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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1851.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

MAY.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY JNO. B. DUFFEY.
(*See Plate.*)

As, wandering forth at rosy dawn,
When sparkling dew-drops deck the lawn,
From glen and glade, and river-side,
We bring young flowers—the morning's pride.

And, bound in wreaths, or posies sweet,
With flowers our favored ones we greet;
For flowers a silent language own,
That makes our maiden wishes known.

A language that by love was wrought,
And by fond love to mortals taught;
A language, too, that lovers know,
Where, watched by love, sweet flowers may blow.

A language richer, purer far

Than all the tongue-born dialects are;
And, as the flowers, devoid of art,
It is the language of the heart.

Thoughts that would perish all untold
Live on the tongues that flowers enfold:
Thus will the Tulip's crimson shell
The love of stammering youth unveil.

And happy will that trembler be,
If she, with cheek of modesty,
Shall give his soft avowal room,
And twine it with the Myrtle's bloom.

But, should her heart feel not his glow,
The mottled Pink may answer "No;"
Yet Friendship, in an Ivy wreath,
A balm upon the wound will breathe.

The Morning-glory's dewy bell
In mystic tones of hope may tell—
Tell of a struggle in the breast,
Where, warring, love 'gainst love is pressed.

The Heartsease, flower of purple hue,
Seeks an affection ever true;
And, in the Bay-leaf's still reply,
Speaketh a love will never die.

The little Daisy grows for her
Who heedeth not the flatterer;
And spotless Lilies love the breast
Where child-like Innocence is pressed.

Young Beauty's symbol is the Rose
Whose blushing petals half unclose;
And in the snowy Violet
Sweet Modesty her home hath set.

And thus of feeling, every shade
May be through voiceless flowers conveyed;
And all the fond endearments known
To deep-felt love, thus greet love's own.

Engraved expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by W. E. Tucker
Printed by H. Quig.

SONNET.—AUDUBON.[A]

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

AH! is he blind, who erst, untiringly,
Searched wildwood, prairie, meadow, rock, and wold,
For you, sweet songsters, clad in yellow gold?
When comes spring's carnival, enchantingly
Sing ye to him, with sorrow in your song;
For that his sightless orbs now roll in vain,
No more to view your rainbow-tints again—
Love-lays in gratitude to him belong,
From matin Lark, loud herald of the day—
From Philomel, coy chorister of night:
Listens he yet, ye birds, with dear delight,
In rapture musing on your plumage gay,
Hoping to soar, when life's short day is done,
On eagle-pinions up to yonder central sun.

SPRING.—A BALLAD

BY MARY SPENSER PEASE.
(*See Plate.*)

SPRING, with its glad influences
Stealing up from bosky dell,
Once more quickens Nature's heart-pulse
With its sunny, witching spell.

Each new morn the boughs hang thicker
With the leaves of Nature's book;
Each new eve adds a new chapter
To the life of bird and brook.

Each new morn the world is greener;
Age forgets its shriveled years
In the warmth and life upspringing
Out from Winter's chill and tears.

Each new morn the song grows sweeter—
Song of loving bee and bird;
Each new eve, from youth and maiden,
Softer cadences are heard.

Each new morn her heart beat warmer,
Dreaming o'er his tale of love;
Each new eve, that tale repeated,
Brighter spells around her wove.

At the early, early daybreak,
To caress her as she slept,
Greetingly, the light spring zephyr
Through her open lattice crept.

Roving mid the golden tangles
Of her tresses' braidless flow,
Nestling in the half-veiled dimples
Of her bosom white as snow.

Mingling with her fragrant breathing,
Closely to her ear it came,
Murm'ring to her gentle dreaming,
In sweet music, his dear name.

"Through the valley, o'er the mountain,"

Sang the zephyr in her ear,
"At my own sweet will, I wander
All the loving, livelong year.

"With the lowly, tender grass-blade,
With the solemn, stately trees,
With each swelling bud and blossom
Sport I ever as I please.

"All the humble wayside flowers—
Daisy, king-cup, light harebell;
All the tall and proud ones—Kalmia,
Rose, and orchis—know me well.

"Of the brightest, sweetest flower-buds,
Sheltered by the mountain's brow,
Blooming in the wide, wide valley,
Loveliest of them all art thou.

"That is why he loves thee dearly,
Modest, gentle as thou art,
The proud lord of wood and manor
The proud lord of thy young heart.

"Oh, I heard a song last evening,
Sung to tremulous guitar,
Through the yellow, mellow moonlight,
Floating on the air afar;

"Breathing warmest, truest passion
For one bearing thy sweet name,
Telling of that passion thwarted
Bending unto station's claim:

"Telling how the claim of station
Must at last be overborne,
By a will and faith unyielding,
By a love no time can turn.

"'I must see her at the day-dawn,'
Sighed he, at the ballad's close,
'By the brook in the still copse-wood,
Where the purple violet grows.'"

Rose the maiden from her slumbers,
Fresher than the break of dawn,
Binding up her heavy tresses,
Looked she out upon the lawn.

Like a shower of yellow guineas
Flashing back the morning sun,
Crocuses and dandelions
Half the golden fields had won.

From the green and yellow shining,
Flecking it with flakes of white,
Drooping lilies, palest snow-drops,
Spread their petals to the light.

Looking out upon the copse-wood,
As she clasped her simple dress,
Suddenly the thought came o'er her,
"I will seek its wilderness.

"By the brook down in its thicket,
Where the purple violet grows,
I shall find the wild sweetbriar,
And the wind-flower, and—who knows?

"Who knows but my Edgar Lincoln
May be wandering that way,
Tempted by this fragrant morning—
Brightest morning yet of May.

"Oh, I know he loves me dearly,

And he knows I love him well;
That my love is deep and boundless,
More than tongue of mine can tell."

On she wandered, singing lightly
Snatches of some olden song—
How a lord and lowly maiden
Loved each other well and long:

How the haughty claim of station
Came at last to be o'erborne
By a will and faith unbending,
By a love no time could turn.

Singing lightly, on she wandered
Over hill and meadow lone;
Said she "This broad wood and valley
Soon I'll proudly call my own.

"Not one beggar, not one hungered
Shall there be in all the land;
Not one loathing life from hardship,
When I'm lady proud and grand."

Wandering on, she plucked wild flowers,
Flowers filled with morning dew,
Looking backward ever, ever,
Listening for a step she knew.

Press the flowers to thy soft bosom,
Braid them in thy shining hair,
Love them while their tender petals
Fragrant life and freshness wear;

For too soon they'll droop and wither,
Plucked and worn but one short day,
And too soon thy youth and freshness
May, like them, be flung away.

Light of heart, she nears the copse-wood,
From its depths sweet voices throng;
Voices of the jay and blue-bird,
And the wild wood-robin's song.

By the water-brook she's standing,
Where the purple violets grow,
Where the wind-flower and sweetbriar,
And the starry woodbines blow.

By the water-brook she's standing,
And her heart begins to fail;
Still she watches, still she listens,
Hearing but the night-owl's wail.

Silent shadows flit around her,
Looming darkly, broad, and tall;
But one shadow well remembered
Sees she not among them all.

Ah, perhaps—perhaps he may be
To his vow a traitor base!
Down into the clear brook glancing
There she sees her own sweet face.

Down into the clear brook gazing
There she sees her own sweet face;
Sees she also there reflected
One of noble, manly grace.

"Effie! Effie! late last evening,"
Spake he, circling her soft waist,
"My proud sire—and soon thine, darling—
Read the lines thy hand had traced;

"Breathing of thy sweet self, Effie,

Full of tenderness and truth—
'Such a heart, such wit and wisdom
Must be cherished, by my sooth!'

"Thus my sire—the lines re-reading
Traced by thy beloved hand—
Still he spake, 'Such wit, such wisdom.
Would grace lady of the land!'

"Then it was, my darling Effie,
Pleaded I thy cause and mine—
'Yes, yes, yes, I've watched thee, youngster,
Watched thee sigh, and pale, and pine!'

"More he said, my darling Effie—
For he knew my death he'd mourn
That the haughty claim of station
Is at last by love o'erborne."

SPRING.

Engraved expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by J.B. Neagle.

YE COME TO ME IN DREAMS.

BY NILLA.

Ye come to me in dreams, baby,
In visions of the night;
Thy blue eye, full of blessedness,
Is glancing on my sight:
The music of thy breath, baby,
Is falling on my ear,
In those dear old-accustomed tones
I loved so well to hear.

Again upon my heart, baby,
Thy little hand is prest,
Again thy little nestling head
Is pillowed on my breast;
Again my lips are murmuring

Low words of love and prayer;
I strive to draw thee closer yet,
But clasp the vacant air;

And then I wake to weep, baby,
Rememb'ring thou art dead;
And never more can my poor heart
Pillow thy little head!
Yet I am happy even now—
This thought my grief disarms—
A few short months I fondly clasped
An angel in my arms:

That loftier minds than mine, baby,
Will now instruct thy youth,
And holier hearts will point the path
Of innocence and truth.
Thou wert my blessing here on earth,
And though tears dim my eyes,
I feel that I am richer far
To have thee in the skies!

THE TINY GLOVE.—A MAY-DAY STORY.

[280]

BY BLANCHE.

CHAPTER I.

BRIGHT, gladsome May-day!—the fairest maiden in all the train of the merry "Queen of Seasons." May-day! what happy scenes this word recalls—the day of all days for childhood's pleasures! I see the little darlings tripping along the streets of my native town with baskets on their chubby arms, smiles on their lips, and happiness in their eyes, soon clustered in merry groups on some favorite spot in the suburbs, laughing and chatting, arranging their pic-nic dinners, or sporting beneath the shady trees.

But to my story. A mile or two from the village of A. were collected some fifty or sixty little girls and boys, for the purpose of celebrating their annual holiday. The May-pole, bedecked with flowers of every hue and form, towered aloft, and around its base they frisked and gamboled like so many little fairies. Some were "wafted in the silken swing" high up among the boughs of the beech and elm; others sought the brink of the rippling rivulet, and amused themselves with ruffling its smooth surface or looking at their mirrored faces. Far down the streamlet, and alone, was quietly seated a little girl, weaving into garlands the buds and blossoms which grew around her in wild profusion, caroling with a bird-like voice snatches of some favorite air, ever and anon raising her violet eyes and looking round her in wondrous delight. Her childish face was strikingly beautiful; around her small perfect mouth there rested an angel smile, and her short brown curls were parted on a forehead of matchless contour.

She wove and sang, and smiled a sunny smile, and seemed wholly unconscious of a pair of bright black eyes fixed upon her from the opposite bank. At length she turned, as if to listen; and soon upon the air floated distinctly sounds of "Alice! little Alice!" and she bounded away to her playmates. No sooner had she disappeared than the owner of the black eyes—a boy, seemingly of twelve years, clad in a green jacket ornamented with silver buttons, loose white trowsers, and wide-brimmed straw hat, which but partly concealed his glossy black hair—sprang across the water and possessed himself of the tiny glove which lay forgotten on the bank, and which had once covered the hand of "little Alice."

* * * * * *

"Alice, my dove, you have brought but one glove from the May frolic."

"I lost the other one yesterday. I don't think I forgot it May-day, mamma."

"Well, dear, go put this one away until you find the mate."

"Yes, mamma."

* * * * * *

CHAPTER II.

'TIS night in a boarding-school. The doors of many small rooms open on the dreary hall, and the

glimmering light through the key-holes tells of the fair students within. One is partly open, and through it we see two young girls standing near a toilet: one is drawing a comb through a mass of rich brown curls, which stray in playful wantonness about her snowy shoulders. The other is rummaging amid the elegant trifles which decorate the table.

"Alice," she began, "many, many times have I seen this beautiful little glove among trumpery, and often thought I'd beg of you its history, but always forgot it. Tell me now whose hand it once imprisoned."

"Mine, Kate, mine. When a little child of eight years old I lost the fellow, and put this one away until I should find it. Years have rolled away; but it speaks so eloquently of a happy May-day I then enjoyed, that I have never been able to part with it, and still treasure it as an index to the bright scenes of the past."

CHAPTER III.

AGAIN I beg the reader to pass over two years—short to you who possess health and plenty, long to those in disease and want—and come with me to the heights of the Alleghanies, crowded with stately trees all covered with snow and ice, with here and there thick clambering evergreens, looking all the richer for their bright unsullied winter caps. Slowly and laboriously do the wheels of a heavy traveling carriage wind along the rugged ascent, while the heaving flanks and dilated nostrils of the noble steeds bear witness to the toilsome pathway. Muffled in cloaks and furs, we scarcely recognize, in the inmates of the coach, our two school-girls, lately emancipated from their narrow cell and the thraldom of school-laws. We would willingly linger to admire with them the grandeur and sublimity of these props of heaven; but we will not attempt a description of that which was among the mightiest works of Him, the Almighty; so we pass over the perilous and impressive journey, nor pause until, again in her own village, again on the steps of her dearly loved home, Alice Clayton is pressed to her mother's bosom. [281]

Now under her father's roof, she has become the glad child again. We see her first with her companion, Kate Earle, wandering about the spacious drawing-rooms, now tastefully arranging the folds of the heavy satin curtains, or decorating the tables with rich bouquets; then trying the full, clear tones of the piano; and at last, taking a delighted survey of the whole, she trips away into the long dining-hall, contemplates a moment the iced pyramids, foamy floats, transparent jellies, &c., then, arm in arm, they seek their chamber, and are soon busily engaged in the witching duties of the toilet.

Night hurries on, and the cold moon looks calmly down the quiet village: but soon, no longer silent, we hear quickened foot-falls, rolling carriages, the hum of busy tongues, and occasionally a silvery laugh floats out upon the cool night air. Before the stately, and now brilliantly-lighted, mansion of Mr. Clayton they pause, ascend the steps, and are lost to view. But we will enter and look upon the happy throng assembled here to welcome back their former playmate, sweet Alice Clayton. Ah, how tenderly she greets them! Now do her soft eyes light up and flash with intense joy as she receives her numberless guests with unaffected grace, presenting many to her visitor, Kate Earle. The music and the dance begin, youth and beauty eagerly join the circle, while the older ones retire to the whist-tables, none marking the speedy flight of the rosy hours. Some are there, strangers to the fair idol of the brilliant concourse: one of these, a youth of striking mien and unusual elegance, is now seeking a presentation from her father. With a good-humored smile, he bows assent, and together they seek our heroine.

"Come, Alice dear, make your prettiest bow to my young friend, Percy Clifford." Then, in a mock whisper, he added, "Guard well your heart," and left her, smiling maliciously at the painful blushes which his remark had summoned to her cheeks.

However, the low, easy tones of Clifford's voice soon reassured her, and a half hour glided away so pleasantly that her father's warning was forgotten, or, if remembered, but too late. I don't mean to say that Alice really gave her heart away before the asking; but that night when she and Kate were repeating the sayings and doings of their late guests, Percy Clifford's name was oftener on her lip, and when, with arms entwined, they slept the sleep of innocence, Perry Clifford's musical voice and captivating smile alone hovered round her pillow.

CHAPTER IV.

AGAIN and again they met; already had the finely-modeled features of Alice Clayton gained an indescribable charm from the warm feelings of her pure, ardent heart, which sprang up irresistibly to the surface. No wonder that Percy Clifford yielded to the idolatrous affection which grew and strengthened in his bosom for the fair girl. No wonder that his passion knew no restraint when he pressed his lips on her innocent brow, and drew in his clasp Alice, his betrothed.

* * * * * *

"My sweet Alice!—my 'little Alice;' for so I love to call you. The dear name recalls the little brown-haired beauty who sat upon the bank weaving into garlands the bright flowers, none half so lovely as herself, while from the depths of her gentle heart gushed out a song as witching and melodious as the carolings of all the feathered tribe. Then, a boy, did I first gaze enraptured on your infantile beauty; then did my heart unclose to the lovely vision which it has since treasured through years and absence, joy and sorrow. My father always granted my request to prosecute my studies at his country seat near A., and, unknown, unnoticed, I followed you through girlhood, and experienced my first pang when you left me for the distant seminary.

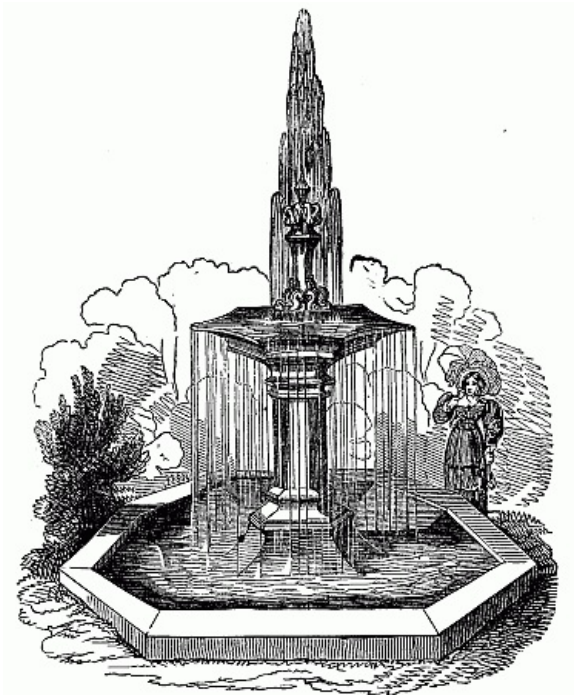
"None can tell the overwhelming sorrow, the keen agony which succeeded your absence; my only solace was to seek the streamlet and mingle my boyish tears with its limpid waters. Again I met you; and I have since wondered how I could so well act the stranger—how I could speak so calmly when my heart was bursting. Soon all doubts and fears were banished—*you loved me!* I saw it in the tearful eye, the flickering cheek. And now, Alice, dearest one, *you are mine!* With this, you see this little glove. It will tell you how you have *always* reigned, as now, in the heart of Percy Clifford."

And how can I describe *her* joy as, half laughing, half crying, she kissed again and again the little wanderer, and how that night she placed it *mated* in his hand, emblem of themselves?

SONNET

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

THE god of day hath laid ambition by,
And closely pressing to the fair west's side,
As ardent bridegroom to a beauteous bride,
Rests on her blushing cheek his lustrous eye.
List to the melody that floats adown
The aisles of yonder greenwood orchestra!
I fancy Nature's harp-strings lead the play,
Coveting for their mistress fresh renown.
And amorous zephyr, lo! with skillful touch,
Her music pages turns; the while he toys
With her vast wealth of fragrance. Naught alloys
The peace which seems to copy heaven o'ermuch;
Chaining the raptured spirit all too strongly here—
Teaching it to forget the higher, holier sphere.



GARDEN ORNAMENTS.

IN the present number of the Lady's Book, we give a style of fountains somewhat different from that given in our last.

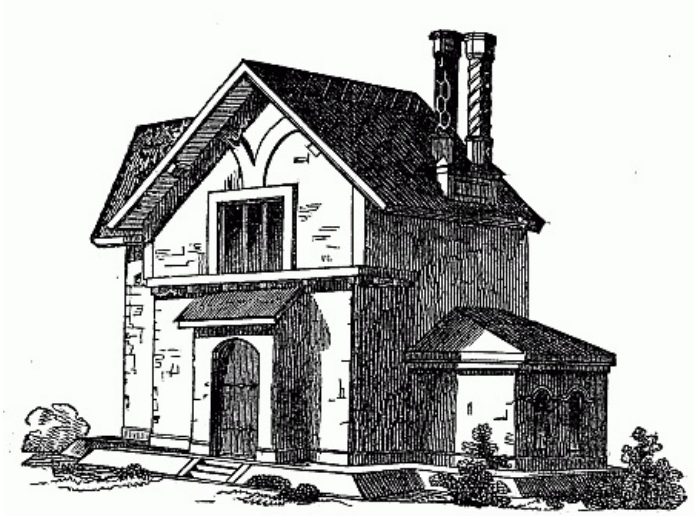
Should the house be in a style suitable, a drooping fountain, like that shown in the engraving,

may be used; and the central part may be altered to suit a Gothic or an Elizabethan house.

Whatever pattern may be adopted, there are certain rules to be attended to in the construction of all fountains, in order to make them play. A fountain may be formed wherever there is either a natural or artificial supply of water some feet higher than the level of the surface on which the fountain is to be placed. This supply of water is called the head, and its height varies according to circumstances. Where a drooping fountain is to be adopted, the head need be very little higher than the joint from which the water is expected to issue; but where the fountain is to form a jet, the head must be six inches, a foot, or more, higher than the height to which the jet is expected to rise; the height required varying according to the diameter of the jet. When the jet is small, say about the eighth of an inch in diameter, the height of the head above that to which the jet of water is expected to rise need not be above six or eight inches.

In the mountainous parts of the country, ornamental fountains may be constructed with very little trouble or expense. The water which flows from springs in hill-sides may be made to form the head. It may be conducted to the fountain through leaden or earthen pipes, or pipes made of any material that is perfectly water-tight. If these pipes be extended to the door of the dwelling, excellent water may be at all times available—thus answering the double purpose of ornament and use. [283]

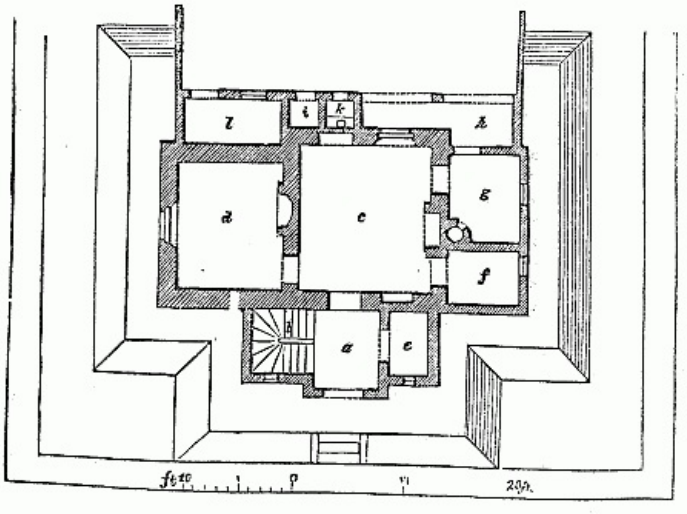
MODEL COTTAGE.



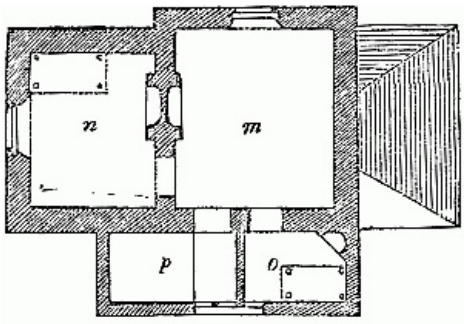
A Dwelling of two stories.

This cottage contains, on the ground floor, an entrance lobby, *a;* staircase, *b;* kitchen, *c;* parlor, *d;* tool-house, *e;* pantry and dairy, *f;* back-kitchen, *g;* wood-shed, *h;* dust-hole, *i;* water-closet, *k;* and cow-house, with brew-house oven, *l*.

The cow-house is connected with a court-yard, which contains a shed for hay and straw, piggeries, with a manure-well connected with the water-closet. The platform, on three sides of this dwelling, forms a handsome walk, from which there is a door into the court-yard.



The bed-room floor contains a best bed-room, *m;* a second bed-room, *n;* a third bed-room, *o;* and a stair, *p*. [284]



General Estimate.—14,904 cubic feet, at 10 cents per foot, $1,490.40; at 5 cents, $745.20.

FLOWERS.

BY G. H. CRANMER.

WHAT a volume of thought and feeling is contained in the simple flower! As the lightnings which flash along the firmament of heaven, or the thunders which startle the silence of eternity, are typical of His anger and might—so are the beauty and simplicity of a flower typical of His purity and mercy.

A flower is no insignificant object. It is fraught with many a deep though mute lesson of wisdom. It teaches us that even itself, the brightest ornament of the vegetable world, must fade away and die—and the life which we prize so highly may be seen, as in a mirror, through its different changes.

The withered leaflet is like unto a crushed and broken heart. Its fading loveliness is like the approach of age as it throws its mantle of wrinkled care over the form of some lovely specimen of humanity. Its sweet fragrance is like the joys and pleasures of our breasts ere they have been contaminated by the rude touches of the world.

The dew-drop which, at morning's dawn, rests upon the half-oped bud, is like the tear which dims the infant's speaking eye when his childish glee has been reproved by the voice of affection.

A flower represents mankind in the changes of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age. The young bud is infancy; the bursting flower is youth; the flower full blown is manhood, and the withered and tailing leaf is the type of old age.

Its uses are various and manifold. Sometimes the promptings of affection lead us to place it, in its purity and beauty, over the tomb of some beloved friend, where, shedding around its fragrance, it steals upon our senses like the memory of the departed being beneath. Sometimes the hand of pride will pluck it from its stem, to deck the hair of the blooming bride, or add by its odor to the festive scene. And not unfrequently it is the mute bearer of some fond tale of love to the ecstatic sense of her whose heart and feelings are at length justified, by its sweet language, in the thoughts they so long have harbored. It soothes the cares of the troubled soul, and alleviates the pangs of sorrow. It wins upon us by its modest though blooming appearance, and its gentle influence steals into our bosoms and softens our natures.

Study the flowers, and behold the wisdom, the goodness, and mercy of the Almighty. Anatomize them, and behold the innumerable parts which form and make up the whole, and the system and order with which they are joined together.

Refinement dwelleth among the flowers. There the affections of our hearts are given license to rove, and there the enthusiasm of our nature overcomes the diffidence of our feelings. Voluntary homage arises to the Maker of objects so fair and beautiful, and the soul in the contemplation sighs itself away in a delicious reverie. Not less beautifully than truly has it been said:—

"There is religion in a flower;
Its still small voice is as the voice of conscience.
Mountains, and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,
Bear not the impress of Almighty power
In characters more legible than those
Which He has traced upon the tiniest flower
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop's weight."

Wheeling, Va.

GOOD FOR EVIL

BY ANGELE DE V. HULL.
(Concluded from page 256.)

THEIR new home was a little bijou of a cottage, and Cora went to work with a light heart. The furniture was of the very plainest kind; but about the little rooms there was an air of comfort and refinement that told of a woman's careful hand. Here and there hung pictures of her own painting. In each apartment were one or two shelves, neatly stained and varnished, on which were placed a few choice books. On the top stood the nicely-trimmed lamp—thus making feminine ingenuity serve the double purpose of library and bracket. The little octagon work-table, in one corner, held a porcelain vase, daily ornamented with fresh flowers, for in the sunny South the flowers bloom perpetually; and the white counterpane on the small French bedstead in Cora's "spare room," tempted one to long for an invitation from her sweet self to occupy it. How proud and happy her husband felt as together they took their first regular meal after the confusion was over, and Cora's housekeeping began in good earnest!

A few weeks afterwards, she received a box containing her mother's old-fashioned but costly set of China—and her tears fell fast and thick as she looked once more on the well-known cups her childish lips had so often pressed. No gift could have been so precious in her eyes, and she kissed the souvenir of her early days with reverence. Many little trifles had the good mother added to the welcome present—trifles that Cora could not buy, because she could not afford it; and her heart yearned towards her only parent, as she uncovered one after another of the home treasures. An antique-looking silver coffee-pot, with cream-jug and sugar-bowl, made Cora's little table look like the most *recherché* in the land. Had Laura seen it, she would have cried with spite; for, now that she had driven her sister-in-law from the house, the remembrance of her own cruelty and injustice made her hatred more bitter still. She had but one wish, and that was to see her brother and his innocent wife in actual want!

Even in the street poor Cora was not safe from her violent rage. If by chance they met, Laura's eye would flash, her cheeks grow pale, her lips quiver, and she would pass, followed by Clara and Fanny, with a look of scorn and gesture of defiance, which they would endeavor to imitate as closely as they could, as a token of respect to their now wealthy sister. Their father had long repented of his unkindness, but his weak mind bent to that of Laura; and so they were as strangers—they who should have been as closely united as God had made them! To Lewis they made professions that disgusted him; but, at Cora's request, he still paid Mr. Clavering the respect of calling occasionally. It was an unhappy state of things indeed; but heartless, worldly people have no ties, and easily sever the closest, should they bind inconveniently; so it cost Laura and her sisters neither pang nor remorse to outrage a brother's feelings. Margaret yearned towards Cora, and, as often as she saw her, expressed the same unchanging affection, but dared not openly avow her regret at her absence.

One day, as Cora sat in her room plying her needle, she heard some one enter the back gate. In a moment Maggie was in her arms, weeping and laughing by turns. She had stolen away, and came to spend the whole day.

"Darling Maggie!" said Cora, kissing her again and again, "how kind of you to come! Lewis will be so happy, too!"

"Ah, Cora!" replied Margaret, untying her bonnet, "if you knew what a time I had to get here! We were all invited out to dinner; I positively refused to go—having laid my plans for you, sweetest! Laura was so ill-humored, and the others so intent upon themselves, that they did not remark my eagerness to remain. But they insisted on my going, until I suggested that the carriage would not hold us all, large as it is, and so they drove off to Rivertown in grand style, leaving me at length alone. I danced with joy! I almost screamed. But I kept quiet enough till T knew they were not going to return for some odd glove, a handkerchief, or Fanny's eternal powder bag, and then started off."

"This shall be a *jour de fête*, then, my own Margaret; and I will put up this work to show you my sweet little home. Oh, Maggie!" continued Cora, clasping her hands, "were it not for the indifference of your father and sisters to my poor Lewis, I would be the happiest woman on the wide earth. He deserves so much affection, for he has given his own so earnestly."

A few tears fell from her eyes, but she brushed them away and smiled again. Margaret sighed, but was silent. This was a subject upon which she never conversed, from her decided disapprobation of the course adopted towards two beings so dearly loved. She remembered, with bitterness and trembling, the thirty-sixth verse of the tenth chapter of St. Matthew: "For a man's enemies shall be they of his own household," and pondered deeply over the means of reconciliation. But to-day she had determined to be happy, and Cora was delighted at her open [286]
admiration of their little *ménage*. The China and silver particularly charmed her—first, with their beauty; and secondly, with the air of luxury they gave her brother's modest table. They were moreover, articles of real value that were Cora's, no matter what the contingency; and Margaret's gentle heart rejoiced at what she termed "their first piece of luck."

How these two chatted! How they valued each moment of the time allowed them! Maggie drew out her thimble and insisted upon being employed, and the hours flew lightly over their heads until noon, when Lewis entered.

"Maggie!" he cried, as she flew out from behind the door where she had concealed herself. "This is indeed a pleasure."

This affectionate greeting made her burst into tears; and she held her head, for a few moments, against his breast.

"How kind of you, dear sister, to brave all, and come to us at last! I wish it were for ever; but we are such ungrateful mortals that we never rest satisfied with present blessings. You have been happy to-day, darling," continued Lewis, as Cora entered. "I can tell that by looking at you."

"Ay, Lewis, as merry as a cricket ever since Maggie came before me, like a good angel, this morning. Do get the girls to go out and spend the day again, my own pet sister, and gleam on Lewis and me before we begin to pine again for one of your soft kisses.".

"I wish you could put me in a cage, like a stray bird," said Margaret, with a smile of love. "I think I should like a jailer like Cora, and be content to stay captive for ever."

But, alas! dinner was over, and they had only the afternoon left them. Maggie remained until it was nearly dusk, that she might get an early cup of tea from Cora's pretty China; then, with Lewis and his wife at her side, sauntered slowly home. The tears sprang into her eyes as she bade them adieu, and she had just rung the bell when the carriage containing her sisters drove up the street. Fortunately, it was too dark for them to recognize her companions, and she succeeded in getting rid of her bonnet and mantle before they had managed to get out, as Laura insisted upon being carried in the parlor by poor Mr. Phillips, because he had taken, at dinner, a little more wine than was positively good for him. But he succeeded, in despite of occasional glimpses of two wives, four sisters-in-law, and two Mr. Claverings. Laura was placed on a sofa, where she lay until after the tea tray was carried out, and then, calling her husband once more, desired to be taken to her room.

Fanny and Clara sat discussing the dinner, the furniture, and the guests, and both seemed rather out of spirits. The old gentleman walked up and down the piazza, thinking deeply, and Margaret alone looked fresh and happy.

"Who was there, Fanny?" asked she, at length.

"Oh, a stupid set! Excepting ourselves and Mr. and Mrs. Denton, there was not a decent creature there. Nearly all married people and old bachelors. I declare, I have no patience with such incongruous assemblies!"

"There was Mrs. Hildreth's brother! He is quite a beau, I'm sure; and Clara expressed unbounded admiration of his mustaches and whiskers a few days since."

"Yes, he was there, and is certainly a very unexceptionable young man. But what is the use of one beau among four girls? The two Clays were there, looking as forlorn as Shakspeare's nightingale: and Clara monopolized Henry Bell, as though he belonged to her."

"Certainly I did," said Clara; "and so would you, if he had given you the chance. Did you ever see such a dress as Betty Clay had on? She looked like a buckwheat cake in it."

"And Mrs. Stetson's hair, Clara? Did you notice it? Screwed up behind into an almost invisible little *catogan*, and put over her ears so tight that she looked as if she had been in the pillory and came out with her ears off."

"Was the dinner in good style?" again inquired Maggie.

"Yes, but too elaborate. Those people that have not always been upper tens think it necessary to crowd their tables, and ruin one's digestive organs. I declare, I thought I should swoon when that last course came in. I was actually crammed with dinner, and looked forward to dessert with a hope of relief!"

"And those two Charlotte Russes! As if one were not enough, with all that ice-cream and jelly! Mrs. Hildreth said, at least half a dozen times, how careful Soufflée was about having sweet cream, in spite of the scarcity and expense. The idea of hinting to guests the cost of their entertainment! These *parvenu* people are *too* absurd. I wish they would learn *bienséance* before they rise."

"So you had a dull day?" said Margaret, thinking of hers.

"Not precisely dull, but tedious. Laura does torment poor Phillips so, that it makes us uncomfortable; and when people have to 'smile and smile,' as we do, to gloss it over, it seems like that intense desire to gap in stupid company, and the struggle to look as though you merely meant to show now very wide awake you were. I do wish Laura would confine her rudeness to ourselves; but no one ever dared tell her so but Lewis, and he will never trouble himself to do it again."

"I wonder what he is doing now!" said Fanny. "I declare, I almost forgot his existence. And that horrid woman, too! She had better do something for herself, before she causes her husband to beg!"

"Depend upon it, Fanny, neither Lewis nor Cora would do *that*."

"Oh! you are their sworn champion, Margaret, we all know. But you cannot do them any good, child—be sure of it. I wish she would go home, or make Lewis mad, so that he could send her there."

"Fanny!" cried Margaret, shocked, "how unfeeling!"

"Pshaw! Did she not rob us of Lewis? Papa is poorer than ever; and we go about dressed in

shabby clothes, through her fault. Lewis used to pay all our little bills, and now——."

"And now," interrupted Margaret, "instead of remembering his generosity with gratitude, you abuse him for trying to be happy according to his own ideas. You almost get on your knees to Laura if she but gives you a cast-off ribbon. Be as full of deference to Lewis for past favors."

"We are obliged to curry favor with Laura," said Clara, lowering her voice. "She has us all pretty much under her control since she promised to live with us after her marriage."

"Excuse me," said Maggie, "but *I* am not by any means under Laura's dominion. She makes me no presents, and I make her no protestations. I am civil to Mr. Phillips, however—and that is more than you are, Clara."

"I am afraid," said she, laughing, "Laura is so *entichée* of her love that she does not like us to pay him attention. Cora won her eternal hatred by speaking gently to him."

"How she must abuse us now!" exclaimed Fanny, after a pause. "I expect Lewis is tired of our very names. She was always a vulgar thing, any how."

"Vulgar!" cried Margaret. "You go rather too far, my dear sister. Cora is as far from being vulgar as your own particular self—and you are not sincere when you say so. Moreover, I believe she mentions our family as seldom as possible. I wish that she could forget us, I am sure—for she was brutally treated."

"Do hush, Maggie; here is papa, and you have half persuaded him to think as you do. He seems actually conscience-stricken about Lewis's leaving home. I would not be surprised to find him visiting Cora after a while."

"Where do they live, I wonder?" asked Fanny. "Laura will never let papa know, if she can help it; and they might go to Kamschatka before we Would discover it."

"Come, girls, go to your rooms," said Mr. Clavering, entering. "You talk too much, and too lightly. Go to bed, and sleep if you can. It is more than I have been able to do since you sent my poor boy from his father's house."

The next morning at breakfast Laura seemed a little more amiable, and began discussing plans for the summer excursions. Spring had set in, and many were changing town homes for country ones.

"I vote for Dingleford," said Phillips, with a sudden burst of valor.

"You!" said his wife, with a look of scorn—"you!"

Mr. Phillips retired into himself, like Mr. Jenks of Pickwickian memory, that being the only retirement *he* was allowed; and Laura went on without further notice.

"We will to Brooksford. The girls can come; for I will pay Clara's expenses, and papa can easily do the rest. I heard the Martins, the Hildreths, and the Fentons say they were going."

"Thank you for my share," said Margaret. "*I* stay at home; your fashionable friends are my aversion."

"You are so foolish, Maggie! You will never marry in the world."

"*Tant mieux*, I have no ambition to become *madame*. My tastes are very simple, indeed. 'Liberty for me!' is my motto."

And it was arranged that Fanny and Clara should accompany Laura to Brooksford to meet their friends, leaving Margaret and her father at home to brave dust, heat, and musketoes as they could.

The old gentleman went to his counting-room to sit and think; Maggie applied herself to some household occupation; Laura retired to her chamber to fret like a peevish child; and Fanny and Clara prepared themselves to go down to the front parlor to receive morning calls.

The bell rang, and the visits began. The consequence of each was easily determined by the reception of the hostess, whose smiles were dispensed more freely to some than to others. Mrs. Markham seemed determined to outstay them all, and, being one of the "ultras," was encouraged to do so. The dinner was once more discussed, as she had been one of the invited, and Clara once more voted it a bore.

"I expected as much when I sent my refusal," said Mrs. Markham. "I hate dinners; they are always dull and stupid. How can it be otherwise when people meet expressly to eat?"

"And Mrs. Hildreth's piano is such an old kettle, too! I felt it almost an insult to be asked to play on it."

"Yes; with such a sweet voice as yours, Clara, you ought to have a perfect instrument. But where is Mrs. Clavering? She seems to have withdrawn herself entirely from the world; we never see her now."

"She is not here," said Clara, coldly. "She does not live with us."

"No! Where is she then?" inquired Mrs. Markham, with more interest than Clara liked. "She is

a lovely creature. George fell quite in love with her."

The girls seemed embarrassed; but Fanny's amiable expression advanced to the rescue—

"The fact is, dear Mrs. Markham, we were somewhat disappointed in Lewis's wife. She is very beautiful and accomplished, and, I dare say, means well—in fact, I'm sure that her heart is very good, and all that; but she hurt poor Laura's feelings so dreadfully one day that we really had to notice it in spite of our love for Lewis. It almost breaks my heart to think of it; but Cora was so violent after Laura once advised her, in a mild, sisterly way, to be more economical (she *was* extravagant), that we felt it our duty to rise against it; and she left the house in great displeasure, [288] making poor Lewis believe, of course, what she liked. I *don't* think she meant it," continued Fanny; "but it *seemed* unkind. I do not think she intended to be"—

"Then why did you notice it?" asked Mrs. Markham, abruptly. "I would have found what palliation I could to prevent such a break up of ties."

This was something of a poser, and the two sisters exchanged glances; but Fanny once more exerted her soft tones in behalf of "poor Laura."

"You know we could not hesitate between our own sister and Mrs. Clavering. We could not have her insulted by a stranger, however ignorant she may be of intentional wrong."

"But your brother is—your brother, is he not?"

Here Laura entered, and the conversation was stopped, to the infinite relief of Fanny and Clara, who began to see that there was really nothing to boast of in their treatment of Cora. The truth was, Mrs. Markham had been on the opposite side of the street when they one morning brushed against their sister-in-law with their usual impertinence, and, amused at the scene, she tried to find out the cause of it. On her return home, after her endeavors, she related what she knew to her brother, and made her comments.

"Really, George, the idea of trying to persuade people that Cora Clavering is a monster is, beyond everything, absurd; as if everybody didn't see how unwelcome the poor thing was, how shabbily they served her, and how they tried to hide her when she came among them. Why, they never invited a soul to meet her as a bride; and when I asked for her the day I called, you would have thought I mentioned a troublesome animal."

"She is too pretty, Helen," said her brother. "That Mrs. Phillips is a perfect tartar, and her sisters have no heart for anything but show. They would sell their father for their love of fashion."

"All but Margaret, George."

"All but Margaret; and she is as far above them as heaven is above earth. She must have had some other 'bringing up' than theirs. I would swear that *she* never ill treated Mrs. Clavering."

"Not she! Maggie loves her devotedly."

"Then that is sufficient proof to me of her perfect innocence and their own falsehood. Mark that, Helen, Margaret's love proves that Mrs. Clavering is worthy of kind and gentle treatment."

* * * * * *

One day Cora looked through the blind and saw her father-in-law before the gate. He looked wistfully in, and stood for a few moments with his hand on the latch. She would have gone out to meet him; but, remembering their parting, felt reluctant to expose herself to farther insult. But her heart yearned towards the poor old man, as she looked at his bent form and face of care. He *was* her husband's father, and as such excited her sympathy. On Lewis's return, she mentioned the circumstance to him.

"I wish he had seen you, dearest; he is sorry for the past, and doubtless wished to come in, but dared not. He and Maggie are alone at the house. I met her to-day, and she told me she was coming soon to see you."

Dear Maggie! She came soon, and announced her approaching marriage with Mrs. Markham's brother, George Seymour. She, whose motto was "Liberty for me!"

"But, you see, Cora, I could not resist George; and all this time I have loved him without being certain how it would terminate. I want to be married in church; so does he; and you and Lewis will come and sit near me. Laura and the girls are coming home for a week, and I want to persuade papa to return with them. He will be so lonely without me! We leave an hour or two after the ceremony."

"And when will you be back?" asked Cora, as the tears fell from her eyes. "How I shall miss you, darling!"

"We are going North to see George's mother, and, of course, will not be back before the fall. You will write constantly, Cora?"

"Of course I shall; it will be one of my pleasures to do so. May you be happy, dear Margaret—God knows you deserve it! Lewis and I will both be at church, dearest, with hearts full of love for you and your future husband."

Margaret blushed, and, kissing her, tripped away with a light heart.

A few days after, she was in church to have her destiny for ever changed. The long bridal veil concealed her sweet face, but her low, distinct tones reached the brother and sister, sending a prayer into the heart of each for that young thing's future.

It was over—Margaret's vows were spoken; her husband led her from the altar with a look of pride, and friends pressed forward to congratulate her. Tenderly met she the warm embrace of the two that loved her so well, and her last words to Cora were a low whisper—

"Take care of my father!"

The others passed their brother's wife unheeded, though they spoke to him a few words. They had ceased to care for him, and he was no more than an acquaintance.

The carriages whirled away, and the bride left her home to learn another's ways and habits. Laura returned to Brooksford with her sisters. They could not remain at home; nor would their father go with them. He tired of the world, and felt how little they cared for his comfort.

Soon he fell ill, and sent for Lewis. Cora was alone when the message came, and flew to see him. She was shocked at the change, and insisted upon removing him to her own home. Once in that dear little room, he seemed better, and, when Lewis came in, fell asleep clasping his hand. Kindly watched Cora by the old man, soothing him, reading to him, and attending to his every want. He seemed so grateful, and would follow her light form with his eyes until the tears flowed from them. But he gained no strength; the doctor shook his head and thought this a bad [289]
symptom. *He* could not "minister to a mind diseased," and the cares of business had shattered that weak spirit. Lewis wrote to his sisters; but they thought he was only too easily alarmed, and wrote in return for further tidings. Their letter came when their father lay speechless in a state of paralysis.

Fanny arrived in haste. Mr. Clavering knew her; but his look turned from her to Cora, who held out her hand to her sister with an expression of earnest sympathy. Fanny saw it, and burst into tears. Lewis led her from the room, and an hysterical fit was the consequence. Her screams reached the old man's ear, for he looked troubled; but Cora signed to the servant to close the door, while she sat down beside him, trying to soothe him into sleep. He soon fell into a quiet slumber, and she then went to Fanny's assistance.

Her quiet but efficient help succeeded in calming her, and together the three watched all night by their father's bed. He looked so pleased as he opened his eyes and saw them together. Cora bent down and kissed him, as she read his look, and once more held out her hand to Fanny. He signed for her to come nearer. She kneeled at his side, and laid her young, sweet cheek to his, and once more he closed his eyes. Towards morning he grew weaker, and a few hours after he had gently breathed his last, Laura, her husband, and Clara arrived.

Their grief was loud and violent, and painful to witness. If any feeling of remorse visited their hearts, none knew it, for no reproach escaped their lips. Fanny alone seemed stricken, and turned to Cora for comfort.

Mr. Clavering was buried by the side of his wife. His children followed him to the grave; but in all that crowd not one mourned him as Cora did. She loved the poor old man that clung to her so like a child; and as she looked at Lewis and beheld his manly grief, she grieved anew over their short separation.

The most becoming mourning was chosen, and the most fashionable bombazine bonnets ordered. Laura and Clara hated black, and thought it a dreadful thing to wear such an uncomfortable dress in the summer. But custom was not to be braved, and they all appeared at church the Sunday after, looking very proper, having asked Cora into their pew. There was no longer an excuse for refusing to speak to her, and they had requested her to appear with them in public once more, thinking, perhaps, that the world would expect it—the world, with its countless eyes, ears, and tongues!

Poor Margaret! Sorrow came soon to disturb her newly-found bliss, and she returned earlier than she had intended, to weep over her father's grave. Her pale face bore witness to her suffering, and Seymour's tenderness alone called her from her indulgence of her grief. How she blessed Cora for her care of her father! How she loved her for her forgiving spirit!

She saw her now almost daily, for they lived so near; and Cora had this one cause for thankfulness as troubles gathered around *her* little fireside. Lewis had striven with superhuman strength to increase his slender capital, but in vain. Cora, whose stout heart never failed her, retrenched here and there, deprived herself almost of the necessaries of life to try and stay the storm. When her husband remained at the office instead of returning to tea, Cora's evening meal was a slice of dry bread with a cup of weak Bohea. For him she prepared some dish set by from dinner, which she had seen him relish.

Turning down the lamp that the oil might not waste, she would sit wondering how she could help her darling Lewis. She knew how much he would object to have her apply to her mother, and, hating to grieve that tender parent's heart, she wrote cheerfully and hopefully when her heart was weighed down by anxiety. Lewis was growing thin, his buoyant spirit was gone, and she wept over that, indeed. Maggie dreamed not of the cause, but she, too, remarked the change in both, and felt doubly uneasy about these two so dear to her. She questioned Cora closely; but Cora was a sealed book this time. Lewis was peculiarly sensitive upon the subject of his poverty,

and could not bear the thoughts of the triumph it would occasion Laura when she knew that his wife was really in distress. Slowly, but alas too surely, the little sum diminished, and Cora would soon lose her dignity of banker. She opened the drawer and counted the remainder with a deep sigh, and began to feel how terrible it was to be poor. Not that she repined for herself—oh no!—but the idea of her husband's wan face was like a dagger in her heart. She looked around her; there was nothing within her modest dwelling that could be parted with, nothing but her mother's gift, and she knew that Lewis would not hear of that. In a few days, she would be forced to tell him that the drawer was empty, and not a cent left to provide for even their scanty wants. She buried her face in her hands.

She did not see the servant enter, and Nora stood some time at the door watching her with a look of sympathy, for she knew a portion of her mistress's sorrow, and felt it, too.

"Won't I put on some more coal, Mrs. Clavering?" at length she asked.

Cora looked up; the fire was quite out, and it was a cold night, but she had not heeded it.

"Never mind, Nora; my husband will soon be home now, and it would be useless. You know he never sits up long after he returns."

"But it is a cold, wet night, ma'am, and Mr. Lewis will want to dry his clothes," persisted Nora.

"*Is* it a wet night, Nora?"

"Lord bless you, Mrs. Clavering, it has been pouring down rain for an hour past!" and she ran back to the coal house, returning in a second with the scuttle. "You see, ma'am," continued Nora, as she lighted the fire and the cheerful light filled the room, "you thinks too much. I've been here [290] half a dozen times to-night, and seen you a ponderin' on sad things. It won't do, ma'am; thinking don't fatten folks."

Cora smiled, and Nora went on. She was privileged, for she had been a servant in old Mrs. Clavering's family, and at her instance came to live with Cora when her household cares began.

"You see, Miss Cora"—(Nora never said Mrs. Clavering more than once or twice)—"I know what ails you, and you ought not to take on about it so. The darkest hour 's before the dawn, and *your* dawn an't come yet."

"I wish it were, Nora," said Cora, smiling again. "But there is a hope, at all events, for worse than I am. You say that you know why I am sad, Nora, and I am sure that you feel for one whom you have served so long. Now, is there nothing I can do to help Mr. Clavering that you know of? Nothing that will enable me to keep *you?* for, as things are now, there is no use in concealing that I could no longer afford to employ a servant, were there no brighter prospect."

"Takes two to make a bargain, Miss Cora, and you couldn't send me off if I didn't choose to go," said Nora, stoutly. "It's a hard thing to see you work, but I s'pose it's got to be. Would you sew, ma'am? I'm sure I could get plenty of that."

"Certainly I would, gladly I would," said Cora, eagerly. "So keep your word, Nora, and bring me something to do as soon as you can. You know how nicely I can do fine work."

But Nora was crying, and went out of the room. Her pride for "the Claverings" was sadly humbled, and her "poor Miss Cora too unhappy!" She kept her promise, however; and long after the portfeuille lay useless in the drawer, Cora's busy fingers earned wherewith to supply the every-day wants of the house. What mattered it if her bonnet grew rusty and her gloves were mended? She was always pretty and neat, and had always that sweet fresh color that a consciousness of right sent to her cheek. The same glad smile ever welcomed her husband, the same rich, clear voice sang the touching songs he loved, and he seemed to catch a portion of her undying spirit.

He returned home one evening earlier than usual, and going up to Cora, threw something into her lap.

"That is for the bank, my singing-bird: it is a long time since I made a deposit, is it not? Oh, Cora!" and Lewis's deep voice faltered as he said it—"oh, Cora, if you knew how I dreaded to have you tell me that it was all gone, when I had no more to give! What hours of misery I have endured, my darling, since I came so near actual want! And you, my noble-hearted wife, how bravely you gazed at the coming clouds—how firmly you awaited the storm!"

"And has the storm ceased, Lewis?—is the sunshine returning?"

"There is a glimpse of it shining through the crevice, Cora, and I dare hope for better times, even with no prospects. I feared this, dearest, when my poor father sent me on the wide world with the slender sum I placed in your hands. It must be all gone now; is not your drawer empty? for, with your strict economy, it has lasted beyond my expectations."

Cora smiled, and brought a little chair to sit beside him. Fondly he stroked her shining hair as she leaned her head against him, and all sense of sorrow left his breast as this, his treasure, was so near. Holding one little hand, he watched the arch smile upon those beautiful lips.

"Tell me, rose-bud, how is your bank now? Have you not also dreaded to mention its emptiness to your gloomy husband?"

"I have, indeed, Lewis; but there is something yet in the drawer, and I shall not touch your present supply for a while, as I do not need it."

"You do not need it, Cora! Surely, dearest, you must have used all that I gave you at first; it was not even sufficient for our wants till now; for I have often wondered at your ingenuity in providing as you have. You have not parted with anything you valued, Cora?"

She shook her head—

"Not at all. Do you miss any of my pet china, my silver, or my cherished books?" asked she, laughingly.

"Then how is it, Cora, that you have managed so well?"

"Oh, I was blessed by the fairies at my birth, and am a successful mesmerizer, too. I have the power of making you see more than is before you."

"Let me see your account book, then, queen of spirits. I had no idea that I had married a banshee. Where is your book?"

"I keep my own accounts, Mr. Lewis, so please you. This is a liberty I will not allow." And Cora ran to her drawer and turned the key, thus preventing the discovery of her labor of love.

But she confined herself too closely, and it was not long before her face began to grow pale and her temples throb through the night. Lewis was alarmed, and sent a physician. He prescribed exercise, country air, and quiet; three luxuries of which poor Cora had been deprived for months, and Lewis was more wretched than ever.

In the morning early, before Cora had risen, Nora went to him and told all. Her young lady should not work herself to death; hiding it from Mr. Lewis was a sin, and so she made bold to betray her. Lewis bowed his head and wept; she had, indeed, been firm in adversity; she had, indeed, been true to her word, and kept a stout heart. How he loved her! how willingly he could have knelt before her! The scene that passed between them I could not think of describing; it must be imagined by the kind-hearted reader, by the sacrificing wife, and the grateful, devoted husband. One load was taken from the mind of Lewis, the absence of local disease in his cherished one, and he thankfully turned his thoughts to the Great Source of all his joys, blessing him for the trials he sent that he might be purified. Poor as he was, destitute of expectation as he [291]
felt himself to be, he left home with a light heart. His gem, his bright, beautiful Cora was not threatened with a loss of health. She had promised to rest, and now she would find her roses once more.

During all this time, Margaret had watched her brother and sister with intense anxiety, and, suspecting the cause of their altered looks, set her little head to work to find out more. On a visit to Laura, she mentioned Lewis and his appearance of delicate health. Cora's name she never breathed before her hard-hearted persecutor.

"Oh, they are so poor; no wonder!" cried she, with a look of scorn. "I suppose they are starving. *I* wonder they are not begging."

"God forbid!" said Margaret, earnestly. "Have you heard anything?"

"Yes; Phillips told me Lewis did not make a cent, and wondered how they had lived till now. The other evening, Mr. Layton was here and asked me about Lewis, saying he could not find his house. He wished to offer him the situation of head clerk in the establishment of Layton, Finlay & Co."

"And what did you tell him?" asked Margaret, breathlessly.

"Oh, I told him there was no use in doing anything of the kind, as he would not be able to keep Lewis long, his habits of negligence were so irremediable."

"Great God of heaven!" cried Margaret, starting up and standing before her sister. "You did not tell him *that*, Laura!"

"Indeed, I did! I have no idea of seeing that wife of his benefited in any way. She married him poor; let her remain so."

Margaret was gone in an instant. She almost flew down the street to her husband's office, and, fortunately, met him on her way. In a few words, she related to him what had passed.

His indignation was not less than hers; and, before a quarter of an hour elapsed, George Seymour was closeted with Mr. Layton, his cheek flushed and his eye bright with excitement, as, without one word of circumlocution, he told the plain, unvarnished truth.

Mr. Layton was much shocked, and hastened to make his offer to Lewis Clavering in "plain black and white." Before night, the note was received, and Lewis and his inimitable Cora had the prospect of comfort and happiness with the surely-coming salary of two thousand a year. Their grateful reception of this intervention in their behalf, their unmurmuring hearts at past suffering, would form a bright example to hundreds possessing perfect independence and no cares.

Laura's disappointment knew no bounds. Margaret's joy was complete. How she and Cora talked over this good fortune, and how silvery and sweet their merry laughter seemed to Lewis

and Seymour, who were listening to every word these two said. They were now discussing a marriage on the tapis.

Clara was fortunate enough to secure an offer from a widower with a son older than his future stepmother. But Mr. Penrose was very rich, and could be hid, like Tarpeia of old, under jewels and gold. Clara loathed, and would often turn from him with disgust, as her eye fell upon his great clumsy form "fitting tight" (as the mantua-makers say) to the Louis Quatorze, in which he regularly ensconced himself. His false teeth were unexceptionable; his cheeks round and shiny. He bore one resemblance to poor Uncle Ned:

"For he had no hair on the top of his head,
The place where the hair ought to be;"

and, in case of any danger, Clara could easily screen herself behind him and never be seen. He was in a melancholy state of extreme health, though there was a hope of apoplexy in his case; and all that Clara could rejoice at was his tendency to severe gout, which would prevent his accompanying her upon many occasions in public.

Margaret ventured a hint upon the disparity of age and disposition, a sad inequality to bring into married life. But Laura talked so loudly in favor of wealth and Mr. Penrose's consequence, that she was forced to be silent. Fanny, too, approved Clara's wisdom and prudence. It was an excellent match; Clara had shown herself a woman of determination, superior to the foolish girls who prated of love and cottages. Let a man be esteemed before he was loved, and there would be no doubt of perfect harmony afterwards.

"So write your cards for the reception-day, Clara, and we will have a grand ball in the evening. You shall be married with *éclat* becoming your prospects."

"A ball, Laura!" cried Maggie. "Have you forgotten our mourning?"

"No, indeed; I wish I had. But, as we have worn it now nearly a year, I'm going to take the opportunity of leaving it off on Clara's wedding day. So will she and Fan."

"But, Clara," said Maggie, turning to her, "our father has not been dead a year yet! Leave off mourning if you will; but, for mercy's sake, do not outrage decency by going to a ball, even if you have no feeling on the subject."

"I agree with Laura, Margaret. We have been in prison long enough. I do not wish to begin my married life in seclusion. We have had *soirées* only six or seven times since papa died, and I went to one polka party at Mrs. Hildreth's. I'm sure I have been dull enough to suit any one."

"You do not pay our father the respect that Cora does, and she is only our sister-in-law."

"Don't bring up *her* name," said Laura; "I hate to hear it. Clara may send her a piece of cake if she likes, but she shall not be asked here; though I'm willing that Lewis should be invited, to show what I think of *her*."

"They would not come, depend upon it," said Margaret; "nor shall I; so do not expect me. You will be much blamed." [292]

"Pshaw!" said Clara. And so she was married, having issued cards to all her fashionable friends. Her reception-day was very brilliant, the *fête* the gayest of the season; and the bride and groom left the next afternoon for their wedding tour, amid the applause of the waiters, who regaled themselves on the scraps of the feast and the half bottles of champagne that were left to evaporate.

A year after, no one would have recognized the gay and elegant-looking Clara Clavering in the faded Mrs. Penrose. Her elephantine spouse was not so amiable as before marriage; and the poor wife was heard to say that, after all, wealth was not the principal thing in marriage; she would prefer a competency and happiness.

Laura's health was much impaired by her unceasing fretfulness and ill humor, and eventually her sight became affected. Sitting in a dark room, unable to read or sew, deprived of every amusement, she wept herself blind at last! Reduced to this melancholy state, Cora Clavering once more stepped across the threshold from which she had been so rudely thrust, and offered her aid to the sufferer. Her gentle hand applied the cooling compressions to Laura's swollen lids; her noiseless footstep could cross the room and not disturb her if she slept. That low sweet voice never grated harshly on the sensitive ear of the invalid, and she learned to long for her coming as a captive for freedom. Fanny clung to her as a guardian angel; for from how many heartaches did Cora's presence save her! Margaret watched with her, and together they persuaded Laura to submit to an operation; and she requested that it might not be delayed.

But on Cora she leaned for support in the hour of trial, and, clasping her hand firmly, said that she was prepared. Faithful and true, that voice encouraged her through the trying moments. That slender arm supported her head, and seemed so strong; and until the bandages were removed from her eyes, still that slight form glided about to supply her bitter enemy's every want.

But at length Laura could see once more, and light had come, too, upon her darkened soul. Sitting one evening in Cora's little parlor, she glanced around with a look of admiration upon its plain furniture, its absence of luxury, and remembered the perfect content of its happy mistress. While she, surrounded by all that wealth could afford, had made herself and everything around

her wretched. Fanny had often dreamed of flying to Cora for shelter from bitter words and reproaches, and Clara had long since ceased to visit the sister from whose lessons she had learned to be that misguided thing, a worldly woman.

"You may well love Cora, Lewis," said Laura, as she saw how fondly he watched her every motion; "she seems to have the secret of exorcising evil spirits, and replacing them with good ones, besides being the best nurse, the best wife, and the most sunshiny soul that ever was on earth."

"Don't flatter me, Laura," said Cora, laughing, and giving Margaret's baby a toss that made the little creature clap its hands with delight. "Lewis told me once he thought he *had* married a banshee."

"He married what is as rare as a banshee," said Margaret, who had been sitting at Laura's side, knitting a tidy for the arm-chair her skillful fingers had embroidered to embellish Cora's little Eden. "He has the brightest jewel in the world, in a wife that can forgive, forget, and return, without even seeming to be aware of it, 'good for evil.'"

SPRING.

BY FANNY FALES.

SHE is with us! she is with us!
For I list her gentle sigh,
And her music tones of gladness,
Floating through the branches dry;
Now the south wind lifts the carpet
Spread beneath the forest old;
Waketh up the scented violet
From her bed of richest mould.

Softly trills the little sparrow,
Pecking seeds from out the sod;
And the robin, o'er me flying,
Lifts his anthem up to God.
To the dear old nest returneth,
Yet again, the bluebird bright—
To the hollow tree whence, yearly,
Azure birdlings wing their flight.

Now the brooklet is unfettered,
Swollen by the melted snow;
Shining like a thread of silver—
Singing through the vale below:
Tokens of the happy springtime,
On the hillside by the brook;
Emerald grasses, velvet mosses,
Smile from many a sunny nook.

On the cottage eaves alighting,
Swallows in the sunlight sing,
Filling all the air around me
With their joyous twittering.
O'er the deep blue upper ocean
Little white-winged barges fly;
Melting out, like fairy phantoms,
'Neath the Day-god's burning eye.

Sap is welling, leaf-buds swelling,
Springing towards their shining goal,
Bursting from their darkened dwelling,
Like the freed immortal soul.
Spring is with us! She is with us!
New life wakes in every vein;
Fresh hopes in my heart are welling,
As I welcome her again!

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

MRS. LINCOLN.

THE following letter (never before published) from MRS. MERCY WARREN to MRS. LINCOLN will be found interesting. Mrs. Lincoln was the eldest sister of Josiah Quincy, Jr., to whom allusion is made in the letter. Her husband, a brother of General Lincoln, died before the Revolution, and she resided, during the war, with her father, Josiah Quincy, at Braintree, now Quincy, in the mansion, now the summer residence, of President Quincy. One of her letters to her brother, Samuel Quincy, who left Boston with other loyalists, published in "Curwen's Memoirs" (page 562), is full of eloquence. She afterwards married Ebenezer Storer, of Boston, and died, at the age of ninety, in 1826, a few weeks after the decease of her early friend, John Adams. She was for many years a correspondent of Mrs. Adams, and a life-long friendship subsisted between them. They were often together at the family mansion at Quincy, where, in 1824, she welcomed Lafayette to her father's residence. The present Mrs. Quincy's mother, Mrs. Maria S. Morton, was there on that occasion. This lady had resided at Baskenridge, New Jersey, during a seven years exile from New York, where her husband, an eminent merchant, left part of his property, devoting the profits of the sale of the rest to the cause of American independence. He died during the war, leaving Mrs. Morton with six children. Washington and all his officers were frequent guests at her house, and some of the stirring incidents of the campaign in New Jersey occurred in her immediate neighborhood. She was born at Raub, on the banks of the Rhine, and lived to the age of ninety-three, passing the last twelve years with her daughter. She retained her powers to the last, and often beguiled the attention of President Quincy's children with the narrative of the times when, as he used to say, "the women were all heroines." She died at his residence at Cambridge.

PLYMOUTH, *June 3, 1775.*

DEAR MRS. LINCOLN: If the tenderest sympathy would be any alleviation to your sorrow, when mourning the death of a beloved brother, the ready hand of friendship should soon wipe the starting tear from your eye. Yet, while I wish to console the disappointed father, the weeping sister, and the still more afflicted wife, I cannot restrain the rising sigh within my swollen bosom, nor forbear to mix my tears with theirs, when I consider that, in your valuable brother, America has lost a warm, unshaken friend.[B] Deprived of his assistance when, to all human appearance, had his life been spared, he might have rendered his country very eminent service.

By these dark dispensations of Providence, one is almost led to inquire why the useful, the generous, the spirited patriot is cut off in the morning of his days, while the base betrayer of his country, the incendiary, who blows up the flames of civil discord to gratify his own mad ambition, and sports with the miseries of millions, is suffered to grow gray in iniquity.

But who shall say to the Great Arbiter of life and death, to the righteous Sovereign of the Universe, why hast thou done thus?

Not surely man, whose ideas are so circumscribed, and whose understanding can grasp so little of the Divine government, that we are lost at the threshold, and stand astonished at the displays of Almighty power and wisdom. But shall we not rely on Infinite goodness, however severe may be our chastisement, while in this militant state, not doubting that, when the ball of Time is wound up, and the final adjustment of the wise economy of the universe takes place, virtue, whether public or private, will be crowned with the plaudits of the best of beings; while the vicious man, immured in his cot, or the public plunderer of nations, who riots on the spoils of the oppressed and tramples on the rights of man, will reap the reward of his guilty deeds?

The painful anxiety expressed in your last letter for the complicated distresses of the inhabitants of Boston, is experienced, in a greater or less degree, by every heart which knows anything of the feelings of humanity. But He who is higher than the highest, and "seeth when there is oppression in the city," I trust will deliver us. He has already made a way for the escape of many, and if speedy vengeance does not soon overtake the wretched authors of their calamities, we must consider them as the scourge of God, designed for the correction of a favored people, who have been too unmindful of his goodness; and when they shall be aroused by affliction to a sense of virtue, which stimulated their worthy progenitors to brave the dangers of the sea, and the still greater horrors of traversing a barbarian coast, in quest of Freedom denied them on their native shore, the modern cankerworms will, with the locusts and other devourers which infested the nations of old, be swept, with the besom of destruction, from the face of the American World. [294]

I hope my friend will not again be obliged to leave her habitation for fear of the ravages of an unnatural foe; yet I think we must expect continual alarms through the summer, and happy will it be for the British Empire, of which America is a part, if this contest terminate then. But, whether it be a season of war or the sunshine of peace, whether in prosperity or affliction, be assured Mrs. Lincoln has ever the best wishes of her real friend,

———

REBECCA WILLIAMS.

One of the early adventurers in the Valley of Ohio River was Isaac Williams. After he became a resident of the West, he explored its recesses, traveling along the shores of the Mississippi to the turbid waters of the Missouri. In 1775, he married a youthful widow, Rebecca Martin, the daughter of Joseph Tomlinson, of Grave Creek. Her first husband had been a trader with the Indians, and was killed in 1770. She was born in 1754, on the banks of the Potomac, in Maryland, and removed to Grave Creek with her father's family in the first year of her widowhood. Since that time she had lived with her unmarried brothers, keeping house for them, and would remain alone in their dwelling while they were absent on hunting excursions. She was young and sprightly in disposition, and had little knowledge of fear. In the spring of 1774, she paid a visit to her sister, who had married a Mr. Baker, and resided upon the banks of the Ohio, opposite Yellow Creek. It was soon after the celebrated massacre of Logan's relatives at Baker's station. Rebecca made her visit, and prepared to return home as she had come, in a canoe alone, the distance being fifty miles. She left her sister's residence in the afternoon, and paddled her canoe till dark. Then, knowing that the moon would rise at a certain hour, she neared the land, leaped on shore, and fastened her craft to some willows that drooped their boughs over the water. She sought shelter in a clump of bushes, where she lay till the moon cleared the tree tops and sent a broad stream of light over the bosom of the river. Then, unfastening her boat, she stepped a few paces into the water to get into it. But, as she reached the canoe, she trod on something cold and soft, and stooping down discovered, to her horror, that it was a human body. The pale moonlight streamed on the face of a dead Indian, not long killed, it was evident, for the body had not become stiff. The young woman recoiled at first, but uttered no scream, for the instinct of self-preservation taught her that it might be dangerous. She went round the corpse, which must have been there when she landed, stepped into her bark, and reached the mouth of Grave Creek, without further adventure, early the next morning.

In the ensuing summer, one morning while kindling the fire, blowing the coals on her knees, she heard steps in the apartment, and, turning round, saw a very tall Indian standing close to her. He shook his tomahawk at her threateningly, at the same time motioning her to keep silence. He then looked around the cabin in search of plunder. Seeing her brother's rifle hanging on hooks over the fireplace, he seized it and went out. Rebecca showed no fear while he was present; but, immediately on his departure, left the cabin and hid herself in the standing corn till her brother came home.

Her second marriage was performed with a simplicity characteristic of the times. A traveling preacher, who chanced to come into the settlement, performed the ceremony at short notice, the bridegroom presenting himself in his hunting-dress, and the bride in short-gown and petticoat of homespun, the common wear of the country.

This Rebecca Williams afterwards became famous among the borderers of Ohio River for her medical skill, and the cure of dangerous wounds. She was with Elizabeth Zane at the siege of Fort Henry, at Wheeling, and there exercised the healing art for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. In 1777, the depredations and massacres of the Indians became so frequent that the settlement at Grave Creek was broken up. It was in a dangerous locality, being on the frontier, and lower down the river than any other.

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In December, 1777, when the British army was in possession of Philadelphia, and the Americans in winter quarters at Valley Forge, Major Tallmadge was stationed for some time between the two armies, with a detachment of cavalry, for the purpose of observation, and to circumscribe the range of the British foraging parties. The horses of his squad were seldom unsaddled, nor did they often remain all night in the same position, for fear of a visit from the enemy.

At one time the major was informed that a country girl had gone into Philadelphia with eggs, to obtain information. It is supposed she had been employed for that purpose by Washington himself. Desirous of seeing her, Tallmadge advanced towards the British lines, and dismounted at a small tavern called "The Rising Sun," within view of their outposts. In a short time, the young woman came from the city and entered the tavern. She communicated the intelligence she had gained to the major; but their conversation was interrupted by the alarm that the British light horse were approaching. Stepping to the door, Tallmadge saw them riding at full speed chasing in his patroles. No time was to be lost, and he threw himself on his horse. The girl besought him to protect her: he told her to mount behind him, which she did, and they rode three miles at full speed to Germantown. There was much firing of pistols during the ride, and now and then wheeling and charging; but the heroic damsel remained unmoved, nor uttered one expression of [295]
fear after she was on horseback. Tallmadge mentions her conduct with admiration in his journal.

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On the approach of winter, when the British army retired from the active service of the field, they were usually distributed, while in possession of Long Island, in the dwellings of the inhabitants within the lines. An officer, at first, visited each house, and, in proportion to its size,

chalked on the door the number of soldiers it must receive. The first notice the good hostess commonly had of this intrusion was the speech, "Madam, I am come to take a billet on your house." The best mansion was always reserved for the quarters of the officers. In this way were women forced into the society of British officers, and, in order to conciliate their good will and protection, would often invite them to tea, and show them other civilities.

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The "New London Gazette," dated November 20, 1776, states that several of the most respectable ladies in East Haddam, about thirty in number, had met at the house of J. Chapman, and, in four or five hours, husked about two hundred and forty bushels of corn. "A noble example," says the journal, "and necessary in this bleeding country, while their fathers and brothers are fighting the battles of the nation."

Lossing records a similar agreement on the part of the Boston women.

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The "New York Spectator," April 13th, 1803, forty-seven years old, announces the arrival in New York of Mrs. Deborah Gannett, the "Deborah Samson" whose memoir appeared in a former number of the "Lady's Book." It says: "This extraordinary woman served three years in the army of the United States, and was at the storming of Yorktown under General Hamilton, serving bravely, and as a good soldier. Her sex was unknown and unsuspected, until, falling sick, she was sent to the hospital, and a disclosure became necessary. We understand this lady intends publishing her memoirs, and one or more orations which she has delivered in public upon patriotic subjects. She, last year, delivered an oration in the Theatre at Boston, which excited great curiosity and did her much credit."

This curious confirmation of the account given of her in the memoir alluded to should be a sufficient answer to the ill-natured criticism of the "*London Athenæum*," which, reviewing "The Women of the American Revolution," endeavors to throw discredit on the whole story, by ridiculing it as utterly improbable and romantic, though the critic does not bring proof to controvert a single statement, nor assign any ground for his doubt but "we surmise."

HOME; OR, THE COT AND TREE.

BY ROBERT JOHNSON.

I KNOW a cot, beneath whose eave
  There is a hawthorn tree,
Where playmates young were wont to weave
  Spring's earliest flowers for me:
That old familiar cot and tree,
  The oaken bench and shade,
Are ever present now with me
  As when we met and played.

Beneath that ancient tree and cot
  We lisped our earliest prayer,
And ours was then the happiest lot,
  Blest by a mother's care;
Those gentle looks and tones still live—
  Though time that group has riven—
As when we said "Father forgive,"
  As we would be forgiven.

Home is a spot where memory clings,
  As by a spell, through life;
For there's a voice whose tone still brings
  Joy mid the world's dark strife:
We launch youth's bark and trim the sail,
  Life's ocean o'er to roam,
But that same voice, throughout the gale,
  Is whispering still of home.

Ask him, with sickness sore oppressed,
  Who cheered his hope when dim,
He'll tell you *she*, in whose loved breast
  Glowed sympathy for him:
The soothing voice, the gentle tread,
  And ever silent prayer,
The pillow smoothed to ease the head—
All tell a mother's care.

Ask him who, on the ocean dark,
In unknown seas did roam,
When first he spied the nearing bark,
If he thought not of home?
He'll tell of thoughts that thrilled his heart
While bounding o'er the wave;
The joys that none but home impart
Lent courage to the brave.

He thought of her, his early choice,
The parting hour, the sigh,
The hand that pressed, the trembling voice,
Sad face, and tearful eye;
And while he walks the deck at night,
He ever sees that star
Whose beam reflects where joys more bright
Still win him from afar.

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[296]

COUNTRY CHARACTERS.

THE LAST OF THE TIE-WIGS.

BY JARED AUSTIN.

One of my earliest village reminiscences is a vision of old Captain Garrow, in his old-fashioned, square-skirted coat, plush shorts, silk stockings, shoe buckles, and, to crown the whole, his venerable tie-wig. He was a character, the captain. He was a relic of a past age, an antique in perfect preservation, a study for a novelist or historian. Born in Massachusetts before the rebel times, he had taken an active part in the Revolution; served as commissary, for which his education as a trader had qualified him; and the rank of captain which was attached to the office had given him the title he bore in his old age. When the war was over, his savings (very moderate, indeed, they were, for the captain was as honest as daylight) were invested in a stock of what used to be called English goods, but what are now, through the increase of manufactures in our own country, denominated dry goods; I think it rather fortunate for our village that the worthy captain pitched upon it for his residence, and for the sale of his well-selected English goods. His strict old-fashioned notions of commercial honor and punctuality gave a tone to the whole trade of the place, which lasted for a long time. His modest shop was a pattern of neatness and economy. His punctual attendance at all hours, his old bachelor gallantry to the lady customers, and his perfect urbanity to all, furnished an example to younger traders; while his stiff adherence to the "one price" system, while it saved the labor and vexation of chaffering, gave a stability to his establishment which made it respectable in the view of all sensible people.

Worthy Captain Garrow! well do I remember you at the meridian of your glory, the head "merchant" of our village, the acknowledged *arbiter elegantiarum* in all matters of chintz and linen, and lace and ribbons, and all the *et ceteras* of ladies' goods. Your opinion was law; for you were known to be the soul of honor, and your word in all engagements was reckoned as good as another man's bond.

But, in an evil hour, an invasion of Goths and Vandals came down upon us in the shape of cheap English goods' merchants. They inundated the place with gaudy, worthless trash at half price, gave unlimited credit, sold at almost any price you would offer, and seemed only anxious to have all the villagers' names in their books, and to double the consumption of English goods. The consequence was that the thoughtless part of the population deserted the worthy captain's shop, [297] which henceforward received the custom only of the old steady-going people. His ancient-looking wooden tenement, with its weather-beaten sign, was put out of all countenance by the new brick stores, and flaring gilt signs, and plate glass windows of his rivals. The captain, however, foreseeing the result, bore it all with a dignity and quiet worthy of his character. He "guessed" that the importers in Boston and New York were destined to suffer at a future day; and so it turned out; for, after charging many thousand dollars in their books to people who were not very punctual about payment, his rivals, one by one, all failed; their stocks were sold out by the sheriff, and their book debts were handed over to the lawyers by assignees.

After the lapse of a few months, a new swarm of cheap merchants succeeded them, with precisely the same result. Meantime, the captain kept the noiseless tenor of his way, and maintained the original character of his own modest establishment. He had grown rich, but exhibited none of the airs of a presumptuous millionaire. He was too dignified to be insolent.

Well do I remember, on a certain day, when the captain, now quite an old man, was near the close of his career, calling at his shop with my cousin Caroline, commissioned by her mother to purchase with ready money a piece of Irish linen. When she had examined the captain's stock, and was about to make a purchase, she happened casually to remark that Irish linen was sold sometimes at a lower price.

"O yes, my dear," answered the captain—he always called a lady, old or young, "my dear"—"O yes; you can buy Irish linen over the way, where the big sign is, for less money. They will sell it to you, I dare say, at half price, and cheat you at that. But their goods are not like mine. They will generally take less than they ask you at first; but I never have but one price. I was bred a merchant before chaffering came into fashion. You can go and trade with them if you like, however."

Poor Caroline, who had not been aware of the captain's weak point, hastened to apologize, concluded her purchase, and was careful in future to respect the captain's sensitiveness on the subject of cheap goods.

Ere I left my native village to become a wanderer over the wide world, the captain had been gathered to his fathers. Having no relatives, he directed the executors of his will to apply his handsome fortune to the establishment of an asylum for orphans, which still remains a monument of his sterling goodness and public spirit.

TO A. E. B., OR HER WHO UNDERSTANDS IT

BY ADALIZA CUTTER.

DEAREST, my sad and lonely breast
  Is full to-night of thoughts of thee,
And as the tired dove seeks its nest,
  With its dear little ones to be,
E'en thus my weary spirit turns
To thee, for whom it fondly yearns,
  And flies unfettered o'er the sea:
Upon thy breast it folds its wing,
And there its sweetest song doth sing.

I am thinking of those twilight hours
  When, hand in hand, we used to rove;
When little birds in sylvan bowers
  Awoke the echoes of the grove;
When flowers closed up their dewy eyes,
And o'er us arched those cloudless skies,
  Smiling upon our mutual love:
And oh, my heart doth sadly yearn
For hours that may no more return!

More and more sadly, day by day,
  I miss thy gentle loving tone,
And long to soar far, far away,
  To meet once more my loved, my own.
I sit to-night with tearful eye
Fixed on that star in yonder sky;
  But oh, it shines on me alone!
For she who watched its pale soft beam

With me, has gone like some bright dream.

I sometimes take my lute to sing
  The simple songs we loved so well;
But when I touch each quivering string,
  Sad, mournful sounds arise and swell;
For she whose presence could inspire
My heart with such poetic fire
  Has kissed her last, her sad farewell
Upon my cheek, and left me here
To shed alone the silent tear.

I take my books; but bard and sage
  Have half their beauty lost for me,
And tears fall fast upon the page
  That I so oft have read with thee.
And then I throw those books aside,
While faster still the tear drops glide,
  That by my side thou canst not be.
Poor heart, be still, nor sigh in vain
For joys that may not come again!

Where, where art thou? Oh, well I know
  What joy my presence would impart!
What rapture in thine eye would glow
  To clasp me to thy loving heart!
For in that noble heart of thine
Beats the same love that throbs in mine;
  Nor time shall bid that love depart.
Meet me in Heaven! my heart's warm prayer,
I *love thee here*—I'll *love thee there!*

THE JUDGE; A DRAMA OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.
(Concluded from page 245.)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Rose Hill. The garden before* PROF. OLNEY'S *house*. YOUNG HENRY BOLTON *and* ISABELLE; *she is weeping*. TIME *morning*.

HENRY BOLTON (*aside*).
I cannot leave her in this agony,
  (*looks at his watch,*)
And yet the hour is nearly out. O Time!
Turn back thy sands! take months from out my life
For moments spared me now. I cannot leave her.
(*To her.*) Dear Isabelle, be comforted; I'll go
And tell my father this sad tale you've told me.
Fear not; he has a soul of nobleness—
He will consent; and, when you are my wife,
You'll have a host of friends.

ISABELLE.
  No! no! dear Henry;
This must not, cannot be. I've given my word
To him who hitherto I deemed my father,
And who has been a father in his care—
He's dying now—that I will take his charge,
Will teach his pupils, and insure a home
To his poor wife and Alice, whom I love
As an own sister. They gave me a home,
Else I had been cast off e'en as the weed
Is cast to perish. No! I must be firm;
My duty is made plain; I must stay here.

HENRY BOLTON.
Oh! say not so, dear Isabelle! be mine.

Would you waste youth, and health, and loveliness
In this unthankful and laborious life?
No! no! It must not be; I will provide
For these.

ISABELLE.

Oh, Henry, torture me not thus
Forcing my heart to strive against my soul.
Your generous love but humbles me the more.
Do not mistake me: 'tis not pride, but duty,
That tells me we must part—and part for ever.

HENRY BOLTON.

And you say this to me! You never loved me—
While I have given to you my heart, soul, mind—
Made you the idol of my earthly hopes,
My dream of angel-blessedness above!
You never loved me!

ISABELLE (*weeping*).

Ah! it may be best
That you should thus believe—should doubt my love.
Tis but another grief for me to bear;
And I had rather suffer than inflict
A pang on you. But, Henry, if I were
An heiress, with a fortune and a name,
And friends to love and flatter me—I'd speak
Of my heart's love for you: I cannot now—
A nameless, homeless, and forsaken child.
Oh! let me be forgiven if I keep
The station heaven appointed me—alone!
Some must be sufferers in this world of care—
Victims for others, wearing out their lives,
Like the poor Greenlanders, in night and winter.
But God will strengthen all to bear their lot,
If patiently they take the burden up.
(*Weeping bitterly.*)

HENRY BOLTON.

This must not, shall not be, dear Isabelle;
Hear reason, if you will not love. Last night
A vile attempt was made to burn this house,
And carry you away. Dare you live here,
When there'll be none to guard you? Isabelle,
You must be mine at once—give me the right
To keep you, like a jewel, in my bosom,
Where not an eye but loves you shall behold you.
Oh! say you will be mine.

ISABELLE.

It would be vain:
Your father never would consent. A year
You've promised him to wait—and, ere that time
Is passed, you may forget the nameless girl.

HENRY BOLTON.

I will not wait a day. My word was passed
When I believed this home of yours was safe
Now—not a day. I go to ask my father.
If he refuses me, I leave his house.
I am of age to answer for myself.

ISABELLE (*calmly*).

Oh! not for me and mine must this be done:
You must not leave your home and friends for me.
Your future would be marred for ever, Henry
No! leave me to the care of Providence.

HENRY BOLTON.

Dear Isabelle, with you I have the world.
I'll hire two cottages together, love—
And we'll have one—your friends shall have the other.
The garden-plots shall join, and you and Alice
May have the flowers in partnership, as here.
The flower of love will bloom spontaneously

Beneath your smiles—and fortune's smiles I win
In winning yours. Come with me to your father,
The good and honest Olney. He will consent.
[*Exeunt into the house. Scene, closes.*

SCENE II.—*The drawing-room at* JUDGE BOLTON'S.

Enter JUDGE BOLTON.

JUDGE.

The day of destiny for me has come!
Strange how the aspect of the outer world
Changes beneath the changes of the soul!
This morning is a glorious one to sense!
But Hope, the sun that lights the inner man,
And warms the mind to noble energy,
Giving the will its giant power to sweep
The clouds of doubt and dark distrust away,
Even as the risen sun the morning mists—
Hope comes not to my soul!
(*Enter* REV. PAUL GODFREY.)
Ah! Godfrey, welcome!
You look as you had brought her in your heart,
This truant Hope, to render her to me.
I never felt the worth of friends till now.
My life has been one long unclouded day.
I had almost forgotten my dependence
On Him who sends the sunshine as the storm.

GODFREY.

A dangerous state. The Bible tells us, truly,
That "They who have no changes fear not God."
And fear is the beginning of our love,
And love brings trust, and trust true confidence—
Not in our own deserts, or powers, or wealth,
But confidence, if we pursue the good
With firm resolve, that all will work for good.
This, the true wisdom, man but seldom learns,
Except 'tis taught him by adversity.
Thank God that this, your trial, has not come
As punishment of your misdeeds—but sent,
As 'twere, like Job's of old, to try your faith
In truth and justice and God's righteousness!
Keep your integrity—all will be well.
Enter DR. MARGRAVE *hastily.*

DR. MARGRAVE

Joy! joy!—the clue is found!

JUDGE.

What? Where's the child?

DR. MARGRAVE

The child! Inquire for the young lady now—
For such, I trust, you'll find your Isabelle.
I've seen the nurse who carried her away:
'Twas she who sent for me—that dying woman.
Let doctors take encouragement from this,
That in their duties they will gain rewards.

JUDGE.

But Isabelle, my ward—where is she now?

DR. MARGRAVE

I'd leave my bed again to-night to seek her,
Only it would be groping in the dark.
Pray, do not look so sad—we'll find her yet;
I have the clue, here is the deposition—
I took it from the dying woman's lips.
She died an hour ago. She hither came
To find you out and own her crime.

JUDGE.

The child—
Where did she leave her?

DR. MARGRAVE

Have a moment's patience.
The woman said she did not dare to carry
The child among her kindred at the West;
They would have found the imposition out,
As Isabelle resembled not her daughter.
And so the woman traveled to Virginia,
And there, with a kind family, she left
The orphan to her fate.

JUDGE.

With whom?

DR. MARGRAVE

The name
She has forgotten—but she left a token,
Half of this severed chain (*takes out half a necklace*), with "Isabelle"
Engraven, as this has "De Vere" upon it.

JUDGE. (*snatching the chain*).

Ah! this was Isabelle's—her mother's, too!
This is a clue indeed. I'll go at once
To seek her out and find the other half.

GODFREY (*taking it out*).

'Tis here. And thus may Truth be ever found
By all who seek her earnestly, and wait
Her advent in the time and way appointed!
The way is righteousness—the time is God's.

JUDGE.

I am confounded by these miracles.
Explain—where did you find this precious token?

GODFREY

'Twas given me by Professor Olney—he
It was who took the little Isabelle
And reared her as his own.

JUDGE.

What Isabelle?
That daughter of the pedagogue my son
Is seeking for his wife?

GODFREY

The very same.
And Romeo did not love his Juliet more
Than your son loves this charming Isabelle;
And she, like Juliet, loves him in return.

JUDGE.

Thank Heaven for this!
(*Enter* HENRY BOLTON.)
Ah! here he comes! Now, Henry, [300]
What says your lady-love? Is she inclined
To trust your constancy for one long year?

HENRY BOLTON.

I cannot wait the term; and I have come
To ask your pardon, and retract my word.
Isabelle has no home; Professor Olney
Is not her father.

JUDGE.

Ay, I've heard the story.
And you resign her now?

HENRY BOLTON.

Not while I live!
I mean to marry her at once—to-day;
Before this only father she has known
Is dead:—he will die soon.

JUDGE.

Wed her! this unknown!
Ah! Henry, this to me! Why, you are mad!

HENRY BOLTON.
My father, I have told you my resolve;
You've heard me own my love for Isabelle;
To have your approbation of my choice
Would fill my cup of earthly happiness;
But I shall marry her e'en though the act
Bring banishment from you.

JUDGE.
You promised, Henry,
To wait a year.

HENRY BOLTON.
And so I would have done.
To gain your favor, I would suffer this
Delay and cross of love. But now I feel
That duty, honor, manly sentiment
Compel me to the side of Isabelle.
She is alone; I must and will protect her.

JUDGE.
She has no name.

HENRY BOLTON.
She shall have mine: a name
My father has made honorable.

JUDGE.
Henry,
You have no fortune. How support your wife?

HENRY BOLTON.
I'll work. I have been flattered for my talents,
But never yet have had an aim or motive
To test their worth and energy. I'll work.
The rich man's son may live in idleness,
The great man's son reflects his father's light,
And thus their genius and their noblest powers
Are often unemployed, obscured, and lost.
'Tis better I should have to make my way;
And with my guiding angel, Isabelle,
And the example of my noble father,
I surely shall succeed.

GODFREY.
Give me your hand.
You are God's noblest work, an honest man;
True to the witness your own spirit bears;
And so does every man's, would they but hear
And follow as you do—that worth is won,
And not inherited. 'Tis circumstance
That makes the difference in our mortal lot;
And Providence arranges this at will.
How kind the lot that gives you Isabelle!

JUDGE.
My son! my son! may you be worthy of her,
And love her alway. Know she is the one
That, in your boyhood, was your "little wife!"
The Isabelle De Vere we mourned as dead.
You stand amazed; but all shall be explained.

HENRY BOLTON.
Oh, let me go and tell her!

GODFREY.
I'll go with you:
And, as we go, will make the mystery plain.

JUDGE.
And bring her here. Order the carriage, Henry,
And bring her home with you. Tell her I long

To fold her to my heart and call her daughter.
[*Exit* Young Bolton *and* Godfrey.

Dr. Margrave.
How strangely and how wisely Providence
Directs the course of life! How oft we see
That bitter medicine was kindly given.
Had Isabelle remained your ward, brought up
With Henry here, they might, indeed, have married;
But never would have felt such certainty
Of true, unbribed affection as will be
The blessing and the memory of their life.

Dennis *and* Michael *are heard singing as they enter.*

Dennis *and* Michael (*song*)
The rogue and the ruffian love darkness and night,
But we will go forth when the morning is bright,
And the joy of the world shall the happiness be
Of Dennis O'Blarney and Michael Magee.

Dennis (*seeing the* Judge).
Bless your honor's house—the rogues are taken.

Michael.
They've taken Captain Pawlett and another.

Dennis.
The other murdering villain entered here.

Michael.
The officers are coming now to search.

(*As the* Officers *enter, the report of a pistol is heard.* Lucy Bolton *and the maid* Ruth *rush in.*)

Judge (*catching* Lucy *in his arms*).
What is it, Lucy? What has happened, bird?

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Lucy.
Oh, father, he is killed!

Judge.
Who? who?

Lucy.
Frederick!
He's shot himself, and in his mother's room. Oh!
(*Shrieks and faints.*)

Dr. Margrave.
I'll go and see what can be done.
[*Exit* Margrave *and the* Officers.

Judge.
Lucy!
She is reviving! Quick, give me the cup.
Here, drink, my love; the water will revive you.
Nay, do not speak; be silent and be calm.
The angels, as they watch this guilty world,
See every day such sights of wretchedness
Think of the angels in that world of joy,
Where Death can never enter. Do not weep.
Ah, yes! you are a mortal and a woman,
And tears of pitying grief for other's woes
Are human offerings Heaven will ne'er reject.
Weep for Belinda's sorrow; weep for her.

Re-enter Dr. Margrave.

Dr. Margrave.
'Tis over! He has gone to his account.

Judge.
Where human judgment never may intrude.
We'll leave him to the One who reads the heart,

And knows its wants, and woes, and weaknesses.
Lord, keep us from temptation!—this should be
The daily prayer of all—with thankfulness
For daily blessings given—and here come mine.

Enter Godfrey, *followed by* Young Bolton *and* Isabelle.

Godfrey (*to the* Judge).
We bring you the lost pleiad of your heart.

Henry Bolton.
My father, Isabelle.

Judge.
And yours, my daughter!
(*Embracing her.*)
Come to my arms, my long-lamented child;
I welcome thee as one restored from death.
This house and all I've called mine own are yours,
And now shall be restored.

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Isabelle.
Dear father, no
But take me as your own, and let me live
Thus in the warmth and light of this dear home:
I shall be rich, beyond my wildest dreams.
I only wished for wealth to give away
To those I loved, and those who were in need.
And now the world o'erflows with happiness.
I am so rich in friends and hopes, I feel
Half fearful it will prove a fairy tale;
It seems too sweet for earth.

Madame Belcour *rushes in, her hair disheveled, followed by attendants.*

Madame Belcour.
He's dead! he's dead! I've murdered him! He's dead!
My falsehood poisoned him; and so he died.
He did not kill himself! Say not a word.
My heart and brain are both on fire! His blood
Is here, and here! (*Sees* Isabelle.) Oh, save me! save me now!
She's come to witness here against my soul!
You cannot see her; she is like an angel!
I know her well! She's there! Begone! begone!
(*Faints exhausted on the stage. Attendants raise her.*)

Judge.
Poor broken-hearted mother! Bear her in,
And tenderly. Her mind is quite o'erthrown.
[Madame Belcour *carried in by the attendants.*

Dr. Margrave.
These alternations make the sum of life:
Thus sorrow treads upon the steps of joy.
A bridal here; and from the neighboring door
Comes forth a funeral tram.

Godfrey.
And both are well.
We live to die, and die to live again;
And evermore the day succeeds the night.
And those who see the sunshine on their path
May walk in soberness and yet be glad.

Judge.
The cloud conceals, but never dims the star;
And Youth and Happiness will twine their wreath
Even on Thalia's brow. My children, come;
It is my birthday; all our friends are here,
And they return our smile of thankful joy
That Isabelle is found. Our task is done;
And, if approved by you, our cause is won.

END OF THE PLAY.

SUSAN CLIFTON OR, THE CITY. AND THE COUNTRY.

BY PROFESSOR AIDEN.
(Continued from page 250.)

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER a partial recovery from the fatigues of the journey to the homestead, Mr. Richard Clifton appeared to be much improved in health, and strong hopes were entertained that his recovery would be complete. He manifested the proper showings of regret for the loss of his companion, though he had felt towards her none of that ardor of affection, and had enjoyed with her none of those felicities which had mingled in his visions of domestic life before he had become a prosperous man of the world. It was sad to have death enter his dwelling; it was sad to be left with no one whom he could call his own. Some of that loneliness which had long preyed upon him was, perhaps, unconsciously set to the loss of her who had filled but a small place in his heart, though she had been the wife of his bosom for a score of years, and had found in him all she expected in a husband; perhaps it would be scarce too much to say—all she desired.

In a few days, he was able to leave his chamber and sit with the family, though his feeble step and sunken eye contrasted strangely with the proud bearing which he exhibited but a few weeks before.

Susan devoted herself to his care, and his attachment for her seemed to increase daily. While her father was busy with the labors of the farm, and her mother was occupied with household cares, she talked with him, read to him, sung to him, and in every way strove to make the time pass pleasantly, and to woo back to his veins the tide of health.

For a time there was an encouraging prospect of success, but the prospect was soon overcast. After the first rallying, he remained stationary for a time, and then began, almost imperceptibly, to decline. The cough, that grew more and more distinct and hollow, and profuse night sweats, awoke the most anxious solicitude on the part of his loving friends. Susan had, from the first, feared that he would not recover; but she had given no expression to her fears. Her father had entertained the most confident hopes, till the symptoms above noticed forced upon him the conviction that his brother was passing to the tomb. The faithful physician could not lessen that painful conviction. If the air of the country and careful nursing could not raise the patient, the case was hopeless. The soft breezes of autumn, and the ministerings of pure affection, seemed to be in vain.

"Brother," said Richard, one morning, "I should be glad to have you sit with me to-day, if your business will permit. If you should suffer a little loss thereby, it will be abundantly made up to you before long."

This was the first allusion he had made to the probable result of his disease. A tear stood in every eye, but no word was spoken, except in reply to his request.

"I will make arrangements in course of half an hour," said Henry, "that will allow me to be with you."

He did so, and from that hour was seldom absent from his brother's side.

"What has become of Harry Ford?" said Richard as they were sitting in the warm sunlight in the piazza, where they used to sit together long years ago. Autumn was creeping on apace, but the air was still bland and balmy. Harry was one of their early and most intimate playmates—a fine, cheerful, open-hearted boy, whose parents were the practical advocates of "the let-alone, do-nothing policy," in regard to education. Still, to the surprise of many, Harry conducted himself well in boyhood, and gave promise of becoming a worthy man.

"Harry Ford," replied Henry, "died a few years ago in the poor-house."

"Died in the poor-house! How came that to pass?"

"He became very intemperate, and, of course, very poor; and, in his last days, he was so abusive to his family, that they were obliged to send him to the poor-house."

"Whom did he marry?"

"Jane Sullivan. You remember her?"

"Yes, very well; though I do not know that I have thought of her for twenty years. I remember we used to sit near each other in school, and I could never whisper to her without causing her to blush."

"She has led a very unhappy life. Harry's prospects were good when she married him, but he soon joined an infidel club in the next town, and his course was then rapidly downwards till it ended in the drunkard's grave."

"Jane was a lovely girl; next to"—. It was in his mind to say—next to Margaret Gray, she was the finest girl in school. "What has become of James Rogers?"

"He lives in the southern part of the township. He is poor, and lives by days' work. He has a large family, and has had a great deal of sickness in it; but he is one of the happiest men I know. He is poor in this world's goods, but is rich towards God."

"He appeared to be one of the most promising young men in the place, when I left it." [303]

"He was; and, for a while, he was very successful in the business in which he was engaged, but a reverse overtook him, and he lost all. He paid all his debts, and since then has been very poor."

"A hard case!"

"He has often expressed joy at his failure."

"Is he insane?"

"By no means. This failure was the means of securing a title to a more enduring inheritance."

"Is Amy Brace living?"

"Yes. She is also poor. Her husband is a well-meaning, but most inefficient man."

"All my old acquaintances seem to be poor."

"None have been prospered in this world as my brother has. There are some who are comfortably well off, and a few who have an undoubted title to the riches of eternity."

The rich man sighed deeply, but made no reply. After a long interval of silence, he remarked—

"Life has been, to most of us, a very different thing from what we expected."

"You have realized your expectations as to wealth."

"Yes; but if I had my life to live over again, I would not pay the price at which I gained it. I have never been happy, but only preparing to be so. Sickness has come, and death is coming! What has all my life been worth? The few hours that I have spent with your family this summer have been almost the only happy ones I have passed for years, and they gave me almost as much pain as pleasure, by making me feel that I had thrown away my life."

"It is not too late to repair, in part, your error."

"I cannot live my life over again. Oh that I could!"

The emotion with which these words were uttered so deeply affected Henry, that, for a moment, he could not speak. Hope sprung up in his heart that the seed sown in early life, by a pious father's hand, might, though long buried beneath the cares of the world, spring up and bear fruit ere the winter of death should come.

"You cannot," said he, "undo what you have done; but you can repent and receive the pardon of Him before whom we must all shortly stand."

"I am too proud, too hard-hearted, to repent. I have delayed it, or rather, refused to do it, too long. I feel exhausted, and must retire to my room."

He rose, and, leaning on the arm of his brother, Went to his apartment. That brother retired to pour out his heart in prayer for the prodigal who gave such hopeful indications of coming to himself.

CHAPTER XVII.

For a day or two subsequent to the conversation recorded in the last chapter, the invalid was unable to leave his room. He seemed desirous of being left alone. Henry was earnest in the hope that he was communing with his own heart. When he again joined the family, it was with a paler countenance, and yet there was an expression of peace resting upon it, that led to the hope that he was beginning to contemplate without dread the great change that was before him. He listened with attention as his brother spoke of matters relating to the unseen world, and asked questions which could be prompted only by an inquiring spirit. Still he avoided any further expression of his feelings.

One evening, Horace Larned called to see Susan. She compelled him, as it were, to spend half an hour in the society of her uncle, who scanned his features with interest, and asked him a few courteous questions, and was greatly pleased with the directness and manliness of his replies. When Horace and Susan had withdrawn, he remarked to Henry—

"That young man is engaged to Susan?"

"He is."

"I like him. He appears well. I like him for his mother's sake. I wrote to her, offering to assist him in his education, but the offer was declined, and the money returned. Why was it? Does she retain a prejudice against me?"

"I presume not. She is at peace with all mankind, and with her Maker. The young man has a very independent, self-relying spirit. Probably he dictated the letter you received."

"Was that before he was engaged to Susan?"

"When did you write her?"

"Immediately after my return to the city."

"They were not engaged then, at least not in form."

"As things now are, would he refuse to receive aid from me?"

"I do not know. Susan can probably tell."

"I must speak with her on the subject."

The next time he was left alone with Susan, he said—

"Susan, my dear daughter, for so I must call you, though you would not give me leave to do so, I wish to do something for young Larned."

Susan made no reply, except by a crimson blush.

"Pardon me for speaking so abruptly. I have not a great while to stay with you, and I must say what I have to say directly and without preface."

"That is the way in which I would have every one speak to me," said Susan.

"There is nothing which I can do for your welfare and happiness which I do not desire to do. My property will soon be of no value to me, for I shall shortly be in my grave. I wish to know if you cannot devise some way by which I can assist young Larned in his education. Set your wits to work, and, having succeeded, inform me. I am growing faint, and shall require assistance to be enabled to reach my room."

Susan called her father, who was at hand, and, supported by them both, the invalid succeeded in reaching his room. He then fainted quite away. Susan was greatly alarmed, as she had never before seen one in a state of temporary insensibility. So perfect an image of death could not be witnessed for the first time without agitation and even terror. By a prompt application of [304]
remedies, consciousness was soon restored. He was feeble and dispirited, and Susan remained by his bedside. Unable or disinclined to engage in conversation, he pointed to the Bible. She read to him. He listened with interest, and when she paused would request her to proceed. She read till the shadows of evening rendered it necessary for her to lay aside the volume.

"There is much there," said he, "that I do not comprehend."

"Is there not much there that you can comprehend, and much that you can believe, though it transcend your comprehension? Do you find any difficulty in understanding this assertion, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life?'"

"I believe it. I do not doubt the truth of any declaration of the Bible; but there is an air of unreality about the truths which prevents my acting as I should, if I really felt them to be true. I find that, in order to believe, one needs to have the heart of a little child. My heart is soiled, and hardened, and chilled by the devotion of my life to the world. I would that I could become a child again!"

"That very desire indicates that you are approaching the temper of mind which will authorize you to rely on the Divine promises."

"Do you think so? Do not encourage me to hope unless you are sure you are authorized to do so. Do you believe that one who has given himself for a lifetime to the world, to the pursuit of that which he must leave behind him when he enters another world—do you believe that one who has been so unwise and so wicked can recover what he has wilfully, not to say willingly, lost?"

"I do not think that one can, strictly speaking, recover what he has lost. That is, he cannot be what he would have been, if he had rightly employed his time and advantages. The hours that are passed can never be recalled, nor the particular blessings of which they might have been ministers. Still, provision is made for those who have pursued the course you have described—provision whereby they may be made partakers of the Divine mercy."

"But, in order that one may be a partaker of that mercy, he must have a peculiar temper of mind. His heart must be delivered from the hardness induced by a lifetime of neglect of duty. I am far from possessing that temper."

"Your consciousness of want is a hopeful sign. Let me, my dear uncle, presume to offer you advice. Do not strive to bring your mind into a condition which you imagine will render you an appropriate object of the Divine mercy, but go at once to your Heavenly Father and tell him all your faults, and all your difficulties, and all your wants. A sense of need is all the preparation that is necessary for our approach to him. It was this sense of need that induced the prodigal to arise and go to his father. The manner in which he was received teaches us in what manner our Heavenly Father will receive us."

Richard Clifton listened to the words of that young girl with more interest than he had ever listened to the report of the most successful voyage. He was not in the least displeased at being compared to the prodigal son. He determined at once to follow the advice so simply and

affectionately given. He closed his eyes and concentrated the energies of his soul in mental prayer. The truths of the Bible were no longer to him dim and unreal. They were distinct realities. He felt that it was no vague desires and indefinite longings to which he was giving expression in order to relieve his feelings. He was conscious of offering petitions to a Being who was near at hand and not afar off.

The effort of mind and heart thus put forth was exhausting to his feeble frame. It was followed by a quiet slumber. When Susan perceived that he slept, she stole softly from the room, and hastened to acquaint her father with her hopes respecting the preparation which her uncle was making for his last journey.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Richard Clifton awoke from that slumber, an expression of calmness rested upon his countenance. It was plain that deep despondency was no longer pressing upon his heart. His strength slightly increased, so that, on a very mild day for the season, the brothers once more sat beneath the walnut which had shaded their sports in childhood. The direction which was given to their conversation by Richard was most gratifying to his brother. They spoke of the blessed example and pious teachings of their sainted father. Henry was astonished to find how deeply those teachings had been engraven on his brother's memory. The toils and cares of a life spent in neglect of them had not obliterated them. The interest with which he dwelt upon them led to the hope that they had now something more than a place in his memory.

"Is it not too much to believe," said Richard, in the course of their conversation, "that one whose manner of life has been so different from his"—alluding to their father—"should leave the world in peace and meet him in a better one?"

"We are to believe the declarations of Holy Writ—its promises as well as its denunciations."

"True, that is the only thing that can enable one to look into the narrow house without a shudder. How mistaken are those who suppose life is not lost, provided there is peace at its close! I have hope for the future; but I still feel that I have lost my life."

Henry's heart was too full to allow him to make any reply to his brother's declaration.

"We have passed many happy days in our youth under the shade of this tree. We shall never sit together here again." [305]

"We may."

"I am nearer the close of my journey than you are aware. I am warned by a feeling here," laying his hand on his heart, "to regard every day as my last."

"It gives me inexpressible joy to hear you speak thus composedly respecting the trying hour."

"Brother, I should like to see Margaret Gray before I die." A smile was upon his countenance as he spoke thus, but deep earnestness in his tones.

"I will go and see her, and make known your request. She will not fail to grant it, I am sure."

"Tell her I wish to see her as Margaret Gray. Help me now to my room, when I have taken one more view of this scene, from which I do so earnestly wish I had never departed."

He gazed for some moments on the landscape which had delighted his youthful vision, and entered the dwelling with a tear in his eye and a smile upon his lips. Henry repaired at once to the lone dwelling of the widow, and made known to her his brother's request.

"I never expected to meet him again in this world. I cannot disoblige him; nor would I fail to comply with his wishes; and yet I had rather not meet him."

"He has but a few days to live. You have forgiven him; and I trust He, to whom we must all look for forgiveness, has done the same."

"If that be the case, I shall be glad to meet him. I supposed he had chosen his portion, and that it would be said of him, as of the rich man of old, 'Son, thou hast had thy good things;' and yet I could never fully believe that the child of so many prayers, the child of so faithful a father, could perish at last; though I know that to his own Master must each one stand or fall—that each one must give account of himself to God. I will go with you at once."

When Mrs. Larned entered the room in which Richard Clifton was lying upon a sofa, being too feeble to rise, he lifted up his voice and wept. He extended his hand, which was taken in silence by Mrs. Larned, who sat down by his side and wept with him.

"Margaret," said he—the word caused her to start as though a sword had pierced her—"you have come to forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive. It is long since I had anything laid up against any human being. I pitied you, and prayed for you; but I never had anything laid up against you."

"I have always done you the justice to think so. I knew you were incapable of cherishing unkindness towards any one, however unkindly you may have been treated. You have been happy, and I have not. Do you remember the time we last walked together by the streamlet that

flows from the rock spring?"

"I do."

"I enjoyed more happiness in that walk than I have enjoyed in the possession of all my wealth."

"I should be ungrateful if I were to say that I have not been happy; though I have had many trials. I learned long ago not to look for happiness here, but to prepare for it hereafter."

"You have been what men call poor; but you have been far richer than I have been. You have had treasures of the heart. You did not marry till you had a heart which you loved as Margaret Gray was capable of loving; and you have a noble boy."

"Richard Clifton is still, in part at least, what he once was!"

"You believed me changed into stone, or a bale of goods?"

"I certainly believed you changed. I supposed that you had taught your heart to love that alone which you had made the chief object of your pursuit."

"I tried to do so. I tried to persuade myself that I had done so. I habitually used language which implied I had succeeded. I deceived others; I could not deceive myself. I felt that I was not happy, despite all my efforts to persuade myself that I was. I then tried to persuade myself that I was not less happy than others. I have been acting a part ever since I left this place. I have been unhappy, and I deserved to be unhappy."

"God makes abundant provision for the happiness of his creatures."

"For time and for eternity. I have failed to avail myself of that made for the former; I hope I shall not fail in respect to the latter. And yet what right have I, who have caused much unhappiness and so little happiness to others, to expect it hereafter?"

"None of us can enter heaven of right, but through mercy and the merits of another."

"I wish your son had come with you. I wish to see him and Susan together, and to charge them to hold the treasures of the heart in higher estimation than all other treasures. I am sure they will do so. It is a great comfort to me to know that my beloved Susan is to marry the son of Margaret Gray."

"Horace will come and see you to-morrow," said she, rising and extending her trembling hand. "I must not stay longer."

"Do not go yet."

"You are becoming exhausted."

"Read to me," pointing to the book.

She took the book and turned to a suitable portion.

"Sit where I can see your countenance, if you please."

She could not refuse his request. He gazed upon her as she read, in tones which called vividly to remembrance those of other days, a consoling portion of the Words of Him who brought life and immortality to light. She then rose, wiped away a tear, silently pressed his hand, and withdrew.

Horace called the next morning, but did not receive the expected charge. During the silence of the night, Richard Clifton had ceased to be an inhabitant of earth.

(To be continued.)

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AUDUBON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM OWEN, THE BEE HUNTER."

No department of natural history presents a more pleasing view than ornithology. All the associations connected with it are beautiful and inspiring. It takes its votary into the green fields and dark forests, leads him to the mountain tops, and furnishes excitement among the quiet retreats of the sequestered valley. Upon the feathered race have been expended the richest adornments of nature. There are no precious metals, no choice gems, no rare flowers, no rainbow tints that cannot find a rival counterpart in the plumage of birds; and to this transcendent beauty are added a varied, but always attractive form, a physiognomy expressive of love, of power, of unshrinking bravery. They have also voices almost human in their tones; voices that are associated with every pleasing recollection of innocence and youth because of their sweetness—and voices that startle because of their ferocity.

The habits of birds present examples of well-regulated, of almost Christianized society. They are married, and are given *to* marriage; they set up a comfortable establishment, which is the result of their own industry. They provide plentifully for their offspring, and educate them in the way they should go, and when they are old they never depart from it. The birds rise early to procure food, and retire with the setting sun; as husbands they are gallant, as wives loving. All that they do, or say, or look may be said to interest and form universal theme for admiration. Birds rejoice in creation. In the solitary fastnesses and eternal solitudes where the eye of man never penetrates or his mind worships, the voice of the bird is heard caroling forth praise. And what in the wide world is so hearty in its nature, or so guileless, as the singing bird? How often has its innocent voice awakened conscience in the mind of the depraved or reproved the complaining spirit! Who can hear the caroling even of the tiny wren without catching its exultant spirit? We have seen it on a Sabbath sunny morning mounted upon a bud-crowded limb of the Cherokee rose, giving out its song as if its heart and body would separate in its enthusiasm; and when you thought it had soared to its highest note, it would begin again, and pour forth a torrent of love, gratitude, praise, and prayer, commingled in such varied and soul-thrilling ecstasy that the little creature trembled and vibrated as if it were the chosen and valiant exponent of some rapturous and mighty soul. Such are birds, the intelligent and ornamental companions of man, the most prominent image among the associations and pleasing recollections of childhood, and one of the most admirable and wonderful beauties presented to his maturest mind.

Scientifically speaking, it would seem that the birds, by their familiarity, were prophets in their own country, and therefore very much without honor. The poet mentioned them in his sonnets, and everybody loved them; the gallant cock and the fierce eagle were honored as the insignia of mighty nations; but the few who examined their history and wrote of their habits were more readily satisfied with imperfect illustrations and meagre descriptions than were those who devoted their energies to exhibit the habits of animals, vipers, or fishes. It may be stated as a remarkable fact that, until recently, the ornithologist was incomparably behind his compeers in science in illustrating his department, choicest of all though it be in the varied phase of animated nature.

To Audubon is the world indebted, not only for the most magnificent work on ornithology ever produced, but also for one of the most magnificent monuments ever raised by industry and genius. Take his book, examine his drawings, read his descriptions, ponder upon his

reminiscences, and then turn to the most eminent of those who have preceded him, and all instantly become tame and commonplace. It is like going from the primitive forests into the stove-heated library; it is like exchanging the moving, living, teeming bird, fluttering and flying in its native haunts, for the imperfectly preserved specimens of the museum; all is motionless, eyeless —dead.

Of the mind that has accomplished so much it is difficult to speak in exaggerated praise. It may be safely asserted that Audubon had one of the most enduring that has left any impress upon the present century. He is always clear and complete in everything he undertakes. He is profuse in his originality, and yet boldly, at times, absorbs the labor of others; yet he so entirely renovates, inspires, and makes their industry his own, that his indebtedness is unthought of by the world.

The secret of Audubon's success will be found in his close pursuit of nature; of her mysteries he has been of the truest, and therefore one of her most favored priests. No labor by him was ever withheld, no toil evaded. Turning over the pages of his works, you can trace him to the tropics, where he worships and wonders; anon, he gives the witnessed history of the solitary feathered life that inhabits those inhospitable regions where the marble blue of the eternal snow scarcely ever reflects a ray of sunshine. While you read with delight of the canvass-back duck that fell beneath his rifle in the placid waters of the Chesapeake, he is suddenly, upon another page, struggling with the gigantic albatros in the surge-lashed waters of the Californias. You read on, and become lost in the green field and gentle sloping hill; you wander beside the gently running rivulet and inland lake, and rest in the shade of honeysuckle bowers. Changing still, you are ushered into the miasmatic swamps and dark fens in which only live the blear-eyed heron and repulsive bittern; and then, lifted on the wings of imagination, you climb the embattled rocks and precipices of the Cordilleras, dividing admiration of the rising sun with the eccentric flights of the mighty vulture as he wheels downward in his greetings of the god of day. Such is Audubon, who will ever be remembered as long as mind answers in admiration and sympathy with mind. He has stamped his memory in a work, and associated his name with a family that will endure in freshness when the mightiest monuments now existing will, like the pyramids, become unmeaning heaps; for his name and immortality will ever be recalled by the fanning pinions of every feathered inhabitant of the air.

The minute history of Audubon's remarkable work, from its conception to its completion, would involve the recital of some of the most exalted and interesting traits of character ever recorded. Audubon has slightly touched upon one or two incidents of discouragement that would, of themselves, have been sufficient to dishearten a less energetic being; but the years of toil and sacrifice he endured, and the ten thousand obstacles he overcame besides those he alluded to, will never be known. The fair ladies who have, in the luxurious library, admired the feathered songsters of our continent, that so gracefully sped their way over the nature-illuminated page—who have seen so cunningly illustrated the domestic life of the house wren and the wild home of the eagle—will not be less interested if they know that to the enlightened assistance of one of their own sex is the world greatly indebted for Audubon's ornithology.

The early history of Audubon seems to be this: He grew up unconscious of his powers, save as they were displayed in a genuine love of nature; arriving at manhood's estate, he married a lady of rare accomplishments and liberal fortune. With a growing family, he desired, through active business, to increase his estate, and in a few years found himself the victim of profitless mercantile speculations, and, pecuniarily, a ruined man. At an age when others think of retiring from the active scenes of life, Audubon started, not only anew, but upon an enterprise of doubtful success, and one that demanded wealth and years of industry to accomplish. Misfortune seemed [308]
to awaken the latent fire within him, and his mind suddenly overflowed with spirit-images of the feathered race, and his then comparatively unskilled fingers grasped the pencil to give form and shape to the struggling thought—but alas! the possibility. Where was the patron to cheer the seer upon this dreary pilgrimage? Who would care for his beloved family through the long years of his unfinished venture? Let the answer be found in our imperfect story.

Many years since, we were standing at the door of a country post office, listening, with others, to the reader of the only "latest paper" that had come to hand. He delivered the news, social and political, with a loud voice, and finally, under the head of "items," struck upon something as follows: "The Emperor of Russia, on his recent trip from England homewards, took extreme pleasure in looking over Audubon's great work upon the birds of America, and, as a token of his admiration, sent the author a gold snuff-box studded with diamonds."

"What's that?" inquired an old but plain citizen. "The Emperior Roosia give Audubon a diamond snuff-box studded with gold! Well, that is a good one, and comes up to my understanding of these aristocrats. Why, I knew Audubon for years, and a lazier, good-for-nothing, little bird, double-bar'l shot-gun shooting fellow I never knew;" and, with another broadside at the want of appreciation of character displayed by the Emperor of Russia, and by royal personages generally, our well-meaning friend walked away.

This familiar allusion to Audubon, for the first time, informed me of the fact that, in the vicinity of my own home in Louisiana, had Audubon and his family resided for years; and, as I became better acquainted with his works, I could readily perceive that the rich and undulating lands of the Felicianas, their primitive forests, their magnolia groves, and ever-blooming gardens, suited well the taste and pursuits of the naturalist; for the merry descendants of many of those immortalized beauties that grace his book still, in congregated thousands, fill the air with song and flight.

From few did Audubon attract attention; there was nothing in his seeming wastefulness of time to command respect. The sportsmen with whom he was surrounded seldom "sighted" their weapons on anything less than a lordly buck, and as they saw nothing in Audubon but what appeared before their eyes, they measured their own ambition with no little sarcasm against one who "found game in the chickadee and humming-bird." But Audubon lived in a world of his own; for weeks he slept in the forest, that he might make himself acquainted with the habits of some, but for him unknown, bird. For days, he hung like a spectre upon the margin of the Dismal Swamp, until the flamingo, swan, and wild duck heeded not his familiar presence. Placing a powerful telescope under the broad, spreading tree, he drew the laborious and tiny birds, as they built their nests, within his visual grasp, and counted each stick, and twig, and moss, and hair, until the little fabric was complete. In time, he returned to his charge, and, by the same artificial means, watched and admired the growing family, saw the food that reared the young, admired the tender endearments of the married birds, and recorded the whole with the faithfulness of a Pepys, and with the pastoral sweetness of a Collins or Shenstone.

"I remember, as if it were but yesterday, Audubon's first appearance in New Orleans," said a now widely-distinguished gentleman to me; "and I shall never forget," he continued, "his industry and enthusiasm, his utter devotion to his favorite pursuit. In those days, many Indians brought game to the city to sell, and Audubon soon had these wild sons of the forest in his employ. Every farthing that the most self-sacrificing economy could save went to purchase birds; and it was a picturesque sight to see the then unknown naturalist surrounded by his wild confederates, who, by the gratification of their natural habits, brought him many of the rich-plumaged aquatic birds that first formed subjects of his pencil. At this time, the courtly language of the Tuileries was his familiar tongue; and although, with the heartfelt approbation of the literary world, Audubon has placed himself among the most pleasing and original of the 'prose writers of America,' yet his first written descriptions were in a language foreign to that identical with his fame, and many of these earliest and most happy essays were so complete, that the finished student easily rendered them into our common language, and, without effort, retained that freshness and beauty that have since distinguished the English compositions of Audubon himself."

"In everything," said another of Audubon's most observing friends, "did Audubon follow nature. If he shot a duck, the grasses and the weeds among which it was found formed the accessories of his drawing. If he brought an eagle down from his eyrie, the very deadened limb that last bore the impress of his talons was secured at any sacrifice, and the bird reappeared just as he first attracted the eye of the naturalist. This care extended to the humblest of the feathered tribe; the apple-tree blossom, the thorn, the ripe fruit, the gigantic caterpillar, the variegated spider, the interlaced horse-hair, the soft down, the fragrant woodbine, myrtle, and jasmine, the honeysuckle and sweet pea, and a thousand other hints of rural life crowd in profusion the drawings of his birds, until they appear complete pictures, stories perfectly told."

Audubon, in jotting down his thoughts, has sometimes gone beyond the office of ornithologist, and given us glimpses of life in the backwoods that many have deemed exaggerations. Respectable authorities in other matters have cautioned too ready credence to these strange tales, and denied the truth of them, because not in the circle of his favorite pursuit. Let these skeptics come to Louisiana and visit, as we have done, among those who now remember his [309] habits, and they will admit that Audubon, by his solitary journeys, his long residence in the forests, his keen eyes, and his intense industry, would unfold phases of the great book of creation unrevealed to the less studious mass of mankind.

In the hospitable mansion of W. G. J., in the parish of West Feliciana, if one will look into the parlor, they will see over the piano a cabinet-sized portrait, remarkable for a bright eye and intellectual look. The style of it is free, and there is an individuality about the whole that gives security of a strong likeness. Opposite hangs "a proof impression" of "the bird of Washington," a tribute of a grateful heart to an old friend. The first is a portrait of Audubon, painted by himself; the other is one of the first engravings that ever reached the United States of that immortal series that now make up the great work of the unsurpassed naturalist.

In the family holding these pleasing mementos, the "Audubons" lived for many years. There were evidences of this constantly occurring from day to day. It was with no ordinary interest that I examined a number of rude and unfinished drawings, rough sketches, that formed the practice that finally produced such perfection. Among the many was a charcoal likeness of a great horned owl, whose light ashy plumage and socketless eyes gave it a most ghastly appearance. Masterly as these sketches were, yet there was an evident want of that strange symmetry and correctness that mark Audubon's finished works. This I mentioned to J.

"Ah," said he, "I watched his improvement almost day by day; and how could it be otherwise with one who was so entirely devoted to his pursuits?" And then were poured forth a hundred reminiscences, alike characteristic, and in the highest degree honorable to the heads and hearts of the "family of Audubon."

And now was developed to me, until then unknown, an incident in the unwritten part of Audubon's history. Here, in the bosom of a refined family, lived for many years his accomplished wife, devoting her time to the education of her own sex. Those thus under her charge are now in the perfection of womanhood, and their superior manners and mental cultivation speak of the care and devotedness of their instructor and friend. Here it was that the wife of the great naturalist bid him go forward with his work, and not only cheered him on, but threw the acquirements of her own industry into the glory of the future. It was her example, and her voice

of encouragement, and her power to help that enabled Audubon to triumph; and thus did she identify herself and her sex "with the most splendid work which art has erected to the honor of ornithology."

THE YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS.

BY FRANK I. WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE western portion of the State of North Carolina is by no means densely populated even at this day, though much more so than it was half a century ago, the time at which the principal incidents I am about to relate occurred.

This part of the State is remarkable for the beauty and grandeur of its mountain scenery, its fertile soil, and the salubrity of its climate. The bracing mountain air has brought back the bloom of health to the wan cheek of many an invalid; and rock, and stream, and waterfall have filled many a heart with rapturous delight. The wild deer bounds through the forest, and the hoarse bay of hounds, the encouraging shout of the huntsman, and the shrill report of the deadly rifle are sounds that frequently meet the traveler's ear. As in all mountainous regions, the inhabitants are hospitable and generous almost to a fault. Their doors are ever open to the stranger, and, in many cases, they take the offer of payment for their accommodations as an insult. Most of the nobler virtues are shrined in their honest bosoms; but such is the fertility of their valleys, that very little labor is sufficient to procure them the necessaries of life, and, as the quantity of labor is everywhere proportioned to the necessity for it, we find them, in general, indolent and careless —rich in that best of Heaven's gifts, contentment. The facilities of this region for manufactories are, perhaps, unsurpassed by any portion of the globe, and, with an energetic and industrious population, it would soon become one of the most flourishing sections of our Union.

But enough of this. I did not intend to enter into a minute description of the country, and almost unconsciously penned the above. I proceed with my story.

Among the mountains, not far from the line which separates North from South Carolina, but on the side of the former State, stood, at the period of which I write, a house built after a fashion still prevalent in that region, and which is called a "double cabin." Two cabins, built of logs, are erected ten or twelve feet apart, and generally two stories high, and then connected under one roof, forming pleasant rooms, and also a cool passage between the cabins, where the members of the family usually spend their evenings during the summer months. In the house above mentioned lived Amos Kelford, a hardy mountaineer, with a wife and several children, of which [310] Daniel, the hero of my tale, was the eldest.

This Daniel was a strange youth, and, although now only twenty years old, possessed a maturity of mind and a ripeness of intellect rarely to be met with in one of his age. Having been reared among mountains, those master efforts of Nature's handiwork, his ideas, even from childhood, had ever blended with the beautiful and sublime. A glance at his countenance, his broad pale forehead, his large and full blue eyes, and light sandy hair, was sufficient to show to a physiognomist that his intellectual predominated over his physical powers. His form was slight, but perfectly symmetrical, and his features, but for a bold and full developed line here and there, would have been considered feminine.

He had ever been considered an anomaly. From his earliest years, he had loved to sit upon some gray old rock and gaze upon the towering peaks around him, and see their summits glittering in the sun or wrapped in mist that enfolded them like mountain robes. This latter he liked best; for even then, in the sunny days of childhood, at an age when most children care for nothing but romp and play, he leaned to the darker side of Nature, and the blue mist, curling in a thousand fantastic forms, or settling like a pall around the lofty summits of giant peaks, had a charm for him which the sunshine failed to impart. He gazed upon the falling leaves of autumn rather than the bursting buds of spring, upon the gathering shades of night rather than the blushing beams of the morning sun.

As he grew up and learned to read, nothing accorded so well with his disposition as to take a volume and wander off beside some waterfall, or ascend some peak, or, when the sun was hot, to retire into some cave or crouch beneath some overhanging rock, and there read and ponder whole days together. There was a mystery thrown around him, a kind of indifference and a lack of interest in almost everything in which those of his age usually feel interested. His own parents looked upon him and sighed and wondered, but could not fathom the depths of his mind, nor learn the bent of his eccentric genius. He was ever mild, ever ready to render any assistance in his power to those in need, and ever obedient to the commands of his parents and teachers; but he obeyed, as he always acted, with a calm indifference, and without any show of interest. Rarely was he seen to smile; but sometimes, when wrapped in his own reflections and heedless of everything around him, his eyes would kindle, and a placid, but peculiar smile would play about his thin lips, indicating that pleasant thoughts were in his mind; but whether of past scenes or only of future imaginary joys none could tell. And oftentimes this smile would suddenly vanish as you gazed upon him, and a dark cloud would settle over his countenance. His brow would become

contracted, his lips compressed, and the expression of his eyes sad and gloomy. Then, as if to seek solace, or a diversion of his thoughts, he would take up a book and wander off into some secluded spot and read and meditate, occasionally noting down with his pencil certain sentences from what he read, or recording certain ideas suggested thereby.

But there was one being on whom Daniel Kelford looked without his usual indifference, and for whom he felt a pure and lasting affection. This was Elinor Manvers, the daughter of one of the wealthier class of farmers, who resided about four miles from Mr. Kelford's. Elinor was sixteen years old, and as beautiful as the hour is that visit the Mussulman's dreams. Her sylph-like form, the classic regularity of her well-defined features, her large and languishing dark eyes, all bespoke a mind deeply imbued with the *spirituel;* but still she was a true-hearted woman, a sprightly and merry mountain lass. She loved to pour forth her wild gay songs, and hear the echoes of her finely-modulated voice among the tall cliffs of the mountains. Her step was as free and agile as that of the untamed deer; and to all except Daniel Kelford she was a lively companion, and could ring forth her clear laugh with all the free exuberance of feeling to which her nature seemed inclined; but when with him she was conscious of a mysterious and undefined awe settling upon her mind, and depriving her of the power of appearing gay and frolicsome. Her true nature was as yet undeveloped and unknown even to herself, and the influence which Daniel exerted over her, and was destined to exert, was the mould by which her soul was to be formed. There was something repulsive and yet attractive about him, and though she shrank from him, she could not deny to herself that she loved him, and the consciousness of her love was mingled with both pain and pleasure. Her feelings towards him were of two kinds, directly opposite to each other, and yet so mingling together that she could not entertain the one without admitting the other. She shuddered when she reflected upon the depth of her love, and yet she would not have torn it from her heart for worlds; for there was a satisfaction and a sense of bliss always blending, confusedly and unintelligibly, it is true, with the horror that darkened through her soul. In his presence, she felt ill at ease, and yet there was a vacuum created by his absence which nothing but his presence could fill. He had spoken to her of love, of its beauty and holiness, of its depth and power, but no vows had yet been interchanged; and although she would have preferred death to the certainty that he never would declare his love to her, yet she dreaded the declaration, and could not think with calmness on the moment when it was to be made. There was something in the earnest flashing of his eyes when he gazed upon her that startled and almost terrified her; and yet there was a charm in those looks that thrilled her inmost soul with pleasure, and she could have wished he might gaze thus for ever. His words, too, fell with a strange emphasis and a peculiar force upon her ears; but there was a music in them that sank into her heart and awakened a sense of joy that nothing else could stir. [311]

The hand of destiny seemed to be guiding her to some awful fate, of which presentiment made her fully conscious; but the path to which was strewn with so many charms she willingly, ay anxiously, trod it, and would not have turned back if she could.

CHAPTER II.

Daniel Kelford had fitted him up a little study room, in which he spent most of his time. Books were his idols, and he worshiped them with more than a pagan zeal. His table was strewn with antique and curious volumes, many of them abounding in the wild and marvelous, and in these his whole soul seemed absorbed. The love-sick and sentimental had no charm for him; but he sought rather the abstruse and mysterious, bending all his energies to the comprehension of the one and the unraveling of the other. Vague dreams, as it were, flitted through his mind, highly colored by his diseased fancy, and all wearing a supernatural hue. Metaphysics was his darling study. He maintained that, as every particle of matter is dependent on those surrounding it, and as all are bound and held together by attraction, making one whole, and as it is impossible to conceive of one single particle existing independently and unconnected with any other, so every idea is linked with others forming one mind, and a single isolated idea is as impossible as a single and independent particle of matter; and that as various as are the shapes of objects constituted by the combination of particles, so various are the minds formed by the combination of ideas. And as idea linked with idea rose in his mind, he followed on, weaving a chain as incomprehensible to most minds as the inextricable windings of the Cretan labyrinth, until, at length lost in the mazy whirl of his own thoughts, the eye of fancy grew dim and reason tottered on her throne.

Reader, let me conduct you to that little study-room. We will look in at the window near which Daniel sits. It is night, a calm moonlit night of May, and the mingled notes of various night birds and innumerable insects, together with the chastened scenery of the surrounding mountains, as rock, and stream, and cliff, and waterfall appear in the softened beams, are enough to draw the most devoted of ordinary students from their books to contemplate the mighty book of nature, printed in the type of God, its sublime capitals rendering it legible to every observer. But for Daniel Kelford these things now possess no interest. They are unseen and unthought of; for every power of his soul is centered upon the contents of a small roll of manuscript which lies before him. He bends over it, takes up sheet after sheet, his interest increasing as he reads, until he has but one thought, one desire; and that is to understand and to reduce to practice the strange things there taught. Beside him dimly burns his untrimmed lamp, for he does not think to bestow any attention upon it. He has found embodied in words thoughts and ideas that have long floated like shapeless visions through his soul, but which he never could grasp, confine, and reduce to language.

The night wears on; it is late; he has read every page of that strange manuscript; but he reads

it again and again, unmindful of the flight of time—a wild light sometimes flashing from his large eyes, and a mysterious expression gathering over his countenance. Were the aged man whose hand penned these words now alive, he could fall at his feet and worship him as a god.

But let us turn for a moment, and see from whence he obtained this wonderful manuscript.

Just on the line dividing the States of North and South Carolina, is an eminence called "Cæsar's Head." When, how, or why it obtained this name I have never been able to learn. Over its top now passes a turnpike road; but, at the period of which I write, all over and around it was almost an uninterrupted wilderness. The southern, or rather the southwestern side is nearly perpendicular, and fronts towards the celebrated Table Rock in Greenville District, S. C. From its summit, this rock, as well as many other curious and interesting objects, is in full view. The whole scenery in that direction is, perhaps, unsurpassed by any in the whole mountain range; and, consequently, "Cæsar's Head" was one of Daniel Kelford's favorite places of resort.

One day he went to visit this spot, and, as he approached it, he perceived an old man lying at the root of a tree, or rather leaning on his elbow with his back resting against the tree, and his eyes, over which the film of death was fast gathering, bent intently on the view before him. Daniel went up to him with his usual indifferent appearance, but ready to impart any assistance that might be in his power. As he drew near, the old man turned to him and said—

"You have come at last: I was expecting you."

"And why were you expecting me?" asked Daniel.

"Because I knew that you were coming here at this hour," was the reply.

"And how knew you that?" asked Daniel.

"The means by which I obtained my information," replied the old man, "may one day be familiar to you; but I have not time now to explain them to you. Be content for the present to know that I have, or rather have had, the power to gain information of future events. My time to leave this world is now come, and I cannot look beyond the grave except, as other mortals, by the eye of faith. I have inquired concerning you, and know you better, perhaps, than you know yourself, though you never met my eyes until now. I knew that I was to die at this hour, and that you were to meet me here to see me draw my last breath, and to receive from me this manuscript, which I have prepared expressly for you; for I know your nature, your insatiate thirst [312] for knowledge, your perseverance and enthusiasm, and that you would improve the information herein contained. I have written it in your own language. Take it, it is yours; but do not break the seal that binds it until I am buried."

Daniel took the roll which the old man extended to him, and begged that he might go for assistance.

"No," said the old man; "I want no company but yours. Death is not hard, and I have but a few moments more to live. You see that I am calm; I, who have experienced almost every vicissitude of life incident to both the palace and the mountain cave, can here lay me down and place my hand upon my heart and call my God to witness that I die in peace with all men, and without a single fear or dread. I only ask that you will see me decently interred."

The tears gushed into Daniel's eyes as he gave the promise. The old man perceived it and said —

"Do not weep for me, my young friend, but rather weep for yourself. My troubles are over, but yours have scarcely begun. Ignorance loves to persecute knowledge; but there is one blessing attendant on true wisdom; for it renders its possessor impervious to the darts that are hurled at him, and he rises above the petty animosities of earth and feels an inward satisfaction, a proud consciousness of superiority that the ignorant can never know."

The eyes of the old man, sunken and dim, were turned upon the young man as he spoke, and his wrinkled features assumed an expression of joy rarely seen upon the human countenance, even when in health and prosperity. He was above the ordinary size of men, and his large frame stretched along the earth looked like some mountain god taking his rest. His long white eyebrows arched boldly above his eyes, and his silvery hair was brushed back, leaving his massive brow bared to the gentle sunbeams as they streamed through the dense foliage of the overhanging trees. There was a serenity and an expression of benignity about his countenance that irresistibly attracted the heart of Daniel Kelford, and made him reverence him. He seated himself by the old man, and raising his head leaned it against his bosom.

"Thank you, my young friend," said the aged man; "I shall now die without a struggle. I am in no pain; and as I yet have a little time left me, I will talk with you about Elinor Manvers."

"Elinor Manvers!" exclaimed Daniel, with surprise. "Do you know her?"

"I have seen her once," said the old man; "and he who has done that can never forget the vision of beauty that has blest his eyes. But I know her well. I know her soul is as pure as her own mountain streams; but it is unformed, and to you is committed its nurture. You can assimilate it to your own, or absorb it within your own, and make it soul of your soul, one and inseparable, imbuing it with the same thirst for knowledge, the same exalted aspirations. She loves you with an intensity never excelled; and already the shadow, or rather the light, of your spirit is upon her;

but she can shake off the influence when you are away from her. Marry her, and be with her all the time, infusing your soul into hers, making her a fit companion to share your joys on earth and your perfect bliss in Heaven. Open to her the treasures of knowledge, and she will twine her affections so firmly about you that even death cannot sever them."

The old man's voice grew weak and husky, and turning his eyes calmly upon the face of his young friend, he said—

"I can tell you no more. Read the manuscript, and you will know enough to enable you to learn all. My time has come, and ALL IS PEACE."

As he spake, he folded his arms upon his breast, closed his eyes, and yielded his spirit, without a groan or murmur, to his God.

Daniel returned home and told his father of the old man's death, but said nothing about the manuscript he had received. It he carried to his own room and locked within his trunk. Mr. Kelford and Daniel, with two or three of the neighbors, went and brought the old man's body to Mr. Kelford's house, where it remained until the next day, when they buried it, wondering who the stranger was and whence he came.

It was night when Daniel returned home, and, after hastily eating a few mouthfuls, he hurried to his room, brought forth the manuscript, broke the seal, and read it.

CHAPTER III.

THE manuscript was as follows:—

DON RICARDUS CARLOS TO HIS YOUNG FRIEND DANIEL KELFORD.

It may seem strange to you, my young friend, to be thus familiarly addressed by one who is a stranger to you, and one whom you have never even seen as yet; but, although I am unknown to you, you are not unknown to me, neither shall I die without your seeing me. You will see me but once, and that will be just as my soul flutters on the verge of eternity. Yes, you will see me in that blissful moment when I shall launch my bark from the strand of Time upon the ocean of Eternity, and be admitted into Heaven, the great temple of perfect knowledge, where I shall be able to ascend step by step, and endowed with capacity to understand those things which the mind, while confined within its corporeal prison house, can never comprehend. Peruse these pages, and you will know how I know you. Peruse, and be wise as I am, and as few before me have been, and perhaps fewer after me will be.

My name is Don Ricardus Carlos, and I am one of the once royal family of Spain. I say the *once* royal family, for, as you know, the reign of the Carloses has ceased; and I am glad of it. A new era is dawning upon the world, when knowledge shall be diffused among the people, and they shall [313] see and feel that their hereditary rulers are tyrants who oppress them; and they will rise and hurl them from their thrones. A century from this hour, and the names of king and emperor, of lord and sovereign, will only be remembered as titles *once* applied to certain men whom the fortune of birth gave an imaginary superiority over their fellow men in general, and endowed with a privilege of ruling the temporal destinies of the toiling millions. That era has already dawned in splendor. This very nation is an example of it, and this nation is destined to revolutionize the world; not by the sword, though it be mighty in arms and rich in heroes, but by its example, its peaceful and prosperous course. Man never was made to be forced into measures. The Almighty placed in his heart an aversion to coercion as applied to himself. This is what we call pride; and the same pride which leads him to hate coercion as applied to himself, leads him to desire to coerce others. This is one of the curses of God upon mankind for their disobedience, intended to keep them at strife. Hence arise wars and bloodshed, and the direst scourges that visit the earth. Man must be led by persuasion, must be induced by example to embrace even that which is for his own good; and, as I said, this nation will by its example revolutionize the world. It has deluged France in blood, for its time has not yet come; but it will come, and the land of the vine will yet be free. The throne of England—proud mistress of the sea as she loves to be styled, but as she cannot much longer be styled—will fall. Ireland, long crushed beneath the iron tread of despotism, will arise and hurl her chains from her and take her stand among the republics of the earth. Even my own beloved, but degraded Spain, and sunny Italy, the land of the olive, ruled for a thousand years by the usurper of Heaven's prerogative, will yet be free. The crowns that now, heavy with jewels, adorn the heads of sovereigns, will yet be trampled into the dust by the rough feet of those whose necks their wearers now bow down and trample down. THE PEOPLE is the only sovereign, and when knowledge shall have opened the eyes of the people to the excesses committed by their rulers, and to their own rights, they will turn and exercise their power—the power delegated to them, and to none other, by Heaven. But they must learn; and they will learn by example sooner than by any other means. This continent was reserved for such a glorious purpose—the renovation of society, the upbuilding of the temple of true liberty.

* * * * * *

I was instructed in all the lore of my country, both ancient and modern. My eagerness to obtain knowledge, and the facility with which I acquired it, were noted, and the most skillful teachers were procured for me. I was surrounded by all the pomp and pageantry of royalty; but these had no charms for me. Every luxury which wealth could procure was at my command, but I cared for nothing but knowledge. It was the one all-absorbing thought of my mind, and in it I lived, moved,

and had my being. I outstripped all my teachers, and they declared themselves unable to teach me any more. I was pronounced by all the ripest scholar of my age; but still I was not satisfied. What I had learned only increased my desire for more, and in vain I sought a teacher more learned than myself. The extent of my knowledge amazed the wisest and most profound scholars among my countrymen; but still there was a vacuum in my soul, a yearning to know more, and I felt miserable because I had nothing more to learn.

But "fickle fortune," as it is generally, but erroneously termed, turned her scale. It was not mere fortune or chance, but destiny; and destiny is the will of God. My family was deposed and forced to flee. Of course, we fled to America—to these United States; for where else do the weary find repose and the oppressed an asylum and a home?

With no inconsiderable fortune, I made my way to the mountains, and in a pleasant valley in the western part of Virginia I built me a cottage, and there determined to reside, and prosecute my studies and researches. My desire for knowledge had not abated by my change of fortune, and I began to cast about me for some new study. Those who had known me in Spain thought I stood upon the pinnacle of the temple of knowledge; but I knew there must be something beyond the height to which I had yet risen, or else my mind would not be so disquiet and so anxious to learn more. I reasoned thus with myself: The temple of knowledge is founded on Earth and Time; but the structure reaches into Heaven and Eternity. I have ascended to the topmost step of the earthly part, and now I must pierce the dividing line and ascend yet higher. I reflected that Heaven was purity, and he that would enter into it must be pure, must lay aside all mere earthly and sensual affections, and become in all his thoughts and actions uninfluenced by selfish motives—in a word, that he must separate his soul from his body, and enter with the former, leaving the latter on earth. This I knew was generally effected by death, and then came the desire to die; but again I reflected that that was a sinful desire, and would retard my progress. If I should take my own life, the very act would debar me from the prize for which I did it.

I commenced schooling my mind and subduing my bodily propensities. I abstained from all food, except just enough to keep me alive and in health. I supplied the wants of nature, but nothing more. I practiced self-denial in almost everything, forcing myself to act directly opposite to the promptings of my carnal mind. I retired now to the wildest parts of the mountains, to fill my soul with awe at beholding the stupendous grandeur of nature; and now to the sunny valleys, the babbling rills, and murmuring waterfalls, to drink in gladness and joy. I visited the poor, bestowing gifts upon them, wandering far and near in search of objects of charity, until my [314]
fortune was exhausted, and I was left with but a scanty pittance for my support. But I gloried in my poverty, remembering that the Scriptures teach that money is a hindrance, the love of it an insuperable barrier, to the perfection of human virtue. Knowledge was all I cared for; wealth sank into less than nothingness when compared with it.

My great aim was to arrive to an exalted state of purity, in order to attain to higher knowledge. I would not suffer myself to think of anything unconnected with the Great Author of its existence. At length I found myself undergoing a gradual change. The thoughts of earth and earthly things became irksome to me, and I could banish them from my mind at pleasure. My thoughts were as much at my command as my actions. I could think upon a particular subject, or leave off thinking on it at will, just as I could put my limbs in motion, or leave them at rest, as I pleased.

One day I seated myself by the side of a little rill, the magnificent white blossoms of the laurel waving over me, and the wild vines creeping with serpentine folds around the boughs of the neighboring trees, forming an arbor above the quiet stream. It was a lovely spot, and might well have been fancied the favorite resort of the mountain genii, when they wished to retire to solitude and indulge in reverie.

Here I determined to try the experiment of *willing* myself a spirit, separate from my body and independent of it. It required some effort for me to do this; but gradually I seemed to lose my bodily form, and to become independent of the laws of gravitation. In a few moments the change was complete; and no sooner was it so than I heard a voice, mild and sweet beyond anything which it is in the power of the imagination to conceive—

"Mortal," said the voice, "behold what the eyes of sinful mortal never saw!"

I turned, and beheld a form bright as the sun; but it did not dazzle my eyes. On the contrary, I loved to look upon it; and as I gazed I felt a joy diffusing itself through my soul never dreamed of before, and so perfect that I was wholly abandoned to it.

"I am thy good angel," again spake the voice; "and thy mind, subdued to thy own control, and exerted in a pure and holy direction, has so far removed the scales with which earthly passions blind the human eyes, that thou art permitted, though still mortal, to see me, an immortal, and hear my voice. Thy desire for knowledge shall be gratified, for thou seekest it not for any evil end. Listen, and I will give thee thy first lesson in a course of study new to and unheard of by thee."

I listened and heard strange yet sweet words, and drank in with eagerness the instruction imparted to me. But, as I only learned a portion at that time, and have continued at different periods since to learn more, I will not here attempt to set down the words then uttered to me, or to recount the particular points on which I was enlightened at the different times; but will throw together a portion of the information I have acquired during the whole time, selecting such as I shall think most likely to interest you, and to fire you with a desire to obtain more from the same

source from which I have obtained mine; for man, even while living on this earth, and consequently mortal, may, through the attributes of immortality, learn much that is incomprehensible to the mere mortal mind.

Every human being on this wide world is attended, from his birth to his death, by two angels, the one good, the other evil. Neither has any power to prompt its charge to action either bodily or mentally, for the will is free to choose for itself; but when once a course of acts or thoughts is commenced, then both have power, and each acts in direct opposition to the other, causing the mind to waver and alternate between good and evil, embracing sometimes the one and sometimes the other, as the respective angels obtain the mastery. If a man's thoughts and actions be good, his good angel endeavors to encourage him to persevere in them, while his evil one wars against them; and if his thoughts and actions be evil, his evil spirit urges him on, while his good one tries to restrain him. Hence the life of man is one continued warfare, the two spirits for ever battling against each other, and each in its turn exulting in victory and mourning over defeat. But, let which may be vanquished, it does not easily abandon the contest. The human will can always decide the strife with regard to any particular thing, and cast the victory on either side it pleases, and, with traitorous fickleness, it fights sometimes on the one side and sometimes on the other.

Man, in general, is not sunk to that depth of depravity in which he is frequently represented—a depth so low, so dark, and so wretched as to be wholly incapable, with his own human nature, unaided and left to himself, to think a holy thought or perform a righteous act. If this were the case, the evil angel would ever prove victorious, and the good one would retire in despair, and leave the poor human being the prey of the powers of darkness. Men have much to say about the foreknowledge of God, the predestination and election of the human race, or of a portion of it, and such like. These are fruitful themes of controversy, as unavailing as they are absurd. God does not reckon time, for it is finite and he is infinite. He knows only eternity, in which there is neither past nor future, but an ever-abiding present, without beginning or end. Without freedom of will it would be impossible for man to be an accountable being. If the angels which attend him through life had the power to prompt him to action, then they would have the entire rule over him, and they alone would be held accountable for his course. True, it is possible that either spirit may be subdued, and the mind reduced entirely under the control of the other; this can only take place where the mind concurs with the victorious spirit, and continues to concur with it, and [315] willingly yields to its control, and therefore the mortal is still the accountable one, and the one with whom God will finally reckon.

When the good spirit, from a long series of defeats, yields all hope of ever again obtaining the ascendancy over its dark rival, and flees in despair from the soul over which it has watched, then the mind and body of the person become devoted with all their powers to the devil, the prince of the spirit that presides over him. He then receives a kind of supernatural power; but it is not of that kind by which good may be wrought, but seeks to set friends at variance and to array man against his fellow-man. It even endues him, who is subject to its undisputed sway, with the power of working a species of miracles; but the effects of these miracles are always noxious. This is what has usually been termed witchcraft. The spirit of evil becomes visible and audible to him who is invested with this fearful power, and he is no longer regarded by the eye of Heaven as one who may even possibly free himself from the master he serves, and repent and find forgiveness. His good angel is gone from him to return no more; for God hath said, "My spirit shall not always strive with man." Beyond this world his doom is irrevocably sealed, and his lot cast among the forever damned.

On the other hand, by deeds of charity and love, and by a life of extraordinary purity, the evil spirit may be expelled, and the soul left to the undisputed sway of the good one. He who is thus freed from the power of his evil angel has the power of seeing and hearing his good one, and of learning things incomprehensible to the generality of his race. To him the fountains of knowledge are unsealed, and he learns, while yet on earth, much that is reserved to be learned in Heaven after we have become a new order of beings, endowed with new intelligence. It is sin only that blinds our sight and darkens our minds, and, consequently, the more effectually we can free ourselves from sin the better are we prepared for the reception of knowledge. Perfect knowledge can only be attained by perfect purity, and hence perfect knowledge is perfect bliss; and the highest bliss of heaven is to perfectly understand all things. On earth, corrupted and polluted as it is by sin, there can be no perfect knowledge, and, consequently, no perfect bliss. And although there are different degrees of knowledge in Heaven, yet every degree is perfect, and affords perfect bliss so far; and, as we ascend step by step up the heavenly temple of knowledge, perfect bliss will be added to perfect bliss, and thus will we go on until we reach the summit and possess ourselves of all the blissful attributes of God himself. The more knowledge we attain on earth, provided it be applied to good, the higher will be the grade to which we will be admitted in Heaven, and consequently the more perfect our bliss there; but if it be directed towards the attainment of an end transgressing the laws of God and furthering evil, the more intense will be the sufferings in the world of punishment.

It is an incontrovertible law of natural philosophy, that not an atom of matter can be annihilated; and it is a law as applicable to the immaterial as to the material world. Every act we have ever committed, every word we have ever spoken, and every thought that has ever flitted through our minds, remains as indestructible as the throne of Omnipotence itself. Here on earth we act, speak, and think, and then forget the deeds we have done, the words we have spoken, and the thoughts we have harbored; but on the day of the final reckoning, when our spirits shall

re-enter our arisen bodies, every thought, word, and deed shall recur to us as vividly as though they had taken place at that very instant. Thus every one has his whole life spread before him, takes in all at a glance, and becomes his own judge; and as his conscience approves or condemns him, so is he approved or condemned by God. And although men are accountable, yet this does not exempt their good angels from being judged also. Their course is judged, and if they have been remiss in performing the duties assigned them, and have not watched diligently over the souls committed to their charge, then they receive the reward due to their negligence; and as those souls over which they kept watch are the gainers or losers by their conduct, therefore it is permitted them to judge them, as St. Paul saith, "Know ye not that the angels are to be judged by us?"

By our WILL, as I said, we can always cast the victory on the side of either our good or evil angel, as we choose; and when, by a long series of victories achieved over our evil angel by the combined powers of our will and our good angel, we are entirely freed from our evil one, then the veil of sin and imperfection which obscures our spiritual sight is so far removed as to enable us to behold and converse with our good angel, and to learn much, not only of spiritual matters, but also of the future destinies of nations and individuals. It is thus that I have learned of thee, and of the influence which this nation is to exert over the world, dethroning tyrants, extirpating royalty, and making all men "free and equal." It is thus that I have learned the hour at which I am to undergo that change which men call death.

Remember that purity is what is required—purity, at no matter what sacrifice of inclination. As you read this, your good angel stands at your right side, and your evil one at your left, *nearest your heart;* but both are invisible to you because you are neither wholly pure nor wholly polluted. In the former case your good spirit would be visible, in the latter your evil one. They are striving for you, the one endeavoring to urge you to purity, the other to drag you down to degradation. I am convinced, though even my angel does not know, that you will cast your WILL on the side of [316] virtue, and go on in your high career of knowledge.

And here I will close. If you avail yourself of the information I have imparted, I have said enough; if not, all that I have said is in vain, and but labor lost. You are very dear to me, and, as I write, you grow still dearer. But I am yet to see you, and to hold converse with you for a little while: and the reason that I now write nothing concerning Elinor Manvers is that I shall speak face to face with you about her. Farewell.

DON RICARDUS CARLOS.
Mountain Cave, Va., Nov. 20th, 1779.

(Conclusion next month.)

MORAL COURAGE.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

PART I.

"Ah, lonely, very lonely, is the room
Where love, domestic love, no longer nestles,
But, smitten by the common stroke of doom,
The corpse lies on the tressels!"—HOOD.

YES, there was death in the house. The closed windows told it to the passers-by; and the crape which hung heavily from the door, tied with a black ribbon, denoted that one in the prime of life was laid low. Strangers looked at it with a glance of curiosity and hurried past, forgetting the next moment, in the bright sunshine and busy avocations of life, that they had received a solemn warning to prepare for a like mysterious change. Acquaintances walked with a slower step, as it caught the eye, and thought of the sad scenes that must be passing within that house of mourning.

Friends said it was "a great blow," and wondered vaguely what would become of the wife and children; and some knelt at night surrounded by unclouded happiness in their own homes, but nevertheless praying with a full heart for those who had so suddenly been left desolate.

The day of the funeral came, and the husband and father was carried from the home that had been almost an earthly paradise to be laid beneath "the cold clod of the valley," and the weeping family clung to each other, and sobbed and prayed as that first dreary night came on, and they recognized all the vacancy of hearth and heart. Such scenes are daily passing; yet the world goes on as ever, and some dance to the music of gay revelry, while others put on the "garments of heaviness" with breaking hearts.

And then the return to actual life! How harassing it is when our thoughts are with the dead and the living claim our care! Mrs. Burton found the sad truth of this as, with well meant, but harsh kindness, she found her brother waiting one morning, scarce a week from the day that had made her a widow, to talk over her future prospects. He had an ungracious task before him; for

he was forced to communicate what was galling to his pride, as well as distressing to those more nearly interested in the intelligence. Mr. Burton's affairs were left in almost inextricable confusion; a pittance, a mere pittance, of some two hundred a year was all that would remain to his family; and what was this when their annual expenditure had been thousands? He was luxurious in taste, and had not hesitated to gratify every whim. He was an indulgent father, and had lavished uncounted sums upon his children. He had not intended to be unjust to them or his lovely wife; but he was one of those who seem to think a long life secured to them by present health, and, being in excellent business, thought it time to "lay by" when the children were educated and his boys began to "look out for themselves." Besides, he belonged to one of the oldest, proudest families in the city, and he was not to be outshone by any of them.

But how did matters stand now that, by an unalterable decree, he had been suddenly removed from them? Let us see if he had been "a just man," as was pompously stated in his epitaph. Lucy, the eldest daughter, was but nineteen, beautiful, accomplished, and betrothed to the son of an old friend. She was provided for, said the world, and, of course, their relatives could take charge of the younger children—Grace, ten, Willie and George, the one just entered at a classical school, and the other almost ready for college, although only fifteen. Mrs. Burton would have enough to maintain her, no doubt, and so the matter was charitably settled and quietly laid aside for a discussion of the last opera night by the ladies, or a sudden rise in stocks by the gentlemen, upon whose feeling, sensitive minds it had obtruded itself.

Such a conversation was passing that very morning, as Mrs. Burton sat listening to a hurried account of the pressing liabilities that would sweep away even her own marriage portion when, for the first time in a shielded, prosperous life, care and business anxiety came upon her. It is not strange that she was completely bewildered by the new aspect of affairs. She had thought her domestic loss too great a sorrow to bear up under, and now all this crushing weight added to it! What was to be done? Her brother-in-law had but one thing to propose. Lucy would probably marry soon, and Mrs. Burton would no doubt find a comfortable home with her, and be of great assistance to the young wife in managing her domestic concerns The children would be [317] distributed among Mr. Burton's relatives. He himself would take George into his counting-house. He was old enough to be of some service.

Mrs. Burton was a devoted mother. With all her thoughtlessness, she was both fond and proud of her children, and to have them taken from her was to bereave her of every earthly happiness. And George, with his quick mind and high ambition, to be tied down in a counting-room, when he had talent for anything in the profession he already looked forward to, the law! Willie, proud, spirited, affectionate Willie, and her beautiful Grace, dependents upon the bounty of relatives! She could not bear the thought.

But she was not alone in this. Lucy had been summoned to join the deliberation, and astonished her uncle not a little by the firmness with which she said—

"That never will do, sir!"

"Well, my dear, perhaps you can propose a more feasible plan. Does Mr. Allan intend to 'marry the whole family?'"

The ill-concealed irony and coarseness of this remark brought a flush to the young girl's face, and a fire to her eyes that made her more like her haughty relative than ever, as she answered—

"I have not consulted with Mr. Allan; for I did not know there was any need of consultation. No doubt he still thinks as I did an hour ago, that—my father—that we were still secured a home at least." And her voice faltered; for she could not yet speak that name without tears, and the harshness of their situation was forced upon her painfully.

"Well, leave him out of the question. Something must be done. Creditors are at your very door; harpies that will not be satisfied so long as you are living on Wilton carpets and dining with silver that has never yet been paid for."

Mrs. Burton instinctively turned towards her daughter, as if she could in reality suggest some plan by which everything could readily be arranged. She felt revived by the quick decision of Lucy's tone and manner.

"I have no plans. I can scarcely think as yet," she said, passing her hand hurriedly across her brow; "but to-morrow: at least we can be in peace until then. Only one thing I am certain of, that, so long as I have health and strength, my mother and brothers shall not be dependent on any one."

"Those hands work, indeed!" returned Mr. William Burton, glancing almost contemptuously on the white fingers locked so resolutely together, on which sparkled a ring of great value, the betrothed gift of her lover. "Go to Allan with your resolution, and see what he will say. Come, come now, don't be obstinate and foolish, Lucy. You are poor George's child, and as like him as you can be. I mustn't get vexed with you. I know it's a great shock. I feel it so myself; but we must be brave and put up with trouble we can't help."

It was with a swelling heart, and oftentimes gushes of bitter tears, that Lucy trod the floor of her room all that long afternoon, while her mother received, in the parlor below, visits of condolence from friends and acquaintances, who came, some because custom required it, and others because they had suffered and sorrowed, and knew how welcome a kindly sympathy had

been in their affliction. The children, Grace and Willie, sat reading together with their arms about each other until the twilight came, and they began to wonder what made sister stay away alone so long, and finally deputed George to go "very softly" and see if she would not come down to tea, "as Doctor Howard was still talking to mamma, and they were very lonely."

"Come in," said Lucy, as she recognized her brother's voice; and then she made him sit down beside her, and led him to talk of their future life and what he had intended to accomplish. It had been in the boy's mind all day, and he spoke very earnestly. He would be so industrious after this, and study so hard, and be a great lawyer like Uncle Thomas, and then mamma should come and live with him, when Lucy was married and the children grown up. Ah, how could she damp such fond anticipations and throw the shadow of care over that bright young face, from which she had parted back the clustering locks that she might look steadfastly into those clear, eloquent eyes! So she gave up her first resolve of telling him *all* the truth, but said—

"Dear brother, what if it should be necessary for us to move into a smaller house, and for you to give up study and go into business for a few years until we get rich again, and Willie is large enough to help himself a little?"

The shadow came, after all, and the boy's face lost its eager, hopeful look.

"I knew it would be hard, and that you do not like business; but we all have to bear trials. Think of poor mamma; for her sake, George. And because it would be right," she added, after a moment. "But we will talk more about this some other day; only think of it, brother, and be brave. Ask strength from Heaven to do rightly," and she pointed to her dressing-table, where an open Bible lay, stained with tears.

Ah, how many schemes she revolved in her mind that night, when she could not sleep, and envied the calm repose of Grace, who shared her room, and was lying so quietly beside her. And then she rose and turned to her Bible again, as she had never sought it before, although it had always been dear to her; for she was of those who had "remembered their Creator in the days of their youth." One sentence caught her attention; no doubt she had read it a hundred times before, but she never had known its meaning until now.

"*In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths.*"

How full of hope and assurance it was! and something like a smile quivered about her lips as she knelt and laid her heart open to the Father of the Fatherless. [318]

But several days passed before anything like a feasible plan suggested itself. Mrs. Burton was ready to do anything Lucy thought best; but her mind seemed to be paralyzed by the succession of misfortunes. Yet still another trial remained for the devoted girl, and harder to bear, that it came so unexpectedly.

"I cannot do as you wish," she said to her lover, when her resolution was finally taken. "God only knows how hard the struggle has been, and still is. But I should despise myself if I turned from one duty to take up another. How could I expect a blessing upon it? We are both young; I but nineteen, you twenty-three. Five years from now we shall still have a long life before us, and then we shall be all the happier for this self-denial. Is it asking too much of you?—too great a sacrifice, James?"

"I cannot understand you, Lucy. Don't speak enigmas."

"Well, then, have I not explained it clearly?—that my labor is necessary to my mother and all of them, until the younger children are old enough to act for themselves; and, even to be your wife, great happiness as it would be to me, I cannot desert them."

"You are a noble girl, Lucy," he said, as you would admire anything that was beautiful in a picture or a statue. And yet she seemed to know that he did not feel with her—"could not understand her," as he had said.

"And do you not think I am right?"

"I can't say that I do—that is, exactly. I can't see that you are bound to waste five years, the best years of life, when the family can be otherwise provided for. You say your uncles have offered to do all that is necessary; your mother would always be welcome in my house." And James Allan actually regarded himself, and had done so for some days, a perfect model of virtuous self-denial in making the proposal, and "going on" with a match that more worldly friends now advised him against. There was a difference between the daughter of the prosperous merchant and the ruined bankrupt.

"You never have had brothers and sisters, James."

"And so shall love you all the better, darling. You will have none to be jealous of."

"Ah, now listen to me. Do not place obstacles in the path of my duty. Tell me, am I selfish towards you?"

She did not think he could say "yes," or feel it. She knew that if the probation had been proposed to her for his sake, she would have consented joyfully, happy in the power to show how true her love was, and she would have strengthened and encouraged him in every way.

He was silent for a moment, and then he said, slowly—

"And what do you propose to do? Teach, I suppose." It grated upon his ear to think that any one who would be hereafter connected with him should use time or talent in her own support. He would much rather have given the necessary sum outright; but that Lucy would not listen to.

"No, I shall not teach."

"And what in creation will you do?" he ejaculated, surprised from his accustomed politeness into an abrupt betrayal of native rudeness.

"I am going to learn a trade and work at it, and have a shop, when I can manage one."

"Good heavens, Lucy, you are mad! What has put such an insane idea into your head?"

"Thought, thought—constant, harassing, anxious thought. As a teacher or governess I could do little more than support myself; and I know I have taste and enterprise, and George will assist me, and I feel I shall succeed."

"Never to be my wife afterwards!"

"James!" and she started to her feet, the hot blood mounting to her face. She could not believe she had heard aright, and came back to him, laying her hand upon his arm and looking beseechingly into his face. He was angry now. Pride, and more than pride, vanity, were aroused. What! his wife to have been behind a counter!—to hear it said, in after years, "O yes! Mrs. Allan was a shop girl!" It was not that his treasure would be exposed to rude and unfeeling association; it was not that he would shield her from toil! He shook her from him—

"As true as I am speaking, if you persist in this, I will never marry you!"

"*You never shall!*"

She turned quietly, but firmly, and went towards the door. There were no tears, no expostulations. It was not her nature. Neither was that deep emphatic tone the voice of passion. But a mask had dropped from the real character of one she had almost reverenced, who had been invested by the halo of her love with every high and noble quality.

"Lucy!"

No answer; and then the woman triumphed, and she turned her face so that he could see how deadly pale she was, as she said, not raising her eyes—

"God bless you, James, for the happiness of the past!"

He knew that he was forgiven; but he also felt that, outwardly, there could be no reconciliation. In an instant, all her goodness and purity came into his mind. He felt all that he had lost when too late to regain it. But he stifled remorse and regret by pride and fancied injury, as he left the house never to return again.

There followed a wretched, stormy interview with her uncle, whose anger knew no bounds when Lucy told him that her engagement with James Allan was broken, and for what reason. She was called "idiot" and "ungrateful," her scheme was ridiculed and discouraged, until Mrs. Burton even began to take her brother's view of the case, and think that her daughter had acted inexcusably when, with a little forbearance, she could have retained the care and love of one who [319]
had a father's sanction to call her wife. And finally threats were tried to induce her to use her influence to reconcile the family to the first plan proposed; for Mr. William Burton solemnly declared that, if the daughter of his brother disgraced the family by becoming "a milliner's girl," he would disown her, and his children should never recognize her again.

This was a great trial, but a harder one had been borne, and Lucy found a friend to uphold her in her course when she was sorely tempted to abandon it. Dr. Howard had been for many years their family physician, and had watched her from earliest childhood with no little interest. His daughter Mary was Lucy's most intimate friend, and through her he heard of all that was passing in the family of his deceased friend. His little carriage was standing at the door as Mr. Burton left the house, the morning of the last interview, and Lucy, still sitting in the parlor, her head upon her hands, lost in deep and painful thought, was roused by his kindly voice and fatherly manner, to be comforted by his sympathy and strengthened by his approval.

"I know all, my little daughter," said the warm-hearted old gentleman. "As for that James Allan, you've had a lucky escape, and I'd willingly see him"—

"Doctor!" interrupted Lucy, for she could not hear that once loved name spoken of so harshly.

"Well, well, I suppose you were fond of him, or you never could have promised what you did. But we won't think of that part of the subject. Now tell me exactly what you want to do, and then we will see if there's a possibility of accomplishing it."

So Lucy unfolded her plans more fully than she had yet done to any one. Their milliner was a widow lady who had under her direction one of those large work-rooms employing twenty or thirty girls. Her customers were among the wealthiest and most fashionable people in the city, and, as she was very intelligent and a person of excellent taste, they frequently consulted her about an entire wardrobe, and in this way Lucy had often listened to her conversation. Only one month ago, her mother and herself were taking Mrs. Hill's advice with regard to her own *trousseau*, a part of which was already purchased; and while Lucy was waiting for her mother to

call for her, she had been much interested in a history of Mrs. Hill's own business experience, resulting from a report that she was thinking of retiring before long. Lucy found, to her amazement, that, in twenty years, she had not only educated her family, but saved enough to make her entirely comfortable. This conversation might have been forgotten, had not a necessity for exertion been forced so suddenly upon her; and knowing, from the salaries of her own teachers, that she could not hope to do more than maintain herself in that way, Mrs. Hill's success flashed upon her mind as an encouraging precedent.

At first, she scarcely counted the cost, it is true. She forgot that it would make an entire change in her social position, strange as it may seem in a so-called republican country, and, above all, in a city where "all men" were first declared to be "equal." She could not judge, from her own true, affectionate nature, the result such a decision would have upon her future prospects in domestic life. That was the thought which cheered her at first, the beacon star that was to guide her through all toil and self-denial; but it had been quenched, with all else that had made life bright to her. And as yet she knew nothing of actual physical fatigue or deprivation; this was yet to break upon her.

Dr. Howard, like a true friend, pointed out all this, kindly, it is true, but in the strongest colors; and when he found that even then she did not give up her scheme, he patted her glossy curls as he would have done Mary's, and said she was "a little heroine," and he did not doubt that she could succeed.

"Whoever show themselves weak enough to desert you, my child," he said, "you have always a friend in me, remember that; and you must use me whenever you want advice or assistance. Don't hesitate to come to me in all your little trials and troubles, and my house shall be a second home to you."

Then, to have her mind relieved of all anxiety on this score at once, for he saw the sad changes the past few weeks had made in her worn face, he proposed to go at once and consult Mrs. Hill, and see how they could manage time and terms. It seemed a long hour to Lucy before the sound of his carriage-wheels was heard again; but he came at last, his face beaming with pleasure, and told her how heartily Mrs. Hill had entered into her plans, that she would herself direct the short apprenticeship, and engage her services when it was completed. There was a little note from the lady herself, so full of good will and kindliness, that the young girl's faith in human nature was revived, and her path seemed indeed "directed" by the God in whom she trusted.

How thankfully she reviewed the events of the day to her mother that night, with a look more like happiness than she had worn since her father's death. And Mrs. Burton seemed, for the first time, interested in it, and was thankful for everything that would keep them all together.

George was enthusiastic, as he always was in everything he entered into, and, throwing his arms about her neck, declared she was "the best sister in the world, and he had no doubt she would make a fortune." The younger children could not, of course, fully understand the case, but knew that something pleasant had happened and they were indebted to Lucy for it. It was the happiest night the Burtons had known since their father's death.

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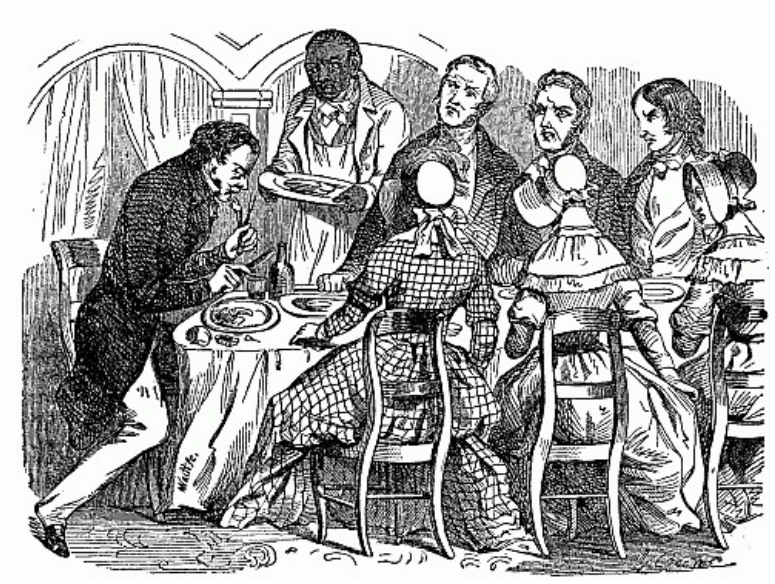

TAKING CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Every one for himself." This was one of Lawrence Tilghman's favorite modes of expression. And it will do him no injustice to say that he usually acted up to the sentiment in his business transactions and social intercourse; though guardedly, whenever a too manifest exhibition of

selfishness was likely to affect him in the estimation of certain parties with whom he wished to stand particularly fair. In all his dealings, this maxim was alone regarded; and he was never satisfied unless, in bargaining, he secured the greater advantage, a thing that pretty generally occurred.

There resided in the same town with Tilghman—a western town—a certain young lady, whose father owned a large amount of property. She was his only child, and would fall heir, at his death, to all his wealth. Of course, this young lady had attractions that were felt to be of a most weighty character by certain young men in the town, who made themselves as agreeable to her as possible. Among these was Lawrence Tilghman.

"Larry," said a friend to him one day—they had been talking about the young lady—"it's no use for you to play the agreeable to Helen Walcot."

"And why not, pray?" returned Tilghman.

"They say she's engaged."

"To whom?"

"To a young man in Columbus."

"Who says so?"

"I can't mention my authority; but it's good."

"Engaged, ha! Well, I'll break that engagement, if there's any virtue in trying."

"You will?"

"Certainly. Helen will be worth a plum when the old man, her father, dies; and I've made up my mind to handle some of his thousands."

"But certainly, Larry, you would not attempt to interfere with a marriage contract?"

"I don't believe any contract exists," replied the young man. "Anyhow, while a lady is single I regard her as in the market, and to be won by the boldest."

"Still, we should have some respect for the rights of others."

"Every one for himself in this world," replied Tilghman. "That is my motto. If you don't take care of yourself, you'll be shoved to the wall in double quick time. Long ago, I resolved to put some forty or fifty thousand dollars between myself and the world by marriage, and you may be sure that I will not let this opportunity slip for any consideration. Helen must be mine."

Additional evidence of the fact that the young lady was under engagement of marriage soon came to the ears of Tilghman. The effect was to produce a closer attention on his part to Helen, who, greatly to his uneasiness, did not seem to give him much encouragement, although she [321] always treated him with politeness and attention whenever he called to see her. But it was not true, as Tilghman had heard, that Helen was engaged to a young man in Columbus; though it was true that she was in correspondence with a gentleman there named Walker, and that their acquaintance was intimate, and fast approaching a love-like character.

Still, she was not indifferent to the former, and, as he showed so strong a preference for her, began, gradually, to feel an awakening interest. Tilghman was quick to perceive this, and it greatly elated him. In the exultation of his feelings, he said to himself—

"I'll show this Columbus man that I'm worth a dozen of him. The boldest wins the fair. I wouldn't give much for his engagement."

Tilghman was a merchant, and visited the east twice every year for the purpose of buying goods. Last August, he crossed the mountains as usual. Some men, when they leave home and go among strangers, leave all the little good breeding they may happen to have had behind them. Such a man was Tilghman. The moment he stepped into a steamboat, stage, or railroad car, the every-one-for-himself principle by which he was governed manifested itself in all its naked deformity, and it was at once concluded by all with whom he came in contact that, let him be who he would, he was no gentleman.

On going up the river, on the occasion referred to, our gentleman went on the free and easy principle, as was usual with him when in public conveyances; consulting his own inclinations and tastes alone, and running his elbows into any and everybody's ribs that happened to come in his way. He was generally first at the table when the bell rang; and, as he had a good appetite, managed, while there, to secure a full share of the delicacies provided for the company.

"Every one for himself," was the thought in his mind on these occasions; and his actions fully agreed with his thoughts.

On crossing the mountains in stages as far as Cumberland, his greedy, selfish, and sometimes downright boorish propensities annoyed his fellow-passengers, and particularly a young man of quiet, refined, and gentlemanly deportment, who could not, at times, help showing the disgust he felt. Because he paid his half dollar for meals at the taverns on the way, Tilghman seemed to feel himself licensed to gormandize at a beastly rate. The moment he sat down to the table, he would seize eagerly upon the most desirable dish near him, and appropriate at least a half, if not two-

thirds, of what it contained, regardless utterly of his fellow-passengers. Then he would call for the next most desirable dish, if he could not reach it, and help himself after a like liberal fashion. In eating, he seemed more like a hungry dog, in his eagerness, than a man possessing a grain of decency. When the time came to part company with him, his fellow-travelers rejoiced at being rid of one whose utter selfishness filled them with disgust.

In Philadelphia and New York, where Tilghman felt that he was altogether unknown, he indulged his uncivilized propensities to their full extent. At one of the hotels, just before leaving New York to return to Baltimore, and there take the cars for the West again, he met the young man referred to as a traveling companion, and remarked the fact that he recognized and frequently observed him. Under this observation, as it seemed to have something sinister in it, Tilghman felt, at times, a little uneasy, and, at the hotel table, rather curbed his greediness when this individual was present.

Finally, he left New York in the twelve o'clock boat, intending to pass on to Baltimore in the night train from Philadelphia, and experienced a sense of relief in getting rid of the presence of one who appeared to know him and to have taken a prejudice against him. As the boat swept down the bay, Tilghman amused himself first with a cigar on the forward deck, and then with a promenade on the upper deck. He had already secured his dinner ticket. When the fumes of roast turkey came to his eager sense, he felt "sharp set" enough to have devoured a whole gobbler! This indication of the approaching meal caused him to dive down below, where the servants were busy in preparing the table. Here he walked backwards and forwards for about half an hour in company with a dozen others, who, like himself, meant to take care of number one. Then, as the dishes of meat began to come in, he thought it time to secure a good place. So, after taking careful observation, he assumed a position, with folded arms, opposite a desirable dish, and awaited the completion of arrangements. At length all was ready, and a waiter struck the bell. Instantly, Tilghman drew forth a chair, and had the glory of being first at the table. He had lifted his plate and just cried, as he turned partly around—"Here, waiter! Bring me some of that roast turkey. A side bone and piece of the breast"—when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and the clerk of the boat said, in a voice of authority—

"Further down, sir! Further down! We want these seats for ladies."

Tilghman hesitated.

"Quick! quick!" urged the clerk.

There was a rustling behind him of ladies' dresses, and our gentleman felt that he must move. In his eagerness to secure another place, he stumbled over a chair and came near falling prostrate. At length he brought up at the lower end of the table.

"Waiter!" he cried, as soon as he had found a new position—"waiter, I want some of that roast turkey!"

The waiter did not hear, or was too busy with some one else to hear.

"Waiter, I say! Here! This way!"

So loudly and earnestly was this uttered, that the observation of every one at that end of the table was attracted towards the young man. But he thought of nothing but securing his [322] provender. At length he received his turkey, when he ordered certain vegetables, and then began eating greedily, while his eyes were every moment glancing along the table to see what else there was to tempt his palate.

"Waiter!" he called, ere the first mouthful was fairly swallowed.

The waiter came.

"Have you any oyster sauce?"

"No, sir."

"Great cooks! Turkey without oyster sauce! Bring me a slice of ham."

"Bottle of ale, waiter," soon after issued from his lips.

The ale was brought, the cork drawn, and the bottle set beside Tilghman, who, in his haste, poured his tumbler two-thirds full ere the contact of air had produced effervescence. The consequence was that the liquor flowed, suddenly, over the glass, and spread its creamy foam for the space of four or five inches around. Several persons sitting near by had taken more interest in our young gentleman who was looking after number one than in the dinner before them; and, when this little incident occurred, could not suppress a titter.

Hearing this, Tilghman became suddenly conscious of the ludicrous figure he made, and glanced quickly from face to face. The first countenance his eyes rested upon was that of the young man who had been his stage companion; near him was a lady who had thrown back her veil, and whom he instantly recognized as Helen Walcot! She it was who stood behind him when the clerk ejected him from his chair, and she had been both an ear and eye-witness of his sayings and doings since he dropped into his present place at the table. So much had his conduct affected her with a sense of the ridiculous, that she could not suppress the smile that curled her lips; a smile that was felt by Tilghman as the death-blow to all his hopes of winning her for his bride.

With the subsidence of these hopes went his appetite; and with that he went also—that is, from the table, without so much as waiting for the dessert. On the forward deck he ensconced himself until the boat reached South Amboy, and then he took good care not to push his way into the ladies' car, a species of self-denial to which he was not accustomed.

Six months afterwards—he did not venture to call again on Miss Walcot—Tilghman read the announcement of the young lady's marriage to a Mr. Walker, and not long afterwards met her in company with her husband. He proved to be the traveling companion who had been so disgusted with his boorish conduct when on his last trip to the east.

Our young gentleman has behaved himself rather better since when from home; and we trust that some other young gentlemen who are too much in the habit of "taking care of number one" when they are among strangers, will be warned by his mortification, and cease to expose themselves to the ridicule of well-bred people.

A HINDOO BELLE.

BY J. E. P.

COME, see Ro Appo, my sweet Hindoo belle;
On Burra deen, a holiday, full dressed,
Glittering with gems, she shineth in the sun,
Superior far to maidens of the west.

Her Dahka veil, light as the fleecy cloud,
Enshrines her form in fairy-like attire
Her every move is made with Eastern grace,
She walks a queen of beauty with her lyre

O'er the Midan, or in the cooler shade
Of scented shrubs or spreading banian grove,
Touching the strings where music sleeps till when
She wakes all into song of joy and love.

See her maunteeka,[C] with its splendid star,
Throws radiating beauty from her brow,
Where diamond amethyst and emerald beams
Blend with the pride that sparkles from her now.

Her champank necklace, glittering round her neck,
Loose dangles down low on her glowing breast,
Whose rise and fall, as inward passion stirs
Oft, like the Ganges, drown its zealous guest.

See, as she raises slow her tiny hand,
How rich her fingers are in jewels rare!
Her thumb she nears, for in her inah[D] glass
She loves to see her beauty shining there

Music is in her step, for, as she stirs,
Listen to Paunjcho merry, tinkling bell,
Betaking well the native cheerfulness
Of my sweet-tempered Hindostanee belle.

I love to see thee in thy pride of show;
Thy sable face, illum'd with Eastern smile,
Wins o'er my soul, in spite thy Pagan creed,
To court thy heart and worship thee awhile.

Doff off thy dark idolatry, and come,
Be one with me; be married, and deride
Thy parents' wrath, thy Bramin's deadliest curse;
Join Europe and Asia, bridegroom and the bride.

DEVELOUR.

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A SEQUEL TO "THE NIEBELUNGEN."
BY PROFESSOR CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL.
(Continued from page 261.)

CHAPTER IX.

DEVELOUR and his associates left the little house in the Ruelle des Jardiniers and marched down the Rue de Charenton, in order to avoid being seen by any sentinel which the revelers of the Rue Montgallet might have had the precaution to place before the door. Caleb and Develour walked at the head of the troop, followed by Bertram and Filmot with the *père* between them. When they reached the *barrière*, they met with an unexpected interruption from a small body of municipal guards, who stood like statues in the gloomy shade of a temporary guard-house. Their sudden appearance, and the quick and decisive *qui vive* of their brave young Captain St. Leger, disconcerted Develour for a moment; but Caleb whispered to him—

"Halt the men, while I give this young fire-eater the watchword, which he begins to suspect is not in our possession."

Then advancing a few steps, he, in a low tone, but loud enough for the officer to hear, spoke the word "*Philippe and Amelia;*" then immediately resumed his former position, while he said "Pass, guard of the throne." Develour's band then turned into the Ruelle de Quatre Chemins, and marched up the Rue de Trois Chandelles until they came to an alley, into which they went. About the middle of the alley, they halted before a massive gate, which opened into the garden of Madame Georgiana's *pied à terre*. Here a whispered conversation took place as to the best mode of gaining entrance into the garden They had expected to find it open; for so their spy had reported it to have been at an early hour of the evening. Disappointed, some proposed to break it down; but this was rejected, on account of the noise which would attend such an effort, and might give the alarm to the revelers. Others proposed to send for a locksmith; but this was considered as consuming too much time, when every moment was of the greatest value. At last Bertram, who, with Caleb, had taken no part in the discussion, said—

"If the *grille* is not surmounted with spikes too large to cross, I will soon have it open. At any rate, I will try. Come, Père Tranchard, let us have your ladder."

The silken cords were soon uncoiled, and Bertram, with one dextrous throw, fastened the hooks around the cross-bars between the spikes. He then mounted the ladder, and bade the père follow him. Poor Père Tranchard, notwithstanding his many excuses, was compelled to share the perilous ascent When the two had reached the top, Bertram ordered his frightened companion to crawl along the *grille* to the wall, and there, perched in a very uneasy position, remain a sentinel in the avenues from the house; he then coolly surveyed the ground on the other side of the gate, and, after a few seconds of deliberation, drew the ladder after him, and lowered it into the garden. Not the slightest noise betrayed the presence of a living being, and he congratulated himself already upon his success while descending the lowest rounds, when his progress was suddenly arrested by some one who seized the collar of his coat, without any warning except an inarticulate grumbling noise. The rain and the thick darkness prevented him from seeing his assailant; but, when he turned in order to lay hold of him, he found a shaggy head coming in contact with his face. As soon as he felt the hair brush against his cheek, he gave a low laugh, and said—

"Down, Carlo, down! It is Bertram."

His four-footed assailant, a large dog of the African lion breed, immediately relinquished his hold, and crouched at the feet of his old master.

"Just so," muttered Bertram. "I thought Jacquelin would not like to go the rounds to-night, and would confide his post to thee, Carlo. Come, let us go and hunt for thy new master."

He then walked cautiously towards the house, the lower windows of which opened into the garden, and showed a brilliantly illuminated apartment, in which a table, covered with all the appurtenances of an epicurean supper, was set out. The room was filled with a number of gentlemen in every variety of dress. Bertram, in his approach to the house, took advantage of every tree to conceal his person, in order to get as near as possible without being observed. When he had come near enough to distinguish the persons in the room, he stopped, and surveyed the scene and the ground with the eye of a soldier, and, after a few moments, muttered—

"A precious set of scoundrels, indeed, we have here. Grandan—I suppose come to make converts to socialism; no need of that here; Malin, Sotard, Egal, and Létour, who have no property of their own, are already too willing to divide that of other people. There, too, are Longchamp, Bouchon, and Labotte, and not a woman with them: that is strange, were it not for the wine, which accounts for their presence here. But I must hasten to obtain the key. I wonder [324] where that scoundrel Jacquelin has gone to."

He then gave a low and prolonged whistle. It was answered, after a few seconds, by another from an upper window, and soon afterwards a man came out of the house and looked around in the garden; but the darkness prevented him from distinguishing anything. Bertram repeated, in the mean time, his signal, while he drew off from the house towards a thick clump of trees, to which the man followed, guided by the signal whistle. As soon as they had reached the trees, Bertram seized him in his powerful arms, and, after he had put his handkerchief over his mouth, told him to give up the key of the garden gate. The terrified gardener placed the keys in his hands. Bertram then tied him to a tree, and left the poor wretch, almost frightened to death, exposed to the drizzling rain which now began to fall.

When he returned to the gate, he found his companions impatient to gain admittance, and poor Père Tranchard begging in whispers to be released from his elevated situation, assuring them that it was too dark to see anything or anybody from his post, and that the place was too narrow for him to continue there any longer. Bertram laughed, and told him to come down; that they had no need any longer for his valuable services as a look-out.

When Develour and his companions entered the garden, Caleb, who had hitherto remained inactive, took the command of the little party, and every one obeyed at once, as if it had been expected that he would lead the attack. He divided them into two divisions, one to be led by Develour and Bertram, and the other by himself and Filmot, but told them that they were to separate only when the servants and followers should have been secured in the hall of the domestics. He then ordered them all to cover their faces with the masks, and advance. A few minutes brought them to the very door of the hall in which the domestics and others in the pay of the conspirators were already carousing, and were so completely absorbed in political disputes and drinking wine, filched from the supply for the supper-room, that they did not observe the intruders until they were surrounded. Before they had time to recover from the surprise, they were seized, disarmed, and tied, and instant death was threatened to everyone in case of any attempt at an alarm. After the servants and guards had been thus disposed of, Caleb said to Develour—

"Thou and Bertram must now secure the masters. Let Bertram speak; it is better that thy voice be not recognized. Endeavor, above all things, to gain the lower part of the room, and lock the small door thou wilt see there. Here we separate. I leave the men with thee, if thy friend will volunteer to be my companion."

"Willingly," replied Filmot. "Lead the way."

When the two had passed out of the room, Bertram said to Tranchard—

"Now, worthy père, can you tell us how many doors lead out of that supper-room into some of the secret recesses of this rat-trap?"

"Your companion with the broad-brimmed hat seems to know; for he has told you to take care of the lower door."

"Is there no other, worthy père? For, remember, if any of these men escape into a secret hiding-place, I will provide you with a higher perch than yonder wall, and will secure you to it by a rope around the neck."

Tranchard turned pale at these words, and replied, with a trembling voice—

"There is another; but promise me that you yourself will not enter it, and I will point it out to you. Otherwise," he continued, with a firmer voice, heaving a deep sigh, "you may hang before I'll tell you."

"Never fear," said Bertram, with a laugh; "we have no idea—at least not to-night—to trust our heads into any of the traps which this she-devil may have contrived here."

"Well, then, if you touch the golden rose by the side of the large mirror over the Cupid, it will slide aside, and you may enter by a stairs into the cellar underneath the room."

"We will take care of it, but you must now remain by my side, worthy père, till I have tested your veracity."

Then turning to his men, he dispatched two squads to different parts of the house, with directions to secure the two regular places of egress from the room.

CHAPTER X.

The conspirators, in the mean time, unconscious of the danger which threatened them, were discussing with one another the various topics which were uppermost in their minds. Joubart, who had just joined the party, after listening for a few moments to some remarks from Egal, exclaimed—

"Gentlemen, our situations, our precedents are very different, and our parts are very singular. You are all republicans at all hazards. I am not a republican of that school. And yet at this moment I am going to be more republican than you are. The fact that I am now here is itself a decisive declaration of it. Let us understand one another. Like you, I regard a republican government as the only instrument for the advancement of the general truth which a nation should incorporate in its laws. But I have just come from the chamber, and I fear we are not strong enough, not prepared as yet to accomplish this. I have still misgivings. I am not therefore an absolute republican like yourselves; but I am a politician, and a politician of the highest cast." At these words, smiles were exchanged among the conspirators. "Well, as a politician, I now think [325] it is my duty to refuse the support you are willing to offer me at this hour."

"Well, refuse and play the part of a coward, if you will; that of a traitor you dare not play," exclaimed Bouchon, in his brutal manner.

"There is no need of falling out by the way," said Grandan. "We need Joubart, and he needs us. That little speech will do very well for the chamber; there it would tell. Here we understand one

another. Not one of us will risk his head without a probability of success. Joubart has not seen Delevert; else he would know that the mine is well dug, and will and *must* explode before to-morrow evening. The chiefs of the *Cabet*, *St. Simon*, *Lébout*, *Carac*, *Tuvir*, and five others, whose names I must not mention now, have drawn their followers together to act under the orders of the secret council. The council has decreed a permanent sitting until its object is accomplished; and accomplished it will be at all hazards."

"What can keep Madame Georgiana so long?" whispered Labotte to Longchamp. "She promised to be with us by ten o'clock, and bring with her the fair Louise. It is past ten now, and I told the coachman to draw up before the little door in the wall on the Ruelle des Trois Chandelles."

"I am afraid," replied Longchamp, "that you and Bouchon will get into trouble by your intrigues, and draw your friends also into difficulties. *Diable!* are there no pretty girls in France besides this Louise? and what possessed Bouchon to fall in love with the picture of this American half savage?"

"Hist! hist! Bouchon will hear you. As to his affair, all I can say there is no accounting for taste. Mine is of a different nature. Louise has charms besides those of her person. The happy possessor of that fair devotee will also be entitled to receive an annual revenue of one hundred thousand francs; no trifling consideration. But the girl is not aware that she is heir to such wealth; and, if she were, would not be able to establish her claim without the aid of certain papers, which I alone know where to find."

"Well, there maybe some reason in your passion, but I see none in that of Bouchon. However, let us go in quest of our fair hostess. We can do so without any one being aware of our object."

Before they had time to rise from their seats the door flew open, and Bertram, with Develour and his followers, all armed to the teeth, entered the room. Not a word was spoken by either party for a few seconds. The conspirators were speechless from surprise and momentary fear; while the others executed their movements rapidly and in silence, according to Bertram's orders, who wished to surround them before they would have time to alarm the house. M. Trouvier was the first who recovered from his surprise, and, seizing his pistols, was about to rise from his chair; when Bertram, who had now placed himself behind Malin's chair, with his back to the large mirror, leveled a short rifle at his head, while he said, with his deep guttural voice—

"Down, sir! down to your seat! Let not a man stir from his place, if he wishes to keep his life!"

"What is the reason of this attack?" inquired Trouvier. "Do you come to rob us? If so, we will give you our purses, and free us from the intrusion."

"Your purses," exclaimed Bertram, with a mocking laugh, "would not be heavy to carry. Joubart's poetry and purse are chaff, easily carried away by a breath. Grandan and Egal might furnish better stores, if they had sufficiently gulled the people to entrust them with their money for a common stock. And you, M. Trouvier, with Sotard and Malin, have enough to do to keep your seditious paper afloat; you certainly have nothing to offer except empty promises to pay."

"Betrayed!" groaned Joubart, as he threw himself back in his chair.

"What, then, is your object in coming here?" inquired Trouvier. "Why are we surrounded by armed men hiding their faces beneath masks?"

"To compel you not to leave this room for two hours from this time; and, to this end, to tie your hands and feet and fasten you to the chairs which you now occupy," replied Bertram, with the utmost nonchalance, when he saw that the men had by this time managed to place themselves behind nearly every chair around the table.

"Never!" exclaimed Bouchon, who was a large and powerful man—"never will I submit to such disgrace while I can defend myself!"

And, with one bound, he sprang across his chair towards Bertram, but dropped almost on his knees when he felt the iron grasp of the veteran upon his shoulders. And that grasp continued until the burly form was bent like that of a child by a man.

Labotte had risen during the confusion which this scene created, and endeavored to escape by the lower door, while others had sought to leave by the ordinary entrances; but Develour stood a fierce sentinel before the only safe passage for escape, and repulsed the miscreant with a bitterness which would have led him to kill the mercenary wretch, if higher obligations had not interposed.

The other conspirators were also met everywhere by leveled pistols and drawn swords. They finally submitted to their fate, and were bound one by one by Bertram and his attendants. When Père Tranchard pretended to assist in tying Létour, he managed to whisper to him—

"In two hours you will be freed. Take care to remove the deposits from the secret chamber underneath; the secret is betrayed."

As soon as they had secured the prisoners. Bertram and Develour locked the outer doors, and then passed through that over which Develour had stood guard into a smaller chamber without any apparent outlet. Bertram ordered Tranchard to show them the means of egress from that room.

"There are two," replied the père, who had managed to lay hold of a bottle of wine before he left the supper-room, and with which he had fortified his inner man. "One, here to the right, leads into the garden, and the other, to the left, opens on a staircase which brings you into Mademoiselle Develour's boudoir." [326]

"Open the one to the left. Quick, quick! Caleb may need help!" exclaimed Bertram.

The père obeyed by touching a spring, which caused one of the panels to slide aside. They all then rushed up the stairs into the room, into which the reader has been introduced in a previous chapter. But the room was now vacant, the windows open, and not a sign of a human being anywhere. Develour, who had hitherto acted in silence, absorbed in his anxiety for the safety of Louise, now broke forth in bitter reproaches to Bertram—

"This, then, is your boasted wisdom! this the end of all your promises of success! Caleb assured me that in this room I should find her, and receive her safely into my arms. Where is she now? Where is Caleb, and what has become of Filmot? Have I lost both Louise and my friend? But here is another door; let us see what it conceals."

Turning the key, he beheld Madame Georgiana lying upon a sofa reading "Indiana," and making notes to it with a pencil. When Bertram saw who the occupant of the room was, he whispered—

"Speak not; she knows your voice. I will interrogate her."

But, before he had time to say a word, she rose and inquired if they had come to release her?

"Release you from what?"

"From the confinement to which a burly savage, a friend of yours, I suppose, has condemned me." She then began to relate what had taken place in that room a few minutes before their entrance.

"And whither have they gone? and how long ago?"

"They left about ten minutes before you entered; as to whither, I do not know. If you have not met them, they must have left either by the window or through the green panel-door, which opens on a passage by which one can reach the Ruelle."

Bertram then compelled the lady to open the panel-door, and after ordering his men to remain for one hour in the house, and to suffer no one to enter or leave it, he accompanied Develour down to the street. When they reached the pavement, they saw a carriage just turn the Rue des Trois Labres, and a few loiterers looking after it. Bertram inquired of one of them if that carriage had passed the house? He replied that it had halted there for more than an hour; but that, a few minutes ago, two gentlemen came out with a lady and entered the carriage; that the elder of the two had shown a card to the coachman, and told him to drive *ventre à terre* to the Rue des Terres Fortes.

When Develour heard this, he said, hurriedly, to Bertram—

"I must leave you; my work here is accomplished; though I have but half succeeded. I must now fulfil another duty. Before morning dawns, I shall know where Louise is. Farewell, Bertram, but not for ever. When we meet again, I shall be better able to thank you."

"Nay, nay, we may meet again before to-morrow night. Fear not; all is well which Arabacca counsels; all ends well which he undertakes."

With these words, he turned and went into the house, and Develour hastened to the Rue de Burgoigne.

(To be continued.)

A SPRING CAROL.

BY MRS. A. A. BARNES.

BRIGHT, balmy Spring! I greet thee now
With a hounding pulse and joyous brow;
Thy dewy breath, pure, soft, and bland,
Seems like a dream of a fairy land;
And open I throw the casement wide,
To inhale the dewy, delicious tide:
The fragrance soft of the budding trees
Is borne to me on the morning breeze;
The emerald turf is gemmed with dew,
That gleams like stars in the vault of blue;
The clouds are tinged with a rosy stain,
As the rising sun illumes the plain.

The early flowers, in their brightest bloom,
Have waked from their dark and cheerless tomb:
Sweet flowers! a halo and grace ye fling
Over the brow of the smiling spring;
Ye gladden the hearts in cottage homes
As freely as those in stateliest domes.
And the birds, the truants I watched for long,
Are greeting me now with carol and song;
From the "sunny south" they breathe to me,
In joyous chirp and wild song free,
The sweetest lays of a summer sky,
Where birds of glossiest plumage fly;
Where flowers are seen of the loveliest hue,
And the bending skies are softly blue;
Where the rippling waves of the dancing stream
Are kissed by the golden sunlight's gleam,
Whose banks are bright with the sheen of flowers
That rarely bloom in this clime of ours—
Blooms gorgeous enough to grace, I ween,
The brow of Oberon's fairy queen.

Sweet friend, I marvel, with skies like these,
Thou e'er shouldst tempt our northern breeze;
Yet welcome thou art as Spring's first green,
Pleasant to me as a bright "day-dream,"
That illumes for a while the sober sky,
And yet, like thee, too soon dost fly.

UNDERSLEEVES AND CAPS.

[327]

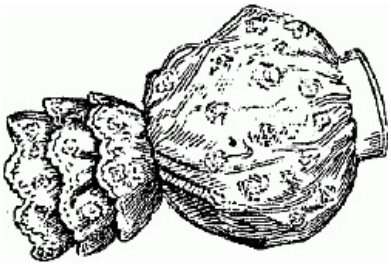


Fig. 1.

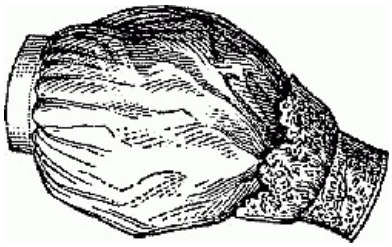


Fig. 2.

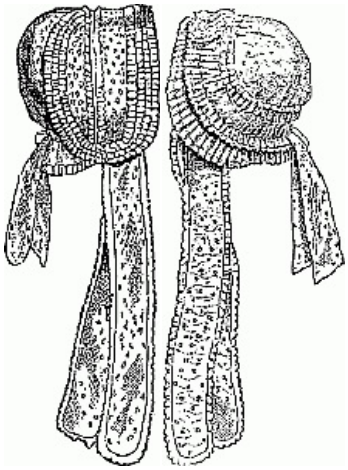
UNDERSLEEVES.

OPEN sleeves are still in vogue, and being more than ever worn for light summer materials, we continue our cuts in illustration of various favorite styles.

Fig. 1 is of embroidered muslin, intended to come just above the elbow, where it is fastened by a small gum-elastic bracelet, which will be found the neatest support for a demi-sleeve. The wrist has three rows of rich cambric edging, made to fall over the hand. This is more suitable for a spring silk than a lighter dress.

Fig. 2. of plain cambric, with embroidered cuff and band. The edging in this case is made to fall back towards the elbow. It will be noticed that undersleeves are worn as full as ever, and make the most elegant finish to a tasteful toilet.

Fig. 3. **Fig. 4.**



CAPS.

Fig. 3 is a breakfast cap of spotted muslin, with double rows of quilling, arranged in a very graceful roll, extending around the crown. The broad strings are of the muslin, with a delicate edging of Valenciennes lace. Pale violet ribbon may be used instead, and also for the bow on the cap.

Fig. 4, also a breakfast cap, is in a similar, though more tasteful style, the bow of rose-colored ribbon in the centre being a novelty, and the square crown preferred by many. The border is closely quilled, as in Fig. 3. Many ladies prefer to quill for themselves, which may easily be done, an iron intended for the purpose being easily procured at a small expense. [328]

ETRUSCAN LACE CUFF.

Use crochet thread Nos. 8 and 9.

Make a chain of 106 loops with thread No. 80; turn back and work in double crochet, always working on one side, commencing at the right-hand side of foundation.

1st row.—Single open crochet, with thread No. 90.

2d row.—Double crochet.

3d row.—5 chain, 7 long; repeat.

4th row.—7 chain, 5 long; repeat.

5th row.—7 chain, 3 long; repeat.

6th row.—5 chain, 5 long; repeat.

7th row.—3 chain, 7 long; repeat.

8th row.—3 chain, 9 long; repeat.

9th row.—3 stitches of 3 chain crochet, 7 long; repeat.

10th row.—4 stitches of 3 chain crochet, 5 long; repeat.

11th row.—5 stitches of 3 chain crochet, 5 long; repeat.

12th row.—5 stitches of 3 chain crochet, 3 long; repeat.

Crochet the ends with double crochet.

13th row.—12 chain, 2 long; repeat. Work this row round each end of the cuff, and work the band in double crochet with thread No. 80, missing every fourth stitch of foundation.

NOTE.—Our pattern has been reduced in size from the original, but by working as above directed the true size will be given.

KNITTED FLOWERS.

PERIWINKLE

CAST on ten stitches with white split Berlin wool.

1st row.—Make one stitch, knit two through the row.

2d row.—Purled.

Fasten on a pale and delicate shade of lavender.

3d row.—Make one stitch, knit three, turn back, purl the same stitches (take a deeper shade of lavender), and continue to work in alternate plain and purled rows (increasing only in the plain rows), until you have seven stitches on the needle.

Now fasten on a still darker shade of lavender in the ninth purled row, and knit and purl alternately six more rows, making one stitch at the beginning of the plain row, and taking two stitches together at the beginning of the purled rows. Cast off the seven stitches, which completes one petal. Break the wool about a yard and a half from the work, thread a rug needle with it, and bring the wool along the left edge of the petal first made to the next stitches on the needle. Make one stitch, knit three, turn back, and continue exactly as for the first petal. When you have thus worked all the stitches into five petals, cover a wire, by twisting one thread of split lavender wool round it, and sew it round the edges of the petals. Mount the flower on a piece of wire to form a stem, having first placed five short yellow stamens in the centre of the corolla; twist all the wires together, and cover the stem with green wool.

LEAVES.—Cast on one stitch with a pretty bright shade of green split wool.

1st row.—Make one stitch, knit one.

2d row.—Make one, purl two.

3d row.—Make one, knit three. [329]

4th row.—Make one, purl the row.

5th row.—Make one, knit one, make one, knit two.

6th row.—Make one, purl the row.

7th row.—Knit the row, increasing one before and one stitch after the middle stitch.

8th row.—Purl the row.

Knit and purl alternately four rows without, and begin decreasing one stitch at the beginning of every row, both knitted and purled, till you come to the last two stitches, which knit as one. Sew a wire round the edge of each leaf. These leaves must be made in pairs, two of each size; but as several different sizes will be required, this will be easily effected by increasing the second size to nine stitches instead of seven; the third to eleven stitches; and, if a still larger leaf be required, the fourth to thirteen stitches. The leaves must be placed two by two along the stem, opposite to each other, each pair crossing the preceding one. There must be no spring wire for the stem, as the periwinkle is a running plant.

COTTAGE FURNITURE.

Fig. 1.

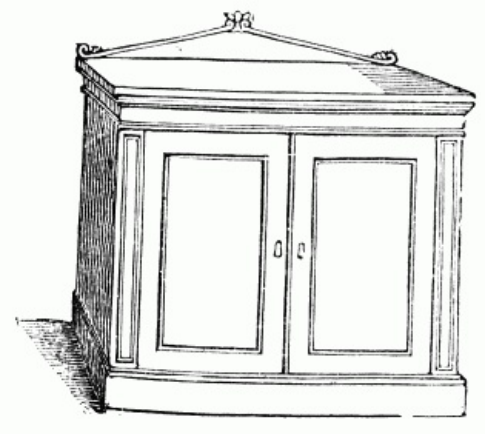


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

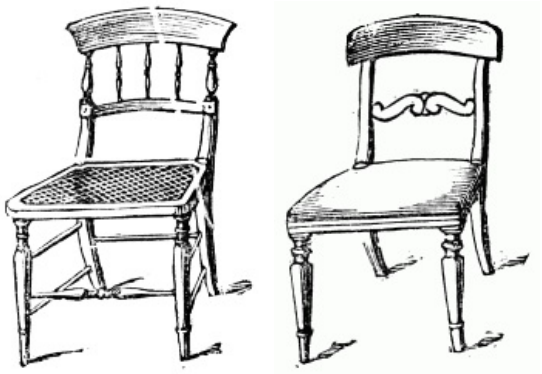


Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

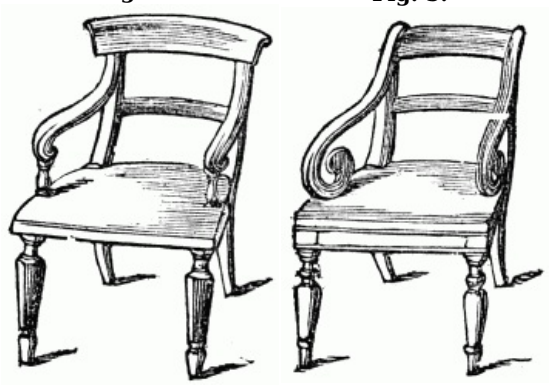


Fig. 6.

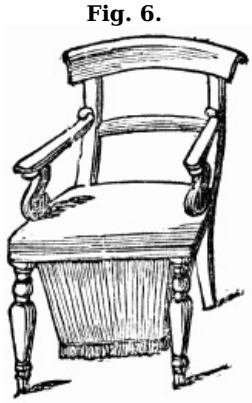


Fig. 1 is a small cupboard-sideboard for a neatly furnished cottage parlor, in which there is not much room.

Figs. 2 and 3 are plain Grecian chairs for the parlor.

Figs. 4 and 5 are parlor elbow-chairs, in the Grecian style.

Fig. 6 is an elbow-chair for the work-room. It has a work-box drawer underneath the seat. [330]

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE high-toned chivalry of American men towards the female sex is remarkable, and therefore we were astonished, as well as pained, when a friend brought to our notice the following remarks, inserted in a literary work[E] of much merit, where we should not have looked for such a

violation of truth and manly sentiment as is manifested in this outrageous attack on the character of Madame de Staël. We quote the article:—

"George Sand has written her 'Confessions' in the style of Rousseau, and a Paris bookseller has contracted to give her a fortune for them. The three greatest—intellectually greatest—women of modern times have lived in France, and it is remarkable that they have been three of the most shamelessly profligate in all history. The worst of these, probably, Madame de Staël, left us no record of her long-continued, disgusting, and almost incredible licentiousness, so remarkable, that Chateaubriand deemed her the most abandoned person in France, at a period when modesty was publicly derided in the Assembly as a mere 'system of refined voluptuousness.' Few who have lately resided in Paris are ignorant of the gross sensualism of the astonishing Rachel, whose genius, though displayed in no permanent forms, is not less than that of the Shakspeare of her sex, the forever-to-be-famous Madame Dudevant, whose immoralities of conduct have perhaps been overdrawn, while those of De Staël and Rachel have rarely been spoken of save where they challenged direct observation. We perceive that Rachel is to be in New York next autumn with a company of French actors."

"'Tis a pity when charming women talk of things that they don't understand," is as true as if it had been promulgated by a *man*, and the author of the above extraordinary statements will perhaps allow that, in a few cases, the same may be predicated of the other sex. Some aspirants for literary fame, before attaining much knowledge of life or of books, are fond of attempting to startle by deviating from received opinions; they advance monstrous paradoxes in morals, and strive to produce a sensation by differing from the good and the wise. They have heard the vulgar adage that genius and common sense seldom go together, and they begin by rejecting common sense as a part of genius. Common sense would suggest the advantage of knowing something of the history of an illustrious person before describing his or her character; and, as we feel assured no man who has an American heart would wish to advance or maintain falsehoods against a woman, and one over whom the tomb has closed, we take pleasure in giving the writer in the "International" some information about Madame de Staël.

In the first place, he has been grossly imposed upon concerning Chateaubriand. We have lately read the "Mémoires d'outre Tombe," a work we recommend to the author of the article, in which he will find much information, and, what perhaps he values more, amusement; and, what is to our present purpose, he will find that Chateaubriand entertained the most sincere friendship and the highest respect for this lady, whom he constantly calls "the illustrious," "the admirable." Madame de Staël was the intimate friend of his sister, the charming Lucille; and also she was, as *almost* every one knows, the friend, mentor, and protector of Madame Récamier. Chateaubriand gives a very pathetic description of the last days of Madame de Staël, to whose dying chamber he was admitted; her name is constantly recurring through his journals, and *never mentioned but in honorable terms*. In one place he describes her thus:—

"The personal appearance of Madame de Staël has been much discussed; but a noble countenance, a pleasing smile, an habitual expression of goodness, the absence of all trifling affectation or stiff reserve, gracious manners, an inexhaustible variety of conversation, astonished, attracted, and conciliated almost all who approached her. I know no woman—I may say no man—who, with the perfect consciousness of immense superiority, can so entirely prevent this superiority from weighing on or offending the self-love of others."

Madame de Beaumont, a valued friend of the family of Chateaubriand, was taken by some of its members to Italy, where she died of consumption. Madame de Staël wrote to condole with Chateaubriand on this occasion; here are the reflections upon her letter made in his Journal: "This hasty letter, so affectionate and hurried, written by this illustrious woman, affected me extremely. If Heaven had permitted our friend to look back upon this earth, such a testimony of affection would surely have been grateful to her."

If Chateaubriand were "permitted to look back upon earth," what would he think of the vile aspersions upon the character of "this illustrious woman" attributed to him?

There have been many biographies written of Madame de Staël (none of which ever allude to what the writer in the "International" calls her "disgusting and almost incredible licentiousness"). We will advert here to two; one by Madame Necker de Saussure, well known in America for writings of a moral and religious nature; the other by the Duchess D'Abrantes, who thus begins her memoirs: "For a French woman to write the life of Madame de Staël is certainly a happy privilege, since France boasts the honor of her birth, though she is among those minds that belong to the entire world, and her whole sex should call her sister with a noble pride, which they may cherish with perfect safety. Madame de Staël descends to posterity with merits so great and so various, that few besides herself you claim a part of her title. *Her fame is spotless*, a true child of genius, but free from its aberrations. The love of right, the *abhorrence of falsehood*, a rare combination of generous affections, constituted the womanly heart to which nature, in a happy mood, lavished all the virtues of one sex and all the powers of the other."

It is very well known that M. Rocca, the second husband of Madame de Staël, "a man of high honor and of great intelligence" (Chateaubriand *really* says so), was unable to survive her loss, [331] and died shortly after her, it was admitted, through grief. The Duchess D'Abrantes says, upon this: "He was of an age when life still offered pleasure, the world glory; but, being hopeless of ever again finding so perfect a being to occupy his heart, he formed no other wish, after closing her eyes, than that of rejoining her. A woman thus loved must have been truly excellent." And, we will add, this love was entirely founded upon and maintained by her moral qualities, as she was

then fifty years old and in failing health.

Madame Necker de Saussure observes, "Madame de Staël's goodness was thorough; her noble, generous heart rose to heroism when the interest of her friends, or even of her foes, demanded energy." This was proved by the numbers she saved and concealed during the terrors of the Revolution. In every part of Europe she was courted and esteemed by the best society, and, if time and our pages permitted, we could quote tributes to her merits from a long list of eminent men, whose superiority places them above the petty aim of depressing female genius by slandering the woman who has well won its laurels. To advert to a few of these memorials: Schlegel, who knew her intimately, said she was "Femme grande et magnanime jusque dans les replis de son âme," which is curiously echoed by the well-known verse, that might serve as a translation—

"Pure in the deep recesses of the soul."

At the time of Madame de Staël's death, Lord Byron commented at length on the event in one of his notes to "Childe Harold." After expatiating on her merits as an author, he goes on—

"But the individual will gradually disappear as the author is more distinctly seen: some one, therefore, of all those whom the charms of involuntary wit, and of easy hospitality, attracted within the friendly circles of Coppet, should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are said to love the shade, are, in fact, more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to portray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dearer relationships, the performance of whose duties is rather discovered amongst the interior secrets, than seen in the outward management, of family intercourse; and which, indeed, it requires the delicacy of genuine affection to qualify for the eye of an indifferent spectator. Some one should be found, not to celebrate, but to describe, the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society, ever varied, and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her. The mother tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved, the friend unboundedly generous, but still esteemed, the charitable patroness of all distress, cannot be forgotten by those whom she cherished, and protected, and fed. Her loss will be mourned the most where she was known the best; and, to the sorrows of very many friends and more dependents, may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who, amidst the sublimer scenes of the Leman Lake, received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable Corinna."

In "Modern French Literature," M. de Véricour, the learned and excellent author, gives an exalted place to the works of Madame de Staël, and to the extraordinary and beneficial influence she had exercised by her literary supremacy in overpowering the baneful influence of what he calls "the mocking spirit" of French writings, which had injured *morals* as well as good taste. He does not, of course, allude to her private character, because no question of its purity had ever been raised. Who, in describing the excellence of Mrs. Hemans' writings, would think of adding that she was a virtuous woman? But, if Mary Wollstonecraft were named, who would not express their regret, at least, that she had sinned? Thus, M. Véricour does when describing the genius of George Sand. The absence of any shadow of reproach in connection with Madame de Staël is proof that no shadow of reproach existed.

To return to the writer in the "International" (we are loth to believe it was written by either of the editors); as he appears, by the place he gives to "George Sand" and "Rachel," to be profoundly ignorant on the subject of the "intellectually greatest women of modern times," we will intimate to him two or three about whom it might be well for him to gain some information, were it only to avoid blunders. We will not be so exacting as to perplex him with Mrs. Somerville, for we are aware it is not every one who can invent a slander whose mind could appreciate "The Connection of the Physical Sciences;" neither will we refer him to Mrs. Barrett Browning, whose "genius," as pronounced by grave and reverend critics, "is of the highest order, strong, deep-seeing, enthusiastic, and loving," because such divine poetry and deep science would be evidently out of his line; but Miss Edgeworth, the author of "Frank" and "Harry and Lucy;" surely he might understand her lessons, if he would read them: these lessons always inculcate *truth*, are sound, improving, and elevating, and the intellect must have been great that could see moral truths so clearly.

The author of the paragraph appears to consider stage-playing as wonderfully intellectual, and his pattern of this greatness in "modern times" is Rachel. Was there not a certain Mrs. Siddons, whose genius in the histrionic art was superior to that of any living actress, and whose character was unimpeachable? According to the best French critics, men of taste and literary fame, who do not write anonymously, but subscribe their articles with their names, Rachel is only good in one line, which is passion or violence. In tender heroines, they say, she fails, and they seem to consider her powers altogether limited; for these opinions we refer the writer in the "International" to the "Revue des Deux Mondes." Were Rachel the intellectual prodigy he pronounces her to be, still the poor despised child, who sang in the streets and was brought up without law or Gospel, must have fallen into vice rather from the sad want of training than from having a good understanding, as he, in Irish parlance, intimates.

A similar remark is also true of Madame Dudevant: her intellectual greatness did not plunge her into licentiousness; she fell before she ever wrote a book; and though we do not wish to screen her from the odium her reckless course has deserved, yet it should be recorded in pity that her fine powers of mind were misdirected by a false and frivolous education, that the

examples and flatteries of the most fascinating but corrupt society on earth have led her on and sustained her; yet she, by the light which her own high intellectuality has developed, is changing her course, if the examples furnished by her writings are true. Her later works are greatly improved in their moral tone; yet there is no diminution, but an increase of mental power. [332]

Among the very extensive catalogue of French women justly famed, the selection by the writer in the "International" proves that he takes his views from what he hears;—if he would but read more, and gossip less, he would be amazed as "knowledge unrolled its ample page before him." We will not trouble him with the Reformers of Port-Royal, who certainly did some things greater than acting plays, for, to appreciate these ladies, requires an acquaintance with the theological and political history of their era. We will pass over the exalted patriot and gifted woman, Madame Roland, whose intellectual greatness, unsurpassed by that of any man of her times, or by any woman now living in France, was based on moral virtue; but it seems a pity he should not know of Madame de Sevigné, because even schoolboys have really heard of her. The wit, learning, true sentiment, and graceful style of Madame de Sevigné have won the approval of critics and moralists; intellectually great, she was a model of domestic virtue. In one of her celebrated letters, she says we must distinguish between "*un âne et un ignorant*"—one is "ignorant" from want of instruction, *âne* from want of brains. Would it not be well for the writer in the "International" to heed this distinction? Æsop has a very pertinent fable on the living ass kicking the dead lion.

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To Correspondents.—The following articles are accepted: "My Flowers, my Gem, and my Star," "To Susan," "Halcyon Day," "My Book," "The Coronal," "Perseverance," "My Summer Window," "Reaping," "Sonnet," "The Country Grave-Yard," "To Oliver Perry Allen, U.S.N.," "To Nina," "To Helen at the South."

"A Tale of the Backwoods" would be accepted, were it not for the condition annexed. We should not be able to publish it at present. Will the author inform us if he is willing to wait? The like reason—want of room—compels us to decline a very large number of MSS. this month.

"F. H." is informed that we have returned her MSS. through "Adams' Express." We sincerely hope we may not be again troubled from that source. If any definite direction had been given, it would have been returned long since.

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Music Accepted: "The Gondola Waltz," by a lady of Georgia; "A Spring Song," by C. T. P., of Chambersburg. Although accepted, the above cannot appear for some months, as we have many previously accepted musical compositions on hand.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE

From George S. Appleton, 164 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

LETTERS FROM THREE CONTINENTS. By M., the Arkansas Correspondent of the "Louisville Journal." These letters will be found highly interesting to the American reader; the views and reflections of the author, sustained by lifelike and graphic sketches, being in unison with our republican feelings, and illustrative of our free institutions.

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From Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia:—

A SCHOOL DICTIONARY OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE. By Dr. J. H. Kaltschmidt. In two parts. I. Latin—English. This work has been highly recommended by the best classical teachers in the United States.

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From James K. Simon, Philadelphia:—

SCENES AT HOME; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A FIRE SCREEN. By Mrs. Anna Bache. This little work contains nine familiarly written stories on practical moral duties, which the author has very properly dedicated to the young ladies of this country. We hope her dedication will not be overlooked by those to whom it has been made, and that they will duly profit by the good sense and amiable qualities of her book.

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From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia:—

MELVILLE. *A Franconia Story.* By the author of the "Rolla Books." A most agreeable and instructive book for the perusal of youthful readers, appealing to the highest and purest sympathies of the heart.

FOREIGN REMINISCENCES. By Henry Richard Lord Holland. Edited by his son, Henry

Edward Lord Holland. This is neither a work of history nor a work of romance; but, nevertheless, it is a work which will have its effect on the nerves of retired politicians and superannuated diplomatists. It is made up of such gossip and scandals as were ripe in Europe from the commencement of the French Revolution to the period of the Restoration. They are presented by an English nobleman, who assures his readers that he can only vouch for the anecdotes he has recorded by assuring said readers that he believes them himself. To all such as are willing to receive the author's "impressions" as vouchers, this work will therefore prove very interesting.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, FROM THE ADOPTION OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION TO THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH CONGRESS. By Richard Hildreth. In three volumes. Vol. I. Administration of Washington. The American public have already been placed under obligations to Mr. Hildreth for the colonial and revolutionary history of this country, and here we have the first volume of a work which promises, as a correct record and review of important events, to be equally interesting to the political, philosophical, and commercial student.

JANE BOUVERIE; OR, PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY. By Catherine Sinclair, author of "Sir Edward Graham," etc. The intention of the author of this excellent little volume, as she declares herself, was to develop, through the more attractive medium of a story, the trials, the duties, and the pleasures of domestic life. Her laudable intentions have been crowned with a success which will commend her work to the consideration of judicious readers of every class. [333]

From R. P. Putnam, New York, through A. Hart, Philadelphia:—

THE PRAIRIE. *A Tale.* By the author of "The Deerslayer," etc. This is the fifth volume of Mr. Cooper's revised edition of the "Leather Stocking Tales."

SALANDER AND THE DRAGON. *A Romance of Hartz Prison.* By Frederic William Shelton, M. A., of St. John's Church, Huntington, N. J. A very interesting little allegory, in which the author has admirably succeeded in his design of illustrating the danger of uttering, or of lending a willing ear to, unkind words and insinuations against the reputations of neighbors and acquaintances. It is peculiarly adapted for the younger classes of readers, and will doubtless have a tendency to establish in their minds the importance of a strict adherence to the principles of justice and charity.

LAVANGRO; *the Scholar, the Gipsy, the Priest*. By George Borrow, author of "The Bible in Spain," and "The Gipseys of Spain." Same agent.

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From Adrianne, Sherman & Co., Astor House, New York:—

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY. *A Satire.* By Motley Manners, Esq. We were greatly alarmed, not on our own account, but on account of the "Poets of America," when we read the author's first six lines, addressed to an ancient satirist:—

"O thou who, whilome, with unsparing jibe
And scorching satire, lashed the scribbling tribe;
Thou who, on Roman pimp and parasite,
Didst pour the vials of thy righteous spite—
Imperial Horace! let thy task be mine—
Let truth and justice sanctify my line!"

But, after all, the work is by no means so severe as we had anticipated from the threatening apostrophe to the Roman poet. We have read it with pleasure, and greatly admire some of the author's admirable hits. Instead of finding themselves in a "pillory," we imagine that many of the poets named will be obliged to the author for placing them in company with so many excellent writers, against whom and their productions his satire is amusingly harmless.

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From Gould & Lincoln, Boston:—

THE OLD RED SANDSTONE: *New Walks in an Old Field.* By Hugh Miller. Designed, like that sterling work of his, "Foot-prints of the Creator," to elucidate the connection between geological science and Revealed religion. This "Old Red Sandstone" has passed through fourteen editions in England, and will doubtless be as popular in America. It is just the book for the people—for mothers to study and talk over to their children.

PRINCIPLES OF ZOOLOGY. By Louis Agassiz and A. A. Gould. This is an excellent text-book for students and schools.

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From Walker & Richards, Charleston, S. C.:—

THE POETICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE MARY ELIZABETH LEE. *With a Biographical Memoir.* By S. Gilmer, D. D. The work is worthy of the eminent clergyman, who has given us the delineation of one of the loveliest characters among the good and gifted of the gentle sex. We commend the book to the young and lovely.

THE CITY OF THE SILENT. *A Poem.* By W. Gilmore Simms. Delivered at the consecration of the "Magnolia Cemetery." A production of much merit, which does credit to the taste and genius of its distinguished author.

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From W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia:—

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA-SERPENT. A work which, if not more wonderful than the romances of Dumas, has a better claim to public favor. It contains some truth in the authenticated memoranda about sea-serpents which ancient and modern lore furnishes. We should observe that the work is written in the *rhymed style* of D'Israeli's "Contarini Fleming."

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From Dunigan & Brothers, New York:—

LYRA CATHOLICA. This work is beautifully bound, and printed in the best style.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE: Boston.

MRS. WHITTLESEY'S MAGAZINE FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS: New York.

The above are excellent works of their kind. The first named, a weekly, contains admirable selections from foreign journals; the second, a small monthly, intended for the religious instruction of the family circle. Its editor is a lady worthy of high esteem.

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Serials, Pamphlets, &c.—"The History of Pendennis: his Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his greatest Enemy." By W. M. Thackeray. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents. This number completes the work.—"Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution." No 11. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.—"The Queen's Necklace; or, the Secret History of Louis the Sixteenth." By Alexander Dumas. Translated by Thomas Williams, Esq. Complete in two volumes. Price 50 cents. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson. 98 Chestnut Street.—"The City Merchant; or, the Mysterious Failure." With numerous illustrations. Published and for sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co. (successors to Grigg & Elliot), Philadelphia.—"Cruising in the Last War." By Charles J. Peterson, author of "Arnold at Saratoga," etc. Complete in one volume. Price 50 cents. T. B. Peterson, publisher, 98 Chestnut Street.—"The Mentor." A Magazine for Youth. Rev. Hastings Weld, editor. Is sustained with great zeal and ability.—"Stanfield Hall." An Historical Romance. By J. P. Smith, Esq., author of "The Jesuits," etc. W. F. Burgess, New York, T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.—"Pictorial Life and Adventures of Guy Fawkes, the Chief of the Gunpowder Treason." By William Harrison Ainsworth. With twenty-four illustrations. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.—"Wacousta; or, the Prophecy." An Indian Tale. By Major Richardson, author of "Ecarte," &c. Revised edition. Dewitt & Davenport, New York.—"Life's Discipline." A Tale of the Annals of Hungary. By Talvi, author of "Helois," etc. For sale by G. S. Appleton, Philadelphia.—No. 34 of "Shakspeare's Dramatic Works." Titus Andronicus. Boston edition. For sale by T. B. Peterson.—"Life and Adventures of Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist." By Henry Cockton, author of "Silver Sound," etc. Complete in one volume. Price 50 cents. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.—"The Howards." A Tale founded on facts. By D. H. Barlow, A. M. Philadelphia: published by Getz & Buck. This is a very interesting story, intended to enforce the benefits of life [334]
insurance.[F]—"Report of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane for the Year 1850." By Thomas S. Kirkbride, M. D., Physician of the institution—"Reveries of an Old Maid, embracing Important Hints to Young Men intending to Marry, illustrative of that celebrated Establishment, Capsicum House, for Furnishing Young Ladies." Forty-five engravings. Wm. H. Graham & Co., 120 Fulton Street, New York.—"The British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review, or Quarterly Journal of Practical Medicine and Surgery." Number thirteen of this valuable work has been received from Daniels & Smith, 36 North Sixth Street.—"Oregon and California; or, Sights in the Gold Region and Scenes by the Way." By Theodore T. Johnson. With a map and illustrations. Third edition. With an appendix, containing full instructions to emigrants by the overland route to Oregon. By Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, Delegate to Congress from that territory. Also the particulars of the march of the Regiment of U. S. Riflemen in 1849, together with the Oregon Land Bill. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.—"The Initials." A Story of Modern Life. Three volumes of the London edition complete in one. Same publishers.

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Music.—From Lee & Walker, 162 Chestnut Street: "To One in Heaven. Now Thou art Gone." Words by Thomas I. Diehl. Music by R. S. Hambridge. The plaintiveness of the music of this piece is admirably adapted to the deep sensibility which pervades every line of the poetry.

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Drawing.—The publisher, G. S. Appleton, 164 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, has furnished us with a set of "Easy Lessons in Landscape," by F. N. Otis. These primary lessons in pencil drawing are accompanied by copious instructions, which will be found of the greatest use to beginners in this agreeable accomplishment.

Publisher's Department.

Our Perfect May Number.—"May-Day Morning," a plate prepared expressly for our cover—it is worthy of a better place; "The Language of Flowers;" "Spring," beautifully colored; and a splendid and truthful "Fashion Plate."

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We think our present issue will convince our subscribers that we intend to give them not only the ornamental, but the useful. In this number may be found everything calculated to interest a lady, from the superb fashion plate to the building of cottages, and cottage furniture. An eminent publisher of this city observed to us, "You have been of great advantage to our country in one respect, for the publication of your model cottages has greatly tended to beautify our suburbs and those of other large towns."

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Our Model Cottages.—Nothing could have given us more pleasure than to find that this original feature of the "Lady's Book" has been duly appreciated by our numerous readers and correspondents. From every section of our country, we have received the most flattering testimonials, as well in relation to the beauty of our designs, as to their great utility in establishing a taste for the erection of convenient and comfortable homes in the rural districts, or even in the forests that abound in our favored land. We are truly gratified to see the change that has come over the spirit of our designers and builders in our own vicinity, on the shores of the Delaware, since we began to publish *our* designs, and to suggest plans as well of convenience as of elegant embellishment. This, then, is one of the original features of the "Book," of which we think we may be justly proud; but our readers will readily confess that it is only *one* of the numerous original features which have rendered the "Book" the *precedent* in literature, in the arts, and in the cultivation of the useful sciences.

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We commend the following sentiment, from the "Michigan Sentinel," to all true Americans:—

"The duty of every American is to support his own country's interest, in every respect, *first*. Our American Magazines have called out and supported an array of talent, in a particular line, of which we are proud, and which we are bound by patriotism to reward."

Here is another from the "Kentucky News Letter:"—

"'Godey' is on our table. Beautiful! Do you wish to see it? Well, once for all—we will not lend it. Its price is three dollars a year. The copy sent us is reserved for binding, and we cannot afford to have it defaced by lending."

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We knew that the January number of "Godey" was a decided "*hit;*" but our Georgia correspondent seems to have got the tallest kind of a "smite" from one of our fair poetesses. If *one* can do such execution, what may be expected of a broadside from a whole solid column of such charming contributors as the "Lady's Book" can boast? Hear him:—

"Mr Godey—dear Sir: I did not think to trouble you so soon again, but the singular beauty of the 'sylphs' and the 'sonnets' inspired my muse to utter the following:—

"THE 'SYLPHS' AND THE 'SONNETS.'
"As the sylphs of the seasons tripped their round,
In a sacred grove of laurel trees
Another fair sylph of the season they found,
And they crowned her 'Mary Spenser Pease.'

"So wild, so sweet was her sylvan song,
They, listening, delayed the passing years
Till, floating away, they bore her along,
To sing her sonnets in brighter spheres.
"*La Fayette, Walker Co., Ga.*, January 22d, 1851."

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We are happy to find that the ladies have their husbands' *interest* so much at heart. Several orders have been received since our last for "Breban's Interest Tables," the advertisement of which appears on our cover.

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We have been favored with an engraving representing the "Family Seat of George C. Sibley, Esq.," at Linden Wood, near St. Charles, Mo. It must be a place of exceeding beauty.

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Cameos.—We have on several occasions called the attention of our readers to the perfect likenesses produced in cameo by Mr. Peabody, whose room is in Chestnut Street near Fifth. One of the most perfect specimens of his cutting, which we recently had the pleasure to examine, is the likeness of General Patterson, our well-known fellow-citizen. Heretofore, we fear our friends [335] have not paid sufficient attention to this beautiful art, or given it that encouragement it so richly merits. We hope, however, that the time is at hand when the able and persevering artist will be fully appreciated and rewarded for all his skill and labor in the introduction of these accurate and beautiful memorials of love and friendship.

———

Impure Milk.—A lawsuit was recently brought, in New York, against our friend Howard, of the Irving House, to recover the sum of two hundred dollars, alleged to be due for milk delivered for the use of said establishment. On the trial, it was proved that the milk contracted for was to have been from cows fed upon grass, hay, and grain, and that the milk furnished was from cows fed upon swill, the offal, or remains of the distillery, and that they were tied up in stalls until they died of a loathsome disease. It gives us pleasure to state that the trial resulted in a verdict for Mr. Howard, the judge remarking, in his charge, that the proprietor of the Irving House was "entitled to the thanks of the community for exposing the base fraud." We will merely add that he is deserving also of the confidence of the traveling community for his efforts to minister for the preservation of their health, as well as for their pleasure and convenience.

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The Crystal Palace of Concord.—In this number of the "Book" we present our readers with a view of the largest and most magnificent building in the world, erected in Hyde Park, London, to contain the contributions of all nations for the great exhibition shortly to take place. It is 1848 feet long by 408 broad, covering about eighteen acres of ground. Number of columns, 3230. The total cubic contents will be 33,000,000 feet, giving room for eight miles of exhibition tables. There are 282 miles of sash bars and 900,000 superficial feet of glass. The cost has been estimated at £150,000, or about $750,000. Mr. Hardinge, of Cincinnati, had proposed to cover the iron columns, etc., with a kind of porcelain or variegated enamel, giving them the richness and beauty of the choicest polished marble, and of the most precious stones, such as agate, jasper, &c.

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Prisoner's Friend.—Charles Spear, the active and benevolent editor of this paper, has called the attention of big friends and the public to the volume which will commence in September. Mr. Spear's efforts in behalf of suffering humanity have long since entitled him to the consideration and the support of every generous and feeling heart. The journal which he publishes under the title of "Prisoner's Friend," is conducted with great earnestness, but with great propriety, and is calculated, by its peaceful and Christian tone, to elicit the patronage of all parties and all denominations.

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Laces, Embroideries, etc.—Kimmey's, No. 177 Arch Street, through the industry and attention of its proprietors, has become a favorite store with many of the ladies of our city. The extensive choice and elegant assortment of cambric open work collars and cuffs, cambric rufflings, lace sleeves, embroidered collars and cuffs, elegant style of infants' waists, superior kid gloves, etc. etc., which they have always on hand, have attracted the attention and the patronage of numerous tasty and fashionable purchasers.

VARIOUS USEFUL RECEIPTS, &c., OF OUR OWN GATHERING.

To make Prune Tart.—Scald the prunes, take out the stones, and break them; put the kernels into a little cranberry juice with the prunes and some sugar; simmer, and when cold make a tart of the sweetmeat, or eat it in any other way.

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To make Aspic Jelly.—Put a knuckle of veal into a small stock-pot, with a knuckle of ham, two calves' feet, and the trimmings of poultry; season this with onions, carrots, and a bunch of sweet herbs; pour into it half a bottle of white wine and a ladleful of good broth; set it over the stove till it is reduced to a light glaze, then cover the meat with good broth, throw in two glasses of isinglass, and let it boil for three hours; then strain, and clear the jelly with white of eggs. When used, it must be melted, and poured just warm over the chicken or tongue.

———

Imitation Curry Powder.—An admirable imitation of the oriental stimulant, curry powder, can be made by reducing to powder the following materials, mixing them well together, and keeping them in a tightly-corked bottle: Three ounces of turmeric, the same of coriander seed, one ounce of ground ginger, the like quantity of ground black pepper, a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon, the same weight of cumin seed and of cayenne, and half an ounce of cardamoms.

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To Clean Woodstock Gloves.—Wash them in soap and water till the dirt is out, then stretch them on wooden hands, or pull them out in their proper shape. Do not wring them, as that puts them out of form, and makes them shrink; put them one upon another and press the water out. Then rub the following mixture over the outside of the gloves: If wanted quite yellow, take yellow ochre; if quite white, pipe clay; if between the two, mix a little of each together. Mix the color with beer or vinegar. Let them dry gradually, not too near the fire, nor in too hot a sun; when about half dried, rub them well, and stretch them out to keep them from shrinking and to soften them. When they are well rubbed and dried, take a small cane and beat them; then brush them; when this is done, iron them rather warm with a piece of paper over them, but do not let the iron be too hot.

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To Dress Cold Turkey or Fowl.—Cut them in sizeable pieces, beat up an egg with a little grated nutmeg, pepper, and salt, some parsley minced fine, and a few crumbs of bread; mix these well together, and cover the turkey with this batter; then broil, or warm them in a Dutch oven. Thicken a little gravy with some flour, put a spoonful of catsup or other sauce, lay the meat in a dish, and pour the sauce round it; garnish with slices of lemon.

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Hunter's Beef, as it is called, is a round of beef into which a quarter of a pound of saltpetre finely powdered is well rubbed. Next day, mix half an ounce of cloves, an ounce of black pepper, the same quantity of ground allspice, with half a pound of salt; wash and rub the beef in the brine for a fortnight, adding every other day a tablespoonful of salt. Have ready an earthen pan deep enough to hold the joint, and lay suet an inch deep at the bottom; rub the beef in coarse cloths till [336]
perfectly free from the salt and spice, put it in the pan with a quart of water, some more suet on the top, and cover it with a thick coarse crust. Bake for seven hours, pour off the gravy, and place the meat upon a proper dish; do not cut it till cold.

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To Clean Black Satin.—Boil three pounds of potatoes to a pulp in a quart of water; strain through a sieve, and brush the satin with it on a board or table. The satin must not be wrung, but folded down in cloths for three hours, and then ironed on the wrong side.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

Now Be Careful
Engraved expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by J.I. Pease.

Evening Costumes.—*Fig. 1.* Dinner-dress or robe of richly-embroidered Mantua silk, of delicate rose color, the flowers in white, of a regular and tasteful pattern. A scarf of the same, with broad flowing ends, is knotted a little to the right, and hangs gracefully to the knee. A *jupe* of fine

embroidered muslin is worn below this, and a chemisette of the same completes the corsage. The sleeves very loose and flowing, with undersleeves clasped by heavy gold bracelets. The head-dress is of lace, with bouquets of moss-rose buds.

Fig. 2.—Ball-dress of rich white silk, with a deep flounce of French lace, put on with a heading of narrow satin ribbon. The upper flounce, also of black lace, though narrower, is fastened on each side with bouquets of natural flowers. The corsage is plain, with a berthe to match the flounces, also fastened by bouquets. A narrow undersleeve of white lace comes a trifle below the berthe. It will be noticed that the hair is dressed plainly, slightly puffed behind the ear, and in a twist roll at the back of the head. A most graceful style for young ladies.

Evening Dresses—See description

BRIDAL DRESSES.

As there are always a quota of weddings in the spring, following the Washington campaign, we give an elaborate bridal costume, more as a suggestion than a model, it must be confessed, for those who like novelties.

Fig. 1 presents an evening costume for a bride, the head-dress a wreath of white roses mingled with orange blossoms. The dress itself is white crape over white satin, and the front of the skirt may be ornamented with bouquets to match the wreath. The berthe of the corsage is composed of folds of white tulle.

Fig. 2.—Bridal-dress of rich white satin, with side trimmings for the skirt of lace, headed by narrow satin ribbon. The corsage is high at the back, but sloped somewhat lower in front, over which there is a lace pelerine, which is brought down to a point in front. Sleeves demi-long, and edged with white satin ribbon, undersleeves of rich lace, and bracelets to be worn at taste and discretion. The bridal wreath is of jasmine and orange flowers, and confines a tulle veil very full and long.

CHIT-CHAT UPON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Early as it is, our ladies are already commencing to think of preparations for the Springs, and of bathing-dresses, in which to enjoy the cool surf of Cape May or Newport. The exquisite gossamer fabrics of Levy's, Beck's, and Stewart's are now in the hands of the mantuamaker, and very soon we shall hear that the town is deserted. The sidewalks will cease to blush with the delicate colors of an outdoor spring costume, and the plain ginghams of those of the fair sex who are *not* like the lilies of the field in the matter of daily toil, take the place of rainbow silks and soft mousselines. At present, Chestnut Street is a scene of enchantment. Not more beautiful the fresh spring foliage of neighboring woods than the delicate emerald tinting of dresses and ribbons that adorn our ladies; and then the pale violet, so suggestive of wood flowers; the blue, as ethereal as the cloudless sky; and, above all, the rose color shading the cheek of the dangerous brunette, who knows perfectly well that it is the most becoming shade she can wear. There is a flutter of scarfs and a rustling of mantillas that call to mind the swaying of the aforementioned foliage, and those dainty straw bonnets, the little brims filled with lace and violets, only too real, of the floating sprays of lily of the valley and the jasmine. We like the cottage bonnet when it is in fashion. There is something marvelously winning in the close shape, teazing you by its very coyness into an admiration; but when they are laid aside, and the brims, like certain stocks, have a tendency to look upwards, we wonder we ever could have admired any other than the coquetish

little shape one meets at every turn. It is a fact worth observing and recording that, in proportion to the tendency of gentlemen's hats to narrow, the ladies' bonnets expand; the crown of the one becomes, season by season, more retreating, while the other flares an open defiance. We might moralize were we not sober chroniclers of the court of fashion, and were we not admonished by the envoy from his serene highness, "the printer," now waiting at our elbow, that "the form is almost completed."

So we must leave our gossip for the few hints we are able to gather for our lady readers on the matter of "making up." Loose sleeves, and they vary from a quarter to half a yard in width, as suits the wearer's fancy, are still in vogue. In-doors, no undersleeves are needed for the summer, particularly for young ladies, but for a street costume there is every variety of undersleeves. We refer the ladies to our cuts of two that are especially in favor, and would recommend another for those who like them open at the wrist, composed of alternate rows of rich embroidered insertion (muslin) and Valenciennes lace, quilled closely, the last row facing the edge which falls just at the wrist. An undersleeve for the evening may be made in this manner, but should have only one row of insertion and edging.

Bodices are still worn, and belts and buckles seem going out. The back of the corsage has also a point, which many wear quite deep. We would commend the present fashion of lacing the corsage of an evening-dress, as it gives the figure much more to advantage than the compression of hooks and eyes, but it is too troublesome for a walking-dress.

The hair is dressed quite plainly, although there has been an attempt to revive the tiers of puffs so fashionable some twenty years since. There are few faces which will bear the test, and Grecian braids and bandeaux are much more universally becoming.

Gaiters are worn as ever, and black satin slippers are preferred at evening parties. However, as these are not just at present, we reserve our hints upon evening dress until a future number.

FASHION.

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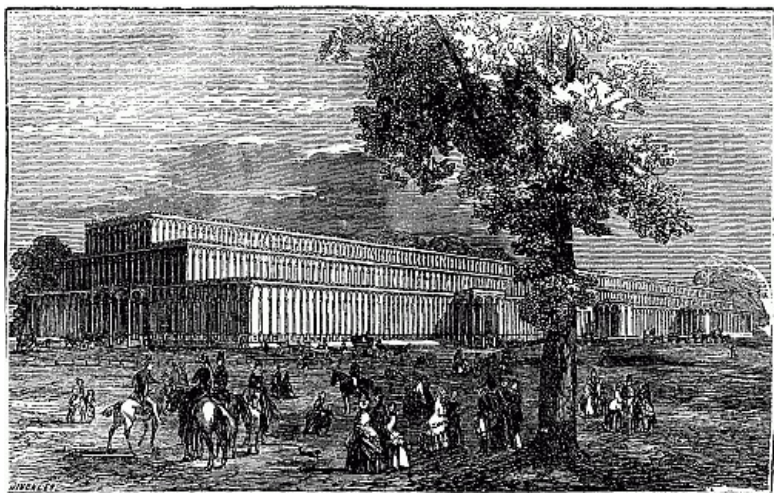

THE CRYSTAL PALACE LONDON.

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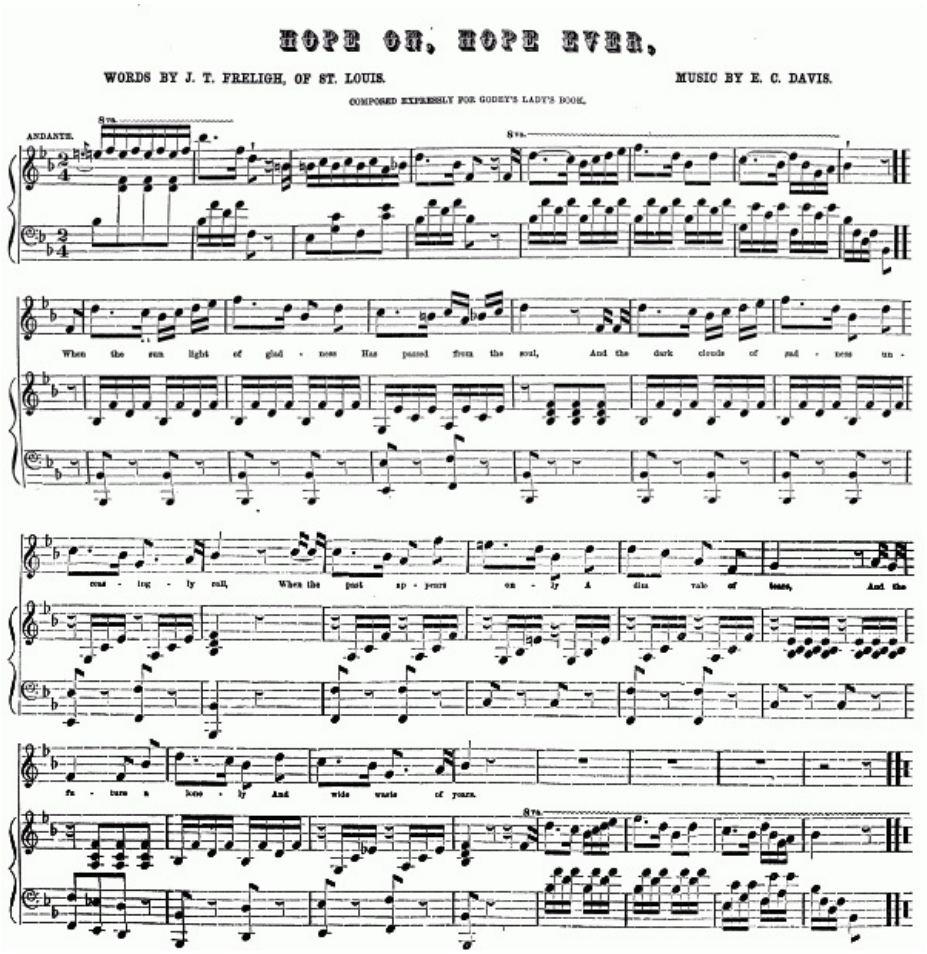
[339]



[*Transcriber's Note: You can play this music (MIDI file) by clicking* here.]

When the sun light of gladness
  Has passed from the soul,
And the dark clouds of sadness unceasingly roll,
  When the past appears only
A dim vale of tears,
  And the future a lonely
And wide waste of years.

2

The star of hope streaming
  Through tempest and night,
Is kindly left beaming
  Our pathway to light
Inspiring and cheering
  The lone and oppress'd,
To the weary appearing
  A haven of rest.

3

Whose calm light reposes
  'Mid sadness and gloom,
On the lilies and roses
  That bend o'er the tomb;
Like a seraph sweet smiling,
  'Mid blight and decay,
Through the cold world beguiling
  Our wearisome way.

4

In ills all-sustaining
  To mortals below,
And shining and reigning
  Wherever we go,
Forsaking us, never,
  Companions and friend,
Then "hope on, hope ever,"
  And to trust to the end.

FOOTNOTES:

[A] Written previous to his death.

[B] Josiah Quincy, Jr., ob. 26 April, 1775.

[C] Ornament for the forehead.

[D] Small looking-glass worn on the thumb.

[E] The "International Monthly Magazine," &c. New York, Stringer & Townsend, August number, page 71.

[F] A more extended notice of this work next month.

Transcriber's Notes:

The table of contents was taken from the June issue. Only the items relevant to this issue were retained. Images of the complete index here.

Index Page 1
Index Page 2

Obvious punctuation errors repaired.

The remaining corrections made are indicated by dotted lines under the corrections. Scroll the mouse over the word and the original text will appear.

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