

"I don't care about selling even at five thousand," replied Eldridge. "In a few years it will be worth six or seven, if property continues to rise in value at the present ratio of advance."

"You over estimate its worth altogether," said Judge Gray. "But that is neither here nor there. A thing is worth what it will sell for, and not a farthing more, as you and I well know, and have demonstrated a hundred times in our lives. All value beyond that is merely an ideal one and a fiction, so far as practical purposes are concerned."

"What do you propose doing?" enquired Eldridge, after a few moments of hurried thinking. His thoughts were not very clear.

"The best I can under the circumstances."

"You will not enter up that mortgage?"

Digitized by Google

"I must do it, unless you can raise me the four thousand dollars it represents."

"But that is impossible, Judge!"

"I'm sorry."

"Judge Gray, I did not expect this of you!"

"Necessity knows no law, my friend. But why this excitement? One so familiar with legal matters, and their practical operation, as you, should hardly be surprised at the entering up of an unsatisfied mortgage. It is but the ordinary course of things—an every-day transaction. The real aspect of the case is not altered because the result happens to bear hard upon you. Such things always bear hard upon somebody."

Eldridge was struck down into silence.

"What more have you to say?" The Judge spoke with almost icy coldness.

"Nothing," was the simple answer.

"Will you endeavor to raise the money and pay off the mortgage?"

"No. The effort would be fruitless."

"I'm sorry. But my case admits of neither temporising, nor hesitation. I must sell if you cannot satisfy the mortgate."

"You have other mortgages and securities besides this one, Judge Gray," said Eldridge, arousing himself. "Why, then, seek to ruin me, when all you wish for may be gained at some other point?"

"Ruin you!" The eyes of Judge Gray flashed, and his tone was indignant. "What do you mean by the insinuation?"

"I can see nothing less in your threatened course of action, but a purpose to ruin me," said Eldridge. "Why is this mine sprung upon me so suddenly, and when there is no way of escape?"

"Take care, sir, what you say! If you make the slightest impeachment of my honor, you'll repent it but once." The face of Judge Gray, usually so imperturbable, was now flused with anger.

"I don't see that you can hurt me in anything beyond what is already purposed," said Eldridge, coldly. "And as to impeaching your honor; no one can do that but yourself. To call a man dishonorable does not make him so. It is the dishonorable purpose that gives quality to his life."

The Judge waved his hand impatiently, and, with a look of disgust on his features,

"Don't read me any of your stale homilies," he said, sneering as he spoke. "When I wish to hear a sermon, I'll go to church."

"Then do your worst!" ejaculated Eldridge, stung by the manner and tone of the Judge even more than by his words. "I have been a blind fool! But my eyes are opened at last. Perhaps I am not as powerless in your hands as you may think. We shall see. When a man is driven to the wall, he sometimes fights with a desperation that surprises his antagonist. I shall not yield without a struggle, depend on't. You can make up your mind to that."

"See here, Eldridge!" There was a fierce purpose in the aspect of the Judge that subdued, in a measure, his companion's excitement.

"I warn you not to go any farther in this direction; for, if you make me your enemy, I'll pursue you to the death! My hate is as strong as my friendship."

"In that case, your enemies have little to fear," was Eldridge's contemptuous answer. "But it is useless to bandy words with you. Good day, sir!"

Eldridge turned off abruptly, and left the office of Judge Gray, who fairly gnashed his teeth after him.

"There's no atonement for that!" said he, fiercely. "Driven to the wall, and at bay!—Pah! I can crush him at a single blow—and—I'll do it!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Judge Gray did not find it such easy work as he supposed, to execute his purpose towards Eldridge. The lawyer understood thoroughly his craft, and knew all the quirks and shifts required to foil, at least for a time, his antagonist. The entering up of a mortgage is, usually, a very straight-forward, and somewhat brief process. It did not prove so in the present instance. Certain informalities were alleged, which caused a stay of proceedings, leading to other perplexing delays, all of which chafed the judge terribly, and filled his heart with a more bitter enmity towards the man, in whose ruin he had been a secret accomplice.

But Eldridge was, for all his struggles, hopelessly in the power of Judge Gray, and his utter prostration was only a question of time. Before a twelve-month passed, every vestage of property was swept from his hands, and he went forth from the home in which his children were born, and sought a shelter for them in hired lodgings. At this point, Mrs. Lamb separated from him. She had become strongly attached to Katy, whose almost helpless condition drew largely upon her womanly sympathies; and, at her request, the little girl was taken from her father and brothers, and removed to the home of this second mother.

Left pretty much to their own wills in a boarding-house, the two sons of Mr. Eldridge relapsed into old disorderly states, and not many months went by, before they had made themselves so disagreeable to all the family, that their father was desired to remove them. Incensed at this, he determined to "put them out" to work, as the best thing that could be done—thus ridding himself of the trouble of their presence, and the burden of their support. And so deadened, by this time, had become his natural affections, that no struggle with his feelings was required in gaining consent to the measure of sending out to hard service, two little boys, of the ages of ten and twelve years.

No great difficulty was found in obtaining places for William and Jacob, with farmers in the neighborhood of Arden, and the little boys were separated, and sent forth into the world alone, while the father, drowning, daily, in strong drink, the smarting consciousness of degradation, that gave bitterness to every sober moment of

Digitized by Google

his life, moved steadily forward on his downward way.

Only one attraction for the heart of Morgan Eldridge remained—only one thought softened his feelings—only one image lightened up, with its presence, the gloomy chambers of his spirit. The thought and image were of little Katy, towards whom the tide of love had flowed on with a steady current, from the hour it first set in that direction. At the close of every day, he went to the house of Mrs. Lamb to see his child, whose pale face always grew warm with love at his coming. The only thing that troubled him with regard to the disposition made of Jacob and William, was Katy's grief about her brothers. As best he could, did he soothe her feelings, even deceiving her in regard to their real positions, and picturing them to her as leading pleasant lives in the country, when they were at hard service, and neglected, even if not treated with positive cruelty. But he found the task of reconciling her to the change a hard one; and she continued to grieve for her brothers, and never saw her father without making some reference to, or enquiry about them.

Step by step did Mr. Eldridge move on in the downward way. Habit steadily acquired strength, and almost daily brought into subjection some yet struggling, but feeble remnant of moral power. One friend after another receded from him, and his cases gradually diminished in number and importance, until, from having the best practice in Arden, he came to be regarded as the most undesirable lawyer in the whole county.

Rapidly, very rapidly, did Mr. Eldridge fall to a certain point. There he revolved, for years, in a circle of degradation, that closed, towards the center, in spirals so small, that the approach to final ruin, of body and soul, was hardly perceptible. Occasionally he appeared in the Court-House, to argue some unimportant case intrusted to his care, by some poor, or half-indifferent cliant. The result very often depended on his state of inebriation; if his intellect was not too much obscured, and there was good material in his case, he generally gained the decision.

The income of Mr. Eldridge was, as may be supposed, small, under these circumstances. Most of it was spent for the poison that burns up the life-blood of its victims. But, out of himself, degraded as he was, and enslaved to appetite, there was one object for which he felt solicitude, and for which he was always ready to make some small sacrifice. That object was his deformed child. No day passed without his seeing Katy, if it was only for a few minutes at a time; and almost always he brought her something, as a token of his love. It was a touching sight to see them together, and the more so, as Katy grew older, and her mind came into a more distinct perception of her father's true condition.

At ten years of age, nearly four years since the accident to Katy, the little girl had become almost a woman in her thoughtful care over her father, who still came daily to see her, but, now, most of his time, with all his senses obscured. One afternoon, Katy was sitting in the door, watching, as was her custom, for her father, when she saw him a short distance away, moving along with steps unsteadier than usual. As he came nearer, she could see a great red spot that covered half of his face.

"Oh! Mrs. Lamb!" she cried, running back into the house—"do come here, and see what is the matter with father!"

The child's white face and quivering voice startled the good lady, and dropping her work, Mrs. Lamb came hurriedly to the front door.

"Bless us!" she exclaimed, the moment her eyes rested on the form of the poor inebriate—"It's blood! What can have happened to him?"

At the word blood, little Katy grew faint, and staggered backwards, sinking upon the door-step. All her bodily strength failed in an instant.

"He's fallen and hurt himself, I suppose," Mrs. Lamb uttered her thoughts aloud. Dear! dear! he's getting so, that he's not fit to go about alone. He'll be killed outright, some of these times, I'm afraid.

The truth of her father's really helpless condition flashed upon Katy, and a strong, womanly purpose was instantly formed in her mind, giving her heart a new impulse, and sending the almost curdling blood forth again, to the farthest extremities of her body. Strength came back to her limbs, and rising up quickly, she ran forward to meet her father, down whose face the blood was flowing, from a frightful gash on the side of his forehead. Katy seized his hand, and holding it firmly, steadied his steps, and led him forward towards the house, the great tears rolling down her pale face, and dropping upon the ground.

"How did this happen, Mr. Eldridge?" said Mrs. Lamb, when the father and child reached the door where she stood.

But the mind of Eldridge was in too great obscurity to comprehend fully the question, much less give an intelligible answer. Mrs. Lamb took him into her house, and washed the blood from his face; but it continued to flow from the large wound in his forehead, which penetrated to the bone.

"Run over for Doctor Penrose," said Mrs. Lamb to Katy, seeing that she could not check the flow of blood; and the child started off, with a new fear in her heart.

A few minutes before, as Doctor Penrose came past the tavern known as McQuillan's, he noticed a small group of persons just in front of the house, who were talking in an excited manner.

"It's a shame!" one of them said, speaking in a very indignant tone of voice.

"Let him bridle his foul tongue, then," retorted, angrily, another individual, in whom the doctor recognized Mr. Craig; "if he don't, I'll be the death of him!"

The doctor crossed over to ascertain the cause of disturbance.

"He was drunk, and you shouldn't have

Digitized by Google

weighed his words as accurately as the words of sober men."

"Drunk or sober, no man shall use the language he did, and escape punishment—miserable, drunken vagabond!"

"He was just as severe on Judge Gray," was remarked.

"Judge Gray is competent to take care of his own reputation, in his own way; and so am I. My way has in it, perhaps, less of tardiness or circumlocution."

"You've injured him badly, I'm afraid. There was a terrible gash on the poor man's face, where it struck the horseblock."

"It will teach him better manners in future," retorted Craig, fiercely.

"Of whom are they speaking?" asked Dr. Penrose, addressing one of the company.

"Of that poor, drunken creature, Eldridge. He's got some grudge against Craig, and abuses him right and left if he happens to meet him when in liquor. He went at him as usual, just now, and Craig, losing all patience, pitched him off of the porch, and hurt him rather badly. It was a cruel thing."

"Where is he?" enquired the doctor.

"He went staggering off up the street as soon as he was lifted from the ground, his face covered with dust and blood."

"How long since this happened?"

"Only a few minutes ago. He is hardly out of sight."

Doctor Penrose waited to hear no more, but walked off rapidly in the hope of overtaking the injured man, in whom, debased as he was, he had never lost his interest. He had gone nearly as far as the residence of Mrs. Lamb, when he met Katy, hurrying along as fast as her little feet would carry her.

"O doctor!" she exclaimed, seizing hold of his hand—"Do come, quick, to father!"

"Where is he?" asked Dr. Penrose.

"He's at our house," replied the child—"O, do come! His face is all bloody."

Tears almost rained over the face of the child.

"Don't be frightened, dear," said the doctor, "I'll soon make him well again." He spoke in a cheerful, encouraging voice, and led the tearful Katy back to the house of Mrs. Lamb.

A few stitches brought the edges of the cut together, and a few strips of adhesive plaster covered the wound, and retained the skin in its place. The blood ceased to flow, and all the more alarming features of the case were removed.

"I think he had better remain here to-night," said the kind-hearted Mrs. Lamb.

"Perhaps it would be as well. The fall and wound have shocked his system more, perhaps, than can now be determined. He hasn't much strength remaining at best—poor man!"

This determined upon, the doctor assisted Mr. Eldridge up stairs, to one of the chambers, and, after seeing him in bed for the night, went away.

After the Doctor left, Katy took her place beside the bed on which her father lay, and did not leave her position until long after the usual hour of retiring. In the morning she was up and dressed, and in his room by daylight. She found him awake, and in considerable bewilderment of mind.

"Why Katy, child, is that you? Where am I? What has happened?" he said in an earnest way, rising up, and looking curiously about the room.

"Oh father! You've been hurt," said Katy. "You came here yesterday afternoon with your face all cut and bloody, and frightened us, oh, so dreadfully! The doctor came and sewed up the place, just there on your forehead, and said we had better keep you here all night. Now don't get up, father! It's only just morning, and the sun hasn't risen yet."

"But I must—I must—I can't stay here, child!" answered Mr. Eldridge, in a nervous way, as he made a movement to leave the bed.

In spite of all that Katy could do, her father would get up and dress himself. She had never seen him with all his nervous system unstrung as it then was; and his trembling, almost palsied hands, and uncertain, groping movements frightened her. Running to Mrs. Lamb, who was already up, and making some preparations for breakfast, she exclaimed—

"O dear! I wish you'd come to father! I don't know what's the matter with him. He will get up and dress himself, and he's shaking all over. O dear! O dear!" and the child wrung her hands.

Mrs. Lamb went, as Katy desired. She understood, much better, what ailed the poor man. The artificial stimulant, which had supplied so large a portion of nervous activity, had become exhausted, and until this was restored, the tension of his muscles was gone.

"Mr. Eldridge," said Mrs. Lamb, firmly, taking hold of him as she spoke—"You must lie down again. You were hurt badly last night, and it has weakened you. I'll make you a strong cup of coffee right away. You'll feel better after drinking it."

The decided way in which this was spoken had its influence. Eldridge suffered himself to be drawn towards the bed on which he laid down again.

"I'll send the coffee up by Katy in a few minutes," said Mrs. Lamb, as she left the room. "Now, don't attempt to rise until you get it." Then speaking to Katy, "I'll call you when its ready."

The promise of a strong cup of coffee was sufficient to make Eldridge remain where he was. Some kind of stimulant he must have, for the condition in which he found himself was intolerable.

When the coffee was, at length, brought by Katy, his hand proved too unsteady to bear the cup to his eager lips. Two or three attempts only resulted in spilling a portion of the hot fluid upon his clothes and the bed.

"Do, child, hold it for me!" he said, a little impatiently.

Katy took the cup from his hand, and held it to his lips. The contents were swallowed at a single draught.

Digitized by Google

"O dear! Isn't this dreadful!" Eldridge spoke to himself in a kind of despairing voice, as he fell back upon the bed.

"What is dreadful, father?" asked Katy. The words had startled vague thoughts in her mind, that brought new perceptions touching her father's real condition.

"What is dreadful?" Eldridge repeated the words in a kind of surprised way, raising himself on his elbow, and looking, with a singular expression of countenance, into the face of Katy—"What is dreadful? Do you see that!" And he held up his hand, that shook like the quivering aspen.

"Isn't that dreadful?" said he, almost passionately.

"Oh father!" It was all that Katy could utter, for his manner bewildered as well as frightened her.

"Isn't that dreadful, child?" he went on, in a wild way. "Look at my hand! See how it trembles! It is so every morning, Katy. Coffee won't steady it, child. I must have something more than that."

And he sat up on the side of the bed.

"Get me my hat and coat, dear. I must have medecine for this." The voice of Mr. Eldridge had assumed a resolute tone.

"I'll go for Dr. Penrose. He'll give you medecine," said Katy, starting towards the door; and without waiting for her father's reply, or stopping to consult Mrs. Lamb, she ran down stairs, out of the house, and towards the doctor's office, which was not far distant. The doctor happened to be standing in his door when the child came in sight. Without waiting for her to reach him, he started forward, and, on meeting her, said—

"What's the matter now, Katy? How is your father?"

"O doctor! do come, won't you? He's shaking all over so dreadfully, and says he must go out and get medicine."

The doctor took the child's hand, without replying in any way to the communication, and hurried on towards the house of Mrs. Lamb. Just inside of the door, he found the wretched man, partly dressed, and contending with Mrs. Lamb, who had hold of him. He was resolutely bent on going out. At sight of the doctor, he gave up all resistance.

"Come, Mr. Eldridge," said Dr. Penrose, firmly, as he took hold of his arm, "You must go back to your room. You are sick, and cannot go out to-day."

Eldridge yielded and went back half of the length of the passage towards the stairway. But he suddenly stopped, and, stretching out his arm, said, in a wild, eager way—

"Do you see that, doctor?"

The arm shook with a nervous tremor.

"Yes, indeed; I do see it," replied the doctor, speaking with the concern he felt.

"And you know what it means as well as I do, doctor, and what I must have," said Eldridge. "I'm in a bad way."

"The first thing is to get back into your bed," was the doctor's reply to this.

"I must have brandy, doctor! Nothing else will do. Will you give me some brandy?"

"Yes; a small portion; just enough to steady your nerves,'" replied Dr. Penrose.

Eldridge made no further resistance, but suffered himself to be taken up stairs, and to bed. A very small portion of brandy, and that considerably diluted, was given, at brief intervals. This treatment was in part to satisfy the patient. The chief remedy in the case was morphine, and that was administered, in gradually increasing quantities, for many hours, before the terrible waking dreams, that soon began to infest the imagination of the wretched man, were lost in the deep sleep of unconsciousness.

We will not linger in our narrative, nor harrow the reader's mind, by any minute picturing of the fearful scenes of that day—fearful to the agonized child, and to the gentle-hearted woman, who bore to her a truer love than had ever stirred in the heart of her own mother. When they were over, Katy had advanced, on her life-journey, over the space of years. New thoughts had taken possession of her brain, and new purpose matured in her heart in resolute determinations. What these were, will be seen.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

PATERNAL DUTY.—The father that plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it an excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living, without this effort. I ask by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which *he* desires? Is it an advantage to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely, well-cultivated intellects; hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents, and brethren, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity, and industry; hatred of vice and vicious men, and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue—are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which would render that property a blessing.—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

A DAMSEL was asked—"When a gentleman and lady have quarrelled, and each considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance toward a reconciliation?" Her reply was, "The best hearted and wisest of the two."

Digitized by Google

LOOSE LEAVES FROM A TOURIST'S JOURNAL.—NO. I.

BY JOHN HENRY CANOLL.

"I would not be
Pent up for ever amid piles of brick;
Nor would I always hear the deafening din
And bustle of the mart."

For a long time the waves had been very high, breaking into lines of foam that extended as far as the eye could see, and beautifully contrasting with the dark cloud that bordered the horizon. At sunset, the water had assumed a bright green color, and, though less disturbed, its surface was still in commotion—a portion remaining dark and gloomy, while from the remainder the fading light was renewed by a thousand spray-tipped waves. Of the grandeur and sublimity, or even of the beauty of the ocean, I had hitherto seen but little. In the enthusiasm of the moment, therefore, I felt that the spectacle then presented, would compensate for the perils and inconveniences of a voyage across the Atlantic, and atone for the paying of "that tribute which Neptune exacts from all who trespass upon his domains;" that malady, whose victim, in feebleness of body and weariness of mind, would almost desire to terminate at once his voyage of life by plunging beneath the waves.

During the long twilight and the quiet evening that ensued, our vessel dashed through a swelling sea, which, as it broke into foam upon either side, became perfectly luminous, glowing with phosphorescent light. Upon that liquid, moving element, from the centre of which the vessel, although constantly in motion, seemed never to advance—the stars shone forth with a glory which I never before so fully comprehended, and never did I more gladly recall the language of poetic inspiration:—

"Those burning stars!—What are they? I have dreamed
That they were blossoms on the tree of life;
Or glory flung back from the mighty wings
Of God's archangels; or that yon blue sky,
With all its gorgeous blazonry of stars,
Was but a banner waving on the winds
From the far wall of Heaven! And I have sat
And drank their gush of glory, till I felt
Their flash electric trembling with a deep
And strong vibration down the living wire
Of chainless passion; and my every pulse
Was beating high, as if a spring were there
To lift me up where I might ever roam
'Mid the unfathomed vastness of the sky,
And dwell with those high stars, and see their light
Poured down upon the blessed earth, like dew
From the bright urns of naiads.
"Beautiful stars!
What are ye? There is in my heart of hearts
A fount, that heaves beneath you like the deep
Beneath the glories of the midnight moon.
And list! your music-tones are floating now
Around me like an element—so low,
So wildly beautiful, I almost deem
That ye are there the living harp of God,
And wake such tones of mystic minstrelsy,
As well might wander down to this dim world
To fashion dreams of Heaven! Peel on! peel on!
Nature's high anthem!—for my life has caught
A portion of your purity and power,
And seems but as a sweet and holy tone
Of wild star music.
"Blessed, blessed things!
Ye are in Heaven, and I on earth! My soul,
Even with a whirlwind's rush, may wander off
To your immortal realms, but it must fall,
Like your own ancient pleiad, from its height,
To dim its new-caught glories in the dust!
This earth is very beautiful! I love
Its wilderness of spring-flowers, its bright clouds,
The majesty of mountains, and the wild
Magnificence of ocean; for they come
Like visions o'er my heart. But when I look
On your unfading loveliness, I feel
Like a lost infant gazing on its home,
And weep to die, and come where ye repose
Upon yon boundless heaven, like parted souls
On an eternity of blessedness!"

Early in the following morning, land was discernible at a distance, which caused it to resemble a light cloud in the horizon. Soon, however, we passed that land of plenteousness and garden of beauty—the Isle of Wight—and obtained a view of Beechy Head, a chalky headland, which, like similar points on the southern coast of England, is slowly crumbling away and falling into the sea. White cliffs, here, rise to a great height above the water in well-defined lines, not much unlike the palisades of the Hudson. From these cliffs, green hills extend backward in long ranges, and beyond us, on the beech, lies the ancient town of Hastings, which, with its modern district of St. Leonard's, is surrounded by hills on which countless windmills whirl their busy arms. As we ascend the channel, the new erections of the town are first brought to view. They consist of extensive buildings amply provided with porticos and verandahs, and their beauty is unmarred by the gorgeous colors which distinguish so many American cities. The town of Hastings proper, has many ancient buildings clustered together, of which little could be seen except the old-fashioned, red tiles, constituting the roof.

Chalk cliffs are discernible almost everywhere upon this coast, and scarcely disappear when we reach the Thames. The sea has washed away immense quantities of this peculiar formation, which in many places has formed those shoals that render the navigation of the English Channel more perilous than the crossing of the Atlantic. The most dangerous quicksands in the world, perhaps, are those existing in this neighborhood, and which, about the time of William the Conquerer, constituted the lands of the Earl of Goodwin. Since that period they have gradually crumbled away, and formed a quicksand, which in some places becomes a shoal at ebb tide; but during many centuries, a great portion has been entirely covered by the sea.

Digitized by Google

I would advice no misanthropic person to venture upon the ocean. Day after day to look upon a quiet sea, where the horizon is unbroken by a single object, where the sky is ever lowering, though no change of cloud appears—where the progress of the vessel is indicated by an unceasing monotony of sound: such a situation would tend to develope selfishness and strengthen bitterness of feeling. These circumstances, too, would render it inexpedient to go forth upon the ocean with a heart oppressed by reasonable or natural sources of grief. Seclusion from the world, stillness and solitude, would be at first exceedingly welcome, but the condition of inquietude that characterizes even the calmest sea, would promote a feeling of restlessness from which there could be no escape, and the low tone that comes with each swell of the ocean, would seem like a requiem for departed hopes. Yet often upon the ocean, removed from the excitements and allurements of ordinary life, and from the unnatural tension to which the faculties are subjected by the requirements of professional duties, or the interests of anticipated personal aggrandizement, the asperities of the roughest natures are removed—the energies of the dull and cold are quickened into noble exertion. And, here, the contemplative spirit, if sanguine and hopeful, may find ample opportunity for beneficial meditation; "from the earth as from a barrier," may go forth upon that journeying in which the speed of suns and planets is surpassed—where glimpses are obtained of a glory and a happiness that irradiate vistas still untraversed, through which the angel of thought directs the way.

THE PEARLY GATES AJAR.

I gazed down life's dark labyrinth
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue,
And wild as wild could be:
And as we gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men—
By his deep spirit lovliness,
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest;
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way,
And all around the blue above,
The clustering starlight lay;
And easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day.

So hand in hand we trod the wild,
My angel love and I—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky—
Strange my dull thoughts could not divine
'Twas lifted but to fly!

Again, down life's dark labyrinth,
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky
Black hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly in my tangled path
The sharp, thick thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
The goal cannot be far,
And ever through the rifted clouds
Shines out one steady star—
For, when my guide went up, *he left*
The pearly gates ajar.

Fanny Forrester.

TEACH CHILDREN TO HELP THEMSELVES.

The thoughtless mother who hourly yields to the requests, "Mamma, tie my pinafore," "Mamma, button my shoe," and the like, cannot be persuaded that each of these concessions is detrimental; but the wise spectator sees that if this policy be long pursued, and be extended to other things, it will end in hopeless despondency. The teacher of the old school, who showed his pupil the way out of every difficulty, did not perceive that he was generating an attitude of mind greatly militating against success in life. Taught by Pestalozzi, however, the modern instructor induces the pupil to solve the difficulties himself; believing that in so doing he is preparing him to meet the difficulties which, when he goes into the world, there will be no one to help him through; and finds confirmation for this belief, in the fact that a great portion of the most successful men are self-made.

Digitized by Google

IDYL.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER IV.

The Child's New Home.

www.libook.com.cn

The residence of the proud Colonel Brent was a palace of ease and luxury. When, therefore, the child opened his eyes in the morning, upon splendors that bewildered and charmed him—when he saw the dark, French face of his new nurse bending above him, and gazing about for his mother's poor bed, and angelic face, saw, instead, a fairy couch opposite his own, on which sat a beautiful little girl, with lustrous eyes, looking warily towards him—he remained for some moments in a maze of bewilderment, and then began to cry lustily for mamma and Hannah.

Hours passed before he was reconciled to his new home, but the vivacity of his little foster-sister, together with her charming playthings, soon wore off the too vivid remembrance of his late surroundings.

Gradually, after weeks had gone by, he became accustomed to luxuries, and learned, in a measure, to love his new nurse. The colonel took great pride in showing off his children, and watched, with secret satisfaction, the growing importance of his little charge; his love of power, his lordly manner, and, above all, his grace and beauty. The two children, when they rode out with Madam Dupont, or walked on the fashionable promenades, excited the livliest admiration.

"God bless them," said a clerical-looking gentleman, one sweet morning.

Kate turned her sparkling eyes towards little George, saying, in her infantile accents—"there ain't any God, is there?" And in this belief were these two immortal souls to be educated. They were to be model children—to make model men and women; they were to show to the world that mankind might be upright and virtuous without the restraining power of a higher principle, emanating from the true worship of the true God. They were to grow up together, to assimilate in taste, in habits, in education; they were to love each other, to wed each other, to be, in short, specimens of man's creative power; perfect in feature, in health, in character.

Each day was one of recreation and pleasure: the Sabbath eminently so. Colonel Brent had built a Sunday bowling saloon, and on that day his choicest friends assembled with him to join in his sports, drink his wines, and praise his beautiful children. George and Kate were never carried to church; they knew that great houses were built for worship, but they were told that sanctimonious hypocrites attended, that religion was all a farce, and taught to shun the ministers of Christ. In all that splendid mansion there was no Bible, no book, even, that met the wants of their spiritual natures. Their nurse fed them daily with Voltaire and Rosseau. They knew no want unsatisfied; pleasure palled, in its excess, upon their senses. George was exceedingly clever, and mastered his lessons with ease and rapidity; Kate was destined to shine as a musical amateur. The two were never separated, even their little quarrels seemed to bring them in closer companionship, they were so dependent upon each other.

CHAPTER V.

Idyl.

One glorious day in early spring, when the children were seven years old, they sauntered from the conservatory into the handsome garden grounds, and there George, impelled by a random thought, climbed upon the grape-vine trellis, till he over-topped the high wall that looked into a neighbor's precincts. There he sat, triumphant, till, gazing down, suddenly his attention became transfixed, and he would not even answer Kate's eager questions, as she stood at the foot of the vine, her brown locks blown over neck and brow in sweet confusion.

"What did you see there?" asked the latter, impatiently, when he had descended.

"O! a beautiful little girl, with long, yellow hair, and blue eyes—*so* beautiful!"

"Was she prettier than me?" interrogated Kate, smoothing her locks back, and laughing in his face, till her brilliant eyes and teeth, and shining ivory complexion glistened like so many gems.

"Yes—no—I don't know; she smiled at me, and held up her little white apron full of flowers. Then a woman came out, who, I guess, is the little girl's nurse; a tall, dark woman, uglier than our madam—but just as soon as ever she looked at me, she cried, and said, 'God bless him for his mother's sake.'"

"Let us ask nurse if the little girl may come in here and play with us," said Kate; "wouldn't it be nice? I wonder what her name is?"

"Her nurse called her Idyl—'come, Idyl'—she said, 'it's the first time you've been out, and you will get cold.'"

"What did the nurse say to you? Tell it again."

"'God bless him for his mother's sake,'" repeated George.

"Who was your mother?" persisted Kate.

"I don't know, except she was my uncle's sister; and she was very pale, and pretty, and sick, I guess—oh! Kate! Kate! I have just found out who that woman was. It was Hannah; my own, old nurse, Hannah! It came to me just now," he cried eagerly, his cheeks flushed, his eyes sparkled. "Uncle says mamma died the night he took me away—but he wouldn't tell why Hannah didn't come. I'll ask him."

Digitized by Google

At dinner the little fellow narrated his adventure, and was rebuked into silence by his uncle's angry denial that any overtures should be made towards the little stranger. He forbade him to see her again, and on pain of his displeasure, ever to speak with her. Her father, he said, was a cursed hypocrite, who believed in white robes and a seventh heaven; all this he did not say to the children, direct—but to his friends, who sneered with him, and united in defaming the character of a man whose purity and spotless life was a silent, but powerful rebuke to the whole irreligious neighborhood. The boy was silenced, not convinced. Guided by no principle but his own selfishness, he decided, in his own mind, that he would see the pretty child whenever he pleased, and so he found means to do. Hannah unconsciously aided him in his deception. Loving him with almost the love of a parent, she found many opportunities of speaking to him, and petting him, telling him many sweet things about his mother; and sorrowful it made her, to see how the young mind was, even so early, perverted by the lessons of his atheist uncle.

At last Kate became sick, during the summer months, and was ordered into the country. Young master George had his own particular reasons for not wishing to go, and as little Kate was feverish, and seemed fretted at his presence, moreover, as the doctor predicted a contageous disease, he was left at home with Madam Dupont, and Colonel Brent himself accompanied the little girl, intending to return as soon as he saw her comfortably settled in his beautiful summer residence.

After he was gone, Madam Dupont did not trouble herself much about her charge. She received company, drank a great deal of wine, and read novels, content if the boy would only keep out of her sight, and at the same time out of mischief. Therefore, she was very glad to encourage his visits into the next door neighbor's, for, somehow, she had gleaned from the children enough about Hannah, to satisfy her that he would be safe in her company.

"Come in and see the beautiful presents our little Idyl has had sent her across the sea," said Hannah, one day, beckoning him from the open window of the nursery. He needed but an invitation to bound within, and in a moment he stood beside the happy child. The little table on which usually stood her books, was covered with costly gifts, and a beautiful wax doll, that could open and shut its eyes, sat in a tiny chair that seemed as if it had been expressly made for it. Idyl herself was in raptures. A rich crimson overspread her fair cheeks, and her soft hair fell shiningly over her milk-white bosom; and her clear, deep, loving eyes were so full of that spiritual expression, that makes childhood so angelic, that the enthusiastic boy stood looking, wondering, though he knew it not, at her exceeding beauty. At last the pure creature went to a little couch, and falling on her knees, exclaimed audibly:

"Dear, good Lord, I thank thee for all these pretty things."

"What is she doing?" asked George, turning to Hannah.

"O, my dear child! don't you know?" cried the good creature, distressed at the question—"she is thanking God for the presents; her father has taught her so."

"He didn't give them to her," exclaimed the boy, a sneer darkening his fine features; "you told me her uncle sent them from England."

"O! but, my child—oh! that his mother were but living—he would never have said that," cried Hannah, beginning to weep. "My dear boy, all our good gifts come from the Lord. Don't you know, He put it into her uncle's heart to be loving and kind, and to think of sweet, little Idyl there, and so send her presents. Oh! my boy, my dear boy!"

"I don't believe such nonsense," said the little fellow, pompously, imitating his uncle's manner; "uncle teaches me not to."

"O! my boy, you will break my heart; besides, don't let little Idyl hear you say such things; she is a good little Christian, and prays night and morning. What shall I do? What *shall* I say to you?"

The boy was touched by her distress, and hung his head, childishly. Hannah, wiping her eyes, hurried from the room, and returning soon, she brought a little package, tightly enveloped. She carefully undid its folds, and there came to light a small miniature, without glass or case, an exceedingly rare picture. This she held as if it were sacred, and speaking in low, awe-struck tones, she called the boy up to her, saying: "Look, this was your mother. I didn't mean to tell you of it, for fear the Colonel might, some way, find it out; but your own dear mother gave it to me; and when you are a young man, the day you are twenty-one, I must give you a letter that she wrote, not a great while after you were born, thinking, poor, sweet creature, that she should not live to bring you up. O! I remember that night your uncle took you away, just five years next September. It was an awful gale, and there sat I, till morning came again, in the dark—hearing voices, but never moving, for I was dull with sorrow; it seemed as if my brain had been struck, and was grown numb with the blow. And there laid your sweet mother—look at her!" Hannah paused, holding forth the lovely face, while little George, a new chord touched in his childish heart, gazed earnestly at the pictured face, his defiant manner wholly subdued.

"And it rained all next day at the funeral," continued Hannah; "but I went through it, though I thought it would kill me, when the Colonel, your uncle, never asked me from the carriage, to look upon the face of my darling before they hid it in the ground."

"She was a pretty mother," murmured the boy.

"Pretty—that was the least of her beauties—she was good. And when she was dying—(you don't know anything about death)—but when she was in great suffering, she was praying to that same God that little Idyl prays to, for you."

Digitized by Google

"Did *my* mother pray to *Him?*" asked the child, in astonishment.

"Yes, that you might be good and holy, and grow up to make the people about you better"—and then the faithful woman told him all she said—it was sowing good seed into rich, but neglected soil; it might bear fruit—years would tell. He could hardly understand why the mother should love, and the brother hate, God. It puzzled him, but then Hannah told him to ask no questions of the Colonel, or madam, because they would find means to prevent her seeing him—she did not know he had already been denied that boon.

The angel-child, little Idyl, attracted the boy so, that he dared to break through the command of his uncle. He loved to gaze upon those transparent temples, to make the silken ripples of her hair wave and dance upon her shoulders.

The bright, willful Kate recovered, and came home; but her beauty and her brilliancy could not win the boy-worshipper from Idyl. The years sped on, giving him breadth and stature, making the saucy Kate more bewitching, imparting to the lovely Idyl a tenderer depth of expression, a spiritual beauty, while a more heavenly meaning slumbered in those calm, clear eyes. The children, foster-brother and sister, were still together, and, as yet, all in all to each other, with the exception of that dreamy love, still unmasked, which lay deep in the heart of the handsome boy. Years had confirmed him in the soul-destroying belief of his uncle. All his masters had been chosen from unprincipled men—men who, outwardly, were very fair and circumspect, but who were open scoffers and revilers of all that was lovely and of good repute. On the occasion of Kate's eighteenth birth-day, the Colonel gave a party that far surpassed, in splendor, any that had been attempted for years. The grounds were transformed into pleasure-gardens, beautiful as the day-dreams of a poet. Kate, triumphant in her peerless loveliness, shone a new and wondrous star. "Whence came this divinity?" asked the astonished guests. "Why had she been kept thus in seclusion all her life—who should worship before so glorious a shrine?" Radiant as she was, the beautiful girl kept an uneasy eye on George, who, stately as his uncle, almost as tall, and a great deal handsomer and more graceful than even the elegant Colonel Brent, moved with a proud step amid the brilliant throngs, and hovered near that part of the room where sat the pure and spiritual Idyl, robed in white and pearls, her wealth of hair falling loosely over a snowy neck, her eyes still full of that mysterious sweetness that draws the beholder, so that he would fain live in their dear enthrallment, their heavenly captivity. More than once the regal Kate started, and a lava-tide mounted to her cheek, and burnt hotly on her forehead, as she saw his abstracted gaze wandering after the lovely girl; and a strange, wild, tumultuous feeling swelled her heart, till the satin boddice she wore seemed a band of iron. Passionate in nature, and loving her foster-brother with idolatry, she could not brook that he should even *look* on one beside herself; and ever since the time that her boy-friend had climbed the trellis, and first seen their fair little neighbor, Idyl had been a theme of eulogy on one part, and dislike and jealousy on the other.

CHAPTER VI.

The Vision.

"And how did my darling look to night," asked nurse Hannah, combing out the long, amber ringlets of Idyl, who sat, not fatigued, but lost in thought—her delicately rounded chin resting upon her hand, her eyes softly veiled, and wandering absently over the rich carpet.

"You mean Mr. Brent? Oh! he looked very well," replied Idyl, her manner a little startled.

"Very well! why, how coldly you speak of him! didn't he look like a prince, now, or a king, or some such great personage? O! his mother was so beautiful!"

"Yes, he is handsome," murmured Idyl, with a slight blush, "very handsome. What a lovely couple they are, Miss Kate and Mr. Brent. They will be married sometime, I suppose," she murmured, turning her face a little from the light.

"Nonsense!" said Hannah, almost sharply, twisting the golden coil firmly around Idyl's head. "They have been brother and sister, they will never be more to each other."

"O, good Hannah! there you are mistaken," replied Idyl, nervously, her lips trembling a little. "I heard on every hand, last night, that they are intended for each other."

"I can't believe it," replied Hannah, folding her arms, and gazing steadily at her young mistress; "was he beside her all the time? and did he seem to feel uneasy when she was dancing and talking with others?"

"That is not the fashion, you know, Hannah," responded Idyl, smiling, "You cannot tell, at a party like that, who are married, and who are not—who are betrothed, and who are not; indeed, such make it a point to keep as separate as possible, as if there were a crime in the acknowledgement; but I heard they were to be married from the lips of Colonel Brent himself."

"And did *you* dance with him—did he pay you much attention?" asked Hannah, after a searching look.

A vivid crimson instantly mantled the cheeks of Idyl at this question. For a moment her eyes glittered, as if with tears, and then forcing a light laugh, she said: "Why, certainly, I danced with him, Hannah, and he did show me some very pleasant attentions, but no more than—than"—she could not say—no more than his gallantry led him to show to others, for she felt, in her inmost heart, that he was attracted oftener towards her, than to any one else in the room, and her pure lips had never closed upon an untruth. She had seen the jealous glances of the splendid Kate, and the tell-tale flushes, the mocking laugh, that betrayed the bitterness of her spirit.

Digitized by Google

Hannah made as if she would bustle about a little, that she might hide the fair girl's confusion; then taking a light, and smiling to herself, she left the room in a reverie.

An hour passed, and Idyl had not yet sought her couch. The bronze swinging lamp over her head, gave an almost supernatural light and delicacy of outline to her pale, sweet features, and her far-away glance told that her heart was communing with some spiritual guest.

She had been recalling every look and gesture of George Brent, and her pulses beat with wild rapture at the thought that perhaps he loved her. She knew nothing of his atheistical notions—she was aware, indeed, that the old colonel cared neither for God nor man; but had not his nephew, for months back, regularly taken a seat in the little chapel where her father and herself worshipped? And he had listened with so much apparent interest, his fine eyes sparkling, his face all soul, his expression all intellect, that too often her thoughts wandered from the Maker she worshipped, to him. She was thinking of all this. Men had said he was a wild, gay, thoughtless fellow, but noble withal, and generous. She little thought that those fiery, denunciating essays, that fascinated, yet horrified her, while they deliberately tore away, nerve by nerve, all the etherial elements of her beloved pastor's theories, were written by this same daring spirit; that he only sought the tabernacle of her belief to destroy it.

Thus she sat, lost in her own delicious contemplations, when, suddenly, a vision of Kate, despairing, hollow-eyed, her hair hanging in dishevelled rings about her shoulders, her boddice open, her cheeks pale, appeared at her chamber door. Almost shrieking, Idyl sprang from her seat to fly; but the figure stretched forth its hands, crying—"stay! stay! I have something to ask you, and upon your answer depends my life or death!"

Idyl stood transfixed, almost, at this passionate appeal. The color left her cheeks and forehead, and she trembled like a leaf, as she murmured—"how did you get here?"

"I bribed one of the servants to leave the door open through which George used to come when he was a child," said Kate, throwing her hair wildly back; "and I am here to plead for my very, very life," she added, with strange voice and glittering eyes, as she drew near the shrinking Idyl. "George and I parted to-night with harsh words, and you were the cause. O! Idyl, I am very proud, but for this boon, I could even go on my knees to you. You have a God whom you love and worship, I have none—know none but him, George Brent—*he* is my God—nay, start not so wildly, I have been taught thus, and I cannot help it. I repeat—you have a God to love and worship—I have none. If you take my idol from me, I must die."

"What *have* I done? what shall I do?" cried Idyl, frightened, and full of pity for the rash girl before her. "I have not robbed you—I would not injure you for the world."

"But George—if he sees you, he loves you. There is something so pure and beautiful about you—I know there is, for I see it, I feel it myself—something so strangely fascinating, that he will lose his heart wholly, that I hold in part. O, Idyl! do not see him—frown upon him; you cannot love him as I do; you have not drank in the light of his eyes, and the honey of his lips every day, for eighteen long years, as I have; you have not watched for his coming more anxiously than the poor prisoner longs for the day; you have not leaned upon his strong arm, and shared his thoughts, as I have, almost hourly; you have not studied with him, sported by his side, read from the same book, eat at the same table, till the two, separate lives seemed one in aim and purpose. Oh! Idyl, Idyl! If you do not discourage him, I must die! I will not live—see here;" and she held up a small vial, and her smile was awfully haggard for one so young and beautiful—"see—it is poison."

"O! unhappy girl!" cried Idyl, shuddering; "have you no faith—no religion? Would you dare destroy yourself?"

"To-night—before you, if *that* hope were denied me," said Kate, with a dry, hard voice; "if I lose him, I lose all. I have no other stay—no other support—no faith, nor hope, nor desire; what would life be worth?"

"Then live," murmured Idyl, her almost holy eyes lifted reverently upward. "*My* soul is anchored, I trust, where no earthly love can disturb it. God would console me for the loss of a thousand friends; rather would I lose all that earth can give, than lose his love. *I* have hopes of a glorious immortality—you have none; truly, what *would* support you under so dreadful a sorrow? Besides, if you deny God, he will deny you before all his angels, for He has said it, and therefore you need all the consolations, all the blessings, that earth can afford. I will not stand in your light, I will not even see or speak to him, and he will soon forget, if, indeed, he has ever thought of me. You have my solemn promise."

"O! God bless you!" exclaimed Kate, impulsively.

"How can you call blessings from one whom you have denied?" asked Idyl, her grave young face looking rebuke as an angel's might, and Kate shrunk abashed from her presence, feeling that she was in the audience of one far superior to herself, and even whose christian gesture awed and silenced her profaning tongue.

And Idyl, once more alone, knelt before her Maker, and prayed—oh! how earnestly—for strength to conquer this earthly love, which now rushed over her senses with a new power, since it must be denied. Long she knelt there in communion with her God, weeping softly and sorrowfully, till, at last, a light appeared to break over her sweet face, a smile struggled through the tears, a voice that only the spirit can recognize from its mysterious depths, had whispered "peace;" and while Kate tossed upon her luxurious couch, full of burning thoughts and selfish resolves, the young disciple slept with the stamp of God's rest upon her brow.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

Digitized by Google

BIRDIE BLAKE;

OR

OUR FIRST PASTOR AND HIS FAMILY.

BY EMMA LINLEY.

www.libtool.com.cn

I number among my earliest recollections, the building of the first church in the now populous village of Rosedale. More dimly, I remember some of the different candidates, who then presented themselves, hoping for the privilege of laboring among us to save souls.

Mr. P——, who came first, was a middle-aged bachelor. He was affable, good-natured, and—shall I say it?—indolent. All liked him; but he was neither dignified, nor energetic enough to be thought of as our settled pastor. Then came Mr. L——, almost the opposite of his predecessor in some respects. He bustled about the parish with an air of childish eagerness. This improvement must be made, and that, and the other. I am not sure how far he might have led the good people, had they consented to follow him. But he was pronounced too zealous to be agreeable. Next, Mr. C. was favored with an opportunity for trying to please the society. He was an earnest christian, and for a time it was hoped that a shepherd was found for the little flock; but alas! he was too *poor* to preach of Him, who "had not where to lay his head." He had been so very improvident (?) as to burden himself with a large family, without other means of support than his labor. All liked his preaching, but it seemed to the wise ones of Rosedale a preposterous thing to think of burdening their thriving, young society with his wants. He went, therefore. Another and another came; but I will not stop to particularize: the society was not accustomed to acting as a unit, and it was a difficult one to please.

At length, some of the influential members began to see that the church was loosing ground by this mode of proceeding. About this time, Edward Blake came among us. I cannot say that he was wholly free from all the faults which had been imputed to his predecessors; but it was unanimously decided to give him a call. He accepted it. We soon learned to love him, and, when he returned to his native village to bring from thence his bride, there was scarcly a person in his parish, who was not anxious to do something to add to the comfort or beauty of the parsonage.

Mr. Blake was our first pastor, worthy all our love and pride; and we were enthusiastic in our regard for him. His wife appeared as good as he, even to our partial eyes. She was delicately beautiful. But it was not for that we loved her. She was so kind, so ever considerate of the comfort of those about her: so ready to leave her pleasant home, in all weathers, to visit the poor and suffering, that all considered her as a very model of a country pastor's wife. Three years passed thus. Never were pastor and people more united; never was church more flourishing. I have sometimes feared that we idolized the preacher too much. Old and young vied with each other in showing respect to him; but he was taken from us.

A violent fever seized him, and, on the fifth day, he died. Ah! how sudden was the blow. Every one mourned; for each had lost a dear friend. But each was ready to forget his own grief in wishes to console the poor, heart-broken wife. She had but lately realized the deep happiness of a mother's love, and such grief, so rudely jarring on her bright hopes, was too much for her delicate organization. She never was herself again, yet she was scarcely less lovable as the gentle, half-crazed widow, than she had been in her brighter days. Indeed, I loved her better now that pity mingled with my love, and I was not alone in my admiration of her. Our parents and friends shook their heads, and talked gravely of her idiosyncrasies, but my young companions and myself looked upon her as too pure and holy for aught of criticism.

One of her insane ideas had prompted her to name her sweet baby, Birdie, and she would not hear of her being provided with any other name. "Her father had wings—I never realized it—no; wo to me!—I did not think of them, till he flew away, and left me! His baby, too, has the wings—she will fly from me some day, and if I am good—O, so good!—like him, our good All-father will give me wings too, and I shall go to live with them. I hope he will let me keep this little Birdie for a long time, to help me to be good—for she does help me every day. If she should fly away, I could not remember that I must be cheerful to get pure wings, like his and hers. I should forget, too, that Jesus has told us to take no anxious thought for the morrow. If Birdie were to go, I could not wait patiently for my wings; and if I should be so impatient as to get bad ones, O it would be so sad, so very sad!"

Thus would she talk at times, but not often. Usually, she was too much occupied for a casual observer to notice her insanity. Trying to be good, earnestly striving to do whatever would have pleased her noble husband, were the motives which made her never weary wherever christian charity found employment. To the bedside of the sick and dying, she carried a consolation peculiarly her own. To those in affliction she talked so earnestly of the good ever to be found in seeming evil, and spoke so inspiringly of the good All-father, who seemed very near to her, that her gentle lessons often melted hearts which had been as rocks to sterner teachings.

Digitized by Google

She was never sad, nor was she often gay; but sometimes, when she had collected about her a group of laughter-loving children, for a game with her and Birdie, her laugh was as gleeful as the merriest among them. It was a delight to each and all of the village children to be invited to the parsonage, and such invitations were even more frequent than they had been when Mr. Blake was living. But I, much as I enjoyed these social afternoons, prized still higher the pleasant intercourse, when I was her only visitor. It was at those times my heart most fully opened to her influence, and then, too, Birdie was always so charming. How very much I enjoyed those summer twilights in the arbor, and winter evenings in her cozy, little parlor. Ah! Mrs. Blake seemed to me a very angel in those days, and if I did gain some ideas not strictly orthodox from her teachings, I owe much of what is good in me to her influence.

Alas! a time came when she must leave us. Her father had been to Rosedale repeatedly, to endeavor to persuade her to return to her childhood's home; but her opposition had been so determined, and the mere effort to persuade her to leave the home of her happy married life seemed so to increase her insanity, that he had yielded to her. Now, the pastor who had succeeded Mr. Blake was about to marry, and her nice sense of propriety—which never left her—taught her that the time had come when another might take her duties, even as her husband's had been taken. It was a severe trial to her to leave the home which she had loved so dearly, and the duties to which her heart clung as the connecting link between her daily life, and the spirit of him who had gone before; but she did not shrink—for her mother was ill, and she felt that henceforth her duties would be in another sphere. She forgot no one in her leave-takings, and, with her intuitive tact in reading character, she did not fail to leave many an impressive word of parting counsel, among the youth of the village, of lasting power. So slight were the symptoms of her insanity, now that all sympathized with her deepest feelings, that no one noticed them.

That was a sad, sad day, which saw the departure of our first pastor's wife. We none of us realized how closely she had entwined herself about our hearts, till she was about to leave us. The scheme of supporting her even as we did our preacher, did not seem Quixotic to the younger portion of the society. We eagerly proposed it, but our fathers had worldly prudence as well as control of our *purse*-strings, and we were obliged to bid the dear ones farewell.

For a time after Mrs. Blake left, we heard from her frequently. She wrote long, interesting letters to one and another of her friends in Rosedale, telling us of the pleasure she found in ministering to the comforts of her invalid mother; but, gradually, those letters became more and more rare, till she had no correspondent among us. Then a report reached us that her father had removed from her native town, and none of us knew where they had gone.

Years flew by. Mrs. Blake and her sweet Birdie did not fall from the lofty pedestal in my memory, upon which my boyish love had placed them. I had learned to prize them among my ideal treasures—too pure and spiritual to be brought forward in ordinary conversation; but dreams to be cherished at twilight—idealities connecting my soul with a higher life. Of seeking for them I never thought, I hardly know why—perhaps it was because, as I had learned to know the world better, my brightest dreams had faded into dull realities. Certainly, I could not choose to yield these bright ideals for a less holy reality.

One Saturday eve, three summers ago, I arrived at a pleasant little village in western Massachusetts, where a kindly welcome was awaiting me, from an old college friend. The next morning, at church, my attention was attracted by a lovely young girl—beautiful, indeed, she was, as a poet's dream; but faultless as were every feature, one forgot all other beauty in seeing her soulful, spiritual eyes. How those eyes haunted me that day—they looked forth from my hymn-book and Bible—they seemed to speak to my very soul. There was something familiar in them; I had some glimmering recollection that they were not strangers to me. No wonder that I grew so abstracted as to challenge the notice of my friend. Upon his inquiring what had bewitched me, I candidly replied that I was not certain, but I believed it was the girl who sat in the side slip, nearly opposite us.

"Ah! our Birdie," said he; "I am not at all surprised."

Birdie! the name awakened memory, and solved the mystery. Familiar, indeed, had been those eyes, for they were very like her gentle-hearted mother's. In answer to my enquiries, my friend informed me that, upon the death of her parents, three years before, Mrs. Blake came to reside with her brother, the village lawyer. Her gentle, unobtrusive efforts to do good, seemed uncalled for, here, and, for a time, she was not as happy as usual, and brooded over the wild fancies of her brain so constantly, as to make her insanity more marked. Her fine, lady sister-in-law could not at all sympathise with her wish to use her talents, and, therefore, could not assist her.

At this juncture, though Birdie had seen but fifteen summers, her womanly nature led her to meet her mother's needs more fully than any other could have done. She projected a simple plan for a school, in which her mother could take such an interest, as should satisfy her craving to do good. "Beautiful has been the result," continued my friend; "our whole village has felt the pure, moral influence emanating from these two lowly-minded women. I know not which our young people idolize most, our beautiful, high-souled, carolling Birdie, or her gentle, angelic mother. Alas! that mother seems fast becoming the angel she so long has seemed. Consumption has fastened itself upon her, and she must, ere long, leave us; but her sick room is hallowed ground, and when she

Digitized by Google

walks about the village, as she still can do on the pleasant days, her ever ready, kindly greeting, and her hallowed, spiritual expression, make each, who meet her, more philanthropic, more ready to believe in the exceeding brightness of our unperverted moral nature. She still gathers her pupils about her, though Birdie takes most of the labor now. With her it is a labor of love, which she does not feel as a burden. She looks at the darker days in the future, when her mother's voice shall no longer gladden her heart, and the present is very bright to her. She has no sad views of death—she is almost willing even to lose the companionship of her much loved mother, since she cannot wish a longer imprisonment for that soul, which has been so many years laboring to secure its wings.

"Mrs. Blake herself, is fully conscious that she is about to leave earth, but to her the change is a joyful one, and she has a feeling, which is deemed a part of her insanity, that her Birdie can receive no harm, because, she has already the spirit wings. I acknowledge," said my friend, "that Mrs. Blake's insanity has often seemed to me better than most people's soundmindedness. She oftentimes talks wildly, I know, but never on practical subjects, and I have sometimes caught glimpses of a beautiful allegorical meaning in her wildest flights of fancy, which have led me to imagine that she sees a higher class of truths, which we, in our sensual blindness, cannot understand. She is not one who is easily led to receive the isms of the day. When modern Spiritualism was first talked of here, many thought it would give comfort to Mrs. Blake; but they were entirely mistaken. She had no patience with a doctrine which should so belittle the dead. That her noble, angel husband should forego the high privileges of his spirituality, to come back to earth, even to comfort her, she did not wish."

Much longer we talked of those who were so interesting to us both, but I cannot hope that my readers have a like interest, so I will make no further record.

I was impatient to call upon my old friends, but my host was so fearful that I might recall the past so vividly, as to harm the invalid, that he went on Monday morning to prepare her for my reception. Then I called—then was my ideal made beautifully, spiritually real. Mrs. Blake was the same as I had treasured her in my memory, only more etherialized; and Birdie, what can I say of Birdie, whom I had fondled, petted, and tossed in my arms, in those bright days "auld lang syne?" Suffice it to say, I did not wish to exchange the companionship of the lovely girl before me, for such a wee fairy as I remembered. Pleasant was our chat upon the days long gone by. Mrs. Blake retained an almost motherly interest in some of the youth then gathered about her, and I was not easily tired of responding to her questions.

Instead of following out my intention of leaving W—— in a couple of days, I made arrangements for remaining an indefinite period. It was not long before I determined to stay till I could win Birdie for my home, if such a thing were possible. I need not tell my doubts and fears, while I was impatiently striving to overcome that maidenly reserve, which, for a seemingly long time, stood between me and the perfect interchange of thought, which should win her love to me. Mrs. Blake seemed to view me almost as a long lost son, and I believe Birdie, in her universal philanthropy, would have willingly received me as a *brother;* but I did not wish the title. No day passed that I did not call upon them; for there was ever some little attention to be shown to the invalid, and each day I learned to love them better.

Very beautiful were Mrs. Blake's last days—holy, happy thoughts helped her to bear physical pain, and, though we sometimes wished that she would not so earnestly try to conceal all bodily suffering, lest it should give us pain, we were sure that a nature, in which the power of the soul was in such superiority to that of the body, would find it easy, as she seemed to do, to rise above such suffering.

When, at length, I had won the love of Birdie, and asked her mother's sanction to our union, she gave it gladly, with a trust in my power to make her darling happy, which I hardly dared feel myself; for her confidence was based upon her implicit reliance upon Him who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless. Afterwards, she gave us wise, motherly counsel for our happiness. Earnestly she wished us to strive to form such a union as should bless us through all eternity; and through our love for each other, she taught us the exceeding happiness of her life, even since her widowhood, because she had been ever looking forward to a reunion with him she loved. She readily acquiesced in my request for an immediate marriage; and that was a quiet, happy wedding, at which Birdie Blake became my own.

A few more days we were blessed by the hallowed influence of our mother, and then she left us. So triumphant was her departure, that much as we missed her gentle presence, we could never wish her back. She has gone from us, yet her influence still lives; ever shall we, in the hour of gladness, remember her constant cheerfulness and devotion to duty; and when bereavement shall come, her teaching shall lead us to look to Him who chasteneth us for our highest good.

Was she insane? I sometimes ask myself. It is a question each of my readers may answer for himself. I have not fully succeeded in sketching her character, if each does not see that she but acted her real character, and spoke her most secret thoughts and wildest fancies. Could any one do this at all times, in all society, without speedily losing his claim to sanity? Are there many among us who, ever acting forth their inner nature in this manner, would command universal love and respect, as she did? Insane she was often called, but I do not fear a hereditary taint in the little nestling who has already folded her wings in our nest; nor should I, if my Birdie constitutionally resembled her mother, instead of her father.

Digitized by Google

THE MERCHANT AND THE MILLER.

A TALE OF NORTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

www.libtool.com.cn

HAVE you ever sat, reader, when the autumn evenings were growing cool and long, by some glowing birch wood-fire in an old farm kitchen, among the mountains of New Hampshire? Those grand, old druidical mountains, about which the summer streams hang their silver necklaces, and over which the winter storms weave their garments of snow! Then, while the fire-flames dashed their yellow light over the great, brown rafters, and with every break of wind, the withered leaves rattled against the panes, have you listened to the story of some "old settler," whose memory reached back to the time when the bear and the wolf came down to the fields; and sometimes of an autumn morning the little children would go softly through the woods, to school, almost expecting to see a pair of wild glaring eyes among the bushes; and whispered how they had heard, the night before, of some neighbor's sheep-cote which had been broken into, and the blood-daggled grass had told the story next day.

Well, listening to just such tales, in the autumn evenings, we dreamed among those gray old mountains, the story we are about to tell you.

"I guess we shall have a raal warm day of it, to-morrow," said the widow Pease, as she stood a moment in the kitchen door of the old farm-house, at the close of an April day, some two score and a half of years ago; just as the sun was resting on the tops of the mountains that bounded the horizon. Sixty years' observation of the winds and clouds, had made Mrs. Pease a kind of weather oracle in the village; and the good woman prided herself no little upon her elemental foresight.

"Well, Letty," she continued, as she closed the door, and returned to her knitting and her chair by the fire-place, "I guess it'll be a first rate day to bile the sap. I'll tell Enoch and Cyrus to pile up the boughs to-night, and hang on the kettle, so you can have it all ready to kindle in the mornin'. You know they said the trees was runnin' briskly to-day, and they'd have two tubs full afore night."

"They didn't though, mother!" said Letty, pausing a moment in her work, for she was setting the supper-table. "Goody! I'm so glad, for I do love to have a sap boilin'."

Letitia Pease was the child of her mother's old age, and a daintier bit of nature's handiwork you have seldom looked upon. The next summer would count her twentieth, and her blue eyes were clear and bright as her New Hampshire skies, and the mountain winds had kindled a ruddy glow in her fair cheeks. She was rather short, but straight, with a finely-curved figure, and plump as health and a hearty appetite could make her.

For her character—she was a right down, good-hearted, light-spirited New England girl. That pretty little head of hers had been slightly turned by the flattery that sundry swains had poured into it; but considering that she was the handsomest girl in the village, and knew it, too, Letty conducted herself remarkably well. And perhaps, after all, it was not so much her fair face as it was the smiles that broke up from the warm fountains of her nature and always dimpled it, that won so many hearts towards her. She was not sentimental, or inclined to the blues. Alas! the damsels of fifty years ago had not so intimate an acquaintance with these matters as their descendants.

But now, reader, in order to do full penance for this latter remark, we just admit that, for one, we don't believe our grandmothers were any better than we are—not a bit!

Nicer pies and puddings they could indisputably make, thrifty housekeepers, faithful wives, and loving mothers they surely were, and for these things blessed be their memory! But, after all, spinning wheels alone cannot enlarge one's sympathies, or daily darning stockings enrich one's intellect; and instinct and habit narrowed down to the circle of their own families, the views and feelings of the women of the last century.

And the true woman of the present time has broader social sympathies and richer life; and although she must acknowledge that her first duties are in her home, she will not think they end there, as her grandmother did. *Knowledge, that is true to itself, expands the moral as well as the intellectual life; and the world hasn't gone backward with the substitution of botany for butter churns, and mathematics for milking pails!*

But to return to our heroine. When Enoch and Cyrus, two tall, sunburnt, but fine-looking, young farmers, came in to supper, they were full of a story which quite drove out all thoughts of the sap boiling from the head of widow Pease and her daughter.

Some terrible depredations had been committed the night before, on Squire Hubbard's sheep and lambs—the dog had been devoured, and two large bears had been seen prowling around Blueberry hill, just in the edge of the previous evening.

The young men were greatly excited, for a large party had been organized to go out that very evening to Squire Hubbard's, who lived in an adjoining town not more than ten miles off, for the purpose of destroying the wild animals, as it was apprehended their former success would stimulate them to fresh depredations. So, with that belligerent propensity which is so strong an element of Anglo-Saxon character, Cyrus and Enoch descanted glowingly on the best method

Digitized by Google

of surprising and dispatching the animals; while the mother and sister listened with the indefinable mixture of wonder, admiration, and terror, which woman always awards to manly courage and skill.

"But, dear me," said Letty, as she poured Cyrus' third glass of milk, "what if a bear should come round here some of these days! You know Elder Smith said he saw one on his farm last autumn. Oh, my! I believe it would take the breath straight out of my body to come across one of the creatures." And the rosy cheeks grew pale at the thought.

"Nonsense, sis!" said the hearty voice of Enoch, as he spread a double stratum of butter on his fourth slice of rye bread, "there's no sort a danger around here. Nobody in these parts was ever touched by one of them 'ere chaps. I reckon they're smart enough not to venture their heads far into *this* town. They wouldn't stay on long, if they did, that's sartin."

Now whether there was much philosophy in this speech or not, it had the effect of greatly quieting Letty's fears; though if Enoch had been called on to give his reason for exempting Berrygate from bear incursions, he could probably have found no better one than the propensity indigenous to human nature of supposing ourselves less liable to ill fortune than our neighbors.

Well, after supper the boys started off, in high spirits, duly equipped with rifles and long knives, receiving many solemn injunctions from their mother to look out that them critters didn't get hold of their skins, maternal warnings, which have a remarkable faculty of going in at one ear, and out at the other.

"I declare, Letty, we'd forgot all about that sap boiling!" suddenly remarked the widow to her daughter, who, having washed up the tea dishes, was busily smoothing down the wavy folds of her hair, at the little mirror on one side of the kitchen, while some pleasant thought was shyly dimpling round her ripe lips, and brightening through her blue eyes.

"So we have, and they havn't piled up any boughs. It's too bad, with such nice weather for boiling, and it's likely to set up and rain a week steady at this time of year.

"Supposin' you run down to the woods, and heap up some boughs to-night, Letty? The moon shines, so it's as bright as day. The boys could hang up the kettle early for you, you know, but they couldn't stay to do anything else, for they've got to be off by sunrise to see about them calves; and they won't be home before midnight, I reckon," concluded Mrs. Pease, with an oracular shake of her head.

"But I'm expecting company to-night, mother," answered Letty, with the rosy tinge widening and deepening through her cheek; "and it wouldn't be very polite to be off when they come."

"Well, it's likely you'd have time to get back afore they do, child. If it's any o' your beaux, I can send 'em out to the maples."

Now, if the truth must be told, Letty Pease had two admirers, for whom there had often, of late, been a severe struggle between her affections and her pride.

Jason Willams was a country merchant, a smart-looking young man, who had recently gone into business for himself. He was always dressed in broadcloth, stood behind the counter with the politest bow and smiles imaginable, and was voted at the winter singing school, the "greatest catch" in the town.

Then there was Seth Peters, the miller—away down in the silence of Letty's heart was a voice that plead for him as it never did for the merchant. Seth was certainly good-looking and intelligent, while a nobler heart never beat for the woman it loved; but then his bow wasn't to be compared with Jason's, and he wore blue gray overalls, which were dusted over with flour from Monday morning till Saturday night, except when he visited Letty. It was certainly a great contrast, and the girl felt it keenly (as any maiden of twenty would) when she rode past the old mill and saw its young owner in his powdered clothes, lifting up the great bags of wheat by the rope that dangled from the front window, or pouring the corn into the large trough, under which the great wheel plashed and groaned in the stream all day;—it was, as we said, a great contrast to go on a few rods farther to the new store, with its green shutters and large sign, and see Jason standing in the store, dressed better than the minister, and receive one of his inimitable bows.

Then it would be such a conquest, and all the girls would envy her so. She would be *Mrs. Williams, the merchant's wife!*" It sounded exceedingly well, and yet, when she thought of it, that low voice would rise up and speak for the miller again. Poor Letty! no wonder it was so severe a struggle between her affections and her pride.

She looked out of the window, and the full moon was shining down on the bare earth, and whitening the naked branches of the tall trees. The sweet, pensive light stole softly into the girl's heart, and drew her towards it.

"I guess I'll run down to the grove. If anybody comes, you can talk to 'em, mother, till I get back, for I won't be gone long," was her sudden conclusion.

The girl had not been absent for more than five minutes, when there was a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of Jason Williams. He took a seat by the great fire-place, and chatted a few moments with the old woman about the new meeting-house, and the prospects of an early spring, when suddenly there was another light tap at the door, and in answer to widow Pease's "come in," the miller made his appearance.

It was not so remarkable a coincidence, after all, that the young men should both visit Letty this evening, for it was bright enough with its balmy air, and large, round moon to woo any man to visit the woman of his seeking. Of course, the merchant and the miller could not have regarded each other with peculiarly complacent feelings; and probably each wished the other a thousand miles off, notwithstanding

Digitized by Google

they met quite as cordially as rivals could be expected to do.

But somehow the conversation lagged exceedingly, and at last Jason proposed to Seth that they should go down to the grove in search of Letty, to which the latter gladly consented.

She did look like a picture, as she knelt there, piling up the dead, old tree boughs, while the shadows and the moonbeams danced restlessly over her figure, as restless as they.

The young men came suddenly upon her, and she sprang up with a little shriek and a bounding of the blood into her cheeks—but her laugh, oh, that was like all sorts of sweet sounds, as it ran rippling off to the echoes of Blueberry hill!

"Well, you've come, and now I shall set you straight to work, young gentlemen," said the girl, with that dainty, fluttering motion of the head so natural to, and so graceful in some women.

"Of course you will. We're ready to obey orders, Letty" was the simultaneous respose of the young men; and the dainty merchant and the handsome miller set themselves vigorously to work; and the voices of the trio mingled loudly and merrily, as they piled up the branches of pine, and birch, and hemlock. Letty affirming that the sugar boiling was likely to be the easiest she ever tended, now all the trouble of gathering the fire-wood would be over.

"Hark! didn't you hear a strange kind of noise?" and Letty lifted her head suddenly, and stared eagery around her.

"It's nothing, Letty, only the sap dropping into the tubs," answered Jason, as he added a fresh handful of boughs to the rapidly increasing pile.

"No, it isn't the sap. There, I hear it again. It's a rustling among the branches."

They all heard it now; it was a strange, stealthy, mysterious sound, that, heard in the woods, and at night, is perhaps more startling than any other.

A faint shriek suddenly broke from Letty, which drew the gaze of both the young men to her. She was standing a few paces from them, her face white and rigid, as though death had struck suddenly at her heart. There was something in that stony face that chilled both the young men, and they sprang eagerly toward her, crying, "Letty! what is the matter?"

They saw what it was, then, and the faces of those two strong men grew white as the girl's; for there, peering out with their wild, glaring, hunger-lighted eyes, from the low underbrush, were two large bears, crouched down ready to spring upon them.

The young men's question broke the spell of horror which had transfixed Letty Pease. With a low shriek she sprang past her companions, and with a cry, fearful in its rage and hunger, the animals rushed out.

Jason Williams followed her, for the men had no weapons—those beasts were wild, savage, hunger-mad, and the love of life was strong within him—no wonder that he soon outstripped the girl, whose trembling limbs were a poor match against her pursuers.

It was a fearful race. They gained upon her in the first few rods. "God of Heaven, help her!" groaned the white lips of Seth Peters. And God heard that prayer, moaned out in that terrible agony. There gleamed out suddenly upon him, from among the gray tangled grass of the last year, a large axe, which Enoch had ground sharply, three days before, to make an incision in the maple trunks, and thrown down there in haste or forgetfulness.

Seth caught it up eagerly, and with a loud shout he bounded forward. Letty was nearly half across the lot, but it was not a large one, and in her blind terror she had taken a circuitous route, which the bears had followed, so the distance between Seth and them was only a few rods. He shouted to Letty to turn round into the meadow; it was strange that she heard him, but she did, and instinctively obeyed.

A run of a few yards, which the young man accomplished quicker than our pen has written it, brought Seth face to face with the wild animals. It required a stout heart to confront those two raging, ravening animals, but Seth Peters thought only that death was close to the woman that he loved!

A moment more and it had reached her. The hot breath of the beasts drifted almost across her flying feet, as the miller rushed by her; for in turning toward the meadow she had shortened the distance between him and herself; indeed, at the farthest it had been only a few rods. The foremost animal came up to the young man—the heavy paws were planted on his shoulder—now, Seth Peters, a stout arm and a brave heart will only avail you—the axe comes down heavily—it has done its work well! Do you see the bear sink back, with that growl of terror and of pain, while the hot blood gurgles up from its cleft throat!

Its mate sees all this, and with a responsive howl of fright and despair, rushes back to the woods, and Seth is safe!

"Letty! Letty! they are gone!" The voice swells loud and triumphant to the ear of the poor girl, who, still imagining the bears are pursuing her, rushes on wildly in the direction of her home! She pauses a moment. But that clear, strong, triumphant voice sends a new tide of hope bounding through her soul. She turns back. A few minutes later, and her white face steals up close to Seth's, as he stands there watching the last gasps of life heaving the huge black frame of the bear.

"Letty! let us thank God for this great deliverance."

They kneel down there together, and the sad moon and the sweet spring stars look on them, as the young miller's deep voice sends up its eloquent thanks to the All-Father!

But Letty's fair head droops lower and lower; and when Seth looks once more in her face, the blue eyes do not answer him. Poor Letty! the terror has been too great for her. No wonder she has fainted with the great joy of deliverance from death!

Suddenly across the fields breaks the sound of many voices. There is a quick stamping of

Digitized by Google

feet. Jason has given the alarm, and friends and neighbors are rushing wildly to the rescue. In less than five minutes they find the miller seated on the damp earth, with Letty lying senseless in his arms, and the dead bear at his feet!

Oh! but there were smiles and rejoicings that night at widow Pease's, where, but for the brave heart of Seth Peters, there had been wailing, despair, and death! It was long past midnight when Cyrus and Enoch returned; and somehow their faces did not look so bright as when they left, and they settled themselves down wearily by the fire, saying, "What, mother, up watching for us all this time! Well, we havn't killed the bear, after all!"

"No, but we have here, you see!" was the old woman's triumphant response; and then, to their ejaculations of doubt and surprise, the old lady detailed the whole story—indeed, she had sent off Letty to bed half an hour before, for the exclusive enjoyment of this pleasure. Cyrus and Enoch listened in amazed silence, and at the conclusion thus briefly and characteristically expressed their opinion of the miller's heroism: "Waal now, if that don't beat everything all hollow!"

Three days had passed! It was a wild, sobbing night, with one of those storms that furrow the sweet face of April with wind, and drench it with tears.

This time the miller and Letty Pease sat alone together, in the ruddy birch fire-light of the old kitchen, while the storm moaned and battled without.

"Well, Letty, how did you get on with the sugar-boiling?" asked the young man, drawing his chair a little nearer the girl's.

"Oh, nicely, I assure you, though I couldn't help starting and looking round every time the wind stirred the branches!" and Letty shuddered, for even in the dancing fire-light, she seemed to see again those wild eyes glaring upon her. "Oh, Seth! how can I ever be grateful enough to you for taking care of me then?"

The miller drew his chair still closer to hers, and his voice trembled in its deep tenderness as it answered, "I should like to take care of you always, Letty."

The girl must have forgotten at that moment how very nicely *Mrs. Williams, the merchant's wife*, sounded, for she laid her hand in that of Seth Peters, and the birch flames were not ruddier than her cheek, as she whispered, "*You may*, Seth"

And through all her happy after life, we are very certain Letty Pease never regretted marrying the *miller instead of the merchant.*

HONESTY AND TRUST.

The following pleasant anecdote is from "Glances and Glimpses," a new book by Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, who was once a teacher in Boston:—

A cousin of mine in Charleston, having passed away, it became proper that I should attend her funeral. It was school afternoon; I did not dismiss the scholars, and, as they disliked a monitor, I hit upon the following plan of leaving them. I placed in the chair the large, old-fashioned slate (it had been my father's,) wrote on it the name of the scholars in the order in which they sat: and arranged the needle-work and reading—for I always had some interesting work read aloud by some elder pupil every afternoon—and then said, "Now, children, when the clock strikes five, leave your seats orderly, go to my chair, and place on the slate, by each of your names, a *unit* for good behavior, and a cross for bad. When I return, I shall anxiously look at the slate, and in the morning, when you are assembled, I will read the list aloud, that every thing may be confirmed. But I *trust* in you!" On my return I visited the school-room, and found but one *cross* on the slate; and that where I least expected it, appended to the name of a beautiful, open, bright, brave child, who then promised much for the world—the fact of her having rich parents being her greatest drawback. She was the last child in the school I should have thought capable of any misconduct. Well, the next morning came; the list was read, it proved truthful; but when I came to this name, I said, "My dear child, you must explain; why is this?—what did you do?" Looking up to me with those soulful eyes, and speaking with a soulful tone, which ever made her an object of sacred interest, she replied, "I laughed aloud, I laughed more than once; I couldn't help it, because a *slate was keeping school!*"

Digitized by Google

IDA DE MAR.

BY MRS. M. S. WHITAKER.

Sweet Ida De Mar! we remember her yet, though the maiden is cold in her grave. Lovely as the spring daisies she loved, innocent as the smile that played about her beautiful lips, gentle as the wood doves she nursed, and gleesome as the wild bee of summer—why did she die so soon? But who are we, and what is our wisdom, that we should ask? Is not life filled with events, to us mysterious?

Ida, the child of love, reared in the lap of luxury, the cherished hope of proud hearts, the last representation of a lofty line—why did the skeleton king, armed with his unerring dart, pass so many humble and uncared for, and lay her low? There is mourning and a voice of weeping in lordly halls. Sad figures, clothed in funeral black, glide noiselessly along its wide corridors. A hearse stands ready at the gate, and mournfully its sable plumes wave in the sunny air. Deep in cold, dreary earth a grave is opened, and the young, the delicate, and the beautiful lies still and cheerless, a tenant of the tomb.

The night of a sorrowful day came down with its moon of mellow light, and its stars of trembling lustre. All was over. The last rites were performed, and, alone in her measureless grief, sat the lady mother of the dead, who had watched from her cradle this beloved daughter. She had noted, with pride unspeakable, the development of Ida's pure and lovely person. She beheld in her, not only the ornament of her noble house, but one destined to become the bride of greatness; for Ida was betrothed to one of England's princely earls, and ambition filled the heart of Lady De Mar. Disappointed that no son of hers should inherit the honors, and perpetuate the name so proudly borne by the De Mars, of ancient renown, she centered all her expectations in this only child, whom she had just seen consigned to the last home of all who live. Her thoughts wandered back to a period, a few months since, when her Ida bid fair for life. She remembered, too, that in constant association with young Albert Norman, Ida had spent the greater portion of her short life; that she had looked with a jealous eye on their friendship, and cut short their intercourse, by dismissing him from his uncle's house, and causing Lord De Mar, who was entirely under her influence, to obtain for the youth a foreign appointment in the East Indies; for Albert was poor, and she could not allow herself to think, for a moment, of his ever aspiring to the hand of her daughter. She recollected Ida's look of dismay, when informed that she must bid farewell forever to her cousin Albert, and how the amazed girl, looking wildly at her, exclaimed: "Mother, do not, oh! do not send poor Albert to that dreadful country. He cannot live there! he will surely die with no friend near! Mother, I shall never forget Albert; he is very dear to me! I will never be happy again!"

"But, my dear Ida," she replied; "Albert must seek his fortune somewhere, and we ought not to detain him here with nothing to do, at a time of life when most young men without expectations are in the field of honorable competition, and striving to secure a place amongst those who occupy some kind of station in society. As for you, my love, I trust you will be quite consoled, and far happier than you ever were. Sir Herbert is about to visit your father, and I must tell you, that this little hand of yours has long been promised to the knight. Yes, my dear, you will become the adored wife of a noble gentleman, and the whole world of fashion and amusement will be open to your enjoyment. My Ida will shine, a star of passing brightness, in the court of our soveriegn. Such is the distinction to which you were born, and so your mother will rejoice to behold you. Come, now, my darling, dry your tears, and welcome Sir Herbert as a daughter of our house, and his affianced bride should do."

She thought, bitterly, how poor Ida strove to obey her, and met Sir Herbert with a woful, wan smile; how the sweet maiden had uttered no complaint, and pursued the even tenor of her way, never renewing the subject, and only once saying, when the time for consummating the proposed union was named:

"Not yet, dearest mother, not now, I beseech you! I am young—I cannot leave you. Bear with your Ida a little while, and do not send her to share the splendor of Sir Herbert, and mingle with the gay world while she is but a petted child."

She had noted, too, the cold shiver that passed through Ida's frame, when the grim knight offered his hand, as ceremony sometimes required, and how her cheek had paled, and her eye had lost its brightness, since the day of Albert's departure. Conscience smote her; she arose and traversed the apartment to and fro. At last she stopped suddenly, but irresolutely, and seizing the silken bell-rope that depended from the wall, rang a loud peal, which brought a servant into the apartment in an instant.

"Call Margaret," said she; "Id—, I mean the nurse," stammered she, and the attempt to call her daughter's name brought tears to her eyes; but she endeavored to control her emotion, as old Margaret entered, looking the picture of woe, and stood deferentially before her.

"Sit down, good Peggy; I wish to speak a while with you;" and the proud woman bent her head, in bitterness of soul, while she continued:

"Peggy, you were ever much with her, what, think you, caused the slow decline, and sudden death of your young mistress? Was there any-

Digitized by Google

thing on her mind? Did she ever speak of aught that discomposed or annoyed her? Saw you her ever in tears? or have you any reason to suspect that there was a secret connected with her indisposition?"

"Madam," responded the old nurse, firmly, but respectfully; "are you my sweet child's mother, and do you ask me this? Alas, my lady! I thought you were well aware how her heart was knit to his who went away comfortless. Many a time and often has she wept on my bosom, and told me she should not live to marry Sir Herbert. 'I feel it here, Margaret,' said she. 'Poor Albert! I promised him this much long ago, for he warned me of that which was to be, but it cannot be, my dear Margaret. It were a foul crime in me to go to the altar with Sir Herbert, while my heart is far away in the sunny climes of the East, with Albert, my first and only love. Do not tell mamma anything. I know what she wishes. I know all she would say, and all my father would say, too. I am weak, and could not contend with them; indeed, if I was strong, I would not do it. I am aware of my duty to parents so kind. If heaven had only blest me with a brother, it might have been otherwise. I think, too, of unhappy Albert. He loves me, Peggy, better, a thousand times, than Sir Herbert can love me, and he is sent away to danger, perhaps to death, only because we love each other. Oh! Peggy, this is hard, very hard; but I never thought I should live long on this earth. I had always a feeling, when looking into the blue skies, that angels were beckoning me amidst white clouds. I seemed to hear soft, sweet music far off, and yearned for a country which I saw in my dreams. Do not cry, Margaret, I am not afraid to die. When I was a little child, and fell ill, and all of you were alarmed, and the doctor said my constitution was frail, and poor mamma sat for hours beside me, even then I felt a strong longing to depart. I shall go soon now, but pray let all pass. Mamma will never know how deeply I have grieved for poor Albert. Promise me, Margaret, if he should come home at some future day, that you will tell him I loved him to the last, and him only. Give him this little picture, he will remember it well; take the longest lock of hair you can select from my head, and put it aside with the picture; keep them carefully, my Margaret. They are all Ida has to bestow.'

"Then, my lady, she would sob in a way that almost broke my heart. Madam, your daughter is dead," said she, solemnly, "and regrets are idle; but ignorant and humble as I am, I would not have that young girl's fate on my heart for kingdoms. I loved her better than your ladyship wots of. I would have laid down my own life to save hers. And the dear lad, who should have been her husband, what better man in the wide world ought any one to desire, for a daughter, even like her, than he was? I never spoke before, and you commanded me to do so now—else were I still silent. You have the truth, and a lesson, it may be, that were better learned earlier, for my child's sake."

Lady De Mar waved her hand to Margaret, who departed. Again alone, she wept like a child, and morning found her in the same spot, a prey to self reproach, and terrible anguish. She refused, for many days, food and rest. The void created by Ida's death, was not to be filled, and Lord De Mar made his arrangements for a tour to the continent, hoping that change of scene might prove favorable to her failing health. The stricken father, wholly unaware of circumstances here narrated, bore his affliction with manly firmness, but felt not the less keenly a loss he knew could never be repaired. Their grand mansion was then abandoned; its old portraits and rich furniture moulded and faded; Ida's birds died, her flowers were overrun with weeds, and the garden became a desert. Lady De Mar would not return, and her lord indulged her wishes. So it often is, that those surrounded by all that heart can wish, have not the power to enjoy it.

There was seen a tall and queenlike woman, clad in deepest black, in other lands. She was where the high born and wealthy met; but her brow was furrowed, and the paleness of cankering grief blanched her cheek. When young maidens graced an assembly, she would look wistfully on them, and avert her eyes with a shudder. Then it was that Ida, the pride of her heart, the martyr of her ambition, stood before her, decked with celestial beauty, and robed in her winding sheet. All the gentle and loving things she once did, came fresh to the mother's memory. All she had suffered without complaint or remonstrance, was recalled, and she felt, most acutely, the force of that language the immortal bard quotes, as the lament of the Hebrew King for one he loved and slew:

"I swept that flower from Judah's stem,
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming."

What bitter memories were hers! and how heavy was her reckoning! It is a fearful thing to take the happiness of another into our keeping, even though that other be a child. There were a certain haughtiness and hardness about Lady De Mar, which, unfeminine and repulsive as such traits are, characterize some women, and these had repelled confidence on the part of her daughter, who regarded a decision made by her mother, as something from which there was no appeal.

Albert Norman left England with deep regret, as may be well imagined—for though he had no tie, save one, to bind him to its shore, yet that tie was a strong one. Ida was, to him, the beautiful embodiment of poetic dreams, the impersonation of all that is good and bright, and he loved her as those love, whose nature is one of enthusiasm and passionate earnestness. To a temper like his, action is necessary, and when his thoughts turned too mournfully to her, in the place of his sojourn, it was his habit to apply himself more eagerly to the business in which he was there engaged, and so drown useless sorrow. He was perfectly aware of the character and aims of his aunt; he knew the yielding disposition of Ida, and he strove to

Digitized by Google

think of her only as the great Sir Herbert's bride. Sometimes hope whispered that he himself, might be able, at a future day, to demand her on equal terms with her suitor, and this hope, faint as it was, became also an incentive to exertion. He did not appreciate the gentle Ida's love at its full value. He little dreamed that even then she had passed away forever, under the pressure of her first and last grief. Suffice it to say, that time sped on; he not only amassed considerable wealth, but distinguished himself in a way which attracted the attention of government at home. Honors were showered on him, and he embarked for England, no longer a friendless boy, but a man of high repute, and acknowledged abilities. How his heart rose, as the white cliffs of his native land met the eye of the wanderer! All intercourse had ceased between him and his relatives there, after his departure. Such was the will of the Lady De Mar; indeed, her ladyship was the only near relative he had living, except a sister, who had married early, and not very fortunately, in France. He asked no questions on landing; he saw none who knew him, and, in a tumult of uncertainty and apprehension, he proceeded at once to Lord De Mar's residence. He expected no repulse now, whether Ida was married or not. His aunt never slighted people others were proud to greet. It struck him, on alighting, that an air of neglect and gloom pervaded the place; and Ida—how forcibly every object brought her to his mind! There were the ancient elms, beneath whose shade he often walked with her in bygone days—there was the lawn, upon which they chased butterflies, and gathered daisies in early spring—the old garden chair—the summer house, all had a language of their own, and discoursed eloquently of early joys. Accosting Margaret, who had forgotten him, he asked, as his heart first prompted him, for Ida. The old woman started in unfeigned astonishment, and replied:

"It is strange, young sir, that you should question me about a dear child who died—heaven rest her soul—long ago. If you would learn more of Ida De Mar, you must seek an answer in the grave."

Albert fell back, like one struck down by an unexpected blow, and cold drops burst from his brow. Margaret, on seeking to assist him, for she was kind-hearted, at last recognized the stranger, who, partially recovered, stood as a statue of stone.

"Do not, Master Albert, take on so," resumed she. "Our young lady was an angel in this life, and she is one, I am sure, in the other world; but she loved you well, and bid me say so to you. I will speak further of her when you are able to bear it."

One night he tarried with the faithful nurse, and received, from her hands, the picture of his beloved Ida, and a long, silken tress of her golden hair. But he, too, felt as Lady De Mar had done, that the place was too much blent with her. The very country he had yearned after had become odious, and he quitted England a few days after.

We behold him, now, in a land whose associations are glorious. For some time, like another Harold, he traversed the classic ground where Rome, the wonderful, stands shorn of her splendor—the mother of the arts, once the empress of the world! There, amidst broked arches and prostrate columns, in the bland Italian air, and in view of the tideless sea, shone on by skies poets delight to sing of, he gave many tears to the memory of sweet Ida De Mar.

But youth is buoyant, and other prospects opened, and fresh hopes arose in his heart. Courted and caressed, he was, after a time, induced to mingle in society, and, amidst his new friends and associates, the family of Count Lavello soon won his regard. The Count himself was a man of letters, a delightful companion, and a gentleman of polished manners, and fine feeling. His Countess, a lady of lofty lineage and high fashion, was also very attractive; but the daughter, the all accomplished Julia, was the most charming of all.

Julia Lavello was beautiful beyond the power of description. Her form, though slight, was moulded in the most perfect manner. Graceful as an antelope, she trod with the step of a queen. Her hair was raven black, swept by silky waves, and falling in soft, bright clusters around a neck whose rare beauty equalled that of the famed statue of Venus herself. Her eyes were large and black as her jetty locks, yet were they soft, too, and, in their magic depths, one read the power of her intellect, the fervor of her spirit, and all the beautiful thoughts that glided in angel brightness across her mind. Then the level eyebrow, delicate and curved, was, at the same time, majestic and womanly. Her mouth was the very play-ground of the graces. They animated its smile, they deepened the dimples around it, and guarded its pensive repose. Every feature of that faultless face combined to render it not only surpassingly handsome, but touchingly lovely. The sweetness and melody of her voice, when uttering that language, itself so musical, delighted the ear. She was followed by admiring crowds, and looked coldly on many worshippers who vainly sought to render themselves acceptable; yet her color deepened, and her eyes grew more soft when the English stranger approached, whose evident melancholy she strove to soothe, and with whom she was ever ready to converse. No one, so often in the society of the peerless Julia as Albert was, could fail to perceive, not only her uncommon beauty, which was apparent to all, but the rare powers of her mind, and the strong, deep feelings of her heart. When she sang to him, which she often did, with skill and splendid execution, the songs of her country, he felt elevated by their harmony, and a sense of relief stole over him in her presence. He was flattered by her undisguised preference, and came, in time, to love her, not, indeed, as he had loved the gentle Ida, but well and truly; in short, there was an engagement entered into between this young couple. He told her the tale of his early passion, and they would sometimes talk together of Ida.

Digitized by Google

Albert was now a titled gentleman, and, consequently, Lord and Lady De Mar, though living near his residence, and often hearing of Lord Ashgill, never, for an instant, imagined that he was, in reality, the portionless orphan known only as Albert Norman, whom Lady De Mar, in her arrogance and pitiless ambition, had dispatched to the burning skies of the Eastern world, caring little for his fate, and only solicitous to banish from Ida's mind all remembrance of the poor boy. Count Lavello was an intimate friend of her ladyship, and as Julia's wedding was soon to be celebrated, the countess said to her one morning:

"My dear Lady De Mar, you are aware that Julia is about to assume those duties as a wife, which you and I undertook long since; and she makes it a special request that you will be present at the ceremony of her marriage. Lord Ashgill, too, is a countryman of your own, and it cannot fail being agreeable to him, that our English acquaintances should honor his nuptials with their presence. It is quite suitable and proper, and I add, myself, the desire of your attendance, as a token of your regard to me, personally."

So solicited, Lady De Mar knew not well how to decline, and answered coldly:

"I shall be there, though witnessing a wedding will cost me more than you can know. I have seen the marriage of one dearer than life —aye, I have seen Ida De Mar, the only child, and last hope of our house, wedded to the grave. But enough. I shall be there."

The glory of an Italian evening rested on hill and valley, when Count Lavello's palace was decked for a bridal. White flowers strewed the pathway of the expected bride. Old dowagers were there, whose snowy plumes and borrowed tresses marked the wrinkles of time on cheeks vainly roughed to hide his indelible marks. Proud nobles and stately maidens graced the bridal eve of Julia Lavello and Albert Norman. They came at last—the tall bridegroom, in ripened manhood, commandingly handsome, and the high-born bride, in rich array. A star glittered on his breast, the meed of daring courage, and indefatigable, honorable effort. She looked radiantly lovely in the soft, clear light of that aristocratic apartment. Her father smiled, and the countess gazed admiringly on her daughter, as the thin texture of her veil half revealed Julia's exquisite face, and unequalled form. Lord and Lady De Mar were there also. The features of Albert had been too painfully impressed upon her heart to be forgotten. One glance was enough, and told all. This, then, was the youth she had banished from his home, and driven into exile, because he was humble. Poor Ida! she died for his sake, and even he ceased to remember her. Though herself the cause of all that had happened, she felt outraged at his love for another. She could not bear it, and uttering a loud shriek, was borne half fainting from that brilliant throng. Then it was that Lord De Mar discovered, in the incoherent ravings of his wife, how it had fared with his only and well-beloved child.

"Ida," cried she, "forgive me, sweet daughter! It was I, oh, bereaved father—I, her own mother, who ruined the happiness of our darling Ida! Lord Ashgill is Albert Norman, for whose sake the fairest flower in England bent its head and died. Oh! my Lord, take me hence—the very air oppresses me—take me to our home, where she lies."

Another funeral, ere long, marched down the stately avenue of Castle De Mar, and the Lady of the mansion herself was born to the repose of the dead. The honors of the world, the pomp and display of rank, which she so highly prized, could attend her no further. There the noble and the peasant meet on equal terms, lie down together, and are forgotten.

LITTLE THINGS.

She said—"That few were too young, and none too humble to benefit their fellow-creatures in some way."—"*The Birth-Day Council*," by Mrs. Alaric A. Watts.

Do something for each other—
Though small the help may be;
There's comfort oft in little things—
Far more than others see!
It takes the sorrow from the eye,
It leaves the world less bare,
If but a friendly hand comes nigh,
When friendly hands are rare!
Then cheer the heart which toils each hour,
Yet finds it hard to live;
And though but little's in our power,
That little let us give.

We know not what the humblest hand,
If earnest, may achieve;
How many a sad anxiety
A trifle may relieve:
We reck not how the aged poor
Drag on from day to day;
When e'en the little that they need
Costs more than they can pay?
Then cheer the heart that toils each hour,
Yet finds it hard to live!
And though but little's in our power
That little let us give. —[*Charles Swain.*

Manchester, Jan. 15, 1856.

EPIGRAM.—DEATH.

Death is here—Death is there,
Death, we know, is everywhere;
But, if still the eye be clear,
And the spirit keeps its sphere,
Nothing doubting, free from fear,
Death is neither here nor there!

THERE IS no greater mistake than that into which many well-meaning people fall, namely, the taking violence to be strength.

Digitized by Google

RANDOM REVERIES.

BY MRS. E. JESSUP RAMES.

SUNSET AND TWILIGHT.

"Lay by that quaint old rhyme-book, Olivia, dear; come, before another shade has deepened this glorious sunset into grayer twilight; come, and enjoy reflection's favorite hour.

"While the golden haze is melting through the clear purple of the autumnal landscape, and the air is such a luxury to breathe, let us two forth, and enjoy the scene.

"Is it not beautiful, darling—grandly, gloriously beautiful? But a moment since, and yon clouds lay stretched along the horizon in perfect repose; now, they are moving and melting together, bathed in floods of gold, purple, and orange—violet, and deepest red; and what a world of bright images lies pictured on that superb sky. There are curling waves and ripples washing a floating island—there is a mass of snow-tipped rocks and mountains; while farther up in the heavens, are built citadels, castles, gorgeous palaces, and a thousand other fair and fantastic shapes! Is it not beyond all earthly painting, dear friend? true as Art's coloring is to nature?

"Now we have reached the most sheltered bound of the old orchard, and just before us stand two trees, bending beneath their burden of rich, ripe fruit. 'Tis yet an hour ere sundown, dear Olivia; shall we make a seat of this moss-covered plank, here where the early harvest-apples, some blushing rosy red, and others with threads of gold streaked on the green, hang just within our reach! Ah! *this* reminds me that my way to the old brown school-house (now present in remembrance) was at this particular time of the year, and beset with temptation. Alas! (as the man in the play says) there needed no glittering serpent to urge me to fill my satchel with the forbidden fruit! Ah! I had a truant disposition *then*, and a careless heart, best friend; but not yet will we yield to the supremacy of memory, which so importunately asks to be indulged—not yet, beloved; for why should I cloud thy sunnier nature with even a shadow of my darker and maturer world-experience? Only the silver-lining of the cloud should ever be turned out for thee.

"But seest thou how imperceptibly the shades of twilight have stolen over and around us? Not a trace of those magical prismatic colors that but now painted the broad canopy, is left; and the sky is unbroken by any form or image of earth.

"To *me*, there is something painfully interesting in the gradual darkening over of all things; and I never behold it without a certain feeling of seriousness—I had almost said sadness.

"The twilight is a great emblem. It is *now* that the dear departed and distant friend is remembered—it is now that the mother sighs as she thinks of her buried, or absent child; and the wife is haunted with countless memories of the husband whose path is on the great deep, or in far-off scenes of strife or danger! They whose earthly hopes have been disappointed, *now* mourn them with a sadder regret, lifting, meanwhile, their weary, tear-stained eyes to that peaceful heaven in which they trust. Even the gay votary of pleasure will pause at this hour to reflect, and remember that another of his mortal days are ended! For us, *too*, beloved, this hour hath its memories."

MIDNIGHT, MOON, AND STARS.

Midnight again! the still, the intense, and solemnly beautiful—the thin, silvery air—the sleeping earth, calm as beneath the smile of a Holy Spirit, and silence like a *spell* resting on all things! Midnight again, with its purple robe gemmed in royal splendor, and its silver-browed ruler, like a most gracious sovereign reigning amid the flashing stars that surround her as a court, and light well the jubilee of her queenly state! Gloriously, indeed, dost thou sit enthroned on high, fair moon—in truth, a "Beauty and a Queen." And art thou not holy too, as beautiful in thy serene and heavenly shining? Who can look upon thy radiantly pure face without feeling to their innermost hearts, that thou resemblest *that* light which the Divine mercy sheds on the grossness of our human nature! And a mystery, too, art thou, O Moon! To thee the great Ocean ministers from its untrodden shrines, and over the deep tide of our spirits thou holdest an acknowledged power, an unseen influence, which nothing on or of earth can inspire!

And ye, high Stars! immortal in your birth and beauty; how royally radiant is that large star Gemma, quivering and burning in the centre of its magnificent diadem, the Corona Borealis; and beside fair Luna, glitters her Satelite, Jupiter, in reflecting glory! Methinks 'tis not so vain a story, that, in days of old, wise men did, from the stars, shape out a chart of the unfound future, and foretold the influence they should exercise over man's destiny; and it is with a vague craving for something that the world can never give, that I gaze on their unfading loveliness! And when my soul, scorning its prison-house of clay, would fain burst its fetters, and break away from the low, sordid care, the hard influences of this world; its foolish pride and pleasures, its vain pomp, with all the petty strifes and interests that waste and wither our little hour; when I would fain take the wings of the morning and mount to a divine sphere, it is *then* that I am almost ready to believe, with Plato and Socrates, that we must have lived in some other and grander state of existence!

That the unsatisfied yearnings of the spirit

Digitized by Google

for the Immortal on High, are but our broken remembrances of that better realm! Oh! well I deem, bright stars, that there are tokens and signs between ye and the imprisoned soul, which ever and anon breaketh from its earthly thraldom to hold communion with the High Unknown!

Midnight and moon and stars! for me ye have a fascination like the presence of a magic spirit, a charm dearer than all that the gaudy and glittering day can bring. How do you speak to me of the long ago! There is scarcely a planet, scarcely a star, that is not endeared to my gaze by some treasured and pleasant recollection. In the chance-time of my hope and happiness, yonder little, twinkling gem was ever associated with my prosperity; and that large, lustrous star is still hallowed by its connection with a most sorrowful event. Its light is shining down on the silent grave of *one* who has often and often watched it with me!

Ah! how many heart-histories might I here record, whose events are chronicled on the pages of the past! How subtly are the thousand still, small voices of this solitary heart awakened, restoring many a forgotten harmony and vanished dream!

Lost friend of my soul, whose name hath long slept, like remembered music, in my heart—how comes thine image back in this stilly, stary time! Filleth it not the haunted cares of my soul with recollection of thee, as with a spell? Thou wert to me like an ennobling thought from the high sphere of a more perfect life; who didst lead me to adore all truth and beauty, pouring through my inner being the stream of knowledge, full and free; aiding with thine own clear and vigorous mind mine own to be more resolute and strong, more encouraging and confiding. What gems of intellectual and spiritual beauty fell from those eloquent lips, gifting my soul and sense with a new life, till knowledge became to me both a passion and a dream! It was thou who didst unfold to my eager and earnest gaze the bright wonders of yon mystic world, learning with thee the language of the stars; and the glittering scroll has since been a familiar book to my nightly quest.

But dearer far than the volumed treasures of the gifted and mighty dead, were thine own golden lays and legends, set apart and sacred in my memory as the *last gift* to me, God's poor and feeble child.

Lost friend of my soul! glory gleamed as sunlight on thy way; fame was thy gift from others, and the lament for genius was loud over thy unconscious clay; but it was *mine* to morn and miss thee as none other could, *none!*

O early loved and lost! now is the stone rolled back from the sealed sepulchre of the past, and, through the dim mist of years, unclouded by sorrow, unchanged by time, thou art beside me, and I seem to live over again that brief but bright, blissful period, when thou wert the divinity shrined within the temple of my soul, through the long, solitary years of my pilgrimage.

And lo! what joy, what solemn joy; for now my spirit holds a tender and undivided communion with thee. Clothed in diviner hues than ever thou worest here, thou standest beside me radiant in the beauty of that immortal clime, whence thou hast wandered to tell me of the love that is felt in Heaven. Yet a little while, perhaps, and I too shall put off the soiled garments that enwrap me here, and be found worthy to "walk with thee in white," in that holier realm!

And now in the universal hush of this stary midnight, let me, too, seek my rest. My spirit, forgetting its humiliating alliance with the "earth earthy," hath put of the mantel of its daily cares, hath broken the web that the common-places of society had woven round it, and, like a freed bird, plumed its wing for a long and soaring flight. Thoughts of another and more glorious existence have opened to my mind, and my imagination has wandered to that invisible world, in which I shall commence a new career. There is something grand and rapturous in the knowledge that I shall *one day* roam amid the brightness and beauty of those very stars that I have contemplated; that I shall know the method and mystery of each secret course; that I shall be arrayed in nobler, holier attributes, and possess the etherial nature of angels!

'Tis a glorious thought, and one that disrobes death of half its terror. I can think with a feeling of calmness, even delight, of the time when I shall lie down in the dust, believing that this mortal shall put on immortality, to be an everlasting dweller in the presence of God!

Uncle Benjamin's Sermon.—Not many hours ago I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of pressure. "Rely upon it, Sammy," said the old man, as he leaned on his staff, with his gray locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning, "murmuring pays no bills. I have been an observer many times these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can; for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no ulcer is better for being fingered. The more you groan the poorer you grow. Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not famine. Besides, I always took notice that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly, it was as much as to say, 'here is something which you have got to learn.' Sammy, don't forget that your schooling is not over yet, though you have a wife and two children."

When a powerful and enlightened continental monarch, who reigned some centuries ago, saw his courtiers smile at an act of condescension he had just performed towards a great artist, he rebuked them in some such terms as these:—"I could easily make a hundred nobles such as you, but not one painter like him who stands among us."

Digitized by Google

LETTERS FROM LA RUCHE. NO. I.

DEAR READER:

Having, many months ago, penned a letter to an imaginary correspondent, detailing a number of amusing circumstances connected with the transfer of our little family from the busy city to the quiet spot selected for our future home; and having submitted the manuscript, as in duty bound, to my husband, Silas Honeycombe, Esq., that worthy gentleman insisted that I should at once make a fair copy of the article, and allow him to send it to the city to grace (as he expressed it) the pages of some popular magazine. Now I was somewhat diffident about appearing in print, and felt loth to comply with his request, objecting that the public might prefix another syllable to his verb, and adding, that *disgrace* was more than I could bear. But as there is no denying the fact, that one sunny morning in June, twenty years ago, when orange flowers nestled tremblingly where now the matron's cap quietly reposes—as there is no denying, that, on that occasion, I whispered "obey"—you will not be surprised to learn that I was at last forced to submission, and that the article in question was, in due course of time, copied, enclosed, and directed, and lay among a score of other letters upon my husband's table, as quietly as if it was *not* destined at some future time to make my heart throb with pleasure or sink with mortification.

But, farther than the study-table it was not to go; for, on that very day, Putnam's Magazine appeared, with the first of those genial "Sparrowgrass Papers," so welcome to us all. The talented author having taken the ground which I had marked out for my epistolary rambles, Mr. Honeycombe agreed with me that I would at once be accused of imitation, and therefore consented that I should withdraw from a field where I had little disposition to break lances with one of such shining *mettle* as Mr. Sparrowgrass. I have since had double cause to congratulate myself upon having retired; for a second adversary appeared ere long in "Barry Gray," of the Home Journal; and no shadow of doubt remains that, had I entered the lists against two such combatants, I should have been carried out dead upon my shield, ere the hills had ceased to echo the clarion's first summons to the conflict.

But, strange to say, the desire of seeing the Honeycombes in print increased as the probability of doing so diminished, and now that Mr. Sparrowgrass has gone off on a coasting tour, and Barry Gray and his little black boy are doubtless too much occupied with their own affairs to find time for watching the movements of others, I feel an irresistible desire to glide under the rollers of the printing-press, and perhaps provoke that censure which I was, at first, so afraid of incurring. I have spoken to Mr. Honeycombe on the subject. He was sitting by the study window, trying to mend a broken bridle, and, at the same time, keeping watch over the cow lest she should destroy the young evergreens among which she was grazing. When I told him that I was thinking of writing, his face suddenly underwent all manner of contortions—apparently from the effort of pushing a blunt awl through a piece of leather. I say "apparently," because there was a twinkle in his eye that made me suspect the screwing up of his features as meant to conceal his amusement at the change in my mind. I felt a little provoked, but he answered kindly,

"Do, Maria. You know I always said you could write if you would. You will look better in print than"—

"Than *out* of it, Mr. Honeycombe?" I spoke rather tartly.

"Than nine-tenths who publish, I was going to say." Then, glancing at my pretty chintz morning-gown, he added laughingly, "You are *always* in print, my dear Juniper."

Now Colonel Juniper was my grandfather. He was a very snappish man, indeed, "as short as Colonel Juniper," became quite a common proverb where he lived. I am not conscious that I inherit his peculiar disposition, and even if I did, it is disrespectful in Mr. Honeycombe to speak so. But he is very apt to do it, especially if I feel worried or tired. Husbands *can* make themselves so disagreeable sometimes, because one has to put up with their little provoking ways. But I did not mean that last remark to apply to Mr. Honeycombe—I was merely generalizing.

I stood there, watching the wax-end going back and forth through the leather as bit and buckle were adjusted with a neatness that would have done credit to a professed hand. At last, Mr. Honeycombe completed his task, and holding up the bridle with a triumphant air, said,

"There, Maria! I'm as proud as if I'd 'squared the circle.'"

"But are you sure it is strong?" said I.

"Try it—take hold and pull," he replied.

I *did* pull with all my strength, and snap! It broke close to where he had sewed it.

"So much for calling me 'Juniper,'" said I, laughingly; "but bless me!—look at the cow!"

The beast had her horns in one of the young evergreens! Up to the window-sill and out on the lawn sprang Mr. Honeycombe, but two late to save the tender, young tree. The animal had not only barked it, but snapped off the main branch, so that it will never grow again in any respectable shape.

"I thought the man who sold you that cow said she was quiet," said I.

"He did—he warranted her—and I paid an extra price for her on that account. But she runs her horns into everything, and can take down half the bars on the farm, and jump over the rest. I'll sell her to-morrow."

However, he concluded to keep her, and cure her bad tricks. Mr. Honeycombe has put balls

Digitized by Google

on the tips of her horns, and a board over her eyes. He has also tied her hind and fore feet together to prevent her jumping, and hung a bell round her neck; so that by hiring a little Irish boy for two cents, to hold her tail every time the cook does the milking, (for she *will* switch her tail,) we get along very well—indeed, I couldn't wish a better behaved cow than she is at present. I would recommend her to any one seeking to purchase.

I wish all the world could see La Ruche at this moment—embossomed as it is in a perfect bower of beauty. (Some day I will tell you where we found the name.) When we first came here we resolved to let nature have pretty much her own way—to make her our head gardener, in fact—and it is surprising how much more beautifully and gracefully she works for us than for our rich neighbors, who seem to find pleasure in thwarting her purpose in every imaginable way. She has given us some noble elms and a whole grove of oaks, in the midst of which are several granadier poplars—those veterans of a race almost extinct, who yet stand erect here and there over the land, to point out the paths trodden by our grandfathers. Then we have maples, too. The children have a pretty fancy that the faries live in the maples, because they have found their wings, as they say, attached to the seed of the tree. I always encourage the children in these fantasies. It makes them love nature and seek out her beauties. Their father was showing them, the other day, Allston's sketch of "Titania's Court." They were greatly excited over it, and in the afternoon Winnie came bounding into the house wih a peacock's feather attached to each shoulder, to summon us to a feast in the grove. We found the little troupe all dressed with flowers, surrounding the stump of a tree, or, I should say, a table—spread with nothing particularly palatable, but quite tasteful in its garniture of acorn-cups, shells, and roses. They were so crazy at their own performances, that I could not find it in my heart (notwithstanding the Juniper blood) to scold at the petty thefts they had committed to eke out their pastime. Among other bijoux from the étagére, was my precious paper nautilus (argonauta), propped up with pebbles, and brimful of water! Mr. Honeycombe seized the occasion to tell them that the ancients had caught the first idea of sailing-vessels from the nautilus, and described the two arms connected by a membrane, which the animal holds up for a sail while the other two serve for paddles. As the little creatures' fresh, upturned faces drank in their father's lesson, I could not but contrast them with the poor, cooped-up children of city nurseries, whose chief amusement too often consists in battering to pieces the products of the toy-shop, and with whose early training nature has little or nothing to do. I was satisfied that we had done wisely in moving to the country, and expressed the opinion to Mr. Honeycombe as we returned to the house; "but," I added with a sigh, "this afternoon's performances would have been quite as agreeable to me if the fairies had not pulled my pretty fly-brush to pieces to make wings for their queen, and if they had spared her new sacque from the scissors in contriving ways and means to affix the said wings to her shoulders."

Mr. Honeycombe wondered that I troubled my head about such things. He did not think fly-brushes and sacques of any importance. Men never do.

The chickens have scratched up our bed of johnny-jump-ups! Was there ever any thing so provoking? Just as the gay little fellows had popped up in their velvet jackets of yellow and purple, and were nodding and beckoning to the blue-eyed forget-me-nots in the border, Biddy and her tribe have uprooted the whole of them to get at the crawling earth-worms below! I have no patience with that hen. She was here when we came, and she acts as if she had a prior right to the place. But Mr. Honeycombe won't be persuaded to part with her. He calls her "Biddy the Valiant," and I'll tell you why.

In the spring she made up her mind to have a brood. I made up *my* miud that she shouldn't, and so I enlisted Tom in my service, and together we contrived to steal her eggs. But, in no wise daunted, she quickly laid another dozen, and kept sitting upon them night and day, so that there was no getting them from her, for she pecked furiously whenever we approached. Tom conferred with the tenant's son, who advised him to tie a strip of red flannel to one of her wings. Accordingly, I procured the article, and by throwing a handkerchief over her head, Tom held her head down while I tied it to her right wing. The poor thing was frightened terribly. She flew from the nest, pursued closely by her fiery adversary, and ran screaming through the barn-yard and over the fences till lost to sight. We saw no more of her till six weeks afterward, when she came strutting up the lawn in the most defiant manner, marshalling a round dozen of little chicks, each one trying its best to imitate its parent's triumphant chuckle.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Honeycombe, "what do you think of your experiment?"

"She's an obstinate creature," I replied.

"Obstinate? Oh! no, she's brave enough to have been born a Roman. She'll do for Kansas. We'll send her there to teach them how to defend their rights. Valiant Biddy Honeycombe!"

"Papa," said little Winnie, "what's the reason they call cowardly people "chicken-hearted?"

"Papa" could not tell. Tired reader, can *you*?

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.—Whenever you are in trouble of mind or body, look up toward heaven, and consider that your principal business here is to get there; then look down on this earth, and call to mind how small a space you shall occupy in it when you come to be interred; then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are in many respects more unhappy than yourself. Thus you will find cause to be grateful to Divine Providence—you will diminish your cares, and discover how very little reason you have to complain.

Digitized by Google

"TOO MUCH HONEY."

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

"I really think its getting a little tiresome; I do, indeed! Such uninterrupted love and confidence, such unshadowed and long-continued felicity. I half wish something would happen to disturb the current of our connubial bliss for a short time, say half an hour or so. Not that I would do anything to make Henry angry or jealous, or that I wish him to grow capricious or tyrannical. Oh, no! but if some accident, some trifling mistake, or misunderstanding were to happen, just to cause a little bit of a coolness, for a little bit of a while, it strikes me it would give a pleasant relish to the monotony of our present life."

Thus soliloquized a pretty bride of seven weeks, sitting alone in a luxurious chamber, with a basket of embroidery, and a new novel lying on the table beside her. With the latter her attention had been engrossed nearly the whole morning, and this circumstance, together with her extreme youth, constitute the only excuse we can make for the inconsiderate speech which had fallen from her lips.

"Henry is so generous," she continued, looking absently at the rings on her white fingers; "so far above petty suspicions and surmises, that I suppose it would be impossible to make him jealous of me, without doing something actually bad, which, of course, I wouldn't do. To be sure, I could make a pretence of being angry with him; but then, he thinks me amiable, and I would like to have him continue thinking so. *Besides*, I want it to be something that shall seem really dreadful at the time. Heigh-ho! I know it's all very foolish, and, perhaps, if I had something useful to do, I shouldn't think of such a thing; but, really, one does tire of *too much honey!* What keeps Henry so late, I wonder. I'll go and see if there is a ripe strawberry to lay beside his plate. I hear Ann setting the table."

* * * * * * * * *

"Bring your bonnet, Mary, and let us take a walk. There's going to be a glorious sunset to-night," said Henry White to his wife, a day or two after the above soliloquy. Mary needed no urging, and they were soon strolling in the direction of a pleasant grove of trees, a little removed from the rural village in which they resided.

They sat in the shadows, and talked of love and poetry; they spoke of their own courtship, and its happy consummation; they quoted Moore, and Burns, and endeavored to recollect some passages from Browning and Tennyson, but failed. Laughing a little at this, they made, perhaps, the most practical observation they had yet done, viz.; that it was growing late, and arose to go home.

On their way they met a gentleman of Mary's acquaintance, who stopped and spoke with them a few moments. After they left him, Mary noticed that her husband became less animated, and finally their conversation ceased. She fancied that some business affair troubled him, and when, near their own gate, they overtook a "darling girl-friend," one whom she had not seen since her marriage, the change in his manner was quite forgotten.

The young lady friend could not go in. "Oh! no—it was too late! but she had a thousand things to say to her dearest Mary—they would walk on together." So Henry, cautioning his wife not to remain out until the dew *fell*, went into the house alone, and the quondam schoolgirls walked slowly on in the gathering twilight, chatting pleasantly of the olden times, and of Mary's "exquisite husband."

It was quite dusk when she again turned homeward. She walked rapidly, lest Henry should be alarmed for her safety; at the same time wondering a little that he did not come in search of her, and half hoping she might find him "just the least offended." Hurriedly she closed the gate, and bounded up the gravel walk. Her husband sat upon the piazza in the shadow of a pillar, and she was rushing past without seeing him, when he suddenly sprang up, and caught her by the arm.

"Not quite so fast, madam, if you please," said he, in constrained tones, that sent a thrill through Mary's frame; "have you another letter from your admirer, that you make such haste?"

"What do you mean, Henry? I have no letter," she exclaimed, looking him full in the face, with a vague fear that he was deranged crossing her mind.

He made no answer, but led her to the lighted parlor, and still retaining her arm, seated her upon the sofa, and with the other hand held a letter before her.

"Have you not met Edward Bearn a second time this evening, he asked, sternly.

"No!" was her answer, in faltering, yet indignant tones. "I met him but once, and you were with me."

"When, then, did he give you this letter?"

"He did not give it me. I never saw it before."

"I found it by the gate, as I was going out to meet you, and supposed you had dropped it. If not, the matter is little mended, since it is evident that the writer placed it there for you to find upon your return. But I anticipated you. Read."

Mary did read, and with wonder-dilating eyes. It was addressed to her, and contained extravagant protestations of affection, with various allusions to former meetings and correspondence. The signature was simply E. B.

"Well, what do you think of it?" inquired the enraged husband, savagely, and Mary felt

Digitized by Google

the iron gripe upon her arm tighten to painfulness.

She burst into tears. "I know not what to think of it, except that it is a vile falsehood," was all she could articulate.

"Do you mean to say that you never coquetted with this man, never encouraged his advances, or deceived me in regard to them?"

"Never—never!"

"You cannot expect me to believe you, Mary, after such proof of your guilt as I hold in my hand. Tell me the whole truth at once, and it shall be better for you than deceiving me longer?"

"I *have* told you the truth," she cried, trembling with terror, and weeping bitterly; "do, do believe me! What can this mean? Oh! I am so miserable!"

"I pity you, Mary, for I see that you suffer deeply, but I cannot believe you! It is no use longer denying the facts. Make a full confession at once, and if I do not promise to forgive you, I will, at least, regard your fault more leniently. Dare you tell me," he continued, seeing that Mary was about to renew her protestations of innocence, "that you have not often met the writer of the letter, even seeking him in his office rooms, and exchanged vows of love and constancy. If so, listen, for I have further proof. This daguerreotype I found this evening in a private drawer of your bureau."

"Oh, Henry, stop! I cannot bear it! I am the victim of a conspiracy, a diabolical plot. I see it all! But though these things are against me, I am innocent. I never wronged you in thought, word, or deed. I would swear it!"

"*Hush!* do not add perjury to your other iniquity. Look at this picture, and then say if my charges are not true. Say, if you dare, that you do not love the original; that you never vowed to be his, and only his, forever! Look!"

Poor Mary could scarcely see through her blinding tears, but the moment her glance fairly rested upon it, a brightness, as of Heaven's own light, illumined her face. The handsome, benevolent features of her own, dear husband. He caught her in his arms: "Forgive me, darling," he explained, "and next time you indulge your habit of talking to yourself, be sure I am not *behind the curtain!*"

"Oh! Henry, I am so relieved! How foolish I have been!"

"A little too romantic, love, that is all. But trust me, Mary, no greater mistake was ever made, than to suppose that, in married life, there *can* be *too much honey!*"

THE CHILD'S THOUGHT.

BY ELIAN GRAY.

A fair, young, graceful child—
A gentle child stood by her mother's side,
With voice like low, sweet strains at eventide,
And spirit undefiled.

She rested her white hand
Upon an infant's sinless head, and pressed
Her lips upon its brow; and so its rest
Was watched by Love's dear band.

The child gazed on the face
Of the bright sleeper, and it seemed the hue—
The color which the flowers win from the dew,
Had given her cheek its grace.

Perchance the sudden glow
Was but the stirring of the soul's young thought,
Which came forth like a message that is fraught
With more than mortals know.

"Mother! this little child
God gave you!" and the mother's heart was stirred
With sad, sweet feelings, at the holy word—
The message undefiled.

Long years shall pass away—
Years, it may be, of grief, and woe, and pain—
And from the relics where thick dust hath lain,
Hiding the light of day.

Ay, when bright, silver lines
Lie, like a crown, upon that mother's brow—
These treasured words shall sound again as now,
Up from the heart's deep mines.

THE MAIDEN'S REVERIE.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

I know he loves me—yet I ne'er
Have heard him breathe that I was dear,
But when he speaks his tones are low,
So soft, I scarce their import know.
When sadly upon mine his dark eyes rest,
I know he loves—'tis in that glance confessed.

I know he loves me—for when nigh,
If I but chance to meet his eye,
He starts—and as he turns away,
His trembling lips his thoughts betray.
I've heard him sigh, unconscious I was near,
While on his cheek there fell a secret tear;
His passion pure he hides within his breast—
I know he loves me, though 'tis unconfessed.

Sycamore Villa, Brooklyn, L. I.

Digitized by Google

GO BACK, ROSE; YOU'RE TOO LITTLE TO COME!

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

[This story is one of those rare pearls we love to place before our readers. We cannot mention the publication in which it first appeared, for some forgetful editor has failed to make the credit due.]

There were three of us—Kate, Annette, and myself—and we were going into the old wood to hunt for strawberries. Oh! it was such a delicious day in June. The birds sang till the air was fairly vocal with their melody, and all the green trees nodded their heads in approbation. The very brook seemed to have caught the general inspiration, and danced along through the meadows, as if keeping time to a quickstep of the fairies.

Annette Summers and I had been invited to spend the half-holiday with our schoolmate Kate Harrington. Deacon Harrington's old-fashioned, brown house fronted toward the South. Behind it stretched a broad, green meadow, and still farther back was a densely wooded acclivity, famous for flowers and berries in the geography of every child in Ryefield. I used to love to look at Deacon Harrington's old brown house, even in those early days, when I had not a single well-defined notion of artistic taste in my curly head. I know now that it combined to an eminent degree the elements of the picturesque. The low roof, which sloped backward nearly to the ground, was gray with moss. Ivy crept about the windows, and over the rustic porch had twined climbing roses, along with heavy clusters of trumpet creeper.

There was a rude seat at the doorway, made of the lithe boughs of the white birch, twisted together in fantastic fashion, and here grandmother Harrington was wont to sit, with her gray woolen knitting work. Oh! what a treat we used to think it to spend a half-holiday with Kate Harrington.

"I wish I were you, Kate," exclaimed Annette, after we had spent half the long summer afternoon chasing butterflies, and arranging a vegetable baby-house with hollyhocks, for our ladies' parasols, and tea-pots manufactured out of veritable poppy-pods. "I wish I were you, and then I could be happy all day long, with nothing to trouble me."

"You could, could you?" and Kate's cheeks flushed, as she put away from them her heavy bands of black hair—"you think so, and that's all you know about it. I have a thousand things to vex me. There's Rose, for instance. Mother expects me to be constantly taking care of her, and she's the greatest little torment *you* ever saw. By the way, girls, let's start after those strawberries in the wood, now she's out of sight for a minute, so she won't tease to go with us!"

We were just about half-way across the meadow, when we heard a sweet voice crying:

"P'ease, sister Kate; Rose wants to go too."

I turned round, I remember, and thought how beautiful was the little creature coming toward us. She was very unlike her sister Kate. Kate was a brunette, but the little white-robed figure tripping across the meadow, had a pale, spiritual face, and long curls of golden hair falling to her tiny waist. There was a flush on her cheek, and a look of eager, beseeching interest in her large, blue eyes; and she stretched her dimpled arms toward us, and kept crying in her earnestness:

"P'ease, girls, wait for Rose."

A look of vexation crossed Kate's face, and she called out in a tone of extreme irritability,

"Go back, Rose, you're too little to come! Go back! go back!"

Kate always had a way of being minded, and the little one put her fingers to her eyes, and silently turned toward the house. We hurried on in the direction of the wood, without giving a single glance backward. I think Kate's conscience reproached her for her selfishness, and I know my own pleasure was spoiled for the afternoon. We found plenty of strawberries red and ripe, among their beds of leaves. There were little blue-eyed blossoms, too, that kept reminding me of Rosie, and I was not sorry when the sunset shadows lengthened, and we turned to go home.

We had gone down the hill out of the wood, and crossed several rods of the meadow-land, when Kate said, in a hoarse whisper:—"See there, girls, what is that white thing by the brook? Do you see it?"

We saw it, and hurried toward it. It was Rose. At first we thought she was dead. Scarcely seemed the faintest breath to steal from her parted lips, and the pulsations of her heart were so weak you could scarcely feel them. She was in a kind of trance-like sleep. It was sometime before we succeeded in waking her, and then her limbs seemed chilled and stiffened by the subtle dampness of the meadow-land atmosphere. She could not stand. How many times that afternoon the little darling had begged us to "make a chair" for her, with our hands, and we had answered that we couldn't stop. We made one now. She twined her dimpled arms about our necks, and held on very tight, but she didn't speak, except once, and then she only said, "Ain't I most big enough, sister Kate?"

Mrs. Harrington met us at the door with a wild look of alarm. "Good heavens, Kate!" she exclaimed; "what's the matter with Rose?" And taking her from our arms, she discovered that her clothes were almost saturated with moisture. "Kate, child, why don't you speak? Has Rose been in the water?"

"No, ma'am; but she went into the meadow

Digitized by Google

and got to sleep, and we found her there sleeping." * * * * * * *

Oh, there were anxious hearts in Deacon Harrington's brown house that night. Very tenderly was the suffering little Rose cradled on her mother's breast, but not once did she speak coherently. Her cheeks burned, and her eyes sparkled with fever; her dimpled arms were tossed above her head, and every little while, between her moans, she would stretch out her hands toward some imaginary object, and say: "P'ease, sister Kate, isn't Rose most big enough?"

Three days passed—days of incessant watching and weariness, and toward evening the little Rose opened her blue eyes, after a restless slumber. She seemed much better, and the mother glanced hopefully up to the kind physician bending over her.

"I *cannot* say she's better, madam. God knows I wish I could; but Rose must die before midnight!" and the tears stood in glittering drops on the good man's cheeks.

The mother's great grief was not noisy. She quietly lifted her darling from the bed, and sat down with her in her arms. Kate stood by, sobbing, as if already the brand of Cain were upon her brow.

"P'ease, mamma," said the little one at length—"am I big enough to go to Heaven?"

"Yes, darling," was the tearful answer. "Jesus loves little children."

"And, mamma, do you s'pose he'll forgive me for sitting down in the meadows to watch Katie, when you told me I mustn't ever stay there?"

"Yes, my pet, the good Saviour will forgive you for anything, if you are only sorry; but Rosie doesn't want to go to Heaven, and leave mother, does she?"

"I heard somebody say I must go, when I was asleep, mother; a beautiful lady, with oh! such white, shining wings, and she stretched out her arms to take me, but I didn't go. I woke up just to kiss you and sister once more. P'ease kiss me, Katie. 'Ittle Rose won't never be naughty any more up in Heaven, and I'll grow big before you come, Katy, so I can play with you up there!"

There were tears, sighs, a funeral, and a little coffin. The rosebud opened its petals on the bosom of Jesus. The little earth-flower was "big enough for Heaven!"

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

There's a name by a mother spoken
In a lonely hour of prayer;
There's a name in accents broken
Uttered, and by lips of care.
Sisters in their tears have breathed it;
Hearts have sobbed that spoke the words;
Soldiers, as in pride they've wreathed it,
Praised the hour that name was heard.
While the wintry midnight falleth,
And the western star grows pale,
England on that one name calleth—
Nightingale! dear Nightingale!

From the couch where wealth reclineth
To the camp where anguish lies;
Where the bleeding warrior pineth,
Where the brave heart sinks and dies:
Seeking, tending the neglected,
Pouring comfort o'er the heart,
Onward moves the God-directed,
God-assisted for her part!
As the wintry midnigh falleth,
And the western star grows pale,
Britain on the one name calleth—
Nighingale! dear Nightingale!

Other names shall fame be pealing,
Other names may upward start,
Not like thine, to last while feeling
Throbs within a human heart:
Not like thine, whate'er the station,
Nothing can that name efface—
If forgotten by the nation,
What would hide its deep disgrace?
While the sand of centuries falleth,
While the stars of years grow pale,
Time shall hear a lip that calleth,
Nightingale! dear Nightingale!

—*Charles Swain.*

BORROW NO TROUBLE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

There's sorrow enough in this lower world of ours,
And abundance of tear-drops and sighing,
And while man shall live he always will find
Causes in plenty to set him a-crying;
But he needn't look out with a mote-searching eye
For perplexity's first tiny bubble.
Won't you listen, good man, to a piece of advice?
Trust in God, and borrow no trouble.

Life's river flows not over beds of sweet roses,
Nor always o'er sands that are shining,
And poison sometimes lurks along the green vines
Which 'round the rough coast-rocks are twining.
But tho' life be a river of quicksands and whirls,
Or a field covered o'er with coarse stubble,
It always is best to look on the bright side,
Trust in God, and borrow no trouble.

There's faith's lamp to guide us o'er all the dark places,
And Hope with her torches e'er burning,
And we need fear no evil, nor stray from the path,
For it hath not a "shadow of turning,"
Heaven smiles in the distance, and, once in its harbor,
Our joys and our blisses shall double:
And it always is best to toil on with good heart,
Trust in God, and borrow no trouble.

Digitized by Google

THE LITTLE BLOSSOM THAT WITHERED IN ITS BLOOM.

[We take from a Minnesota paper, the following yearning tribute of a bereaved mother's heart to the sweetness, beauty, and loveliness of her first born, who was suddenly stricken down in the blossom of his young life. It will touch the tearful sympathies of many mothers, who, like the writer, has seen the bright eyes of innocent childhood close upon them in this world forever:]

We called him our little blossom. We knew from the first hour his presence blest us, that he was fragile and delicate as the lilies and roses that bloom in the morning, and linger but for a day. And as he unfolded in beauty and loveliness, we considered that eyes as bold and blue had been shut in darkness, that little hearts as fond and warm, had become chilled in death; and so we clasped him in a closer grasp, as if the very strength of our perfect love could shield him from the wary destroyer.

O, we loved him with an idolatry forbidden to mortals, and in the adoration of our hearts, involuntarily and supplicatingly said: Surely, the good God who has so abundantly blessed us with each other's love, who has made the earth to us a Paradise, and has glorified our house by the presence of a tiny cherub from the angel-land, will not darken and desolate all, by recalling him early to his home above. And so we lived, with a prayer in our hearts for our darling always, a prayer that he might be spared to us till the sun of our own lives should go down.

And so he became the life of our life, the heart in our hearts, and we said it is *not* a sin that we cherish and worship him. Are not the very heavens fairer, and all the green earth greener, and our own souls, are they not purer and better, since baptized in this new and beautiful love for our child? And thus we lived, as in a dream, till suddenly, O, so suddenly and so soon our little one fainted by the wayside, his journey of life but just commenced, the fourth season of flowers just crowning his brow. Firm and hardy seemed the lithe little form, resolute and bold the spirit that glorified it, as if with him the battle of life would be gloriously fought, the brave and true be manfully won. But he is gone in all his childish strength, and love, and beauty. Our little blossom has withered in its bloom.

O, what an hour was that, when the blue eye, shut in death, seemed to look pitifully upon us in our helpless agony; when the cold, still *sweet* little lips gave no answering pressure, and we knew they could open to us with words of love no more! Vain were the pious words said to us, "Your child is happier now—your darling is in Heaven." Was he not gone from our embrace? Was not all of our earth-life henceforth to be lonely, without his presence—to be filled with mournful memories, irrefrainable regrets for our loved and lost—for our precious little blossom, that withered in its bloom?

We stand by his little grave. We are inconsolable that he *must* lie there. We think his dear little form must shudder with cold, and fear to be thus constantly alone. With irrepressible yearnings we long to clasp it to our bosoms, and pour our tears on that golden, brown head, as often we have done, when the mere thought of death would come, as he nestled warm and lovingly to us. Sometimes, by the strength of faith, we feel he is not there. We think how his little feet have journeyed along through the dark valley. We see him pause and hesitate, as he has left the green slopes of earth-land, and we see, by the mute expression of his face, and the appealing glance of his large eye, how full of shrinking and fear his little spirit is! We know, though he does not call, that our names are thrilling on his quivering lips, and he wonders why we should have forsaken him in this trying hour. But as his eye sweeps the shadowy distance, and his ear is bent to listen, lo! a bright form appears, and a soft voice falls like music on his soul. Then boldly travel his little feet forward through the darkness, his spirit is born into a new enthusiasm, upborne by a new and wondrous energy, and his little hand led by the Good Shepherd, "who takes little children in his arm, and carries them in his bosom."

But "we see as through a glass, darkly." The question *will* come, will he not miss us—who has been to us such a morning and evening care. Will not he call for papa's strong hand, and mamma's assuring words of love? Will not his eye grow weary of seeing, and his feet with wandering, even over the shining hills, and the ever fresh meadow-lands, so new and beautiful to him, and will he not fold, now and then, his angel-wings, and *remember* the earth-home he has left, and will not a sigh swell his sinless bosom, for the grief his departure has betokened?

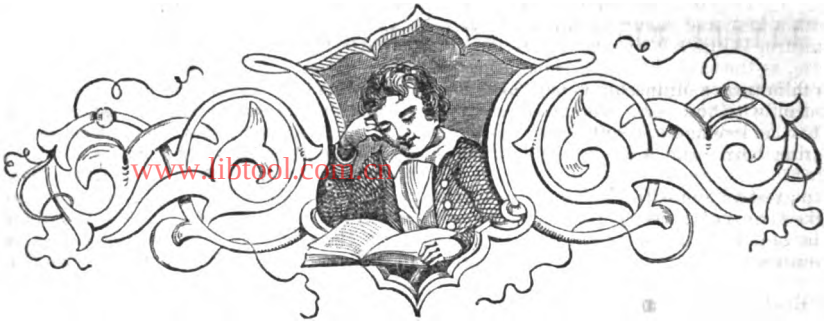
O, worshipped child! we *must* yield to the fiat of "Him who doeth all things well." We *cannot* call thee back; but ever and ever we will remember thee, our loved one, and ever cherish, as the most sacred and holy of words and things, the name and memory of our darling boy—of our fair little blossom that whithered in its bloom.

MINNIE MARY LEE.

Sauk Rapids, M. T.

A VERY CURIOUS invention has been made in England. Its object is the manufacture of picture frames, and other articles of like description, out of bricks; and, singular enough, such an object as this has been, and can be, successfully accomplished. It is done, as is represented, by reducing pieces of old bricks to powder, mixing this powder with some portion of the tar, or refuse of gas works, and then compressing the mixture into suitable moulds. The result of this process is said to be a solid, durable, and beautiful article, of almost any given pattern.

Digitized by Google



www.libtool.com.cn

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"May Eva go with me, mamma, into the woods? It isn't but just half a mile, and I will be so very careful of her," and Willie Emmond, who was ten that very month, and just five years his sister's senior, looked down very tenderly on the hazel-haired little head that hardly reached up to his shoulder.

"Yes, mamma, please to let Evy go with Willie? It will be so nice, to sit under the trees, and hear the little birds sing," lisped the soft, pleading voice of the child, and a pair of white arms stole gently around the lady's neck. She was a tender, loving mother; it was very hard to look into those two bright, upturned faces, and say "no;" and at last Mrs. Emmond consented, making a sort of compromise with her better judgment, as mothers so often do.

So, with more injunctions than his thoughtless little cranium ever contained for five minutes, Willie started off, with Eva's hand clasped tightly in his own; and he was a proud and happy boy, in his new office of protector to his little sister, the pet and plaything of the whole household.

I am certain, too, that Willie was very sincere in his promises to his mother, and that he fully intended to take the very best care of Eva, and not leave her for a single moment. Ah, little children! do you not know how much easier it is to make, than to keep good intentions, sometimes?

Well, the boy and girl reached the woods in a most hilarious frame of mind, and it was a joyous sound to hear their light, rippling laughter, waking up the echoes that slept so mysteriously among the far away woods and hollows. They sat down under a great birch tree, and Willie gathered buttercups and sweet clover, and showed Eva where the grasshoppers hid in the long grass, and how the squirrels had scattered the last autumn's nut shells on the ground; and then he showed her the sheep, seeming hardly larger than snow-flakes, grazing on the distant hills.

Suddenly the sound of a number of loud, clear voices rang up to them from the lane, and a few moments later, some half-dozen of Willie's schoolmates bounded into the little footpath that led past the birch tree into the woods.

Of course, the young gentleman was not long in acquainting them with his whereabouts, for he had highly social instincts, and, with a loud shout at this discovery, the boys joined him.

They were having a merry time. Duly provided with kettles and baskets, they were going to Berryfield, to gather high-vine blackberries. "It was not more than half-a-mile from the birch tree," they insisted, although boys, like older people, have a remarkable faculty of seeing distances through the vision of their own wishes.

Now poor Willie was beset on all sides to accompany them. They brought forward such an eloquent array of inducements, in the shape of fun and frolic, they obviated every difficulty so readily, which he considered insurmountable, that at last his stout refusals almost gave way. But looking at Eva, he remembered his promise to his mother, and he resolved to stay. Then he glanced back at the boys, and his determination was shaken again. He thought of the rare time they would have among the vines, and what fine sport it was to pile the baskets with berries, and then he could certainly be back in an hour, of course he could, the boys *said* so.

"Eva, little sister, will you play with the flowers, like a good girl, and sit as still as a mouse, and not stir an inch, while Willie's gone?"

"Yes. I'll sit still just so, Willie," lisped the little one. "You won't be away long, will you?"

"Oh, no! I'll be back very soon. You won't be lonesome, will you, dear?"

Digitized by Google

"No. I'll be good," smiled the sweet child, and with a kiss, and many promises of immediate return, Willie left his sister, looking like a picture, as the sunlight sifted down through the birch branches on her hazel hair, and Willie went off with the boys, as he would not have done, had he listened to a soft voice that kept whispering in his heart, "*It is wrong, it is wrong, Willie!*"

www.libtool.com.cn

Eva played awhile with the flowers, but the child grew weary, at last, and looking up, she saw a large cow, that had come from the adjacent meadow, quietly feeding, a little distance from her.

Now Eva had a little, coward heart, and though the cow was very harmless, she was frightened every time it moved its head, and at last she commenced crying, and calling on Willie; but the echoes only answered, "Willie! Willie!"

Finally, the child concluded to get up, and go off in search of her brother. She did not, of course, know the way, and in a little while she wandered off into the woods, sobbing all the time with fright and loneliness, and calling upon Willie, with only the mocking echoes to answer her. It began to grow dark, for the night shadows drop down early in the deep woods, and this only increased the terror of the child.

She was very tired when she reached the pond. It was not wide, but nearly six feet deep in one part, across which a narrow plank was lain.

Little Eva concluded that Willie must be on the other side, for it never occurred to her that she might have taken the wrong way in her search for him, so she started on the plank.

Alas! alas! As I said, the plank was narrow, her feet were weary, her head was dizzy, and the waves beneath were very dark. She tottered, lost her foothold. Oh! there was no ear to hear the wild shrieks of the little girl, as she went down into the dark arms of the water. A little later, and Eva Emmond was with the angels in Heaven!

It was sundown when Willie reached the old birch tree, and Eva was gone!

The boys scattered themselves along the meadows, and through the woods, to find her, while one of them carried home the fearful tidings to Willie's parents.

Late that night, they drew up the little girl from the water, her bright hair matted together, her soft eyes closed. She was drowned! drowned! drowned!

You can imagine Willie's feelings better than I can tell them. I know your hearts will be very sorry for him! Oh! little children, it is never well to "break your promises."

THE RAIN

A SONG FOR LITTLE EDDY.

BY CAROLINE GLEASON.

You say the sky is calm and bright, and the clouds that come and go
Over the clear and starless blue, are white as drifted snow.
And when the setting sun goes down, in the far-off, golden west,
In waves of crimson light they fold, like curtains, round his rest.
But the rain! the merry rain!
I long for the merry rain!
There's music in the tinkling fall, of the smallest drop of rain!

The beautiful, blue sky you love, my eyes may never see,
But the air is full of pleasant sounds, for God is good to me.
The lake its solemn anthem sings, the west wind whispers low,
The wild birds sing, the very flowers make music while they grow.
And the rain, the falling rain!
The soft, refreshing rain!
The dearest of all sounds to me, is the song of the summer rain.

I often sit in the open door, and bend my head to hear
The footsteps of the passing hours, when you say the sky is clear;
The sunbeams steal so noiselessly, I know not day from night,
I feel them warm upon my cheek, but I *cannot hear the light!*
But the rain, the merry rain!
The rippling, tinkling rain!
There's music in the faintest sound of a drop of falling rain!

I listen for the coming storm, and my heart beats loud and high,
When the heavy thunder rolls along the arch of the vaulted sky;
When down the rushing waters come, with a loud and sullen roar,
Like the waves of the angry, wind-lashed lake, as they break along the shore.
The rain, the rushing rain!
The wild, tempestuous rain!
A storm of joy is in my soul, when I hear the rushing rain!

Digitized by Google

Hints to Housekeepers.

[Mrs. Arey, who edits, with so much industry and tact, "*The Home*," published at Buffalo, New York, gives, in that magazine, a series of excellent hints for home comforts, from which we select the following:]

HINTS FOR HOME COMFORTS.—Housekeepers should not only have a fixed time for the performance of all necessary work, but they should never allow a trifle to jostle the stated work out of its place. If a real obstacle to the doing of it at a fixed time should arise, then let it be done at the first possible moment afterward. And when the obstacles come, do not fret over them. If they are inevitable, take them with quiet philosophy. Fretting will only waste time, and strength, and patience, and will never help the matter at all. What if it does rain on the washing-day, when you wished to have your clothes nicely dried and folded down at night? Very likely it is just the time when the clothes needed to be thoroughly soaked in the rinsing water, in order to be the better bleached. Add a little lye when they are boiled, and soak them in plenty of water, and the snowy whiteness with which they will appear on the lines next day, will recompense you for the delay. The rule should be, to use your best endeavors to have all work done at its fixed time, but if obstacles will arise, try to turn them to the best account. There is rarely an upsetting of your arrangements that can occur, from which you can not gain some good, if you choose.

The family mending should be done every week, and the best time for doing it is when the clothing is folded down from the frames where it has been aired. If the articles are left in a basket, or other place to wait for the stitches they require, they will almost invariably become soiled or tumbled. Where articles that are stiffened with starch require mending, it should be done after the starch has been washed out, and before they are starched and ironed again. And so with children's clothing; a large proportion of it should be repaired, either before it is put into the wash, or after it is washed, and before it is ironed. Where this method of mending is practised the year round, the weekly mending will usually become a very light matter, and the *yearly making* will be diminished by half from the necessities of those who are accustomed to leave their garments out of repair.

"A stitch in time,
Saves nine,"

we have heard always, and the homely old adage doesn't tell half the truth; for more than that is saved in time and money, as well as stitches. But nothing is saved when time is spent over garments not worth repairing. "It is never best to spend a dollar's worth of time to save sixpence worth of money," some one has said, and the rule applies here as well as elsewhere. Such things must depend upon the judgment of the individual, and upon the relative value to each one of time and money.

Much of our housekeeping has to be done in the midst of feeble health, and the imperative duty of training our children. Where the mistress of a family has the trial of ill health to contend with, it is all important that she should decide just how much she can do consistently, and what is most neccessary for her to do with her own hands, and then be satisfied to leave the rest to hands that are, undoubtedly, less skillful than her own, or to let it be undone. The life and health of the mother of a family, if she is at all worthy of her responsible position, is a thing of primary importance. No other person can supply her place, and where she has but little physical strength, she should look to it, that it is not thrown away on trifles.

In such cases, little hands can do a great deal, with patient and systematic direction. Of course, some one must do the *head*-work for them, cheerfully and patiently They cannot be expected to do anything properly of themselves. But their constant failures must be pointed out to them in a happy manner, without fretting or discouraging them. They will thus be aiding in the wearying tasks a mother has to perform, and adding largely to their own stock of happiness and information. A mother, even who is confined to her bed, can often be made very comfortable by the little people about her, who, if they have been properly trained, will delight in the kind offices they are able to perform. A child of six or seven years old can be taught to tidy a room, or to make the toast and tea for an invalid—with an eye to superintend; and the pleasure a mother will experience in receiving such favors from the hands of her little children, will, perhaps, be as conducive to health as the prescriptions of the physician. Indeed, happiness is a great promoter of health. The head work of a cheerful, systematic person, will go a great ways in the directing of unskillful hands, so long as their failures can be borne without worrying or impatience; but, when the mental powers are all frittered away, from a habit of fretfulness, of course there is no energy left for the direction of those who are unable to direct themselves.

No matter what your circumstances in life may be, your children should be taught, while they are still children, to perform such offices as we have mentioned, for the sick—not drudgingly, but sufficiehtly to understand that such things are a part of the work of life. Their sympathies will thus be enlisted, and they will be fortified against any future emergency. This over-work

Digitized by Google

for the older members of a household, while the younger ones are left entirely without employment, is a great evil. They not only acquire a distaste of work from habitual idleness, but they grow weary almost of life itself, from very listlessness, and want of proper occupation. You may over-task them with study, but that is not the thing. The body, as well as the mind, needs exercise, and they need to feel the pleasure of being useful, and to do something which they know they have done well, and of which their consciences can approve. Training them to *make a show*, even if it succeeds, will not "pay," in the worldly sense of the term, half as well as teaching them to give and receive happiness by kind acts in the home circle.

[The following receipts are from Widdifield's New Cook-Book, just published by T. B. Peterson:—]

Jelly Cheese.—Clean, very carefully, two sets of pig's feet, put them into hot, salted water, sufficient to cover them, let them boil slowly, until perfectly tender, and the meat falls from the bone. Then put them on a dish, and take out all the bones, cut up the meat into small pieces, and return it to the kettle, and stir well with two quarts of the liquor in which they were boiled. Then season with salt, cayenne, sage, sweet marjoram, and four or five red peppers, cut fine.

Stir all well together, and after letting it simmer slowly ten minutes, put it into deep dishes; when cold, cut into slices, and warm in a pan with a little vinegar, or eat cold, as preferred.

Sweetbreads (French Style).—Take three large sweetbreads, put them into hot water, and let them boil ten minutes; when cool, skin, but do not break them. Season with salt and pepper, and dredge over a little flour; then fry them slowly in butter, a light brown on both sides. When done, place them on a dish, and remove all the brown particles from the pan (retaining the butter); then pour in, while off the fire, one gill of boiling water, and dredge in one dessert-spoonful of browned flour, stirring it all the time. Then season with salt and pepper to taste; mix well, and just before removing it from the fire, stir in gradually two tablespoonsful of Madeira wine. After dredging in the flower, and seasoning the gravy, as soon as it comes to boil, stir in the wine; while boiling hot, pour it over the sweetbreads, and send to table in a well-heated (covered) dish.

Chicken Dressed as Terrapins.—Boil a fine, large, tender chicken; when done, and while yet warm, cut it from the bones into small pieces, as for chicken salad; put it into a stew-pan with one gill of boiling water; then stir together, until perfectly smooth, one quarter of a pound of butter, one tea-spoonful of flour, and the yolk of one egg; which add to the chicken, half at a time, stirring all well together; then season with salt and pepper. After letting it simmer about ten minutes, add half a gill of Madeira wine, and send to table hot.

This is very nice, and much liked by those who are not fond of terrapins.

Scotch Cake.—One pound and a half of flour; one pound of sugar; one pound of butter; one tea-spoonful of cinnamon; one gill of milk.

Rub the flour, butter, sugar, and cinnamon together; after which, add the milk. Knead well, roll into thin sheets, cut with a round, tin cutter, and bake in a moderate oven until a light brown.

Federal Cake.—Two pounds and a half of flour; one pound and a quarter of sugar; half a pound of butter; the yolks of two eggs; two table-spoonsful of saleratus; half a pint of milk.

Rub the butter, sugar, and flour together; then add all the other ingredients, knead the whole into a smooth dough. Roll it out into thin sheets, cut the cakes in the form of a diamond, and bake them on greased tins, in a quick oven; when done, loosen them from the tins with a knife, before they become cool.

Reed Bird Dumplings.—Prepare, very carefully, one dozen or more reed birds; wash them through several waters, and season with salt, black pepper, and dredge with flour. Then make a light crust, as for apple dumplings, roll out a piece of moderate thickness, and about the size of a saucer, in which place two birds, and between them, a small piece of butter, with six large oysters, seasoned with a little salt and pepper. Tie each one in a dumpling cloth, drop them into boiling water, and let them continue boiling for one hour; then take them out of the kettle, remove the cloths carefully, and send to table hot.

Farina Pudding.—One quart of milk; one tea-cup and a half of farina; seven eggs; two ounces of butter; three table-spoonsful of white sugar; one table-spoonful of rose-water; the grating of one fresh orange.

Put the farina into a bowl, and with a part of the milk, make it about the consistency of cream; the remainder, place over a slow fire, in a farina kettle, and as soon as it comes to a boil, stir in the farina gradually. Three or five minutes will cook it; then remove it from the fire, and stir in the butter, with a little salt. Separate the eggs, and to the yolks add the sugar, which beat until light. When the farina is sufficiently cool, stir them in by degress, with the rose-water and orange. Whisk the whites until stiff and dry, and mix through lightly, half at a time. Butter your pudding dish, put in the mixture, and bake in a quick oven three quarters of an hour. Eat with wine sauce, or nun's butter.

Biscuit Fritters.—Take some light sugar biscuit, split them in half, saturate them (but not sufficiently to fall to pieces), with a custard made with six eggs to a quart of milk, omitting sugar, then fry them in hot lard a light brown on both sides, and eat with wine sauce, or nun's butter.

Digitized by Google

Health Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

Calisthenics and Gymnastics.—It is too often, that the sick or ailing are indisposed to exertion of any kind. They have given themselves up to listlessness and inactivity. While they remain in this condition, their case is almost hopeless. They require to compel themselves to resist this torpor by regularly and actively employing what bodily powers they do possess; and calisthenic and gymnastic exercises are indispensable to the full development of them.

Horace Mann, in speaking of the gymnasium, says:—

"It requires no very strong imagination to see the horrid forms of the diseases themselves, as they are exorcised and driven from the bodies which were once their victims, and are compelled to seek some new tenement. Those prodigious leaps over the vaulting horse, how they kick hereditary gout out of the toes! Those swift somersets, with their quick and deep breathings, are ejecting bronchitis, asthma and phthisic from the throat and lungs. On yonder pendant rope, consumption is hung up like a malefactor, as it is. Legions of devils are impaled on those parallel bars. Dyspepsia lost hold of her victim when he mounted the flying horse, and has never since been able to regain her throne, and live by gnawing the vitals. There goes a flock of nervous distempers, headaches and tic-doloreux and St. Anthony's fire; there they fly out of the window, seeking some stall-fed alderman, or fat millionaire, or aristocratic old lady. Rheumatism and cramps and spasms sit coiled up and chattering in the corners of the room, like satanic imps, as they are; the strong muscles of the athletic having shaken them off, as the lion shakes the dew-drops from his mane. Jaundice flies away to yellow the cheeks and blear the eyes of my fair young lady, reclining on her ottomans in her parlor. The balancing pole shakes lumbago out of the back, and kinks out of the femoral muscles, and stitches out of the side. Pleurisy and apoplexy, and death hover round; they look into the windows of this hall, but finding brain and lungs and heart defiant of their power, they go away in quest of some lazy cit, some guzzling drone, or some bloated epicure at his late supper, to fasten their pangs upon him. In the meantime the rose blooms again on the pale cheek of the gymnast: his shrivelled skin is filled out, and his non-elastic muscles and bones rejoice anew in the vigor and buoyancy of youth. A place like this ought to be named the Palace of Health."

"Died of Eating."—Such would be the verdict of a coroner's jury, in but too many cases, if coroners' juries sat upon all persons, whether dying by accident or in bed. If, in less fruitful lands, people often die by famine, here we die of too much eating. In New England, it is pies and sweet cakes that kill; in the Middle States it is a surfeit of good beef; in the South, it is another thing; in the West, still another; everywhere it is *too much eating*.

The evil would be less if we were a more active people. It may seem strange to accuse Americans of a want of activity; but while they give the brains plenty to do, or one set of muscles, they neglect everything else. The lawyer sticks to his desk, the minister to his study, the shop-keeper to his counter, the merchant to his store. They eat and work, but take no recreation. They reduce themselves to mere money-making machines. They go one unvaried round, like horses in a mill. Is it wonderful, that, while living like hermits, yet gorging like fox-hunters, they gradually lay the seeds of diseases, varying according to the professions they follow, yet all originating in over-feeding, combined with neglect of exercise? Is it strange that they die of *too much eating?*

We have temperance societies, Corson leagues and Maine Law associations in plenty. But who will found a "Society" on the discouragement of excessive "eating," which, to be frank with reformers, we need almost as much. Recollect, wine-bibbers and gluttons were anathematized in the same breath. Yet many a person who would not touch strong drink, dies at last a victim to *eating*.

Tobacco and its Baneful Effects—Caution to Parents and Others.—It has been affirmed, that of twenty deaths of young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, ten originate in the waste of constitution by smoking! The vicious habit destroys more than the public-house! The use of tobacco is the chief source of general debility, nervous trembling of the hands, weakness of the extremities, cancer of the tongue, disease of the stomach, jaundice, *and in very many instances of insanity*, as the reports of the lunatic asylums plainly testify. If the habit is contracted at too early an age, (at the present moment too prevalent a habit,) it stunts the growth, and causes *permanent* muscular weakness. Dr. Webster remarks, that on post-mortem examination of the bodies of *inveterate smokers* "cretinism" is always present. Lord Carlisle, in his recent work on Turkey, strongly condemns the use of the weed. He remarks that he had every opportunity of judging for himself from among them, and that the Turks have, from constantly smoking, well earned for themselves the "title of the lazy Turks!"

Digitized by Google

Editors' Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—THE OLD PIANO, &c.

"One must enter regularly, pursue the course of study, and graduate, before he undertakes to write, in any worthy manner, of the White Mountains."

Now, we have just been there, reader, and heartily endorse this sentiment.

One needs to stay a long time among these mighty inspirations of nature, as unlike her ordinary conceptions of hill, and valley, and meadow-land, as Milton's Paradise Lost is to Moore's Melodies—one wants to become thoroughly acquainted with the grand physiognomy, and thoroughly infused with the awfully sublime spirit of the time and the place, before his pen shall translate, worthily, the mighty, mysterious utterances that are heard only in silence, and long communion of the soul.

So, of the White Mountains, we, who gave to them hours, instead of days, have little to say. But as one who, in running over a long poem, or a new book, pauses, occasionally, at some beautiful sentence or graceful passage, and murmurs his warm admiration, while he would in no wise venture an opinion on the whole; so did we find, "flashing along the thread of our sight-seeing," many a dimple of wondrous beauty, many a sight of stirring interest, which, with its associations, and its inherent grandeur carved itself into the memory forever.

One of these was the "Echo Lake," only a short ride from the gorge of the Franconia Mountains. The blue waters of the little lake sleep in the green vase of the hills around them, so serene and quiet, it is no wonder that a path to its shores is worn by the feet of the strangers, who pause there to take a sail in the boat, and hear the soft echoes, which have christened the waters, gather up the sound of their voices.

There is something, at once so mysterious and so poetical in the sound of an echo, that the places it haunts have a powerful attraction for most people. We listened, with a beating heart, as far, far away on the opposite shores, a voice shouted back the sound of our trumpet, sweet and sad, like a welcome and a farewell.

Then there was the basin, pouring, with its green, snake-like coils, into the great bowl of the rocks—there was the cascade, dancing, hurrying, dazzling, as its white garments sheeted over the granite, and folded themselves in great, shining breadths below; and there was the Flume, grandest, sublimest, and most terrible of all. This is an opening in the mountains, dark, and damp, and deep, like the road to Hades. The view is really appalling, almost frightful, with the walls of mountains rising far up on either side, and that single passage gaping like a great wound down deep in their heart.

The sun reaches dimly into this rocky cellar, while far above it, the pine, the birch, and the hemlock wave their green arms with soft prayers in summer, and fierce, wild howlings in winter.

The water rushes from above in a strong tide through the center of the "Flume." It walks with its cold white feet among the jagged rocks, and its loud, wild, awful voice rolls through the silence, the fitting accompaniment to this strange, dark, impressive scene.

Then, there is the *The Old Man of the Mountain*, (no wonder the Indians feared and worshipped him,) his large, massive features, rising out from the rock, clear and sharp as a statue's, and—but there's no use trying, reader, to tell the "half" of all we saw. New memories crowd around our pen, and we must wave them all back for broader space and opportunity.

Yesterday, on visiting the MECHANIC'S STATE FAIR, at Boston, there was one thing that interested us more than all the rest. This was a piano, *three hundred and fifty years old!* It was a small, strange looking instrument, about the size and weight of an ordinary melodeon, and shaped something like a harp placed horizontally.

It stood there, that plain, brown, humble-looking thing, overshadowed by its descendants of carved rose wood and mahogany; but oh! it was greater than they, coming up from the dead centuries to the present.

We stood there, and forgot the gorgeous display, and the busy crowd about us, as we thought how the white fingers of English maidens had flashed across those small keys in the days of the Tudors. What tales it could tell us of dance and revelry in old baronial halls? what stories had been whispered in the summer evenings by lordly knight, to fair-haired girls beside it.

Under moss-covered turrets and battlements, what proud heads had bowed over that old piano, what loyal hymns had been sung to its sweet music.

Alas! alas! they were all dust now, and the *dead* and the piano kept their secrets.

November, like a gray-headed nun, is coming upon us. Sad, and dim, and cold, with her wild night winds, and her long rains, she mourns the glory that has departed.

Yet, she has very sweet smiles sometimes, in the

Digitized by Google

middle of the day, and her breezes laugh with the Golden Rod along the hedges, and the bright sun lights up the crimson clusters which still cling lovingly to the maple branches.

Then, there are the long evenings, where, if you are in the country, you can go out in the kitchen, and dream such charming "Ik Marvel" dreams beside the glowing birch-wood fires; and if you are in the city—oh, there is enough there!

Then comes THANKSGIVING! Oh, God the Father hath placed its golden sheaf into thy pale hands, *November!* V. F. T.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1857.

We are already making arrangements for giving new interest to the Home Magazine in the coming year. Since its commencement, there has been a steady increase in the circulation, each year swelling the list of subscribers by thousands; and those who have received it from the beginning, will bear witness that we have as steadily added to its value by the introduction of costly embellishments, a general improvement in the typography, and in the expenditure of money—as far as the subscription would warrant—for literary matter of a superior order.

In the coming year, we shall take another advance step. In all respects we are not satisfied with the typographical appearance of our Magazine; so, new type has been ordered, and in January a new dress will been donned, neater, handsomer, and more attractive than the present. The beautiful, colored steel fashion plates, of which specimens are given in the previous and present numbers, are to be continued every month during the coming year. The cost of these for a single number is greater than that of all the other embellishments, steel plate included, contained in a number—this one, for instance. Yet there will be no diminution of the latter, nor will there be any increase in the price of subscription.

The literary portion of the work will be as carefully conducted as heretofore, and its interest steadily increased. We have been exceedingly gratified at the cordial reception which has been given to our highly-gifted, assistant editor, who writes with a grace, beauty, tenderness, and pathos that win their way to every heart. Just what the Home Magazine lacked from the beginning, she is giving to it. Her fancy warms the pages that were always made a little too cold by our grave didactics. Miss Townsend will continue her present relation to the Magazine as assistant editor, and, what will gratify our readers still further to learn, will commence in the January number a new story or novelette. This story will be one of the "features" of the Magazine for 1857. We promise our readers a literary banquet of no common order.

ISN'T this, from Burton, worth remembering, reader?—"He that knows not how to spend his time, hath more business, care, grief, and anguish of mind, than he that is most busy in the midst of all his business.

THE OLD CRANBERRY TREE.

There it stands in the hollow, just as it did twenty years ago, and the light winds curve up through the low boughs, and the morning birds sing their old songs in its topmost branches.

Old Cranberry Tree! The tears that are gathering into my eyes as I look on you, do not disgrace my manhood. What sweet pages of life have been written under you! How proud I was when I climbed you for the first time, and gathered the berries that were strung like thick rubies on every bough! It was our tree—Bell's and mine; and our mothers divided the berries, and made cranberry tarts to eat with the Thanksgiving turkeys. I can see her now, standing where the long branches dip almost to the grass, picking the fruit with her small fingers, and laughing up at me with her blue, deep eyes!

Then, in the still summer noons, how many a nice dinner of gingerbread and apple-pies have we eaten together in the shadow of that old tree! I remember the little wicker basket in which she carried hers, and how daintily she used to lift up the cover of the snowy napkin, that had "Bell" printed in large, gilded letters on the centre.

How the school children used to pity us because we lived so far off, and had to pass the long, dull noons together—oh, they did not guess how little we needed their sympathy! What half-serious, half-comical, and altogether *sincere* conversations we used to hold, sitting there on the grass, with the shadows rocking all around us! How broad, and grand, and beautiful, the future seemed, as we looked off to it as to a "far country." What plans we used to make (as travellers always do) when we should reach it! Alas! alas! we were both, indeed, travelling to a "far country," but Belle's was *upward!*

I wonder what put it into my head to say to her, as I did one day while we sat together, "Belle, when I get to be a man I shall certainly marry you. You'll have me, won't you?"

She pushed back her curls, and looked at me with her clear, earnest eyes. "Yes, Edward, I'll have you, for I like you a great deal better than any of the other boys."

Then I drew a picture of a little cottage where Belle and I would live together, and there should be a cranberry tree in the front yard, and in the summer time we would set our table under it every day, and we would have a great swing in the barn, and two of the prettiest coal-black ponies, and every evening I would take Belle to ride.

She nestled her little fluttering hand in mine, and her smile—to what in the world that is bright and beautiful shall I compare it—as she asked, "Oh, shan't we be happy then, Edward?"

Oh, Belle, darling little Belle, you *are* happy now, though, not half a mile from the old cranberry tree, stands a small marble shaft, and on it is graven—

ISABELLA GRANT, AGED 11.

That tells all, and oh! it may be, that, sitting under the shadow of the tree of Life Immortal, she looks down and smiles upon me, standing under the shadow of the Cranberry tree on earth. V. F. T.

Digitized by Google

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

We have before us specimen pages of this splendid work, now in the press of Childs & Peterson. It will be comprised in two octavo volumes of five hundred pages each. The illustrations are of the most superb character, exceeding three hundred in number, many of them fine steel engravings. The objects and scenery represented possess all the charms of novelty. Never before, have the strange, stern features of the far off Arctic region been pictured to the eye in so many curious and remarkable aspects as by the pencil of Dr. Kane. He has lent his vision to the reader, who may now look upon the wonders of the icy north. We make an extract:—

BREAKING UP OF AN ICE FLOE.

We crossed Murchison Channel on the 23d, and encamped for the night on the land-floe at the base of Cape Parry; a hard day's travel, partly by tracking over ice, partly through tortuous and zigzag leads. The next day brought us to the neighborhood of Fitz-Clarence Rock, one of the most interesting monuments that rear themselves along this dreary coast; in a region more familiar to men, it would be a landmark to the navigator. It rises from a field of ice like an Egyptian pyramid surmounted by an obelisk.

I had been anxious to communicate with the Esquimaux of Netelik, in the hope of gaining some further intelligence of Hanz. Our friends of Etah had given me, in their own style, a complete itinerary of this region, and we had no difficulty in instructing Godfrey how to trace his way across the neck of land which stood between us and the settlement. He made the attempt, but found the snow-drift impassable; and Peterson, whom I sent on the same errand to Tessiusak, returned equally unsuccessful.

The next day gave us admirable progress. The ice opened in leads before us, somewhat tortuous, but, on the whole, favoring, and for sixteen hours I never left the helm. We were all of us exhausted when the day's work came to a close. Our allowance had been small from the first; but the delays we seemed fated to encounter had made me reduce them to what I thought the minimum quantity, six ounces of bread-dust and a lump of tallow the size of a walnut: a paste or broth made of these before setting out in the morning and distributed occasionally through the day in scanty rations, was our only fare. We were all of us glad when, running the boats under the lee of a berg, we were able to fill our kettles with snow and boil up for our great restorative tea. I may remark that, under the circumstances of most privation, I found no comforter so welcome to the party as this. We drank immoderately of it, and always with advantage.

While the men slept after their weary labor, McGary and myself climbed the berg for a view ahead. It was a saddening one. We had lost sight of Cary Island; but shoreward, up Wostenholme Channel, the ice seemed as if it had not yet begun to yield to the influences of summer. Every thing showed how intense the last winter had been. We were close upon the 1st of July, and had a right to look for the North Water of the whalers where we now had solid ice or close pack, both of them almost equally unfavorable to our progress. Far off in the distance—how far I could not measure—rose the Dalrymple Rock, projecting from the lofty precipice of the island ahead; but between us and it the land-ice spread itself from the base of Saunder's Island unbroken to the Far South.

The next day's progress was of course slow and wearisome, pushing through alternate ice and water for the land-belt. We fastened at last to the great floe near the shore, making our harbor in a crack which opened with the changes of tide.

The imperfect diet of the party was showing itself more and more in the decline of their muscular power. They seemed scarcely aware of it themselves, and referred the difficulty they found in dragging and pushing to something uncommon about the ice or sludge rather than to their own weakness. But, as we endeavored to renew our labors through the morning fog, belted in on all sides by ice-fields so distorted and rugged as to defy our efforts to cross them, the truth seemed to burst upon every one. We had lost the feeling of hunger, and were almost satisfied with our pasty broth and the large draughts of tea which accompanied it. I was anxious to send our small boat, the Eric, across to the lumme-hill of Appah, where I knew from the Esquimaux we should find plenty of birds; but the strength of the party was insufficient to drag her.

We were sorely disheartened, and could only wait for the fog to rise, in the hope of some smoother platform than that which was about us, or some lead that might save us the painful labor of tracking. I had climbed the iceberg; and there was nothing in view except Dalrymple Rock, with its red brassy face towering in the unknown distance. But I hardly got back to my boat, before a gale struck us from the northwest, and a floe, taking upon a tongue of ice about a mile to the north of us, began to swing upon it like a pivot and close slowly in upon our narrow resting-place.

At first our own floe was also driven before the wind; but in a little while it encountered the stationary ice at the foot of the very rock itself. On the instant the wildest imaginable ruin rose around us. The men sprang mechanically each one to his station, bearing back the boats and stores; but I gave up for the moment all hope of our escape. It was not a nip, such as is familiar to Arctic navigators; but the whole platform, where we stood, and for hundreds of yards on every side of us, crumbled and crushed and piled and tossed itself madly under the pressure. I do not believe that of our little body of men, all of them disciplined in trials, able to measure danger while combating it,—I do not believe there is one who this day can explain how or why—hardly when, in fact—we found ourselves afloat. We only know that in the midst of a clamor utterly indescribable, through which the braying of a thousand trumpets could no more have been heard than the voice of a man, we were shaken and raised and whirled and let down again in a swelling waste of broken hummocks, and, as the men grasped their boat-hooks, in the stillness that followed, the boats eddied away in a tumultuous skreed of ice and snow and water.

We were borne along in this manner as long as the unbroken remnant of the in-shore floe continued revolving, utterly powerless, and catching a glimpse every now and then of the brazen headland that looked down on us through the snowy sky. At last the floe brought up against the rocks, the looser fragments that hung round it began to separate, and we were able, by oars and boat-hooks to force our battered little flotilla clear of them. To our joyful surprise, we soon found ourselves in a stretch of the land-water wide enough to give us rowing-room, and with the assured promise of land close ahead!

As we neared it, we saw the same forbidding wall of belt ice as at Sutherland and Hakluyt. We pulled along its margin, seeking in vain either an opening of access or a nook of shelter. The gale rose, and the ice began to drive again; but there was nothing to be done but get a grapnel out to the belt, and hold

Digitized by Google

on for the rising tide. The Hope stove her bottom and lost part of her weather-boarding, and all the boats were badly chafed. It was an awful storm, and it was not without constant exertion that we kept afloat, bailing out the scud that broke over us, and warding off the ice with boat-hooks.

At three o'clock, the tide was high enough to scale the ice-cliff. One by one we pulled up the boats upon a narrow shelf, the whole sixteen of us, uniting at each pull. We were too much worn down to unload, but a deep and narrow gorge opened in the cliffs almost at the spot where we clambered up and as we pushed the boats into it on an even keel, the rocks seemed to close above our heads, until an abrupt turn in the course of the ravine placed a protecting cliff between us and the gale. We were completely encaved.

Just as we had brought in the last boat—the Red Eric, and were shoring her up with blocks of ice, a long-unused but familiar and unmistakable sound startled and gladdened every ear, and a flock of eiders flecking the sky for a moment, passed swiftly in front of us. We knew we must be at their breeding grounds, and as we turned in wet and hungry to our long-coveted sleep, it was only to dream of eggs and abundance.

We remained almost three days in our crystal retreat, gathering eggs at the rate of twelve hundred a day. Outside, the storm raged without intermission, and our egg-hunters found it difficult to keep their feet; but a merrier set of gourmands than were gathered within never surfeited in genial diet.

A DIRGE.

Our readers have not, of course, forgotten the reference made in the last number of the Home Magazine, to the death of little Willie Percy, the son of our correspondent, who writes to the signature of "Minnie Mary Lee." In the "St. Paul Daily Times," we find the following beautiful "Dirge," written on the occasion of his death, and transfer it to our Magazine. It is from the pen of a gifted relative of the sorrowing mother:—

LITTLE WILLIE:

A DIRGE OF NORTHERN LAND.

BY J. G. A. WOOD.

While in Northern land the morning
  Yet its golden vesture wore,
And the long, wild, slender grasses
  Swept by many a prairie shore,
Passed the soul of little Willie,
  To the land where spirits go;
And his eyes the lids o'er shading,
Slowly filmed and slowly fading,
  Closed their gentle looks of woe—
All the garrish light evading,
  Where he lieth—lieth low.

He was fairer than the lily
  Borne upon the woodland lake,
Held his eyes a softer lustre,
  Than the waves from Heaven take;
O! he lieth cold and pallid,
  Where the purple violets grow,
Down beside the gleaming river,
Whose melodious wave shall never
  Cease in solemn hymn to flow—
Moaning to the stars forever,
  Where he lieth—lieth low.

There's a legend pure and holy,
  Woven for the faithful ear,
That we gain a star in Heaven,
  When we lose a blossom here;
O! beyond the sparkling Aiden,
  Hath not OURS begun to glow?
And we fain would comfort borrow,
Thinking of the deathless morrow,
  That all gentle spirits know,
While we pour the plaint of sorrow,
  Where he lieth—lieth low.

SAUK RAPIDS, August, 1856.

RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.

We wonder whether there is any place in the world where a man's real qualities are more frequently evolved, where more constant calls are made upon his kindness and good nature, than in the office of a *Conductor*. We asked ourselves this question, after our recent journey to the "White Mountains," and for gentlemanly courtesy, for chivalric attentions to all persons of all ages, sexes, and conditions, the conductors from *New Haven* to *Littleton* are certainly deserving a large meed of praise.

The old, the little children, and the "verdant," form a large proportion of the travelling community, and these must, of course, in various ways, subject the officers to a good deal of annoyance. But on the road of which we speak, we never saw a single instance of reluctance or impatience on the part of the conductors to fulfill, so far as was in their power, all the wishes or *whimsicalities* of the passengers. Mothers with their nine small children, solitary ladies with their bandboxes, and old people with their alarms and bewilderments, are in a great degree dependent for their comfort upon the officers of the train; and many would, if they could, we doubt not, add their testimony to ours in this matter.

V. F. T.

"WORSHIPPING SUCCESS."

This seems too much the predisposition of the age. The unavowed feeling that the "end sanctifies the means," pervades our social atmosphere, and colors our conduct to an almost fearful degree!

And in this age of *success-worshipping*, it is well to remember that the *right* is greater than *power*, that truth and principle and that good old word *honesty*, are worth infinitely more than all the wealth and fame the world can ever bestow upon us.

A FABLE.

A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards, as he walked along, he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the ground, in hopes to find another. And in the course of a long life, he did pick up at different times a goodly number of coins, gold and silver. But all these years while he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never for once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along

Digitized by Google

"PLAYING MOTHER." (ILLUSTRATED.)

Isn't the child a comical-looking little Puss, reader? What a strange frame-work for that soft, sweet face, is grandmother's cap, with its deep, lace borders, and its broad bows of brown ribbon? Do you see the hair piling out from under it in sunny masses?

Oh! little child, little child! If we could only be *you* for one brief hour, sitting there this summer afternoon under the great shadows of the elm! Those little tame rabbits certainly make the nicest kind of babies, and submit to your somewhat original method of training with a demure resignedness of position and expression, which bipeds of a different order would do well to contemplate.

What a look of quiet, *motherly* satisfaction smiles out from the blue eyes, and curves the corners of the rose-bud mouth! Well, there is a bright side to every case, and a vast difference between rabbit babies and human ones—between "playing mother" and being it, as the child may yet practically realize.

V. F. T.

IMPORTANCE OF EARLY ASSOCIATIONS AND COMPANIONSHIP.

What a volume of meaning is contained in this brief extract from the Biography of Sir Thomas Fowell Baxton: "I am obliged to return again to the grand lesson which the book before us holds up to every young man—*the mighty and moulding influence which those intimacies which he forms with others may exert over him.* They not only affected Sir Fowell Buxton's personal happiness, character, and habits, but they determined his whole course, colored his entire being, made him what he was as a public man, sustained and strengthened his zeal and philanthropy, and presented to his mind those who, *next* to God, at once inspired his efforts and rewarded them."

If young men would only take to heart this great lesson, how much of disability and wretchedness would be saved to them in their after lives?

LETTERS FROM LA RUCHE.

The reader must not pass over No. 1 of the "Letters from La Ruche," which is the beginning of a series of amusing sketches of country life, somewhat in the vein of the "Sparrowgrass Papers," but really commenced before that pleasant series, and laid aside by the fair author, lest they should be regarded as imitations. The peculiar style of the writer, and the grave, quiet humor that pervades these letters, mark them as original. We promise ourselves and our readers a fund of quiet enjoyment with the Honeycombes at "La Ruche."

FORGIVENESS.

We must not hope for the great blessing of forgiveness, unless we cherish the spirit of forgiveness towards others. The former comes as a natural result of the latter.

"Oh never bear malice; dislike if you will,
Yet, remember, humanity linketh us still;
We are all of us human, and all of us erring,
And mercy within us should always be stirring.
Shall we dare to look up to the Father above
With petitions for pardon, or pleading for love?
Shall we dare, while we pant for revenge on another,
To ask from a God, yet deny to a brother?"

DRIP, DRIP, O RAIN!

Drip, drip, O Rain!
From the sky's beclouded eaves:
Wail, wail, O Wind!
That sweepest the withered leaves.

Moan, moan, O Sea!
In the depths of thy secret caves;
Utter thine agony,
With the roar of thy striving waves!

Sigh, sigh, O Heart!
That vainly seekest rest,
Moan, moan, O Heart!
By grief and care opprest.

For the drip of the falling rain,
And the wail of the wind shall cease,
The roar and strife of the waves,
Ere long shall be at peace.

Then fear not, O, sad heart,
To let thy grief have way,
For the grief that hideth not,
Shall the sooner pass away.

—*Household Words.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RELIGION IN AMERICA; or an Account of the Origin, Relation to the State, and Present Condition of the Evangelical Churches in the United States. With notices of the Unevangelical Denominations. By ROBERT BAIRD: New York, *Harper & Bros.*

A large and important work, assuming to give the history and present condition of the various religious denominations in America. With some glaring and inexcusable exceptions, it may be regarded as in the main correct, though, from the exceptions we have noted, we cannot feel any strong confidence in the author as a strictly impartial historian. When a man assumes so responsible a position as that taken by Mr. Baird, a simple regard for his own reputation, if not for the truth, should lead him to exceeding care as to his statements. If his knowledge is limited in respect to any branch of the subject, he should avail himself of the right sources of information, and not make hap-hazard declarations, the result of vague general impressions in agreement with his prejudices.

The author of the above work, when he came to consider the subject of "Swedenborgianism" in America, about which he shows himself to be in almost total ignorance, should have applied to the right sources, and obtained the simple truth in regard to it, in order that he might tell the truth. No excuse for not doing this will serve him; for, when he undertook to write the truth, he was bound by every principle of right to be sure that he did not become a propagator of the false.

At this day, no one gains any reputation among enlightened and thinking men, by treating the claims of Swedenborg with contempt; and Mr Baird for his

Digitized by Google

own, if not the truth's sake, will do well to revise his second-hand opinions of a system of doctrines the profoundest and most beautiful the world has ever seen—a system of doctrines wholly based upon and in strictest harmony with the written word of God.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE—The Espousals. Boston, *Ticknor & Fields.*

From an extended notice in the Saturday Evening Post, of this new poem—a poem which is attracting considerable attention—we take this brief but discriminating passage:—

"In the 'Espousals,' as in the 'Betrothal,' every man and woman who has truly loved, will find reproduced, with wonderful accuracy, the thoughts, the feelings, the fancies, the shifting hopes and fears of that sweet and strange epoch in their lives when all was beautiful with hope and May. The author proves himself marvellously intimate with the many moods of love. There are passages in the poem which seem as if written by a woman, so subtly familiar are they with the emotions and conditions of the womanly heart. Other passages are equally cognizant of the agitations and processes of masculine affection. No brain but a lover's could have conceived them; none but a lover's could have given them to the world."

DRED; A TALE OF THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In two volumes. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.* 1856.

There will be a great diversity of opinion in regard to this book, though all must accord to the author remarkable skill in drawing and grouping her characters, and in making them work to the end in view with the unerring precision of nicely arranged machinery; as well as in great power over the reader's sympathies. Most of the personages are evidently sketched from life; and each has sufficient exaggeration to stand out as a character, and fix the reader's interest. "Dred" is written with a purpose, and the time of its publication is shrewdly chosen. Between the day of its appearance from the press and the coming elections, the sale will be very large, and its influence widely extended.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By J. T. HEADLEY, author of "Washington and his Generals," &c. New York: *Charles Scribner.*

The style of Mr. Headley is too familiar to American readers to need any particular description. It is earnest, rapid, glowing, and picturesque, finely adapted to description, and possessing a charm for the greater number of readers. Hence the wide popularity of his books. The Life of Washington appeared, at first, in the pages of Graham's Magazine, and is now issued in a handsome octavo volume. The illustrations, of which there are a large number, are on both steel and wood, and of a very attractive character.

"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND." A Matter of Fact Romance. By CHARLES READE, author of "Christie Johnstone;" "Peg Woffington," &c. 2 vols. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

An English novel of deep interest, by an author already favorably known. The scenes are in varied degrees of life, but chiefly among the lowly and the suffering, and drawn with a vigorous hand. It is of that class of fiction, based on social facts, which unveils life in some of its sadder aspects, and shows the philanthropist and the moralist their work. None can read these volumes without feeling a quick indignation against wrong, and an earnest desire to put forth a hand to stay the flood of evil that is filling the earth with misery.

WIDDIFIELD'S NEW COOK BOOK; Or, Practical Receipts for the Housewife. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson.*

Every Philadelphian's ear is familiar with the name of Mrs. Widdifield, and every Philadelphian's palate with the taste of her unrivalled cakes and confectionary. As a "culinary artiste," she bore the highest reputation. In retiring from a position so long occupied without a peer, she has left this legacy of good things in potency to her friends, as her best remembrancer, and if the ladies of this and other cities, do not, hereafter, provide good breakfasts, dinners, and suppers for their husbands, and first-class entertainment for their friends, it will be no fault of Mrs. Widdifield's.

LITTLE SONGS. By MRS. FOLLEN. Illustrated with above Fifty Pictures. Boston: *Whittemore, Niles & Hall.*

A new edition, with new pictures, of the best book of nursery rhymes in the English language. It is "Mother Goose," with a moral.

ENGLISH TRAITS. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

England and the English viewed from the Emerson stand point. The book has, of course, a value peculiarly its own. There is in it many curious estimates of the people whose social, moral, and intellectual character is examined by the author. With some of these we can agree, and from some we must dissent. The thoughts are fragmentary, and the opinions expressed sound often like bits of rare fancy-work, rather than solid conclusions. And yet, there is so near an approach to truth in some of his tersely uttered satires, that we accept them with scarcely a question as to their general application to the whole people.

We take a few sentences at random:—

"The religion of England is part of good breeding. When you see, on the continent, the well-dressed Englishman come into his ambassador's chapel, and put his face for prayer into his smooth-brushed hat, one cannot help feeling how much national pride prays with him, and the religion of a gentleman. So far is he from attaching any meaning to the words, that he believes himself to have done almost the generous thing, and that it is very condescending in him to pray to God."

"The Frenchman invented the ruffle, the Englishman added the shirt. The Englishman wears a sensible coat, buttoned up to the chin, of rough, but solid and lasting texture. If he is a lord, he dresses a little worse than a commoner. They have diffused the taste for plain, substantial hats, shoes, and coats through Europe. They think him the best dressed man, whose dress is so fit for his use that you cannot notice, or remember to describe it."

"They have no Indian taste for a tomahawk dance, no French taste for a badge or a proclamation. The Englishman is peaceably minding his business, and earning his days' wages. But if you offer to lay hand on his day's wages, on his cow, on his right in commons, or his shop, he will fight to the Day of Judgement."

"Glory, a career, and ambition, words familiar to the longitude of Paris, are seldom heard in English speech. Nelson wrote from their hearts his homely telegraph: 'England expects every man to do his duty.'"

"He (the Englishman) is a churl with a soft place in his heart, whose speech is a brash of bitter water, but who loves to help you at a pinch. He says no, and serves you, and your thanks disgust him."

A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN; Or, A Sketch of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. By Rev. THOMAS BINNY. Boston: *Crosby, Nichols & Co.*

The lives of useful and successful men are always valuable, and should be read and studied by those who are just entering upon life. While their mistakes may be avoided, because seen, their right steps may be walked in, and the difficulties and dangers that beset the paths of young men in the world, in a great measure escaped, through prudent forsight. There is no better reading for young men than the biographies of those who have led good and useful lives; and among these is the subject of this memoir.

Digitized by Google

LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND, with Extracts from his Speeches and Writings. By CHARLES K. MCHARG. New York, *C. Scribner.*

From the meagre supply of materials extant, Mr. McHarg has compiled a very interesting account of the acute, sagacious diplomatist, who, in his time, exercised so important an influence on the affairs of the French nation and of all Europe. It is the most complete yet given to the public, and will serve to whet the appetite for his own "Memoirs," which, by the terms of his will, cannot be made public until 1868, when the specified thirty years from the time of his death will be completed.

A cotemporary in noticing this volume, thus briefly remarks upon the subtle diplomatist:—"Of all the personages that rose into public notice during the sanguinary excesses of the French Revolution, Talleyrand was the only one who enjoyed, through a long life, an almost uninterrupted succession of honors and dignities. A sagacious but unprincipled statesman—an able diplomatist—a keen anatomist of human foibles and frailties—an arch intriguer—a wit, and a satirist, and yet a profound thinker, he aided in building up and breaking down successive governments, and was employed, courted, caressed, honored, and feared by all. No one man's influence—not even Bonaparte's—more distinctly impressed itself, for good or evil, upon the age in which he lived; nor, perhaps, of all those brilliant Frenchmen to whom the Revolution opened the way to eminence and distinction, was there a single one that equalled Talleyrand in profound insight into character and motive. The memoirs which he left behind him, to be published at a future day, if they are ever suffered to see the light, will doubtless prove of extraordinary value to the future historian."

THE KNIGHTS AND THEIR DAYS. By DR. DORAN. New York, *Redfield.*

A remarkably interesting book. The author carries us back to the old chivalric era, and gives us descriptions of the manners and customs of ancient times, as connected with pages and esquires, and mailed warriors, their course of training, their duties, and the ceremonial of investiture. Mills and James have very ably treated this subject in a general manner in their respective histories of chivalry, but Dr. Doran has made knighthood his speciality, and in doing so, has produced a volume of more than common interst.

THE MODERN WHITFIELD. New York, *Blakeman, Sheldon & Co.*

The great clerical lion of the English metropolis, at the present day, is a young Baptist preacher by the name of *Spurgeon.* From the immense throngs which are constantly drawn to the chapel in which he preaches, by the report of his extraordinary eloquence, he has received the cognomen of "the Modern Whitfield," and under this title, a volume has been recently published, which comprises an introduction by the Rev. E. L. Magoon, a sketch of his life, and a number of his sermons. These sermons differ from those of other divines, only as exhibiting greater force and originality of expression. They evince no profound learning—are not acute in argument, but they have a course vigor, and a rugged picturesqueness about them, well calculated to arrest the attention of the popular mind.

SINAI AND PALESTINE IN CONNECTION WITH THEIR HISTORY. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M. A., Canon of Canterbury. With Maps and Plans. New York: *Redfield.*

A volume largely suggestive. The author presents a clear, strong picture of Palestine, and the Peninsula of Sinai, in all their singular, varied, and imposing geographical features, connecting the Bible history, and illustrating and confirming the simple narrative of facts by the testimony of local scenery. The book is destined, we may believe, to serve even a higher use than that intended by the accurate author. The connection between sacred history and sacred localities is far more intimate than is generally imagined; and the journey from Egypt, through Assyria, to Palestine, has a deeper significance than even theologians, as a body, have assigned to it. As a type of man's regeneration, it is full of instruction.

We particularly commend this handsome and imposing volume, as having more than ordinary attractions for the Bible student, as well as for all intelligent readers.

EVELYN MARSTON. By the author of "Emilia Wyndham," "Two Old Men's Tales," &c., &c. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

A touching love story, by the author of some of the most popular novels of the day.

THE PROMPTER: or a Book of Questions and Answers on English Grammar. Designed to be studied in connexion with Dr. Bullions' Grammar. By Prof. ALLEN N. SCOTT, Principal of Harper Institute, Woodville, La. New York, *Farmer, Brace & Co.*

The title explains the design of this little book, which seems to have been written with much care. The author states that he has used the "Prompter" in his own school for some time, and finds it a great aid to both teacher and student.

TWO LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN UNION. By HENRY REED, Late Professor of English History in the University of Pennsylvania.

These admirable lectures were delivered, originally, before the Smithsonian Institute, and attracted considerable attention at the time. They are altogether worthy of the permanent form now given them in a neatly bound volume. At a period when men talk passionately about dissolving our union, and even attempt to count the cost, the publication of these lectures may be regarded as a national benefit.

THE STANDARD SPELLER: Containing Exercises for Oral Spelling; also sentences for silent spelling by writing from dictation. By EPES SARGENT, Author of the "Standard Speaker," &c. Boston, *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

All of Sargent's school-books have received the approval of the most competent teachers in the country.

RETRIBUTION: A Tale of Passion. By EMMA E. D. N SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia, *T. B. Peterson.*

Powerfully written, as are all of Mrs. Southworth's stories.

SERMONS, DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL. By the Rev. WM. ARCHER BUTLER, A. M. First Series. Edited, with a Memoir of the Author's Life, by the Very Rev. Thomas Woodward, M. A., Dean of Doun. First American, from the Third Cambridge Edition. Philadelphia, *Parry & McMillan.*

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: Letters to Ernest Moritz Arndt, on the Dangers to Religious Liberty in the Present State of the World. By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN, D. D., D. C. L. D., PH, Translated from the German by Susannah Winkworth, author of the "Life of Neibuhr." New York, *Harper & Brothers.*

SIN AND REDEMPTION: A Series of Sermons, to which is added an Oration on Moral Freedom. By D. N. SHELDON, D. D., Pastor of the Elm St. Baptist Church, Bath, Me. Second Edition. Boston, *Crosby, Nichols, & Co.*

Three volumes of religious discourses, the title only of which we can give by way of announcing their publication, time not permitting us to dive into their earnestly written pages.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. By CHARLES DICKENS. With thirty-nine illustrations on steel, from designs by Phiz and Cruikshank. Philadelphia, *T. B. Peterson.*

Two volumes of Peterson's 12 mo. edition of the popular works of Charles Dickens, which he now furnishes in all styles and at all prices, ranging from two shilling volumes up to the most elegant and costly library editions.

HELEN LINCOLN: A Tale. By CARRIE CAPRON. New York. *Harper & Brothers.*

An excellent story of domestic life, in which the young will find many incentives to virtuous action.

THE KEY-STONE COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC: A Complete Collection of Hymns, Tunes, Anthems. Psalms, Chants, &c. To which is added the Physiological System of training Choirs and teaching Singing-Schools. By A. N. JOHNSON. *Murray, Young & Co.*, Lancaster, Pa.; *J. R. Miller*, 26 Bromfield St., Boston; *Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.*, New York; *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*, Philadelphia; *Cushing & Bayley*, Baltimore.

THE OLD CHEST AND ITS TREASURES. By AUNT ELIZABETH. New York: *M. W. Dodd.*

A collection of incidents, anecdotes, and brief essays, all with a moral or religious tendency, gathered from newspapers and periodicals, and brought together in one volume. The editor has done a good service.

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SAGUENAY, AND OTHER POEMS. By CHARLES SANGSTER. *John Creighton & John Duff:* Kingston, C. W. *Miller, Orton & Mulligan:* New York.

A new name in poetry, but one, if the promise of this volume is met, that will become a familiar household word. Mr. Sangster has a fertile imagination, and writes gracefully, and often tenderly.

Digitized by Google

THREE PER CENT A MONTH; Or, The Perils of Fast Living. By CHARLES BURDETT, author of "Second Marriage," "Mary Grover," &c., &c. New York: *Derby & Jackson.*

Fast living is the besetting sin of our country, and he does a good service who exhibits its weakness and folly in a light so strong that young and old will avoid the errors that lead to almost certain shipwreck of life's best prospects. Mr. Burdett has selected a fruitful theme, and the lessons he has so earnestly taught in this fine story, will not, we are sure, be lost.

www.libtool.com.cn

DAISY'S NECKLACE; AND WHAT CAME OF IT. (A Literary Episode.) By T. B. ALDRICH. New York: *Derby & Jackson.*

A pleasant book, spite of the good-natured, self-satisfied vanity of the author exhibited in the preface and elsewhere.

A TREATISE ON ARITHMETIC, Theoretical and Practical. By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL. D. New York, *Harper & Bros.*

FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

We present to our readers, this month, a dinner and evening dress, which, for neatness and elegance of style, stands unsurpassed. The *dinner dress* is composed of pink glace silk—waist full, with transverse puffings of ribbon, extending to either side of the bretelles, which are double, and meet at the point. They are trimmed at the edge with ribbon. The sleeves are very short, and are made of ribbon to match bretelles. Hair is worn in bandeaux. Wreath of graduated roses, tinted with pink.

The *evening dress* is a robe of white Crape de Paris, border of flounces green. The waist is cut low in the neck. Bretelles edged with green. A double cap forms the sleeves, an upper and under one; both are trimmed with green, and finished with tassels. Hair is worn in bandeaux, and elaborately dressed with flowers, which are worn very low, and quite touch the shoulder.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

No. 1 is intended for a little girl of five or six years. The material is scarf muslin, of the finest possible texture. The skirt is made of the usual length for children of that age; the bottom is adorned by two rows of broad Swiss insertion, and two-inch wide puffings of Swiss, having rose-colored ribbons underneath. A rich border of Swiss needlework, arranged with slight fulness, forms a finish to the edge. The front of the skirt is ornamented in robe style, the trimmings ascending to the waist in graduated form. The outer edge is bordered with Swiss needlework, arranged in rose-colored ribbons, to correspond with the bottom of the skirt. The low waist is ornamented in like manner by three muslin puffs, separated by bands of Swiss insertion, which graduate to the width of the skirt trimming at the waist, where they meet and form a mass of rich trimming, extending the full length of the front. The bretelles are composed of a single fall of needlework, with delicately scolloped edges to correspond with the short sleeves. A full bow of narrow, rose-colored ribbon having double ends, forms a pretty finish for the shoulders. Cambric pantalettes, embroidered in an open pattern of needlework with deep scolloped edges.

No. 2. The material is fine *Nansook* muslin. The short skirt is one mass of rich embroidery and fine tucks, which extend within an inch of the waist; a deep border of open scalloped needlework surrounds the bottom, above which are placed two groups of fine tucks, separated by broad bands of open insertion. The low waist is finished at the neck with fine cambric edging; the front ornamented by three bands of insertion, separated by two puffings of cambric, terminating in a point at the waist. The short sleeves are formed of a single needlework frill, looped up on the shoulders with red and white coral bands, clasped with gold. A broad sash of pea-green ribbon, brocaded with white flowers, is worn with this dress, the ends being tied in front, and allowed to flow down the entire length of the skirt.

LITERARY LIFE OF CITIES.

It is a mistake to suppose, as many have done, that the pursuit of letters can be best prosecuted in the retirement of the country, where their votary is removed from the noise and conflicts of the world, and where he may quietly converse with his books and with nature. These secluded spots, at least, do not furnish the theatre where the literary character may be best formed and expanded. The highest and rarest intellectual efforts are the result of collision of mind with mind; and the country, with its quiet streams and valleys, and noiseless forests, is not the proper arena for the encounter. Without earnest competition, no great progress will ever be made; and the larger the number of rivals, the more valuable and the more desirable will be the laurels of literary achievement. An individual presses beyond his fellows, and attains to a high grade of excellence. His name passes from lip to lip in accents of praise, and emulation is excited. A still better production emanates from another quarter, and he, who before filled the first, now occupies the second rank; and so the strife goes on, till the standard of literature reaches a high point of advancement. It is only in large cities, where, with the increasing demands of the age and country for minds of commanding influence, a literary class springs up, and occupies an honorable position, that this unceasing struggle for the mastery can be successfully maintained. If literature, as Madame DE STAEL piquantly says, is the study of man as a moral agent, a large share of the knowledge which makes scholars may be gathered far better from society than from books. Conversation is the great book of the world, which teaches the knowledge of all other books. The mart, the courthouse, the halls of legislation, where men meet together in crowds, and contend earnestly for the prizes of life, are better theatres for that kind of literature which influences mankind, than the scholar's study. It is there that the man of observation and genius can scan best the nature of his fellow man—the hidden springs of nature that control his movements—the passions that agitate him—the arguments that sway him, and the interests that most deeply engross his thoughts and affections. The results of this study will be found in the books that he writes, which will be living and moving pictures of society in all its diversified aspects and relations, and not the cold abstractions and dreamy speculations of the mere closet philosopher.

A literature which combines the knowledge that results from the study of books, with that which is evolved from the study of mankind, will be strong, masculine, and healthy, fitted to the wants of a practical people, and best calculated to develop their energies and promote their progress. It is also the most durable kind of literature. What is the drama but an exhibition of powerful passions, driven on to the heights of glory or shame by the most startling controversies of man with his fellow-man? And where can the materials for the drama be found, save in the very heart of society? Books are a recreation and a solace, and have exerted, in every age since the art of printing was discovered, a powerful influence over the world's destinies. "There is," said MILTON, "an immortality in a good book. It has a life beyond life." It survives, and exerts a living force, long after its author is laid in the tomb, and it carries down his name, with fame, to after times. But it is only those books which exhibit a thorough acquaintance with mankind, gathered not merely from history, but from personal observation—minute, accurate, and extensive—that have lived, and exerted an influence beyond the age that produced them. Such was the character of MILTON'S writings, both prose and poetical. If he had not been a practical man, and a man of the world; if he had not lived in exciting times, when great questions were agitating the popular mind, to the very centre of society, and if he had not been an active partisan in the warfare waged in behalf of civil and religious liberty, he never, in all probability, would have acquired that strength and breadth of intellect which were necessary to the composition of Paradise Lost. The men of our day, who would make durable and beneficial impressions upon the age, have corresponding duties to perform. They must consult the form and pressure of the times, and ascertain what society requires for its advancement, by living in it, and acting with it, and observing its aims, tendencies, and present state, in order to impress upon it a plastic form, and mould it to their own purposes.—*Philada. Daily Times.*

SHALL WE deem aught a trifle from which great things may spring?

Digitized by Google

EDITOR'S EYES.

We have, time and again, suggested to correspondents, that, in writing for the press, clear white paper, and legible chirography, were things almost indespensible to a favorable reception of a manuscript. But the hint is not always taken, as our strained eyes too frequently testify. In a cotemporary, we find some remarks on this subject, which we copy, and particularly commend them to our blue and tissue paper correspondents.

"But there is one considerable alleviation of the trials of editors and printers in deciphering manuscripts that *might* be accomplished with no other effort than that of choice, and we venture to suggest it. We say then, to all who write to printers and editors, *Choose white paper*, the whitest you can get. Let no one fool you with white or cream colored foolscap, if you have any pity for the eyes of your fellow-creatures. We have never yet forgiven the lady who invented blue paper, by letting her indigo-bag fall accidentally into her husband's vat of paper-pulp; and we never intend to forgive her, until people leave off writing to us on blue paper, with green ink. And this reminds us of another thing—*Choose black ink*. Let no one persuade you that green, blue, or rust-colored ink is cheaper, or freer to run.

"Ladies and gentlemen writers! Your time is valuable, and we do not expect you to waste time in getting your words on paper. But you can write just as fast on white paper, with black ink, as on blue paper, with green ink. If you doubt our words, make the experiment for yourselves. None but printers know (and they are two wise to tell) how many excellent writings have been burnt, simply because it was too painful a task to read them. It ought, however, to be known to all who can write, that an article legibly written, on one side of the paper only, is a temptation to print, that few editors have strength to withstand."

OVER-WORKING THE BRAIN.

An intelligent writer gives a note of warning which many, in the present excitement and rush of our country, would do well to heed. "In one of our lunatic asylums," he says, "there are now several gentlemen, all of whom were, one year ago, in full health and active business, and in each of these cases, mental aberration is traceable directly to over-working the brain. They are men of wealth and social eminence, and, until their sad affliction, were distinguished for usefulness in the church and the community. But to these we must add, perhaps, thousands of cases in which premature old age, or permanent ill-health, and mental imbecility, have arisen from similar causes. Paralysis, apoplexy, softening of the brain, and spinal affections, with kindred diseases, are striking down our scholars, jurists, physicians, professors, and clergymen, with fearful frequency."

There can be no sound health of either mind or body, where all thought and activity are in one direction, and especially if care and anxiety are added to intense application. Yet, tens of thousands of business and professional men live on, year after year, with scarcely a day's relaxation from thought and labor. Need we wonder that the over-taxed brain and nervous system yield to the unnatural pressure, and that sad consequences, like those above enumerated, follow in numerous instances?

PARODI'S CONCERTS, in our city, have been of the usual highly artistic character, and largely attended. Parodi is without a rival in our country, at the present time. She sings with the wonderful power that high cultivation, united with a love of her beautiful art, alone can give. Her execution of the "Marsellais" is almost a miracle, and holds her listeners breathless.

PAUL JULIAN, the boy-violinist, now in the Parodi concert troupe, is steadily acquiring new and higher skill. His power over the instrument he plays is wonderful. No marvel that his performances are greeted with the most enthusiastic applause.

THE JOY OF EARTH. By JAMES HUNGERFORD.

The joy of earth is like the light
Reflected on a tranquil lake;
A breath of wind, however slight,
May serve that imaged beam to break.

A cloud that floats afar in air,
Beyond our very hope to sway,
May cast its gloomy shadow there,
And sweep the brightness all away.

SOME one has said with truth, that women, lovely as they may be in person, rarely excite true admiration, if they are ignorant of the art of conversing well. The *mere art* will fail, however, to hold admirers. There must be intelligence as the groundwork of character. Thought must excite thought, or conversation becomes wearisome, and the talker ceases to be an object of interest or admiration.

"THE character of the young men of a community," says a modern writer, "depends much on that of the young women. If the latter are cultivated, intelligent, and accomplished, the young men will feel the requirement that they themselves should be upright, gentlemanly and refined; but if their female friends are frivolous and silly, the young men will be found to be dissipated and worthless. But remember, always, that a sister is the best guardian of a brother's integrity. She is the surest inculcator of a faith in woman's purity. As a daughter, she is the true light of the home."

"IT IS a beautiful world, divine love is with it, divine blessings are lavished on it, and it is beautiful and good, and holy; and life, too, is holy and precious, while God watches over it. Let us come forth, then, we that have known sorrow, or even now, that are suffering from some hidden pain, that we think is ceaseless as it is venemous, and let us look into the beauty of the world He made, and learn the sacredness of the life he has given.

"And if life for you and for me holds not happiness, it may yet hold something that is better, that even our humanity may rise to recognize as better. So, let us look it in the face, and travel on the way that it is appointed for us to go."

CHARLES KINGSLEY penned the following, and since the English language has been spoken, there are few men who have written so many and such great, startling, solemn truths, as this same Charles Kingsley—this true man, this great lover of humanity. "Ay," he went on, "and the same heat which crisps those thirsty leaves, must breed the thunder which cools them. But it is so throughout the universe: *every yearning proves the existence of an object meant to satisfy it;* the same law creates both the giver and the receiver, the longing and its home."

Digitized by Google

PATENT SYSTEM OF WRITING.

EVERY ONE HIS OWN TEACHER.

MAC LAURIN'S

www.libtool.com.cn

MANUAL GYMNASTIC

EXERCISES IN WRITING,

PATENTED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT, FEB. 14, 1855.

In a Set of Eight Books. Price $2 per Set.

ONE CAN BE USED BY A DOZEN LEARNERS.

Sent by mail, prepaid, to any part of the Union, on receipt of the price.

☞ TO TEACHERS.—An edition for schools, at half price.

This perfectly novel series comprises 96 pages 8x 15 inches, of beautifully electrotyped models, with the application of the patented device for overrunning them. The sure means are here, for the first time, offered to EVERY ONE, WITHOUT REGARD TO YEARS, OR SPECIAL TALENT, to acquire in his own room, without a teacher, and in a FORTNIGHT'S TIME, the very highest degree of skill and rapidity in current writing. The system can be used with the same advantage by children. The books are accompanied by a pamphlet with full directions, and the amplest testimony of the perfection of the system, and its results. There is no longer any necessity for any one not being an elegant and very rapid writer.

PUBLISHED BY

W. S. MAC LAURIN & CO.,

1t 345 BROADWAY, N Y.

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S

CELEBRATED

GERMAN BITTERS,

PREPARED BY

Dr. C. M. JACKSON, Philad'a, Pa.,

WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE

LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE,

Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.

Such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness, or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choaking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture. Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

The proprietor, in calling the attention of the public to this preparation, does so with a feeling of the utmost confidence in its virtues, and adaptation to the diseases for which it is recommended.

It is no new and untried article, but one that has stood the test of a ten years' trial before the American people, and its reputation and sale is unrivalled by any similar preparations extant. The testimony in its favor, given by the most prominent and well-known Physicians, and individuals in all parts of the country is immense, and a careful perusal of the Almanac, published annually by the proprietor, and to be had gratis of any of his Agents, cannot but satisfy the most skeptical that this remedy is really deserving the great celebrity it has obtained.

Principal Office and Manufactory, No. 96 ARCH St., Philad'a, Pa., and by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States and Canadas. 1yr

---

Blank Books—Blank Books!

BANKING INSTITUTIONS,

MERCHANTS,

MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS,

And Business Men generally, who intend renewing their

BLANK BOOKS,

Or new firms going into operation, can select from a large assortment now on hand,

MADE OF PURE LINEN PAPER,

Or have them made to order, Ruled to any pattern, and Paged

ALSO, ON HAND,

CHECK BOOKS ON ALL THE BANKS,

NOTES OF HAND, DRAFTS, COPYING PRESSES, AND COPYING INK.

PRINTING

Of all kinds neatly and expeditiously executed, such as

Bill-Heads, Way-Bills, Bills of Lading,

Together with all useful articles in the Stationery line, at the lowest market prices, at

WILLIAM H. MAURICE'S,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

BLANK BOOK AND STATIONERY ESTABLISHMENT,

123 CHESTNUT STREET.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

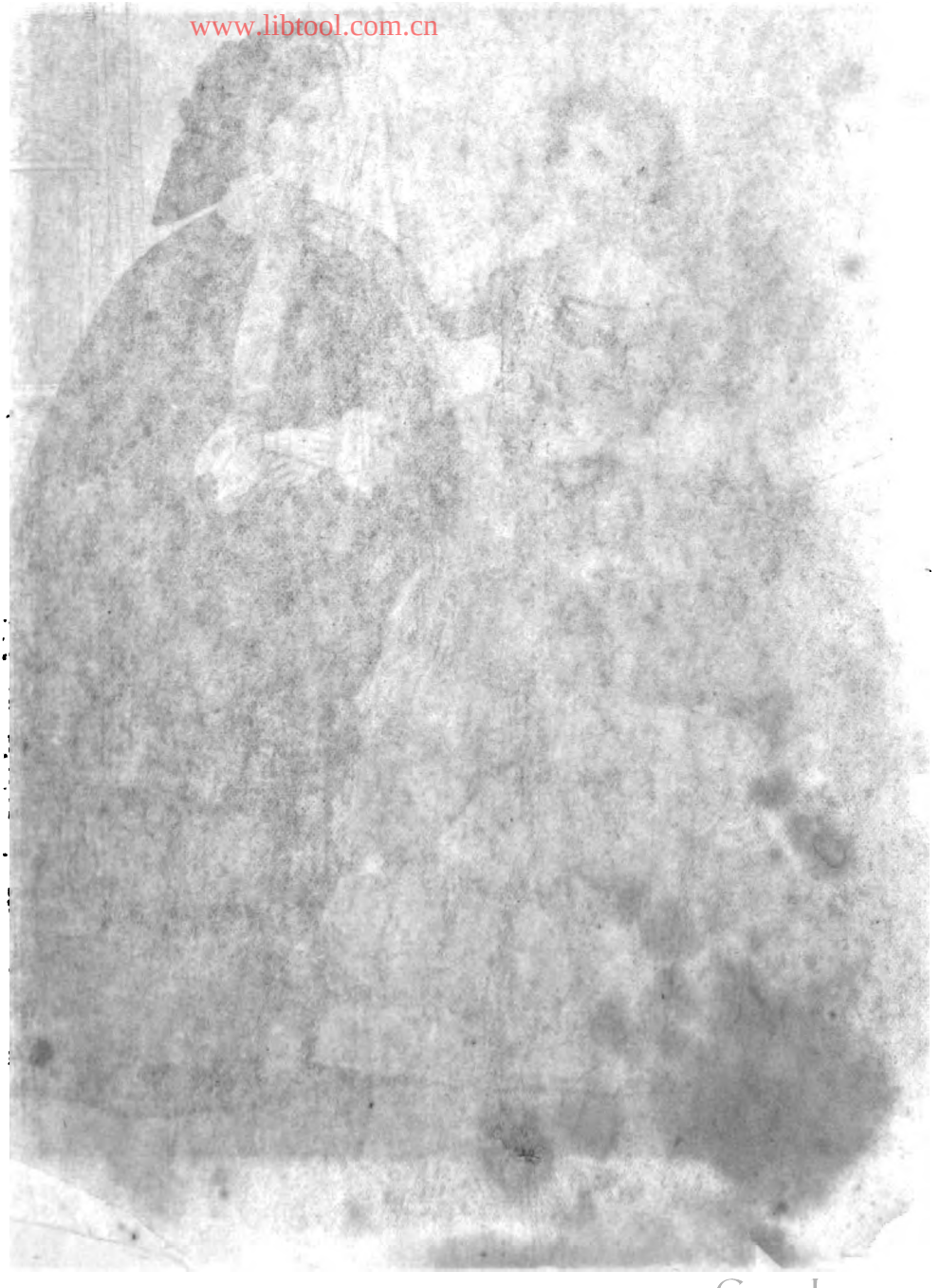


Painted by D. Wilkie, R.A. Engraved by F. G. Stained

THE BLIND FIDDLER.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google



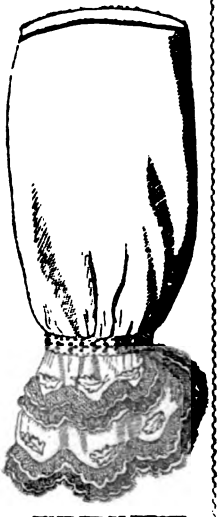
www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

www.fblool.com.cn



SACQUE OF CAMBRIC FOR MORNING DRESS,
to be worn with white cambric skirt.



UNDERSLEEVE.

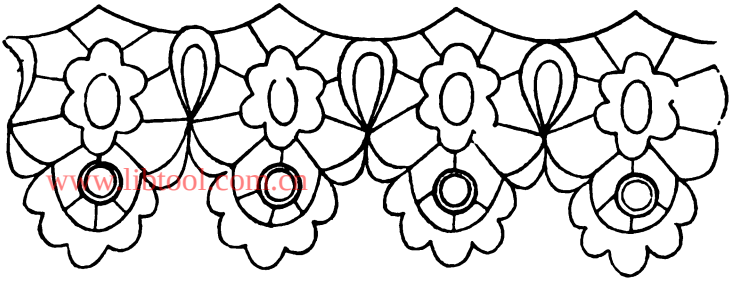


HEAD DRESS.

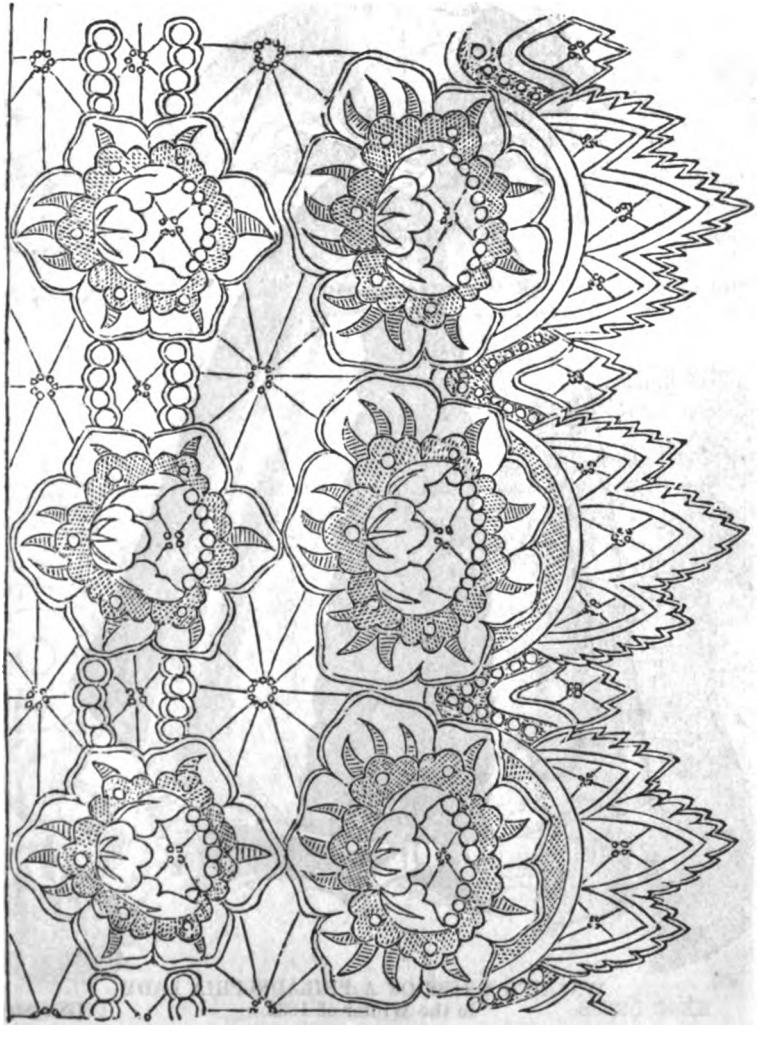


UNDERSLEEVE.

Digitized by Google



TRIMMING IN IMITATION OF POINT LACE.



PATTERN FOR UNDERSLEEVE.

Digitized by Google

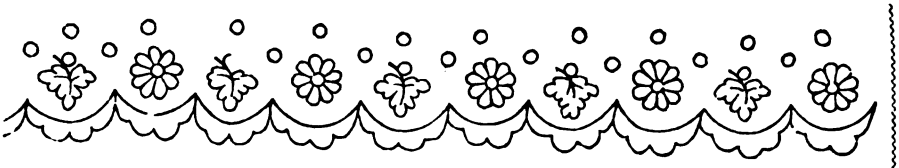
www.libtool.com.cn



WALKING DRESS OF A PHILADELPHIA LADY
in the Winter of 1832.

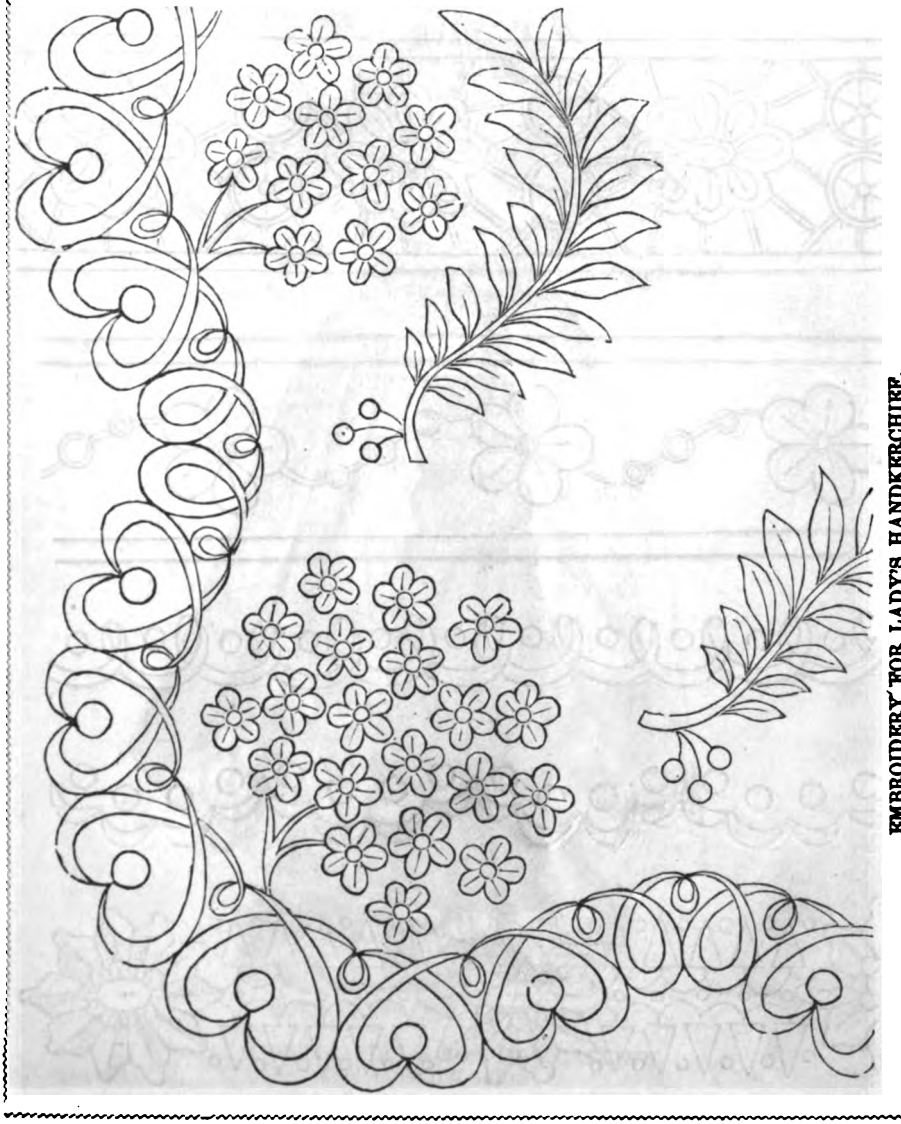
[*See page* 374.

Digitized by Google



CHEMICE BAND.

www.libtool.com.cn

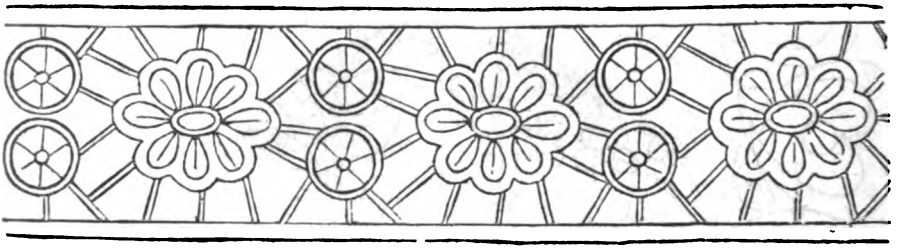


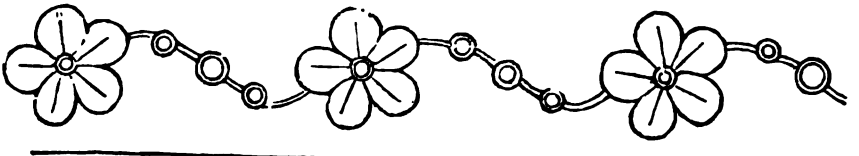
EMBROIDERY FOR LADY'S HANDKERCHIEF.

Digitized by Google

PATTERNS FOR BANDS AND INSERTION.

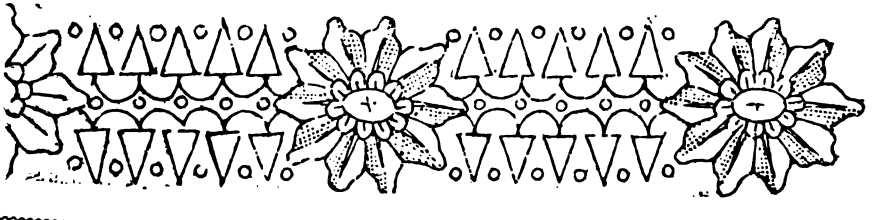












Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn



FICHU.
To be worn with an Evening Dress. Chain Medalion of rich needle-work, and Valencines insertion.



OVER DRESS FOR LITTLE BOY.

Digitized by Google



BENEZET'S HOUSE AND CHESNUT ST. BRIDGE.—Page 369.

VAN-INGEN-SNYDER

www.libool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1856.

www.libtool.com.cn

IDYL.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER VII.

The Voyage.

(CONCLUDED.)

Three years had nearly passed, and Idyl had kept her promise. So tenacious of her word was she, that when a new organ came in the church, and there was no organist as yet, she volunteered to aid the struggling society in that capacity, thus denying herself the pleasure of seeing him whom she loved, Sabbath after Sabbath. At the last, he did not come at all, but spent the sacred hours in sports congenial to his tastes Idyl seemed forgotten, and Kate was at rest again.

The old Colonel had expressed a desire that his ward should be married within a year.

"But," said George at the interview, "suppose I do not love her."

"You *do* love her, you can't help it, Sir;" replied the Colonel, with his old authoritative manner; "why she's the most splendid girl in the country. It would set you crazy with jealousy to see the offers I've had for her. I want you to be married. You have then nothing to do but to take care of the handsome fortune I shall leave you, and enjoy yourself as a rational creature. I've made you a man after my own heart—now go and show the world what can be done without the aid of canting priests and pious mothers;" he sneered, while a demonish expression flitted over his iron features.

"You do not mean to deprecate my mother's memory, I am sure, Sir;" said George, his cheek flushing.

The Colonel looked steadily at him for a moment, then said, "deprecate your mother's memory—why should I, Sir?—and, by the way, what do you remember about your mother?" he added, with some anxiety.

"Nothing, Sir, except that she was beautiful and suffering;" replied George.

This answer seemed to satisfy the haughty old man, who proceeded to open a letter that lay folded on the table. It was an invitation for the Colonel and his wards to visit England, from an old friend in London.

"I shall not go, but *you* will," he said, turning to George. "I entrust my jewel and your future bride to your keeping, for a month at least—I shall go on the return trip. Kate has been looking pale these few weeks back, and doctor J——— thinks it advisable for her to make the voyage in a sailing vessel, so I have already engaged passage for yourself and her in a first class ship. This is probably my last service of a responsible kind for you, young Sir. In three months you will be twenty-one, then, of course, you will act for yourself."

"And when are we to sail?" asked George, after a pause, for there was something in the old man's manner strangely affecting.

"Next week, on Tuesday. Kate has been apprised of the time, and will be in readiness. I gave her a thousand dollars last week for her outfit—I will give you the same. Kate will take one servant, and you one. There are to be no passengers, I believe, except a niece of the Captain. I did not learn who she was, but doubtless, some worthy person who will take care of Kate should she be sick."

The day was auspicious, and so was the Captain's manner, as he conducted Kate to the cabin, on the hour of their departure from home.

"Are there to be no other passengers?" asked Kate, seating herself.

"O, yes!" returned the Captain, "three gentlemen, my neice and her servant. Perhaps you are acquainted with my niece—Idyl Southington——are you ill, Miss?" he enquired in alarm, reaching his hand forth towards the glass and pitcher on the table, for Kate had grown suddenly white and faint.

"The roll of the vessel said Kate,"— com-

Digitized by Google

manding herself, "thank you," and she smiled as she returned the glass, "I am better."

"That is the way with Miss Idyl, the first motion, if it be ever so slight, makes her quite sick. I apprehend she will be hardly able to leave her state-room. You are not a good sailor, then?"

"I have never been to sea," replied Kate,—and just then, coming footsteps caused her heart to beat quicker, she hurried to her state-room in a tumult of misery. "O! if I had only known this—*he* knew it—he must have known it," she cried to herself jealously—"can I not leave the vessel? It is her voice," she muttered, listening; "how cheerful and gay it is. Ah! *she* has known it too—it is all a plan to deceive and make me wretched."

The miserable girl threw herself upon her bed and wept passionate tears. She could hear the soft, musical tones of Idyl, who seemed to be in a tremor of delight—chatting with Hannah, singing and dancing about the cabin.

"Do you know who else is going with us, to-day?"

This Kate heard Hannah ask, close to her state-room door.

"No," she heard Idyl answer, and the clear, innocent voice, banished suspicion; "uncle said it was a young gentleman who would make me a nice beau; pray who is it?"

Then Hannah replied, laughing, "It is George Brent."

There was a pause—then she heard a low, distressed reply—"oh, Hannah! Hannah!" cried Idyl, "I would not have had this happen for the world—I would not, indeed. O! if I could only go home now! How could it happen so?"

"I don't understand you child;" responded Hannah, in a puzzled voice.

"No, you can't understand, Hannah. Let us go into the state-room" said Idyl, mournfully, and then Kate heard their voices no more.

Soon it began to grow dark, and the cabin seemed to be full of gentlemen. George tapped at the door, crying—"how do you feel, Kate? we are under-way," and she replied, "I feel well enough, but I shall not leave my state-room to-night."

"I warrant you won't in the morning, my lady-bird;" he responded, laughing, and with an endearing word he moved away.

The morning following, the air was cold, damp, and heavy, and almost every passenger suffered from sea-sickness. Kate was the first one to recover. On the fourth day, she dressed, and, with the aid of the Captain, went on deck, where George, pale, but much handsomer, soon followed her.

"I'm going to have them all up here before night," cried Captain Southington, his voice ringing out with all a sailor's abandon; "they're terribly averse to heaving, but there's nothing like good salt air for sea-sickness. I'm down now after my neice—so Miss Brent, you will have company, for I'm bound to have her come. She has put me off too long already."

"I had forgotten"—said George, and then his cheek flushed under the steady gaze of Kate; he saw there was no use to equivocate, so he said, with an effort at a careless mein, "you knew I suppose, that our fair neighbor was on board?"

"Yes," replied Kate, her manner constrained, her glance averted.

"Kate, you were once jealous of that little thing;" said George, laughing.

The girl turned on him an eye that flashed with anger.

At that moment, the Captain appeared, leading the unwilling Idyl. As if by her request, he escorted her to another part of the deck, and made her a couch of a large Buffalo-robe. George did not turn that way, neither did Kate; they sat talking of indifferent subjects, and if the former was annoyed at Idyl's indifference, he did not suffer it to be observed.

Kate looked very charming—much more beautiful than when in rude health. The pale tint of her olive cheek, deepened the lustre of her dark eye, and the air of unrest—of sadness that pervaded her features, gave them a more etherial beauty. Idyl looked like an angel. Hannah had only combed out, without curling, those soft, golden tresses, and they floated over her reclining figure, lustered by the sunlight, and waving in graceful undulations.

A soft breeze blew from the West—the ship's sails glistened in their topmost lines like silver. The languid faces gradually brightened into interest, as they watched the flash and shadow that alternated amid the deep blue and amber of the waves.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Storm.

An hour had passed; the wind grew damp and gusty, and the sea-billows curled and crested, while in the distance, a little cloud afar off on the horizon, seemed a load-stone in the Captain's eye. And then a strange calm fell on the sea and sky, and an oppressive stillness reigned in the atmosphere. Captain Southington grew restless and gave shrill orders, and as the cloud widened and the dead rolling of the vessel increased, till it seemed as if there was some mysterious power under the glassy floor, that upheaved the ship with uneasy shoulders, and yet held it chained to one spot.

The Captain at this juncture, advised the passengers to seek the cabin, and himself assisted the ladies, who, boding trouble from his grave features, would not retire to their state-rooms, but reclined on couches whose straps were buckled over them, in case the vessel should pitch in the coming tempest. Kate laid opposite her state-room, and Idyl very near hers. George in passing, came close to Idyl, and lifted his cap. She returned the compliment with a kind of inclination, seemed very pale and much agitated, and George passed on to Kate.

Not long after, the dark came down like a great shadow. The wind howled, the vessel

Digitized by Google

plunged, and the tramp of the sailors overhead mingled with the whistle of the storm.

No one partook of supper except the Captain, his mates, and George, and when it was finished, there was no gathering round the table as had been gleefully anticipated.

Arrayed in a suit of oil-cloth, a cap with an immense cape flapping over his shoulders, and heavy water-proof boots coming far above his knees, Captain Southington moved through the cabin, speaking now and then a word of cheer, and again advising the ladies to seek their state-rooms, as places of greater security.

"It will be a terrible storm, uncle"—said Idyl, as her uncle paused for a second beside her.

"How know you that, foolish little one?" asked he.

"By your face, and by your preparations." Kate knew not what the strong man said in reply, as he bent his head near to the ear of Idyl. It was—"Pray for us, Idyl, the storm *will* be a hard one."

George Brent sat propped up at the table, reading by the light of the hanging lamp, but even his manly cheek grew pale, as the gale came on with a heavier sweep over the wild waters, and the groaning vessel plunged down in the boiling flood.

"This is awful!" groaned Kate, as an ominous wail sounded without, and a crash of thunder seemed to rend the heavens; "Oh, George! we are in danger; I am sure of it.—Look! she shrieked, as the blazing glare of the lightning flamed athwart the cabin—"oh! mercy, George! it will strike the ship!"—and she cowered and hid her pale face in her hands.

Again she shrieked, as the stunning thunder, crash after crash, broke through the air, and the ship labored, and tossed, and quivered, and the roar of the angry elements grew terrific, as they toyed with their huge plaything, and the dull—booming sound of the waves leaping against the ship's side, struck terror to the boldest there. George strove to soothe her, but her alarm more resembled maniacy. Her eyes almost started from their sockets; her cheeks were blanched—her motions convulsive; and at every trembling shock, at every storm-burst, at every lightning flash, her screams were frightful to hear. The young man turned to Idyl; she had not spoken—scarcely moved. The light shone full upon her fair, sculptured features—her eyes were closed, and her parted lips moved gently. The sight struck the bold scorner with awe, for he could tell by the emotions of his own unbelieving heart at this trying hour, that she prayed. He contrasted her heroic silence, her calm, holy-looking face, with the convulsed and tortured lineaments of poor Kate; and a new, over-powering feeling, rushed into his soul—that there was, there must be a reality in that faith he so much ridiculed, thus to nerve a frame so slight, while his own shook with secret apprehension. Kate clung, frantic to him, seemingly taking no thought of any one but herself. Her despondency, at times, had more the appearance of the terror of guilt, than mere bodily fear.

There was a lull in the storm, during which, the Captain came once into the cabin. His face was disfigured with blood, and one hand, it seemed almost gashed in two. Idyl sprang forward as she saw it, and Kate clung, frightened anew to George, paralyzing all his efforts.

"It is nothing," said Captain Southington, unlocking his medicine chest, "you will bind it up, Sir, perhaps," he continued, addressing George—"It is my right hand, or I might manage it myself."

"Uncle, come here;" cried the soft voice of Idyl, "let me attend to it."

"It's a bad sight, darling, and might make you faint;" returned the Captain, swaying from side to side; "if this young man will"—

"Oh! don't leave me—George—*don't* leave me; oh! I shall die;" shrieked Kate, hysterically.

"Uncle, come to me—I never faint;" Idyl entreated; "bring me your bandages, and if I can only steady myself;" she added, half rising.

"At least, let me support her, while she attends to the wound!" exclaimed George, indignantly, "for humanity's sake, the Captain is quite pale with loss of blood."

"Yes, go, go, leave me to die!" replied Kate, passionately; "go to her—leave me!"

The young man did not move, but he placed his lips firmly together, and a feeling of contempt arose in his heart for his cowardly betrothed. He saw Idyl, though her face grew very white, and her small hands trembled a little, wipe the flowing blood, while the sick Hannah had crawled out of her berth to hold her to her seat—then cleanse and bind it, and afterward with a smile of pleasure, that she could be of service, remove the wet blood from her uncle's face.

"Is the storm over?" she asked.

"No, love, I fear not—but keep up your courage."

"God is able able to save us;" murmured Idyl.

"He will save us for *your* sake, my noble darling;" said the Captain, preparing to go out on deck again.

"No uncle—not for my sake," whispered Idyl—"but for His sake, who, in just such a night, said to the tempest, 'Peace, be still.'"

"Amen!" ejaculated the rough Captain. The eyes of George were full of tears. The love he had felt for Idyl, rushed through every channel of his heart, as he groaned rather than said, "would that we both had her faith."

CHAPTER IX.

Morning.

At daylight the storm had abated. Kate seemed ashamed of her wild fears, and by a too heartless, thoughtless gaiety, strove to make

Digitized by Google

amends for her cowardice—but George for a while, only felt unlimited disgust, and by his coldness and abstraction roused her haughty nature. She scarcely deigned to be civil to him all the remainder of the voyage, taunting him, whenever she did speak, with his preference for the puritan Idyl. He bore it in silence, but his lips often grew pale under her cutting sarcasm, and then more than ever was he wont to contrast the two natures. He had grown very reserved and silent, and whenever he met Idyl's eye, the almost suffocating blood rushed to his forehead, and receded to his heart again. And it was not despair that caused this emotion, for he felt by the averted eye, often trembling lips and sudden silence, that Idyl was not indifferent to him; that her coldness was constrained.

"May I not even speak with you?" he said one night. She was leaning over the railing, watching the phosphorescent sparkle of the waves. Kate was walking the deck, arm in arm, with a young English officer, laughing, making witty repartees—jesting—fascinating him by the brilliancy of her manners, by her singular beauty, yet almost madly jealous, as she saw George Brent seek Idyl's side.

Idyl loooked up for an instant, then moved back a little. "No;" she said, as her eye fell beneath his earnest gaze, "do not even talk with me."

"Ah! would we were children again;" George said, sorrowfully, "I could *then* speak to you and never be repulsed."

Idyl was confused; he could see the hand that grasped the rail, tremble; her gaze was averted—a tear stood in her eye."

"Idyl, do you hate me?" the young man asked again, in tones, whose exceeding tenderness smote her gentle heart.

"You *cannot* think I hate you;" she responded—her voice broken—"but go—do not speak with me—I have promised—I—cannot—*must* not."

"*Ego absolvo te*"—said a low, fierce voice, close by her side. She glanced up, frightened. Kate, her dark, but beautiful face, stormy with contending passions, was passing by. Idyl knew not whether to be glad or fearful.

CHAPTER X.

Idyl.

Idyl had at last yielded up the love of her pure heart, unreservedly to George Brent. All along she had loved him. She remembered no time when her thoughts had not turned towards him, with a timid yet delight-sense of affection, since the day she first saw him, years ago, and held up her little apron full of violets that he might admire them. But she had first been assured, that the engagement between Kate and himself, was null and void—that Kate, flushed with the admiration her beauty had inspired, received the attentions of a young nobleman, and it was rumored, would be married to him. Hannah was in her glory. She always foretold it, she declared, even when the little fellow in frock and pinafore, used to creep slyly into the kitchen, and begged to see Idyl. "And now,"—she thought, but did not say—"his mother's prayers would be answered. He will marry Idyl, and he will love her so that he will give up his atheistical notions; he will be a Christian yet—I always said so."

Idyl had been several months in London. Her uncle was a wealthy man. He had married an Englishwoman, and resided six months of the year in England, and six months in America. They had no children, and as Idyl was the only neice, she was almost worshipped by them; and having always resided with them while they sojourned in her own country, she seemed more like a daughter than a neice. Idyl's mother had died of hemœrage of the lungs. The disease, until Idyl's birth, had seemed hereditary, and many of the best physicians said, that, could she be kept free from any startling occurrence, until her twentieth year, they would warrant an immunity from hemœrage during her lifetime. Hence the reason that she had always been so surrounded with pleasant circumstances, so hedged in with love, so almost worshiped by all who knew or were related to her—so guarded by religious influences. Her father was a man of rare powers—a man who lived so circumspectly, that men said of him, were all mankind Henry Southingtons, there would be no more sin. This was a high estimate to put upon a mortal man, but not misplaced. Idyl was like her father, so sweet and spiritual, that those nearest and dearest, prophesied that the world was not worthy of her, and that heaven would soon claim its own.

CHAPTER XI.

The Rash Words.

In a room furnished with splendor, several young men sat, after a late dinner, over their wine.

"So, Brent, you're twenty-one to-morrow?" said a handsome but dissipated fellow, "you'll make a confounded good time of it, I suppose."

"O! of course;" replied George, replacing his empty glass, "Guardy will be in by that time, and he never does things by the halves."

"By the way, speaking of that, Bobbett, our porter gave me a letter for you; how the deuce it got into his hands I can't tell—and it strikes me," he added, as he passed it over, "that it is sealed with black; isn't it? No bad news, I hope."

"Well, Thornton," cried one of the others, with a loud guffaw, "it strikes me that you have as much tact as any other man I ever knew. The idea of handing a fellow a letter in mourning at this hour."

"My uncle is dead!" exclaimed George, who had hurriedly torn open the letter; "died and was buried when five days out from America—this is very sudden and awful;" he added, turning from the company with a changed countenance.

Digitized by Google

"You are pale, my friend. Drink this—it will restore you;" said Thornton, holding up a glass of brandy he had been preparing. The young man drank it at a draught; the rest sat in silence, and presently took their leave, first giving him their empty regrets, and attempts at condolence.

For some time George Brent sat there in silence, the strong drink he had taken, and to which he was as yet unaccustomed, working its way to his brain. "Shall I tell Kate?" he soliloquised—but Kate had not spoken to him for several weeks, and he knew she was dressing for a ball.

"She is so selfish and heartless," he muttered, "let her go—I'll tell her to-morrow. To one, at least, I can unbosom myself," he continued, rising and thrusting the letter back in his vest—"I will go to Idyl."

Idyl sat busied with some feminine task. She instantly observed his pallor, and remarked upon it. He felt strange and giddy, and in communicating the news of his uncle's death, assumed a levity of manner unsuited to so sorrowful an occasion.

"Poor man—I trust, I hope he died a Christian;" said Idyl, tears filling her gentle eyes.

"A Christian! ha;" said George, his eyes growing fiery, and his cheek flushing, "why should you hope that?"

"That he might go to heaven;" said Idyl, gently, yet looking up with wonder at the question.

"To heaven! ha!" was his mocking reply.

"Yes, surely—surely you believe in heaven!"

"*I believe in a good dinner*, Idyl, ha! ha!"

"O! George, that pains me," exclaimed the sweet girl, growing deadly pale, and pressing her hand to her side.

"You silly little puritan," said George, thickly, "I love you to distraction, notwithstanding your nonsensical belief. But reason teaches me, my sweet one, that there is neither a heaven, nor a future; poor old guardy has gone to—to the fishes, and nothing more. Now that's the way *I've* been educated, but if you can teach me to believe in your God, why, I'm susceptible;" and in a maudlin manner he smiled in her face.

Poor Idyl! her idol was shattered; her love had indeed resolved itself into dust and ashes, and laid heavy on her heart. Her breath labored, the color left her cheek, save in two round spots of intensest crimson. Heretofore, George had been on his guard against leading her to suspect his total lack of faith in religion—but the treacherous brandy had played him false. For one full moment, Idyl stood, her bosom heaving—her soul in tumult; then crying in an agonizing tone—"oh! George—what have you said?—you have killed me!" she fell to to the floor, the life-blood gushing from her lips.

CHAPTER XII.

Another Letter.

That hour of agony!—At midnight the young man found himself pacing to and fro like a madman, through the deserted parlors. The lamps grew dim in their sockets—the shadows closed about him—he remembered nothing, save that heavy fall, and how he snatched the dear girl in his arms, and how some mocking fiend had snatched her away again, borne her out and left him alone in his agony. The clock struck twelve—a slight noise startled him. He turned and saw Hannah before him, her face so sorrowful, that its reflection forced a groan from him.

"Is it a dream—a wild, *mad* dream?" he asked in a hoarse whisper, as she came towards him.

"Alas! no—it is something more than a dream;" and the poor woman threw herself down, and, covering her face with her hands, she sobbed piteously.

"In mercy tell me, is she dead?" cried the young man, tottering towards her, and sinking into the opposite seat.

"No—no—but very sick, so sick the doctor gives no hope; oh! if she *could* have been spared!" she sobbed—"but here is something I came to give you;" she faltered, holding out a package—"read it, young man—and then, if you can, doubt your mother's God;" she added, almost sternly.

"I want no more letters;" exclaimed George, passionately.

"But you must take it—to-morrow is your birth-day—when death stood over her—your mother wrote that.

"O! but Idyl—great heaven! I have murdered her!" he cried, in exceeding anguish. "O! had I but fallen *dead* before my lips uttered what they did."

"God never strikes—he always offers mercy;" said Hannah, solemnly.

"O! but the horror, the horror!" he groaned, folding his arms and desperately walking to and fro. "When can I see her?" he asked, "I must see her."

"Not till to-morrow," answered Hannah.

"To-morrow—I shall die a thousand deaths, oh! my love—my Idyl—my beautiful dove—Hannah, I had been drinking—they offered me brandy—I was not conscious of what I did, and drank the whole. This led me to say, whatever I did say to that angel—I have forgotten now; oh! the sight, the sight! I never can forget it!" and he buried his face in his hands. When he looked up, Hannah had gone.

CHAPTER XIII.

Idyl's Death.

The next day they allowed George to enter the chamber. She was lying pale and still—so fragile, so ethereal! that he trembled in her presence, as if he were loaded with guilt. She held out her little, white hand, and smiled faintly, and said, "poor George!" so pityingly, that the strong man bowed his head and wept.

At a later time she spoke to him.

"I should die so happy if I only had one promise from you;" she whispered.

Digitized by Google

Die!—how freezingly the word fell on his heart—die!—his beautiful angel—now, when his soul was opening to the purity of *her* soul—to the perfectness of her life? He shuddered with a strong chilling shudder. But nevertheless, he asked her, brokenly, what the promise she required might be.

"That you will try not to doubt—that you will no longer walk in gloom and amid thick darkness; but seek the light, the life, and the way! O! George, I loved you too well; it was in mercy God sent this sorrow—still I can trust in Him—yea! even more surely, as I enter the dark valley."

"Many times have you shaken my unbelief;" murmured the young man, solemnly.

"Have I? Oh! it so precious to hear that!—and shall I carry the glad tidings to heaven, that you will *try* to believe?" she held out her hand and placed it in his, with a sweet, child-like smile.

"I cannot bear to have you talk thus," he said, inwardly groaning.

"Dear George, have faith that you shall see me again."

"God grant it!" he answered.

"Was that *idly* spoken—was it only a form—or did your heart say it?" asked Idyl, looking wistfully up in his face.

"My heart;" he answered, "the same heart that loves you more than life—in witnessing your sublime faith—already I feel there is a God."

"O!" murmured Idyl, and the tears streamed from her beautiful eyes, "*now* I see why God has done it all—only to bring you to Him, dear George—and if my death may compass such means—take me, dear Lord—I am ready to go."

The proud man of the world—the theoretical atheist was subdued, melted. Joining her sweet hands together, Idyl prayed—and such a prayer! It unloosed the fountains of his unbelief—he wept in utter broken-heartedness.

After this, she slept. George sat back in the shadow of the curtains, a sad, sorrowful man, yet Faith had looked in at the door of his soul, and left a smile there. Suddenly in the hush, it occurred to him that it was his birth-day. He felt for the package Hannah had given him. He opened it, and in the soft light read the first words,

"My dear son."

What an awe fell over his spirit!—new—strange—mysterious! He felt as if that angel-mother might even then look down from heaven upon him—for could her words live, and the spirit that dictated them, perish! This thought had never occurred to him before—his weapons had all been handled on the other side. He read on—tears blinded him—sobs choked him—but through the dim mist of his sorrow, the words stood out as if rimmed with gold. It was a letter such as none but a mother on the verge of heaven could write, burning with love. The mother's prayer was not forgotten;—her tears were bottled up; her faith in the great Father had not been misplaced, though the most powerful earthly agencies were brought to bear against her boy; though infidelity was the food and drink of the child's immortal soul—the meat of his maturer years, God had not forgotten.

On that eventful day and night, and the day following, George Brent sat beside the bed of angel Idyl. On his bosom she breathed her last—and then a desolation fell upon his spirit that cannot be written.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Terrible Disclosure.

In those two sorrowful days, a revelation had been made to Kate that nearly destroyed her. Seated at twilight in the gorgeous parlors of her wealthy hostess, and concealed by the curtains, she had heard from the lips of one who had been her professed adorer and ready flatterer, that in his regards, she was beneath the ground he trod on.

"How come on matters between you and Miss Kate?" asked Thornton of the son of the house.

"Swimmingly;" was the reply, with a half chuckle.

"What will Lady Esther say?"

"Why you don't think I'm fool enough to be in earnest, do you?" asked the nobleman, with a stare of astonishment.

"Such is the talk;" replied the other.

"Pshaw! do you suppose I'd marry beneath me?"

"Surely, the daughter of Colonel Brent, who—"

The daughter of——" exclaimed the other, with an elegant expletive; "why do you know what I have heard of her?"

"No—what?—for heaven's sake!"

"She was the daughter of a common beggar, strolling London streets, who offered to sell her child, and actually *did*, too, to this same Col. Brent. Humph! do you suppose *I* want the honor of having a rag-picker call me son?"

"You are not in earnest?"

"Upon my soul—hark! I thought heard something;" (poor Kate had fallen at the other end of the room, but it was nearly dark, and still the curtain covered her,) "yes, it is as true as gospel; I found it out by the merest accident, but I know I can depend upon the statement. You see the child had extraordinary beauty—so the woman has, I confess it; but for all that, I am merely amusing myself."

The young men went out, and the servants came in with lights, but they did not see the prostrate girl; and not for an hour, when the mistress of the mansion grew alarmed at her non-appearance, did they find her, senseless as she fell. This happened on that sad night of Idyl's death.

CHAPTER XV.

Kate in Sorrow.

George Brent had not seen Kate for many

Digitized by Google

days The doctors said that the least excitement might be fatal. And when at last he was conducted to her chamber, he knelt by the low couch on which she laid, white and so changed, murmuring, "my poor Kate, you too have suffered!"

"You can never know how much!" she whispered.

"But why are you so pale—so different? Ah, it was by your uncle's death;" she added, weeping.

"Not that alone, my sister—you know not what another loss I have met—Kate—oh! Kate—Idyl is dead."

"Idyl is dead!" exclaimed Kate, "Idyl Southington, George!—*is* it true?—that sweet saint, dead?"

He did not answer; his great grief overpowered him.

Kate lay still, watching him earnestly; at last she said, "oh! George; if we only had lived lives like hers—if I at least had only her faith and her religion, I should long to die; long to die;" she repeated mournfully.

"We have both been wrong—all our lives we have been deceived and deceiving;" said George, as soon as he could speak. "But at last I believe in God—I believe in the reality of religion, and though it is so new that it as yet gives me little comfort, yet the act of throwing off the shackles of my unbelief has made me another man.

"And—I—I have been so humbled," tearfully murmured Kate, "oh! if Idyl were but here to teach *me* too. Life seems of little value, and yet—I should not dare to die. O! George," she cried, stretching outward her hands, "I am groping in darkness since I have lost your love, and have no other diviner love to uphold me."

This cry, so appealing, so sorrowful, stirred the depth of his spirit. It was unlike the haughty Kate who had so proudly cast him off, when she felt that hers was only the second place in his heart. He took her hand in his—be bowed his head upon it; it was wet with his tears. Lean on me—trust me still, dear Kate; together we will strive for the nobler life. You shall be the dearest love earth holds for me now, and I will be a true and steadfast friend and brother to you. We shall go back soon. Hannah will go with us, and henceforth live with us. Our gifts and our wealth shall be devoted to high and ennobling purposes; we will seek the revealed way: we will strive to undo all the wrong we have done."

"Our poor uncle can no longer mislead us. He has gone to his account. The future is before us; we may be happy yet."

The same night Kate told him all she had heard.

"Let it never trouble you again, Kate," he replied, "it matters not to me if you were twice a beggar's child, I should esteem you no less, nor would such souls as Idyl. God be thanked that we even knew Idyl, Kate."

And no jealous pang cut the humbled girl to the heart, as it had in former days. The same vessel that wafted Kate and George homeward, contained the body of the beautiful Idyl. It was a mournful voyage, yet a happier one than their outward bound. The presence of Idyl seemed about them both as an influence directing them heavenward. Hannah declared that Miss Kate did somehow remind her of sweet Idyl—she couldn't tell how, but was certain she did. "And I shouldn't wonder," she used to say to herself, "if Mr. George and Miss Kate made a match yet."

CHAPTER XVI.

A Pleasant Termination.

Idyl had been dead two years. It was evening, and a soft, lustrous light filled the pleasant room where Kate stood, with Hannah by her side.

The door opened, and a bright, happy-looking servant girl, entered with a choice boquet. Standing for a moment transfixed with childish delight, she cried out, "oh! how grand! how beautiful!"

Kate did indeed look both grand and beautiful.

Attired in a robe of spotless white, with orange-blossoms in her dark locks, and a magnificent veil, falling from her forehead like a mantle of silver web over her queenly form; thus, on her bridal night she was both grand and beautiful. The haughty brow and the scornful lip were forever gone—and in their stead, shone the mild lustre, the benign serenity of religion. No longer that most unlovely thing—a woman without faith—a woman a sceptic; her good works were her crown of glory, her trusting heart had found an infinite arm whereon to lean, and her spirit had grown lovely through Christian discipline. She had become to George, a second Idyl—and he loved her with perhaps more fervor—more passion, than the sweet vision who had crossed his path like an angel of light—to lift, to instruct—and then to vanish.

"What are you dreaming of, mother Hannah?" asked Kate, turning to the honest face that had beamed as a sunbeam to the house.

"I was dreaming of the first bridal I ever attended;" answered Hannah, quietly," it was in this very house, though it is so much larger and grander now—in this very part of the house, too."

"And who was the bride, mother Hannah?" queried Kate.

"Alice Brent—the mother of your George. O! she was lovely—so like my precious Idyl—and yet not so handsome nor so queenly as your own dear self;" she added, as a shadow flitted over the noble brow of the bride elect. "And then I followed her from there to a happy home of her own, and—ah! how life changes! I went on, and on, till I saw my dear mistress in the room where she died—where Georgy was torn from me, and my poor heart was most broken. But then I remembered his mother's prayers, and I still followed him in spirit, and

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

knew, all those dreary years, what they were teaching him, but still I felt that God had heard those prayers, and still I had hope. I thought that some way, Idyl would do him good; but though I longed for it, it never seemed to me he'd have her. I never lotted on her life—something seemed to tell me she wasn't quite fit for this world. And now I'm to be at his wedding as I was at his mother's; and I know my dear boy will make a beatiful husband, and whatever comes, you'll both be happy, because you've something to love and lean on, that the world can't give nor take away. But there's a carriage;—and here come the bride-maids—and I must put on my new cap, and—why, Miss Kate, were you crying?"

"They were a few happy tears;" murmured Kate, turning to her mirror.

"May your tears always be happy ones, my love;" said George, who entered at that moment. "How radiant! how beautiful you are!" he continued, stepping back—then folding her to his heart, he imprinted a fond kiss upon her brow.

I am no Spiritualist, in the modern sense of the term; but I delight to think that perchance the gentle, trusting Alice, and sweet Idyl, hovered over that bridal; beholding with joy that only the angels know, the union of two lives purified through much suffering, and consecrated to God.

CRUSHED FLOWERS.

'Twas the middle of my birth-night,
Half a life behind me lay,
Since my soul came through the midnight,
Shivering down this earthly way.

From my pillow, soft and downy,
Sleep had plumed her wings and flown;
With night's breathing dreamers round me,
Lay I listening, and alone.

Softly from its shrouded chamber,
Came a muffled murmur up,
Where the leaden lips of slumber
Sipped the waves of life's scant cup.

And the peach tree o'er my window,
That the gardener tacks and trains,
From its leathern thongs escaping,
Flapped against the window-panes.

With two slender leaflets tasselled,
That the winds had tossed in vain;
On the glass it swept and rustled,
With the pattering splashing rain.

Down the streets the gas-light glistened,
O'er the glassy storm-washed pane;
Corniced roof, and sky-girt steeple,
Back their flashing refluence gave.

'Neath the sewerage stones were blending,
Many a mimic waterfall,
And the silent dark was bending
Like a spirit over all.

Softer than a rose's petals
Pressed my cheek an infant's hand,
And her breath, like airs of Eden,
Pure and sweet my temples fanned.

Glorious scenes of old were round me,
Space o'erleaped, and Death unurned;
Hopes that lured, and joys that crowned me,
On my falcon vision burned.

And the future strange and fateful,
Wide before my fancy blazed:
Plans to-day, so prized and grateful,
Lay in ruins where I gazed.

Through the mists with steps unskillful,
Measured I my mortal way,
Till my troubled hand in darkness
Ope'd a portal to the day.

Those I loved came forth to greet me,
Forms that near my heart had slept;
Cherubs, whose sweet eyes I knew not,
On bright pinions round me swept.

And the dazzling light flowed to me,
Clay-dismantled, where I stood,
And the glorious angel knew me,
Dripping cold from Death's dire flood.

But beneath, on golden pavement,
Many a fair crushed blossom lay;
Flowers of love, by feet unguarded,
Trampled in mine earthly way.

And though seraphs sweetly called me,
To the glorious world I sought;
Lo! the trampled flowers appalled me,
And my footsteps entered not.

* * * * *

From my sight the vision faded,
But the lesson lingered still,
While sweet sleep my brow o'ershaded,
And my senses owned her will.

—*The Home*

Digitized by Google

JULES GERARD;

OR, THE LION KILLER'S FIRST ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

M. Gerard was, originally, a private in one of the dragoon regiments of the French army in Algiers, which province was the scene of his exploits. He spent ten years in Africa, and, as he tells us, watched six hundred nights for the lion. He had such signal success in lion-hunting, that he was continually sent for by Arab tribes to deliver them from the destroyer of their cattle, and he seems to have been gradually drawn into the sole business of killing lions; a business, however, for which he never would accept any remuneration whatever. He was a genuine hunter, and a *natural* dead shot.

M. Gerard remarks at great length on his *first* encounter with a lion. Long had he ranged the forest in the search, and many a night had vainly watched by the paths that led from the lion's lair to the cattle-fold. Happily for the Arabs, there are not many lions. In the course of ten years' hunting, M. Gerard only saw twenty-five, and his first lion was unusually long in making his appearance. The Arabs, and particularly the Arab women, made no secret of their contempt for the Christian dog, who supposed that with his single arm he could lay low the terrific animal, which often had kept at bay the hunters of a whole tribe. Hear M. Gerard narrate the conclusion of the long adventure:

Already night drew the curtains of the earth. Distant objects disappeared, and nearer ones assumed a dusky hue, while the shadows blackened in the forests, under the cork-trees. I knew that there was no moon that night, and yet each minute shortened the twilight, and nothing announced the coming of the lion, unless, perchance, it might be the absence of the wild boars that were usually rooting in the forest glades.

I can hardly tell the anguish and anxiety that tortured my mind. I counted and recounted the days that had passed since I left the camp, and I came to the conclusion that I must go back on the morrow, and this time with no hope of ever trying the chase again.

My companions, harrassed by dangers, and worn out with fatigues, were anxious to avoid passing the night in beating the mountain paths, and had risen from the turf where they were stretched, with the intention of leaving. Bou-Aziz pointed to the stars that were already burning brightly in the sky, and said:

"It is too late to meet him here—he has already left the woods for the plains, by some other path."

I could not bear to leave, though I saw my companions shoulder their guns and start.

"You can go," I said; "I will follow you by-and-by."

They had hardly taken ten steps, when the deep roar of the lion sounded in the ravine below. I was so wild with delight, that, not thinking of the condition of my gun, I sprang into the woods to run straight to the lion, followed by my two comrades. When the sound ceased I paused to wait.

Bou-Aziz and Ben-Oumbark were close on my heels, pale as two spirits, and gesticulating to each other that I had gone mad. In a few moments more the lion roared again, about a hundred paces distant, when I rushed forward in the direction of the sound, with the impetuosity of a wild boar, instead of the prudence of a hunter.

When the roar ceased, I made another halt in a small opening, where I was rejoined by my two companions. The dog, that until then did not seem to understand what was required of him, threw up his nose in the air, and with his bristles raised, and his tail low, commenced taking a scent that he followed into the woods. In a little while after he came running back, all doubled up with fear, and crouched himself directly between my legs.

In a moment more I heard heavy steps on the leaves that carpeted the woods, and the rubbing of a large body against the trees that bounded the clearing. I knew it was the lion that had risen from his lair, and was coming right to where we stood.

Bou-Aziz and the spahi stood with their guns to their shoulders, awaiting the coming struggle with firm hearts. I motioned them to a mastic tree, a few steps behind me, enjoining them with my hand to remain there.

These brave fellows were deserving of the highest honor, for in spite of their mortal fear, they would not leave me alone. You may call this kind of courage by what name you please, but I consider it one of the strongest tests of a man's mind, to remain a quiet spectator of a doubtful combat, when his own life depends upon the issue.

The lion slowly approached, and I could measure with my senses the distance that separated us. Now I heard his steps—now his rustling against the trees—and now his heavy and regular breathing. I stepped one or two paces further forward, toward the edge of the opening, where he was to come out, to have as close a shot as possible.

I could still hear his steps at thirty paces distant, then at twenty, then at fifteen, and yet I was all the while afraid lest he might turn back, or in some manner avoid me, or that my gun might miss fire.

What if he should turn aside? what if he should not come out of the woods? With every new sound my heart beat in heavy throbs with the intoxication of hope. Now all the life in my body rushed through my veins, then again my very life was stilled by the emotion.

The lion, after a momentary pause, that

Digitized by Google

appeared to me an age, started again, and I could see the slender tops of a tree, whose base he brushed, trembling as he passed, almost within sight. Now no more barrier between me and him, but the thick foliage of a single tree.

I glanced at the sight on my gun, it was barely visible; thanks to the lingering day, that still hung on the horizon, the transparency of the air, and the stars that were already burning above me. This was enough for a close shot, and I stepped still further ahead, that I might have a nearer mark.

But still the animal did not show himself, and I began to fear lest he should have the instinct of my presence, and, instead of walking slowly out, would clear the mastic tree with a single bound.

As if to justify my fears, he commenced growling, at first with two or three guttural sighs, and then increasing to the full force of his voice.

Fellow-hunter, it is for you I am writing. You only can understand and feel my emotions. There, in the solemn forest at night, standing alone in front of a thicket from whence are coming roars that would drown the roll of thunder. I thought of my single ball to hurl against a foe that has the strength of a hundred men in his single arm, and that kills without mercy when he is not killed himself.

You can truly say, that if I had counted on my own strength, that my heart would then have been troubled, my eye dim, and my hand trembling. I confess that those roars made me feel my own littleness, and that without a firm will, and an absolute confidence, founded upon that Arm that is ever around us and supports us, I would have faltered and failed. But instead of that, I could hear that roar so near me without a fear, and to the last remained the master of my own heart, and director of my actions.

When I heard the lion making his last steps, I moved a little to one side.

His enormous head came out from the dense foliage, as he stepped with a commanding grace into the light of the open glade, and then he halted, half-exposed, half-concealed; while his great eyes dilated on me with a look of astonishment. I took my aim between the eye and ear, and pressed the trigger.

From that instant until the report of the piece, my heart absolutely ceased to beat.

With the explosion of the gun, the smoke shut out everything from my view, but a long roar of agony stunned my ear, and frightened the forest.

My two Arabs sprung to their feet, but without moving from their places. I waited, with one knee on the ground, and my poinard in my hand, until the smoke that obscured the view should dissipate.

Then I saw, gradually, first a paw—and, heavens! what a paw for a living beast—then a shoulder, then the disheveled mane, and, at last, the whole lion stretched out on his side without sign of life.

"Beware! don't go near him!" shouted Bou-Aziz, as he threw a large stone at the body; it fell on his head and bounced off; he did not move—*the lion was dead.*

That was the evening of the eighth of July, one thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

Without giving me time to approach my prize, the Arabs sprung upon me like two madmen, and I was nearly thrown down and crushed by their transports of joy and gratitude. After me it came the lion's turn; and they overwhelmed him with recriminations and blows, and then from time to time fired their guns in the air, to spread the glad tidings to the distant douars. After they had leapt, and gamboled, and hurrahed over the animal, I was permitted to draw near him, and examine him at my ease, to look at the size of his teeth, and to measure the strength of his limbs, and place my hand on his tawny mane. I had no difficulty in recognizing him by the Arab description of *The Venerable.*

To give an idea of this lion, it will suffice me to say that the united strength of us three men was not sufficient to turn him over as he lay, and that his head was so heavy, that I could scarcely lift it from the earth.

With the echoes of the reports from my companions' guns, came the distant sound of musketry; now here, and now there, as the signal was rung from douar to douar, around the whole base of the mountain, until, at last, it was a general fusilade. In about an hour the Arabs came in on foot and horseback, hurrying forward to touch and insult a foe that had chilled their very souls while living. After great efforts we at length were enabled to put the lion on two mules, placed side by side, and in this manner marched down the mountain. It was about midnight when we reached the douar, and made our triumphal entry by the light of huge bonfires, with the sound of music and of guns, and the women chanting the war-song to the clapping of their hands. The body of the fallen king was laid out in state on a mat between two fires, and the whole population of the country marched in front of him in stately procession, that they might admire and apostrophize the mighty dead; and all night long, and until the sunrise of the morrow, high revel and a royal wake was held in all the tents, for the lion of El Archioua.

A New View of the Marriage Contract.—Abernethy was sent for by an innkeeper, who had a quarrel with his wife, and who had scored his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding, and much disfigured. Mr. Abernethy thought this was an opportunity not to be lost sight of for admonishing the offender, and said: "Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband who is the head of all, your head, madam, in fact?" "Well, doctor," fiercely retorted the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?" Upon this the friendly adviser, after giving directions for the benefit of the patient, turned upon his heel, and confessed himself beaten for once.

Digitized by Google

LETTERS FROM LA RUCHE. NO. II.

"Suppose, my dear, that you enlighten the world upon the subject of raising strawberries."

Such was Mr. Honeycombe's suggestion, as I seated myself at the desk to write you my second letter. I was almost sorry I had asked him for a subject, as, all things considered, it would be far better that the knowledge of our experimental gardening should be confined, for the present, to La Ruche. But as Mr. Honeycombe, in common with all husbands, has a way of telling me that I compliment him by asking his advice, and then going directly *au contraire*, I am determined that, for once, at least, he shall have no cause to complain; and, ridiculous as our experience is, you shall have the whole of it.

The former occupant of the place, must, at one time, have had a fine supply of this luscious fruit, to judge from the size of his strawberry-patch; but it evidently had been much neglected for a year or two, for the plants had sent out their runners, unchecked, in every direction, till the whole surface of the bed was completely matted. We held a council over it, to decide what was best to be done. Mr. Honeycombe was for ploughing it up, enriching the soil anew, and purchasing fresh plants. Tom wanted to set fire to it, and thus get rid of the old roots, and enrich the soil at the same time—"and," he added, "who knows, sir, but we'll have a sphynx arisin' from the ashes?"

This wise remark occasioned a merry laugh at Tom's expense. Mr. Honeycombe had been telling the children, the evening before, the story of the Phœnix, and Tom, as usual, in catching the idea, had twisted the name. A word about that boy: He is a kind of privileged character in the house, and is chiefly remarkable for his wild humor, and a supreme contempt for English grammar. I tell my husband, that with the jester's cap and bells, he might have served Sir Walter as a model for his Wamba, and that 'tis a pity the fashion of "King's Fool" has gone by, as he would be invaluable to Victoria.

"Pshaw! my dear," Mr. Honeycombe replies, "as if the English Court were not overrun with them already! Trust me, madam, the time is coming when a man must don cap and bells in order to pass the Lord Chamberlain! Fools are quite as plenty as wise men, now-a-days."

But to return to the strawberry-patch. Seeing that we must be deprived of fruit the present season, if either the suggestion of Mr. Honeycombe or Tom should be acted upon, I was not disposed to agree with them; and having been myself brought up in the country, my opinion was of considerable weight. I proposed that we should cut away the runners, and leave enough of the old roots to give us a promise of fruit.

"But the plants have dwindled away," said Mr. Honeycombe.

"Cultivation will restore them," I replied.

"But the soil is impoverished," he objected again.

"Water it with potash-water," said I.

"Potash-water! Where'd you get that notion, my dear?"

"From the newspaper." As I spoke I drew from my pocket a scrap I had cut from the "Model Gardener."

"See! read for yourself. 'Use potash-water for your plants, if you would enrich the soil without disturbing the roots.'"

"I haven't much opinion of newspaper advice, Mrs. Honeycombe," said my husband, folding up his spectacles; "but I believe women take everything for gospel that's printed in black and white."

I felt the Juniper blood dancing a hornpipe in my veins at this remark, and had a hard struggle to keep quiet; but I did so, and was rewarded by hearing my husband tell the gardener to follow my suggestion with regard to the plants; "but omit the potash, and use guano," I overheard him say, sotto voce.

The plants thrived beyond our expectations, and I took no little credit to myself for the success of the experiment. But my mind was still running on the potash-water, and I resolved to give it a private trial, in spite of Mr. Honeycombe; so, cautioning Tom to keep quiet, I directed him to make a tolerably strong ley, and pour it upon six of the finest plants, when he could do so without being observed. I expected to see them spring up anew, like Jonah's gourd, and fancied how astonished Mr. Honeycombe would be, and with what triumph I should tell him the cause. But I was doomed to disappointment.

The morning after Tom had fulfilled my orders, I observed that, when he came to wait upon the breakfast-table, one of his hands was bound up in such a way, that it appeared as if encased in a huge boxing-glove. In answer to my enquiry, he said, briefly, that it was burned, and gave me a look which plainly begged to be questioned no further. When breakfast was over, I called him aside to know what it meant. He very deliberately unrolled layer after layer of bandages, and displayed a terrible-looking hand. I saw at once that he had been badly scalded, and said, pityingly:

"Why, Tom! how did it happen?"

"A stirrin' the potash for the strawberries, ma'am," he replied.

"But you surely didn't make it so strong as that?"

"Yes I did, ma'am. I thought you wanted it so."

I was excessively mortified. I bound up the poor fellow's hand, and promised him a green coat with brass buttons, if he'd say nothing about it. Of course, the strawberries died, but Mr. Honeycombe never discovered, to this day, what killed them. I suppose he will be enlightened when he reads this letter.

Digitized by Google

The rest of the plants budded and blossomed, and finally the fruit appeared. As they began to ripen, it took all my leisure moments, and more, to keep Biddy Honeycombe and her obstinate brood of chickens out of the garden. As for my sewing, that was a secondary consideration entirely, and in consequence, it was very much neglected.

The 25th being Charley's birth-day, we concluded to pick our first dish to celebrate it. Indeed, the picking of the first strawberries was quite as great an event as the birth-day. For a week previously, the sun had been very bright and warm, and the coral fruit had grown more and more luscious under its ripening influence. I thought, as I raised the leaves to take a peep, that I had never seen anything so delicately beautiful. Mr. Honeycombe agreed with me, I know, although he said I would have seen equal beauty in cabbages, if I had watched and nursed them as tenderly. What an absurd idea!

The afternoon before the important day, it began to rain, and, of course, the whole house was alarmed for the strawberries, and various were the plans proposed to shelter them. I remembered a stack of umbrellas that Mr. Honeycombe had bought from a Yankee pedlar, and I sent Tom into the garret to bring them down.

"Now," said I, "suppose we raise them. Half-a-dozen will cover the whole bed."

"What if it should blow?" said Mr. Honeycombe.

"Nonsense, my dear! Don't you see what a quiet, gentle rain?—not enough wind to blow away a cobweb. There, Tom, take them, and place them so that they will shelter the bed."

Tom obeyed, saying something about "a rise in *umber-ells*," to which I paid no attention. Mr. Honeycombe stood upon the piazza to direct him, and said, as he reëntered the house:

"That's a good idea of yours, Maria. The storm can't touch them now."

We stood a-while at the open window, pointing out to the children the rain-drops trickling down the blushing cheeks of the rose, and filling the cups of the coral honeysuckle leaves, held up to Heaven for this, to them, the greatest of His blessings. Then I repeated to them Mary Howitt's pretty traditionary ballad of "The Fairies of the Caldon-Low." They were perfectly delighted, and made me say over again the part commencing:

"And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill.'"

Mr. Honeycombe, who liked to have me repeat such things to the children, was quite as much interested as they, till something attracted his attention without, when he called me to him

"See, my dear! What are those black things yonder, travelling in such an odd way along the side of Townley's hill?"

Mr. Honeycombe is near-sighted, and—it must be confessed—growing old; so that his vision is not very clear for objects at a distance. *I* saw, in a moment, what they were, but before I had time to say a word, Tom came capering and hallooing under the window, and screamed at the top of his voice:

"The umberells! ha! ha! Hurrah for the umberells!"

"Silence, boy!" called out Mr. Honeycombe; "what of them? where are the umbrellas?"

"Gone a travellin', sir—gone to pay Townley's folks a visit. Didn't I tell you there'd be a rise in umberells? Hurra!"

And away he started in chase of the runaways, that might be seen, first rolling, then tipping and skipping over the hill at a rapid rate. We never noticed that the wind had risen and carried off our strawberry tents; and if we had, 'twould have been of little use, for Tom would not probably have caught them yet, had not a friendly hedge arrested their progress. He returned with what was left of them—little more than the frames. We have made pea-sticks of them since, and find that they answer admirably. Indeed, I think they would be generally adopted for that purpose, if people were aware of their utility.

The rain did not continue long enough to injure the strawberries, and we had them on Charley's birth-day, as the crowning dish of a miniature fête champêtre, got up for the occasion. Never was fruit so delicious, and never was a happier family than ours on that day. Tom wore his green coat and brass buttons, which he still denominates his "strawberry suit," and waited with a zeal and alacrity that was remarkable; and Mr. Honeycombe—to his credit be it spoken—never once made an allusion to Col. Juniper the whole day.

I intended, in this letter, to give you an account of a country wedding which we recently attended, and which was to us a most novel and interesting occasion; but I find that your time and patience have already been quite sufficiently taxed, and therefore reserve it for a future letter.

MARIA HONEYCOMBE.

La Ruche, Aug., 1856.

MAXIMS AND RULES OF LIFE.—Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions, let peace be rather your object than triumph. Value triumph only as the means of peace. Do not attempt to frighten children and inferiors by passion; it does more harm to your own character than it does good to them; the same thing is better done by firmness and persuasion. Find fault when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist, when they are blamed without witnesses; both parties are calmer, and the accused party is struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it.—*Sydney Smith.*

Digitized by Google

THE YOUNG WIFE'S SABBATH.

BY SARA ADELA WENTZ.

I stood beside Hattie Porter for the last time. The coronal of orange flowers lay upon her brow, and beneath it her dark eyes shone with a holy lustre. In one hour she would be Hattie Belmont!

"I fear myself so much! I am so undisciplined, so hasty! and Frank is so superior to me!" she said. "After we are married, I shall fall so far short of his hopes!"

"You will do well enough, Hattie, darling, if you let each hour take care of itself. You are true and earnest, and future experiences will bring you forth into a large place, as the Holy Word says."

"God grant it!"

A benison fell on Hattie that night from every lip. Impulsive and wayward as she was by nature, her noble spirit overbore it, and carried her triumphantly into the hearts of her friends. If on a sudden provocation her eyes flashed lightnings, and her red lips uttered a retort, her frank acknowledgement, and sincere self-accusation a half-hour after, made one feel like saying, "O, you dear, darling girl, I believe I am rejoiced that you got angry!"

Hattie and her husband went to live in a "little love" of a fashionable cottage, in the suburbs of New York. Frank's father was a decayed gentleman, a shiftless man, as Miss Ophelia would say. He was not yet fifty, in good health, and with fine natural capacities; he was a delightful companion, until one knew him well; his only fault and mistake was the supposition that our Lord had created the rest of the world to wait on him. After Mr. and Mrs. Belmont had passed about three weeks in an amiable, beautified state in their cottage, each devoted to the other, and anxious to be self-sacrificed, Frank said, one evening:

"Hattie, dear, how would you like to have father live with us?"

A shadow fell upon the face of "Hattie, dear," for they had lived in such Eden-like joy, she could not bear to have it broken in upon, even by Frank's delightful father; but reflecting upon her selfishness, and the resolve she had made at the altar, that she would be a good wife, the shadow passed away, and with her old, genial smile, she said:

"I want him to come, if you do, Frank; and I will try, oh! so hard, to be a faithful, loving daughter!"

Frank leaned over and kissed her forehead, then her lips, saying: "I have not been disappointed in you yet, Hattie."

And then a world of light came into Hattie's eyes. When she rested on her pillow that night, her soul sang itself to sleep with the words: "He is not disappointed in me yet! Father! Gracious Father! help me still!"

The elder Mr. Belmont came to live with his son. One Sunday he was taken somewhat ill. Hattie's girl had been married that day without the least warning to her mistress, who suddenly found her hands full of unaccustomed labors; but first of all, she went to her father-in-law's room, and with her delicate hands arranged everything in order. She gathered a tiny boquet, and placed it where his eyes would rest upon it; then she bent over his pillow, and passed her cool fingers over his heated brow, asking what she could make that would tempt his appetite. After he had indicated his preferences, she hastened to the kitchen, and obeyed his desires; her heart rejoiced in her duties. "I will see," she soliloquised, "if I cannot live beautifully to-day, if I cannot do everything that ought to be done, and keep patient and well-tempered until night." She went to the parlor where Frank was sitting, and carried him a fresh boquet, then she dusted, and made the room neat and comfortable for him, but every minute she was thinking, "How I must hurry to get all my work done; it takes me so terribly long to do everything." At this moment Frank looked up from his book, and said: "O, Hattie! sit down a minute, I must read you this."

Martyr-like, she sat down, and listened for an hour; then she escaped to the kitchen, and began to work very hard. Not being particularly robust, she began to grow fatigued in an astonishingly short space of time. As she brought in coal and water, she thought: "What a relief it would be, if Frank could help me a little; but, poor fellow, he don't think of it; men don't think of such little things; he has no idea that I am so warm and tired!" she bent over her knife-scouring with renewed alacrity, for Frank liked to see the knives shine like silver. At this juncture her father's bell rang.

"Frank will go," she said to herself, "for he has not been in father's room since daylight."

In a few moments the bell rang again, and very impatiently. "The old fudge!" said Hattie, "he isn't half as sick as he thinks he is; he ate enough chicken for two well men!" Although this speech relieved her, she was rather sorry she had uttered it, even to herself. She rushed up stairs.

"What is it, father?"

"Why, Harriet, you scarcely put any broth at all with this chicken."

"I'll get more," she responded, taking the pitcher. Frank stood at the foot of the stairs, as she started to go down.

"Why, Hattie, your eyes snap like a panther's in the dark! What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Frank. My face and eyes have taken fire over the kitchen stove this August day, I suppose."

"O, that's it, is it?" he answered, drily.

The reproach or reprimand which his tone conveyed, cut her to the heart. It was the first time that he had spoken just so, and poor Hattie

Digitized by Google

felt convinced that the ugly, disturbed feelings in her heart had been expressed in her face.

In an hour Frank came into the kitchen, as sunny as a May morning. "Hattie, do you suppose you could make apple-dumplings for dessert to-day? We haven't had apple-dumplings in an age; they'll go first rate."

"I think I can make them," said the young wife; "I can try." She said nothing about the dessert that was already prepared; at another time she would have mentioned it, but she felt as if she had fallen in Frank's estimation, by her sour looks, and she only desired to redeem herself by pleasing him. He jested about her new employment, and said she was as pretty a servant-maid as men could desire.

Dinner was ready at the appointed time, and Frank said that it was all cooked excellently. Hattie felt repaid for all her nervousness and anxiety, and like a prudent little wife, never told him that something which was not on the table got burned up, while she was looking into all the other things. That dinner was a stupendous enterprise on Hattie's part, new housekeeper as she was; she did not care that she was wrought up to such a fever heat that she could not eat; she pretended to, though; it was not for herself, so it did not matter, if Frank was suited. When, about five o'clock, she was ready to sit down, looking as fresh as a daisy, and feeling just the contrary, she wondered if it had been well to spend the Sabbath all in toiling for the wants of the body; her conscience did not reproach her, however, when she reflected that Frank would not have been pleased unless she had toiled just as she had done. Her eyes drooped and closed over her book. She went to the sofa to take a nap before it was time to get tea. "The old fudge's" bell sounded; she did not open her eyes.

"Hattie, isn't that father's bell?" asked her husband.

"I think it must be," she answered, bounding from the sofa, and hastening from the room, that Frank might not perceive the angry tide that surged over her heart, because he required of her that which he was too indolent to do himself. She mounted the stairs, and stood praying for more patience, more love, a calmer temper; then she entered her father's room, and talked to him with gentle voice, as he complained of the loneliness of the day, and his miserable feelings; the dew of pity was showered into her heart from heaven, and seemed to heal its irritation. Quite patiently she received his commission to make him some *very nice* wine jelly for his tea.

That Sabbath day opened Frank's character to his wife in a new and painful aspect. It was a very small beginning, but it swelled like a river. Years after, she was a patient, pale-faced woman, accustomed to daily sacrifices, which were never appreciated by her husband or his father. She lived through the time when "her heart seemed as if it would burst," as it was cut from its idolatry. The pale-faced woman had become an angel by her trials, and was more beautiful, in the eye of God, than the lovely bride, when she stepped into her ordeal of purification. Her marriage was a sorrowful one, when she looked upon it with earthly eyes; it was a fortunate one, when she looked upon it with spiritual eyes.

ONE BY ONE.

[The moral sublimity of this poem, speaks right to the heart. Read it, and let it make you stronger, better:]

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what those can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven),
Joys are sent thee here below.
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band,
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do, or bear,
Luminous to crown, and holy,
If thou set each glow with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion's hour despond,
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching Heaven, but one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

—[*Christian Treasury.*

Digitized by Google

COUSIN EDWARD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

I was left an orphan at an early age, but was kindly and tenderly cared for by an affectionate uncle and aunt. My uncle, my guardian, was just the man to whom a dying parent would desire to commit a child. So thought my father, and so, too, thought the parents of Edward Lee, when they were called to prepare for that journey from whence no traveller returns.

I had been only a year or two with my uncle and aunt, when their house became the home of Cousin Edward, as I always called him. We were, in fact, only distantly related, but as we were, for years, domesticated beneath the same protecting roof, the tie of relationship, which, under other circumstances, would have been very slender, was greatly strengthened.

Edward Lee was some years older than myself. He was pursuing his studies, preparatory to entering college, when he became an orphan. He was, therefore, only an occasional inmate of my uncle's house, though he ever considered it as his home.

Edward possessed a noble, manly nature. He despised flattery and deceit, though he was ever gentle and considerate in his manners and conversation. Our mutual relation, as inmates of the same family, and wards of the same kind guardian, was always pleasant and agreeable; Edward's vacations were seasons ever hailed with great delight.

I was a beauty and an heiress. My mirror furnished evidence of the first-named fact; but so often was I otherwise informed of it, in one way or another, that I would not have remained in ignorance of my personal charms, had every mirror been shattered. No heiress possessed of beauty, ever failed to draw around her a crowd of admirers and flatterers. As for myself, I received no stinted measure of flattery and admiration. My uncle and aunt were too indulgent and too blind to my faults; though I was somewhat imperious and self-willed. Edward was the only one who ever called my attention to these faults. Though his reproofs were very kind and gentle, yet they sometimes irritated me. It seemed to me as if he only saw faults in my character, and one day I told him so. He gave me a look that startled me, though I failed, at that time, to read its meaning. It was the sudden, involuntary exhibition of a deep, hidden feeling.

"No, Ellen," he said; "you greatly mistake. I see so much to love and admire, I cannot endure that any dark spot should mar the fair image. If it troubles you, Ellen, I will never again annoy you in this way."

My better feelings were aroused.

"I know you are my true friend, Edward," I said. "You alone have the courage to tell me of my faults. I need such a mentor. I am the flattered, I fear, the spoiled child of fortune."

"Not spoiled, but no one was ever improved by flattery," he said, kindly. Edward was home at this time, for the Christmas holidays. On Christmas day we were alone in the library.

"Ellen, my dear, I have a proposal to make," he said.

"What is it, Cousin Edward?" I asked.

"I wish to offer you a gift next Christmas, on one condition."

"What is the condition?"

"Perhaps you will be offended if I tell you? I have some fears that you will."

"You need not fear. You know that *you* say whatever you please, and I never get offended."

"Never *keep* offended," said Edward, with an arch look.

"Well, let it go at that. Now for the condition of that Christmas gift?"

"It is that you do not lose your self-control, or yield to your sometimes imperious temper once during the year."

The deep color mantled my cheeks, and I said, a little pettishly:

"I know of many who would consider it a privilege to bestow upon me a Christmas gift without any conditions."

"I know that, Ellen, as well as you do," replied Edward, gently, yet gravely; "but that which is so easily obtained is seldom highly prized. Don't you think so?"

I certainly did think so, though I did not acknowledge it My heart told me that the costliest diamond, valued only for its own sake, would not be so precious as the simplest gift from Edward, accompanied by that approving smile which so well became the cast of his noble features. I should have resented such a proposal from any one but Edward. I was only a child when Edward first came to us, and he had always treated me much as an older brother might have done. I was now no longer a child, but something of the old feeling still remained. After a silence of some length, I said:

"I fear, Edward, that I should not get it, were I to try."

"Would you not like to acquire such command of yourself?" he asked.

"Indeed I should," was my reply. "I wish I could always be calm, gentle, and self-possessed, as you are. But we are naturally very different."

"I think not," he answered. "The only difference is, that I earlier learned the lesson of self-control. If you will acquire it, you will find that it brings its own reward. Will you make the effort?"

Edward's manner was gentle and persuasive.

"I will try," I said.

"Very well; remember the subject is not to be alluded to again until next Christmas."

My temper was, at times, hasty and imperious; I had not learned self-control. I tried to rule my own spirit, but not many weeks had passed

Digitized by Google

ere I felt that I had forfeited the Christmas gift. Though pained by the failure, I resolved not to give up the great work which I had undertaken. I continued the struggle on, and with increasing success.

During the long summer vacation, Edward was with us. We rode, walked, and talked together, as usual, but no allusion was made to that subject.

www.libtool.com.cn

Christmas brought Edward to us once more. Christmas morning he drew my arm within his, and led me into the library.

"I wish, dear Ellen, to know about that Christmas gift," he said.

"I have no claim to it, Edward," I replied.

"Will you try again?"

I heard the proposal with pleasure.

"Yes, Edward, if you wish it," I said. "I think I have gained something the last year. Perhaps I may succeed this time."

"You have gained a great deal," he said. "I am glad you are willing to make another trial."

An hour after, Edward placed in my hands a beautiful volume, saying, in an under tone:

"A Christmas gift, Ellen, but not *the* gift."

Another year glided swiftly away, and another Christmas was welcomed by some with quiet happiness, and by others with noisy merriment. Again Edward and I were alone in the library. In answer to his interrogation I modestly replied:

"I think, Edward, I may claim the gift."

"I shall most joyfully admit the claim," he said. "But, Ellen, dear, there is still one difficulty, one uncertainty which greatly troubles me. I am not sure that you will accept the gift which I wish to offer. Should you reject it—" and his voice slightly trembled.

"I was about to assure him that I should not reject any gift which he saw fit to bestow, when, raising my eyes to his face, I encountered such a glance as sealed my lips, and caused my heart to beat wildly.

"Ellen," he said, taking my hand, "the gift I wish to offer is myself. Will you receive it?"

Ah! what a welling up was there from a long sealed fountain in my heart. It was as if a shaft had been suddenly sunk into a deep, exhaustless mine. I had loved Edward for years, with a sisterly affection—so I had persuaded myself. He had always seemed so true, so noble, so good. But now many a heart-throb, which I could not, or would not, understand, was explained. The secret was revealed. I did love Edward as no sister ever loved a brother. How wildly my heart throbbed, how the waters leaped joyously up from the long sealed fountain! What a Christmas gift was that to be clasped to the heart, and held there in a life long embrace!

Edward looked earnestly into my face. He has never yet told me what he read there; but after a short silence he said:

"You do not reject my Christmas gift, dear Ellen. Let this be the outward seal of it," he continued, placing a diamond ring on my finger.

THE SHUNAMMITE.

2 KINGS, CHAPTER IV.

BY ALMA GREY.

Tenderly she lifted him,
And laid his throbbing head upon her breast,
Bathing his heated brow alternately
With limpid coolness from the running spring,
And with her ice-cold lips. That sudden fear
Had sent the coldness of a fever chill
Into her anguished heart, till the death-dews
Seemed starting from her own cold, clammy brow,
Instead of the sick boy's. Closely, as if
Within a vice, she held him to her heart,
Murmuring below her voice continually,
Sweet, doting words, and love names o'er and o'er,
As if the sound of her loud voice would wile
Him back to healthful wakening—as if
He could not die while she was lulling him.

The sun was at its zenith. Suddenly
She raised her cheek from his, and looked into
His pallid face. Her own was scarce less white;
She pressed his lip to find the breath she knew
Could not be there—she felt his hand—she laid
Her cheek again to his—again she pressed,
Caressingly, yet madly, his cold lip—
Again she gazed into his face, and laid
Her hand upon his heart. 'Twas vain—all vain!
It but enhanced the hushless agony
Of that dread word that drove the life-blood from
Her heart. *Dead! dead!* Her only son! the babe
That helplessly had nestled in her arms
So long—been cradled on her breast, and now
Made his death pillow there! She clasped him down
Closer upon her heart, her face upon
His own, one long, long moment, till a moan,
Such only as a mother's heart can make,
Burst feebly, feebly forth. Then tottering
To the prophet's chamber, laid him there,
As if she thought he would be nearer Heaven,
While her protection could avail him not.

Obedient to her anguished call, he came—
The man of God—and knelt beside the child,
Praying "the effectual, fervent prayer,"
That God hath said "availeth much,"
Yet not by prayer alone. Faith, without works,
Is dead. He stretched himself beside the boy,
Clasping him tenderly as mother's self,
And cheek to cheek, warm lip to cold, and heart
To heart, until, almost insensibly,
The warmth returned into the icy limbs,
The little form grew lambent, fresh, and moist,
And then uprising, reverently, he paced
The silent chamber, praying, within his soul,
Again for life unto the child.

God saw,
And heard! When next he clasped the breathless babe,
The blue eyes opened, and the cold lips were warm
With smiles, as quietly he said to her,
Within the door—"*Mother, take up thy son.*"

Digitized by Google

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO!*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER XXIX.

(CONCLUDED.)

The dangerous crisis over, Mr. Eldridge slowly renewed his strength. It was nearly three weeks after the terrible disease from which he had suffered began, ere he was so far recovered as to be able to leave his room. Out of this sickness he came with a multitude of good purposes forming in his mind. Mrs. Lamb, whose unremitting attentions gave her a monitor's privilege, talked with him often and earnestly about his condition, and urged him by every high and holy consideration, to abandon at once and forever the vice which had almost compassed the ruin of his soul as well as body.

Eldridge promised to enter upon an entirely new course of life,—to shun public houses, and to refuse, on all occasions, the cup which for him to drink was madness. He still had his law-office; and there he resolved to go, daily, giving strict attention to any business that might offer, and thus making one more effort to be a man, and regain, as he yet had the legal ability to do, his lost position.

There were many doubts and misgivings in the heart of Mrs. Lamb when the day came, on which Mr. Eldridge considered himself well enough to go forth again and meet the strong temptations that would inevitably beset his way; and well might she tremble for the result. But little conversation passed at the breakfast-table; for the thoughts of all were too busy for words. Katy left the table first, and went from the room with the manner of one who had some earnest purpose in her mind. Not long afterward, as Mrs. Lamb was going up stairs, she met Katy coming down with her bonnet on.

"Where are you going, child?" she inquired, with natural surprise.

Katy lifted her clear, dark eyes, and fixed them on the face of Mrs. Lamb, who saw in them an expression never read there before. For a few moments she was silent, and then answered, in a low but very firm voice,—

"I'm going with father."

"Where?"

"Anywhere that he goes," was replied softly, sadly, but very firmly. The eyes of Katy did not sink beneath the fixed gaze of Mrs. Lamb.

"Why, child! child!" returned Mrs. Lamb, in a perplexed voice, "this will never do! You cannot go with your father."

"Nobody loves him but me," answered Katy, whose eyes still read the face of Mrs. Lamb, and with a vision that penetrated even to her thoughts.

"No, no, Katy; this will never do!" And Mrs. Lamb shook her head.

"You told Dr. Penrose," said Katy, with a firmness of tone and force of language that were a new surprise to Mrs. Lamb, "that you had no hope of father, because there was nobody to see after or care for him; and that bad men would tempt him to his own destruction. Didn't you say this?"

"Yes, dear, I did say it," was the constrained admission.

"Somebody must see after him," said the child.

"But you can't do it, Katy. You are only a little girl."

"He's my father," was the touching answer, —"my own dear father—and I love him. He won't send my back home, I know. He'll like to have me go with him everywhere; I'm sure he will, for doesn't he come here every day to see me? and he's said many a time, that I was all he had left in the world to love."

"Katy! Katy!" ejaculated Mrs. Lamb, more perplexed than before, "you must not———"

"Don't say I must not go with father!" The child spoke so quickly, that the utterance of Mrs. Lamb was checked. "You've been very good to me; and I've always minded you, haven't I, Mrs. Lamb?"

"Yes, yes, Katy, you've been a good little girl, and I love you just as much as if you were my own child." The heart of Mrs. Lamb was full, and her voice unsteady.

"Oh, then, don't tell me that I can't do what I must do!" said Katy, with a force of expression that left Mrs. Lamb no alternative but submission—at least, then—to the child's strange purpose.

"Father! don't go until I see you!" Katy called suddenly down stairs, as she heard the feet of her father moving along the passage.

"No, dear, I'll wait until you come down," replied Mr. Eldridge.

"I'll be there in a minute."

"Katy now drew a step or two nearer Mrs. Lamb, looking in her face so fixedly, that her dark, deep eyes were felt to possess almost the power of fascination. Suddenly she flung herself on her bosom, and clasped her neck with a wild impetuosity never exhibited before.

"Dear, good Mrs. Lamb!" sobbed the child. "I love you! oh, how much I love you! But he is my father, and I must go with him. Who will care for him if I do not?"

"But, Katy——" said Mrs. Lamb, as soon as she could find voice to speak. The utterance went no further, for the child's soft hand was laid upon her lips.

"I'm coming, father!" The little voice was

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Digitized by Google

firm and courageous as it went ringing down the stairs.

Katy had disengaged herself from the arms of Mrs. Lamb, and was moving away.

"One word, child!" Mrs. Lamb called to Katy.

Katy paused and turned partly around.

"Bring your father home here at dinner-time."

www.libtool.com.cn

"If he will come."

"He must come!"

The doubt expressed by Katy, gave a sudden glimpse into the future, that made the heart of Mrs. Lamb sink in her bosom. She felt that from this time forth, the resolute child was bound to her father and separated from her.

"Mr. Eldridge!" Mrs. Lamb went down a few paces, "you will come back at dinner-time?"

"Thank you! But I cannot say 'yes.' I've troubled you long enough," replied Mr. Eldridge.

"Oh! but you must come! I want you here to-day, particularly. Say 'yes.'"

"Oh, very well, then; yes," returned Mr. Eldridge, in a cheerful voice.

"Why, Katy dear!" Mrs. Lamb heard him say, a moment after, "are you going out with me?"

"Yes, father," answered Katy, and she grasped his hand firmly. Mr. Eldridge made no opposition; in fact, he was pleased to have her company, and wondered in his heart how it was that Mrs. Lamb had consented to let the child go with him.

Not forty paces had they gone before they were met by one of Mr. Eldridge's drinking-companions. The greeting was very cordial on the part of this friend or crony. Katy looked up into the man's face. A single glance sent a shudder through her frame. The antagonism was mutual; for the man, on gazing down upon the crouching form of the little hunchback, and into her unlovely face, exclaimed coarsely—

"What little fright is this you have? Oh, I see now," he added; "it's that cripple of yours!"

"Come, father!" Katy drew gently on the arm of her father, who yielded to the impulse and moved away.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the other, gazing after them. "Now, doesn't that beat the dickens?"

The effect of this on the mind of Mr. Eldridge was the reverse of what might be inferred. The first emotion on seeing his old friend was one of pleasure; and if he had been alone he would have been in great danger. But the cruel speech about Katy wrought an instant alienation and dislike; for Katy was to him the dearest thing in life, and to wound her gentle, loving heart, was a crime not to be forgiven.

"He's a wicked man, Katy," said Mr. Eldridge, as they moved along.

"He's wicked in his face," replied Katy, looking up with tear-filled eyes. Ah! how the words "little fright" and "cripple," uttered as they were, in the most contemptuous tones, had chilled her heart! Not that self-love or pride was assailed; but an oppressive feeling came instantly over her, that seemed as if it would crush out of her young spirit, all its new-born hopes. If she was such a fright, how could her father continue to love her? And if he ceased to love her, she must cease to be his protecting angel!

To this instant conclusion had her mind come, and well might it fall with icy coldness on her feelings.

"Am I such a fright, father?" she at length found the courage to ask. Her large penetrating eyes were still brimming with tears, as she lifted them again to her father's face. They had walked some distance in silence.

"No, dear," answered her father, speaking tenderly. "It was very wicked for him to say that; indeed it was! A fright? No, no, Katy; you are very beautiful to me. Sometimes, when I look into your eyes, I feel as if I were looking into heaven."

It seemed as if sunlight suddenly breaking through a cloud had fallen upon the face of Katy, making it indeed beautiful.

The door of Mr. Eldridge's office was now reached, and the two went in. Everything in the room was in disorder, and the whole aspect of the place, cheerless. The few law-books that remained from the once extensive library were scattered around; some on the table, some on the window-sill, and some on the floor. Dust lay thick upon everything; and the scanty furniture, was soiled, dingy, and out of place.

With a woman's instinct, Katy began at once the work of restoration. There was a broom behind one of the doors, and with this, the little office was soon swept out. Then tables, chairs, and shelves were dusted, and the few light articles which it contained, such as books, pens and ink, paper, &c., laid in order. How changed in a little while was the aspect of everything! The desolate look departed, and there was something cheerful to the eye whichsoever way it turned. As Katy moved about, earnest and busy, her father would pause to look at her, with a warmer glow in his heart.

"Dear child!" How often were these words repeated in the thoughts of Mr. Eldridge, as his eyes followed her about the office. "For her sake I will be a man again!" With what an emphasis did he say this mentally!—an emphasis that gave strength to the purpose it expressed.

Not half an hour had elapsed from the time Mr. Eldridge had returned to his office, when a man named Wilkins, a well-known and influential citizen, came in, saying, as he entered, in an animated way—

"Why, how are you, Eldridge? What's been the matter? I haven't seen you about for a long time. Have you been sick?"

"Yes; I've been seriously under the weather. But, thanks to a kind heart and good nursing, I am on my feet again; and, please heaven! I mean to keep standing upright."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Eldridge!

Digitized by Google

And you look as if you were in earnest," said Mr. Wilkins, in a pleasant way. "Only stick by that resolution, and Arden will yet be proud of you as one of her best citizens."

The heart of Katy leaped in strong impulses as she listened to these words; and she came a little forward from where she sat, and stood and leaned against her father, lifting up to the face of the visitor as she did so, her large, liquid, beautiful eyes.

www.libtool.com.cn

"Who is this?" he inquired kindly, laying his hand on Katy's head and stroking her glossy hair.

"My little Katy," replied Eldridge, gratified at the notice taken of the child.

"Indeed!" The visitor spoke as if surprised at the information. "Your little Katy! She looks like a dear, good girl, as I am sure she is." And Mr. Wilkins stooped down and kissed the child. The impulse to do so was so strong, that he could not resist it.

"You have something to live for, Eldridge," he remarked, in a voice that betrayed considerable feeling. His eyes were fixed upon the shrunken features of the child, which, pain-disfigured as they were, seemed but a light veil shadowing the inner beauty of her spirit.

"In the world but not of it." He spoke now half to himself. "May God keep thee from its evil and sorrow!"

"I have strong hopes of you, Eldridge," he said, a little while after, in a cheerful encouraging way, his eyes glancing towards Katy as he spoke. "It is said that evil spirits flee in terror, at the sight of a little child, its innocence smiting them with intolerable anguish. Keep this gentle, pure-hearted one ever near you, my friend, and the enemies of your soul will stand afar off in fear, leaving you to walk safely onward. Katy," and the visitor laid his hand on her head again, and spoke very impressively, "be to your father a protecting angel. Evil spirits are leagued together for his destruction, and they have gained a fearful power over him. But their spell is broken. Keep ever very near to him, and your presence will hold them, as now, at a distance."

Katy's soul-lit eyes looked steadily upon the man's face while he said these words, and with a womanly intelligence in them, that filled him with something of wonder and reverence.

"What have you in the way of business?" asked the visitor, soon after.

"Nothing," replied Eldridge. "But I am here for the transaction of anything that offers in my line."

"I have some few matters that require attention, and you can do all I want quite as well as anybody I know."

"I am at your service," said Eldridge, speaking with animation. "Whatever you wish done shall have prompt attention on my part; and if, by a favorable word, you can help me to a little business among your friends, you will do me a service for which I shall ever be grateful. I will not abuse your kind confidence."

Mr. Wilkins glanced toward Katy, who had retired to the other side of the office as soon as business was introduced. He saw that, though seeming to be indifferent, ever faculty of her soul was alive, and that she was taking a deep interest in their words. The mute appeal that looked eloquently from her glittering eyes, caused him to answer with strong assurances of influence in favor of her father.

"I will do all in my power to serve you, Mr. Eldridge," were his earnestly-spoken words. "Only be true to yourself, and you will come out right in the end."

CHAPTER XXX.

For an hour after Katy went away with her father, Mrs. Lamb sat weeping and grieving. A new leaf had been turned in her life-experience, and the page was so full of strange meanings, that she trembled in fear and bewilderment. The child had gone forth, never to return to her in the old relation—never to be to her what she had been; and heart and home were desolate. She had always loved Katy very tenderly; now, something of reverence was blended with her love. All at once the child seemed to have risen above her, and to have acquired new powers for a mission, the holiest on earth. The more she thought of the little one, going out so bravely with her father, and assuming the office of guardian and protector, the more she thought of her as heaven-sent, and the sadder grew her heart under the conviction that their ways in this life could move on, side by by side, no longer.

Anxiously did Mrs. Lamb wait at the appointed dinner-hour for the return of Katy and her father. They came, just as her over-excited feelings were beginning to feel the chill of disappointment; for their arrival was late. One glance at Mr. Eldridge made her heart leap with pleasure. He walked erect, and his face was pale and calm, and as full of intelligence as when he went forth in the morning. Katy was by his side, holding one of his hands, her countenance radiant with pleasure.

"I've come back, as I promised, Mrs. Lamb," said Eldridge, speaking in a cheerful voice.

"And I'm right glad to see you again, and looking so well and happy," replied Mrs. Lamb. "And how are you, dear?" she added, stooping to Katy, and kissing her fondly. "I've missed you so much all the morning, that I could do nothing but wander over the house like one possessed."

There was an expression of womanly independence and womanly self-reliance in the face of Katy as she stood beside Mrs. Lamb, and look up into her motherly countenance. She was changed; and the change was manifest, not in any unpleasant assumptions, but simply as a fact. Katy was no longer a mere child, to be guided and controlled. The warmly manifested love of Mrs. Lamb she returned with a fervor which showed how deep was her own affection. How gladly would she have fluttered back like a timid bird, to the bosom of her maternal friend! A few hours' experience in the world outside of the sheltered home where she had been so tenderly cared for, re-

Digitized by Google

vealed many things with which she must come in painful contact; and her heart trembled as her eyes strained themselves to look into the unknown beyond. But she was all the braver in her resolution to walk in the new path she had chosen.

"You must come back at supper-time," said Mrs. Lamb, as Katy and her father were preparing to go out after dinner.

Katy looked up at her father, and waited, in evident concern, for his answer.

"That will be imposing on you," replied Mr. Eldridge. "Too long, as it is, have I burdened you, and as yet I can only render the poor return of gratitude; though, please Heaven, it shall ere long be something more substantial."

"Make no excuses, Mr. Eldridge; only come back at tea-time with Katy. Remember that in taking her away, you leave a pledge of return."

"You'll come back, father, won't you?" This inquiry decided Mr. Eldridge.

"If both wish me to do so, I cannot well decline. Yes, Mrs. Lamb, I will be with you again at tea-time."

"And remain all night?" added Mrs. Lamb, who, now that the child had joined herself to her father, had a new motive for extending hospitality to the latter.

"We'll talk about that at tea-time," answered Mr. Eldridge, in no way disinclined to accept an invitation which he saw was extended in the right spirit. And he was the more inclined to do so, from the fact that there was in Arden no other door at which he could present himself and find a welcome. His course of life had alienated him from every household; and where guests were received for hire, his presence had become an offence. The spirit in which Katy had joined herself to him was not at first clearly understood; but the truth had dawned upon him like the breaking of a new morning, and was becoming clearer every hour. Already the thought of her when darkness should close in upon them had begun to trouble him. He could think of no place where he could go with her, and find a home for a single night. Alone he could pass the dark watches, as he had done many times before, on the settle in his office; but Katy must have better provision than that. And so, for her sake, he determined to accept Mrs. Lamb's invitation, at least for that time, and then see what the morrow would bring forth.

The business placed in his hands by the person who had called at his office so opportunely occupied his time all the morning, and still required more time for its completion. With a cheerful, hopeful, earnest spirit, Mr. Eldridge went back to his work, entering upon it again with something of the old delight which he had felt in his profession. If an evil spirit came to him and excited some dormant cupidity, the instant he felt the kindling desire he lifted his eyes to the form of Katy, and the demon fled.

About the middle of the afternoon, Mr. Wilkins, who had scarcely been able to get the thought of little Katy out of his mind for a moment, called in at the office of Mr. Eldridge. His interest in both the father and the child was strongly excited. The singular aspect which the case presented, filled him with wonder and admiration; he knew enough of human nature and the power of innocence, to feel a lively confidence in the result of a vigorous struggle for the mastery over evil which had evidently begun in the mind of Eldridge.

"He must be helped! Every good man in Arden must come to the rescue!" he said to a friend with whom he conversed on the subject. "I never was so moved by anything in my life, as by the self-devotion of that little, deformed child—his 'Katy,' as he called her, with a tenderness in his voice that made it falter. There is virtue left in his heart! There is ground there not all overrun with weeds and thistles; and it must be sown with good seeds."

"It may be," was answered, a little indifferently, "that your imagination has carried you a little beyond the fact touching Katy. She has probably gone out with her father from some childish impulse. But, as to having any matured purpose, such as you infer, I don't think it is in the little ungainly thing. I've seen her often with Mrs. Lamb, and must say, that the wonderful depth and beauty of her eyes, about which you are so enthusiastic, never made any impression on me. She struck me as a very common and rather repulsive child."

"A deformed body and plain features often enshrine a soul of wonderful beauty; and, for all you say, I am not the less assured that the fact is true in the present case. Be that as it may, however, there is an earnest desire on the part of Mr. Eldridge to mend his ways; and we must help him, in the name of humanity."

To every one he met, Mr. Wilkins communicated the intelligence that Eldridge had commenced a new course of life, and under peculiar circumstances. The warm coloring he threw upon the single fact of meeting Katy in her father's office, and the true inferences that he had drawn therefrom, awakened a strong interest in many minds; and several influential men of property, who always had more or less business to transact, which required legal forms, said, that as soon as the poor broken-down inebriate gave any reasonable evidence of a purpose to reform and attend to his professional duties, they would employ him, as well for their own safety as his encouragement—no lawyer in Arden having acquired a better reputation.

"Busy at work?" said Mr. Wilkins, cheerfully, as he came into the little office, where he found Eldridge writing at a table on which everything was laid in order. A neat bunch of flowers, in fresh water, stood near him, diffusing a pleasant fragrance through the room. But Katy was not there. Mr. Wilkins glanced around in search of her, and felt disappointed at not meeting the little face he had confidently expected to see.

Digitized by Google

"Yes," replied Eldridge, "and I hope to keep busy. I'm making good progress in your matters, though a little slower than I anticipated. There have been some recent laws passed which affect the transfer of property in this particular manner, and I have spent several hours in sifting them out and comparing them with previous enactments not annulled by their passage."

"'Slow and sure' is a good rule," said Mr. Wilkins. "Don't hurry the work."

"It shall all be done right; you may depend on that, Mr. Wilkins."

"I don't see your little Katy," said the visitor, in a voice that betrayed his anxiety on that head.

"She's here, bless her gentle heart!" replied Eldridge, a light breaking over his countenance. "You'll find her in the yard—a little busy bee among the flowers. Just see how clean she has weeded that border! Where, yesterday, not a flower was able to show its feeble head above the tall grass and rank cicuta, a few lady-slippers, petunias, and larkspurs now lift their white, purple, and crimson blossoms, smiling in the sunshine. I stood and looked at them and her a few minutes ago, until the tears came into my eyes. All the manhood of my nature was stirred to the depths, Mr. Wilkins! God bless the child, and make me as true to her as she is now to me!"

"Amen! God bless and help you both!" was fervently responded.

"Where are you staying now?" asked Mr. Wilkins, as he walked back from the window.

"I have been for a couple of weeks at the house of Mrs. Lamb. She nursed me like a second mother—as she has been to my child—during my unhappy illness. But she is poor, and I have burdened her too long. I am going back there, on her kind invitation, this evening, but to-morrow will have to make some other arrangement."

"Why not board with her?" suggested Mr. Wilkins.

"That would hardly be convenient or agreeable," said Mr. Eldridge.

"Are you certain?"

"I have, at least, so inferred."

"Perhaps it might be altogether so. Mrs. Lamb has been your Katy's second mother, and, no doubt loves her very dearly."

"Oh, yes. A mother would not love her better," replied Mr. Eldridge.

"That's the place for you," said Mr. Wilkens, confidently. "You'd better talk with Mrs. Lamb about it. Her house is small, but it will do very well for the present. In less than a year, I hope to see you in so prosperous a business, that you can rent her a larger one, if need be."

The thoughts of Mr. Eldridge reverted instantly to his two sons, who had been turned off into the world to shift for themselves; and he remembered how, under the care of Mrs. Lamb, their very natures seemed to change, and the children who had lived for years in strife, harmonized under her wise and loving rule. He had heard nothing from them for a whole year, and the intelligence last received had left but a vague impression on his mind. "Poor boys!" he said, mentally, as thought continued to dwell upon them.

"I should not object to the arrangement," remarked Eldridge, in answer to the suggestion of Mr. Wilkins.

"Then by all means try and make it," said the latter, who saw at a glance how much of safety for the reforming man there would be in such a home, where not even the shadow of temptation could enter.

The good wishes of Mr. Wilkins did not die in his thoughts. Not content with suggesting a home at Mrs. Lamb's, he called that very afternoon upon the kind-hearted woman, and talked with her freely about Mr. Eldridge. He found her not only willing to make the arrangement, but anxious on the subject, particularly on Katy's account. The more she thought about the child's going out into the world to be the self-devoted companion of a father who had fallen, through vice and intemperance, to the lowest degree of degradation, the more deeply was she distressed. Before her mind passed the whole catalogue of evils she might be called on to undure; and her heart grew sick at the review. Love, pity, humanity, all united in urging upon her the adoption of some means to save Katy from the sad consequences that were almost certain to fall upon her head.

A brief but earnest conversation with Mr. Wilkins made her duty plain to Mrs. Lamb; and when Mr. Eldridge came back with Katy about sunset, she was entirely ready to offer him a home if he would accept the humble provision she could make. Mr. Eldridge had no serious objection to offer, and so, to the satisfaction of all parties, it was settled that he should be a boarder, for a time at least, in the house of Mrs. Lamb.

After tea, the lamps were lighted in the small "best room," and Mrs. Lamb went in there with her sewing. Katy had some work to do also, and drew her chair up to the table on which the light burned; it was a chair made higher than the rest, so that her shrunken body could be raised to a comfortable position.

How old home-loves awakened in the heart of Mr. Eldridge as he looked at the little group—if two may so be called—sitting around the table, with the lamps shining upon their faces, lighting them up with something of beauty! A crowd of memories came rushing into perception; a flood of strong emotions swept through his soul. The old home-feeling revived, and his heart yearned toward his children, desiring, with an intense desire, to have them gathered at his own hearth again.

The first thought of Mr. Eldridge, when the lights were brought and the table arranged for the evening's work, was to get a book and read to Katy and Mrs. Lamb. But these thronging memories of the past, and pictures of what might be in the future so absorbed him, that he remained sitting a little apart, in the shadow

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

of the room, silent and musing. Images of the times gone by could not arise in his thoughts without the form of his wife presenting itself. There could be no home-greetings without her presence among the children—no heart-warming recollections of the better times that did not include a face once the light of life. Never before, since that unhappy day, so fatal to the peace of both, had Mr. Eldridge thought of his wife with the softened feelings that were now experienced; and he was more inclined to blame himself, than the passionate, wrong-minded woman to whom he had conceded nothing, when the smallest sign of yielding on his part, might have brought her back humbled and changed to the home she so madly deserted.

Where was she? The question under this altered condition of mind startled him. Years had passed since the day of their separation. But once since then had he looked upon her face; and from the time she had left Arden, no word of her had ever reached him. She might be dead for all he new to the contrary; —was, perhaps. As he thought of her his feelings grew more tender, and something of the old love began to revive. She did not present herself in any repulsive aspects, but as in the earlier days of their wedded life—gentle, affectionate, thoughtful of his comfort, and making his home radiant with the light of love.

We may not wonder that Mr. Eldridge was silent for that evening, burdened as were his thoughts with such a weight, nor that he was restless through the night that followed, startled often from sleep by the too vivid presence of dreaming images.

CHAPTER XXXI.

We cannot linger to describe the daily life of Mr. Eldridge, nor to draw pictures full of interest as they would be, of the many scenes in which Katy bore a part. The child, true to her great mission, never, for many months, left her father's side while he was abroad in the world to him so full of danger.

At first there were persons to speak light or scoffing words and to assail her ears with language that chilled her heart and caused her steps to falter. But she only shrunk the closer to her father's side, and grasped his hand with a firmer pressure.

Not long, however, did this continue. The general sentiment ran too strongly in her favor, as soon as the meaning of her unvarying presence with her father was known. Numbers who had stood for a long time aloof from Mr. Eldridge as one hopelessly wedded to a fatal vice now took a new interest, because there was a new and strong ground of hope. They saw his step growing firmer, his head more erect, his countenance more elevated; and the angel by his side gave them confidence in the change as permanent. Business increased, and, in the concentration of his thoughts thereon and prompt execution of whatever was confided to his care, new power was gained; for in all useful work there is a sphere of safety.

At first, the business entrusted to Mr. Eldridge went little beyond the execution of legal documents involving the transfer of property; but court-cases came in time, and he took his old place at the bar, gradually rising there toward his former high position. Judge Gray never seemed to feel very easy when Eldridge argued a cause before him. Their personal intercourse was of the most distant character; and, when allusion was made in his presence to the reformed life of the lawyer, he either gave a doubtful shrug, or said, half contemptuously, "Wait a while." Once or twice he had spoken in the presence of Mr. Wilkins in a sneering manner of little Katy, who was still the unvarying companion of Mr. Eldridge, even going with him into court, yet always in the most unobtrusive manner, and, as far as possible, in a way to attract little or no attention. Mr. Wilkins answered nothing, though words of rebuke trembled on his tongue. One day, as he was standing near the court-house door, talking with the judge, Mr. Eldridge passed near them, and in a few moments the stooping form of Katy came gliding noiselessly by.

"What do you want here?" exclaimed the judge, in a harsh, angry vice, so startling the child that she stood suddenly still and looked up with a frightened countenance. The man's voice and air showed a large amount of pent-up ill-feeling now betraying itself.

"You'd better run off home! That's the place for little girls," added the judge, speaking less harshly.

The father of Katy had passed within the building, and knew nothing of this petty assault by Judge Gray. The child, startled at first, recovered herself in a few moments, and moved forward again in the direction she was going when her steps were so suddenly arrested.

"That was a cruel thing," said Mr. Wilkins, firmly fixing his eyes upon the face of Judge Gray:—"a very cruel thing!"

"I didn't ask your opinion of the matter," retorted the judge.

"But you have the benefit of it, notwithstanding," said Mr. Wilkins. "I didn't believe there was a man in Arden with a heart hard enough to wound the feelings of that noble child."

"Noble! Pah!" Judge Gray's manner expressed the most bitter contempt. "I'm sick of all this cant! *I* see nothing in her but an ugly, forward little imp, entirely out of her place."

Unwilling to hear such epithets applied to one whose very name had come to signify, in his thought, angelic self-devotion, Mr. Wilkins turned away from the judge and entered the court-house. He did not find Katy in her accustomed seat; and it was some time before his eyes, searching in every part of the room, discovered her shrinking close beside a pillar, with the evident purpose of avoiding observation. In a little while he noticed her going almost stealthily toward her father. She whispered a few words that appeared to surprise

Digitized by Google

him; but he smiled and nodded assent. Katy then retired from the court-room and did not appear there again during the morning session.

"What was Katy saying to you just now?" asked Mr. Wilkins, going over to where Eldridge was seated.

"She is hemming some handkerchiefs for me," replied Mr. Eldridge, "and wanted to go back to the office and finish them by the time court adjourned."

"Oh! was that all?" Mr. Eldridge looked a little curious; but Wilkins said no more.

From that time Katy went no more to the court-house with her father; but she always accompanied him to his office, and remained there to return with him at mid-day and evening.

When Mr. Eldridge was informed of Judge Gray's conduct toward Katy, he was strongly indignant; and it required all the influence possessed by Mr. Wilkins to prevent a quarrel between them.

"Let it all pass, my friend," said the latter, soothing the father's excitement. "The judge has only exhibited a phase of character he had been wiser to conceal."

"He's a villain!" exclaimed Eldridge.

"Don't call hard names," returned Mr. Wilkins.

"The tables turn sometimes," said Eldridge, calming a little. "I have been down, and very low down; and Judge Gray is something to blame for the fatal declension. But I am on my feet again, and hourly renewing my strength. Time will one day see us—mark me!—in far different relations to each other than we now occupy."

"I do not think his feet are on safe ground," remarked Mr. Wilkins.

"I know they are not. Judge Gray, unless there be in his moral constitution a saving element rarely found in men of his class, will run down rapidly in a few years. I know something of his habits and associates. Well, well, I must not wish him evil, even if he have done me wrong."

And Eldridge softened his feelings toward the judge, and tried, though in a feeble way, to forgive him.

As Mr. Eldridge gradually acquired strength of character, and put on the externals of a higher manhood, Katy, from a natural instinct of what was right, withdrew herself more and more from public observation, and sometimes did not accompany him to his office, nor visit him there for days together. But she always met him with so bright a face when he returned home, and gave the parting kiss so lovingly when he went out, that her spirit remained present with him for good, even when she was absent in the body.

Within a year from the time Mr. Eldridge began in earnest the work of reformation, he had attained a position that surprised every one. Strict attention to business, added to the reputation of being one of the best lawyers in the country, soon brought him important cases, most of which he conducted to a favorable issue. His income steadily increased; but this brought him not into temptation, for he had ends to accomplish that would require means far beyond what he could yet command. As soon as he found himself able to do so, he rented a larger house than the one occupied by Mrs. Lamb, and installed the good lady therein as mistress. Then he brought his two boys home. Rough usage had they met with; but both were subdued, and thankful in their heart of hearts to get home again. They had grown into stout, coarse, strong lads, and none in the village remembered them as the two sprightly little boys who played about their father's dwelling, years before, ere the shadows had fallen dark across its threshold. Mr. Eldridge had them entered at the best school in Arden, and in the evenings spent most of his time in assisting them in their various studies.

Dear Katy! how happy she was in this blessed re-union! In all possible ways she sought to make home bright and pleasant for every one. Very tenderly was she loved, for all felt the warmth of her loving heart. It was rarely that any thought of her deformity, or saw in her homely face anything but the spiritual beauty which shone through as if it were but a filmy veil.

One evening, (it was about three months from the time William and Jacob had been restored to their home,) Mr. Eldridge seemed more thoughtful than usual, and sat apart from the family, with his hand shading his face, as if desirous to conceal its troubled expression. Katy, too, from some cause, was not cheerful. She had been moving about since tea-time, busy in the arrangement of various household matters; but her voice, which so often broke out in little snatches of song, did not once stir the air with its low melodies. At length she drew her chair to the table where William and Jacob were busy with their lessons, and began the work of mending a garment. But the pressure of thought on her young mind every now and then caused her hands to fall idle in her lap; and she would sit, sometimes, for minutes together, so still, that she seemed like a statue.

At length Katy pushed herself back from the table, and laid her sewing upon a chair, as if hopeless of accomplishing anything, for the time, in that direction. For a little while she looked earnestly toward her father, and then, crossing over to where he sat, still so absorbed in thought as to be unconscious of anything passing in the room, pressed up closely to his side, and drew her arm around his neck. Mr. Eldridge returned the endearing act, and at the same time kissed her as he drew her tightly to his heart. She laid her head back upon his shoulder, and he bent his face down until his cheek was pressed to hers.

"Father!" Katy spoke in a low whisper.

Mr. Eldridge raised his head and looked down upon her face.

"What, dear?" he inquired.

"Don't you wish mother was here?"

Katy's eyes were closed, and she did not open

Digitized by Google

them, fearing to look into her father's face to see the effect of her question. She did not know that her words were but an echo to his thoughts.

"Yes, love." The answer came also in a whisper—a whisper meant to conceal the quicker heart-beat her query occasioned.

"Where is she, father?" Never before had Katy, while speaking with him, referred in any way to her mother.

"Heaven only knows!" replied Mr. Eldridge, his voice betraying deep emotion.

"Can't we find her, father? Oh, I wish she was home! Last night I had such a sweet dream about her!"

"What was it, Katy?" The voice that trembled with excitement a moment before was forced into an even tone.

"I dreamed that I was lying in bed awake, and that mother came in and sat by my side, stooping down and kissing me. I have felt her kiss on my lips ever since, father! Then she laid her hand on my head and smoothed my hair, and said,—oh! so many times,—'Dear Katy! dear Katy!'"

The child's voice grew unsteady, and then failed her. A warm drop fell upon the hand of Mr. Eldridge; he knew it was a tear. Closely he clasped her with his arm. But he answered nothing more.

In a little while Katy withdrew herself from the embrace of her father, and, going back to the table, took up her work, and bent down over it so low that the expression of her face could not be seen. Mr. Eldridge remained silent and reserved until early bedtime, and then retired without a word to any one,—a thing for him unusual.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Aunt Margaret!"

The voice that called was low and feeble. Mrs. Angell arose quickly and went up to the little spare chamber, as it was always called, though for years it had not been without an occupant, and leaned over the bed. A pale face lay among the snowy pillows.

"Aunt Margaret, don't you think I might sit up a little? I feel stronger to-day," said the invalid.

"The air is very mild," answered Mrs. Angell, "so there is no danger of taking cold. Yes; may be it would do you good, Harriet. Let me draw the large chair to the window, so that you can look out upon the trees and fields."

"Thank you, Aunt Margaret. You are so very kind to me," said the invalid, after she had walked, with Mrs. Angell's assistance, to the window, from which she glanced as she sunk into the great easy-chair. "How beautiful every thing looks!" was added, after she had gazed for some moments on the fine prospect that lay before her eyes.

"How long is it since I came here, Aunt Margaret?" The speaker had remained silent for some moments, looking out upon the landscape, but for most of the time seeing it not, the inward vision obscuring the outward.

"It is four years this very month," said Mrs. Angell.

"Four years! Yes, yes; that long time has passed. How swiftly the days have flown! And some of them, Aunt Margaret, have been sorrowful days for you. Poor Phœbe! Why did not the arrow find my heart instead of hers, and leave you the blessing of a child? What am I to you?"

"Harriet!" There was a gentle reproof in the kind voice of Mrs. Angell.

"I know what you would say, Aunt Margaret. Ah, if I only had your beautiful reliance on the all-wise Being who knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust, I might yet find peace on earth, though heavily burdened with memories that often seem as if they would crush my very life out!"

"Memories of what, Harriet?"

"Oh, Aunt Margaret!" The ejaculation indicated both pain and surprise.

"Harriet!" (Mrs. Angell laid her hand, with an earnest pressure, on the arm of her niece,) "it is the first time in the lapse of nearly four years that I have questioned you, even remotely, touching your past history; and my wish to do so now springs from no idle curiosity, but from a strong desire to do you good. Unless the physician knows something about the origin of the malady he seeks to cure, he cannot wisely administer his remedies. To me your whole past history is a blank. I am even a stranger to the name you bear in right of marriage. I know nothing of the ways in which your feet have trodden from the time I laid my hand among the soft brown curls that clustered about your childish face, until you came to me a heart-burdened woman, fleeing from the world and seeking to hide yourself in the deepest retirement."

"Help me back to the bed, Aunt Margaret. I begin to feel faint. I thought I was stronger than I am." The invalid spoke with quivering lips and unsteady voice.

Mrs. Angell assisted her to rise, and, with the loving tenderness of a mother, supported her feeble steps across the room until she gained the bed.

"I am still very weak, Aunt Margaret," she said, in a mournful voice. "How slow strength returns!"

Mrs. Angell did not reply to this remark, but stood silently looking down upon her niece, who, after returning her gaze for a few moments, said,—

"Go on, Aunt Margaret. I've many times desired to talk with you of the past, but my heart has always failed me when I tried to speak. Say on."

"You came to me a heart-burdened woman," Mrs. Angell resumed, in her gentle, loving way. "I could see that in the battle of life you had suffered wrong."

"Oh, Aunt Margaret! a deep and blasting wrong!" The pale face of the invalid flushed, and indignant light burned in her eyes.

"And it was also plain to me, Harriet, that in

Digitized by Google

this battle of life you had dealt hard blows as well as received them."

There was no answer to this.

"And I have often thought," continued Mrs. Angell, "that there might be some living who carry about with them wounds you have inflicted,—wounds, it may be, that still bleed as do your own."

The long lashes of the invalid fell low upon her cheeks, and her pale lips drew close together.

"You have greatly changed from what you were, Harriet, when four years ago, you sought a hiding-place in my humble home,—changed in exterior, and, I am sure, in heart also. Impatient by nature you have repressed your quick impulses, and, with a gentleness, kindness, and self-devotion not by any means hereditary qualities, have borne with, cared for, and patiently instructed my motherless grandchildren, until, from bent, twisted, and gnarled young plants, they are growing up into pleasant trees."

"Don't, don't, Aunt Margaret! It is to your gentleness—a daily reproof to my selfish impatience—that we are indebted for the great change which has passed upon these children. I cannot receive the praise that is due to yourself. Left only to my care, they would have remained gnarled and unbeautiful plants. But, Aunt Margaret,"—and the invalid raised herself on one arm, and spoke in a voice that thrilled to the heart of Mrs. Angell,—"did you think, while I taught these children daily, and daily ministered to them, that my eyes never pictured another home than this, and that my heart never yearned toward other children,—flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone? Oh, Aunt Margaret!"

The pent-up anguish of years gushed forth, and the unhappy invalid, weak in body and mind, buried her face in one of the pillows, and sobbed wildly for some minutes.

"Harriet, what of this other home? what of these other children?" said Mrs. Angell, as soon as this strong outburst of emotion had subsided. "You must tell me all: but not now; you are too weak."

"I must speak now, if at all," was answered. "To-morrow pride may seal my lips in silence."

"Say on, then." And Mrs. Angell bent her ear close down to the pillow on which the head of her niece had fallen.

The history and confession then and there given were complete, with the single exception of the studied concealment of her name; and when Mrs. Eldridge closed her sad narrative the only response her aged relative made was to press her lips to her forehead, and say, in a troubled voice,—

"My poor, unhappy child!"

Never since the day that saw Mrs. Eldridge go forth so blindly and madly from her home, had the whole aspect of her case looked so unlovely in her own eyes as now, even though in opening the past to Mrs. Angell, she had sought to give every incident she related a bearing favorable to her own side.

"I'm afraid, Aunt Margaret," she said, after many minutes of silence had passed, "that even on my own showing I have not been altogether free from blame."

"Your Mrs. Weakly and Mrs. Glendy were bad advisers," was the old lady's simple answer.

"They certainly did not prove themselves very fast friends," said Mrs. Eldridge.

Another long silence followed. Mrs. Angell was confounded by the history of her niece. The abandonment of her home and children on the provocation alleged seemed to her gentle spirit so extraordinary that she could not realize the state of mind by which her relative had been impelled.

"Do not think too evil of me, Aunt Margaret." Mrs. Eldridge raised her eyes with a timid look to the face of Mrs. Angell. "If there is any atonement for wrong in suffering, I may at least claim forgiveness from you."

"Against me you have never sinned, Harriet," was gravely answered.

"Then God forgive me!" exclaimed Mrs. Eldridge, wildly striking her hands together above her head.

"Harriet," said Mrs. Angell, deeply moved at this, "God always forgives the forgiving. He never turns his face away in anger; and when we think him implacable it is only the image of our own accusing and unrelenting spirit that is seen. It is plain, Harriet, that through all these long years of suffering and humiliation you have never forgiven your husband. Look into your heart and see if it be not so."

"It is even as you say. I have not forgiven him." Mrs. Angell had waited for an answer to her suggestion; and it came at length.

"Was he all to blame?" she asked.

"No, no; I was in many things to blame, Aunt Margaret. I did not make him a patient, home-loving wife. I am irritable by nature, and was not always careful to repress its exhibition toward him and our children. But he altered very much as time went on, and that only gave me causes of disturbance not existing in the early years of our married life. He grew exacting, and at times a little imperious, seeking to trammel my freedom. It is not in my nature to endure that; and, when he towered up before me a demanding and forbidding tyrant, I rebelled, counting no price too great for liberty."

The pale face of Mrs. Eldridge had flushed with the excitement of her feelings.

"Your husband was a home-loving man, you say?" Mrs. Angell asked the question in a quiet voice, but one that was full of meaning.

"Yes; he was very domestic in his feelings."

"You were by the marriage-pledges made the genius of his home."

Mrs. Eldridge did not answer.

"Were you a good genius, transmuting all the heart's baser metal into the gold of loving-kindness? Did sunshine always attend your presence, or were clouds the garments in which you clothed yourself? Harriet, you need not answer to me these questions; but let me conjure you to answer them truly to your own heart."

Digitized by Google

The invalid's eyes were shut tightly, the fringing lids lying darkly above her cheeks.

"He was a home-loving man!" Mrs. Angell repeated the words as if uttering them to herself. "To how many thousands and tens of thousands of lonely-hearted wives would home be a paradise if this could be said of their husbands! A home-loving man! Why, this includes half the domestic virtues. Let your thoughts go far back, Harriet, to the early days of your wedded life. Was he not a true, loving husband? Did he seek only his own gratification, or was your delight his pleasure?"

"And what wrought the change?" Mrs. Eldridge had answered nothing, and so her aunt assumed that her husband had been all that was supposed. "Oh, Harriet, deal faithfully by yourself and him! If the first error was on your part, forgive all that came in the sad array of consequences. If home was to him the dearest place imagination could picture, how sad must he have been when the truth came forcing itself upon his unwilling convictions that he had erred in the choice of a home-companion!—that he had taken one to his heart who——"

"Aunt Margaret!" (the eyes of Mrs. Eldridge flew open,) "do you wish to kill me by words? What are you saying?"

"Have I put the case too strongly?" Mrs. Angell spoke very calmly and very seriously. "Did you fulfil to him the promise of your betrothal? Let your heart answer, and answer truly. He was a home-loving man. 'Home-loving!' Think of that, Harriet. If what a man loves beyond all else in life changes its pleasant aspect and becomes unlovely, is there not danger of his changing also? There are thousands of sad, lonely, hopeless wives to-day, whose selfish, thoughtless, unloving disregard to the young husbands' peculiar wants has worked a hopeless alienation between themselves and men who would have loved them, even unto death, with an unswerving affection."

"Oh, spare me! spare me!" Mrs. Eldridge cried out, in anguish. "The blasting image you have conjured up is looking at me as from a mirror! I see myself, hideously deformed! Oh that I could die!"

"Say, rather, Harriet, 'Oh that I could live, to restore again the old landmarks, to create a new home, and fill all its chambers with the golden atmosphere of love!'"

"Ah! if that were possible! if that were possible!" sighed Mrs. Eldridge.

"It may be all possible, Harriet," said her aunt. "He who guided your footsteps hither, and who hath kept you up to this time, has reserved you, I trust for this good work. The hearth so long fireless may yet grow bright and warm again, the desolate home smile in the light of love's own sunshine, the walls so long silent echo to the glad sound of children's voices!"

"Hark!" Mrs. Eldridge raised herself on her elbow and listened. A brief silence had followed the last words of Mrs. Angell, and in the pause the sound of footsteps was heard in the window.

"Does Mrs. Angell live here?" The question, distinctly heard in the chamber, was asked in a manly voice.

Mrs. Eldridge gave a sudden start, flushed, and then, growing pale as ashes, sunk back on the pillow.

Descending to the door, Mrs. Angell met a well-dressed, intelligent-looking man, who said, in a tone of inquiry,—

"Is this Mrs. Angell?"

By his side stood a little girl, deformed in person and with a shrunken, hueless face; but her eyes shone like brilliant stars.

"I am Mrs. Angell," was the simple response.

"And I am Morgan Eldridge."

"What! Morgan Eldridge? It cannot be?" Mrs. Angell was for a few moments so overcome with surprise that she remained standing in the door, not even inviting the strangers to enter. But, recovering herself, she grasped the hand of Mr. Eldridge and drew him into the house.

"Is my mother here?" Two small hands grasped eagerly the arm of Mrs. Angell, and a pair of dark earnest eyes were lifted to her face. The voice thrilled through her bosom like a sudden wail of sad music.

"Your mother, child? Who is your mother?"

"Katy! Oh, Katy!" A feeble voice called down from the chamber.

"It is mother!" And the child sprung away, gliding from the room and up the stairs almost as swiftly as a bird on the wing.

"I'm bewildered,—confounded!" said Mrs. Angell, as soon as she had a little recovered herself. "Morgan Eldridge! Did I hear aright?"

"That is my name, Mrs. Angell; and here, in this village, my unhappy life began. Ah, how many, many times have I wished that I had died when my mother died!"

"And are you the husband of my niece Harriet?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Father! dear father!" (Katy had come gliding down from the room above as swiftly as she had ascended, and now grasped her father's hand;) "come up, and see mother."

"Go, Morgan, go!" said Mrs. Angell. "The first ray of sunshine that has lighted her heart for years will shine there when she looks upon your forgiving face, and hears, as of old, your voice in words of loving-kindness. Go; go to her quickly; and may God grant you both the deep joy of reconciliation!"

"Won't you remain with me, dear?" added Mrs. Angell, taking the hand of Katy, as Mr. Eldridge was passing from the room. Katy's face was wet with tears, but her large, dark eyes were full of gladness. She suffered Mrs. Angell to draw her to a seat.

"What ails my mother?" There was in the voice of Katy a peculiar sweetness, rarely met with in persons who have suffered a like injury with that which she had sustained. It was

Digitized by Google

scarcely possible to feel repulsion toward her, or even to be unpleasantly conscious of her deformity, after her tones had once fallen upon the ear. Mrs. Angell, from the moment she heard her voice, felt her heart moving toward the child with a strong attraction; and the more so from the deep love she evidently felt toward the mother who had deserted her. Drawing her arm around Katy, and pressing her close to her side, she answered:

"Your mother has been sick with a fever, and is very weak. But the fever is broken, and she will be growing better every day."

"Are you my mother's aunt?" Katy lifted her large, liquid eyes to the face of Mrs. Angell with a look of tender confidence.

"Yes, dear; I am your mother's Aunt Margaret."

"How long has she been here?"

"About four years," was answered.

"All the time?"

"Yes, dear; all the time."

There was a slight change in the expression of Katy's face, and a shadow seemed to fall over and dim the brightness of her eyes. She looked downward for a few moments, and then, with an inexpressible burst of grief, laid her face in the lap of Mrs. Angell, and sobbed so violently, that every part of her frame quivered like a leaf in the wind.

Mrs. Angell offered no words of comfort; for what could she say? how was she to reach a heart, the secret ways to which she had never learned, and to the treasured experiences of which she was a stranger? and so the child was left to sob her emotion away. But the hand of Mrs. Angell moved softly all the while amid her dark-brown hair.

"Katy!"

"Yes, father." And the child started eagerly at the call from the room up to which her father had gone a little while before.

"Go, and heaven bless you!" said Mrs. Angell, who, with unerring instinct, saw in Katy the love-link that was to bind together hearts once rudely torn asunder, but now approaching again, each impelled by a strong necessity.

Let a few minutes pass: and now we draw the curtain for a glimpse into the chamber of reconciliation.

Mr. Eldridge is sitting upon the bed, one arm drawn tightly around the wasted form of his wife, who is lying against his breast, and gazing up into his face with love-lit eyes, that are stirring old, delicious memories. The beauty of young maidenhood is veiling in his sight her wan and wasted countenance. The Harriet of love's young dreams is in his clasping arms, and the kisses that are pressed to her lips are full of young love's ardor. Katy stands leaning her head upon her father, and looking down into the face which had never been forgotten, though always remembered with pain. She is calmest of the three; for the joy that fills her heart is too deep for outward expression.

We let the curtain fall again.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Scarcely had Katy left the room, on the call of her father, before old Mrs. Burden came in, as she was in the habit of doing almost every day.

"How is your niece?" she enquired.

"Better. She improves slowly, but steadily."

"What's the matter, Mrs. Angell? You have a strange look! Has anything happened?"

Mrs. Burden had become aware of something unusual in the expression of her neighbor's face.

"Yes; something very unusual has happened," was answered; "something that has confounded me, and will confound you also. Harriet's husband is here!"

"Mrs. Angell!"

"It is true; and he is with her now. He came only a few minutes ago, bringing one of her children with him—a little, broken-backed girl, with the darkest, deepest, loveliest pair of eyes you ever looked into, and a voice that sounds like music."

"I *am* confounded! Her husband? I didn't know that she had a husband living. Did you?"

"I inferred as much, but never knew all her sad history until to-day; and scarcely was the narrative completed, when he arrived. She left him in a moment of blind passion, after what she regarded as a deep provocation; and they have never met since, until now."

"Who, or what is he?" asked Mrs. Burden.

"I can answer the who, but not the what; and the answer will make your heart leap. His name is Morgan Eldridge."

The face of Mrs. Burden grew instantly pale. Her lips quivered in the effort to speak, but no sound came through them. Then she seemed to shrink in her chair, as if a crushing weight were laid upon her. A very long time she remained silent, and almost motionless.

"Are you certain about this, Mrs. Angell?" she said at last, making an effort to arouse herself. Her voice was singularly changed from its usual tones, which were always firm, and at times almost imperative.

"He said that his name was Morgan Eldridge, and referred to this place as known to him of old."

"Where is he now?" asked Mrs. Burden.

"Up-stairs, with Harriet," was answered.

"Will you ask him to come down?" said Mrs. Burden.

"Perhaps you had better wait a little while before seeing him. Take time to recover yourself, and collect your thoughts."

"I must see him now, Mrs. Angell! Wait? Impossible! An hour's suspense would kill me!"

Mrs. Angell still hesitated.

"Oh! will you not call him down?"

"They must be left alone for a little while," said Mrs. Angell. "Intrusion would now be cruel."

But Mrs. Burden could not repress her strong

Digitized by Google

impatience. Two or three times she moved across the room in a very disturbed manner; then the excitement of suspense became too strong for her, and, breaking through all restraint, she passed from the little parlor, and went hurriedly up stairs. Mrs. Angell called after her, but she took no heed of her warning words.

Grouped very much as the reader saw them in a brief glance a little while before, were Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge and Katy, when Mrs. Burden entered, abruptly, the chamber. Before either spoke, or the group had time for a change of position, the excited woman exclaimed:

"Oh, Morgan! My son! my son! Can it be possible that you still live, and that these eyes, which have so longed, for years, to look upon your living face, now see you in the body? Morgan! Morgan! My son!"

Slowly, as if there was going on in his heart a powerful struggle, did Mr. Eldridge disengage himself from the arms of his wife and daughter. Slowly he raised himself up, his countenance scarcely changing, and moved a pace or two toward Mrs. Burden. Still now as a statue she remained, her eyes fixed upon his countenance. He paused, without speaking; then advanced a step: paused again, and then sprung forward, saying, as he did so, in a voice full of emotion:

"Mother! mother!"

Mrs. Burden's arms were thrown eagerly around him, and her voice, breaking into sobs, murmured:

"My son! my son! God be praised that we meet again!"

A little while she stood, clasping his manly form; then, pushing him from her, she looked earnestly, yet with a fond expression, into his face.

"Yes, yes," she said; "it is indeed my Morgan. I would have known him still, among a thousand. Oh, you unforgiving one!" she added, with something of chiding in her voice, "how could you find it in your heart to mete out to one who loved you, and was proud of you, such a long, weary, and cruel punishment?"

"I had great provocation, mother," was replied, in a steady voice, and with a changing countenance.

"Hush! hush! Ah, Morgan, we both had provocation. But I was older, and should have been wiser, and was, therefore, most to blame. You were a young, indulged, self-willed boy, who might easily have been led, and I was an inexperienced step-mother, with high notions of order and rule. As flint and steel we came together—I the flint, and you the steel; and, as it usually happens in such cases, the flint suffered most in the collision; how much you, Morgan, may never know. Ah, my son! I always loved you, and was always proud of you—prouder than of any who were my own flesh and blood; and there has not been a moment in all this long, long period of separation, when I would not gladly have resigned the dearest thing left me on earth, to have realized the blessing of this hour."

"Let the past and all its sad memories perish!" said Mr. Eldridge, evincing strong emotion. "And now, mother, let me introduce my wife and child. One you know, of course, though not until now as the wife of your long-absent one; the other you can never know fully—God bless her!"

And he led Mrs. Burden across the room. "Harriet! Can this be indeed possible?" exclaimed Mrs. Burden, as she bent down and kissed the pale face of Mrs. Eldridge.

"Are we not all phantoms in a strange dream?" said the latter. "I feel as if I would awake suddenly into the sad realities which seem to have passed away. Oh, Mrs. Burden, to think that, in fleeing from my husband, like a mad woman that I was, I should come to the very home of his childhood!"

"'Man proposes, God disposes.'" It was the mild voice of Mrs. Angell, who had come up to the chamber, feeling that her presence might be useful. "And now, my friends," she added, "let the mantle of forgiveness fall over the past in this hour of joyful reconciliation. You have all, doubtless, sinned much and forgiven much. Only let the forgiveness be complete."

"O, God! help me to forget the past!" said Mr. Eldridge, in a voice that was full of deep entreaty.

"May *I* remember it only as a guide to the future!" murmured the white lips of the exhausted invalid, over whose pallid features a deathly hue was falling.

"Oh, Harriet!" exclaimed her husband.

But his voice only reached her ears like the voice of one calling from a far distance. An instant more, and every sense was locked in profound unconsciousness.

The excitement of the past hour had been too much for Mrs. Eldridge, weakened as she was by a recent severe illness. For a little while both Mr Eldridge and Katy were strongly agitated, and in great fear; but Mrs. Angell quieted their alarm as much by her undisturbed manner, as by her earnest assurances that no cause for anxiety existed. "It is only a fainting fit, and will soon pass over." So fully assured was her voice, that their hearts took comfort; and they waited in trembling hope, watching for the first signs of returning animation. And suspense was not long.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"I must go back with you, Morgan," said Mrs. Eldridge, in a pleading voice. "Don't leave me!"

"It will only be for a very short time, Harriet. There are certain preparations which I have set my heart on making for your return. Be patient a little while. I will come back for you very soon."

"How can I live an hour away from you, Morgan?" And the old love that won and warmed his heart "in the long ago" was in her eyes.

"Only a few short weeks, Harriet, and then——"

Digitized by Google

"Weeks! Don't say weeks! They will be to me like years."

"Let it be as he desires, Harriet," said Mrs. Angell; "and have some regard for me also. How can I give you all up in a single moment? I cannot!—indeed I cannot!"

"You will leave Katy?" Mrs. Eldridge turned her eyes with a tender look upon her little deformed girl.

www.libtool.com.cn

No one answered; but Katy drew close to her father, and leaned against him in a way that said as plainly as words could have uttered her resolution—"Where he goes I will go."

Mrs. Angell, who had learned from Mr. Eldridge something of Katy's true character, high purposes, and deep devotion to himself, said instantly:

"If Katy wishes to go with her father we must not hinder her."

"We will come back for you very soon, dear mother!" Katy had turned to her mother, and now put her arms lovingly about her neck, kissing her fondly as she did so.

"And then there will be no more parting until death," said Mr. Eldridge, almost solemnly.

"None through any cause of mine, dear husband!" replied Mrs. Eldridge. "Heaven keeping me, I will be to you a true wife, and to my children a true mother."

About a week from this time, Mr. Eldridge visited Judge Gray at his office. Years had gone by since last his form darkened the doorway which had proved to him an entrance-gate to the "road to ruin." The judge received his old victim very frigidly; and Eldridge treated him with cold, but respectful formality.

"I have a little business with you, judge," said Mr. Eldridge, after taking a proffered chair.

"I am at your service." The judge did not seem to be altogether at his ease.

"My old house, I see, is without a tenant," remarked Eldridge.

The judge nodded.

"Is it for sale?"

"No."

"I would like to get it back again, judge."

"I don't wish to sell."

Eldridge leaned close to the judge, and, fixing his eyes intently upon him, said a few words that caused the latter to start and turn slightly pale.

"You perceive, Judge Gray, that you are entirely in my power!" said the lawyer, speaking with the utmost coolness. "Craig will be arrested to-morrow, unless he get wind of the pursuit; and I shall take pleasure in conducting the prosecution. Without doubt, if the evidence is as clear as we hope to obtain, conviction will follow; and in pronouncing his sentence, judge, beware of personal favor. He must have the full penalty of the law."

"Must?" said the judge, indignantly. "What right have you to indicate to me, in even the remotest manner, my official duty? The presumption is outrageous!"

"Excitement will be fruitless, Judge Gray. If that villain, too long unwhipped of justice, is brought to the bar, and found guilty of the crime alleged, you must not trifle with justice in fixing the amount of penalty, unless"—and Eldridge leaned close to the judge, and looked into his face with a steady glance—"you wish to share in the expiation."

"Sir! What do you mean? What outrage is this you venture upon?" The judge was strongly disturbed.

"Calmly, sir! calmly!" said the lawyer, who remained entirely self-possessed. "No outrage will be attempted or committed; nor will any be suffered on your side."

"Outrage on my side? Give me patience! Eldridge, this from you?"

"When justice is in any way subverted the public good is outraged; and I need not tell you that men in higher official stations than yours do not hesitate to commit outrages of this character almost daily. And it is getting to be pretty well understood in Arden, that you are not always over-scrupulous about administering justice with an even hand. I have heard several recent cases alluded to; and there has even been talk of impeachment."

"And do you think, Morgan Eldridge," said Judge Gray, rallying himself and speaking with an appearance of bold indignation, "that I am a man to be frightened at such a bugbear? Impeachment! I wonder if I haven't had that shaken into my face over forty times by men who had been dealt out severe but even-handed justice, or who, like you, sought to gain through me some personal advantage? But it won't do! I can be a Gibraltar if need be."

"I do not care to waste many words with you, Judge Gray," answered the lawyer, coolly. "I am here for the accomplishment of certain ends. You got possession, through this villian Craig, of nearly all my property: and I wish to get a portion of it back on the easiest possible terms."

"Do you boldly charge on me complicity with a man you term a villain?"

"I do; and, what is more, have enough proof to convict you,—at least in the public mind. You were a false friend to me, Judge Gray, acting the basest part that one man ever acts toward another. Do not let your indignation boil over! That would only be folly. What I allege you know to be truth. With the smiling face and extended hand of a friend you lured me into the toils of an unscrupulous gambler, with whom you shared the gold he won from me."

Not, as the reader might infer, did Judge Gray lose all command of himself at so bold a charge and madly attempt to hurl from his presence the man who dared to make it. But he actually cowered beneath the sternly-fixed gaze of the lawyer, whom he felt suddenly towering above him.

"You make grave accusations, sir," the judge at length said, in a husky voice.

"I do," was promptly answered; "but none that I am not ready to prove by unequivocal evidence."

"What do you want?" Judge Gray looked

Digitized by Google

up after sitting in deep thought for a long time. He asked the question very abruptly.

"Restitution!" was the simple, sternly-spoken answer.

"What do you mean by restitution?"

"The property of which I was robbed by the gambler Craig—or a least a portion of it—must come back into my hands."

"Preposterous!"

www.libtool.com.cn

"No. I am claiming simple justice at your hands, and I wish you to understand in the beginning that I will be satisfied with nothing less. In the first place, then, I want my house back again!"

"I said a little while ago that I did not wish to sell."

"No matter. *I* did not wish to sell when the house was wrested from my possession."

"I presume," said Judge Gray, "that you come prepared to dictate terms as well as the sale?" He spoke with considerable bitterness.

"I will not imitate your example when you had me in your power," replied Eldridge, with covert contempt. "I will not demand the uttermost farthing. But I have fixed the terms; and they are these:—"

"Say on!" The lawyer had paused.

"My debt was four thousand dollars. Three thousand five hundred dollars at least of that sum, borrowed at various times from you, were won from me by Craig,—not fairly, but by the gambler's cheating arts; and the larger portion of it flowed back, as I can prove into your coffers Well, you took from me property worth five thousand dollars to settle a mortgage of four. Now we understand each other. The terms I require are these:—the restoration of my property for half the face of the mortgage under which it was sold."

Judge Gray sat silent for some minutes. Raising his eyes at length, he said, in a low voice, subdued by force into calmness,—

"Any thing else?"

"Yes; I must have two years in which to pay the sum of two thousand dollars."

"Without security, of course?" said the Judge, his lip slightly curling with an impotent sneer.

"No. You shall be secured. I will take no undue advantage. All I demand is right, and I will exact nothing more and take nothing less."

"I must have time to consider," said Judge Gray, with some evasion of manner.

"Take it. But the period must be brief. By to-morrow morning your decision must be made; and before the setting of to-morrow's sun I shall require all the papers to be executed."

Mr. Eldridge arose as he said this. Judge Gray did not move on his chair, but remained with his eyes cast upon the floor.

"You have taken me at an unfair advantage," he at length said, looking up. His voice had a choking sound, and his face was almost livid.

"No, Judge Gray. It is simply this:—the laws of retribution have operated with an unusual directness in your case. You were so eager in the work of digging pits for the feet of your neighbors that you forgot some of the arts of concealment, and were seen at the bad employment. And now your way in the world has suddenly become obstructed, and it may be that no path will be left for you to walk in but that which your own hands have digged full of pitfalls. The way you will find both troublesome and dangerous. If you escape destruction, deem it a matter of thankfulness; for you are in imminent danger!"

The calm, earnest, self-possessed manner of Mr. Eldridge, as well as his warning words, had the effect to subdue Judge Gray and break down his haughty spirit. As the lawyer turned to depart he called after him,—

"See here, Eldridge!"

The latter paused, and looked at the judge.

"It shall be as you desire about the house. There is no tenant to be dispossessed; so you can go in whenever you please."

"It is well, Judge Gray," answered Eldridge. "It is not my wish to give you any needless trouble or act from any spirit of retaliation. But to one thing my mind is fully made up; and that is, to get back at least a portion of the property unfairly taken from me. And you know me well enough, judge, to be fully assured that I am not a man to stop at half-way measures."

"Well, well, you have made your proposition, and I accept. Beyond this, however, let me warn you not to attempt any thing; for if you do, so help me Heaven! I will fight you to the last breath."

"Make no rash threats, Judge Gray; and beware how you place yourself in any position of antagonism. I am armed at every point, and you are vulnerable in a dozen places."

"Pah! I understand this sort of tactics." The judge tossed his head in affected contempt.

"Perhaps not so fully as you imagine. They are no feints of the enemy, made for purposes of intimidation and to cover a weak armament. No: nothing of the kind. Beyond this I *am* prepared to go, and you must yield to my demand, for I shall not give up the requirement."

"As one concession has only given courage to make a new demand, so a second will but prompt the third exaction. I shall have to give battle in the end. So, as a fight seems inevitable, I had far better enter into it with strength unimpaired. The game seems to be this:—to weaken me first, and then crush me down by a sudden assault with all the forces you can rally."

"Don't jump to any hasty conclusions," said Eldridge quietly. "I have but one more demand. When that is satisfied I shall have nothing further to say, except to repeat my warning with regard to Craig. He, if brought to conviction, must not escape with any light penalty. The law must have its course."

"I will hear you," said Judge Gray, in a dogged manner.

"Through some mismanagement or trick of his lawyer, I am not clear which, Dr. Penrose has been led into signing a paper which, if put

Digitized by Google

in force, will unjustly deprive him of his property. That paper I have traced to your possession: and I furthermore learn that you hold it with a full knowledge of its real character."

"Say on." The judge evinced no surprise.

"The doctor must be put right. That is all."

"Well; he can be. I suppose nobody wishes to do him wrong."

"When that document is restored, and one that express his legal obligation and no more substituted, I shall have nothing further to say in his case."

The judge, after sitting for a little while in evident debate, raised his desk, and taking therefrom a paper, handed it to the lawyer, and said,—

"Is that the document?"

Eldridge glanced over its pages, and replied, as he reached it back,—

"Yes; this is the paper to which I refer."

"Keep it, and have the substitute correctly drawn. I was not aware that it contained any oppressive features."

"All right," replied Eldridge, in a cheerful voice. "I have nothing more to demand."

And he bowed formally, and left the judge in a state of mind by no means to be envied.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Never in the whole life of Mrs. Eldridge had the hours moved with such leaden feet as during the two weeks that followed the departure of her husband and Katy for Arden. A thousand doubts and fears haunted her mind; and, had she known the whole truth in regard to her husband's fearful declension during the year of their separation, she would have fallen into states of despair. Katy had impressed her deeply and almost strangely. There was a sphere about the child that seemed like an angel,—gentle, loving, and full of inspiration of good purposes. The deformed body and the pale, withered face were soon obscured by the exceeding beauty of her life and character; and, when Mrs. Eldridge remembered how she had once felt and spoken about the poor child, the hot blood of shame leaped in crimson flushes to her brow.

The intercourse between Mrs. Burden and Mr. Eldridge, the once high-spirited boy who, maddened by her imperious rule, had abandoned his home and gone forth into the world at a very early age, was, after the meeting and reconciliation, of the tenderest character. Both were subdued by years of suffering, and life's painful experiences had softened their hearts into forgiveness.

At the promised day, Mr. Eldridge and Katy returned, both so smiling and cheerful that their presence fell like golden sunshine upon the spirits of those who had so fondly looked for their coming. A little while only did they remain with the good Mrs. Angell, and then went back to Arden, taking with them the long-lost wife and mother.

"God bless you and keep you from evil, my children!" said Mrs. Angell fervently, as she clasped their hands in parting. "Only one thing will I ask of you, and that is the boon of a yearly visit. You must come, Morgan and Harriet and Katy—all. A little while, and I shall pass from my labors, and go up, I trust, to higher fields of usefulness; but while I remain here it will gladden my eyes to see you sometimes. Say that you will come."

"Our 'yes' is spoken with no truant hesitation," was earnestly said by Eldridge. "I *must* return here, and often." And he looked tenderly upon his tearful stepmother, who stood silent and sorrowful amid the group. "Years are too distant intervals."

"You cannot permit us to look upon your dear faces too often," replied Mrs. Angell. "Our hearts will anticipate the coming time with quickened pulse. God bless you all!"

And so they parted.

It was on the second day after leaving Bloomfield that the stage drove into Arden. Mrs. Eldridge had asked no questions about her future home, though thought was reaching forward and her heart trembled with vague anticipations.

She sat by the window of the coach, veiled. As each familiar object met her eyes the weight upon her feelings grew heavier, the pressure increasing almost to suffocation.

As they passed the house of Mrs. Glendy she noticed that it was closed, and that all around it were evidences of neglect, as if it had not for some time been occupied. Still the stage rolled on. Where would it stop? Ah, if the suspense were over! Nearer and nearer it came to the old home, where so many and unhappy years were spent—the house back to which her heart had so often turned sighing in its dreary exile! She held her breath as the stage neared the spot. Suddenly the driver reined up his horses, and the stage stopped at the very door of all others in Arden she most desired to enter; and in a few moments two stout boys, with scarcely-recognised faces, were clasping her neck with their arms, and sobbing out the name of "Mother!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Is that Mr. Weakly?" said Mrs. Eldridge, speaking to Mrs. Lamb, whom she found in charge of the household, and who, it was mutually understood, was to have with them a permanent home. They were sitting near one of the windows above, on the morning after the return of Mrs. Eldridge. "Why he looks ten years older than when I last saw him!"

"Yes, that is Mr. Weakly, poor man! He's running down sadly."

"What of his wife?"

"Ah, she's deeply to blame." And Mrs. Lamb shook her head. "In Mr. Weakly you see what evil a foolish woman can do. A kinder, more indulgent husband than he has been is not to be found in Arden. The fact is, he let his wife have her own way a great deal too much. She was a gossip and gad-about, and did not make his home as pleasant for him as it should have been. So he sought pleasure away from home, and, very naturally, got into dangerous company. Instead of holding him to her side

Digitized by Google

by the sweet attractions and loving-kindnesses that a true wife should ever extend toward her husband, she was cold, indifferent, and, sometimes, captious and exacting. He was naturally averse to contention, and so, in all little differences that arose, gave way. At last Mr. Weakly, seeing that his wife indulged a too great intimacy with Mrs. Glendy—a woman of whose real character he had the best means of forming an estimate—requested her to discontinue her visits, and never in future to admit that personage into their house. To this the lady demurred. Mr. Weakly was in earnest; for the reputation of his wife was at stake. He forbade her ever again entering the house of Mrs. Glendy. In an hour afterward, she went there again, and with the full knowledge that the eyes of her husband were upon her. Can you wonder at his being indignant? When he met her in the evening it is said that high words passed between them, and that she made all kinds of wild threats of what she would do, declaring, among other things, that she would leave him. But matters did not proceed so far. A permanent estrangement, however, was the consequence; and Mr. Weakly spent the greater part of his time away from home. To show her independence, his wife continued her visits to Mrs. Glendy's, to the serious damage of her reputation. At last some things occurred which had the effect of opening her eyes, and she saw herself in no enviable position. Since then, no respectable lady in Arden has visited her; and she leads a life of hermit-like seclusion. As for her husband, he is speeding rapidly on the downward way. Pride, hope, and ambition, seem to have left him. Ah me! It is sad to think of the ruin his wife has dragged down upon both of their heads."

"And what of Mrs. Glendy?" asked Mrs. Eldridge, arousing herself sometime after from a deep reverie.

"She left Arden some months ago, in company with a man named Craig, whom you may remember."

"I remember him." Mrs. Eldridge spoke in a hoarse whisper.

"About three weeks ago, she was found dead one morning in her room, at a small, country tavern, some ten miles from here. There were marks of violence on her which led to the conclusion that a murder had been committed. A man who, from the description given of him, resembled this Craig, left her there a few days previous to the terrible event, and had not been seen in the neighborhood afterward. Late in the night a traveller stopped at the tavern and took lodgings. In the morning he was gone, and no one had noted his departure. The conjecture is that this man was Craig; and the sheriff of the county, after a week's pursuit, succeeded in arresting him, and that under circumstances strongly justifying the first suspicions."

"'The way of transgressors is hard.'" Mrs. Eldridge made only this remark, and then sat long in abstracted silence. Deeply humbled and thankful was her heart—humbled at the blind folly of her past life, and thankful that, while wretchedness and ruin were the doom of her two false friends, the light of love was in her dwelling and all her future radiant with golden promise.

At the trial of Craig, which in due season took place in Arden, the evidence against him was so strong that a verdict of murder in the second degree was rendered; and he was sentenced to a term of nine years' imprisonment. Judge Gray received a word of warning from Mr. Eldridge before the sentence was announced, but for which the criminal would have escaped with a lighter stroke of retribution.

And here we close our record of events, only remarking that the future of Mr. Eldridge and his family realized fully the promise of the day that dawned on their night of sorrow. Other characters, in whom the reader has felt an interest, we have not brought forward very prominently, as at first designed; for in the even tenor of their lives were so few incidents to hold the attention strongly, that we could not well break up the onward-moving narrative with episodes, which to many would have proved wearisome rather than attractive. Enough has been indicated to show the uplifting power of the loving and true-hearted, and to prove that woman's influence in the world is all-potent for good or for evil.

THE CYNIC AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

An Athenian, reduced from a state of opulence to poverty, set up for a cynic and follower of Diogenes, and made himself notorious for the vehemence with which he denounced the pursuit of riches, and for the encomiums which he lavished upon the ascetic life.

One day overtaking a farmer, who, at early dawn was gaily proceeding to work, he accosted him in his usual strain, reproaching him for the eagerness with which he sought to turn his fields to advantage. "See," says he, "what a little suffices for a sensible man—a hole cut in the rock serves for a dwelling, a few leaves for a couch, herbs for food, a draught from the spring"—adding much more of the same sort. To this discourse the farmer paid little attention, and answered nothing; partly because he was not a man of many words, and partly because he suspected the sincerity of the philosopher.

As they proceeded together, it happened that they at the same instant perceived, lying upon the path a few paces in advance of them, a diamond of extraordinary size, which no sooner met the eyes of the philosopher, than flinging himself upon it, he seized it with both hands, and made off with it. The farmer, little moved, went about his usual business; but, next day, thinking that if he paid a visit to the philosopher he might induce him to share the treasure with him, he sought him out.

Alas! the cave was vacant—its tenant gone. The treasure had proved too strong a temptation for the cynic, who now rejoined the gay world, and soon became as famous for his luxurious style of living, as he had been for his asceticism.

Digitized by Google

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

No. XIV.—DEATH OF DEMOSTHENES.

We notice Demosthenes, not so much on account of his patriotism and eloquence, as the fine example he affords of the industry and perseverance by which he overcame his natural and acquired defects, and raised himself to the highest rank among the great men of his age.

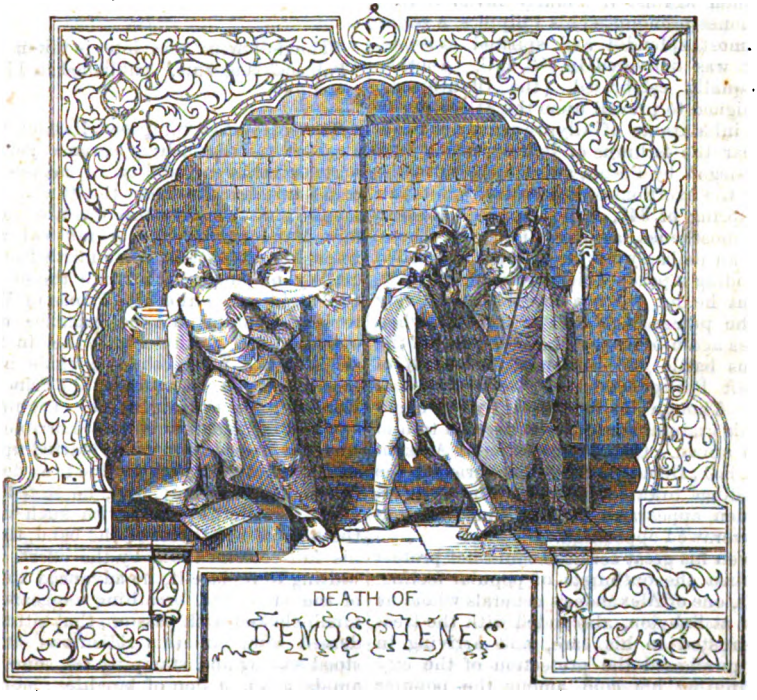
www.libtool.com.cn



DEMOSTHENES.

Professor Ferguson has, in the quotation which follows, given a admirable summary of his actions, and an able criticism of his style of oratory by Hume is subjoined:

DEMOSTHENES, the greatest of the Greek orators, was the son of an Athenian citizen of the same name, who carried on the trades of a cutler and cabinet-maker, and was born about the year 382, B. C. Having lost his father at the age of seven, the care of his youth, as well as the management of his property, amounting to 15 talents, devolved upon three guardians appointed by his father. At the end of his minority of ten years, he commenced a prosecution against his guardians to recover his property, which they had squandered, and after a litigation of two years, obtained a verdict against one of them, who was condemned to pay a fine of 10 talents. The prosecution was conducted by himself; and the speeches which he delivered in support of his cause excited the admiration and applause of the judges. Encouraged by this successful beginning, he ventured to speak before the people, but his feeble and stammering voice, his interrupted res-



Digitized by Google

piration, his ungraceful gestures, and his ill-arranged periods, brought upon him general ridicule. His failure, however, only roused the energies of his unconquerable will. He resolved to correct the deficiencies of his youth, and overcame them with a zeal and perseverance which have passed into a proverb. After a course of the most rigorous discipline, he reappeared in public, (355, B.C.,) and pronounced two orations against Leptines and Androtion, the former of which is considered one of his happiest efforts. His fame as an orator "whose resistless eloquence wielded at will that fierce democratie," now secured for him the general esteem, and entitled him, as one of the leading statesmen of Athens, to take an active part in all public affairs. In 354, B.C., he opposed, though without success, the projected expedition to Eubœa, and dissuaded his countrymen from undertaking a war against Persia. From this time, the history of his life is closely mixed up with that of his country; every measure calculated to promote the public good received his most powerful support, and every encroachment on public freedom found in him an uncompromising opponent. Philip, King of Macedonia, had begun in 358, B.C., his encroachments on the Athenian possessions in the northern part of the Agæan without meeting with any active opposition on the part of the parent country; and it was to rouse his countrymen against the crafty invader, that Demosthenes pronounced his Pilippics, a series of the most splendid and spirited orations. The first was delivered in 352, B.C. Another series equally celebrated, (the Olynthiacs,) were designed to prevail upon the Athenians to aid the inhabitants of Olynthus, a maritime town near the isthmus of Palline, which had been besieged by Philip, and which, notwithstanding the exertions of the orator, was taken in the spring of 347, B.C. In the following year, Demosthenes, along with nine others, went on an embassy to Philip, and succeeded in concluding a peace which continued till 339, B.C. But he he did not the less attentively watch the proceedings of Philip; and when hostilities again broke out, he took part in the disastrous battle of Cæhronea, the result of which left Philip master of the destinies of Greece. Though he fled along with many others, his grateful countrymen decreed to him a golden crown. On the accession of Alexander, 336, B.C., Demosthenes still cherished the same feelings towards the Macedonians; but the sudden appearance of the youthful conqueror overawed opposition.

But even his great services could not protect him against the outbursts of popular feeling. Harpalus, one of Alexander's generals whom he had left at Babylon, absconded with the treasure entrusted to his care, and arriving in Athens, purchased the protection of the city by distributing his gold among the popular leaders. Demosthenes was one of the suspected recipients; and being declared guilty, and fined in 50 talents, he retired to Ægina and Troezene, where he remained till the death of Alexander, 323, B.C. Returning to Athens for a short time, he was forced again to withdraw in 322, B.C.; and retiring to Calauria, a small island opposite to Troezene, took refuge in the temple of Neptune.

Being pursued to this retreat by the emissaries of his enemy, Archias, he swallowed poison which he had kept for the purpose, and in a few moments fell with a groan and breathed his last near the altar. His countrymen decreed a statue to his memory, far more richly deserved, than many others which were decreed by the same Athenians to conquerors and kings.

The orations of Demosthenes, on which his character as a statesman chiefly rests, have been published in mass and in detatched portions. "His manner," as Hume well observes, "is rapid harmony exactly adjusted to the sense; it is vehement reasoning without any appearance of art; it is disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, involved in a continued stream of argument: and, of all human productions, the orations of Demosthenes present to us the models which approach the nearest to perfection."

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

[The following anecdote is taken from the "Political Magazine," published in 1786.]

The celebrated composer, Handel, though of a robust and uncouth appearance, yet had such a remarkable irritability of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before Handel arrived. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from his rascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra on the night when the late Prince of Wales was to be present at the performance of a new oratorio, and untuned all the instruments, some half a note, others a whole note lower than the organ. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal for beginning, *con spiritu;* but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double-bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the head of the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig by the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat, till the Prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he with great difficulty accomplished.

Digitized by Google

THE OLD SWING.

"I have great faith in life."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

www.libtool.com.cn

"And to think its all mine—mine and little Lina's. It don't seem possible, I can't yet believe it."

The speaker was a young girl, and as she leaned out of the window that fair summer afternoon, her profile was cut very clearly against the sky. It was neither soft, regular, nor beautiful. It is quite probable you would at first glance have called it *homely*, but the whole face was not this, for it had a variety of expressions, and the gentle gray eyes could flash or melt with feeling. Then the mouth had, that most beautiful thing in woman, a *sweet smile*.

It was a broad and picturesque view on which the lady looked from the chamber window of the quaint old farm-house.

Fair meadow-lands spread their dark green sheets on one side, and broad waving orchards moaned to low winds on the other. Then, far as the eye could reach, white fields of buckwheat alternated picturesquely with rye and oats.

There was a little pride and a good deal of sadness in the eyes that swept over this scene; then the lady drew her head inside the window, and commenced slowly pacing up and down the floor.

"Seventy-five thousand," she muttered, dreamily, fingering the tassels of her black dress. "And six moths ago I had not as many dollars in the whole world. If dear mamma had only known this; how it would have soothed her last hours," and now a sob swells into the lady's throat, and thick tears into her eyes—"oh, if it had only come a little earlier, she might have been with us now!"

It was a bitter thought, that a hundred dollars of all that hoarded wealth might have spared the mother to her children.

And it was not strange, for the moment, that the girl's heart rose up sternly, and that there was bitter reproach in the tones that cried out, "Oh, Uncle Stephen! Uncle Stephen!"

And yet he had not done any worse than a thousand rich men have done before him. He had made his money by his own business foresight and sagacity, and he *kept* it, till he went where "he could take nothing out."

He was a widower and childless, so his only heirs were the daughters of his sister Jane.

Two years before she had gone down to her grave, leaving behind two penniless orphans, and when the news came to the rich miser, he only said, "Well, let them take care of themselves, they can do it as well as I, I guess!" And Stephen Platt went on his way, forgetting those words were written against him in heaven.

Frances Ellett had never applied to her uncle for assistance. With something of his own energy, the brave-hearted girl had nearly supported the family for several years before her mother's death, by teaching in a district school; so the burden did not fall on helpless hands, when she and her little sister were left alone.

Well, death called very suddenly for the rich man. A fever struck him down one week, and the next the summer winds blew softly over his grave. As his hold loosened on this world, his heart woke up, and in order to make reparation to his neices, he left them all his possessions, with but one proviso, that they should live in the old stone farm-house where he had died.

And so the heiresses of Stephen Platt came to Greendale, one in the morning of her womanhood, the other a golden-haired child, too young to comprehend the good fortune that had befallen her, and whose sweet laugh startled up the birds who built their nests among the fruit-boughs of her new home.

"It is a great responsibility all this wealth," murmured Frances Ellett, as with calmer feelings she paced up and down the floor. "I want to do some good with it, I who know so well the 'worth and want of money.' But dear me! there don't seem to be any poor people around here, and then it isn't the ignorant and the degraded that my heart and my charities will seek after so much."

"I want to elevate somebody, to assist the proud and the poor, to help the energetic—oh if I could only find somebody."

And the listening angels smiled at the eager, troubled tones.

"Fannie, Fannie, where are you?" The child's voice wound up the oaken staircase, and entered the chamber.

"Up here, in my room, Lina, my pet. Do you want me?"

A moment later and the child's face burst into the room. It was a wondrously bright one, with its curls of dusky gold, its eyes of richest hazel, and its red, ripe, dimpled lips. No wonder the elder sister looked down very tenderly on the little panting thing, who was twelve summers her junior.

"Well, what is it my birdy wants?"

"Don't you think Fannie, the boy that works out in the garden, has put up the dearest little swing for me, right under the old apple-tree by the barn! Oh, it goes just as easy, and he's put a board seat in it, and I can push myself backward and forward!" and with her eyes dancing, and her curls shaking, the happy child skipped about the room, a sight it would have gladdened the heart to behold.

Suddenly she sprang to Frances' side. "Do

Digitized by Google

come out with me and see it! I can't wait a minute longer." And Fannie tied her handkerchief around her hair, and they went down stairs together. So, after Frances had tried and duly praised the swing, she walked through the garden, and little Caroline danced after her. They came at last upon the boy, who had installed himself in the good graces of the little girl. He was tying some dahlia-stalks, which were drooping earthward with their burthen of heavy buds. He was small and thin, (he had not yet come into his fourteenth year,) his clothes were wretchedly worn and soiled, and altogether there was a painful expression of poverty and suffering on the boy's face, as the golden light of the setting day overswept it.

"He did it, he did it all," and the hazel eyes flashed from one face to the other, and the boy lifted his head from his work.

Frances had not seen him before, but her heart pitied the child with the first glance. "You have placed this rattling little girl here under everlasting obligations," she said in her soft, winning voice, "and now won't you tell us your name, and how you came here?"

"Philip Church, ma'am. The gardener hired me yesterday to tie up the vines, and weed the borders."

"Well, Philip, is your home in Greendale?"

"It isn't nowhere now, ma'am. We lived at Deep River until last winter, when mother died. Since then, I've been round the country picking up what chores I could get to do."

His mother was dead! No wonder that thought touched the heart of Frances Ellett. She took of the ragged straw hat, and smoothed with her soft fingers, the thick, tangled hair. She turned his face to the light, and read its look of grateful surprise, a moment very earnestly. She was a kind of intuitive physiognomist, and she liked the character of the boy's face. It was not handsome, but the brow was broad and well-developed, and the eyes beneath it clear, bright, and expressive.

"What can I do for you now, Philip, because you put up such a nice swing for Lina? It is but fair that we should pay you, you see. Now tell me what you would like most in the world."

"Oh, I should like most in the world to have a nice geography and atlas, such as the boys have who go to school in Deep River?"

It was a strange selection for a boy in his situation, and was a better key to his character than almost anything else could have been. Before Frances could answer, Lina dodged up her shining head—"You know the new g'ography you bought me last week, Fannie? Well, I haven't used it but just once, and it's good as new. Can't I give him that?"

"Yes, little chatter-box, run right into the house, and get it now."

Oh what a sweet vision she was as she went up through the garden, her bright curls shaking to the motion of her ever-restless head, and light feet fluttering like bird-wings along the flag-stones.

"Philip, would you like to give up weeding gardens, and go to the academy?"

The boy started, and looked up in the girl's face, with his soul shining into his eyes. His chin trembled, the tears dashed over his eyelashes, and before he spoke Frances Ellett was answered.

It was all settled before Lina returned; for the little one had misplaced her book, and was long in finding it.

Philip was to attend the academy in the adjoining town, for the next year.

Somehow the knowledge of this seemed to have changed, transmuted the whole boy. Lina felt this, as she looked with her wondering eyes into his face. He stood there, his form dilating, and his whole face radiant with the new joy that had come over his life;—that child-life that had so craved, and panted, and thirsted for knowledge!

The child shyly placed the atlas in his hands.

"Please to write his name in it, Fannie," she whispered, slipping a pencil into her sister's hands, and the sister wrote on the fly-leaf,

PHILIP CHURCH,

From Caroline Ellett.

Twelve years had passed. It was a wild, windy evening in the late Autumn. Heavy clouds drifted over the sky, and shut off the sweet faces of stars from the earth.

The gray stone house which had belonged to Stephen Platt was gone now, and in its place stood a cottage, plain, but very picturesque, in its colonnade, and porticoes, and it rose from amid the shrubbery around like a white urn.

In the front chamber of the cottage sits, this evening, the doctor's wife, she whom we knew first as Frances Ellett. She is a wife and a mother now, and a happy one too we dare pronounce from the placid smile that hides in her soft eyes, from the look of serene content on her quiet, matronly face. It is pale and thin though to-night, for she is convalescing from a recent fever, and there is a little nervousness in the manner with which she lifts her head every few moments from the cushions which pile the back of the rocking-chair, and listens eagerly, while the wind shrieks and tramples madly through the trees along the road.

There comes suddenly a light dipping of feet along the floor, and the chamber door opens, and two figures burst into the room.

One of these is a young lady with such a sweet face, that you cannot choose but love it, at the first glance. It has fair, soft outlines, and about it hang curls of clouded hazel-colored hair, and under these shine the hazel-colored eyes.

The little one she leads by the hand is a beauty too, with his rosy cheeks, his saucy eyes, and his plump, bare arms.

"Alick's come to say 'good-night' to mamma," says the young lady, lifting up the child for a kiss.

"Bless you, my boy," and the mother feels the white, dainty arms winding about her neck.

"How the wind blows!" lisped the child. "Why don't papa come?"

Digitized by Google

"That's what mamma has been saying to herself for the last hour. It's a terrible night for him to be out, Lina!"

"No, 'tisn't, Fannie. Your wifely anxiety exaggerates a little squall of wind into something quite awful. Why, I'm going down to the hall, to hear the lecture, if that very gallant brother-in-law of mine will accompany me."

www.libtool.com.cn

"Why, Lina!" A little dimpled hand steals over the lady's lips, and smothers the chiding tones. "You wouldn't have me lose the best lecture in the course, for a little blow like this, Fannie."

"'Twouldn't do much good if I did, my spoiled child," smiled the sister, as she looked down with tender pride on the graceful figure that has knelt beside her chair. "What is the lecturer's name."

"Church. He is a genius, and a young man. That is all I know of him.—Come, my pet, you must go to Jane. It's high time good boys were in bed."

"I can't say my prayers to anybody but Aunt Lina," says the child, with a pretty positiveness that admits of no refusal.

Half an hour later, the doctor was seated in his wife's chamber, with Fannie and Lina on either side of him.

"You will go to-night? The idea of you're caring for the wind, and you a doctor!"

"Isn't she an artful little puss, Fannie?" laughs the doctor, such a merry, jovial, hearty laugh, that you know the man, even before you have looked into his fine, manly face. "She thinks to scare me into going, by pretending I shall stay at home, out of fear of this little gale."

"Won't she know how to manage a husband though, mother?"

"Of course she will, when she's had so admirable a teacher, as your exemplary wife."

Dr. Jessup laughs again, that low, mellow, contagious laugh, that some of his best patients declare has done them more good than his powders and pills ever did, which certainly is saying a great deal.

"Come, say 'yes,'" says Lina, running her dainty fingers through the thick, curly hair of her brother-in-law.

The doctor pulls her playfully down into his lap, prints a kiss on her pouting lips, and she is answered.

The old town church was crowded that night, notwithstanding the weather. The speaker was a young man, rather tall and slender, with a bold, strong physiognomy, somewhat stern and repelling at the first glance, but winning and very beautiful when lighted up with emotion and feeling.

Certainly, nobody who listened to the lecture regretted braving the weather that night. The subject was one that can never grow old, though tyros and dreamers may bring transient ridicule upon it; viz., "*the Elevation of Humanity.*" It was a stirring theme, and the heart of the lecturer pulsed through his words, and woke up new voids in the souls of his wrapped hearers. It was no vague, brilliant Utopian future that he drew for man, but suggestions rather than definitions of the true, beautiful, consistent life and labor, that should find in itself its exceeding great reward. There were masterly strokes of eloquence, there were threads of melting pathos strewing the path of the discourse; and when the beautiful peroration was over, the excited audience indulged in such a cheer of voice, and hand and feet, as was never heard before in the steady old town town of Greendale.

Lina's large, hazel eyes had hardly turned from the speaker that evening. She occupied with the doctor a front seat, and whether it was the beauty of the upturned face, or the proximity of her position to the desk, the lecturer's gaze had often dwelt earnestly upon it during the evening.

"Well, Howard, you are not sorry you came now?"

"*No, indeed,* Lina," answered the doctor's hearty tones. "I'd have gone five miles in the worst snow-storm I ever dug my way through, to hear such a lecture as that."

They lingered a few minutes, until the crowd should partly have disappeared, and just as they reached the door, the lecturer approached them.

"Pardon my abruptness," he said with a bow, that would have won it from any *lady*, "but have I not the honor of addressing the lady who was, or is, Miss Caroline Ellett."

"That *is* my name, Sir."

"And you had a sister Frances?"

"She is now the wife of Dr. Jessup," and Lina turned to that much perplexed gentleman.

I was certain I could not be mistaken. We have met before, and yet—" glancing at the clock opposite, "an imperative engagement will take me out of town immediately. I had no idea it was so late, and I must be at the depot in half an hour. Next week, God willing, I will see you. Meanwhile, adieu," and he was gone.

"Well, the mystery will be cleared up next week, and we must be patient," was the doctor's philosophic conclusion, after he and Lina had detailed this singular occurrence to the much interested wife and sister. "After eleven o'clock! Come, girls, you must go to bed this minute."

A week had passed. It was a mild, mellow November afternoon, and the wind loitered with almost the softness of June, among the old corn-stalks, and lifted up tenderly the leaves that still clung to the boughs. Then the stranger came to the cottage.

Alick saw him first, for the child stood at the window, as the gentleman came up the path. The boy called his aunt's gaze to the stranger by a shout, and Lina recognized him with a glance—a glance that somehow deepened the soft dye of her cheek.

In less than two minutes, a domestic brought

Digitized by Google

her what appeared to be, at first glance, a letter. She opened the dainty envelope, and inside was a large leaf, on which was written:

PHILIP CHURCH,
From Caroline Ellett.

In a moment the young girl's memory swept back over the long reach of twelve years, and she saw the little ragged boy tying up the dahlia-vines in the summer afternoon. Another moment the truth flashed into her mind, and when, a few seconds later, her sister entered the room, she sprang toward her with the paper, and her hazel eyes shone through the tears, like brown nuts daggled with October dews, as she cried:

"Oh! Fannie, Fannie! you know not what you have done!"

But they both knew, half an hour later, when they met Philip Church, and he called them, in his deep, tremulous tones, his benefactresses, his good angels.

"But we bear you an old grudge for disappearing so suddenly and mysteriously after your second year at the academy," smilingly said Mrs. Jessup, after the first agitation of meeting was over, and the trio had settled down for a long talk.

"I know it; and I owe you, too, an apology for what must have seemed my ingratitude. But the burden of dependence was pressing too heavily on my pride, and I knew there was but one way to get rid of it—to go out and make my own destiny, carve my own fortunes; and I went into the world without seeking your advice, or acknowledging my great indebtedness. Will you forgive the man the error of his boyhood?"

"You are asking what it would be quite impossible for me to do. I only felt that in your sensitive pride you had wronged yourself. But I could understand and admire it," was Mrs. Jessup's reply.

And then Philip Church spoke further of the great debt he owed her, that could never be cancelled—that all his youth had been, or his manhood should be, he owed, under God, to the woman who, in his darkened, friendless boyhood, had let him unto a new life of beauty, and knowledge, and truth.

There were tears, shining stilly in the soft eyes of one hearer, and in the bright ones of the other, as Philip Church concluded.

The winter had gone, and the time of the "singing of birds" had come again. The arms of the sweet April day were reaching toward the night when Philip Church and Lina Ellett walked down the front garden path together. He had visited the doctor's two or three times during the winter, and insisted that he should be one of the family the last time, with a sudden, half-stolen glance at Lina.

"How soft this April wind is. One would almost think it came up from the violets and roses of June," said the young lady, brushing back the wavy hair from her low, fair forehead.

Before Philip could reply, a child's laugh swept down the walk, and the next moment Alick bounded toward them; and the young man thought of the far time when the feet of a golden-haired little girl had dipped over those same old flag-stones.

"Aunt Lina," lisped the child; "you said you'd thwing Alick the first pleasant day," eagerly lisps the boy.

"So I did, my pet; but I had forgotten all about it. Ask Mr. Church if we shall not go now?"

"Certainly we will."

And so the trio went down to the old apple-tree, where the swing had hung for nearly thirteen years. No wonder that Alick talked most of the three.

"You must have hung it very carefully, for it has stood all these years," laughed Lina, as the young man lifted the boy into the swing.

"I see it has. Even the old rope has resisted the storms bravely. There is something else here, unchanged as this."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Church."

"I mean the gentle, loving heart of the little girl, who gave me the old atlas. It has kept all the dew and the sweetness of its childhood for its riper life."

The graceful head of Caroline Ellett drooped lower at these words, and yet they were very sweet to her.

I do not know what else Philip Church said to the young lady, but I know that Alick, at last, called out stoutly: "I won't stay here, if you and Lina are going to whisper all the time, and not swing me a bit."

The lady and gentleman broke into a hearty laugh. "Well, my dear little fellow, it is too bad," and Philip sprang to the swing.

Late that evening, when the doctor and his guest had gone off a few moments into the study, Lina nestled up closer to her sister, so close, that she could not see the crimsoning of her cheeks as she whispered: "Next summer, Fannie, I have promised to be his wife."

"Have you, my darling little sister?" lifting the bowed head, and stroking the bright hair very tenderly. "Ah! how has God rewarded me for that 'good doing!'"

INTERNAL HEAT OF THE EARTH.—Prof. Silliman takes a decided position in favor of the theory that the centre of the earth is a fused mass of mineral matter. His chief argument is the phenomenon of volcanoes, which he calls earth's chimneys and escape pipes. There are hundreds of them always in operation—hundreds are always dormant; they are all over the earth and the sea's surface, and they come from the bowels of the earth. The fiery sea in the centre of the earth, says the professor, boils over the tops of her chimneys, and when these chimneys become choked, it forces new vents, breaking out even under the sea.

Digitized by Google

SOUTHERN PICTURES.

No. I.—AUNT NELLIE—THE BLIND WOMAN.

BY MRS. M. S. WHITAKER.

www.libtool.com.cn

It was a pleasant evening in spring, and a green livery of pale hue adorned the budding trees. Scarce had the April rose yielded its fragrant breath to genial gales and life-restoring sunshine, but the fringe tree waved its silky banners—the hyacinth gave its beauty to day—and the sweet myrtle breathed odors of Araby from its wilderness of starlike flowers. There was a hum of bees and a twittering of birds around, and the low of cattle and bleating of sheep were heard from a distance. The spot was lovely. A noble mansion rose in the midst of ancestral oaks, clad with graceful moss, and laurels whose broad leaves shone with the varnished lustre of a deep and healthful green. There stood cedars, whose delicate foliage contrasted finely with the amplitude of dark orange-leaves and the plumy honors of tall pine-trees.

The architecture of this building was imposing, and its tripple piazzas, tall doors, and numerous windows, evinced its adaptation to a southern latitude. Its corridors were wide, its ceilings lofty, and there was that air of elegance and grandeur about it which so often dignifies a home in the South.

At a short distance from this house were placed the habitations of the domestics and operatives, each surrounded with its neat fence and separately enclosed garden. To one of these we will confine ourselves at present—the abode of Aunt Nellie, the blind woman, who now sat on a bench before her open door, and sung, in a low, not unmusical voice, a hymn commencing with the words,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

She wore that passionless aspect of resignation which is said to characterise those whose visual orbs are darkened, and there was a negative goodness and meekness in her countenance which her character did not belie. Nellie loved the whole world; nobody's failings furnished her with subjects of discourse. Even dumb animals shared her kindness, as was testified by the condition of the sleek, well-fed cat, who sat at her feet with security and ease. Her garments were decent and clean; her gray hair appeared beneath the folds of a parti-colored kerchief, with which her head was bound; there was a basket of cotton balls by her side, and one of these she held in her hands, while transferring to it the thread from a brooch lately spun. Poor and blind, alas for Nellie! How many would sink under calamities like hers. Yet she talked only of her comforts, her blessings, and, truly, when compared to many others, she was not destitute of these. Her maintenance was secured; she had a home of her own, and was surrounded by many of her own class, who yielded her deference on the several accounts of her age, and respectable character, and the infirmity with which she was afflicted. Over and above this, she enjoyed the confidence and protection of her superiors, and far, very far above that, she was at peace with heaven, and loved and trusted the great Master of the universe—He who had afflicted, yet blessed her. And Nellie was humble. In this lay one primary secret of her contentment. She never aspired above her station and her circumstances.

"Mingo," said the old woman to a sturdy young Hercules in jacket and trousers, who had been busy arranging a line and hook, but whose special business it was to attend on his grandmother, supply her wants, and obey her behests. "Mingo, listen, and tell me if horse's feet ain't comin'."

Mingo stooped down, and applying his ear to the ground, remained, for a short time, listening eagerly.

"I doesn't hear nothin'."

"Den my old ears tells truth no more," said Nellie, musingly, but soon added: "Dere, now, Mingo, ain't them horses, my boy. It's not time for de plough boys to come home. Look, Mingo, and tell me who these is."

"O, grandmoma! sich a beautiful sight! Dere is all de young mens and ladies a ridin' horseback straight to our house." (It is usual for every resident on a plantation to denominate the master's residence "our house," and great is the pride they take in that house's honor and prosperity.) "O! de ladies does look sweet, and de mens is trimmed shinin' all ober."

"It be a ridin' party," rejoined Nellie, "and dey is jist come for our Miss Emily."

The company was, as Nellie supposed, a collection of young people; and it is a frequent practice, at the South, for them to ride together thus, each lady escorted by a gentleman. They proceed to some spot graced with attractive scenery, and enjoy, at once, the pleasure of agreeable society, gentle exercise, and fresh air.

It was, indeed, a gallant cavalcade. The horses were splendid, and managed with practised skill by their riders. The gentlemen sat erect, wore a free and fearless aspect, while their deportment towards their fair companions was full of urbanity and courtly deference; and these sylph-like beauties justified all the praises which southern loveliness has obtained. Their houri-like eyes, Circassian complexions, luxuriant locks, and lithe and delicate forms, were well set off by the cap and plume, and the tight-fitting, yet flowing dress which custom has assigned as the proper attire of the lady equestrian.

Digitized by Google

The company were ushered into a magnificent parlor, and there regaled with a hospitality, at once acceptible, profuse, and free from ostentation. True, the viands were served on salvers of massive silver, and the delicacies were unrivalled; but these were common things, every-day fare in the well-known house of Marden, and Marden's lovely mistress was there.

"Our Miss Emily," as Nellie had called her, was beautiful as a dream, which has less of earth in it than heaven; and dream-like was the spell of her large, soft, blue eyes, which seemed meditating a smile, and literally beamed with goodness and sincerity. Every feature of her face was symmetrical. Her hair fell in profuse masses of golden auburn, and, with every motion of her head, rolled into easy and graceful curls. Her complexion resembled, in purity and softness, the velvet leaf of a newly blown Cherokee rose. The mouth was perfect, a model of nature's rare chiselling, with an expression so entirely indicating serenity and decision, that, but for the dimples which played around it, one might have deemed it stern. Her forehead was polished, not over high, but somewhat massive, denoting strong perceptive powers. Her eyebrows were lightly and evenly traced; they were essentially feminine, and imparted an air of refinement to the entire face. A faultless and exquisite contour of head, gave her the aspect of a Grecian statue, associated, as it was, with a neck, shoulders, and bust of inimitable elegance. Her ears, hands, and feet were small, such as are denominated aristocratic, and her *tout ensemble* made her appear what she was—a gifted and lovely girl. The eyes of fond parents beheld her with love and pride; she was the ornament and boast of society. The heart of one beat for her with the power and truth of man's affection, and though many delighted in her, none, save her own mother, had so carefully tended her childhood, and unceasingly guarded her youthful years, as old Nellie, the blind woman, whose nursling she was, and from whose simple and pious conversation she had derived much that was admirable in her character.

Emily appeared, on this occasion, arrayed in a straw-colored habit, trimmed with green. Her riding hat was of green velvet, ornamented with a snowy plume; and she was radiant with youth and joy, as, escorted by her lover, she rode away from Marden with her happy companions.

And old Nellie, as she sat before the door of her cottage, again noted the departing steps of the horses. A cloud of care shaded her brow; her hand trembled, as she slowly wound the thread from her brooch. She bent her head forward, as though she could see, and, addressing Mingo, who was still at her side, said:

"Mingo, my boy, is your young missus gone wid de company yonder?"

"I shure she is."

"And who be ridin' wid her?"

"Mas' George Ashland, to be sure."

"What horse has our Miss Emily got?" enquired the old woman, eagerly.

"De beautiful dapple grey, what massa buyed last week from de Kentucky horse jockey, 'Sky-rocket,' grandmoma, and he went prancin' down de hill, I ken tell you."

"Sky-rocket," said Nellie, with evident alarm. "Nobody ken tell anything about dis new horse, only Hendry, de ostler, said he is wild and wiscious. Didn't he say so, Mingo?"

"To be sure, grandmoma."

"Well, boy, jist reach me my stick, and gib me your hand—dat will do. Now, come on."

And the sightless woman, with feeble steps, and engrossing anxiety, sought the presence of her mistress, at once her mistress and friend, surrounded by all the adjuncts of wealth and ease. The lady sat in her chamber; both bed and windows were furnished with snowy white, the floor was carpeted with India matting, the chairs and sofa were bamboo, cushioned with down, and covered with white dimity, deeply fringed, in correspondence with the couch and window curtains. Vases of alabaster stood on the complete toilet, with its costly appurtenances; and transparent china, richly gilt, glittered all around. The balmy breath of April floated through the apartment, and odors of tuberose, violet, and gardenia mingled with its reviving freshness.

Mrs. Marden, observing her faithful domestic enter uninvited, was pleased at the freedom, and said kindly:

"Well, my good Nellie, you knew I was alone, and came to bear me company. Is it not so?"

"Yes, missis; I knowed our Miss Emily was gone out, and jist felt lonesome like, for all I can't see—so, I will send Mingo for de bay flowers she loves, and stop here, if you please."

"Certainly, Nellie; and we will talk of old times. Do you remember my mother? There her picture hangs. I wish you could see it, Nellie, with her own sweet smile, and half-mournful, thoughtful face."

"Ah, Missis, you may well say dat; the smile always was sweet, and many is de day I see her now, for all new tings is lost on me, and dem I once knowed seems standin' about me, when all is dark beside. Dere is Jacob, my husband, what died when I was de moder of tree children, and now none is left. Two ob de little ones soon went arter him, and dey is de company I has now, when I set alone windin' my yarn, and singin' de songs all is weary of hearin'. I know dey is in de better world, and in my mind, I can see dem a growin' in beauty, and sportin' in light better dan de light of dis world. Dey is safe, and I don't ax dem back any more. Bina, my only gal, died whiles Mingo was a picaninny, and de sorrow I had den seemed more dan any dat went before. But my blessed missis, Heaven is good, and I has been brought to say dy will be done in all tings. I ken not tell why I linger here now"—and the old woman bent her head submissively on her bosom—"only I feels dis what de Lord does is right—aye, and best."

At this point of her discourse, Nellie was interrupted by the abrupt entrance of Henry, the

Digitized by Google

ostler, who seemed much agitated, and said, hurriedly:

"De carriage, missis, is sent for. Some haxident is happened, and somebody hurt what must be brought home directly."

"Oh! Henry, for the love of heaven, tell me all. Is Emily safe?"

"Yes, marm; I know, I think she be safe; but I must take de carriage, missis, must I?"

"Fly, instantly!" cried the lady, half-distracted; and she rose, as she spoke, pacing the room in incontrollable alarm. Nellie sat silent, and clasped her hands on her breast. At length she spoke:

"Trust Him, missis; His power is ober all."

"Dere be de carriage comin', and all de people a-ridin' slow, and massa on de box, alongside Hendry," shouted Mingo.

The morning which rose so bright on the family of Marden, had indeed closed with a frightful catastrophe. Emily, the loving, the beautiful, the beloved, was being borne to her splendid home, a pallid corpse. Old Nellie's forbodings respecting Sky-rocket were unhappily realized. He had become unmanageable shortly after the party left Marden, and Emily, who was courageous, refused to dismount, thinking the difficulty would be soon overcome. She succeeded, in some degree, in restraining the restive animal, who, with pointed ears, eyes of fire, and head proudly erect, continued to shy along the shady road, till a broken cart wheel, left carelessly by the way, seemed to startle him. He gave a sudden bound, and was off with the speed of lightning, leaving her amazed companions far behind. They feared increasing the fury of her horse by vain endeavors to overtake him. But one could not be detained. George Ashland followed swiftly in his rear, and gained on him only so far as to behold the agonizing spectacle of Emily's fall against a tree, which somewhat encroached upon the road, but had been spared for its beauty and luxuriant shade. The maddened horse, disencumbered of her light weight, rushed forward with accellerated velocity. The spirit of a demon seemed to inflame him with insensate rage, and, dashing his head against a pine, he fell dead instantly.

But George Ashland had dismounted, and, coming up to the fatal spot of Emily's fall, attempted to raise her head; but the fearful truth was manifest at once. Her fair brow, deeply indented, was rapidly freezing into eternal coldness. Her cerulean eyes were stony and expressionless. The seal of the great destroyer was on her matchless features. She was henceforth only a precious memory on earth. Her spirit had sought that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns. The anguish of the young man, when this terrible discovery broke slowly on his mind, none can paint. He called, in frantic accents, on her name, and besought her, by all the deathless love he bore her, to look up and speak to him but one word. Oh! vain adjuration to the dead, so often made, never heeded! Her young companions surrounded her. All was done that love and tenderness could suggest; and her father came—the man of high repute, the possessor of vast wealth, the lover of the world, and the world's honors. What were they all to him now? His strong heart heaved with convulsive sobs, and his mind could not fathom the extent of the vast calamity which had overtaken him in an instant. He was bringing home to his wife the mortal remains of their only and idolized child.

Mrs. Marden stood in the piazza, and her faithful old Nellie had groped her way after her. The carriage stopped. Mr. Marden slowly descended from the box, opened the door, and taking the lovely burden into his arms, proceeded to the house. A shriek from the mother told all, as she fell into the arms of her attendants. "My daughter! my daughter! would to God I had died for thee!" and she was borne into her chamber, where insensibility came to her relief, and, for a brief space, her sufferings were suspended.

Some deem it a trial of patience to sit by the bedside of the afflicted; to hear the bitter complaint; to witness the tears, which cannot, and ought not to be restrained; to participate in the gloomy sphere, which sorrow gathers around its mournful presence; but Nellie was not of these. Insensible, by reason of her infirmity, to many of the enjoyments of life, set apart, by her poverty, from many of its luxuries, and all of its refinements, she had yet a warm and charitable heart. She had experienced the truth of those words—"It is better to go to the house of morning, than to the house of joy." And now, when all were interdicted from entering that apartment where Mrs. Marden lay in her great anguish, old Nellie, the faithful friend, the humble dependant, sat, intent on doing good, and administering all the consolation in her power to her suffering mistress. There was a simple pathos in her language, while so employed, which insensibly drew the attention of the mourner, and led her thoughts in the direction intended by her comforter. For two successive days, Nellie sat by the bedside of her mistress, and would give place to none in the effort to console her. Late on the evening of the second day, she remarked, in an affecting and solemn manner:

"De last of my children is gone, and I must watch wid her dis night, for to-morrow dey will lay her away, and who ken fill her place den to blind Nellie, what has watched her many a night before, and did not tink to witness de day of her departure."

It was night. Dimly burned the death-lamp beside the bier of the young and lovely; and one was there who felt for her a mother's love. Silently, cautiously, had Nellie sought the chamber of death. Its dimness was no detriment to her—for her the light of this world had gone out forever, long ago. So, on she came, and, approaching the coffined dead, she *felt* her way to the head of the corpse. Slowly, carefully, she passed her hand over the classic and death-cold features. A faint sound escaped her lips, as, by strange instinct, she established their identity.

Digitized by Google

"My child! my white dove! dou was an angel already, before Farrer took dee!"

And morning dawned. The sun-bright morning of southern realms. Dappled was the sky with oriental and ever-changing splendor. Blithe rose the anthem of nature's sweet minstrels; brightly bloomed spring's floral harbingers; wide was the expanse of daisy-enamelled fields. The young year was coming forth with garlands of beauty and promises of rich fruition. Pause here, man, and lightly tread. Earth rejoices, and will rejoice, as she has done for ages past, and will continue to do for ages to come, when thou and I sleep calmly beneath her verdant surface, and when our spirits are freed from her bondage. Look here, pause, and tread lightly! Here are two mortal bodies; one fair, and young, and beautiful, beyond the average of earthly beauty; the other dark, and time-worn, and unlovely. But both are dead! so we are accustomed to call those gone before. Yes! Nellie, the blind woman, had passed away during her last watch of love over her foster-child—and who can say but the spirits of these two, alike pure and pious, had trod together the viewless path which leads to other worlds, and woke together to the glories of an unending and celestial life?

LIVE AND HELP LIVE.

Mighty in faith and hope, why art thou sad?
Sever the green wishes, look up and be glad!
See all around thee, below and above,
The beautiful, bountiful, gifts of God's love.

What though our hearts beat with death's sullen waves?
What though the green sod is broken by graves?
The sweet hopes that never shall fade from their bloom,
Make their dim birth-chamber down in the tomb!

Parsee or Christianman, bondman or free,
Loves and humanities still are for thee;
Some little good every day to achieve,
Some slighted spirit no longer to grieve.

In the tents of the desert, alone on the sea,
On the far-away hills with the starry Chaldee;
Condemned, and in prison, dishonored, reviled,
God's arm is around thee, and thou art his child.

Mine be the lip, ever truthful and bold;
Mine be the heart, never careless and cold;
A faith humbly trustful, a life free from blame,
All else is unstable as flax in the flame.

And while the soft skies are so starry and blue,
And while the wide earth is fresh with God's dew,
Though all around me the sad sit and sigh,
I will be glad that I live and must die.

—[*Alice Carey.*

SPECIMENS OF SIAMESE LITERATURE.

The literature of Siam is in the form of both prose and verse, and is divided into sacred and profane; the first being in the vulgar tongue, and the last in Pali. M. Pallegoix has given translations of some specimens of the popular literature. The following are examples of Siamese proverbs: "When you go to the forest do not leave your axe behind you."—"Do not place your bark across the current of the river."—"The elephant, although he have four legs, yet sometimes trips; and a man, however learned, is liable to make mistakes."—"If you land you may encounter a tiger; if you continue in your boat, you may fall upon a crocodile."—"Nobility implies but pedigree, but manners the man."—"If a dog bite you, do not bite the dog in return."—"Why should a man fear the rain who dwells under the sky?" The following is a Siamese fable: "Avarice is an enemy to property, and may even lead to death. A certain hunter was in the practice of shooting elephants, for the nourishment of his wife and children. One day he discharged his bow at an elephant, which, struck by his arrow, and maddened by the pain of the wound, pursued him in order to kill him. The hunter, in order to escape, ascended a white ant-hill, on which lay a snake, that bit him. Enraged, he slew the snake. The elephant continued to pursue, but the arrow, by which he had been struck, being a poisoned one, he fell dead close to the ant-hill; and the hunter himself died of the bite of the snake, leaving his bow still strung. Meanwhile, a wolf, in search of prey, came to the spot, and rejoiced exceedingly at what he saw before him. 'Behold me rich, for this turn,' said he, 'for good fortune has befallen me. The elephant will last me three months—the man seven days—and I will make two meals of the snake. But,' added he, 'why should I allow the bowstring to be wasted? Better that I eat it first to appease my hunger.' Thus meditating, he bit the string; and the bow rebounding, broke his skull, and he perished on the spot."

Digitized by Google

JEANNETTE ROUX.

"Lead us not into temptation," a petition offered up daily, we presume, by many millions of our fellow-creatures; and yet among the many earnest hearts who utter it, few, perhaps, are those who realize its full import! "Lead *us*, a desire so enlarged as to embrace the whole brotherhood of humanity, and therefore binding us by its very utterance, to beware of tempting others to aught of evil; and yet may we not oftentimes, by our very heedlessness, draw aside from the path of truth and uprightness those whose errors may spring rather from weakness than from willful wickedness?

It is now some years since we were passing a summer at Vevay, where, amid the mingled loveliness and majesty of the surrounding scenery, we found each day new sources of enjoyment and admiration. Sometimes, we indulged in the dreamy delight of sauntering along the vine-clad slopes, or basking upon the sunny lake; but more frequently our excursions led us to the mountain paths, so familiar, doubtless, to many of our readers; and where the difficulties of the way only impart an added zest to the enjoyment of the traveller. These excursions were suddenly put an end to by the illness of one of our party. The youngest and most joyous amongst us was brought, by a malignant fever, to the very verge of the grave Happily, the disease did not prove fatal, but it was followed by a season of depressing languor and exhaustion, more difficult to overcome than the malady itself. A change of air was recommended for the invalid, and Berne was named to us as the most suitable place to which we could remove her for a-while. Accordingly, we prepared for a speedy change of residence; and being much pleased with a Swiss servant who had during the time of illness been most assiduous in her tender and watchful care, we resolved to take her along with us. No objection was anticipated to this plan on the part of Jeannette Roux, as she seemed to be very warmly attached to our youthful invalid; and, although her husband and two children were residing at Vevay, we knew that her little ones were well cared for by an elder sister; and as for her husband, he also was in the service of an English family. So without the slightest misgivings as to Jeannette's willingness to accompany us during our temporary absence from Vevay, I called her into the drawing-room, and acquainted her with our wishes.

A deadly pallor at once overspread her usually bright and ruddy features. Her knees trembled, and she grasped the nearest chair for support. "Thank you, madam, thank you; but I cannot go with you."

"Why not, Jeannette? I thought your were attached to us all, and that you would be sorry to part from Miss Lisa, while she is so weak, and likes so much to have you about her."

"So I am, very, very sorry," replied she, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. "I would like to go over the world with Miss Lisa, but—I cannot."

"You know, Jeannette, that your children will be taken good care of while you are away, and that our absence from Vevay is not not likely to be a long one, so it is not, I presume, on their account that you decline accompanying us."

"Oh! no, madam. I will tell you the truth about it. You have all been very good to me, but you don't know," added she, covering her face with her hands, and bursting into an agony of grief—"you don't know what a guilty wretch you have before you."

At this moment her whole frame trembled violently, and the stout, hale woman sank on the floor before we had time to support her. After the use of some simple cordial, poor Jeannette was so far revived as to sit upright on a chair, whence we would not suffer her to rise, although she made many efforts to do so. Still was her face concealed by her outspread hands, and her whole form was convulsed with the violence of her sobs. We knew not what consolation to offer, as the cause of her deep emotion was altogether a mystery to us. At length the struggle ceased. She sat a few moments in perfect stillness, while we stood silently around her, perplexed at what was passing before us. One deep sigh escaped her, and rising up with an evident effort from her seat, she clasped her hands together in the attitude of supplication, and with her eyes bent on the ground, stood before us pale and motionless as a marble statue. "Oh! madam, I will tell you all, but then you will despise and hate me."

We interrupted her with assurances that this was not possible, but she seemed neither to hear nor to hearken to our words. Still she stood in the same pale, statue-like rigidity, and with her eyes fixed on the ground, related to us the following story:—

"You know my husband, ladies—how handsome and good he is. We were neighbors in our childhood, went to the same school, and played on the same village green. Before I was seventeen, I had promised to marry him; but we were so poor that our parents said we must wait a-while until we had earned a little money to begin our housekeeping. However, after a little time my mother's heart melted, and she persuaded my father to let us marry. 'Pierron,' said she, 'they will be more likely to work hard when they are married; so, like a good man, give your consent.' My father, though somewhat rough to others, was gentle enough to my mother, and she usually got her own way with him. So we were married," continued she, with a deep sigh, "and we thought ourselves the happiest beings in the world, when, soon afterwards, we were both hired in the service of a rich English lady and gentleman, who had just arrived at Berne. It was a very easy place, as our master and mistress passed most of their time in

Digitized by Google

making excursions, and we were left much to ourselves. Our master used, occasionally, to carry home from the bank large bags of dollars, and lay them upon the drawing-room table, and often we saw him and the lady take out several at a time in a careless way, just when they wanted them. One day André said to me, 'Oh! Jeannette, how happy we should be if we had only a few of those dollars which our master seems to care so little about.' Poor André meant no harm, in saying this, for there is not a better or more pious man in Switzerland than he is; but as his words reached my ear, a wicked thought crept in along with them, and all that day, even when I was hard at work, it occurred to me again and again how easy it would be to take some of the dollars out of the bag which lay upon the table, and how my master would never know it, or feel himself the poorer for it. That night I could not say a prayer on going to bed. My mind was too busy about other things. Next morning, on going into the drawing-room, I saw the gray linen bag upon the table with a string tied carelessly around it. I thought it was no harm just to open it, and look at the money. Oh! madam, if I had only then turned away from the temptation! if I had only then cried out to God for help!" added she, burying her face once more in her hands, and bursting into an agony of tears. After a few moments' pause, she raised up her head, and continued her story in the same low yet intense tone as before.

"I approached the table, untied the bag, took one of the dollars in my hand, looked at it, and replaced it in the bag. A voice seemed to warn me to leave the spot. I drew back for a moment, but again my husband's words recurred to my mind, and I though how happy a little of this wealth would make us both. I returned to the table, and hastily opened the bag again, took out one dollar, and then another, tied up the bag, and went away. The next time I was alone with my husband, I told him what I had done. He seemed shocked, and for the first time in his life spoke angrily to me, and desired me to go and replace the money in the bag. I returned to the drawing-room to do so, but the bag was gone. I told André, who said that it could not now be helped, so I must only keep the dollars.

"For a few days I was miserable. I felt that God was angry with me, and that I had no right to pray to him now. Besides, my husband appeared to look less kindly upon me than before, and I expected every moment that my mistress would reproach me with the theft, but she seemed to have no suspicion of what had happened, and I gradually grew satisfied—no, not satisfied, but hardened. I even persuaded my husband that there could be no great harm in taking a few dollars from those who were so rich that they did not even miss what had been taken from them. I reminded him of his own words, and wrought on his mind until he became my companion in guilt. Once and again, we robbed our master in the same way, and were one day counting together our ill-gotton gains, when we were arrested by the police, who carried us and our stolen dollars before the magistrate. We were confronted with our master, who stated that, his suspicions being awakened, he had marked the dollars in his bag, some of which were found in our possession. We confessed our guilt, and intreated for mercy. He too, was so good as to ask our pardon, but it was refused. Oh! madam, how can I tell you all that followed!—our forcible separation, our imprisonment, disgrace, and banishment from our native Canton—the misery of my poor mother, too, who was nearly brought to death's door by her sorrow for our crime—oh! it is terrible even now, to think upon it all.

"My father had lately died, else he would surely have cursed me for bringing shame upon our family. I was spared that misery. As for my mother, she could not bear to live any longer among her own people, so she came her; and she lived long enough—thank God!—to witness our penitence, and to give us her blessing before she died,

"And, now, madam," continued Jeannette, slowly lifting her eyes from the ground, "can you wonder at my refusing to accompany Miss Lisa to Berne?. Oh, no! As long as she remains, I will gladly serve her, night and day, if she will condescend to accept the services of such an unworthy wretch; but I cannot go to Berne with her."

The words of kindness and encouragement that followed this affecting scene, need not be detailed here. Suffice it to say, that on our leaving Vevay, we parted from Jeannette with deep regret. Circumstances prevented our return to Vevay, so we saw her no more, but have since heard of her becoming the faithful and tried servant of a friend who resided for some time in that neighborhood, and who, before leaving it, saw her settled at home with her husband and children in a neat cottage, where she seemed perfectly contented with her humble position in life.

Many messages of regard and good-will have passed between us, and we have had the satisfaction of learning from our friend that in all domestic matters, Jeannette was honest to a scrupulous degree, and that if, by chance or carelessness, money was left about, she would bring it back hastily to the owners, placing it in their hands with a sort of impatient earnestness which ill-accorded with the usual calmness of her character. Jeannette had learned her own weakness, and although stronger now than before her fall—for she had learned the secret of a higher and surer strength than her own—yet she wisely sought to avoid entering into temptation.

We, too, have learned a lesson from her history, and we would entreat others also to beware of placing temptation in the way of those whose circumstances may render them peculiarly accessible to its assaults.

Labor and Wisdom.—Men who are laborious succeed in life, if to their industry they couple wisdom. Prosperous success in our undertakings is the effect not only of toil, but a proper choice of one's work.

Digitized by Google



www.libtool.com.cn

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

ABBIE PRINCE'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful! *Isn't* it lovely, mamma?" and little Abbie Prince scampered wildly about the room, holding up the new wax doll which she had just drawn from grandpa's stocking—the only one in the house which would hold it.

I hardly know which looked the prettiest at that moment—the little lady or her doll. Abbie Prince was certainly not a handsome child, but her soft grey eyes were so sparkling with delight, her fat little cheeks so flushed up with mingled pride and happiness at this new prize she had discovered, that I am not certain your glance would have rested longest on her, than on the beautiful brown curls, or the pink cheeks and rosy lips of the new doll that she held first in one hand and then in the other, to the manifest peril of the neck that sat daintily on those white shoulders.

"A merry Christmas to you, my little robbin!" said a loud, hearty voice behind the little child, and the next moment a pair of strong arms had lifted her up, and soft, tender kisses were dropping upon Abbie's forehead.

"Now, papa, how could you catch me so?" half laughed, half pouted the child, as she looked down on her night-dress and bare feet, while Mrs. Prince, who had come into the room to witness Abbie's explorations into grandpa's stocking, added, as she smoothed her hair before the small mirror, "Come, come, my little crazy-headed girl. The breakfast bell will ring in five minutes, and here you are without so much as your stockings on."

But it was a good many five minutes before Abbie presented herself at the breakfast-table that morning, and when she did there was a demure, half-thoughtful expression on her round little face quite unusual to it, for Abbie was an only child, and a half-spoiled one, of course "Why didn't you bring Dolly down to breakfast, and what makes you look so sober, little girl?" questioned the father, as his child quietly took her seat on his left hand

"I forgot all about her, papa, because I was wondering if all the little children would have a merry Christmas like mine to-day."

"Were you, little daughter?" The father's voice was not quite steady. "Well, we can only ask our Father who is in Heaven to give *them* one, too."

"I know it—I know it," running her small fingers through the napkin-ring. "But after I've asked him, I want to *do* something too. Can't you tell me how, papa?"

Before Mr. Prince could reply, there was a sudden ring of the door-bell. A moment later a domestic entered and said, rather impatiently, "Please, sir, there's a poor, broken-down, old body at the door, who says she's left somebody at home that's a-starvin'. Shall I give her a crust o' bread, or send her off? I dare say she's an old decaver after all."

"Well, she's to answer for that, not we, Biddy. Tell the woman to come in," answered Mr. Prince quickly, for his warm heart was filled with much pity for the poor and the suffering this fair Christmas morning.

She came into the room—that old, shivering woman—and the sharp winter wind had driven the gray hairs across her forehead, and her clean, but thin, faded dress—her cold, bare hands—her pallid, attenuated face, told her story at once: she was a beggar and an invalid.

"Sit right down here by the fire, and warm yourself," said Mr. Prince, with a world of pity in his tones, as he drew his own great, easy chair before the grate, while his wife hurriedly piled a plate with warm hash and sweet potatoes.

"Let me carry it to her, mamma, please," whispered Abbie, putting up her eager little hands.

Tears broke into the dim eyes of the old woman as Abbie gave her the plate.

"God bless you, little one!" she said. "I'll save it for Katie. She's as young and tender as you are, and I couldn't let my darling starve. I am an old woman, and Death will come for me

Digitized by Google

in a few weeks at the farthest, so I'd have stayed at home and met him boldly, where the last stick was burning and the last crust gone; but I couldn't see that little one, that was reared as tenderly as you were, dying for a little something to eat."

"Oh, where does she live? Can't I go to her, mamma?" cried Abbie, and her sweet face was very full of pity.

"Grandma, grandma, have you brought me something to eat?" The voice was very full of plaintive eagerness, that asked the question, as the door was pushed hastily open, and Abbie and Biddy—one carrying a bundle, the other a basket—looked eagerly into the attic.

No wonder they both shuddered, it was so bare, so cold, so wretched! The tangled golden hair swept across the face of the little creature who stood there frightened and trembling, while her blue hands and half-bared feet were a pitiful sight to behold.

"Little girl," said Abbie, panting in her eager haste, as she came toward the child—"your grandma's at our house, and we've come for you to go home with us. Biddy's brought you some of my clothes. I guess they'll just fit, and 'ma wrapped up a whole sight of cake and things for you to eat!"

Oh, how bright little Katie's wistful face grew, and how she laughed and clapped her hands when Abbie opened the basket, and she saw the frosted Christmas cake, and the tarts rising up from the little scollopped circles of crust in ruby-colored mounds! I can hardly tell you which was the happiest, the little girls whose benumed hands received these things, half wondering if an angel had not come to her; or the little girl who, standing by, saw her eat them with an eagerness that told better than any words of the long, long hunger that had preceded the feast.

"Papa, she need not go away again, need she? She says she is sure this house is Heaven, and I have given her my old doll, and we've been playing mother all the afternoon." And Abbie Prince nestled coaxingly to her father's side as he stood there alone, looking dreamily into the fire.

"No, pussy, she needn't go," placing his hand tenderly on the little restless head. "Mother and I have settled all this thing before. The grandmother—poor old soul!—cannot hold out more than a month longer. It is a terrible thing that people who have enjoyed all the comforts of life, should be brought so low."

"And after *she* is gone, papa?"

"Oh, Katie shall stay with you, if she likes, and will be a good girl. I've long felt that you needed a playmate, and she promises to be just the one. Well, now, little girl, your wish at the breakfast-table has been gratified. You've given somebody else a merry Christmas. Have you had one yourself?"

The sweet, beaming, uplifted face answered him. "Oh, papa, the merriest in my life!"

"And the merriest of my life too," lisped the soft voice of little Katie, who had stolen into the room unobserved, and now came and slipped her hand in Abbie's.

Little children, when you read this story, will not you too sit down and consider how you can make a "merry Christmas for somebody else?

GEN. TOM THUMB'S VISIT TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

"On our second visit to the Queen," says Barnum, "we were received in what is called the 'Yellow Drawing-Room,' a magnificent apartment, surpassing in splendor and gorgeousness anything of the kind I had ever seen. It is on the north side of the gallery, and is entered from that apartment. It was hung with drapery of rich yellow satin damask, the couches, sofas, and chairs, being covered with the same material. The vases, urns, and ornaments, were all of modern patterns, and the most exquisite workmanship. The room was panelled in gold, and the cornices beautifully carved and gilt. The tables, pianos, &c., were mounted with gold, inlaid with pearls of various hues, and of the most elegant devices.

"We were ushered into this gorgeous drawing-room before the queen and royal circle had left the dining-room, and, as they approached, the General bowed respectfully, and remarked to her majesty, that 'he had seen her before,' adding, 'I think this is a prettier room than the picture-gallery; that chandelier is very fine.'

"The queen smilingly took him by the hand, and said she hoped he was very well.

"'Yes, ma'am,' he replied 'I'm first-rate.'

"'General,' continued the queen, 'this is the Prince of Wales.'

"'How are you, Prince?' said the General, shaking him by the hand; and then standing beside the Prince, he remarked, 'The Prince is taller than I am, but I *feel* as big as anybody'—upon which he strutted up and down the room as proud as a peacock, amid shouts of laughter from all present.

"The Queen then introduced the Princess Royal, and the General immediately led her to his elegant little sofa, which we took with us, and with much politeness sat himself down beside her. Shortly, rising from his seat, he went through his various performances as before, and the queen handed him an elegant and costly souvenir, which had been expressly made for him by her order; for which, he told her, 'he was very much obliged, and would keep it as long as he lived.'

"The Queen of the Belgians, (daughter of Louis Philippe) was present on this occasion. She asked the General where he was going when he left London?

"'To Paris,' he replied.

"'Whom do you expect to see there?' she continued.

"Of course, all expected he would answer, 'The King of the French;' but the little fellow replied:

"'I shall see Monsieur de Guillaudeu in Paris.'

"The two Queens looked inquiringly to me, and when I informed them that Mons. G. was my French naturalist, who had preceded me to Paris, they laughed most heartily."

Digitized by Google

THE MISCHIEVOUS JESTER.

ALFRED BEAUMONT, an orphan, lived with an aunt to whom he was a perpetual torment, from his propensity to play mischievous pranks, and to ridicule the infirmities or peculiarities of his fellow-creatures. We shall give an instance or two of his unbecoming and very blameable conduct; he has been known to ask questions of a blind man which it was impossible for him to answer; and to amuse himself by the sight of two lame beggars painfully laboring to outwalk each other for a few halfpence, which he proposed to give to the winner. His aunt often vainly reproved such unfeeling conduct, and told him how sinful it was to mock those whom God had afflicted.

In the town not far distant from the place where Alfred lived, there resided a humpbacked attorney. One morning ten persons came into his office at the same hour, each having received a notice to go there. They were all humpbacks: the lawyer supposed that they had assembled for the purpose of turning him into ridicule, and they thought that he had called them together from the same motive. However, after mutual explanations, it appeared that the letters summoning them had not issued from his office, and each of the visitors went away with his own conjectures as to the author of this heartless joke. It was traced to Alfred Beaumont, and every one of his dupes vowed to take the earliest opportunity of revenge.

When Mr. Murray, the clergyman of the parish, who had been a friend of Alfred's father, heard of the matter, he rebuked Alfred severely, and pointed out to him the danger of exciting the hatred of his neighbors instead of trying to gain their affections. "Only ill-natured persons," said he, "take pleasure in exposing the infirmities of others;" he reminded him of the tenderness of Christian charity exemplified by our Saviour, who collected the sick and infirm around him to pity, condole, and heal them. His remonstrances, however, had no effect.

One evening Alfred happened to stroll toward a lonely cottage inhabited by an old blind woman and her son. She was so familiar with every spot around that, notwithstanding her want of sight, she could ramble about without assistance. Alfred, on arriving at the cottage, found the door opened, and went in. There was no person there, and his mind, always bent on mischief, conceived the idea of playing a trick upon the old woman. He caught sight of a rosary with ivory beads, and chuckled at the whim of putting these out of their places, and at the old woman's being puzzled in consequence when saying her prayers. Taking the rosary into a wood where he supposed no one would see what he was about, he deranged the order of the beads, and was returning, with the intention of replacing the rosary, when he perceived a man sitting on the threshold of the door. Recognizing him as one of the humpbacks whom he had hoaxed some months before in the attorney's office, and desirous of avoiding him, he waited some time in the wood expecting that the man would soon leave the cottage. In this however he was disappointed. It was growing late, so he said to himself, I will come here again to-morrow morning, pay Dame Lavender a visit, and slip the rosary into some corner of her room. What a fuss the old woman will be in about it to-night!

When Mrs. Lavender was going to bed she went to the place where she kept her rosary, and was quite as much puzzled as the mischievous boy hoped she would be. Next morning she was up at her usual early hour: having to pay her rent that day, she unlocked a press and put her hand upon the shelf where she had two little bags containing money; and to her surprise found but one of them.

"Peter," said she to her son, "can you see the two bags?"

"No mother; here is only one!"—Peter searched, but could not find the second bag. In a short time it was known that Dame Lavender had been robbed. Alfred, next day, was on his way to her cottage when he saw a crowd approaching his aunt's house with the parish constable at their head.—"Here is another of the humpbacks," thought he: "can he be coming to call me to account for the trick I played on him? The shepherd I saw yesterday at the door of the cottage is with him, and he has the same reason to be angry with me!" When the crowd came nearer he distinctly heard Mrs. Lavender's name pronounced repeatedly. His aunt, surprised at seeing so many people at her door, went out to ask what they wanted; the constable told her that he wanted to speak to her nephew about a very serious matter. Alfred had returned back, having hastily slipped the rosary into his pocket: he stoutly asked the constable what was his business with him? the man informed him that a robbery had been committed the day before, at Dame Lavender's while she and her son were out.

"And what has been stolen?" inquired Alfred, smilingly.

"A bag, containing a large sum of money," replied the constable; "and you, sir, are accused of the theft, for you were seen going into the house."

"Who saw me?" asked Alfred.

"I," said the humpbaked shepherd.

"And you saw me take a bag of money," added Alfred, looking indignantly at his accuser.

"No, I did not see that," replied the shepherd.

"Well, constable," said Alfred, "you had better accuse some one else."

"Whom else shall I accuse?" asked the constable.

Digitized by Google

"Perhaps me," said the shepherd, with a broad grin.

"And why not," said Alfred; "I saw you near the house, as you saw me?"

"But I saw you *inside*," replied the shepherd; "and ask the neighbors, besides, if I could have been the thief. Is there any one here who will accuse me? Try if there is any one here who suspects me."

www.libtool.com.cn

"No, no," cried out all the assembled peasants together.

"Now, master Alfred," said he, "try and get your neighbors to say a good word for you."

At this moment one of the bystanders caught sight of a small gold cross and some beads peeping out of Alfred's pocket, pulled it away from the boy, and held it up to the crowd. Alfred's aunt fell fainting to the ground; he trembled violently; for he saw that he had no chance of clearing himself from suspicion. A few minutes afterwards he was led, handcuffed, on his way to prison.

Mr. Murray, the clergyman, was riding by when he met the constable escorting a prisoner: he went up with the intention of saying a kind word to the unfortunate person. He was speechless with astonishment when he saw the son of his old friend charged with a felony. "I am innocent, sir!" exclaimed Alfred, in an agony of grief: "appearances are against me; but the truth I hope will be found out." He then told him all that had occurred, and shed many tears of regret that his mischievous propensity had led him to act so foolishly.

The good clergyman did not utter a word of reproach; he rode alongside of the boy until they reached the prison, in order to give him courage to support the disgrace of being led as a thief through the village; and, on leaving, promised to see him soon again.

Another severe mortification awaited Alfred. The jailor's wife was another of the humpbacks who had figured at the scene in the attorney's office. She knew that Alfred was the author of that jest which had made eleven persons the laughing-stock of the town. She therefore subjected the boy to every annoyance in her power; and this he looked upon as a just judgment for the offences of which he had been guilty.

The clergyman in the meantime had repeated interviews with the magistrates; but he found it impossible to convince them of Alfred's innocence. He employed various means for discovering the real criminal. The inhabitants of the place had been astonished at the arrest and imprisonment of Alfred, and they could not now help feeling sorry when they saw that his misfortune so deeply afflicted their worthy minister; they therefore assisted him in his investigations. As it was thought probable that the thief, or thieves, might make a new attempt, they set a watch about Mrs. Lavender's cottage, and Mr. Murray took his turn among the watchers. He was on guard the night before the morning on which Alfred was to be brought to trial: he thought he heard the creaking of a door turning on its hinges, and immediately afterwards saw a figure, dressed as if in a winding-sheet, in the direction of the wood. Two men who were with him were going to fire, but he motioned to them not to do so. He followed the figure noiselessly: it entered the wood and knelt down. He saw it lay what appeared to be a small bag on the stone arch of a well. The moon at that moment shone upon the face of the figure, and he recognised the features of Dame Lavender! The old woman retraced her steps, went into her house, and and shut the door. Mr. Murray and the other men hastened to the spot she had visited, and found there two bags of money.

At day-break they knocked at her door, and told her to look into her press. After passing her hand along the shelf, she exclaimed, "I have again been robbed—I miss a bag of money!"

"Only one?" asked Mr. Murray.

"Yes sir, only one; for you know it is a long time since the other went."

"It has come back—here it is—put your hand on it, my good woman," said Mr. Murray; and, giving her the two bags, he told her how she had robbed herself, and asked her if she was conscious of walking in her sleep.

"When I was a child," replied the old woman, "I used to do so; and I remember my father finding me in the orchard at night eating apples in my sleep, and chastizing me for it. It is strange that I should begin again after so many years; but I thank God that I have got back my money, and that an innocent person has been cleared. But, sir, I must tell you that strange things have happened here for some time past. My rosary has been bewitched; all my beads have changed places, so that I am quite put out in my prayers."

"I will bring you the conjuror who bewitched your rosary," said Mr. Murray. He then told her how a love of mischief had induced Alfred to go into her house—how he had taken the rosary without any intention of keeping it—and how this piece of what the boy thought fun had caused him to be taken up for a theft of which he was innocent, and which might have led to his condemnation, but for the curious discovery of the past night.

When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick-sighted do we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we then remember words, or even looks of unkindness, which may have escaped in our intercourse with them! How careful should such thoughts render us in the fulfilment of those offices of affection which may yet be in our power to perform! for who can tell how soon the moment may arrive when repentance cannot be followed by reperation?

Good manners is the art of making those happy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred man in the company.

Digitized by Google

Hints to Housekeepers.

Good Cookery not Necessarily Expensive.—Many people have the notion that good cookery, that is, cookery which consists in the manufacture of savory and tempting food, is necessarily expensive. There cannot be a greater mistake. Persons well skilled in the art—we almost say, science of cooking—as, for instance, many of the French, will make up most palatable and nourishing dishes, from materials which an unskillful cook would cast aside as worthless. Hear what is said of a *French* cook, in a recent number of *Household Words*. "Give M. Victor a few vegetables, any meat—he is indifferent what it is—and a little charcoal fire, and he will produce for you a most satisfactory and wholesome dinner. The materials which, in England, would produce only the most unpalatable food, become, in his dexterous hands, the foundations of little dishes of the most various descriptions. Yet M. Victor is not expensive. He laughs at all he hears of English cookery, and *wonders how masters can support its extravagance.* Surely, if the French mode of managing cookery can do this, it is worth inquiring into, and learning. "*His wife,*" (the English laborer's,) "*on a moderate calculation, throws away one-third of her family food.* She has no culinary resources. It never enters her head to turn every scrap of food, every scrap of bone that comes within her reach, every scrap of bread to palatable account. And then the teaching of common things, which has lately been talked of, should include, as a most important branch of popular education, the economy of the kitchen. There are more showy accomplishments than cooking; fair fingers may be seen to better advantage than when partially buried in a light crust; but the light crust has something to do with the light heart, and the kitchen strongly influences the happiness of the parlor."

This is all exactly true. It would almost appear as if people expected the art of cookery to come to them of itself, without trouble on their parts. The daughter of the workingman sees her mother boil potatoes, make a common, very common pudding, or cook meat in a rough sort of way, and she aspires to do no more, and so from generation to generation has it been, so that while all else has been improving, the cooking art—if art it can be called—among the lower, and even among the middle classes, has stood still.

The Fire-Place.—Let the housekeeper remember, that a cheerful, tidy fire-place is one very important means within her power, of keeping away the gloom of winter; though indeed this alone, or added to many other bodily comforts, will not be sufficient unless the mind be cared for. Happily, the present day places books within the reach of all classes of society, and a fireside may be enlivened by books, suited to the taste and capacity of all, at little trouble and little cost. A good mistress will bear this in mind, and endeavor to provide healthful amusement or employment for heads and hands. It is very desirable, also, to cultivate the habit of conversation on reasonable topics, and this the mistress may at least endeavor to do.

Economy in Clothing.—It is truly astonishing how much expense may be saved in clothing a family, by forethought and notionable contrivance. Let the whole stock of clothing be well examined, and that which is outgrown by one wearer, may be made to fit another. Some clothes, which are partially worn out, may be nicely pieced, while others may be cut up, and smaller articles made from the best parts of them. The skirt of a dress, which refuses longer to serve its original purpose, may be made tidy for a petticoat, or perhaps for a child's frock: and many other such contrivances a notionable, and not proud woman, will make; and no really sensible person would scorn her for it.

Of course, those who have plenty of money can go shopping as often as they please; and they are sure to be able to find many, among their poorer fellow-creatures, who will be glad to rid them of any out-grown, or despised clothes. But there are very many others who have but little money to spare for clothing, and it is for such we have made these remarks; and we wish we could assist some of them to a better way of spending that little, for it is a pity to see the want of judgment with which it is sometimes done. Generally speaking, the very cheapest things are not the best worth buying, as they will not prove so durable as rather more costly goods. Strength and durability should be considered more than fine or highly finished texture. Unbleached cotton wears very much longer than white of the same price, and serves many useful purposes just as well, especially at the beginning of winter. Cheap flannels are hardly worth buying. In buying dresses, besides choosing a suitable texture, remember that the color is such as may be worn with the bonnet, or anything else with which it may come in contact, without violating good taste.

Permanent Ink for Marking Linen.—Take of lunar caustic, (now called nitrate of silver), one drachm; weak solution or tincture of galls, two drachms. The cloth must be wetted first with the following liquid, viz: salt of tartar, one ounce; water, one ounce and a half, and it must be made perfectly dry before it is written upon.

Digitized by Google

Health Department.

www.libtool.com.cn

Sleeping in Newly Painted Rooms.—The danger of sleeping in newly painted apartments, as it has been repeatedly proved, shows that the atmosphere may be the medium of conveying the poison. Dr. Good gives a very instructive case in the person of a distinguished surgeon of the metropolis, who had sent his family into the country, whilst his house underwent a thorough painting, he himself sleeping in it during the process. About a month afterwards he was attacked with painters' colic, which was not, at first, recognized, but proved fatal to him in other two months.

Slothfulness.—Mr. Hone gives, in some part of his "Every-Day Book," an instructive anecdote of a person who suddenly formed the determination of delivering himself from a habit of slothfully wasting the early morning in bed. He resolved to rise the next day betimes, at a certain hour, and not only did so, but by a vigorous effort, continued to practice ever afterward. Mr. H. rightly remarks upon this occurence, that an attempt at gradual reformation would have been most likely fatal to his design.

Exercise.—Exercise is necessary for development or growth, especially regular growth; it is necessary for preservation; it is necessary for symmetry or elegance; it is necessary for health; it is necessary for the prevention of disease; and it is equally necessary for its removal; it is necessary for strength and vigor; it is necessary for skill and adroitness; it is necessary for perfection; and, lastly, it is necessary for usefulness and happiness.

Sleep.—The means of promoting sound sleep are of great importance to health, as the grand purposes of sleep are more fully effected, the sounder and more perfectly it is enjoyed. The greatest refreshment is derived from the most complete repose of the functions. For this purpose, they should have been as generally exercised as possible during the day, both those of body and mind—this exercise, however, should not have proceeded so far as to produce a state of painful fatigue, or exhaustion, as nothing is more sure to preclude refreshing sleep—the state of the circulation in the head should not have been excited by deep study, intense thought, coffee, or other stimulant, for some time previous to retiring to rest—late and copious suppers should be expressly avoided—the head should not be kept too warm by thick, or flannel, night-caps—the feet and lower extremities should have been brought to a comfortable temperature, if necessary, by artificial means, such as the warm foot-bath, or flesh-brush—lastly, and above all, the cares of the day should have been put off with the clothes; a thing, which, like every other in connection with the subject of sleep, may be materially influenced by habit. Dr. Priestly enumerates it among the privileges of his particular constitution, for which he expresses gratitude to his Maker, that, however much his mind might have been tried and perplexed through life during the day, as soon as he laid his head on his pillow all his cares were forgotten. He found time enough for all the pursuits of his busy life, without studying in bed—without employing the hours that should be hours of repose in deep meditation and thought.

Coughing.—The following remarks on the effects of coughing on consumption, appeared in a New York paper a year or two ago. They are worth attention. The editor says: A gentleman called upon us yesterday, who actually escaped from the fangs of consumption some years ago; and he addressed us in this manner: "You speak of coughing continually. Let me suggest to you the query, whether this is not unnecessary and injurious. I have long been satisfied, from experience and observation, that much of the coughing which precedes and attends consumption is voluntary. Coughing must be very irritating and injurious to the delicate organs that are concerned in it, especially when they are in a diseased state. What can be worse for ulcerated bronchia, or lungs, than the violent wrenchings of a cough? It must be worse than speaking. A sore on any part of the body, if it is constantly kept open by violent usage, or made raw again by a contusion just when it is healing, (and, of course, begins to itch,) will grow worse, and end in death. Certainly, then, a sore on the lungs may be expected to terminate fatally, if it is constantly irritated, and never suffered to heal; and this, it seems to me, is just what coughing does for it." There seems to be reason in this view of the case. Any one who is suffering from a cough will find, that by an effort of the will he can materially lessen the paroxisms, and save himself considerable exhaustion.

Ventilation.—In the ventilation of different rooms, it should be kept in mind that all dwelling rooms ought to be constructed of a good size, and especially that they ought to be lofty.

Digitized by Google

Mothers' Department.

THE IMAGINATION IN CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. JOSEPH H. HANAFORD.

The imagination in childhood is exceedingly active, and every judicious parent will strive to give it a healthy tone, and to cultivate it in a proper direction. Illustrations of the sad and disastrous effects of the improper cultivation of the imagination in early life are to be met with everywhere. At a social gathering, recently, the conversation turned upon this subject, and several adults related their own unhappy experience of the ill-effects of a disordered imagination, induced by the injudicious treatment of parents, and by reading works which should always be prohibited to childhood.

"I well remember," said one, "how sad the effect which a certain kind of fictitious reading, the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe, for instance, had upon my young mind. I was rendered morbidly sensitive, and excessively timid by their perusal."

"And so was I," added another, who was a minister of the Gospel; "I was afraid to go anywhere in the dark, especially if alone, lest I should behold some spectre, or meet with banditti, of whose lawless deeds and unholy life I had been reading. The novels I pored over in secret, but their effects were visible."

I listened to the conversation which soon became general, with deep interest, for I felt that my own experience coincided with their opinion, that the imagination in childhood is exceedingly active, and, if ill-fed, will be morbidly excited. I well remembered how, to myself, the very idea of going out in the dark was appalling, simply because the influence of the pernicious works which I stealthily or openly read, led me to tremble at unknown noises, and flee from darkness, lest I might suddenly view some startling light. I *know* from personal experience that the imagination of childhood is active, for many a time in the stillness of a summer-eve, or the hush of midnight, have I listened in my lonely bed, hoping to hear the sighing of the evening breeze, or the moaning of the night-wind, fearing that if I did not, that an earthquake was nigh at hand, for I had read that, previous to those terrible events, the air is hushed to portentuous repose. If the storm-wind howled, or the autumnal blast wailed round my dwelling, I felt at ease, for then I dreaded not the result which my morbid imagination, fed by improper books, or by the reading of books which I did not understand, and about which I had no one to ask, led me to fear.

This fear of earthquakes when there was no breeze, was first implanted by the injudicious remark of a timid aunt, who, if she had rightly weighed the import of her words on the sensitive imagination of childhood, would never have spoken them.

The influence of the books read in childhood is far-reaching, even when in later years the strong man-wisdom casts out the follies of earlier life. For, once, when passing through the long hall of a Theological Seminary with my husband, at midnight, as we were about to visit a dying student, the moonlight streaming through the large uncurtained windows, reminded me of similar scenes in the romances I read years ago, when persons seeking to unfold some hidden mystery, were silently passing through some moon-lit corridor.

The imagination is a God-given faculty, and as such, should be highly prized. But like all other faculties it is liable to abuse. With all my heart, I say to you, dear reader, cultivate your own imagination till you can enjoy the beautiful in all the works, but especially in the Word of God. Cultivate it, till you can call up vividly to your mind the image of a Divine Saviour, "holy, harmless, and undefiled," and the more you can thus realize the excellencies of the Redeemer, the more nearly will you be likely to imitate them. I repeat the idea, though in a different form, of Mrs. Mary G. Chandler, in her "Elements of Character," "Religion does not become a personal matter to us until it takes the form of hope. While it is simply a thing of thought, it is cold, barren faith, and we care nothing for it; but when imagination touches it, faith is changed to hope, and we begin to perceive that religion is a thing to be desired in our own persons."

The imagination in childhood, then, should be cultivated, and is also liable to abuse. Mother, whose eye rests on these pages, a word to to you. When the dear child that you cherish so tenderly, clings to you from terror, whether it be imaginary, or the cause is known, chide him not. Treat him not harshly, but gently, as the compassionate Saviour would do; soothe his fears, calm his perturbed spirit, and, as far as possible, remove the cause of his terror, whether it be in himself, or around him. When the wind howls, and the windows rattle, filling his young imagination with fears, sit by his bedside, with his little hand in yours, and tell him in soothing tones of the good Lord that "holds the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hands," and he will, by-and-by, learn to trust his mother's God, and fear no evil. You may have to do this often, but infancy is good ground in which to sow the good seed, and God has promised an abundant harvest.

And when he is old enough to read, know thou, Christian mother, what food is nurturing or morbidly exciting thy child's imagination. Be at hand to explain to him, and endeavor to pre-occupy his mind with great and good, and loving thoughts, so that in his trustful spirit there shall be no room for fears. Where the earth is filled with wheat, how can there be room for the tares?—*The Mothers' Journal.*

Digitized by Google

Editors' Department.

THE OLD RUG, &c.

www.libtool.com.cn

"It's too bad them pine logs should have snapped out, and burned a hole in my new carpet, jest as I'm goin' to have the doctor's wife here to tea," and Aunt Rachel gazed ruefully at the large aperture in her parlor carpet, which Uncle Robert had bought for her only the previous spring, when he went to the city.

It was one of those golden, hazy, loving autumn days that are the great prizes of the year, and I had been sitting out under the apple-trees reading Charles Kingsley's poems a little, but the blue, dreamy sky, the crimson trees, and the green earth a great deal more.

I had entered the hall softly, and so heard Aunt Rachel's soliloquy, which I knew very well was not intended for my hearing; as two nights before, she had kindled that unlucky fire in the parlor for my especial benefit; although I had stoutly maintained, "I should enjoy myself just as well sitting down with her by the great, hickory wood fire, in the large, old-fashioned kitchen." But Aunt Rachel had her own views of the hospitality she owed to her guests, and it was of no use to oppose them.

"Can't you cover it over somehow, Aunty?" The old lady started at my unsuspected proximity to the parlor, but the next moment her face brightened up wonderfully, "I never thought of that child. There's that old rug, in the closet of the spare chamber—I was looking at it the other day. I believe it was one of Robert's mother's, he sets so much store by it, and always keeps it so carefully folded up there, though he's had it forty years. I'll just go straight up stairs, and see about it," and the notable housekeeper hurried out of the room.

In a few minutes she returned bringing with her the large rug, and panting under its weight. She spread it down before the fire-place; it was a very ingenious piece of feminine handicraft, and I examined it with a good deal of curiosity.

A large flaming yellow sun-flower, somewhat dimmed by age, occupied each corner, while the centre was appropriated by a fierce-looking lion, of a dark gray-brown color, and remarkably life-like expression, considering the materials with which the fair originator executed her *needle* painting.

"How very curious, Aunt Rachel!" turning it over and marking the infinity of stitches which must have occupied one pair of hands for many a weary day. "Well, certainly, our grandmothers had a gift of converting worn-out jackets, and dilapidated stockings into uses, and ornaments which has never been conferred upon their descendents—"

"Come, mother, where's that apple-pie. Don't you know it's lunch time?" broke in the loud voice of Uncle Robert from the kitchen.

"Oh, come in here please," I called out eagerly, "and tell me who made this rug, Uncle Robert."

He strode up to the parlor door, wiping his sunburnt face with his cotton handkerchief. But the moment his eyes rested on the rug, I noticed a quick spasm contract his features, his great chin quivered a moment, and when he spoke again, his voice was stern, hoarse, low as a man's is when his whole being is shaken by some powerful emotion. "Rachel, fold up that rug, and carry it back up stairs. You can do what you like with everything else in the house, only leave that alone."

And every tone was that of a man who *must* be obeyed.

"It's very funny" muttered Aunt Rachel, as her husband returned to the kitchen, and she proceeded, in no very amiable frame of mind, to fulfil his command. "I don't think it would get hurt much lyin' before the fire-place one afternoon. I rather s'pect there's more about the thing than I know, but there's no use tryin' to get a word out o' Robert."

"I quite agreed with Aunt Rachel, and yet after Uncle Robert had finished his lunch, I followed him out to the barn. I was a great favorite with him, and being fully aware of this, my curiosity got the better of my politeness. "Uncle Robert," I said, coaxingly slipping my hand into his large, brawny one. "There's a secret history about that old rug I know; won't you please tell it to me?"

He sat down on the barn, door step, and drew me into his lap, his hard, rugged features softened into something very like tenderness, and the old farmer's voice quivered, with a sort of deep, sad pathos, as he said "Charity made it, little Charity."

"Who was Charity, Uncle Robert?"

"She was widow Blake's daughter, my child, and we were to have been married the next Spring. She made that rug, every stitch of it with her own hands, for the home that was *never* to be ours, and afterward her mother gave it to me."

"But why weren't you married, Uncle Robert?"

"Because, God called her, child. It's forty years ago, since she went to her sleep under the maples, but I can see her blue eyes, and the bands of soft yellow hair round her sweet face, just as I used to see it smiling and blushing at the door, on the Wednesday evenings when I went to see her."

"And you never told Aunt Rachel anything of all this?"

"No, child, no. What would be the use? Rachel's been a good wife to me, a tender, loving mother to

Digitized by Google

my children. Thirty-six years we've gone hand in hand the way of our lives, together, and though my heart's held all along the memory of her who is in Heaven, I hope it hasn't wronged the living."

"Well, Uncle Robert," dropping my head on his shoulder, to hide my tears, "I wouldn't have believed you had so much romance in you."

"Wouldn't you? Do you wonder I keep the rug so carefully now? Charity, little Charity," his voice wavered slow and tenderly over the words.

"But nobody shall ever use that—her last work—so long as I live, so long as I live," he added a moment later, in a low, determined voice.

"There now, get up, child, I must be off to that 'ere rye again."

And I thought as I went up slowly, slowly to the house, how many natures which seem to us coarse and rough, hold after all the "sweet music" in some solitary room of their souls, and how the white lilies of truth and love bloom fragrantly along the dark rivers of human life.

THE CONTRAST.

The love of a parent for a child is a very strong passion. We see the mother, bending over her little cherub by day, with looks of delight—listening to its infant cries during the night season, with an ever vigilant ear, and ministering to its wants with a tenderness and an assiduity surpassing those of the partner of her affections towards the same dear object. We see her attending to all its little whims and caprices, because she loves it—gratifying its excessive appetite with every delicacy, because, out of the overflowing of her tenderness, she can deny it no sweet thing—suffering it to indulge its passions to a violent and annoying degree, because, from the same fond motive, she is unwilling to wound the sensibility of the child by a gentle reproof, or to give pain by a slight restraint, until the child, by such injudicious management, becomes a spoiled, refractory being. In the course of a few years, as soon as it can walk and speak, we see the child strutting about like a little tyrant—disrespectful and disobedient to its parents, insolent to the servants, quarrelsome and mischievous among its equals, wayward in all its humors, vindictive under supposed slights, ungrateful for favors, and yet demanding more with a sturdy spirit that will not be put down or denied—a perfect little pest and cause of disturbance in every circle in which it makes its appearance; and yet the mother bears it all with patience, because it is her own child, and she loves it with a mother's love.

A few years afterward, we see the stripling grown into a youth, bearing the port and assuming the airs of a man, but a vicious one; indulging his wild and headstrong passions without restraint; engaging eagerly in the pursuit of every unhallowed and forbidden pleasure—yielding promptly to the first temptation without a struggle; corrupt himself, and the corrupter of others—a spendthrift, a gambler—his face bloated with intemperance, and his whole appearance indicating that life, wronged and violated in his person, is withering and fading away in the very spring-time of existence. And we see and hear her, the forgiving and too indulgent mother, attempting to cover his vices from the prying eye of curiosity, or excusing them as the faults of early youth, which a few more years will correct and reform, and all out of the excess of her heart's love—that too blind and blinding passion! We see him, next, the violator of his country's laws, the inmate of a prison, bearing on his limbs the badge of crime; the occupant of the criminal's place in court; the object of contempt to those he has injured, and of pity to the good—borne away from the gaze of the multitude, and consigned to the felon's fate. And then we see the mother—the agonized parent, forgetful of all his past unkindness, of his many acts of disobedience, and even of the career of shame and infamy that is about to be closed by a dishonorable death; forgetful of what is due to her sex and the usages of her country, bursting into the presence of his judge with streaming eyes, tearing her hair, and imploring mercy for her child, her unfortunate child, her cruelly treated and unjustly condemned child—that dear being—the kindest, the best child that ever mother had—but imploring in vain; and, in view of this agitating scene, we exclaimed: "How strong is nature! how mighty is a mother's love! A man may forget his country, and cease to love it; but a fond mother can never forget, can never cease to love her child, however unfortunate, however degraded, till life ceases to beat."

Again, we see another mother training another child in the paths of virtue, piety, and honor, because she loves it, and wished to render it truly happy;—equally attentive to all its wants with the other mother, but less indulgent to its waywardness, lest she injure its temper, and render it a self-willed and too exacting being. We see her dedicating her little one to God in the beautiful rite of baptism, in order, that as soon as its mind begins to open upon the world and its duties, it may become a child of God, be shielded from every evil, and be clothed upon with a pure and unsullied spirit. We hear her imparting to her child its first lessons, (for women are the great educators of our race!) she teaches him to look out upon the heavens at the morning's dawn, and behold the glorious sun as soon as its rays begin to checker the east—to see it, as it mounts upward in its daily course, diffusing light, life, warmth, and gladness over the whole face of creation, and to gaze at its declining glories. And we hear him—the child—"the form of beauty smiling at his heart," bursting out into expressions of joy and rapture at the enchanting vision. We see her directing his attention to "the starry firmament on high," studded with ten thousand witnesses of God's love and power—glittering far away in the unfathomable depths where the unaided eye of man has never penetrated, and we see him—the child—speechless, and his glad spirit bowed down with unutterable

Digitized by Google

astonishment and awe. We hear her call upon him to look forth upon the earth—the footstool of the Divine Majesty—and to admire the verdant meadows, the green fields, the meandering rivulets, the ripening fruits, the shady groves, and to listen to the music of nature's songsters, as anthems of joy and thanksgiving, proceeding from a thousand warbling throats, ascended upward to heaven; and the child turns to its mother, and says, "Dear mother! tell me who gave the birds such sweet voices? Who made all those lovely and glorious things? And we then see the mother—glad of the opportunity, for she loves her child—utter with a distinct and reverent tone, the name of "God! He made them, my dear child. He made the heavens and earth, the sea and all that is in them, for he is very great and very good—the greatest and the best of all beings; and when he had made this beautiful and glorious world, he made men and woman to inhabit it, to cultivate it, to admire it, and to live in it for a short time, and then to return to Him, should they be fit for His presence; and he gave them a holy Book, in which he has given them directions how they may live usefully, so that they may return to him with joy; and you and I, my dear boy, are his offspring, and all human beings, with their immortal spirits, came from him, and are created in his image, and we are to love him, our heavenly Father, with all our hearts, for he is very good and worthy of our love; and we are to imitate his goodness, and to love others, and endeavor to do them good. Kneel down, my son." And we hear her, the pious mother, imploring God's richest blessings on the child of her affections, invoking the light and love of his good spirit upon his path through life, and out of a full heart—full of gratitude—thanking him for the rich treasure committed to her trust, and rejoicing with joy unspeakable, that the thought of his great Benefactor has, at length, come over his opening spirit, as something, to be cherished in his heart of hearts, and never to be banished from it. We see her, day by day, instilling into his mind the best principles and the noblest rules of duty, teaching him to see God's kind and gracious Providence in every event, and to recognize the traces of his majesty and goodness in every object, and especially in the truths of his written Word.

And the child grows up an amiable and excellent being—the ornament of the circle in which he moves, and an example to all—mild and affectionate in his disposition, but strong in the cause of truth, virtue, and piety. He loves God, and he returns his mother's love. He loves everything, and every being that God has made, and he loves it because God has made it, and made it good. But too good himself for a world of sin, sorrow, and suffering, at an early age, God takes him to himself, and the mother resigns him—the beloved being—to Him, who has so blessed her with his unwearied affection and many virtues, saying, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" And again, we exclaim, "If nature—a mother's love is strong without religion—is a mighty passion, how much stronger, purer, more beautiful, more blessed, more elevating it is with religion."

THE "MAKING UP."

"I wish I hadn't said it! Dear me! what would I give if I could only recall it," murmured Mrs. Leeds, as she leaned her face down on the arm she had rested on the breakfast table, while the thick tears sobbed up into her blue eyes.

She was a pretty little woman, this wife of a year, though the tears dimmed her face, and the trouble at her heart shut off the roses from her cheeks, that cheerless November morning, with the dull-brownish clouds piled low about the sky, and the hoarse wind crackling and crumpling through the trees outside.

"To think, too," continued the lady, raising her head once more, and abstractedly lifting the cover off the china tea pot; "he should have spoken so crossly and sharply to me, just because I said I should like that new velvet carpet at Myers'. 'Well, I don't believe, for my part, there ever was such a thing as a woman satisfied with what she had got.' I think it was real unkind of him, anyway, and nothing in the world could have made me believe before I married Henry Leeds, that he would have used that tone or those words in speaking to me. But I guess I was more to blame than he, after all, for I said a good many satirical things. I almost wish my tongue had been cut out before they passed my lips, but, somehow, my temper got the better of me, and he went off without one kind word, or even kissing me!" Here there was another outbreak of tears.

"He won't be home till night, and how can I ever get through this long, dreary, dismal day, knowing all the time Hal's angry with me; he who has been such a true, generous, loving husband? How I wish I could see him, just a minute, and forgetting all my pride, wind my arms about his neck, and say, 'Hal, I'm real sorry; won't you forgive me this once?'—and I *will* too."

The pretty lady sprang up from the table, a new determination hightening the faint color in her cheeks, and bringing back the sparkle to her blue eyes.

"I'll take the omnibus, and go right down to the office, and make up with him; see if I don't!"

The young merchant was leaning, with a weary, half-dejected sort of expression, over his desk, about which were scattered bills, drafts, letters, in endless confusion. Something had gone wrong. His clerks knew this when he came into his store, that morning, so gloomy, and reticent, so thoroughly unlike his usual brisk, energetic, jovial manner, that always carried sunshine into the dark warerooms. Even the porter felt something of this, for he stood at a respectful distance from his employer, and didn't indulge in any of his old stale jokes.

Digitized by Google

Suddenly the merchant looked up, and saw his wife making her way through the store, straight to his desk. How pretty she looked that morning, in the little, tasteful velvet hat, with its crimson trimmings about her soft cheeks, that were so charmingly becoming, and that half smile dimpling the rosy, small mouth, that he could hardly believe had said such *very* unkind things to him only two hours before.

www.libtool.com.cn

Now Harry Leeds was very proud of his wife, and of the evident admiration which her occasional advent at the store always excited. He rose up to meet her, the surprise in his face half chasing the cloud therefrom. She came close to him.

"Harry," whispered the soft, eager, timid voice, "I'm so very sorry I said those cross things to you this morning; I was greatly to blame, and they've made me unhappy ever since; so, I've come clear down here to make up, and hear you say, once more, that you love me."

The cloud was all gone. There was a world of fond tenderness that looked down from those dark eyes on the lady.

"Why, bless your little heart, Adeline! you haven't come clear off here for that? I was more to blame than you, a great deal, but some business matters were troubling me, and then, I'm a touchy fellow, I guess, anyhow."

"No you're not; but I shouldn't have lived through the day, if I had felt all the time that you were displeased with me. But you *do* love me just as well as ever?"

That smile, that glance, would have satisfied any wife.

"That wife of mine's a little angel, anyhow," murmured Harry Leeds to himself, as he arranged his disordered desk, with a face as changed and bright as the sky outside, for the sun had suddenly plunged through the clouds. "If we have pretty good sales this week, I'll just get her that carpet, for a Christmas present, see if I don't."

V. F. T.

THE BLIND FIDDLER. (*Illustrated.*)

If the walls of that old farm kitchen do not enclose a company of happy faces, we don't know where you'll find them, reader. All care, trouble, and anxiety seem for the time banished from each physiognomy, and grandpa's face beams out with as much happiness and enjoyment as those of his nine small descendents, whose flaxen heads and open mouths are scattered in picturesque confusion all about him.

We are certain this family is a very industrious one, and that its aesthetic nature does not often gain the ascendency sufficiently to suspend, as in the present instance, all the business and domestic machinery; for farming implements, shoemaker's tools, and culinary utensils, lie in grotesque proximity and confusion on the floor. The poor, old fiddler, his whole stock of this world's goods lying beside him, cannot see the happiness that beams from those honest faces, or the inspiration that lights the eyes and stretches the mouth of the tyro musician in one corner; but we feel there is a kind of magnetic sympathy between him and his auditors, which assures him of this.

Oh, well! Life's sunshine scatters itself as brightly among the valleys as on the mountain heights, and we doubt whether many of the fashionable throng who listen with a half-sated, half-criticising air to brilliant, dreamy, luscious operatic music, enjoy it with a relish as keen and healthful, as that of the family who harken, in their old kitchen and homespun garments, to the *old fiddler*.

V. F. T.

PHILADELPHIA IN THE OLDEN TIME.

A new and handsome edition of Watson's celebrated "Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania in the Olden Time," is now being published in numbers, by Whiting & Thomas, of our city. This will afford a good opportunity to procure one of the most desirable of books. It is no dry volume of mere facts, dates, and statistics, but is full of personal interest and attractive incident. We give, by permission, one of the numerous engravings with which the work is embellished—"Benezet's House, and Chesnut Street Bridge."—This house and bridge stood on Chesnut Street, between Third and Fourth streets. What a change since then! We copy from the "Annals:"—

"The ancient house of Anthony Benezet, lately taken down, stood on the site of the house now No. 115 Chesnut street. It was built in the first settlement of the city, for a Friend of the name of David Breintnall. He, deeming it too fine for his plain cloth and profession, hired it for the use of the Governor of the Barbadoes, (or of Bermuda, as said by some,) who had come here for the recovery of his health. While he lived there, he used to come in a boat by the Dock creek to his own Door. David Breintnall in the mean time occupied the house and store at the south-west corner of Hudson's alley, where he died in 1731. The house having been a good specimen of respectable architecture, was drafted by Mr. Strickland, just before it was taken down in 1818, and an engraving made from it was published in the Port Folio of that year.

"The bridge near it was long lost to the memory of the oldest inhabitants, and none of the youths of the present day have any conception that a bridge once traversed Dock creek in the line of Chesnut street! In the year 1823, in digging along Chesnut street, to lay the iron pipes for the city water, great surprise was excited by finding, at six feet beneath the present surface, the appearance of a regularly framed wharf—the oak logs so sound and entire as to require some labor to remove them, and some of the wood of which was preserved for me in the form of an urn, as a memento. It was in fact the abutment wharf of the eastern end of the original bridge, where it has been preserved one hundred and forty years, by its being constantly saturated with water.

"The dangerous state of the bridge, and of the water there while it lasted, was verified by the fact that John Reynal's lost his only daughter "by drowning in Dock creek by Hudson's alley.'

"The very estimable character of Anthony Benezet confers an interest on everything con-

Digitized by Google

nected with his name; it therefore stretches to the house which he owned and dwelt in for fifty years of his life, keeping school there for children of both sexes of the most respectable families, for several years, and finally dying there in 1784.

"The house had in the rear of it a two-story brick kitchen, and in entering its present proper ground floor you descend from the yard down two steps. This was far from being its original state; for it was plain to be seen, in looking down into its open area, that it had two brick stories still lower under the ground. My opinion is, that this kitchen was once on the bank of Dock creek, on the shelving edge; that the eastern side of it was never any part of it under ground, and that the area, or western side, (from the creek,) was originally one story under the ground, and the rest has since been filled up, to make the yard agree with the raising of Chesnut street. I am confirmed in this idea from having heard, in a very direct manner, that Anthony Benezet, at an early period of his residence there, was accustomed statedly to feed his rats in his area. An old Friend, who visited him, having found him at that employment, expressed his wonder that he so kindly treated such pernicious vermin, saying that they should rather be killed out of the way. Nay, said good Anthony, I will not treat them so; you make them thieves by maltreating and starving them, but I make them honest by feeding them; for, being so fed, they never prey on any goods of mine! This singular fact may be confided in. It was further said, that on the occasion of feeding them he was used to stand in the area, when they would gather round his feet like chickens. One of his family once hung a colar round one of them, which was seen for years after, feeding in the groupe. These facts coincide with the fancy of the London gentleman who has been lately noticed as reconciling and taming the most opposite naturesof animals, by causing them to dwell together in peace. Benezet's sympathy was great with everything capable of feeling pain,—from this cause he abstained for several years from eating any animal food. Being asked one day to partake of some poultry on the table at his brother's house, he exclaimed: 'What! would you have me to eat my neighbors?'

"Before the house came into the hands of Anthony Benezet, it was known as a public house, having the sign of the 'Hen and Chickens.'

"Anthony Benezet, as I have been told by eye-witnesses, had the largest funeral that had ever been seen in Philadelphia. One-third of the number were blacks, who walked in the rear.'

DECEMBER.

The white Omega of the year! Bare and cold it comes, to walk the earth lifting up its awful voice in that "Lamentation" with which the year goes down to the dead.

It is a very, very sad thought that all the sweet songs of spring, the beauty of summer, and the poetry of the autumn, must end in a wail and a dirge, just as all the youth, and beauty, and poetry of life must end in death! Yet the "life" is beyond, just as the morning follows the night, and the new year follows the old.

The golden threads wind and brighten through all the dark woof of our humanity. Christmas, the great Birthday, the "good will to man," sheds its warmth and glory over the cold and gloom of December.

So our hearts can sing hopefully through the storms that are coming,

"Oh, the sweetest stars are made to pass
Over the face of the darkest night!"

V. F. T.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Messrs. Beck & Lawton, Music Publishers, 164 Chestnut St., (successors to J. E. Gould,) the following new pieces, which we commend to the attention of our musical subscribers. They are elegantly and tastefully issued by this enterprising firm:

Happy Muleteer; Baritone song from the opera of Crown Diamonds.

Julia de Xeres, danse Espagnole Nationale. By Chas. Voss.

"Au Bord de la Mere;" Barcarolle and Tremole on beautiful, melody of "Shells of Ocean." By J. N. Beck.

Romance, "Rigoletto de Verdi." By Chas. Voss.

"In Happy Moments." Wallace's exquisite melody. Transcribed for the piano. By Jas. Bellak.

"The Annie Waltzes," a beautiful set. By the late Chas. Jarvis.

"In the deep ravine." Duet from Auber's opera of Crown Jewels. Poetry by E. Fitzball, arranged by J. H. Tully.

"Galop Characteristique." By Auguste Gockel.

"Hand Organ Polka." Arranged by Estelle de Lisle.

"We'll Laugh and Sing all Cares Away." Song from Verdi's opera of "La Traviata." Poetry by Desmond Ryan.

"Swallow, Swallow Flying South." Poetry by Tennyson; music by John E. Spangler.

"Hoch vom Dachstien, Chanson Tyrolienne." By Chas. Voss.

"Brotherhood Polka." By Thos. Baker.

"The Alpine Morning." A beautiful duet, by Frank Kucken. Translated from the German, by Miss Mary Jolliday, accompaniment by Gustave Blessner.

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

Dr. Kane's magnificent work, giving a record of his Arctic Explorations, has been published, and is now in the hands of subscribers. It is one of the finest specimens of book-making issued from the American Press; and as a monument of American heroism and devotion to science, one of the noblest that has been erected. We do not wonder that the subscription list counts already by tens of thousands. The volumes are written with a simple earnestness that wins upon the reader's confidence, and draws him towards the author with a brotherly feeling, that makes him long for the opportunity to grasp him by the hand. He never appears as the intruding hero of his own story, but only as a narrator of facts, which he seems most desirous to fix upon the reader's attention. No romance that ever was written possesses half the fascination of these two volumes by Dr. Kane. The illustrations are numerous and splendid; representing to the eye every variety of aspect assumed in the ice-bound regions of the Polar Circle.

Digitized by Google

THE SHADOW ON THE PILLOW.

The following touching incident is mentioned in connexion with Florence Nightingale's heroic and heavenly mission in the East during the late war in the Crimea. A Highland soldier had his arm so severely wounded that it was about to be amputated, when Miss Nightingale requested that the operation might be delayed, as she thought that under careful nursing the arm might be preserved. By her unremitting care this was accomplished; and the poor soldier, on being asked what he felt toward his preserver, said that the only mode he had of giving vent to his feelings was by kissing her shadow when it fell on his pillow as she passed through the ward on her nightly visit. There was poetry, as well as genuine gratitude, in the heart of that soldier.

ANOTHER charming letter from "Maria Honeycombe" will be found in this number, the second from "La Roche."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POEMS BY MATTHEW ARNOLD. A New and Complete Edition; Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*. 1856

This work is the production, at once, of genius and good taste. The author has drank deeply of the stream of Parnassus, and been thoroughly imbued with the spirit of ancient poets—a spirit which renders him indifferent to faulty and transitory criticism, in the confidence that a juster and more enduring judgment will be rendered. Fearlessly he stems the overwhelming current of public opinion. Strong in the consciousness of innate power, and the rectitude of his course, he dares assert the claims of slighted poesy. He feels and resents the wrongs of the children of the Muses; who, because they cannot adapt themselves to an utilitarian age, are overlooked as useless, and cast aside as antiquated. Self esteem is surely not a desideratum with modern critics, who, for the simple reason that they are older in the world's history than their predecessors, take it for granted that they are wiser than their fathers were. But in this they greatly err; and the proof of false taste is clearly manifest in the overwrought imagery, shallow seeking after effect, and absolute disregard of natural and simple expression, observable in the tales, and so-called poetical effusions of the present century. What! are we to regard as nothing the careful study and well-digested rules of those who have gone before us, whose lives were devoted to the cultivation of poetic excellence? Are we to behold the worn, but still purely intellectual face of "The Nightingale of Twickenham," and the anxious, but lordly countenance of brave John Dryden, without feeling that these men gave themselves, with all their great endowments, to a definite task—the task of pure English poetic versification? But they have grown too tame, it may be, too perfect for the age. It is easy to criticise. A weak brain may cavil, where a wise one would deferentially pause. We once heard it proposed to a presuming censor, "Write something better yourself," and found the efficacy of the suggestion.

But Arnold is none of these. We dare aver that the unwarrantable licence of the modern school of innovators would meet a just rebuke at his hands. We draw the inference from what he has himself accomplished. He is a reformer in the flowery path of immortal poesy—a man of adventurous spirit, strong in the cause of right, and able to maintain, prove, and exemplify that which, armed in the panoply of truth, he advances. There is hardly to be found a better exposition of what the drama is, of what it ought to be, and has been, than the preface to the work before us contains.

In his poems there is a lofty march of high thought, coupled with unpretending, but appropriate language, which reminds us of Gray, the great elegist. He does not overlook grace of expression or of imagery in his compositions; but the main object or action of his poem is kept steadily before him, so that, instead of occasional passages of rare beauty, and an unequal performance, we have a consistent whole, in which the leading object, idea, or action is fully developed and sustained. Neither does he lack imagination. Take, for example, his "Balder Dead," and go with him to the halls of Valhalla, attend the feasts of his Scandinavian gods and heroes, then proceed with Hermod to Hela's grim throne, where the thin shades of sad ghosts wander in eternal silence and gloom. The picture is second only to Virgil's oft commended descent to Tartarus.

"The Neckan," and "the Church of Bron" are fine examples of pathetic sentiment, of brilliant and picturesque forms of language, which bring objects suddenly before us, as if by magic. The measure flows on with easy grace and harmony, the poet mastering both soul and sense by his mystic art, at once strong and simple;

> "In summer, on the headlands,
> The Baltic Sea along,
> Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
> And sings his plaintive song."

Beneath the headlands rolls the green sea; below the Neckan's feet are his wife and children; but he does not sing of the ocean, of its shells and "roses pale;" his song is confined to what he saw and felt on earth, how he once wandered, as a knight, by castle, field, and town. He won the love of a fair maiden, who became his bride. But the priest said: "Who art thou, sir knight?" and Neckan answered from the sea-waves, "I come!" Then the knights drew their swords, the ladies screamed, and the surpliced priest stood dumb. But Neckan vanished with his bride, bearing her to his ocean palace, where she sits weeping, because "no Christian is her mate." Neckan once more re-ascends to earth, if, haply, some priest might sign him the cross, and so heaven be won.

He sat, one evening, beneath cool birch trees, playing on his golden harp; tears filled his faint blue eye, when, on a white mule, a priest rode slowly forth.

> "'Why sittest thou here, O Neckan,
> And playest thy harp of gold?
> Soonest shall this, my staff, bear leaves,
> Than thou shalt heaven behold!'
>
> "The cassocked priest went onwards,
> And vanished with his mule,
> And Neckan, in the twilight gray,
> Wept by the river pool.
>
> "Forever on the headlands,
> The Baltic Sea along,
> Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
> And sings this plaintive song."

Digitized by Google

There is little sameness in the writing of Arnold, either in respect to the phraseology he employs, or the characters he portrays. On the whole, he is distinguished rather by strength, than versatility. His sonnets are not his happiest efforts, and "Balder Dead" is, perhaps, superior to anything which has emanated from his pen. With Thor, and Odin, and Hoder he is at home, and treats them as familiar acquaintances.

www.libtool.com.cn

Nanna, Balder's wife, is a lovely creation of our author, and the affection subsisting between these two, gives rise to some of his most touching strains. The corpse of Balder lay in state, having been bewailed by his friends and compeers. Nanna, exhausted by the violence of her grief, sinks into troubled sleep. But just when night is bordering on dawn, when stars shine low, and the air is chilliest, Balder's spirit, in garb, feature and form, as he was when alive, drew near, and gazing lovingly and mournfully on her sleeping beauty, says:

"Poor lamb! thou sleep'st and forget'st thy woe,
Tears stand upon the lashes of thine eyes,
Tears wet the pillow by thy cheek; but thou,
Like a young child, hast cried thyself to sleep.
Sleep on: I watch thee, and am here to aid.
Alive, I kept not far from thee, dear soul,
Neither do I neglect thee now, though dead."

He then proceeds to say, that the common rites require that she should be burned with his body on the morrow:

"But it shall not be so; but mild, but swift,
But painless, shall a stroke from Frea come,
To cut thy thread of life, and free thy soul;
And they shall burn thy corpse with mine, not thee.
And well I know that by no stroke of death,
Tardy or swift, would'st thou be loth to die,
So it restored thee, Nanna, to my side."

Frea, the mother of the gods, accordingly, with stroke painless and rapid, set free her airy soul,

"Which took, on Balder's track, the way below."

It is usual for us to seek, amidst displays of mental superiority, so striking and admirable, some expression of religious sentiment, some upward flight, which attempts to bear us into the light of a purer world; and these thoughts, the noblest and the best which can employ the human mind, dignify and adorn the most perfect compositions. Few, if any such, we regret to say, are to be found in the volume before us, which yet, as a literary effort purely, is both able and instructive. The author possesses the grace of Rogers without his apathy, the fire of Byron, without his roughness, and the originality of Wordsworth without his prolixity. Altogether, the poems of Matthew Arnold exhibit but few defects, and are replete with excellencies of no common order.

THE THREE-FOLD TEST OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By William R. Gordon, D. D. Tekel: "Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting."—Dan. v. 27. New York: *Charles Scribner*, 377 and 379 Broadway. 1856.

We have, in this work, a thorough examination of the claims of modern spiritualism to the respect and confidence of mankind. For some years past, it has occupied a largely disproportionate share of public attention, has swelled excitement into frenzy, and been attended with disastrous consequences, affecting, to a greater or less extent, the physical, as well as moral health of the community. The age of ghosts, spirits, banshees, and goblins—occasional visitants from the land of shades—had passed away. Poets and novelists had made what capital out of them they were able, until such tales by frequent repitition, had lost the power to charm, and only an occasional apparition, in some cemetery or lonely mansion, had served to revive the memory of ancient midnight horrors. After the lapse of a century or two, the spirits have returned again, not here and there, a few of them, and with a long interval between their coming, but they have visited the natural sphere in swarms, by day as well as by night, and at all hours of the day and of the night; and all kinds of spirits have come, saints and sinners, philosophers, divines, and statesmen;—in a word, representatives from the different ranks, professions, and conditions of human society—as if discontented with their present abodes, and anxious to exchange them for those they formerly left behind them, and to renew the acquaintances of "auld lang syne." But they have come in pleasanter guises than formerly. They have laid aside the ghostly and unearthly shape, the pale face and the white sheet thrown over their head and shoulders.

None of the person is now exposed to view, save, it may be, a spirit hand, or a spirit foot. Auricular communications are made; screams and groans are heard; there are rappings and knockings in abundance; tippings are seen; windows are broken; furniture thrown about: families are alarmed by the mysterious presence and mischievous pranks of the invisibles; important revelations are made, and secrets which it was supposed the grave had covered forever, are disclosed to the living generation; the power of the immaterial spirit—not only to come back to this nether sphere, but to exert an influence on the world of matter, opening locked doors with spirit-keys, and throwing, through the air, heavy bodies with spirit-hands, and writing mysterious characters on walls with spirit-fingers, have been supposed to be demonstrated by unanswerable evidence. These are strange and unaccountable marvels; and none among them are more wonderful, than that some of the old sages, Bacon, Locke, and Swedenborg, and some of the modern oracles, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, should have come down from the skies to hold friendly communications with Judge Edmonds, Governor Talmadge, Governor Hamilton, Mr. Burt, Collector Colcork, and other distinguished civilians. From the time the first movement effected by tables, which seemed to be laboring under a singular spell, the spirits have been constantly extending their earthly empire, assuming and exercising, daily, larger prerogatives, and gathering increased accessions of voteries—if they may not rather be called victims—to their cause. Those who were in the secret, at first, assumed airs of consequence, if they happened to be mediums, and could "summon spirits from the vasty deep," and especially if they came at their call, or they supposed they did. Credulous persons opened their eyes and ears wider than usual, and greedily drank in the astounding intelligence; sedate and practical men would not be imposed upon by such nonsense, and went about their usual avocations; clergymen could not believe that God had given such power unto men, i. e., the mediums, but if there was anything in the rumors that were abroad, surely "the devil was unchained," and his mouth opened to devour the nations; the sceptic wagged his head and cried, "humbug!" the philosopher, the enemy of all isms, declared if spiritualism was anything, it was only some new form of mesmerism, and would soon pass away, like that, and other similar forms of popular delusion.

Digitized by Google

The Rev. Dr. Gordon, the author of the very respectable book before us, was determined to meet the spirits at their own favorite circles, and test the truth of these strange manifestations. Doubtless he was influenced by religious considerations. If the devil was abroad, he was not afraid to encounter him and foil him with ingenious questions. He would not go to common tippers, to Lilliputian ghost-raisers, but to acknowledged professors of the art, who obtained a living by the information they communicated. He determined to propound no question *viva voce*, nor even *sotto voce*, but mentally —inaudibly—so that no being in the body could possibly hear him. It was mind meeting mind on the deadly battle-field, and encountering the enemy, not with carnal but spiritual weapons. The thought was a happy one, and after reading the Doctor's "Threefold Test" with care, we cannot fail to express our thorough conviction, that he has certainly achieved a victory;—that he has brought the spirits to bay, and that "he has scotched the snake, if not killed him." We thank him for his courage, and rejoice in his success.

Perhaps we ought to say, that the Doctor's Threefold test consists, 1st, of these mental questions, which he propounds with so much skill as to make the spirits contradict themselves, and cry out "Peccavi!" 2dly, the intrinsic evidence furnished by the spiritualistic literature, and, 3dly, the authority of the Bible itself. A three-fold chord is not easily broken, and the Doctor has well tested its strength on this occasion. He admits the phenomena of *soi disant* spiritualism. He does not attribute them to phantasy, as some do, but boldly avers, that diabolical spirits actually speak through the mediums. He informs us, however, that this is no new thing;—that it is one of the old and long-established practices of the enemy, though suspended for some ages—the consulting of familiar spirits, common among the Jews, and divinely prohibited under a penalty, revived. The Doctor quotes largely from the ancients, both Greek and Roman authors, and from the early Christian Fathers, and from heretics, to prove that the old heathen oracles and prophecies, which acquired considerable celebrity in their day, from their fulfilment in some shape, were equally of diabolical origin, and belong to the same category of witch-craft and necromancy. The Doctor feels happy in having made these discoveries, and so he has written a book, and published it, in order to inform the world, and especially the Christian part of it, as to what these discoveries are; and to the discoveries he has appended an appeal to "Recreant Christians," who have been led astray and ensnared by the spirits, inviting and urging them to return to the true fold, and pointing out the unhappy consequences that will attend on their recusancy; and, by way of climax to the whole work, forming a suitable close, he adds "A Word to the Church," a warning word, out of the abundance of interest that he feels in its welfare. Upon the whole, the Doctor's book is a capital one of its kind, and has, perhaps, dealt a death-blow to Spiritualism from which it cannot recover; besides being interspersed with a good many thrilling narratives which cannot fail to gratify the lovers of the marvellous.

There is one part of his work, however, which is shallow;—we allude to his *angelology*. In this branch of his subject, he is behind the times. He has planted himself on an old platform, erected by the poets, especially by Milton, of which the supports were long since stricken down. In order to show that angels are not the disembodied spirits of men and women of excellent character, he has mistranslated an important text, with a view to foist it into the service of a worn out and untenable theory. This we trust was the result of ignorance rather than of design; if the former, it detracts somewhat from the merits of the diploma that has placed him among the Doctors. We admit the force of his tests. They are quite overpowering; but we cannot help thinking that the Doctor fell into the company of rather shallow-pated, silly spirits, who were incapable of shedding much light on spiritual mysteries. Dr. Dexter and Judge Edmonds regarded themselves more fortunate in the character of their spiritual assistants, although the information imparted by them was, we imagine, none the more reliable, by reason of their assumed rank and learning.

"Incidents of Travel and Adventure in the far West, with Colonel Fremont's last Expedition across the Rocky Mountains, including three months' residence in Utah, and a perilous trip across the great American Desert to the Pacific, by S. N. Carvalho, artist to the Expedition." New York: *Derby & Jackson*. 1856.

This work contains much information and many incidents of peculiar interest. It is full of wild adventure, blending romance with history, thus presenting a book with peculiar claims upon the reader. The author, Mr. Carvalho, at present residing in Baltimore, and besides being an artist, has shown himself a close observer, and an easy, graceful writer.

PASSION AND PRINCIPLE. A Domestic Novel. By Mrs. Gray, author of the "Gambler's Wife," &c., &c.

Mrs. Gray always attracts the reader strongly, and her novels always illustrate some leading principle of human action. They are among the best of their class.

FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

There has been no material change in the style of Dress for the month. Flounces still predominate for Evening and Robe Dresses. Satins and Moires are worn plain.

Bonnet of dark purple Velvet, quite small and close to the Face. Hair is worn smoothly back, with Grecian plait around the head. The Cloak is of Black Velvet and Moire Antique, trimmed around the edge of the yoke with heavy black fringe. Dress, Marie Louise blue Robe with five Flounces. Undersleeves are worn full, with band to fasten around the wrist.

The Evening Dress is made of plain Pink Silk, and Flounced up to the waist. The flounces are pointed at the edge, and trimmed with double rows of narrow fringe. The Body is cut low in the neck, with long point both back and front. Sleeves very short. Bertha, double and trimmed to match the skirt. Hair is worn in Eugenie, a fall of Point or Honiton lace, intermingled with roses.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.—Fig. 1. (*Girl of eight years of age.*) Dress of blue poplin, with three flounces, edged with small scallops, and trimmed with narrow black velvet. The corsage is low, and at the top there is a small frill, which forms a berthe. The sleeves consist of three frills, one above the other, the uppermost one being set in at the armhole. The corsage is very long in the waist, and has a small bas-

Digitized by Google

quise. Both corsage and sleeves are trimmed with narrow black velvet. The chemisette, worn within the corsage, is of plaited muslin. The undersleeves are formed of puffs of plain muslin, with bands of worked muslin for the cuffs. Trousers edged with needlework. Hat of grey felt, trimmed with black velvet ribbon; a bow with long flowing ends at the back; bows of black velvet under the brim. Boots of gray cashmere, tipped with patent leather.

Fig. 2. (*Boy of seven years of age.*) Paletot of gray cloth, trimmed with braid of the same color, and with large mother-o'-pearl buttons. On each side there is a pocket, fastened by one large button. The sleeves have broad, turned-up cuffs. Trousers edged with needlework, descend below the paletot, and reach to the knees. Gaiters of grey cloth, buttoned up their whole length. Shoes of patent leather. Hat of black felt, trimmed with black velvet.

Fig. 3. (*Little girl of six years of age.*) Dress of light green striped silk, the stripes running horizontally The corsage (not shown in our engraving,) is of black velvet. The small mantelet, of grey cashmere, is lined with pink silk, and trimmed with a band of pink plush. Drawn bonnet of pink silk. Trousers edged with a very broad trimming of needlework. Boots of green cashmere.

Fig. 4. (*Young Miss about eleven years of age.*) Dress of maroon-color silk, chequered with black. Over it is worn a *par dessus* of black velvet, richly braided, and edged with a new kind of trimming, called fur fringe. Bonnet of dark blue velvet, striped with black; under the brim a small wreath of roses, intermingled with the blonde ruche; strings of dark-blue ribbon, figured with black.

WALKING DRESS OF A PHILADELPHIA LADY IN WINTER OF 1832.—Don't smile, fair reader, doubtingly. The curious figure presented is taken from one of Mr. Godey's reliable fashion plates, published in January, 1832, and is thus described: "Pelisse of Royal Purple Merino, trimmed with black velvet. Hat of purple velvet, lined with black, and edged with a deep fall of blonde. Bows and strings of black and purple gauze, alternately." O, Fashion! Fashion! to what ridiculous extremes are thy votaries led! What, twenty-five years ago, was regarded almost as a type of beauty, now strikes the eye as a mocking caricature.

IDYL.

Mrs. Denison's fine story is completed in this number; also "What Can Woman Do?" our own more lengthened performance. These, with Mrs. Neal's charming novellette, with which we began the year, make three original continuous stories during 1856, besides a large and interesting variety of shorter tales and sketches. We are sure that subscribers for the seventh and eighth volumes will hold us absolved of all our promises.

☞Our steel engraving for January will be printed in colors. The effect is charming.

☞ We return to the Press, throughout the country, our most grateful acknowledgments for the kind manner in which it has uniformly spoken of the Home Magazine. It is always pleasant to know that the work we are trying to do well, is favorably appreciated, especially where such an appreciation comes from the right quarter. In this case it has a double value.

☞We hope every subscriber in the towns and villages throughout the country where the Home Magazine is taken, will make interest for us, and endeavor to form a club of four or more. We furnish a prospectus in this number, which can easily be detached, and used as a subscription paper. No cheaper Magazine can be found. The colored plates of fashion, which will be fully equal to any of the higher priced magazines, will enable you now to introduce the "Home Magazine" to many who heretofore preferred other periodicals, simply because they offered this attraction. As a magazine of choice reading, ours has always borne a reputation superior to most, and inferior to none of the other monthlies; and now it comes with other claims to favor.

☞The title of Miss Townsend's new continuous story, to be commenced in the next, or January number, is "LOOK OUT! A NEW ENGLAND STORY." We can promise our readers a rare pleasure in its perusal.

☞Our fashion department, after this number, will be under the supervision of Genio C. Scott, of New York, the celebrated fashion editor. The Colored steel plates will be produced in that city, under his care, and the designs will all be furnished by him, and be, consequently, original and accurate representations of the prevailing styles of dress. He will, also, furnish the descriptive matter, accompanied by general remarks on dress and fashion. The colored fashion plate for January will be found an elegant one in every particular, and superior to any that we have yet given. All the fashion plates for the next year will be of a similar character.

☞If you want two magazines for a little over the price of one, send us $3 50, and we will furnish you the Home Magazine and Godey's Lady's Book for a year; or for the same sum ($3 50) The Home Magazine and Harper's Magazine for a year. We will send all three of these Magazines, one year, for $6.

"THE LAKE SHORE MIRROR," published at Silver Creek, Chautauque Co., New York, and edited by H. M. Morgan, Esq., is a well conducted paper. We commend the editor's energy and perseverence. Burnt out at Gowanda, with the loss of house, office, library, etc., he has sat vigorously to work to mend his fortunes, instead of idly mourning over his losses. We wish him, most heartily, all the success he deserves, and commend his paper to the notice of booksellers and others, who wish to advertise in his region of country.

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google

Princeton University Library
32101 064461930
www.libtool.com.cn
Digitized by Google



www.libtool.com.cn

Digitized by Google