



*The Boston Daughter*

FROM  
YEAR TO YEAR!

A TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE.

EDITED BY  
ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.



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*FROM YEAR TO YEAR.*

*WHEN spring time comes across the hills,  
In robes of modest beauty drest;  
Nature through all her pulses thrills,  
And smiles sweet welcome to her guest.*

*Gay blossoms weave their broidery through  
The soft green carpet of the grass;  
And pretty buds make haste to strew  
The way her tender feet do pass.*

*The birds, shy poets of the woods,  
That waited for her coming long,  
Break up again the solitudes  
With the glad music of their song.*

*And men and maidens with the flowers  
Tell secrets never breathed in words,  
As, walking through the leafy bowers,  
They learn sweet lessons of the birds.*

## FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

*Yet men complain, and maidens sigh,  
 Sometimes even while the spring is here;  
 That birds and flowers alike must die,  
 And may not last FROM YEAR TO YEAR.*

*They grieve to see the time draw near  
 When bloom and song leave wood and glen,  
 And winter comes, the stern and drear,  
 Alike to nature and to men.*

*Therefore to you who wait the spring,  
 This modest wreath, by fancy wove,  
 An offering from our hearts we bring,—  
 A simple tribute of our love.*

*We bring you words of constancy,  
 Of steadfast faith, and fond complaint,  
 Sweet flowers of love and poesy,  
 Immortal as the joys they paint.*

*Hoping while these your hours beguile,—  
 Gathered your pleasant hearths about,  
 The word within so bright shall smile,  
 You shall not heed the world without.*

*And we again would come when comes  
 This wintry season, bleak and drear;  
 With song and sunshine for your homes  
 And flowers that bloom FROM YEAR TO YEAR!*



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(7)





## FROM YEAR TO YEAR.



### THE GRAND HOUSE AND ITS OWNER.

BY ALICE CARY.

**O**NCE upon a time, when I lived in the country, I went to pass the night with my cousin Delia, a young lady who was about eighteen at the time I write of, and I, two or three years younger.

But let me turn back a little. A mile to the south of our house there were cross-roads; one of these—the one upon which our house was situated—we thought a great thoroughfare in those times, inasmuch as it was traversed by one stage-coach every day, and by divers and sundry market wagons, beside the occasional great teams that conveyed goods from the large city near us, to the lesser cities and towns of the adjoining States. It was not unusual to see six or eight horses before those trans-

porting wagons, which, including their white linen covers, were scarcely less than a canal boat.

The owners of these teams decorated their horses with collars of bear's skin, over which they hung strings of bells, and the jingling of these is the first music I remember.

The road which crossed this was of less importance. It was overgrown, except a narrow tract, with grass, where the sheep and cattle of the poorer people found their pasture; nor was it bordered with so populous and well-to-do a people as the other road—for while the one was dotted all along with thrifty farm-houses, meadows, and orchards, the other had only clearings here and there, and, as well as I remember, could not boast of a single painted house.

In one of the corners of the cross-roads was our school-house—a low and small building of brick, with a stove-pipe sticking above the middle of the roof, and having a door and shutters of unpainted wood, which the storms of years had beaten grey. There was no grass about it, but the ground was bare, and all beaten hard with our playing; nor were there any trees, for the big boys girdled them with their penknives as often as they were planted. Many a pretty sapling found its doom in this inglorious way. In another corner was a blacksmith's shop, where all the farmers about brought their ploughs in the spring to be sharpened,

and their horses from time to time to have their shoes reset.

The blacksmith—a short, good-natured man, with a bald front, and a row of double teeth all around—used to tell me that it was good sign to find a horseshoe; but I must not pass it by, else the good luck it prophesied would turn to bad; and mindful of the admonition, I have carried many a horseshoe to his forge, nor can I yet pass one anywhere without a twinge of conscience.

In another corner was an old well, the mouth covered with fence-rails, and having a broken sweep—there had once been a brick-yard there, I believe, which furnished materials for the only grand house of our neighborhood, and the chimneys and ovens of many that were not grand.

This grand house I speak of was built on an eminence midway between our house and the school-house—a large building, in a style of architecture quite unknown in our part of the country, with high ceilings and carved woodwork, massive pillars in the front, intended to support porches, which were never built. For though the man was rich who projected the house, it was rumored that his wife shared not his liking for the country; and certain it is she never came there to live, and the house remained unfinished. One or two rooms only were habitable; and in these, various tenants resided from time to time, using the greater portion of the

building for the storing of scythes and sickles, potatoes, beans, and the like.

In the remaining corner of the cross-roads, there stood a small frame dwelling of two stories in height, containing one room below, and one above stairs, and being adjoined by a room of logs.

A huge oven of bricks stood in the rear beneath an apple-tree, and in front nailed fast to a beech-tree, the boughs of which were partly lopped off, was a signboard, on which was written, in letters of various sorts and sizes, "Private entertainment kept here."

In the winter of—ah, no matter what winter, it is a good while ago now—there came to teach in the "brick school-house," as it was called, a young man by the name of Wiseman—Charles Wiseman.

We had had for a long time previously, for a teacher, a severe old man named Stonehammer, under whom our chief incentive to study was fear of the rod. But, to the satisfaction of most of us children, I fear, he was bed-ridden this winter in consequence of having "bided the pitiless peltings of a storm" for the purpose of cutting switches for winter use.

How the young man chanced to be employed I know not, unless it be that he obligingly placed the amount of his salary at the option of his employers, for he dressed smartly and was gay and handsome besides; all of which were objectionable in the eyes

of those wise men, the school directors, one of whom was my uncle Ezekiel or 'Zekiel as we called him, and father of cousin Delia. An old man he was, at the time I write of, close upon seventy, but unbent and unbroken, seemingly, as at forty. True, his hair and beard were white as snow, but his blue eyes were as full of quick intelligence as ever, his form as erect, and all his mental faculties in full vigor. He was a man of consideration in those parts, having held the office of 'squire for a number of years, and, also, having once been elected to some office of the State.

When there was any difficulty among the neighbors, they immediately applied to my uncle 'Zekiel and few of such applicants gainsaid his judgment. When anybody got married he officiated, and when any one died, he assisted in the funeral services. I don't know that he was very wise, but he had an air of wisdom. He didn't talk much, which was supposed to be indicative of much thinking; he wore a long beard, which was very white, and looked exceedingly wise; he carried a big thorny cane, which he struck down at the close of his sentences, and which gave them the effect of being oracular; he wore buckles on his shoes, which made him respectable, and he wore a faded band of crape on his hat, which made him still more respectable.

He sometimes "exhorted," when the preacher

failed to come, which was very elevating to his character.

He never wore fashionable clothes, which in those times was nothing less than being looked up to not only as an unfrivolous man, but also as a conscientious and far-sighted one.

On the days when the school directors visited us, I rose to be a person of consideration. Not that Uncle 'Zekiel ever patted me on the cheek, or took me on his knee, even in my childhood, but it was known he was my relative, and his drab coat, and drab waistcoat, and drab trowsers, reflected some honor upon me.

Away down the lane, as we called the cross-road leading westward from the school-house, we could see the chimney tops of Uncle 'Zekiel's house, for it stood in a hollow, and half a mile from the lane. My uncle was a man of retired habits, and all his neighbors, whose door-yards the lane bordered, were regarded by him as very worldly-minded; while we, who lived on the more public way, and more especially the people of the cross-roads settlement were, in his estimation, very fashionable, and frivolous in the extreme. For himself, he could sometimes come among these vain and ostentatious people unharmed; but, unless under his immediate protection, Delia was never allowed to brave their contaminating influences. At the time my story begins, she was, as I have said, eighteen, and her

sparkling brown eyes had never been delighted by the parade of a "muster day," or the brilliant display of a Fourth of July ceremony.

Upon one occasion, when he himself was to read the Declaration of Independence, her father so far relaxed from his usual austerity as to consent that Delia, accompanied by her mother, should temperately participate in the festivities of the occasion—that is, she might sit among the elderly people to hear the aforesaid reading, and afterward listen to the oration, if delivered by a person holding his political notions, but for her to think of remaining to march in procession to a dinner of roast pig, and green peas, and to the music of Hail Columbia, was utterly preposterous. No! no!—she must ride home beside her mother, in the great blue market-wagon, before the acting of these stirring and cheering appointments, and when there, remove her Sunday gown and shoes, and atone by extra diligence for the gala day.

All the restrictions Delia cheerfully acceded to; but alack! her great hopes were never realized. When the day arrived, and the thunder of the cannon shook the loose weatherboards of the farmhouse, and the scream of the fife came now and then on the wind; while rustic belles in their holiday dresses hurried by toward the cross-roads, and the young farmers, managing dexterously their refractory colts, dashed passed them, her father re-

considered the rash promise, and poor Delia was doomed to hear the Declaration read at home in the evening, which she did with wet eyes.

As I said, Uncle 'Zekiel's house stood in a hollow—it was the heavy structure of a rude workman, and its master was a stern guardian; but no stone walls are thick enough, and no masters cunning enough, to defy one enemy: and under his influence, the modest, obedient Delia who would otherwise have suffered death before contradicting her father's wish, became—but let me tell the story as it occurred.

It was my fortune to go to school to Charles Wiseman; and a handsome and most prepossessing young man he was. I was his largest and, I think without vanity I may say, his favorite scholar. I could parse "John ran through the house into the garden, from John is a noun, proper noun, third person, singular number, and nominative case to the verb ran"—even to the end without a mistake. He had told me twice that he could not teach me anything, and once that I was a very naughty girl, which he said very softly and smilingly. And several times he had looked close in my eyes, to see if they were black or blue; and I fear I began to think more about his brown curls and white hands than lessons, when a little event took place, which—shall I confess it?—took him down from the pedestal on which I had placed him.

It was the custom to hold in the "brick school-house," of winter evenings, what were termed "debating societies," the which all the heads of families about, sometimes accompanied by their sons and daughters, attended. Various questions, knotty or big with importance, had from time to time been discussed and settled—such as, "Which is the mother of the chicken, she that lays the egg, or she that hatches it?" and, "Which is the greatest pest to society, the spendthrift or the miser?" with many others I need not mention.

I told our master one day of these sociable and profitable assemblies which we had been in the habit of enjoying, and a fatal day it proved to my supremacy in his regards. School was dismissed as usual that night when rapping smartly on the desk, the master said: "The pupils of this school are requested individually"—for he was not free from the pompous affectations of schoolmasters in those days—"to convey to their parents and guardians the intelligence that a debating society will be held in this house, for the discussion of important questions, pro and con, on the evening of the twenty-fourth instant, no preventing Providence. Heads of families are expected to come, provided each with a candle."

After we had gone out one by one, making our most graceful courtesy at the door, there was a general titter, and the master's precise words about

parents and guardians were repeated over and over; and one of the sauciest boys, I remember, climbing upon a stump, within hearing of the master, called out, "If a man was named Wiseman, would he necessarily be a wise man? Come boys let's discuss it, 'pro and con.'" There was great laughter, but I could see nothing to laugh at! It was a week before the twenty-fourth that this notice was given; so the news had time to be generally circulated, and the parents who had no children to send to school, advised. Two or three of the boys brought axes on their shoulders, when they came to school for the cutting and splitting of wood, that the room might be nicely warmed in the evening; several new brooms were brought, and the school-house had such a sweeping and dusting that "noon-spell" as it had not had for a long time. A good deal of excitement prevailed among the scholars, and in the afternoon especially there was little profitable study.

The master himself could not be entirely composed, but walked up and down the floor every few minutes consulting his watch. The "parsing lesson" was omitted, and school dismissed an hour earlier than usual to facilitate the returning in the evening of such of us as desired to do so. Two of the larger boys remained at the school-house to keep up the fire—they didn't want any supper, they said; and we who went home made very

quick time of it. Milking and chores were hurried, not a little, and at an early hour the school-house was illuminated, the proprietor of the "private entertainment" himself sending in three tallow candles.

The evening was clear and intensely cold, with as bright a moon as ever shone out of a December sky; the ground was frozen dry as a stone, and everything seemed propitious. To me the occasion was one of double interest. For some cause or other, my father could not accompany me to the debating society; so it was arranged that I should go with Deacon Whitfield's daughters, at an early hour, and pass the night with my cousin Delia, whom I confidently expected to meet.

The Misses Whitfield were slow in making their toilets. I thought they would never be ready. They had been wearing their hair in papers for three or four days, and it had become so dry and tangled, that it required some time for the arrangement of curls; then a little color must be rubbed up into their cheeks with mullen leaves, preserved for such occasions—they didn't use paint in those days; and the calf-skin shoes were to be blacked, and all these things it required time to accomplish, and more especially as the girls had but one light and one looking-glass between them. Deacon Whitfield, who had no change of costume to make, excepting his shirt—"linen" was not known then—

was ready long before them; and more than once asked the girls, if they designed to get there in time to go home with the rest.

But the girls appeared at last in new cloaks of Scotch-plaid—red, green, and blue—and with their Dunstable straw bonnets full of artificial flowers. My plain shawl never looked so plain I thought, but I was destined to a severer mortification that night.

Sally Whitfield and I walked together, and I remember she asked me a good many questions about Mr. Wiseman—indifferently, and as though she would as soon talk of anything else; and two or three times she asked me how she was looking that night—shocking bad she feared. Now I had gone with Sally to more “big meetings” than one, and she had never till then asked me about her appearance. However it may have been mere accident.

The people were mostly assembled on our arrival; the inkstands—we used little earthen jugs—were full of tallow candles; the stove was red-hot, and such a display of finery among the ladies was never made there before. There were Captain Hill's daughters, wearing new scarlet merino shawls, the largest ones I had seen; though Sally told me in a whisper, that they were not so very fine after all—for the borders were sewed on. Then there was Florence Middleton, whose father had lately moved from town into our neighborhood, dressed in won-

derful style, we all thought. The plumes in her hat, and the fur about her neck had cost more money than Deacon Whitfield's new fanning-mill. “Florence is nothing extra for beauty,” said Sally, gathering the folds of her cloak a little back from the first wide display she had made of them. There too, was Maria Claverel more showy than Florence, but not so elegant. Others there were all arrayed in their best, and smiling their sweetest.

I was so dazzled at first by the brilliant display that I did not know my cousin Delia was not there; but even when I made the discovery, I was not sorry—she would look so odd in her plain flannel gown—I would return with the Whitfields, as I had come, and gladly forego the pleasure of my expected visit, that Delia might be spared the mortification that must attend her coming.

What a din there was in the house! Big boys whispering half aloud to each other; young ladies talking in a low key; the old men comparing notes as to the size and value of favorite colts, the quantity and quality of wheat harvested the last summer, or discussing politics and religion; the young men as yet remained about the door, whittling the fence, or trying the mettle of one another's horses.

The schoolmaster was not in his accustomed place; he had given up his chair to Deacon Whitfield, and was moving about among the fathers of the children he taught, praising their diligence and



aptitude. "Don't be afraid to use the whip, young man; spare the rod and spoil the child, you know," was the instruction he more than once received that evening; for the terriblest accusation brought against him was, that he had never had a switch in his school. He used to tell us laughingly, that he would bring one when we needed it; and we behaved better, I fancy, than we would have done with a dozen of Mr. Stonehammer's whips in our sight.

I was watching him a little nervously—for I confess I feared for the effect of the bright cloaks and shawls and plumes—when suddenly there was a stamping at the door, and my Uncle 'Zekiel entered, followed close by the laughing, happy Delia. Her cheeks were glowing from the exercise, and the wind had blown her black curls all about her neck, so that they looked much prettier, even, than Florence's furs. She wore a new brown flannel frock, nicely pressed, and her mother's big white merino shawl; and sitting down, she gathered it about her, and pushing back the quilted hood she wore, smiled and nodded to the girls, as though they must be just as glad she was come as she herself. I thought she looked unusually pretty.

I was not long in joining her, and communicating the glad intelligence that I was to pass the night with her; and shortly after, the schoolmaster who had not previously noticed me that evening, made

his way to me, and in a whisper, requested the pleasure of knowing my friend. Delia was full of fun and frolic, when her father's eyes were not upon her, and while I could not think of anything to say, she said a thousand pleasant things. The society of Uncle 'Zekiel was much sought after, and seated in the schoolmaster's chair, which Deacon Whitfield resigned on his entrance, he was quite surrounded by the first men of the neighborhood. So Delia gave full play to her vivacity.

My uncle's arrival had been a signal for the young men to come in, and the house was now full. Delia and I sat together, as I said; and though the schoolmaster sat beside me, he leaned quite past me to converse with Delia at first, but presently arose and seated himself between us. It was a small thing; nevertheless it pointed straight to my doom. Sally Whitfield smiled when she saw the movement, and straightway joined Florence, whom she thoroughly disliked; and such a tittering and whispering as they made caused the chairman to stand right up, search out the offenders, and rebuke them with one of his severest looks.

There was a silence, after which the candles were snuffed, and the house organized. It fell to my uncle to propound the question for discussion, which he did as follows:

"If a pumpkin vine grow by chance on one man's

ground, and bear fruit upon another man's ground, to which does the pumpkin belong?"

The first speaker had taken the floor, and was opening with a compliment to the ladies, when there was a faint rap on the door, and a lad of twelve years old, or thereabouts, entered, and, wiping his tears with his sleeve, looked anxiously about the room.

He was a poor boy of the neighborhood, whose father was sick and about to make his will, and he was come for Uncle 'Zekiel. That personage arose very gravely, and putting on a drab overcoat above a drab undercoat, said, "He was sorry to leave his neighbors and friends, but a sick brother—for we were all brothers—was about to make his 'will and testimony' and required his assistance."

Poor Delia pleaded to remain, assuring her father that I was to go home with her, and that we should not be afraid in so bright a moonlight. I seconded her appeal, and the schoolmaster ventured to say, he should be too happy if he could be of any service; but in his severest tone, Uncle 'Zekiel said he couldn't be of any service to his daughter; and taking Delia by the hand, as though she had been a child, he led her out of the house.

I should like to give some account of the evening's debate; but it has nothing to do with my story, and therefore I pass on to its close. The blushes glowed in the schoolmaster's face all the

evening after what my uncle had said, and I was sorry; but somehow there was a new understanding between us; and when he asked if I had company home, and proposed to go with me, I was guilty of no hesitancy nor stammering, as I said I would trouble him so far. I think perhaps I pouted a little, when I saw his delight that I turned towards Uncle 'Zekiel's and not my own home. I think so, but I don't know; though young ladies are not likely to take kindly to being supplanted.

I remember we had a very gay walk, talking and laughing with unusual freedom. Previously when alone, we had found less to say, and said the little in more subdued tones.

One after another the youths cantered past us, pausing, perhaps to add some mirthful jest to their salutations, and now and then a stripling was seen leading his horse by one hand and some pretty girl by the other; for few of the young ladies returned home accompanied by fathers and brothers, as they went.

The walk was tedious to me, though I had never before taken a walk with the schoolmaster that seemed tedious—it appeared to me that we would never reach the point where we left the big lane for the narrow one leading down to Uncle 'Zekiel's house. But we did, and I remember noticing Delia's yellow mare eating leisurely from a haystack in one corner of the field which bordered the

narrow lane. A beautiful animal she was, and one of the fleetest travellers in all the country round about.

Down and down we went, seeing away below us the lights streaming across the frozen ground from the narrow windows of the old-fashioned house. Delia was waiting for me. As we drew near the gate, the chickens cackled in the trees, and the watch-dog growled and shook his heavy chain, as though they were not much used to being disturbed at ten o'clock at night. Hearing these indications of our approach, Delia came forth to welcome us; and her sunny face and merry laughter assured me that her father was still engaged with the "will and testimony."

The great deep fireplace was full of hickory logs, that blazed, and crackled, and roared up the chimney, making the white walls and narrow uncurtained windows glow again. That room—known as the big room of my uncle's house—would, no doubt, look curious to the reader of this story; I think it was curious to the schoolmaster then.

There were polished steel andirons, reaching far out on the stone hearth, whereon stood a pewter pitcher of cider, and a huge basin of apples, ripe and red, and on the walnut table was a plate of hickory nuts and another of doughnuts—the simple preparations of my cousin for our entertainment. There were bunches of yarn hanging on pegs in

the wall here and there; a little wheel with the distaff wound with flax stood in the corner; and the oak joists were garnished with stockings, seed corn, the horns of wild animals, a finely polished rifle, and other things curious or useful. The floor was of ash-tree boards, and scoured as white as snow, the chairs were of maple-wood, and no less white; and a huge mahogany desk, wherein Uncle 'Zekiel kept his papers, and bags of silver, and upon which stood a fine brass clock, that had cost more money than would fit out a yankee pedlar now, completed the furniture.

A merry time we made, with the help of the cider and cakes, and I could not but notice that when the schoolmaster named the apple-seeds for himself, Delia seemed especially pleased, and tried hard to make the number spell his name. In all ways, in fact, their mutual admiration was apparent. At length the seeds were just enough to spell his name, but Delia to be perverse, perhaps, insisted that they were false seeds, and indicated a false heart, when, to assure himself of the contrary, no doubt, the schoolmaster took the little hand in his—he did not hold it half a minute I am sure; but that half minute was the fatalest one of all. Suddenly it was as if a cloud passed over the moon, and turning we saw, the frowning face of Uncle 'Zekiel at the window.

The next moment he was in the room. Not one

word he spoke, but with his cane pointed beneath the walnut table. She knew her certain doom; and looking the while as though she must sink into the earth, crept beneath it, and sat on the floor like a child, eighteen as she was; and in the presence of her first beau, too! Such was family discipline in those days.

There needed no words to admonish the schoolmaster to take up his line of march toward the "private entertainment" where he abode. I cannot tell what I suffered during the hour which Uncle 'Zekiel and I sat together by the fire, and Delia under the table—for her punishment endured for that length of time. Not a word spoke he; but I felt rebuked for being there, for living in the worldly cross-roads neighborhood, and, in fact, for living at all. I think I have never since been so willing to die as during the passage of that terrible hour.

The clock struck twelve, and the last echo died, when the old man rose, and pointing with his cane to Delia's chamber, retired to his own. I hastened to remove all signs of our late festivity—while Delia dried her eyes.

The fire burned down, the crickets chirruped in the hearth, and the mice gnawed their way into the room, and capered about the floor, fearless of us, as they well might be—we had something else to think about. Every heart has its own little sor-

rows; and then it was that Delia told me all hers—all she had suffered under the iron rule of her father's despotism, for it was nothing less. Very little sleeping we did that night, for it was day-break before we left the fire.

Opposition tends always to the growth of that which is opposed; and, it may be supposed, Delia's predilection for the schoolmaster increased because of the hard words uttered by her father. "He is no schoolmaster more than I am," he used to say, "but some escaped convict, or wretched black-leg, come here to infatuate the wives and daughters of a law-loving and law-abiding people."

After that evening, at the "debating society," stricter watch, if that were possible, was kept over Delia, and she was not allowed to attend the monthly meetings of the circuit preacher unless accompanied by her mother. She was not even allowed to listen to the flute of evenings, which, for his solace, Mr. Wiseman played at the "private entertainment." "How do you know," said her father, "but that he is playing wicked dancing tunes?" But all such restraints are foolishness to lovers, and such the schoolmaster and Delia soon became—myself aiding and abetting, by secretly delivering the letters from one to another; for I soon gave over jealousy, and as heartily rejoiced in Delia's success, as if it had been my own. True, we didn't know anything of the schoolmaster's

family or position at home; but womanlike, we said we didn't care—we liked him for himself.

Uncle 'Zekiel's dislike of the young man was soon rumored about. The "debating society" fell into disrepute, and was shortly broken up, and the school dwindled more and more, though no one could say aught against the teacher.

Even the Whitfields said, he might be the nicest man in all the world for all they knew; but he might not be, too!

And so they didn't ask him to their quilting party; and the proprietor of the "private entertainment" removed his quarters from the best room in the house to the garret. Meantime the schoolmaster kept on teaching the few scholars he had, and Delia and I, who had learned more about him than we cared to tell, smiled at the little respect he received. Weekly I made my visits to Delia, conveying to her secretly the letters of her lover; and sometimes I kept watch at the door of her father's chamber, while the happy pair met by moonlight alone. Yet I confess I trembled for what I had done, when Delia one night hid her face in my bosom, and said she was going to be married. Nevertheless it was too late for repentance now, so I encouraged and soothed her as best I could.

All at once a report came into circulation that the grand old house was to be finished, and the son

of the proprietor, a bachelor, whose property it now was, himself would reside there.

If Uncle 'Zekiel's bags of money gave him consideration in the estimation of other people, other people's bags of money gave them consideration in his; and when he heard the report about the wealthy young man, he said that would be a match worth Delia's thinking of. However, when the rumor was traced to the schoolmaster, my uncle said it was likely all a lie. But, notwithstanding the weight of his opinion, workmen came to the grand old house by dozens, and alterations and improvements went forward so rapidly as to surprise all the people of our neighborhood. Everybody said, "Whoever has got hold of the old place, must have money."

One wild March day, the last of the quarter of our school, I saw Uncle 'Zekiel ride Delia's dun mare up to the blacksmith's shop to get her shoes set; and while the work was being done, the blacksmith and the proprietor of the "private entertainment" sat on the horse-trough, and discussed something most earnestly. I could not hear what they said, but I know they were talking of the new place, and of the owner of it, who was evidently to reside there, inasmuch as furniture and servants were already in the house, and the invitations had been given to all the neighbors, including

Uncle 'Zekiel and family to a "house-warming" the following night.

That coming night was to be to the schoolmaster and Delia the great event of their lives. The snow fell all day, and her father said more than once he did not think he and his good woman would get to the "house-warming," at which Delia only smiled, for she knew he would go. And sure enough, toward night he made preparations by tarring the wheels of the market-wagon, tying down the cover, and filling the bed with fresh straw. Delia turned away her face and wiped her eyes as she saw her mother in the clay-colored silk gown, which she had scarcely worn since her wedding day.

The dun mare was harnessed to a sleigh, in which Delia and I were to ride directly behind her parents. And before the rumble of the wagon ceased, Charles Wiseman was at hand, as agreed upon, and placing me beside him, and Delia on his knee—for the sleigh was small—we drove off at a rate which soon left the wagon of the old folks far behind. On arriving at the grand house—for, of course, it was young Wiseman's—they were married; and Mrs. Delia Wiseman shortly after, received her guests in much the finest parlor she had ever seen.



### THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

A BROW that knows not how to frown,  
A dimpled face ne'er solemn,  
A lily hand, a rose-red mouth,  
And a neck like an ivory column:

A voice as clear as a singing bird's,  
A laugh like the rippling water;  
And a step as light as the summer wind  
Hath she—the pastor's daughter.

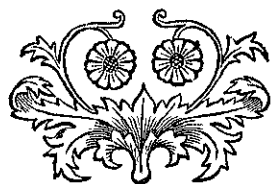
With violet eyes, and hair as bright  
As the yellow broom in the heather,  
She is all the flowers of the world in one,  
And fairer than all together.

Such lessons sweet her life imparts—  
Though she never dreams of teaching;  
She often makes the truth more plain  
Than the words of the pastor's preaching.


And she never knows how good she is,  
 In the path of her daily duty ;  
 She sits and sings in the Sabbath choir  
 Unconscious of her beauty.

We love her when she softly trills  
 Some tender true-love ditty ;  
 We almost worship her when she chants  
 The joys of the heavenly city :

And I think, when she bows her head in prayer,  
 That above her tresses golden,  
 We should see the halo of the saint,  
 If our eyes were not withholden !



### DAISY'S CHOICE.

T was a beautiful road, leading through a green, undulating country, rich in corn-fields and woodlands. It was bordered by tall hedges, of which the hawthorn blossom was over, and had been succeeded by the delicate pink of the wild roses. The sloping banks were rich with fern fronds of the commoner sorts, but full of grace ; they were sprinkled, too, with the tiny heart's-ease and the blue veronica. The road was deeply cut in some place, and then those banks were exquisite walls of greenness, and the wild hedge above made quite a shadow for travellers. It was as sweet a place as you could find in England ; and at six o'clock on a May morning, with a blue, unclouded sky, and the birds making jubilee in the woods, and faint, delicious odors coming on every breath of wind, it was an exceedingly pleasant place to linger in.

So seemed to think a gentleman who was riding



very slowly between the deep banks and shady hedgerows. He was a tall, powerfully built man, and he rode a strong, useful horse; but both horse and rider seemed pretty well tired out; and no wonder, seeing they had travelled a good many miles together, and the latter, at least, had not been in bed all night. The man rode with his head drooping a little, seldom looking up at the beauty by which he was surrounded. He had seen it all very often before, at all seasons of the year, and all hours of the day and night; for he was that hardest worked of all people—a village doctor. A turn in the road brought him suddenly face to face with another person, and he checked his horse. "Daisy!" he said, and the tired look disappeared from his face in an instant. She was a very young girl, hardly more than seventeen, a good twenty years younger than the doctor, who was nearer forty than thirty. At the first glance, you could not help seeing that she was beautiful, and more than that. She had that picturesque grace which one often sees in pictures, and so seldom in real life. Her slender, undulating figure; her free, natural gestures; every turn of her head and pose of her body, were thoroughly graceful. This was what first struck every one in Daisy Barton. People always said of her: "She is like a picture." She was simply dressed in a light blue cotton gown and a broad hat; yet everything about her was so fresh and delicate, that

she might have gone anywhere dressed just as she was then, and no one would have thought of finding fault. She had crisp, wavy hair, that curled in her neck, and would not be brushed out straight. The only approximation she could make to the prevailing fashion was to tie it in a bunch of curls behind, with a blue ribbon. She had sweet, lustrous blue eyes, clear as those of a child; and she had a sensitive, flexible mouth. It was a face you could not soon weary of, for its expression was so constantly varying, and you were always learning something new in it. It would be beautiful, even after its owner should be old, and when the sunny brown hair should have become white; for those clear eyes could never lose their purity, and the sweet smile would linger till the coffin-lid was shut on it.

The doctor got off his horse, which stood patiently beside him while he put his arm round Daisy, and kissed her very gently. She turned and walked with him, he keeping one arm round her, and throwing the bridle over the other.

"I did not expect to meet you out so early," he said.

"Nor I you," she answered. "The morning looked so lovely when I opened my eyes, that I jumped up. It would be a sin to sleep away those bright hours; they are the sweetest of the whole day. There is a sort of delicious flavor about the



morning air that is at no other time. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," he said, smiling down at her. "But I did not feel it till you came."

"I wonder if you see things with the same eyes as I do, doctor?"

"Why—no. I see them with my own."

She laughed softly. "That is not what I mean. Is not all this lovely?"

They had climbed slowly out of one of the deep cuttings, and had reached one of the high points of the road, where they could command a view of green corn-fields and wooded slopes. Below them lay the village of Thornregis, its white houses gleaming in the sun; and past it the Drew glided slowly between its luxuriant banks, crossed by its gray old bridge. Far off, a dim blue line marked the sea, and they could trace the windings of the Drew nearly till it was lost there.

The doctor stood still, and looked around him gravely. "It is very beautiful: a man must be blind not to see that. Yet, I don't know that I feel about it just as you do. You see, I'm a stupid old fellow, Daisy, and I think so much about other things. I believe the most beautiful thing in the world to me is your face, my darling."

Daisy was silent. She did not pay any attention whatever to the compliment, albeit he was not given to making many. They walked on again, down hill

now, passing from the opener country into a wooded dell, where the village was again lost sight of, though they were approaching it more nearly. When she spoke, it was of something else that he had said. "You are not stupid; I know better than that. You are very clever about your own profession, and I know you have written books that are thought much of, though I can't understand them. And you are very kind and good; every one knows that."

She said this as much to herself as to him, and as if speaking for her own comfort. He said nothing, but looked down at her very tenderly. No one could doubt that what she said of Dr. Carleton's goodness was true, who looked at his face. It was a strong face. Strength lay in the broad brow; in the massive jaw; in the keen, steady gray eyes. It was a face which all sick people and all poor people instinctively trusted, it was so gentle and wise. He was, as she said, clever in his own profession; more than merely clever; he was greater in it than she could know.

"Have you been up all night?" she asked.

"Yes; I needed to be."

"You must be very tired?"

"Not now. I was, a little ago."

"Ah, how hard you work!"

"Not harder than many others; and I am strong. I'm good for nothing except hard work, you know, Daisy." He spoke lightly; yet there was a shadow,

hardly perceptible, both on his face and in his voice. They were silent for a little, till his eye was caught by a pretty blue-and-gold volume which she carried in her hand. "What have you been reading?" he asked, taking it from her, and turning over the leaves. "Poetry—Byron. Child, I am not sure that this is good for you."

She looked up at him with her blue, innocent eyes. "Why not?" she said wonderingly. "It is very beautiful."

"Is it? I have heard people say so, who understood those things better than I do; but there may be poison in it nevertheless." He glanced at her face. "But I daresay it won't do you much harm—not the sort of harm it might do some."

He was right; it would not do her much harm in the way he meant; her nature drank in the beauty and let the evil roll off, as dew from a leaf. Yet, as she read it, she began dimly to comprehend that there were depths of love and passion which she had never dreamed of, and which half-frightened, half-fascinated her. Had some drops of the poison entered her mind when she began to think the doctor and his work rather commonplace, and vaguely to wish that there had been some different, some more exciting element in her life? She was so very young, and she hardly knew the worth of an honest man's love, or guessed that even in its quietness lay its depth and strength.

"By the way," he said, as he gave her back the book, "there is some one coming down here whom you will like to see. I used to know him long ago, but we have taken such different lines since that, I hardly thought we would cross each other again. But he is quite in your way. Have you ever heard of Gerald Vivian?"

"The poet?"

"I believe he has written something or other."

Daisy's face flushed, and her eyes brightened.

"You don't mean to say that he is coming here?"

The doctor checked his patient horse once more, while he fumbled, first in one pocket and then in another. "I should have it somewhere."

"What is it?" said Daisy, impatiently.

"A note I had from him. Perhaps I left it on my desk. He says—. Ah, here it is!"

She took it eagerly, and read:

"DEAR CARLETON:—I have lost sight of you for so long, that I did not even know you had settled at Thornregis, till I heard so casually the other day. I hear that the Drew is a good trout-river; and as I have been feeling knocked up lately, I think I will run down, and stay a week with you, if you will have me. We'll have a talk over old college days and chums.

"Yours truly, GERALD VIVIAN."

"Oh!" said Daisy, drawing a long breath.

"Why, child, you look quite excited," said the doctor laughing.

"No wonder. I have been so fond of his poetry, it is so lovely; and now, to think of seeing him! But I shall be too much afraid of him to speak to him, I'm sure."

"You need not: he is not at all formidable; at least, he was not, as I remember him."

"Of course, you have written?"

"Yes. He may be here to-day or to-morrow."

"And you have really never read his poems?"

"No, indeed. You see," he said humbly, "I've so little time. And besides, even if I did read them, I don't think I could understand them."

Daisy sighed; the doctor glanced at her sidewise, and sighed too. "You are my poem," he said.

She gave him a beautiful look, and laid her hand on his arm, and he looked satisfied.

They were entering the village; but they walked on slowly, still together. Every one knew the doctor, and every one had known Daisy all her life; it was known also that they belonged to each other, and people looked on them with approval. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that she should marry him who had watched over her motherless childhood; it was only making a little closer bonds that had been very close before. The villagers were coming to their doors to look out at the bright May sky, and they got many a kindly glance and nod as

they passed. They went up the long street, and stopped before two houses that stood close together. Daisy would not have far to go when she married the doctor. Her father's house was an old fashioned one, standing with its gable to the road, and with a wide court in front of the door, laid out prettily in turf and flower-beds. On the other side of this flower-garden was the doctor's house, which stood in the usual fashion, with its front-door to the street, so that its gable formed the boundary of Mr. Barton's garden. In this gable, on the ground-floor, was the room which the doctor called his surgery, and where he constantly sat when at home. It was a pleasant room in itself, with a heterogeneous sort of odds and ends of furniture that had accumulated there during the years of the doctor's life at Thornregis. The medicine-bottles were all stowed away in a great carved oak press, which filled one end of the room altogether. Another side was covered by book-shelves, containing a very professional library. There were comfortable arm-chairs and sofas, and curious old escritaires scattered about; the doctor had a fancy for picking up bits of old-fashioned furniture. The room was sunny, and altogether had a homely pleasant air about it; and more than all, there was that wide deep window looking into Daisy's garden. The doctor's writing-table was drawn close to it, so that by merely lifting his head, he could see her go backward and forward among

her flowers. Often it stood wide open, so that they could carry on a disjointed sort of conversation while she raked and watered. People at Thornregis were too unsophisticated to think evil of any such proceedings.

It was all very charming and very natural, and the doctor was thoroughly content. Perhaps it was just too natural for Daisy to be quite satisfied with it, and had come about too easily in the ordinary course of things. There seemed never to have been any change in her life; and when she married, there would be very little. There would still be the old village, the people whose faces were all familiar to her; she would have her old garden, where every plant was a friend; and she would live with the doctor, whom she had known all her life. It was to be very peaceful, very happy; but the young are restless, and crave change. They would fain leave the old every-day things, and go out into the world, where all is new, and vague, and unknown.

The doctor was in his surgery, but not alone. He was busy doing something with bottles—going for them to the oak press, and bringing them to the table near the window, where the processes of examining, shaking and putting mysterious substances, which had been weighed critically in a pair of small scales, into them. He was watched by a young man who lounged in the window, and who looked on with a look of half-curiosity, half-amusement.

"Frankly, now, Carleton," he said, "do you not find it rather slow work living down here? It is a pretty enough place for a week or two; but for the whole year—to live one's whole life in, I don't think I could stand it."

"The difference is," said the doctor coolly, "that you are an idle man and I am a busy one."

"But with your abilities, it seems to me that your being buried here is simple waste."

"My work is here."

"Yes; but an inferior man would do the work as well."

"Hardly. Do you think that the health of poor people matters less than the health of rich ones?"

"Well, no; not if you put it in that way. But I was thinking of you."

"Thank you; but I am content. Are you?"

Mr. Vivian did not answer; he turned to the window, and looked out. The doctor went to his oak press to search for something, softly whistling a few bars of a tune the while.

"Whose house is that opposite?"

"Mr. Barton's."

"Isn't it rather disagreeable to be overlooked so? They must see right in at this window."

A curious little smile played about the doctor's mouth. "I've never found it so."

"It is a pretty little garden, though," said Vivian, leaning his arms on the window-sill. "Why, Carle-

ton," he went on with a sudden change of tone, "who is that?"

The doctor glanced out. "That is Miss Barton."

"What a lovely girl!"

He drew back behind the window-curtain, and watched her. Daisy was in a simple white muslin, and her curly hair was tied with blue ribbons. She had come out, as she did every evening, to water her flowers, and she moved slowly among them with her little watering-pot in her hand. She glanced up at the surgery-window, and seeing only the doctor, gave him one of her brightest smiles.

"Are you busy?" she said, as she came near the window.

The doctor held up a bottle by way of answer.

"Oh, you can leave that just now; this is such a lovely evening, and I want you to help me."

He smiled. "May I bring some one with me, then?"

She drew back, flushing. "I did not know he had come."

"Will you come out?" said the doctor to Vivian; and they went round by the front-door, and in at Mr. Barton's garden-gate. Now, although Daisy's garden was overlooked by the doctor, he had that privilege all to himself, for it was completely hidden from the street by a thick and tall laurel hedge. The gate was made through this hedge, so that one entered the garden under a green arch.

"This is Mr. Vivian, Daisy," said the doctor, going up to her; and they bowed to one another, Daisy not venturing to lift her eyes. Her cheeks were still flushed, and as she gained courage, she gave a swift glance at his face with her bright blue eyes. As she did so, she thought it was one of the most beautiful faces she had ever seen in her life: pale and sallow, but with finely cut features, and lighted up by a pair of wonderfully dark and lustrous eyes—eyes that seemed unfathomable in their depth, and that could be fiery, dreamy, sad, all by turns. When he spoke to her, it was in a voice soft and musical, very different from the hard dry tone he had used in the surgery. There was no undertone of discontent now. "This is a sweet place, Miss Barton. What a lovely little nook you have; it is like some convent gardens I have seen."

Daisy ventured another glance at him. The poet was not so very formidable after all.

"It is very quiet," she answered; "and there is a beautiful view from one part. Would you like to see it?" she asked timidly.

"If you please;" and she led him away from her flowers, along a shady walk, that took them quite to the other side of the garden, where a low wall separated it from the river-banks. Sitting on this wall, they could look across the Drew, and away over sloping meadow-land, to the distant blue line of sea, into which the sun was just then sinking in.

clear golden radiance. Vivian looked at it in silence; he had too much real poetry in him to say much. Daisy looked at him, as he stood with his face turned towards the sunset, the rich glow resting on it. He turned suddenly, and caught her admiring, reverent look, and it pleased him. Mr. Vivian was accustomed to a great deal of admiration, and his fine dark eyes had done a considerable amount of execution; but his appetite for worship was by no means satiated. Besides, there was something piquant about Daisy; she was very beautiful, and his critical eye noticed the rare grace of her motions. As he watched her, leaning against the old wall, her head slightly bent and her eyes drooping, with the sunset lighting up her wavy hair, he thought he had never seen any one at all like her before. She was not the sort of person one might expect to meet in an out-of-the-world place like Thornregis.

The doctor, who had often seen Daisy's favorite view before, had been looking round her garden to see what he could do for her. He found rose-trees that needed nailing up, and called her to ask where the hammer was. She went into the house for it, and then stood by the doctor, giving directions while he nailed. Vivian felt annoyed that their *tête-à-tête* had been interrupted, and her attention directed to other things; he was one of those people who are accustomed to be first in almost any company, and felt ill used when he was not being

taken special notice of. He looked at the early rosebuds, and smelled them discontentedly: Daisy unconsciously mollified him by pulling one of her cream-colored tea-roses, and giving it to him. He gave her one of his most beautiful smiles, and put it in his button-hole. She did not think of giving one to the doctor, though he was working for her. She had grown so used to have him as a slave, that it seemed only natural that he should do the work, while Vivian stood and looked on with his beautiful dark eyes.

Presently, Mr. Barton came out to them. He nodded to the doctor, who was now perched up on a ladder, nailing some high branches, and crossed to where Vivian stood. He was a tall, slender old man, with a fine face, and long white hair falling on his shoulders. He said: "Mr. Vivian, your coming is quite an event in the life of this little girl of mine. I scarcely think you can have a more fervent admirer than she is."

This was pleasant to hear, and Vivian bowed and smiled. Daisy blushed, and whispered: "O hush, papa!" and then murmured something about going to get tea ready, and disappeared through the ivy-covered porch.

Vivian thought it was all like a scene in an old romance: the quaint garden, with its high laurel hedge, and clipped yews and box-trees; its gay flower-beds set in the turf, and one or two vases

filled with creeping-plants; the gray, ivy-covered house; the courteous, white-haired gentleman who was talking to him; and then Daisy came to the door, and standing there with her white dress and bright hair, surrounded by the frame of glossy ivy-leaves, put the finishing touch to the picture.

"Will you come in to tea?" she said; and the doctor came down from his ladder, and they all went in together. Inside the house, there was the same air of quaint picturesqueness: the drawing-room smelled of the dried rose-leaves which filled the old china jars that stood on old-fashioned cabinets; the furniture was all old, and its colors were toned down into soft harmonious tints. Daisy sat at the tea-table, and poured the tea into little old china cups. She looked very young and bright herself, and seemed to make a sunshine in the room. Altogether, it felt to Vivian like the rest he had wanted; he was tired of the noise and whirl of London, and of its conventional beauties who lionized him: this was something quite fresh and charming.

After tea, he asked Daisy to sing, and she went to the piano, and sang some simple airs very prettily. Then Vivian sat down, and from the first note he struck, he wrapped Daisy's soul in a dream of delight. He had one of those pathetic tenor voices that float in mournful, sweet cadences, that seem to be the very utterance of the soul of the singer. It could be sad, pleading, passionate; it could rise in

the upper notes into triumph, and sink down again low, quivering, as if in pain. Daisy had never heard anything like it before; it fairly bewitched her, and she would have sat still for hours listening. When he stopped, she felt as if she could hardly bear the silence; and she begged him so sweetly for another song, and then another, that he sat singing to her till long after the darkness fell. Like most fine singers, it was happiness for him to sing, when he had a listener who could understand him.

The doctor had slipped away, and was out in the dark village street, where firelight gleamed through the unshuttered windows of the cottages. He walked with his head down, and for once his thoughts were those of repining. "How fascinated she looked, my poor little Daisy. I wish I could sing like that. A man ought to be happy who can pour out the thoughts of his heart so. It is a gift of God."

He stood still, and looked up to the sky, where the stars were shining out; and as he looked, he felt himself poor and mean compared with the gifted Vivian. Only for a moment; he was too truly noble to indulge long in sickly fancies. He knew he was what God had meant him to be, and that was enough for him. He turned into a low doorway, and went into a little room, where a poor creature lay in pain; and then he forgot all about Vivian, and thought only of his own work.



Mr. Vivian was lounging by the surgery-window, in no very good temper. He had been watching for Daisy, and she had not appeared, and that provoked him; and besides, the doctor had been away for an unconscionably long time, making his country rounds, and Vivian had been left to his own resources. In truth, he had one of those irritable tempers which are apt to accompany poetic genius, and he was easily put out of sorts. His grievances at present were not many, inasmuch as he was left sole occupant of a snug room, well furnished with books, and was at liberty, if he felt so disposed, to take his fishing-rod, and stroll down to the river. But he was in a grumbling mood, and disinclined to go out; so he sat at the window, grumbling at Daisy for staying in the house, at the doctor for attending to his own business, at the sun for shining into the room, at the flies for buzzing, and at the whole course of things in general.

Presently, the sound of horse trotting down the street was audible, and the doctor came in, mud-stained—for the roads were soft—but cheerful.

"What! are you here still, Vivian? I thought I should find you somewhere by the river."

"What a time you have been!" said Vivian, discontentedly.

"I am sorry you have wearied. You see I must attend to my patients, even though it involves leaving you so much alone."

"O yes, I know; only I wouldn't be such a slave as you are to these country boors, not for ten times the money."

The doctor opened his grave eyes wide for an instant. It struck him, as he looked at the peevish face before him, that there was a worse bondage than that of honest work—a bondage to one's own whims, and fancies, and evil tempers. But his profession had, among other things, taught him reticence, so he wisely held his tongue. He went to the window and laid his cool hand on Vivian's brow. It was drawn away, very much after the manner of a petted child.

"I think you are not quite well," he said, kindly. "I notice that people always take gloomy views of things when they are dyspeptic."

"Nonsense," said Vivian, looking grievously insulted.

"Truth," answered the doctor, smiling, and going across to his big press, where he began to pour things that "fizzed" into tumblers. "Drink this," he said, rather peremptorily, returning to Vivian.

That gentleman pshawed contemptuously, but obeyed. "It is not so bad," he acknowledged.

The doctor left the room to change his muddy attire; and on returning, he found that the whole expression of Vivian's face and position had altered. He had drawn back behind the curtain, and was watching earnestly, intently, with a curiously pleas-



ed look in his dark eyes, a figure in a blue morning-dress, that was moving about the garden. Daisy had come out to gather a bouquet for her drawing-room, and, unconscious that she was being looked at, she was daintily putting one bit of bright color to another, pausing every now and then to study the effect.

It was a pretty picture to look at; but in Vivian's face there was an expression which meant something more than even pleased admiration. The doctor glanced at him, and then walked quickly across the room, and stood for a few minutes with his back to him, leaning his arm on the mantelpiece, and looking absently down into the empty fireplace. Vivian hardly noticed him. He went on watching Daisy for a little while, till suddenly turning from the window, he moved towards the door.

"Where are you going?" asked the doctor, turning round to look at him.

"Into the garden. Miss Barton is there."

"Will you wait for a few minutes? I have something to say to you."

Vivian looked annoyed. "Will it not keep till another time? I want to go out now."

"I would prefer saying it now, if you will allow me," said the doctor. He spoke very gently, but gravely, and he was rather paler than usual.

Vivian came back unwillingly, and threw himself into an arm-chair on the side of the fireplace opposite

to the doctor. "I wish you would be quick, then," he said, discontentedly. "Miss Barton will be gone presently."

The doctor resumed his former attitude, leaning on the mantelpiece, and looking into the empty grate, which was filled by no pretty device, as it would have been if a lady had lived in the house, but showed plainly all its bare desolation. "It is about her that I wish to speak," he said.

"Miss Barton?" asked Vivian, suddenly interested.

"Yes. I ought—I feel now that I ought to have told you before. She has been engaged to me for some time."

Vivian had been lounging back in his chair, in one of his usual careless attitudes; now he suddenly sat upright, and stared at the doctor with flushing cheeks.

"To *you*!" he said, in a low voice. "That beautiful young girl engaged to marry *you*?"

There was something almost insulting in the way he said it; but the doctor kept very quiet. He only bowed slightly.

"And why," Vivian went on, getting angry, "have you not told me this sooner? I have been here a fortnight, and you have seen that I have been much with her. You ought to have told me."

"Perhaps I ought. I did not think it necessary. I may have been wrong."

Vivian rose, and walked excitedly up and down the room. Daisy was still in the garden, but he no longer looked at her.

"Carleton," he said, at last, "you must excuse me if I say that you have not behaved well to me. And besides—really, I think that if you mean to marry Daisy—Miss Barton, I mean—you were not wise to let her see so much of me."

There was something in this cool assumption of superiority which nettled the doctor, little as he was given to thinking much of himself. He lifted his head rather proudly. "I trusted her," he said.

"And you thought me of no consequence," retorted Vivian.

This reproach was deserved, and the doctor said nothing.

"But, to tell the truth," Vivian went on, "I am thinking less of myself than of her. Poor little pretty thing!"

The doctor looked at him. "Do you mean," he said, speaking sharply, "that you think she will not be happy with me?"

Vivian was silent. He was treading on delicate ground, and he knew it.

"Answer me," said the doctor. "I know you think so. Tell me why."

"Because," said Vivian slowly, "during this fortnight, while I have been so much with her—your own doing, remember"—

"I know. Go on."

"I have seen that she has thoughts, fancies, aspirations, which you could not possibly understand—that she leads quite a different inner life from yours."

"And you think that you understand her?" asked the doctor, calmly.

Vivian looked at him, and made a great mistake; he mistook perfect self-command for indifference. "I do," he said, boldly. "And she understands me, as very few have ever been able to do."

He walked up and down the room again, and came to a stand-still just in front of the doctor. "Carleton," he said, "have you not taken an unfair advantage of that child?"

He did not know how very near the doctor was to knocking him down at that moment. He could easily have done it if he had tried; perhaps that very fact deterred him. "What do you mean?" he asked, without losing his outward calm.

"It is evident that you have been much with her since her childhood. You have shown her kindness, no doubt, as you could hardly help doing in the circumstances. She can have seen very little society in this out-of-the-way place: even if she had been inclined to fall in love with any one else, there was no one in the way to be fallen in love with. You, who have been much with her—to whom she is accustomed, and to whom she perhaps feels bound by

a tie of gratitude—you watch her growing up to womanhood—and naturally, when the flower has bloomed, you want to pluck it. And she—well, I can hardly speak confidently of what her feelings may be.”

“Tell me what you think they are,” said the doctor.

Vivian had been speaking warmly; now he hesitated. “I think—that I could hardly have been with her so much, without finding out that she loved you, if such were really the case.”

The doctor leaned rather more heavily against the chimney-piece, but said nothing. He was silent so long, that Vivian went back to the window, and looked out into the garden. It was empty now, for Daisy had gone into the house, and he rested his arms on the window-sill, and looked at some tall white lilies, of the kind that are often painted in the hands of angels.

The doctor broke the silence first. “Vivian, what are your feelings towards Daisy?”

Now, Vivian had hardly made up his mind about that. He did not want the doctor to have her, but he had not thought of marrying this little country girl himself. But he had begun a game, and it was necessary to play boldy. “I love her,” he said, in a low voice, and in so saying he did not lie.

“And if you could—if I did not stand in the way”——

“I would win her.” This perhaps was not so true.

There was another long silence. What Vivian had said was nothing new to the doctor; he had thought it often enough, in a vague way, and had been troubled about it, and now that it had been put into words for him, he felt it very bitterly.

When he spoke again, it was in a hard, dry tone. “Vivian, you are right. I have been unfair, and she is too good for me. I love her, God knows I do. I love her so that if she would be happier with you than with me, I'll give her up, and say: ‘God bless you both.’”

Vivian had not expected this, and he turned in astonishment. “Do you mean what you say?” he asked.

“Yes. If it is as you say; if she does not love me—and there's very little in me for her to love—and if you can win her love, do it. Perhaps,” he added, with the first touch of bitterness in his tone, “perhaps you have won it already.”

Vivian did not answer. He was taken aback by the suddenness of his victory. The doctor went slowly out of the room, but if Vivian could have seen his face he would have been startled, for it was ashy gray, like that of a man in deadly trouble.

Vivian went out, not to see Daisy, but across the old bridge, and away by the path up the riverside among the willows. “He was very cool about it,”

he thought. "A thick-headed fellow like that doesn't feel things very acutely, I suppose. And now—how shall I play out the game? Make her love me? Of course, that is easy enough. It is rather an exciting game to play, the winning her from him. "I will do it." And he turned homeward, and spent the evening in Daisy's drawing-room, while the doctor was miles away, galloping across the country see a dying woman.

Mr. Vivian was not a good man, but he was something of a gentleman. Not a gentleman in the highest and noblest sense of the word, for there are those who can trace their pedigree back to the time of William the Conqueror who have yet no true title to that grand old name. But he had certain ideas of honor, though those were not according to the highest standard; and though his conscience allowed him to use all means of winning Daisy's affections from the doctor, it revolted against doing so while he staid under the doctor's roof. He lingered there for a few more days of idle sauntering out into Daisy's garden, or down by the river-side; but before the third week of his visit had closed, he declared it to be necessary for him to return to London. The doctor did not press him to continue his visit. Since that one conversation, he had never mentioned Daisy's name to Vivian, and, indeed, had seen little of him, except when sitting down to the

same table. It happened that there was a good deal of sickness during that long bright summer, both in Thornregis and in the surrounding country, and the doctor was more than usually busy. He used to come in, tired and dusty, from a long day's visiting and cantering over the breezy uplands, and through the deep woody lanes; and going across to Mr. Barton's, would find Daisy seated in her shady arbor, where she could hear the perpetual murmur of the river, and smell the scents of her roses and stocks, listening to Vivian's musical voice as he read Tennyson's *Idylls* or Longfellow's *Golden Legend*. Or they would be in the drawing-room, where Vivian generally sat at the piano, talking by fits and starts, and every now and then letting his fingers wander over the keys in some low dreamy melody, or singing those wonderful thrilling notes of his, while Daisy listened in a sort of trance.

The doctor knew she was drifting away from him, and that he was powerless to bring her back. He felt, more than ever he had done before, the difference between her dreamy poetical girlhood and his practical middle age; and he doubted whether, even if he had the power, he would have had matters as they had been before. And yet he had never loved her more devotedly than now, when he seemed about to lose her. As yet he had spoken no word to her of any change in their lives; she was his treasure, and he would not give her up till she

compelled him to do so, by telling him that she could not be happy with him. And his manner had hardly altered towards her; there had always been in it more of grave, fatherly tenderness than of lover-like passion, and if she had cared to notice, she would have seen that he was even more gravely tender than of old.

At the end of a week, Vivian went back to London. "You need not be surprised to see me back again," he said to the doctor, who was too honest to say that he would be glad to see him, but confessed that he would not feel any surprise.

And in another month he did come back, taking up his quarters at the modest little hotel in the High Street, from which he could look across the Drew to the open country and blue sea-line behind. And all through hot July, and August, and September, and cool, brown-tinted October, he staid there, spending long days with his book and fishing-rod beside the Drew, and sending many baskets of silver trout for Mr. Barton's breakfast. He had come to be regarded as a familiar friend in the old gray house—one whose frequent and unceremonious comings and goings were to be looked for; and this easy, friendly footing was of all others the one which the doctor had most cause to dread. People said that the doctor looked graver and paler during that summer than he had ever done before; he worked harder, too, grudging no labor or sleepless nights, or

long rides to visit patients who he knew could never pay him in this world, except by their blessings, and these he did not lightly regard.

In autumn, Vivian again went to London for a few weeks, and when he came back to the quiet Thornregis hotel, it was close upon Christmas. He had made acquaintance with most of the little circle of village society, and on his return, he found an invitation waiting for him to a party at the Rectory on Christmas Eve. The Rectory was a great rambling house, standing nearly opposite Mr. Barton's, behind a hedge of clipped box. Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall were easy-going, popular people, who did a great deal of good in their own quiet way, and were held in great respect and liking by all Thornregis. They had no children, and Mrs. Cornwall had a motherly love for Daisy, so that Mr. Vivian was sure of meeting her there, and was glad to accept the invitation.

Christmas Eve was a fine mild night; no snow had yet fallen, and there had been little hard frost, so the grass was yet green, and the chrysanthemums were still rich in purple and yellow blossoms. The party at the Rectory was a very pleasant one; all the young people available in Thornregis were there, and there was no lack of the soft, fair, girlish beauty which is our English pride. But it was evident that Daisy, in her floating white lace robes, and wreath of holly leaves and berries, was the queen;

and Vivian's dark eyes lighted up with pride and admiration as he looked at her.

They had been playing games, such as old-fashioned people like to keep up on Christmas Eve, and Daisy had entered into them with almost childish gaiety. Vivian had rather hung back; he had an intense dislike of doing anything undignified; and after a noisy game at the "Post," he managed to get near enough to whisper: "This room is getting so hot; do come out into the hall, and get cool."

She smilingly agreed, and in another minute they were pacing up and down the wide old lobby together. The night was so mild that the front-door stood open, and they stepped out into the porch. Vivian snatched up a light shawl which some one had left lying in the hall, and put it round Daisy's shoulders.

"What a lovely night!" he said. "Look how glorious Orion is." He drew her out into the starlit garden, where they could hear the gay voices and laughter from within, and they walked slowly across the broad gravel-walk, to where a drooping beech-tree formed a sort of natural arbor. It was bare and leafless now, but the night was so still, that, as they stood beneath its shelter, they felt no breath of wind. They looked at the stars, which were singularly clear and brilliant, and tried to find out the constellations, and then between them fell

one of those silences which are very dangerous to such a couple out together and alone on a star-light night. Daisy's little white gloved hand rested on Vivian's arm, and her face appeared ethereal in the dim light. Vivian looked at it, and determined to speak. "Daisy," he said, suddenly, "you are very beautiful."

She gave him a startled look. "Oh, please, hush!"

"Why? I have been silent long enough; I must speak now. You can't help knowing that I love you, Daisy."

She drew her hand from his arm, and he saw, even by the starlight, that she grew paler. "You must not speak to me so, Mr. Vivian. If you love me, I am very sorry; yet I can hardly believe it possible, for you must have known all this time that I belonged to another."

"You are right. I did know it."

"Then, knowing that," she said with quiet dignity, "there should have been no words of this kind between you and me."

She would have left him, but he caught her hand. "Daisy, you must not leave me; you must hear me speak this once. Even knowing of your engagement, it was impossible that I should help loving you. How could I help seeing that you would be wasted on a man like him—one whose thoughts rise no higher than the ailments of country boors."

"I will not hear this," she cried, trying to get her hand away from him.

"You must hear it," he answered passionately; "you must hear the truth this once, and then, if you will, you can sacrifice yourself to him. You do not love him, Daisy—not as you might love me. Think how much older he is—how utterly different his whole sphere of thought and feeling. My darling, you would be miserable, tied to a man like that."

Daisy leaned against the tree, and covered her eyes with her free hand. "He is a very good man," she said; "the best man I have ever known."

"Good!" he exclaimed scornfully. "And what will his tame goodness do for you? Will it satisfy the cravings of your nature for deeper things than he knows of? Will it fill your heart and life enough to make you happy? Think what it will be to drag on year after year here, in this dreary place, for it is dreary but for you. Think what it will be to have no change in your life, always the same monotonous round of faces, and things and ideas. Think how you may become narrowed down to it yourself, and grow into something different from what you are now, my bright high-souled darling."

Still she leaned there silently, keeping her eyes covered, listening to the voice of the tempter, but

not yet carried away by it. Her instincts were higher than his, poet though he was; she had a dim idea that this goodness which he scorned was really the highest thing in the world; moreover, she knew right from wrong, which he did not.

"And I love you so," he pleaded. "What is his love to mine?"

"No; don't say that," she said, uncovering her eyes, and looking at him. "His love is the growth of many years; yours, of a single summer. He does love me; I know it."

There was a pause: the voices and music from the Rectory came floating across the garden to them, sounding near, and yet strangely far away, they were so completely out of it all. Vivian was not the man to be too scrupulous about his assertions when he had a point to gain, so he said, after that minute's hesitation: "I believe you are mistaken; I do not believe he loves you. If he had done so, he would not have been so ready to give you up."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that, when he told me some time ago of your engagement to him, he spoke in such a way as to make me understand that he was not very anxious about its being fulfilled."

Daisy had been leaning against the stem of the beech-tree; now she drew herself up, proud and straight, and Vivian saw that her pride was touched.



She looked away from him silently, at the lighted windows in front of them, and he could hardly understand the wistful look on her face. "I can hardly understand that," she said at last, speaking very low. "He has always been so very kind to me. And, Mr. Vivian, if he does love me, I will be true to him; I can be true in heart and soul, in spite of all you have said."

"I do not believe he is true to you, in the way you mean."

Unfortunately for Vivian, another person besides Daisy had heard the last sentence. The doctor had been detained by some patients from joining Mrs. Cornwall's party till far on in the evening, and being a privileged person, whom no one expected to come at fixed hours like other people, he had as usual just come when he was able. The gate to the road had been left open, and on coming in he had heard the voices of Vivian and Daisy, without their hearing him. He felt angry with Vivian for keeping her standing out in the night-air, which, however mild, was apt to be treacherous in its effects, and acting promptly, as he was in the habit of doing, without giving much heed to what people might think of him or his doings, he crossed the grass sward to bring her in. His steps were not very audible on the turf, and he was close to the beech-tree before either of those under it were aware of his presence; and so it happened that he

heard Vivian's words: "I do not believe he is true to you."

In another instant he was standing before them. "What is he saying to you, Daisy?" he asked.

She came close to him, and laid both her clasped hands on his breast. "Oh, doctor, he says that you don't care for me—that you would give me up."

"The first of those assertions is untrue," said the doctor, speaking quietly and sadly. "As for the other, my little Daisy, I would rather see you happy than be happy myself. I fear I've been a selfish old fellow, thinking more of my own pleasure than of yours. I've been feeling more than ever lately the difference between us; I fear you would not be happy as my wife; I'm too old, too commonplace for you."

He nearly broke down; but he was so certain that she was glad to be free, that he tried to speak cheerfully. "I dare say it was all a mistake, Daisy. Think of me as a foolish old fellow, nearly old enough to be your father, who dreamed in his folly that you might be something nearer to him than only a dear little friend. Forget about that foolish dream of mine, Daisy, and go and be happy with the man you love."

She had never moved, but stood with her hands clasped on his breast, looking up eagerly into his face. "Say you don't love me, then," she said. "Say just once: 'Daisy, I don't love you any more.'"



He was silent, and she saw his lips tremble. "Say it," she urged. "If it is true you will say it."

He put her gently away from him. "I cannot," he said hoarsely, "for it is not true." Without another word he walked away from them towards the house; but half-way across the grass, he turned and came back. "I meant to ask you," he said, addressing Vivian for the first time, "not to keep her longer out in the night-air. She is not very strong, and needs to be taken care of."

Curiously enough, this little bit of care-taking, such as she had received from him ever since her fragile, motherless childhood, touched Daisy more than anything had ever done in her life before. Quite a new sensation, such as she had never before felt for the doctor, never at all for the fascinating young poet, stole into her heart, and made it thrill and tremble. She hardly knew what it was; she only thought, "He could not say that he didn't love me;" and silently she put her little cold hand into his, and went back with him to the house, leaving Vivian to follow, a little sulkily, but by no means despairing. The notion of his taking the trouble of being the rival of a stupid village doctor, and failing, was not to be thought of.

In the drawing-room, dancing had begun; and when Daisy went and sat down in a corner of the sofa, away from both her lovers, Mrs. Cornwall came and remonstrated with her for sitting still.

"I shall think you are not enjoying my little party," said the good lady, "if you sit moping there in a corner, when every one else is dancing."

"But no one has asked me," answered Daisy, trying to laugh; and then Vivian presented himself, with an imploring look, and she was obliged to dance with him.

"I know there is no use in asking you, doctor," said Mrs Cornwall; "we have long given up hopes of your ever becoming a dancing man."

"No," he answered, smiling a little sadly; "I must be content to be one of the old people, and look on while the young ones are happy."

He was watching Vivian and Daisy as he spoke, and his quick practical eye noticed that the skirts of her white lace dress fluttered perilously near the fireplace every time that they whirled past. "Excuse me, Mrs. Cornwall, but have you no guard that you could put before the fire? The ladies' dresses are in some peril, I think."

Mrs. Cornwall protested she had been very stupid not to think of it sooner, and went out of the room to look for one, while the doctor watched anxiously every time that Daisy swept past the fire. Some one called off his attention for a minute, and then he heard a cry. What he had been fearing had happened; Daisy's lace robe had been swept against the ribs of the grate—the dry, light material caught like tinder, and in less time than it takes to tell

it, the flames had spread to the muslin petticoat beneath.

Vivian was not exactly a coward, but physical courage was not one of his strong points, and his first impulse, on discovering that the lady he was dancing with was in flames, was to let her go, and start back. I think that he would probably have recovered his presence of mind, and tried to save her, had time been given him; but before any other action was possible, the doctor had pulled from the sofa a gaily striped Affghan, and had wrapped it round Daisy, crushing out the flames with that and with his hands, regardless of the burns he received in the process. The room was all in confusion: some one pulled the cover off a table, pulling down the ornaments on the floor with a crash; and some were screaming for water, and running for Mrs. Cornwall. She came, poor lady, crying and wringing her hands, and met the doctor carrying poor unconscious Daisy down-stairs.

"Oh, won't you bring her to my room?" sobbed Mrs. Cornwall. "There's a bed there, quite ready for her. Dear doctor, do let her stay here."

But he shook his head. Her father's house was only a couple of hundred yards away, and he knew it would be better for her to be there. He carried her out into the starlit garden, from which he had led her in only half an hour before; and holding her as if she had been a baby, he bore her down

the village street, and into her father's house; there he laid her on her own little, white-curtained bed, and proceeded to cut off the charred garments from her poor scorched limbs.

And for many weeks, he came and went, spending hours both of day and night in that darkened room, where Daisy moaned faintly in pain.

"Doctor, when may I go out into my garden again?" She was lying on a couch in the drawing-room, and he was sitting beside her. She was looking out of the window, through which, as she lay, she could see the tops of a couple of poplar-trees, rocking gently to and fro in the March wind. If she had looked at the doctor's face, she would have seen a shadow flit across it.

"I think it will be soon now, Daisy," he said.

"How soon?"

"I can hardly tell you, exactly. You have been very patient; I know you must be weary of being a prisoner."

"No; I am not so tired of that. I just took a sudden longing to go out and see the flowers in my garden. I know the crocuses must be all standing up in their stiff rows: they always used to remind me of soldiers, in yellow, and purple, and white uniforms. And my dear little hypanthias, they will be nearly over by this time."

"How very stupid I have been," said the doctor

suddenly rising, and going out of the room. He went down stairs, and out into the garden, where he pulled a great bunch of crocuses and hypanthids, and one or two late little snowdrops, that were nodding their delicate heads in a shady corner, under a rhododendron bush. His face wore a curious mixture of expressions as he pulled those flowers; there were both pain and pleasure in it, and above all, a sort of wistful tenderness, as if the flowers had been a bit of Daisy herself. He brought them to her, and laid their cool faces to her cheek.

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" she whispered, and her eyes filled with tears.

He brought her a vase to put them in, and left her arranging them; and every morning after that, he brought a bunch of flowers with him: she knew by them how the season was gliding away. After the crocuses came anemones and wallflowers; and then, by and by, little fragrant rosebuds. One day, when he gave her a bunch of those, she said: "I thought I should have been able to gather those for myself by this time."

He sighed a little, as he sat down beside her couch. "You must be patient for only a little while longer," he said. "I must let you go soon."

"Let me go!" she repeated wonderingly. "You speak as if you were almost sorry about my being nearly well again."

"I am very glad and thankful that you are so nearly well, Daisy," he said.

She turned her head, and looked up in his face. "You may be thankful, but you certainly don't look glad."

"Do I not? But I *am* glad, or at least I try to be. Only, people are very selfish in this world, Daisy. When you were in pain, my child," he went on in a low voice, and holding his face so that she could not see it, "I suffered with you. I would have given my life to save you from suffering. But now that the pain is over, I only feel that you are mine as long as you lie here, and I am loath to let you go. But for all that, you know I won't keep you lying here an hour longer than I can help."

"I know that," she answered, smiling at him. He rose to go away. "Doctor," continued she, playing with her rosebuds, and not looking at him, "I want very much to ask you a question. Will you answer me truly?"

"If I can."

"When I rise from this sofa, shall I be quite well and strong?"

"I hope so; I truly hope so, Daisy?"

"Shall I not be a—a cripple? a helpless burden to other people?"

"I am almost sure you will not be that. At one time I had fears for you; now, I have none."

"Thank you," she said, looking up at him; and

her flushed, smiling face was very lovely. "I believe you have really told me what you think. I know you are very true—you would not try to deceive me."

"I think I know why you have asked that," he said, looking at her a little wistfully. "It is as I knew it would be; when you rise from that sofa, you will go away from us all. But I would not keep you here, if I could; I shall try to be glad to let you free from me and my care, Daisy."

She gave him an odd little glance, and he thought she was going to tell him something, but she only said: "I shall expect you in the evening; try to come early;" and he went away. She lay looking out of the window, at the lazily playing leaves of the poplar-trees against the blue summer sky, with that curious smile on her face. The smile staid even though her eyes became wet, and she had to wipe away a good many tears that rolled down her cheeks.

Curiously enough, almost the first person whom the doctor met after leaving Mr. Barton's house was Vivian.

"When did you come?" he asked, shaking hands with him.

"Only this morning. How is Daisy?"

"Nearly well. She will be quite well soon, I hope."

"Really quite well?" asked Vivian sharply. "Is

there no risk of lameness, or anything of that sort?"

The doctor looked at him with something very like contempt. "You need not be afraid; I think there is no such risk."

"When may I see her?"

He considered for a minute. "I think there is nothing to hinder you from seeing her whenever you like."

"Now? To day?"

"Yes, if you wish it." Vivian did not know what it cost the doctor to say these words. "Send up your card, and say I said you might see her, and they will let you in."

He walked away, and Vivian went straight to Mr. Barton's.

Daisy was lying just as the doctor had left her, when his card was brought. She flushed a little when she saw it. "Did he say that he had seen the doctor?"

"Yes, Miss Daisy," answered the servant; "and the doctor said you might see Mr. Vivian."

"Show him up then;" and the next minute he was in the room.

His first impression was that she was lovelier than ever. She was dressed in a pale-blue wrapper, and her hair was lying in tumbled curls on her pillow. He looked anxiously at her face; there was no ugly fire-scar, such as he had dread-

ed; her beauty was etherealized by illness, her skin looked more transparent, her eyes larger and more brilliant. Her hands were folded on her breast, and she held the bunch of rosebuds which the doctor had given her. Vivian was too much of a poet not to see the exquisite beauty of the picture before him; yet even in that first minute he wished he had waited a little longer, that he might have seen if she could walk like other people, and he hastily resolved to commit himself to nothing. Yet the manner with which he went forward and took her hand was perfect, and his splendid dark eyes were full of tears.

"Dear Daisy," he said, almost in a whisper, as he sat down on the doctor's chair, "I have been longing so to see you again."

There was nothing to be said to this, so she only smiled, at the same time gently drawing away her hand, which he had continued to hold.

"I needn't tell you," he went on, "how I have suffered for you all this time. It has been a time of terrible anxiety to me." He had managed to enjoy a tolerable share of London gaiety, and those who saw him there had certainly not guessed that he was suffering any very acute pangs.

"I am sure you were very sorry," said Daisy. "But I am nearly well now. Frank says that I shall be quite well soon."

Now, Frank was the doctor's name, but Daisy

had never before in her life called him by it, either to himself or to any one else. Why she did so now was best known to herself.

"Frank!" repeated Mr. Vivian, looking mystified. "Oh, you mean the doctor. Yes; he told me so." And then there was rather an awkward pause, during which he became dimly conscious that Daisy was not exactly the Daisy he had known five months ago, and he resolved still more firmly not to say anything foolish.

"You must have had a tiresome time of it, lying here," he said in his most sympathizing tone.

She laughed brightly. "O no; not after the actual pain went away. You know I have seen so much more of Frank than I do when I am well." She said it more naturally this time. "Usually, he is so busy that he can hardly spare time to be much with me; but since I have been ill, I really think he must have neglected his other patients to attend to me."

Vivian had not come there to hear the doctor's praises, and he felt himself change color, which annoyed him.

"I am sure he is an excellent doctor," he said, with some slight shade of ill temper visible.

"Yes, he is," answered Daisy gravely. "No one can ever know what he has been to me at this time. I sometimes think that I must have died, had it not been for him."

Then there was another silence, still more awkward on Vivian's part than the last, and he had always so hated awkwardness. He tried to get up a conversation, such as she had once delighted in, but somehow he failed to interest her. He felt uncomfortable, and wished ten times in the course of half an hour that he was back in London, or anywhere else except in Daisy's drawing-room. He was intensely relieved when it occurred to him to say that as she was not strong, he would not tire her by staying too long. She bade him good-bye very calmly, and he left her, the sense of failure strong upon him; and failure to such men as Mr. Vivian is very painful.

The doctor had promised to be with her early, but it was past his usual time. When she heard his step on the stairs, she knew from the sound of it, as he slowly mounted, that he was tired, and she quite expected to see the worn, wearied look in his face. He looked round the room when he came in, evidently expecting to see some one else.

"I thought," he said, hesitating—"I did not think you would be alone."

She smiled, and held out her hand to him. "I have been alone nearly all day. Mr. Vivian only stayed a very little while."

"If I had known that," he said, in a low voice, "I would have come sooner. I thought that he would be here, and that you would not want me."

She lay looking at him, silently; her eyes were moist, but the curiously sweet smile played round her mouth.

"Frank," she said, suddenly.

He started violently. She had never called him so before.

"Frank," she repeated, "I want to make a confession to you. I have long wished to make it. May I now?"

He looked at her. The sun was setting just opposite the window, and the rosy light was streaming in on her wavy hair, on her little folded hands, on her sweet calm face. It was very calm, and her clear eyes were raised to his. He was much agitated.

"I think," he said, "that I know what you are going to say. I have been expecting it. Don't say anything that pains you, Daisy. I can understand without your telling me."

"I don't think you can," she said, smiling; "and I don't think that you know in the least what I am going to say."

She was very calm, he thought. He had expected a confession made with blushes and tears, not this smiling radiance.

"Once upon a time," she went on, without moving her eyes from his troubled face—"it seems a long time ago—when I was very young and thoughtless, a good and noble man did me the great honor

of asking me to be his wife. I didn't know what an honor it was then, but I do now."

He raised his hand, as if to stop her; but she went on. "I promised—not in the least knowing what I did—not knowing what a solemn thing it was to resolve to give my whole life to him; for I know now that I did not love him."

She paused, trembling a little now.

"Dear Daisy," he said, "you need not go on. I know that; I know how selfish I was. Do not pain yourself needlessly, my child. I will make all the reparation in my power for that selfish act."

"I know; but I should like to tell you all about it, if you will let me. You must have seen that when Mr. Vivian came, I was greatly fascinated by him. He was different from any one I had ever known, and it seemed to me then that in a great many things he was nobler and higher. And I began to compare him with—the other, and at first I was foolish enough to believe that the advantage was on his side. He was so clever, he seemed, as I have said, to have something very noble about him. But, after a while, I began to find out that though he was a clever man, he was not a good man. I don't know how I found it out. I felt instinctively that he was not quite true, and that he loved himself better than any one else in the world. But I did not know till just the evening of my accident what it was to love any one. Then I found out;

and all this time, while I have lain so much alone here, I have been thinking how foolish and wicked I was. But I didn't know—then. Frank, will you forgive me?"

She had hidden her face on his arm, and he bent his face close to her hair.

"What do you mean, Daisy?" he whispered. "I don't understand."

She put both her arms round his neck, and laid her cheek to his. "I mean that if you will forgive me, and take me back, and let me be your wife, it will make me very happy, for I love you very dearly."

He clasped her close to his breast. "Oh, my love, my love!"

"I would have told you all this long ago," she whispered, after a happy silence, "but I feared that I was going to be a cripple, and I couldn't speak till I knew."

"My darling! As if that would have made any difference to me," he said with a joyous laugh.

Daisy had been six months married, when one day, as she was working in her garden, she heard her husband call to her. He had made the window of the surgery into a glass door, that she might get to her flowers without going out to the street, and he was sitting inside reading the papers.

"Look here," he said, pointing to a paragraph,

and giving her the paper. "Our old friend has married an heiress."

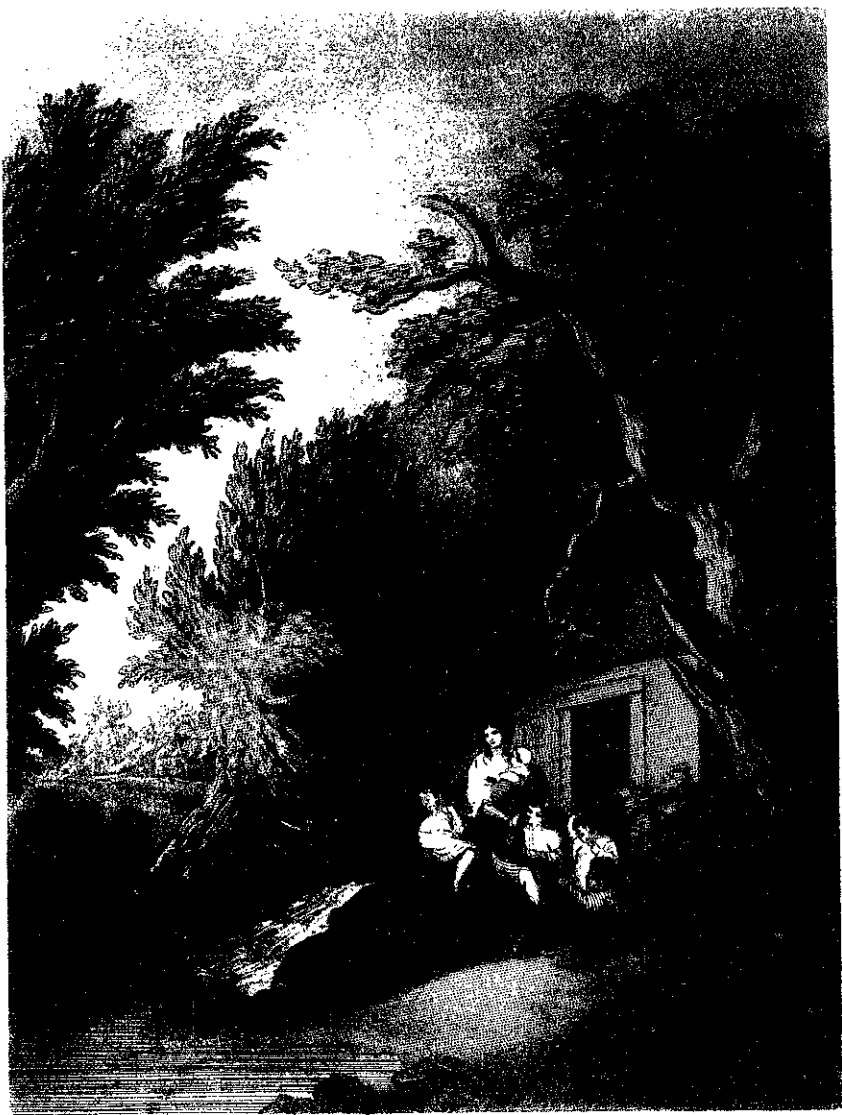
She read it, smiling. "Frank," she said, looking in at him through the half-open door, "supposing I had married Vivian, would you have forgotten me so soon?"

"If you had married him, I would have lived single all my life, for your sweet sake," he said fondly.

And I really believe that he spoke the truth.







*Valley View*



## THE COTTAGE DOOR.

LINGER o'er this picture bright,  
Of pleasant home and dancing stream,  
And checkered years of dark and light  
Vanish behind me like a dream.

Till memory brings back once more  
The rustic porch, the roof-tree's shade,  
Where once about a cottage door  
A group of happy children played.

She shows the brother, bravest, best,  
The prompt to act, and bold to speak,  
The baby on the mother's breast,  
The sister, ever shy and meek.

Then, lo! the vision fades from me ;  
Yet things so strange about me seem,  
I scarce can tell where I should be,  
Or what is truth or what a dream.

But as I see grown rough and hard  
 The paths so smooth in days gone by;  
 The lives that years have made or marred,  
 Out of my loneliness I cry :—


Oh, for the days so long and bright,  
 The days that set and rose no more !  
 Oh, but to live one hour to-night  
 A child beside the cottage door !



## THE SERF'S REVENGE.

### A STORY OF SIBERIAN EXILE.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

URING the revolution in Poland, in 1830-31, there were many Russians living near the Polish frontier who became more or less involved in the movement. Many of them sympathized with the Poles, and where they could not publicly take part in the revolution they did so privately. Some gave money to the insurgent cause, and while they would not inform the Government officials of any plans of the conspirators, they were ever ready to tell the latter what the Government was doing against them. Their houses frequently gave concealment to the messengers of the Poles, when pursued by the Government scouts, and furnished convenient hiding-places for refugees, who found their own homes too hot to hold them. A great many proprietors of landed estates were suspected of disloyalty, though it was often difficult to prove it against them. They were able to conceal their

true character in much the same way that some of the residents of the border States during our late war used to pretend to be on both sides of the political fence at the same moment, and favored the Union or the rebellion as best served their purpose.

The Government made a great many arrests among the frontier residents, and held investigations over their conduct. Some were discharged on giving proof of their loyalty, or on no evidence being found against them; others were imprisoned on account of the suspicions against them, and when there was proof of their disloyalty they were banished to Siberia. The banishment was in proportion to the extent of their offense, and varied all the way from a few years up to the duration of the natural life of the offender. Some were marched in chains over the long road into Northern Asia, and frequently their journey lasted more than two years before they reached their destination. More distinguished prisoners were entitled to ride, and went forward day and night with great rapidity; thus they traveled in a few weeks the road that the pedestrian prisoners were many months in passing to the end.

Among the residents on the Russian frontier at that time was a nobleman named Dolaeff, who had served in his youth at the Court of the Emperor at St. Petersburg. The atmosphere of the Court did not suit him, and so after a few years he left the

service, and retired to his estate, where he hoped to live in peace. He formed an acquaintance with a few noblemen living near him, and made occasional visits to Warsaw whenever the solitude of his country place began to weary him. By-and-by the insurrection broke out, and speedily assumed the proportions of a revolution. Most of the Poles espoused the cause; some of the Russians living on the frontier declared in their favor, and others against them; while still others, as before stated, remained, or professed to remain, neutral.

Of this last number was Dolaeff.

He argued that, as he had served in the army, and had always been thoroughly loyal to his Emperor, the latter could need no special proof of his adhesion to the Government cause. On the other hand, his estate was so near the frontier that if he pronounced emphatically in opposition to the rebellion, his life and property would be in great danger from the hostility of the Poles. He remained quietly at home in attendance upon his affairs, and hoped to escape all trouble.

Among the serfs on Dolaeff's estate, the master was not particularly popular. He was imperious, and often cruel, and in the collection of the *obrok*; or annual dues, from such as had control of their own time, he was never merciful. He demanded always the last copeck upon an agreement, and no plea of sickness, bad harvests or low markets had any

weight with him. Occasionally a serf was severely beaten at his order for some trifling offense, and he was never backward in demanding, on all occasions, the exercise of his full seignorial rights. Masters of this class were in about the same proportion among Russian noblemen, under the system of serfdom, as were men of the Legree stamp in the days of American slavery. No one, whatever his political faith, will deny that the world would be better off if it contained fewer of these petty tyrants.

Ivan Stepanof was one of the most intelligent serfs on the estate, and often assisted his fellow-laborers in getting out of difficulties with each other, or with their master. Dolaeff regarded him very favorably, and generally showed him more kindness than was his wont towards others. Ivan was prosperous, in a worldly point of view, and on two or three occasions had relieved Dolaeff from financial embarrassments. But one day, after a heavy loss at cards, Dolaeff sent for Ivan, and asked him for a sum of money greater than he could command. Ivan protested that he had not that amount, and could not raise it. Dolaeff, in a fit of anger, struck his serf a blow that felled him to the ground; then, kicking him in the side, he turned away, and just as he was getting out of ear-shot he heard Ivan mutter:

"I will have my revenge for this."

A week later Dolaeff was arrested on a charge of aiding the insurrection. It was shown that several rebels had been concealed in his house at different times, and that one, with whom he was particularly intimate, was the chief of a gang of conspirators whose place of meeting was at Warsaw. He was taken to the nearest Government town, and in due time tried, found guilty, and sentenced to Siberia for life. Ivan was not to be found at the time of the arrest, and the master naturally attributed it to the revenge that his servant had promised to obtain for the blow and kick he received.

Dolaeff was ordered to be taken to Siberia as rapidly as possible. He was kept a day or two in prison after his sentence, and then placed in a *telyaga*, or common country wagon, and started on his long journey eastward. By his side was a soldier, to whom he was chained, while a postillion sat on the box with the driver, and allowed the latter to waste no time. They halted at the stations only long enough to change horses and obtain food. Occasionally the postillion and the soldier exchanged places, so as to allow the former to obtain the sleep he could not easily get while sitting bolt upright on the box. The *telyaga* is an ordinary wagon, mounted on wooden springs, which have very little elasticity; and, where the roads are rough, the jolting is very uncomfortable. To ease

the motion a little, the traveler generally fills the vehicle with straw or hay, and lies, half-sitting and half-reclining, upon it. The horses are driven at the best of their speed, if the postillion demands it, as he generally does. Most travelers are anxious to proceed as rapidly as possible, in order that their journey may be ended at the earliest moment. Whether they are on pleasure or business, or going into exile, they are quite willing that their time on the road shall be brief.

The exiles who go on foot rest every third day, but those who ride make no delay. Very often the pedestrian prisoners ask to be allowed to go forward without these third days of rest, but the request is not allowed on account of the confusion it would make among the convoys of prisoners on the road. It is quite desirable that proper distances should be maintained between the travelling parties, so that no two of them shall be at the same station at once. The stations are strong buildings surrounded with palisaded fences, and generally a little distance from the villages. They are not very neatly kept, and in summer the prisoners prefer to camp on the ground and sleep in the open air, either in the station-yard or outside of it.

Dolaeff's guard showed him every attention consistent with his duties, but as the guard is held to a strict responsibility in case of the escape of a prisoner, he could not allow him many privileges or

relax his vigilance towards him. Sometimes at the station he prolonged the halts more than was necessary for refreshments and the change of horses, but he could not allow many delays of this kind lest the increase of time over the usual length of the journey should attract attention. The postillion looked upon the journey much as the prisoner did, and often bemoaned his fate in being assigned to that duty. "Poor wretch that I am," said he; "I am going to Siberia as well as you, and it may be months before I am able to return. What if I should be forgotten, and allowed to stay there for years!"

Day by day and night by night they rolled along. They passed Moscow—the holy Moscow—beloved by every true Russian, and venerated by the subjects of the Czar with a feeling akin to that with which every true Moslem regards the birthplace of Mohammed. They skirted the banks of the Volga, and despite his mental depression at the thought that every step was bearing him further from home and nearer exile, Dolaeff grew enraptured at the picturesque scenery which each turn of the road and river unfolded to his eye. Rough and huge-bearded ferrymen carried them over its waters just as the domes and towers of Kazan glittered in the sunlight above the battlemented walls, where, three hundred years ago, the Tartar power was dominant, and only expelled after a long and bloody conflict, and the loss of many Russian lives. They

followed the lovely valley of the Kama till the peaks of the Ural mountains rose into view, like a wall built between the European and Asiatic world. Climbing the wooded slopes, they passed the boundary, and entered Northern Asia; two hours later they halted in Ekaterinburg, the first city on the eastern slope of the mountains, and nestled in a charming position on the banks of the little river Isset. On and on they went among the foot hills that every hour grew smaller until they reached the great Barabinsky steppe, which seemed to stretch away limitless as the ocean, and apparently as trackless. Along the level steppe they galloped, with little to vary the monotony of their journey. Ferrying the Irtysh and the Ob, those great rivers of Western Siberia, passing town after town, and village after village, they came at length to Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, when Dolaeff was delivered to the hands of the official, and his weary postillion released from further care.

The prisoner, after a few day's rest, was appointed to settle as a colonist a thousand miles to the northward, and once more his journey was resumed. When this destination was reached, his duties were assigned to him. With a fellow-prisoner—sentenced for the same cause and to similar period of exile—he was assigned to the hard duties of a farmer in a new country. A quantity of land equal to about fifty acres was given to them in the valley of a small

river, and they were at liberty to cut as much wood and timber as they pleased from the public domain that surrounded them. They were supplied with axes and all other tools necessary for clearing their ground, building a house, and tilling the soil. The Government gave them food and clothing, seed for planting their fields, and everything absolutely necessary to their subsistence for the first two years of their residence; at the end of that time they were expected to take care of themselves.

Once a week the two prisoners were required to report to the *starvst*, or head man of the village, four miles away. They endeavored to plan an escape, but could see no possibility of leaving the country. The road was long; it was more than three thousand miles to European Russia, and at almost every step there were difficulties to be encountered. They had no passports, and without them no one can travel in Siberia; they could not pass in the disguise of peasants, as their language would betray them; they had no money for their expenses on the road, and would be certain of detection and severe punishment. So, after canvassing the possibilities of escape, and finding the chances altogether against them, Dolaeff and his companion abandoned hope, and in the sadness of despair pursued their dreary labors as colonists in Siberia.

After the arrest of his master, Ivan was drafted

into the Russian service and assigned to a battalion of the army about to move upon Warsaw. Dolaeff's estate, like all the property of men convicted of treason, passed into the possession of the Government and was managed in the interest of the Crown. Ivan's battalion was not long in finding active service, and took part in the battles that had for their object the capture of Warsaw. In the last attack upon the fortified capital, in September, 1831, he distinguished himself by his skill and bravery, and was mentioned in the reports of his regimental commander as a promising soldier and worthy of an officer's commission.

The gulf between the Russian soldier and the Russian officer is a wide one; it cannot be easily crossed; but when a man has once left the ranks and and passed the gulf, his promotion is comparatively easy. Ivan devoted his whole time and attention to his duties, and won the admiration of his superiors. Step by step he advanced; the battalion was ordered to St. Petersburg, and four years after his entry into the service Ivan found himself on duty at the palace, and frequently under the eye of the Emperor.

Nicholas was pleased with him, and one day said to Ivan that he would grant any favor he might ask, provided it were not too great. Ivan busied himself a day or two in the preparation of a paper, and then tremblingly presented it to the Emperor. The

latter glanced a moment at the document, frowned, and turned away.

That evening a courier left the palace and hastened away eastward as fast as his horses could carry him. Four months later he returned, and with him Dolaeff. They waited in the ante-room until Nicholas was ready to see them, and were summoned to his presence.

"Your Majesty," said the courier, "I have brought the man for whom you sent me. This is Paul Dolaeff."

"Send for the lieutenant of the guard," was the only response of the Emperor. A messenger left the room, and in a few minutes Ivan was brought before the Czar, and into the presence of his old master.

"You are pardoned," said Nicholas to Dolaeff; "and all your estates, titles and civil rights are restored to you. This meritorious officer, whom I promised to grant any favor he might ask, instead of seeking promotion, interceded in your behalf, and to him you owe your release."

This was the revenge of Ivan Stepanof.







## CLEOPATRA.

BY W. W. STORY.

HERE, Charmian, take my bracelets ;  
They bar with a purple stain  
My arms. Turn over my pillows—  
They are not where I have lain.  
Open the lattice window,  
A gauze on my bosom throw,  
And let me inhale the odors  
That over the garden flow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,  
And in his arms I lay ;  
Ah, me ! the vision hath vanished—  
Its music has died away.  
The flame and the perfume have perished—  
As this spiced aromatic pastille  
That wound the blue smoke of its odor  
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose leaves,  
They cool me after my sleep,

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## CLEOPATRA.

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And with sandal odors fan me  
'Till into my veins they creep.  
Reach down the lute and play me  
A melancholy tune,  
To rhyme with a dream that has vanished  
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,  
Loiters the low, smooth Nile,  
Through slender papyri, that cover  
The sleeping crocodile ;  
The lotus lolls on the water,  
And opens the heart of gold,  
And over its broad leaf-pavement  
Never a ripple is rolled.  
The twilight breeze is too lazy  
Those feathery palms to wave,  
And yon little cloud is as motionless  
As a stone above the grave.

Ah, me ! this lifeless nature  
Oppresses my heart and brain !  
Oh, for a storm and thunder !  
For lightning, and wild, fierce rain !  
Fling down that lute—I hate it !  
Take rather his buckler and sword,  
And flash them and crash them together  
'Till this sleeping world is stirred !

Hark! to my Indian beauty—  
 My cockatoo, creamy white,  
 With roses under his feathers—  
 That flash across the light;  
 Look! listen! as backward and forward,  
 To his hoop of gold he clings;  
 How he trembles with crest uplifted,  
 How he shrieks as he madly swings!  
 Oh, cockatoo! shriek for Antony!  
 Cry, "Come, my love! come home!"  
 Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"  
 'Till he hears you, even in Rome.

There, leave me, and take from my chamber  
 That wretched little gazelle,  
 With its bright black eyes so meaningless  
 And its silly tinkling bell!  
 Take him!—my nerves he vexes—  
 This thing without blood or brain,  
 Or, by the body of Isis,  
 I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape  
 Mistily stretching away,  
 When the afternoon's apaline tremors  
 O'er the mountains quivering play;  
 'Till the fiercer splendor of sunset  
 Pours from the West its fire,

And melted, as in a crucible,  
 Their earthly forms expire;  
 And the bald, blear skull of the desert,  
 With glowing mountains is crowned,  
 That, burning like molten jewels,  
 Circles its temples 'round.

I will lie and dream of the past time,  
 Æons of thought away.  
 And through the jungle of memory  
 Loosen my fancy to play.

When, a smooth and velvety tiger,  
 Ribbed with yellow and black,  
 Supple and cushion-footed,  
 I wandered, where never the track  
 Of a human creature had rustled,  
 The silence of mighty woods—  
 And fierce in a tyrannous freedom,  
 I knew but the law of my moods.

The elephant, trumpeting, started  
 When he heard my footsteps near,  
 And the spotted giraffes fled wildly  
 In a yellow cloud of fear.  
 I sucked in the noontide splendor  
 Quivering along the glade;  
 Or, yawning, panting, and dreaming,  
 Basked in the tamarisk shade.

'Till I heard my wild mate roaring,  
 As the shadows of night came on,  
 To brood in the trees' thick branches,  
 And the shadow of sleep was gone;  
 Then I roused, and roared in answer,  
 And unsheathed from my cushioned feet  
 My curving claws and stretched me,  
 And wandered, my mate to greet;

That was a life to live for!—  
 Not this weak human life,  
 With its frivolous, bloodless passions,  
 Its poor and petty strife!  
 Come to my arms, my hero,  
 The shadows of twilight grow,  
 And the tiger's ancient fierceness  
 In my veins begins to flow.

Come not cringing to sue me,  
 Take me with triumph and power,  
 As a warrior that storms a fortress!—  
 I will not shrink or cower,  
 Come, as you came in the desert,  
 Ere we were women and men,  
 When the tiger passions were in us,  
 And love as you loved me then!



## WHY I AM A BACHELOR.

### PART I.

I AM a bachelor, and I am likely to remain one. I can no more bring myself to believe in the faith or truth of a woman than I can "chow-chow" with chop-sticks, after the fashion of the worthy Chinamen at this moment enjoying their rice in a boat under my windows.

I don't think I'm altogether a bad fellow, but I am hard at forgiving and forgetting where I have once trusted implicitly and—but the best way is to state my grievance, and then perhaps you will be of opinion that I have just grounds for my distrust of womankind.

Really, I am not an egotist; I could have gone on nursing this grievance quietly, but for my friend Jack Newman. He and the charming young wife he has just brought out here to Canton make the brightest hours of my life now; and he says if I

write this all down, and see it in print, it will take the sting out of the—what's this he called it?—oh!—incubus. Yes, that's the word—incubus. I suppose an incubus is of the apiary kind—collapses when the sting is out of it.

But I must begin at the beginning. I know all sides of the story now, and so I will just let you read the letter which was the corner-stone of my misfortune.

Jack Newman's sister—I have never seen her, but if any woman's photograph may be trusted hers is a bright, happy face, sparkling with intelligence—I am inclined to think the man who owns her, Richard Spencer, is a lucky fellow. What have they done to get treated so much better than me? Well, about two years ago she, Mrs. Spencer, had just got a letter from Jack on his first arrival here, and she was reading it aloud for the benefit of several young ladies. I really don't believe she was thinking of the postscript of the letter when she did this; at least she has written to me since and assured me that her sole object in reading the letter aloud was to give pleasure to those who had so fully appreciated her brother. Ah! Master Jack, I believe you left a good many aching hearts in London when you brought your pretty young bride to Canton. However, we will suppose, if you please, Mrs. Richard Spencer reading her letter to three or four appre-

ciative young friends. The postscript only concerns my readers, and here it is:—

“P. S.—There is such an awfully jolly fellow here, named Stonehurst; he is so kind to me. He says China is a capital place for young fellows like me and Benson, but that after a few years you find you want a wife. He is regularly pining for want of one, and yet he says he has pledged himself to stay here for two years longer, so he can't go home and look for one; he'd get married directly, you know, if he did. He's a nice-looking man, with lots of dollars and a fine house here, close to the river, and, as I said before, an awfully jolly fellow; we all like him. He went so far as to tell me the other day that if he thought any nice girl would have him without seeing him (it wouldn't be a pig in a poke, either,) he'd gladly pay her passage out. He said he must see her photograph first, for she must be good-looking; queer notion, wasn't it, but of course it was only told me in confidence.”

“Dear me!” said Mrs. Spencer, innocently, “I suppose I ought not to have read that postscript aloud? However, I know I can trust you girls.” She looked affectionately at the three fair faces nearest her, though a shade of distrust may have come into her eyes as they travelled on to her fourth visitor—Miss Harriet Mordan, or rather Miss Mordan, for two of the others were her younger sisters.

Susan Mordan, a pretty little blonde of seventeen, looked very pensive.

"Poor man!" She opened her great blue eyes almost as if a tear were swimming in them. "I wonder if he is related to our Mrs. Stonehurst? It is so sad to think that he is pining for a wife!"

All the others laughed, and the girl blushed, and looked prettier than ever.

"Well, Susie," Mrs. Spencer said, "I am writing to Jack now. Shall I tell him that you will take pity on poor Mr. Stonehurst, and go out to China by the next mail?"

The tears came really now, and Susie looked indignant through her blushes. "Oh, Mrs. Spencer, I thought you—you—had a better opinion of me. I never fancied you could think me bold enough to go and ask a man I have never seen to marry me."

"Don't be so absurd, Susan. Circumstanced as this gentleman seems to be, I do not see any other way of managing it. I think rather that a woman would show both generosity and devotion in obeying his wishes."

Mrs. Spencer turned and looked at the speaker. She knew that Harriet Mordan was a very clever girl. She was probably not in earnest now, and Lucy did not choose that either her brother or his friend should be made objects of sarcasm; so she kissed and petted Susie into a good temper, and then turned the talk unto safer topics.

## PART II.

I HAD had an unusually busy morning. There had been so many business letters requiring instant attention, that I had been forced to put my brother's and another addressed in a female hand, into my pocket, and, now thoroughly done up by the hurry and bustle, I lounged into "tiffin" without the slightest feeling of excitement about the reading of either of them.

My head servant Will met me with a grin. "Massa Newman he no chow-chow; he say, muchee thank you, but he go in boat to steamer."

I knew Will was looking at me through his slits of eyes, so I repressed a glance of relief. I like Jack immensely, but I really was too tired for anything but my rumpsteak and my bottled stout. Still there was no occasion for Will to be aware of this. Will was virtually master of my house. Before I had been three months in China I had learned that if you don't want to be fleeced unmercifully by every servant you keep, you must submit cheerfully to be plundered by one, who will then, if you give him the post, secure you from the depredations of the rest. Sometimes I had to tell Will I thought he was carrying the joke too far, and that I would not stand his exactions; but his look of innocent surprise, and his invariable reply, "No, no, 'deed, Massa Stonehurst, me no squeeze you," gene-

rally silenced me. But he was a very clever fellow in all ways besides his capability as major-domo, and he had lately taken a dislike to Jack Newman—at least, Jack said so—and this made me very careful now. You can no more trust a Chinaman than you can a woman.

Well, I ate my tiffin, and then opened my brother's letter. It was, as usual, very instructive in a mercantile way, and very uninteresting in any other; and although I don't pretend to be better than others out here, and enjoy the game of watching dollars, and "pigeon" as keenly as the rest, still in a home letter I long for something a little human. I have neither father, mother, nor sisters now, only this one brother, and he is a merchant at Hamburg. I folded the letter up.

"If George had married, he could have told me about his wife and his children instead of these eternal bonds and securities. I was a fool not to think of getting married before I came out here."

And then I remembered that I had considered it impossible to think of keeping a wife in England on less than two thousand a year. I had more than that already, yet what a mock it all seemed compared with the happiness I got glimpses of in Jack Newman's face when his English letters came in; for although he kept it a secret at present, he had told me of his engagement. You will say I was in no hurry to read my other letter. Well, I wasn't.

I knew the handwriting fast enough, and it gave me no pleasurable anticipations. My uncle's widow, Mrs. John Stonehurst, was a very good woman in her way, but silly to fatuity, and garrulous to match. As I opened the letter a card dropped out.

"The old woman has been having her photo taken, I suppose," said I, as it fell face downward on the floor.

No. By Jove! it was the likeness of a young and handsome woman—the profile of a well-featured, self-possessed face, and a tall, distinguished figure, altogether a satisfactory photograph. I turned to read my letter with interest now.

There were, first of all, the usual lamentations over my absence, and the infrequency of my letters—George wrote much oftener—and then a string of regrets that I was not coming over to find a wife. She would soon find me one when I did come; in fact she had one in her eye. She knew such a charming set of sisters; all of them very nice, but she sent me the photo of her favorite—it was really an excellent likeness; and then, in the silly way I so well remembered, she added—she should think a sworn old bachelor like me ought to be glad to have something feminine in his album.

"Old bachelor! Confound it, I am only just over thirty. What does the old girl mean?"

However, I had never before felt so well contented with John Stonehurst's widow; and as to

the photograph, I could scarcely take my eyes from it; the more I looked at it, the more I liked.

By evening I had made up my mind to write to aunt Stonehurst and ask for further particulars of the fair original.

You may laugh if you like, and I dare say you are doing this without waiting for my permission, but you don't know the sort of thing unless you have tried; fancy living on for five years in a town where, at the time I write of, there were but four ladies—and of these, two were on the shady side of forty, and the others invalids—let me tell you, my fastidious swell, picking and choosing your partners at a ball, that I was so hungry for a kind, loving glance from a pair of bright eyes that I could call my own, that I was not disposed to shilly-shally over the strange opening which Fate seemed to have made for the accomplishment of my wishes. I fell asleep with the sun-painted face occupying my thoughts.

Next morning, with daylight, came prudence.

I went into my counting-house at six o'clock, resolved to ask Jack Newman's advice, and also to inquire whether he had ever met any Miss Mordans, for that was the name in my aunt's letter.

I had not been at work an hour when Jack came in—got up plainly for a journey.

"I say, old fellow," he began, "I'm off to Shanghae

for six months. No, don't say you are sorry, because it is rather a good move for me on the whole. May shorten my term of probation—you understand. I mustn't stay a minute though; it has all come so suddenly that I have about two days' work to get through in as many hours. Can I do anything for you at Shanghae?"

"No, thank you." I was so persuaded that he would ridicule my half-formed project, that I could not broach it to him in this hurried way; but I struggled out a timid inquiry about the Miss Mordans.

"Know them? I should say I do; why they are particular friends of Lucy's; they are the nicest and prettiest girls in London."

And then he went off into a heap of instructions about matters which I was to wind up and arrange for him, and the opportunity of returning to the subject was lost.

After all, it would have been too absurd to consult Jack. He was quite seven years my junior, and very young for his age. He consulted me like a father still, just as he had done on first coming out. No; I was glad I had not shown him the photograph. If things went as I wished, and Mrs. John Stonehurst would hold her tongue, no one need ever know anything about the beginning of my acquaintance with Miss Mordan.

I wrote to my aunt, and I was thoroughly sur-

prised at the fever of impatience with which I waited for her reply.

It came at last, and you may be sure I did not keep it sealed up in my pocket till I had dispatched "tiffin."

She was so glad I liked the photograph, but Harriet said she ought not to have sent it. (Harriet is not a favorite name of mine, however that is nothing.) "She says men are apt to think girls bold who allow their photos to be sent about to strangers. I said, what did it matter out there, and she said, 'Oh, yes, it did, there were plenty of Londoners out at Canton.' I expect, you know, she was thinking of Jack Newman—he's a friend of the Mordans, you know; but, really, I don't think there was any harm in sending it; in fact, my first notion was, that Harriet gave it me for that purpose. I had no idea she was so very particular."

Sweet, modest creature! no wonder she resents my silly aunt's indiscretion, but I will set her mind at rest.

The next mail carried my likeness to Miss Mordan, inclosed in a letter, in which I solicited a correspondence. I told her my lonely position, and avowed my object in making this request—dwelling, as with perfect truth I could dwell, on the vivid impression made on me by her photograph.

"If you resemble that," I said, "and your mind

is like your face, full of beauty and nobleness, I shall indeed esteem myself fortunate if you condescend to answer this letter;" and then I asked her to put no further confidence in my aunt, but to trust me entirely. I referred her to several old friends, and mentioned my acquaintance with Mr. John Newman.

Was I really in love with an idea, or was it the sudden change thrown over my life by this new interest in anything out of myself and my counting-house and dollar-watching, that transformed me for the next few weeks into a love-sick boy? Sometimes I even grew weary of watching dollars. I could do nothing but plan new furniture. I had my house renovated, and a new verandah erected all around it, and then I went to arrange my drawing-room, and picture her—there was but one *her* in the world for me—sitting in the nook I assigned her, surrounded by all the daintiest trifles I could devise. I employed men to go up country and get me rare bird skins, which I had mounted and arranged in various ways—some as ornaments, some for wearing apparel and trimming, and for room decorations.

Miss Mordan's first letter was formal and timid, but this only stimulated my ardor. Every mail carried a letter to her, and these soon became downright love epistles—warm enough to encourage any woman—and soon I saw that her reserve



was thawing, and that matters were progressing as I could wish. In her third letter she promised to become my wife; but, before this, she had asked me to keep our correspondence strictly private, as in her position—living alone with two orphan sisters—she could not be too careful. I loved her all the more for this reticence, and congratulated myself that Jack Newman was safe in Shanghae.

I was very glad to find that she did not refuse to come out alone under the protection of a captain who was an old friend of mine; but she seemed to think I was in too great a hurry when I asked her to start with as little delay as possible.

However, when I told Captain Henderson this he only laughed.

"Just you give me a pressing sort of letter as my credentials, Mr. Stonehurst, and you see if I don't bring the lady back with me."

But Harriet's next letter brought me unlooked-for happiness. She confessed that she had been selfish in studying her own feelings rather than mine, and that as I had been kind enough to say she might come overland if she preferred it, she thought of doing so, as she believed she should have a chance of an agreeable escort by starting at once.

The letter fell out of my hands, I had so longed that she would take this route, but had not ven-

tured to urge it strongly, knowing her to be so unprotected. Start at once, why she might be in Canton in a week!

My head was in such a whirl of excitement and and happiness that the counting-house and all it contained seemed to be going round and round. But I had no time to lose. I must go at once to my friend Dr. Jones, and ask his wife if she would receive Miss Mordan on her arrival, for I had previously arranged with the worthy doctor that the wedding should take place from his house, and he had consented to give the bride away.

But this had been a profound secret between us, for I had not, of course, looked for such a sudden arrival.

It was most annoying to hear that Jones was out and his wife ill in bed.

"I wonder what that woman is good for?" I grumbled; "she is always ill."

Just as I reached my house I met Jack Newman leaving it.

"Hullo! here you are at last, old fellow. Why, I came last night, and again this morning, and that rascal Will assured me you were away; however, I found out that it wasn't true, and so I came back. I say, old fellow, what's the matter? You look excited."

"Do I Jack? Well, I'm a happy man at last; it is enough to be excited about, is it not, to hear that

the woman you love is on her way out to marry you?"

"Love! marry!" Both Jack's hands went deep down into his pockets, and then he took his cigarette out of his mouth and indulged in a long whistle. "I must say you have kept it very close, Stonehurst."

"Well, you see Jack, Miss Mordan made it a special request; and, after all, she may not come by the next steamer; but, any way, I shall expect you at the wedding."

"Miss—who did you say?" asked Jack.

"Mordan—ah? by-the-by, they are friends of yours."

"I should say they were," said Jack, slowly. "Which is it, Loo-Loo or Susie? Susie is the prettiest—a regular little duck. You are lucky if she's coming."

I did not quite like such a familiar mention of my sister-in-law elect.

"Neither of those names," I said, rather coldly. "My future wife's name is Harriet."

I supposed that Jack thought himself hardly used, that my happiness was coming so long before his, for he turned all colors. He might have been trying to get up a speech, but for the moment he seemed confounded and looked dumb instead of congratulatory.

"You've arranged all this by correspondence, I

suppose? Do I understand you that it is quite settled, and that she is on her way out?"

"I hope there is not a doubt of it."

I spoke very stiffly, I know, but I was thoroughly cut up by Jack's manner; it was the first opportunity I had given him of making any return of friendship, and he was as cold and unsympathizing as if he had been China-born.

"Ah!" he said, after an awkward silence, "I suppose this is what you have been renovating for; your verandah is first-rate. Well, good-by, old fellow; I'm off to Shanghae again in a couple of days."

"So much for a friend," thought I. "Well, never mind, I shall soon have the only friend a man need wish for—a true and loving wife."

I can hardly tell how many days it was after this that I went down Canton River to Hong Kong to meet the Delhi steamer. I had made up my mind Harriet would come in this, and therefore it was no surprise to me to see Miss Mordan's name in the list of passengers.

Mrs. Jones, for a wonder had felt herself well enough to accompany me; but I was in such a state of excitement that I forgot all about her. My eyes were fixed on the passengers as they landed, for I was certain I should recognize my Harriet at once.

What swarms there were of them! Very few

women among them, though. Ah, here was another! Yes, and no mistake about it—it was the original of my photograph—older, thinner, and darker than I had expected; but then after a long sea voyage a Hebe even would lose some charms. Still, there was the clearly-defined profile and the well-posed head, and the majestic figure. I stepped forward and raised my hat.

“You are Miss Mordan, I am sure; and I am Thomas Stonehurst.”

Her bright dark eye was raised to mine; but so eager, so hawk-like an expression gleamed over her face, that I involuntarily recoiled. I said face—I should have said profile.

Miss Mordan smiled, and held out her hand. As I took it warmly in mine, she turned fully and faced me.

I dropped her hand as if it had held a scorpion, and started back—my Harriet squinted horribly with the other eye!

Of course, I could not marry Miss Mordan. As soon as I had conducted her and Mrs. Jones to the friend with whom I had arranged to stay, until Harriet should have somewhat recovered the fatigue of her journey, I left them with the firm resolution never to see again the woman who had so wilfully deceived me. Oh, dear me, I understood Jack's silence too well now.

I wrote to Miss Mordan, and told her my resolu-

tion, and I offered to pay her passage to England, when she should feel able to undertake the voyage.

To my surprise, I received a decided refusal. She thanked me for my kind intentions, but she had already found friends at Hong Kong, and wished to remain there. Just a few formal lines saying this—not one word in allusion to our engagement.

Before three weeks were over I heard of Miss Mordan's marriage. She saw her husband for the first time a fortnight before the wedding-day.

Now, perhaps, you understand “Why I am a Bachelor,” and why I cannot believe in the faith or truth of woman, though if any one could convert me it would be Jack Newman's charming wife.





### THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

H! cruel Flora, do you know  
 You torture me in such a way,  
 That I am wretched if I go,  
 And wretched if I stay!

My heart doth own a double fear,  
 A double pain, a double sigh;  
 The one when you are absent dear  
 The other when you're by.

At seeing you my heart doth mourn,  
 With love that cannot find relief;  
 At missing you my heart is torn  
 With all the bitter pangs of grief.

And now I shed the burning tear  
 And now I heave the bitter sigh;  
 The one when you are absent, dear,  
 The other when you're by!

(120)




H.W. Smith Sc.

THE LOVERS.



## LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY H. B. MILLARD, M. D.

 SHORT distance back of Bingen, which is situated on the Rhine, between Coblenz and Manheim, lies a rustic village called Sonnenbach. Outside the limits of the hamlet, and not far from it, is a gently sloping hill whose regular descent and undulations seem more the work of art than of nature; its summit crowned with the remains of a castle which might have been fairy-like in its beauty, and which in a region whose chiefs understood and valued hard fighting and carousing more than what was graceful, seems in connection with the grim legends and history of the land, as a blooming exotic might appear among the stunted vegetation of the Arctic regions. Instead of thick gray walls of granite, pillars of marble, some entire and some broken, still point heavenward, and enough of the walls remain to show delicately fretted windows and rich arabesque work, while all about, roses and flowering vines take away

the dreariness and chilliness which so often hang over old ruins.

This scene unexpectedly presented itself to my view, as during an artist's vacation I had been wandering among the meadows and mountains, following the windings of the Sonnenbach which gives the hamlet its name, and returning to my lodgings had wandered from my path. The village Cure, in reply to my inquiries concerning the ruin, narrated to me

#### THE LEGEND.

About five hundred years ago, a peasant girl, named Francesca, an orphan, lived with an aunt in a cottage near the hill where the ruin now stands. Fairer foot than hers never pressed the tapestry of a ducal palace; brighter eyes never inspired brave knight with ambition; rosier lips never pouted brain-distracting sentences into the ear of helpless man. And while her beauty produced its bewildering effect on many, the fates had singled out Gottfried, a vine-dresser of the neighborhood, to be the special object of its influence; but had also mercifully granted him sustaining power by bestowing on him her most devoted love, and the two were only awaiting the accumulation of a certain amount of money to marry. He, too, deserved her love; no youth so handsome; none so skillful in the rude peasant sports; no other so kind and brave as he. If Francesca seemed to have a

fault, it was a love of admiration and a little coquetry, which, though it stirred up a few lovers' quarrels, did not impair their relations seriously. Not that those little quarrels made them love each other any the more devotedly, because genuine love affords but few pretexts for quarrels. Francesca was frequently sent for to the neighboring castle to assist, in matters of the toilet and in various ways, the Lady Donnerschlage, with whom she was a great favorite. These visits were a little bad for her, as they rendered her just a trifle envious and inclined to wish that the fates had made her rich, though when she saw Gottfried she bestowed but very little thought on anything else.

Her envious thoughts obtained a firmer resting place from a remark made by the beautiful but thoughtless Countess Blizenflamme, who was visiting there from a distant castle, and who saw her for the first time, that "she was too pretty for a peasant, and should have been born a lady." The Lady Donnerschlage gently chided her visitor, warning her laughingly "not to turn the poor girl's head." And so the two noble ladies thought no more about it. But more mischief had been done. As Archimedes boasted he could move the world could he but find a fulcrum for his lever, so the Devil requires, to accomplish an end which would seem impossible, only one weak point, only one slight breach. Evil thoughts once implanted grow as a

Roman poet describes slander as growing: "*Acquiring strength as it goes on onward, at first small from fear, it soon raises itself aloft, stalks boldly over the earth and hides its head among the clouds.*"

Francesca returned home at first pleased, but as she entered her homely cottage, discontented. When Gottfried came, instead of springing to his arms as she was wont, she greeted him half abstractedly with "Gottfried, why was I not born a lady?" "You *are* a lady," said Gottfried; "I'm sure no lady I have ever seen at any castle is half so fine and pretty as you, no, nor half so grand either, when you are angry," added poor Gottfried, simply. "There is Lady Donnerschlage; her hair is not half so long and fine as yours, and she is fat and red."

"But I don't mean that; I mean to have servants and jewels and everything I want." "Yes, but servants and jewels won't give you everything you want; don't they say at the castle that Sir Donnerschlage beats his wife, and you know it is reported at the castle of Hochfels that its mistress disappeared one day and has never since been heard of, and that it was because her husband was jealous of her. We are happy as we are, and soon we shall marry, and some day I shall grow rich. And I tell you that happiness comes most from a good conscience and doing one's duty faithfully." Thus he convinced her in his simple, earnest way

that she was happiest as she was, and her discontent vanished.

Some days after, she was returning from the Countess, castle-building a little and wishing she were a little richer, when, making a turn in the path, some one coming from the opposite direction ran against her. The stranger took off his hat, and calling her "my lady," was profuse in his apologies. Francesca blushing replied that she was but a poor peasant girl, and that he had done her no harm; and, as she became bold enough to survey the stranger, saw a man of middle age, with closely shaven face, dark and rather handsome, and wearing the cap and gown common to professors of that day. A rich chain encircled his neck, and on one hand was a diamond ring of great brilliancy, while in the other he carried a large bunch of flowers.

"I am a Professor in the University of Prague," he remarked, as he observed her glances of curiosity towards the flowers, "and am collecting all the rare flowers of the neighborhood for the purpose of classifying them. If you will bring me daily at the inn where I am staying, two or three of each kind of flower and moss you can find, I will pay you well. It will help me very much, too, as I am a little lame." Francesca promised joyfully to do this, and the next day was passed by her in gathering all the rare flowers and ferns she could find; in the evening she carried her fragrant load to the

professor, who gave her a piece of gold, and bade her come with more the next evening. She hastened home delightedly, for she had never before possessed so much. Her lover rejoiced with her, for it seemed a piece of good fortune. The next night she went again, and her patron said to her: "The flowers you bring me to-night are so rare they are worth double those you brought me yesterday," and gave her two pieces of gold. In this way she visited him every evening, his liberality continuing unimpaired, and sometimes being increased. So several weeks passed, she collecting all the rare ferns, flowers, and mosses within a great distance, and amassing in a short time quite a sum of gold. At first when she began to receive the payments she had said to Gottfried that as soon as she possessed a certain amount, they would marry; she had now even more than the sum she had named, but with her growing fortune, returned her old discontent, and she became more and more dissatisfied with her lot. She loved Gottfried, or thought so, as much as ever; but the stranger, too, though he spoke but little, was different in some way from her affianced lover; his voice was lower and softer, and he was more gentle and graceful. Not that she cared for him, only he made Gottfried appear at a disadvantage, and she told him it would be better to wait until their fortune became still larger, so that they might have land of their own and live as

they wished. Poor Gottfried could but accede, though he lamented the advent of the professor which had caused such a diminution in his happiness. Ah! whoever the stranger might be, if he gave the girl gold with any evil design, he was cunning in employing such a powerful instrument to effect his purpose. Even ancient mythology made Jupiter obtain access to Danae in a shower of gold. Virgil exclaims: "To what dost thou not force the human heart, oh cursed thirst for gold!" and Shakespeare calls it the

"—ever young, fresh, and delicate wooer,  
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow  
That lies in Dian's lap."

Well, the spark of discontent was glowing in her heart, and there was no safeguard that it might not grow into an open flame of rebellion and falsehood! Gottfried began to wonder whether the Professor would ever be through, and would have forbidden Francesca to carry any more flowers, only he feared anything like a command would be followed by estrangement. So he endeavored to dissuade her from it; but she only laughed at him, and called him a silly goose in not being willing to have her earn money so easily and honestly.

At last, one evening, as she was about taking her departure, the Professor seemed to regard her more attentively than usual. "You are too pretty, my



child," said he, "for a peasant girl; you should be a princess."

"A princess must be very grand, sir; I have often thought I should like to be a lady."

"You can, if you wish."

"How?"

"Buy yourself to-morrow the handsomest gown you can find; dress yourself in it; put on this chain and shawl, and come to me to-morrow evening, and I will tell you."

The next day she bought with part of her money a heavy robe of silk from a peddler who visited the castle from time to time, put on the jewelry and shawl, and surveyed herself as best she could in her fragment of a mirror.

The transformation astounded her; no countess she had ever dreamed of looked half so beautiful; and the whole day was passed in building pictures of herself in her new sphere—though, to her credit be it said, Gottfried occupied a prominent place in all of them. This evening, instead of going to the Professor's boldly and innocently in the light, she crept along under the protecting shadows of the dark. As she entered, he led her to a mirror such as she had never seen before, extending from the ceiling to the floor, saying: "Now you look, my child, as nature intended you to. Throw this diamond necklace about your neck. How beautiful you are!"

And so she was. Standing there in her jewels and rich attire, blushing and palpitating in her warm beauty as she surveyed herself, she looked like a youthful Eastern queen.

"Well, which would you like best—your woolen gown or to dress as you are now?"

"Why, as I am now, of course."

"Good. You can have, if you wish, servants, a train of soldiers to attend you, and a palace more beautiful than you can imagine close by where your cottage now stands."

Artless as Francesca was, she feared something wrong.

"And how am I to attain all these? Can I have them without acting wrongly in any way?"

"Yes; only you must give up Gottfried."

"And marry you, I suppose. Thank you."

"No, I don't ask even so much as that, at present. What I desire is this: give up Gottfried, and though every one shall love you, you are to love no one in return for twenty-five years, and then you are to be mine. In the meantime, every earthly thing you desire shall be yours, and you need not see me once."

Was it not a trying moment for a poor girl who had had so long but half suppressed aspirations for what was now within her grasp, and to whom, for the last few weeks particularly, with her increasing wealth, her humble lot had been growing more

distasteful? On the one hand, love and poverty; on the other, unbounded wealth, admiration! It was not a novel position of things, as love and money have been placed in the balances against each other from time immemorial. God help her, as she stands there irresolute, and God help and save all who hesitate between right and wrong. If there be a fear that may find a constant place without discredit in the human heart, it is that of temptation; if there be a supplication which should arise unceasingly it is that dependent one—"Lead us not into temptation." Greater still is the danger of those hesitating ones, who, through sophistry or error, have convinced themselves that the wrong course is destitute of wrong, and that the decision between the two paths is only a matter of expediency. So it was with Francesca; though she felt she was violating some right principle, she could not see that she was bound to sacrifice her happiness and prospects because Gottfried expected to marry her. But her soul, good by nature, was averse even to the semblance of evil, and, torn by emotion and the trial of strength, she burst into tears, exclaiming: "No! I cannot give up Gottfried, whom I love. Do not talk to me so; I must not listen to you; let me go home;" and she took off the jewels. Was it a triumph over temptation? The Professor observed with his keen eyes that she laid them aside hesitatingly, and that though she

had resolved, it was with only half her heart, and satisfied that the seed had taken root, he simply said: "You need not feel so badly, my good girl; I did not wish to make you unhappy. I shall leave here in a few days. Go, now, but remember that any time you desire it you can have what I have offered you to-night."

She returned home, resolved to think no more of the tempting offer, and for that night she did not; but with the dawn, as her eyes rested on the poor walls and rude furniture of her room, she wondered whether she had acted wisely in rejecting so much wealth. Shall we follow her in her devious thoughts all that day and the next? Need we be surprised that Gottfried was petulantly treated; that a short time after found her again at the Professor's?—not with the determination of entering into the compact, but that she might indulge her curiosity and inclinations in hearing more about the golden state that had been proffered. I wish I had to record a tale of woman's strength, instead of woman's weakness: of the triumph, instead of the defeat, of truth. I will not follow minutely the ingenious arguments by which the Professor convinced her that she would be guilty of no wrong in thus bettering her condition. Where the inclination already exists, it is easy to precipitate the determination. Nor will I follow him, as at a subsequent meeting, in order that he might prepare her for the great trial to

which her mind and soul were yet to be subjected, he gradually undermined the religious belief and simple faith which she had ever devoutly held. How could an unlearned girl, ashamed, if she had been inclined, now to ask for other councils, hearing only one side of the argument, reply with her limited knowledge to the seemingly more than human eloquence and wisdom of one who seemed and professed himself acting for her highest happiness? So, at last, when he told her that the price of her wealth would be to renounce her religious faith and all hope of heaven, so firm had he rendered her belief that the sacrifice of the Saviour had not been necessary to insure happiness after death, that hell and heaven were mere names, and that she would continue to exist after as before death, though startled, she did not retract her resolution. Though she thought herself as innocent as ever, the fire of hell was raging in her heart, and so dazzled was she by her visions of magnificence that, rather than to lose it she would have sacrificed her soul then and there. A compact was signed by her, that, at the end of twenty-five years, she was to yield herself to the power of the mysterious being who had wrought such a change in her life, and a soul was torn from the protecting love of Heaven.

One morning about this time there was a great

commotion in the hamlet of Sonnenbach. Francesca, the loveliest maiden of the village, had disappeared—no one could surmise whither. When last seen by her aunt, it was immediately after her return from one of her evening visits to the Professor; she was pale and sad, and had retired early to her room. The gossips were of course not too charitable in their criticisms concerning her disappearance, particularly as Francesca had of late seemed somewhat reserved and proud. Her bed was found undisturbed, and no clue to her disappearance could be discovered; the men indulged in stupid surmises concerning her absence; Gottfried alone raised his voice in her behalf, and a blow that felled to the earth a presumptuous comrade who had formerly been with him a rival for the hand of the missing one, caused his companions to express their unfavorable opinions in subdued tones. Badly as she had of late treated him, and though there was nothing definite on which he could base a hope of her return, he was unwilling to believe ill of her, and as time rolled on remained constant in his love for her, still hoping and believing that he should see her again.

But the mysterious disappearance of Francesca was not the sole occasion of wonder; the same day it was rumored that a great countess from a distant city was coming to live among them, and that the work of erecting a fitting abode for her had already

commenced. Sure enough the hill swarmed with men, carrying, cutting and piling up huge pillars of glistening marble. Day after day the work advanced, and in an incredibly short time a marble palace of fairy-like beauty crowned its summit. Curiosity was beside itself in regard to the appearance of its mistress; and in due time she came, with the retinue of a queen, beautiful and gracious as an angel, her servants distributing, as she rode by on a beautiful Arabian palfrey, gold by handfuls to the overjoyed multitude. Her fame soon extended all over; there were no more suffering poor—all were fed by her bounty. She rode frequently through the hamlet, giving to all the helpless and poor, making all happy, not less by her sweet voice and smiles than by her generosity. Nor was her fame bounded by the valley of the Sonnenbach; it spread like the sunlight far and near. Knights bent at her feet and went forth on their adventures and fought and bled for her; troubadours sang with almost miraculous beauty as they caught new and wonderful inspiration from her voice and eyes. All sighed for her smiles—all admired, all loved her, for she was as good as beautiful. But although she was ever gracious and flattering, she seemed to show no one more preference than another: if one suitor flattered himself that he had received some special mark of favor, his hopes were speedily dispelled by

seeing one of equal significance bestowed upon a rival. As she rode through the village, Gottfried would gaze upon her almost fascinated, attracted by some lineaments in her face which reminded him of her he had lost, though there was not a distinct resemblance. Francesca, now the Lady Geselda, had not undergone a physical change, but her thoughts, her aspirations, her passions had altered so, that with her rich attire and by the diabolical influence of her patron, as she had desired, her countenance had so changed that it could be recognized by none of her old associates.

Did the Lady Geselda find all this power compensate her for the by-gone days, when her heart was untainted by a single impious thought, for the love of the manly heart she had abandoned? It was one of the terms of her compact that she should love no one; and she found love now, indeed, impossible. No matter how brilliant or how noble the suitor, her heart, true to its compact, uttered no response. As time passed, however, her pomp and state grew wearisome, and she began to realize the barrenness and incompleteness of her life. The one clause in her compact—that she was to love no one—which at first seemed to her an untaught, inexperienced girl, the least important of all, now burned like hot iron into her brain. For her life thus deprived of a source of almost all high enjoyments, of a fountain of noble thoughts and senti-

ments, of the controller and mover of almost all other passions, was no longer intellectual and heart-life, but had become little else to her than mere bodily existence.

Thus years rolled by, though she still preserved her wonderful beauty, and she saw the crowds of suitors who had fallen off—some from the hopelessness of their love, some having died, and some having shed their blood for her worthless self—supplanted by others. She saw Gottfried growing old, and his erect form becoming bent with long sorrow and multiplying years; yet so thoroughly had her religious faith been eradicated, that with the declining time of her sojourn upon earth, the smallest of her sorrows was apprehension in regard to her future condition. How dreary had now become her life! No human affection for her, no divine love; she had thrust them both from her. Like the lovesick Queen Dido, night after night her palace resounds with feasting and revelry; and when her guests are buried in sleep, she alone wakeful, with weary heart and tearless eyes, paces the vacant halls or looks for calm in the still heavens; she burns like a fevered patient for the freedom of the vine-clad hills—she pines for her old love—for the days of her innocence.

More years have passed, and it is within a month of the day when her betrothed is to claim her as his own; and by degrees the consciousness of her fear-

ful situation has fully dawned upon her. She has become the slave of a nameless terror, and feels a dread worse than of death. She avoids the pleasure-loving crowd, which, chilled by her altered manner, falls away until, with the exception of her servants, she is left alone in her palace. To whom shall she betake herself in her need? To the village priest? She had bestowed her charities freely all about, but he alone had applied to her in vain for aid; and, as she had never entered the Church, she had come to be looked upon with ill favor by the good Cure.

But in her distress to the priest she went, and, telling him all her fearful history, offered him gold—as much as he might desire—if he would try to save her from her doom. Gold from such a source he would not take, but assured her of his deepest sympathy, and his most earnest efforts in her behalf. It was the same priest in whose ear, in her childhood, she had been wont to pour the tale of her trivial sins, and who, now old and gray, still ministered at the sanctuary. He could hardly believe that she who now addressed him was the once guileless child, Francesca, his own favorite, whose disappearance had caused him much sorrow, and he implored heaven to preserve her, in its mercy, from impending destruction.

The day and hour approached on which she was to be delivered up to the adversary, and with its

close she would be forever removed from all hope of safety. The priest passed the whole of the day at the castle—uttering many paternosters and prayers, as he entered, to be kept from the evil influences of the place—in conversation and prayer. As evening approached—the Host on an altar which had been erected, and with candles lighted, clad in his canonical vestments—he administered to her the sacrament, and prayed fervently and in anguish that the poor sinner weeping beside him might be saved. The night passes on, the hour of eleven strikes, and but one hour remains. What anguished, what earnest prayer ascends from that lone room!

The maiden, still beautiful but pale, kneeling, with supplicating face, before the crucifix; the voice of the venerable priest ascending in prayer; the dead, black drapery of the apartment seeming to absorb all the bright rays from the tall candles. They feel the few moments gliding by that separate her from an eternity of woe. Still He does not appear, and as time passes on rays of hope find their way into their hearts that of the streams of mercy that flow from the Throne of Grace, one may yet encompass and protect her. How rapidly the minutes ebb away! And now only a moment of earth is left! Bursting upon the still night comes the sound in solemn tones from the bell of the palace tower of the first stroke of twelve, and with it the candles on the altar grow dim as the atmosphere of the

room becomes luminous with celestial light; strains of seraphic music fill the air, and the lips of the picture of the virgin which surmounts the altar are seen to move in a sweet smile. At the first of these phenomena, Francesca, believing her hour to have come, fell into a swoon; the priest, fearful and trembling, crossed himself and awaited the end, and tears of joy gushed from his eyes when he saw the time had passed, and that his prayers had been answered. As he aroused Francesca, what was his horror to find, instead of a face and form divinely beautiful and youthful, now only a haggard, gray, old woman; together with the devil's patronage, the magic spell which he had thrown about her to preserve her beauty had disappeared, and she was now Francesca again—only twenty-five years older than at the beginning of the compact, though she seemed a hundred. She rose up weak and tottering, and seeing the priest still at her side, uttered a feeble prayer of thanks for her deliverance.

The next day the gossips, many of whom were the same who had commented upon the disappearance of Francesca twenty-five years before, had another theme to use their tongues upon, and indeed the whole town was astir and excited by the news. The beautiful Countess Geselda had disappeared, no one knew whither; her servants could give no account of her, her bed was untouched, but there

was discovered what had never been there before—an altar with a picture of the virgin and a crucifix. Of course an abundance of theories, more or less unsound, was propagated as to the cause and nature of her disappearance, the two which were received with the greatest satisfaction being that she had been either translated to the realms above or transported to the regions below. Although she had never been regarded as a sinner, yet as she never displayed during her residence among them enough of religious zeal to entitle her to be looked upon as a saint, and as all the rich furniture of the palace had disappeared, the latter theory became the favorite one. The servants abandoned the palace altogether; the whole community, believing it to be a creation of the Evil One, avoided it, and it was left a habitation for bats and owls.

On the day that the disappearance of the countess became known, an old woman came, no one knew whence, to reside in the now dilapidated and abandoned cottage that had formerly been the abode of Francesca. She was visited often by the priest, and soon Gottfried was observed to make frequent visits there. Gottfried, now an old man bent with age, and with a face deeply furrowed by lines of care, yet still preserving and indicating his former truthful and noble character; well to do in the world—the owner, by his industry, of a beautiful cottage and farm—was made acquainted by the priest, from

whom he had often sought consolation in his distress, with the history of Francesca's absence, and of her final deliverance from the snare of the Tempter. He received the intelligence with tearful eyes, and thanked God that the missing one, still dear to him and loved through so many long years, had been restored, unsullied in her purity, and still within the protecting love of Heaven.

Francesca could not at first bear to look upon the noble man whose life she had so embittered, and fell weeping and trembling as he pressed her to his heart; but assured by degrees of his forgiveness and his constant love, she became reconciled to his tender attentions. He conveyed her to his own home; but not her present safety could eradicate nor even assuage the remorse of her life—it preyed upon her brain and heart until nature was unable to bear up against so great a pressure upon its elasticity and strength. One morning, in reply to a question from Gottfried, she found, alarmed, that her tongue stammered and she spoke with difficulty, as if it were benumbed. This disappeared, and was succeeded by a confusion of ideas and dizziness which remained constant; and a few days after, as her hand lay in his own, he found it incapable of returning his pressure. She had received a paralytic stroke, and her mind, though at first somewhat clear, gradually became indistinct, and her days passed in a dreamy stupor, broken sometimes



by incoherent allusions to her early life, but never to her twenty-five years of servitude, the remembrance of which seemed to have passed wholly from her mind. For several days she had not spoken, when, one evening, as Gottfried sat by his cottage door, thinking mournfully, though resignedly, of his situation, he heard his name spoken from the bedside in clear tones. Francesca's eyes were turned upon him with a glad smile, and restored reason and consciousness expressed themselves in her countenance.

"Thank Heaven, you are better!" exclaimed Gottfried, joyfully.

"Yes, Gottfried, and I bless God that he has permitted my mind to return at last, that I may invoke His blessing on thee who hast been, indeed, God's peace\* to me; who hast loved me so many long years, and whose love has been preserved to soothe and comfort my last days. Gottfried, as I look back, I behold a short life, its beginning blest with love, hope and joy—after that, a fearful blank—now, peace with the world and with God; but as I look forward, I see a never-ending life before me, in which our love shall never again be distracted nor interrupted—a love which shall be based on purity of heart and freedom from sin. I behold the shining fields of heaven before me, and ourselves reunited. We part but for a day. Farewell." And her voice,

\* "Gottfried," God's peace.

which had been growing weaker, ceased; her eyes closed gently, and as her head fell on the shoulder of her betrothed, the descending sun threw its softened light upon her wasted features.

Near the bottom of the hill where the ruin stands is a spot fragrant with roses and honeysuckles. Here Francesca and Gottfried were buried, and those flowers alone remain to mark their graves.







### THE OLD CATHEDRAL ORGANIST.

THIS forty years ago since first  
I climbed these dusty, winding stairs  
To play the Dean in: how I spurned  
Beneath my feet all meaner cares,  
When first I leant, my cheek on fire,  
And looked down blushing at the choir!

Handel and Haydn and Mozart—  
I thought they watched me as I played;  
While Palestrina's stern, sad face  
Seemed in the twilight to upbraid;  
Pale fingers moved upon the keys—  
The ghost hands of past centuries:

Behind my oaken battlement  
Above the door I used to lean,  
And watch, in puffing crimson hood,  
Come stately sailing in the Dean;  
On this, the organ breathing low,  
Began to murmur soft and slow.

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### THE OLD CATHEDRAL ORGANIST.

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I used to shut my eyes, and hear  
The solemn prophecy and psalm  
Rise up like incense; and I loved  
Before the prayer the lull and calm,  
Till, like a stream that burst its banks,  
Broke forth brave Purcell's "O give thanks."

I knew those thirteen hundred pipes  
And thirty stops, as blind men do  
The voices of the friends they love,  
The bird's song, and the thunder too;  
And the fierce diapason's roar,  
Like storms upon a rocky shore.

And now to-day I yield me up  
The dusky seat, my old loved throne,  
Unto another; and no more  
Shall come here in the dusk alone,  
Or in the early matin hour  
To hear my old friend's voice of power.

And yet methinks that centuries hence,  
Lying beneath the chancel floor,  
In that dark nook I shall delight  
To hear the anthem's swell once more,  
And to myself shall quietly smile  
When music floods the vaulted aisle.

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Or mocking gravely at some hand  
 Less skillful than my own was once,  
 In my snug nest I'll lie and mark  
 The blunders of the foolish dunce;  
 But to myself the secret keep,  
 And turn me round again to sleep.



## THE HEROINE OF LAKE ERIE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

**T**HE dark, stormy close of November, 1854, found many vessels on Lake Erie, but the fortunes of one alone have special interest for us. About that time the schooner Conductor, owned by John McLeod, of the Provincial Parliament, a resident of Amherstburg, at the mouth of the Detroit river, entered the lake from that river, bound to Port Dalhousie, at the mouth of the Welland Canal. She was heavily loaded with grain. Her crew consisted of Captain Hackett a Highlander by birth, and a skillful and experienced navigator, and six sailors. At nightfall, shortly after leaving the head of the lake, one of those terrific storms, with which the late autumnal navigators of that "Sea of the Woods" are all too familiar, overtook them. The weather was intensely cold for the season; the air was filled with snow and sleet; the chilled water made ice rapidly, encumbering the schooner, and loading down her

decks and rigging. As the gale increased, the tops of the waves were shorn off by the fierce blasts, clouding the whole atmosphere with frozen spray, or what the sailors call "spoon-drift," rendering it impossible to see any object a few rods distant. Driving helplessly before the wind, yet in the direction of its place of destination, the schooner sped through the darkness. At last, near midnight, running closer than her crew supposed to the Canadian shore, she struck on the outer bar off Long Point Island, beat heavily across it, and sunk in the deeper water between it and the inner bar. The hull was entirely submerged; the waves rolling in heavily, and dashing over the rigging, to which the crew betook themselves. Lashed there, numb with cold, drenched by the pitiless waves, and scourged by the showers of sleet driven before the wind, they waited for morning. The slow, dreadful hours wore away, and at length the dubious and doubtful gray of a morning of tempest succeeded to the utter darkness of night.

Abigail Becker chanced at that time to be in her hut with none but her young children. Her husband was absent on the Canada shore, and she was left the sole adult occupant of the island, save the light-keeper at its lower end, some fifteen miles off. Looking out at daylight on the beach in front of her door, she saw the shattered boat of the Conductor, cast up by the waves. Her experience of

storm and disaster on that dangerous coast needed nothing more to convince her that somewhere in her neighborhood human life had been, or still was in peril. She followed the southwesterly bend of the island for a little distance, and, peering through the gloom of the stormy morning, discerned the spars of the sunken schooner, with what seemed to be human forms clinging to the rigging. The heart of the strong woman sunk within her as she gazed upon those helpless fellow creatures, so near, yet so unapproachable. She had no boat, and none could have lived on that wild water. After a moment's reflection she went back to her dwelling, put the smaller children in charge of the eldest, took with her an iron kettle, tin teapot, and matches, and returned to the beach, at the nearest point to the vessel; and, gathering up the logs and drift-wood, always abundant on the coast, kindled a great fire, and, constantly walking back and forth between it and the water, strove to intimate to the sufferers that they were at least not beyond human sympathy. As the wrecked sailors looked shoreward, and saw, through the thick haze of snow and sleet, the red light of the fire, and the tall figure of the woman passing to and fro before it, a faint hope took the place of the utter despair, which had prompted to let go their hold and drop into the seething waters, that opened and closed about them like the jaws of death. But the day wore

on, bringing no abatement of the storm that tore through the frail spars, and clutched at and tossed them as it passed, and drenched them with ice-cold spray—a pitiless, unrelenting horror of sight, sound and touch! At last the deepening gloom told them that night was approaching, and night under such circumstances was death.

All day long Abigail Becker had fed her fire, and sought to induce the sailors by signals—for even her strong voice could not reach them—to throw themselves into the surf, and trust to Providence and her for succor. In anticipation of this she had her kettle boiling over the drift-wood, and her tea ready made for restoring warmth and life to the half-frozen survivors. But either they did not understand her, or the chance of rescue seemed too small to induce them to abandon the temporary safety of the wreck. They clung to it with the desperate instinct of life brought face to face with death. Just at nightfall there was a slight break in the West; a red light glared across the thick air, as if for one instant the eye of the storm looked out upon the ruin it had wrought, and closed again under lids of clouds. Taking advantage of this the solitary watcher ashore made one more effort. She waded out into the water, every drop of which, as it struck the beach, became a particle of ice, and stretching out and drawing in her arms, invited, by her gestures, the sailors

to throw themselves into the waves, and strive to reach her. Captain Hackett understood her. He called out to his mate in the rigging of the other mast: “It is our last chance. I will try! If I live, follow me; if I drown, stay where you are!” With a great effort he got off his stiffly frozen overcoat, paused for one moment in silent commendation of his soul to God, and, throwing himself into the waves, struck out for the shore. Abigail Becker, breast deep in the surf, awaited him. He was almost within her reach when the undertow swept him back. By a mighty exertion she caught hold of him, bore him in her strong arms out of the water, and, laying him down by the fire, warmed his chilled blood with copious draughts of hot tea. The mate, who had watched the rescue, now followed, and the captain, partially restored, insisted upon aiding him. As the former neared the shore, the recoiling water baffled him, Captain Hackett caught hold of him, but the undertow swept them both away, locked in each other’s arms. The brave woman plunged after them, and, with the strength of a giantess, bore them, clinging to each other, to the shore, and up to the fire. The five sailors followed in succession, and were all rescued in the same way.

A few days after, Captain Hackett and his crew were taken off Long Point by a passing vessel, and Abigail Becker resumed her simple daily duties

without dreaming that she had done anything extraordinary enough to win for her the world's notice. In her struggle every day for food and warmth for her children, she had no leisure for the indulgence of self-congratulation. Like the woman of Scripture, she had only "done what she could," in the terrible exigency that had broken the dreary monotony of her life.



## SNOWBALLING.

BY JOSIE S. HUNT.

THE soft, loose gold of her tresses  
Is straying about her face,  
And the wind through its silken meshes  
Is running a frolicsome race.  
Her violet eyes—how they darken and flash!  
Her rose-red cheeks—how they glow!  
As she stands, ankle-deep, in the milk-white drifts,  
Pelting me with the snow.

She tosses the soft flakes round her,  
In her pretty, hoydenish play,  
Till she looks like a sea-nymph rising  
Through the billows of foam and spray.  
She moulds the balls with her little bare hands;  
Do you think she would pout or scold  
If I nestled the pink palms down in my breast  
To warm them?—they look so cold!

Her white wool mittens are flung on the snow,  
 Each one in itself a flake,  
 And her silken scarf beside them lies,  
 Coiled up like a crimson snake.  
 All about me the tracks of her soft brown feet  
 Have printed the downy snow,  
 And I know by them where, another spring,  
 The prettiest flowers will grow.

She laughs and scoffs when my snowballs fly  
 Harmless over her head,  
 And she flirts her curls in a saucy way,  
 And crouches in mimic dread;  
 She calls me a sorry marksman,  
 An awkward fellow—and still  
 She, sly little witch, knows well enough  
 It isn't from lack of skill.

She knows I would sooner think  
 Of tearing a butterfly's wing,  
 Or of beating a lily, or throttling  
 The first sweet robin of spring,  
 Than of aiming at her in earnest,  
 Or hitting her if I could,  
 Or harming so much as a tassel  
 Of her little scarlet hood.

Gay, beautiful Madge! Oh what would she do  
 If my mouth was half as bold

As the crystals which fall on her lips and her hair,  
 Like pearls among rubies and gold?  
 Will her pride and her wilfulness trample my love  
 As her feet have trampled the snow?  
 That the missiles she flings, which are ice to my face,  
 Are fire to my heart, does she know?

Sweet tease! does she guess I am wondering now  
 Whether she'll ever be,  
 In the long, long future before us both,  
 Anything more to me  
 Than a little hoyden, with wild, gold hair,  
 And red-rose cheeks in a glow,  
 Who stands, ankle-deep, in the milk-white drifts  
 Pelting me with the snow?





## THE SPECTRE BRIDE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

**T**HE Castle of Laurenstein, near the borders of Thuringia, stands upon the site of an ancient convent, which was destroyed and razed to the ground during the Hussite war. The goodly estate thereto belonging, reverting, in consequence, to Count von Orlamunda, was bestowed by him on a faithful retainer, who built himself a castle out of the ruins, and assumed the title of lord of Laurenstein.

It was soon manifest, however, that he was not to be allowed to enjoy the fruits of sacrilege in peace. The bones of the sainted nuns, that for centuries had lain quietly in the convent's gloomy burial vaults, were scandalized to the very marrow by the desecration of their ancient sanctuary, and before many nights had passed after the lord of Laurenstein first pillowed his head in his new castle, they mustered up in arms, and raised a tremendous breeze through the halls. Gliding through the pas-

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sages and chambers in long white trailing robes, flitting through the air like shadows without the whisper of a rustle, they contrived to set everything together by the ears. The chairs made fierce assaults upon the plethoric sofas; the tongs gave the shovel no peace till both fell down on the hearth together, dragging pans and kettles after them in one dire clatter. Doors sprang open and slammed to again, windows raised themselves and fell with a crash of glass, sending shudders and thrills to the heart of every startled sleeper. Not a soul dared to peep from under coverlet after the first affright. Even the cattle lowed piteously, and the horses, growing wild with terror, kicked their stalls to fragments in the efforts to break away.

The good sisters kept up their ingenious pranks until every soul in the castle, from master down to foot-boy was well-nigh bereft of sense and courage. No expense was spared by the lord of Laurenstein for the quieting of his perturbed household. Famous exorcists, brought from distant cities, used their utmost art, and exhausted every expedient that could be contrived; but all to no purpose. Spells were pronounced at which the whole realm of Belial was wont to quake; the thresholds were besprinkled with thrice consecrated water, from which ordinary demons would have scattered like flies before the house-maid's broom; yet these ghostly Amazons still remained obdurate and invin-

cible, and defended their ancient title to the domain with such mortal vigor, that the bones of a famous saint of the opposite sex, on being scandalously brought into the sacred virginal precincts, sprang out of the reliquary and incontinently took to flight.

But at last a famous exorcist, who went through Germany spying out witches and relieving haunted houses, was so fortunate as to catch them napping one day, and immediately banned them down into their gloomy death-vaults again, where they might roll their skulls about, shake their ribs, and clatter their hard knuckles as loud as they pleased, but never more come out. The castle grew still, and after a little uneasy and chagrined rioting below, the nuns, as if tired, took a long seven years' sleep, when one restless spectre walked again out of the death-repose, and amused herself for a few days with the old pranks. Another seven years' rest succeeded, and again the spectre appeared as before. Every seven years, on the eve of All-souls Day, it came, as if to keep the old claim good and binding. But the inmates grew so accustomed to these periodical visitations, that though the castle was stiller than usual on that night, and the sheets somehow were drawn over the eyes, there was yet little apprehension that the apparition would do them any harm.

After the demise of the first lord of Laurenstein, the castle descended regularly to the first male heir, until the time of the Thirty Years' War, when the

last twig of the family tree blossomed in a boy. He grew up fat and indolent, showing none of that dauntless vigor in war and in love which had distinguished his ancestors. The estate to which he succeeded yielded him a sufficient revenue, which, if he did not waste, he took no pains to increase. In one respect he was not slow to imitate his fathers—he married as soon as the castle became his own, and in due time was blessed with an heir; but, contrary to all precedent, it was a girl. It was a great disappointment—a mistake to be rectified next time; but that next time, though anxiously waited for, never arrived. The mother, upon whom the task of sustaining the ancient honor and hospitality of the household had devolved from the very first, was compelled to take upon herself the sole instruction of their daughter; for as the lord of Laurenstein increased in rotundity and weight of body, his mind grew sluggish, and so besotted, that he could think and talk of nothing in the world but roastings, and bakings, and boilings. It may be easily guessed that in the whirl of domestic cares, Emilie was left much to the faithful nurture of old mother Nature; but that was surely no disadvantage. That quiet-working artist, never willing to trust her reputation to chance, and commonly atoning for every egregious mistake by some splendid masterpiece, combined the physical and mental qualities of the daughter in more refined propor-



tions than those which made up the stupidity of the father. She was graceful, light of foot as of heart, with a sweet face not too gay for tears; and within she was as lovely as without. As her mother watched the unfolding of all those charms, her ambitious desires for the advancement of her family gradually rose to extremely high flights of fancy. A woman of determined though quiet will, her pride, scarcely observable in common life, showed itself most strongly in her worship of long genealogical scrolls. She held to the memory of her ancestors as the noblest ornament to her house, and thought no family ancient and noble enough to match its blood with hers in marriage with Emilie. However ardently the young sprigs of the neighborhood desired the sweet prize, the quick-witted mother was never at a loss for means to disappoint them all. She kept a strict, yet not painful nor even apparent watch over the maiden's heart; frustrated every attempt to smuggle in contraband articles; discouraged all auntly interference and speculation that seemed to hint at match-making, and, in short, brought up the young lady in a manner that taught all aspiring youths to keep their distance.

The heart of a young girl, before she breaks away from the mother's hand, is like a boat in smooth water, obeying the slightest touch on the tiller; but when the wind rises and the waves ruffle up, who shall control it? For awhile Emilie was con-

tent to walk in her mother's path. Her heart, still free, was open to every influence, and she waited quietly for the coming of the great prince, or, at least, for the count, who was to lay his honors at her feet. All meaner-born suitors, meanwhile, were shown out with the most amazing indifference. But at length an event occurred which played the mischief with all these ambitious projects, and threw prince and count into the other scale.

Once during the Thirty Years' War, it chanced that Wallenstein's army went into winter quarters in the vicinity of Castle Laurenstein, and the lord of it was compelled, much against his will, to entertain a host of uninvited guests, who made a greater uproar through his halls than ever did the spectral nuns; and though they made no troublesome claim to the property, there were unfortunately no means of exorcising them off the premises. Finding there was no help for it, the Laurensteiners concluded to present a cheerful face to their self-invited friends, and do their best to keep them in good humor. Dinner parties and balls followed each other in dazzling rapidity, the mother presiding at the former, the daughter at the latter. The rough warriors were shamed by this splendid hospitality into better manners than they showed at first; they could not but honor a house so princely and magnificent, and castle and camp were always on the best of terms.

Among the young war gods in the tents were many a noble youth, whose face and bearing might well have turned the heart of Vulcan's spouse; but one there was who surpassed all the rest. He was a young officer, handsome, refined, courteous, full of pleasant talk, quick to please a lady, and yet, withal, no dandy, for he had a serious side, and the eyes that could cast a genial light when he chose, could grow stern under a gathered brow, and his hand, gentle in the dance, was terrible in battle. And oh, what a dancer was he! So graceful, so nimble, so light, and so unwearied! Emilie, who had scorned so many, felt a strange, uncomprehended sensation stirring in her heart whenever she looked on the young officer. It moved her wonder, though, that instead of being addressed as "fair prince," or "fair count," he should be called by one and all, simply and familiarly, "Fair Fritz." She inquired of his brother officers, as farther acquaintance gave her the opportunity, concerning his family name and his ancestors, but not one of them could afford her any satisfaction in regard to either point. All praised him, however, as a brave and true man, one who knew his duty and performed it. His character was above reproach; but whether his father's was, no one could say. He had rather confused notions himself in regard to his ancestors, like the famous Count Cagliostro, who, by his own account, was descended from more than twenty fathers and moth-

ers. But all stories agreed on this point: Fritz, by his own merits, had risen from the ranks to a commission in the cavalry, and if no ill luck befell, was destined to win still greater honors in the service.

It could not be that the fair Fritz should long remain ignorant of Emilie's over-curious inquisitiveness. His friends thought to flatter him with the intelligence, adding all kinds of favorable surmises; and though, in decent modesty, he laughed at them for their pains, yet he was secretly delighted beyond all measure, for at first sight of her he had been surprised by a rapturous thrill at the heart, which unaccountably returned at every meeting.

There are no words so strong as that secret, mysterious something, by which two hearts learn to know each other, growing stronger and clearer every moment, from the first slight look to the sweet consummation. There was no open avowal of love; but Fritz and Emilie soon understood each other, for their looks, meeting half-way, said all that timid love dared or needed to discover. The inattentive mother, taken up with cares and pleasures, had neglected her watch over the daughter's heart, just at the very time when it would have been wisest to keep strict guard; and Love, ever vigilant, had taken advantage of the remissness to steal it one night. Once in firm possession, he taught the young lady a lesson quite the reverse of mam-

ma's. Sworn enemy of all ceremony and pride, he taught his pupil in the very first that the sweetest of all passions brings all to the same level. Ancestral pride melted in her heart, like the frost on the window-pane when the sun strikes through. Emilie not only pardoned her lover's want of ancestry, but carried her democratic heresy so far, as to declare pride of birth and station to be the most intolerable yoke which the men impose upon the freedom and happiness of loving souls.

Fritz worshiped Emilie with his whole heart; and having made the amazing discovery that love was at least quite as agreeable as war, made the best use of the first opportunity that offered, to make his heart known to her. She took his confession with sweet blushes, but could not in womanly truth conceal her joy, and the betrothed souls exchanged vows of unfailing love. Happy were they in the present moment; but alas! they shuddered at the coming! The return of spring was near, calling the soldiers to their tents. The lovers must separate, perhaps—who could tell?—forever. And now came earnest consultations, how to make love's bond of legal force, in order that nothing but death might ever come between their lives. Emilie had acquainted her lover with her mother's views in regard to a match for her, and it was not to be expected that the proud dame would abate a hair's breadth of her ambition to gratify so foolish a whim

as love. A thousand plans were discussed and rejected, as rather endangering than likely to forward the success of their desires. But the young soldier, finding his betrothed ready for anything that promised a certain and happy result, at length proposed an elopement—love's favorite scheme for the circumventing the conceit and self-will of those parents whose wisdom has outgrown their own young feelings, and hardened into selfishness.

Emilie considered a little while, and then gave her consent. But now came a still more serious question. How was she to escape to her lover from the strong castle, with doors bolted and barred? She well knew that as soon as the camp broke up, her mother would return to her old habits of jealous watchfulness, with ten-fold rigor for her very remissness; not a moment could she feel herself free from spying eyes. Love's invention grows keen from difficulties; Emilie suddenly bethought her of All-soul's Day, when the spectre-nun would make her periodical visit, and at once proposed to take advantage of the superstitious fear and quiet of that night to make her escape. She could prepare the traditionary costume, and with a little help from a faithful maid, transform herself into such a spectre as few would dare to stop.

In raptures with his lady's daring and ingenuity, Fritz clapped his hands together, and then im-

printed a fervent kiss on her forehead. Though there was much superstition prevailing in Germany at the time of the Thirty Years' War, he was philosopher enough to question the existence of ghosts, or, at least, to care very little about them any way; so he had no objection to the plan on the score of fear. This all happily arranged, he bade Emilie good-by, and commending himself to the protection of Love, rode to the field at the head of his troop. We need not follow him farther than to notice, that, though he shrunk from no dangers and honorable venturings, he passed through the campaign without a wound. Love seemed to regard his prayers.

Emilie, meanwhile, passed a life between fear and hope. Anxious and trembling for her lover, she was eager to learn every scrap of intelligence from the winter's guests, and was observed to be greatly moved on the arrival of news of battles and skirmishes. The mother, never suspecting the truth, set it down to tenderness of disposition, and Emilie was content she should. Her true soldier never failed to send her news of himself, from time to time, assurances of love, and accounts of his adventures in the field. This was done through a faithful waiting-maid of Emilie's, and Fritz of course received many letters from her by the same post. No sooner was he free for awhile, during an armistice, than he hastened to fulfill his part of the plan.

Procuring a light open wagon and swift horses, suited to a rapid flight, and pretending that he was going off on a hunting excursion, he set out for Laurenstein in season to reach it on the appointed day. He was to wait at night in a grove near the castle.

All Soul's Day came at length. Feigning a slight indisposition, Emilie retired early to her room, where, with the assistance of her maid, she was soon transformed into the neatest little ghost that ever haunted a lady's chamber. She thought the evening hours went by most unconscionably slow; every moment added to her impatience. The moon came up, the lover's friend, throwing her yellow light on the castle walls. The sounds of busy life gradually died away; before long the only waking souls left were Emilie and her maid, and the watchman at the door. The great hound chained outside, now and then greeted the moon with his deep baying. At length it struck midnight, and Emilie, furnished with keys to all the doors, stole softly down the stairway into the hall. She rattled her keys, overthrew chairs and tables, opened cabinet doors with all the noise she could contrive to make, and passed through the portal without interference from man or beast. Watchman and hound shrunk in terror from the sight of her. She reached the chilly open air, and hastened with a quickened heart to meet her lover in the

grove. She could see him waiting for her in the shadow of the great trees.

Fritz had been punctual. His pulse throbbing with rapture, he stood waiting in the grove for the appearance of his mistress, and as midnight drew near, he stole towards the castle, still under cover of the wood. Scarcely had the hour struck, when he had the joy to see the fair nun open the door. Eagerly springing to her side he clasped her in his arms, saying in an earnest undertone: "I have thee now, my sweet! have thee forever! Never more shall we be parted! Thou art mine, love! and I am thine, heart and hand, forever!" He lifted the lovely burden into the carriage; the driver whipped up his horses, and away they went over the hills and through the valleys. Fritz thought the horses knew the errand they were on. They grew wild and almost furious in their speed, until the driver began to think that the devil was in them, or else behind, and before they had measured many miles he lost control of them altogether. It was a wild race! The horses snorted, threw up their tails, and sped along like mad. A wheel came off; carriage and all were thrown over a steep embankment, and all rolled down together, into a stony hollow. Fritz was unconscious for awhile, and on coming to his senses, found himself so bruised and battered that he could hardly stir a limb. Worst of all, not a trace could he discover

of his bride. He called her name a hundred times, but received no answer. The remainder of the night was passed in a most miserable and bewildered condition of mind, and next morning he was found by some laborers and carried to the nearest village.

Ship and cargo were lost; his driver had broken his neck, but these were trifles to the doubt that hung over Emilie's fate. Fritz sent out men to search for her; but they came back without having met with the slightest token of her. It was not until midnight that the mystery was solved. As the clock was striking the witching hour, the door of his chamber slowly opened, and the semblance of a nun glided in, to his horror and disgust, coming directly towards his bed. He felt it to be spectral; repeated all the prayers he could remember, crossed and blessed himself, and conjured the awful thing in the name of Mary and her Son; but it came close, and lay down beside him. Chafing his brow with an ice-cold hand, it repeated the fatal words which had given it power to come there: "I am thine, thou art mine!" Fritz almost died with terror. The spectre remained until the clock struck one, and then glided away. He saw no more of it that night; but he was not rid of it, as he hoped, for it followed him to his camp.

But what of Emilie? Who can tell the anguish and despair of that gentle heart, when her lover

was nowhere to be found? Surely that was the place and the hour; it was scarcely a quarter since the clock struck. Thinking he might have mistaken the spot, she searched the whole grove over and over, and yet not a trace of him. Perplexed, and at first thoroughly alarmed, she scarcely knew which way to turn. To fail of any rendezvous would be inexcusable in a lover, but in this case it was little short of high treason to love itself. Emilie found it incomprehensible, and after wandering so long, and lingering in the cold, damp air till she trembled like a leaf, and could restrain her tears no longer, she sat down on a stone, and gave way to bitter weeping. The tears relieved her; she felt her old pride coming back again, as if a spell that had been upon her had suddenly lost its potency, and she cried shame upon herself for stooping to love a man without a name, and only the pretension to noble feeling. The tumult of passion thus stilled, she resolved to return at once to the castle, and think no more of the false one. The first part was performed quickly and safely, much to the astonishment of her maid, and she was quickly smuggled back to her own chamber, without disturbing a single person; as for forgetting, we shall see.

We left Fritz in camp, whither he was followed by the spectral nun, who appeared to him every night, claiming the fulfillment of his word. He

grew pale and melancholy, until every one in the regiment noticed it, and being a favorite with all, he was consequently subjected to a great deal of disagreeable sympathy and questioning. He was a riddle to them all, for how could he tell? But among his comrades there was an old soldier who had a reputation for skill in the black art, and it was said could raise or allay spirits at pleasure. Fritz was so constantly importuned by this old comrade to tell what it was that gnawed so grievously into his peace of mind, that at length the poor martyr to love and the platonic caresses of the spectre nun, revealed the whole story to him, under a solemn promise of secrecy. "Nothing more than that, brother?" exclaimed the old soldier, "You shall soon be relieved. Follow me to my quarters." Fritz followed, wondering. His comrade drew a circle in his tent, traced mysterious characters within it, and stepping in with Fritz, began his conjuration. Soon a dark room appeared, with a gloomy light from a magic lamp, and in the midst of it appeared the spectre nun! The old soldier forthwith commanded her to confine her operations to a little brook meadow in a distant valley, and never to leave it this side of the day of doom. The spectre vanished.

Drawing a long breath of relief, Fritz watched the disappearance of the magic sight, rejoicing from

the bottom of his heart that he was at last well rid of the tormenting ghost.

It was too late to return to Laurenstein; the armies were again in motion, and he must follow Wallenstein to the field. The course of war led him into distant countries, and three years passed before he could return to Bohemia. He had borne himself bravely in many a hard encounter, and had risen to the rank of Colonel. All this time he had not heard from Emilie. Perhaps he fancied he had forgot her. But on seeing the towers of Laurenstein in the distance, his old love came flashing back into his heart and face; and now the question was, had she forgotten him? He could not rest till he knew. Without giving his name, he gained entrance to the castle as an old family friend, just returned from the wars. The story need not be interrupted to describe Emilie's startled confusion when her lover appeared. Joy mantled her pale cheek, mixed with a sense of wrong done to her, of indignation and perplexity. She greeted him with coolness in her manner, which it cost her eyes a hard struggle not to undo. For more than three years she had been resolving to forget him, and yet ever keeping him in mind. His image was always fresh in her heart. The god of dreams seemed to take his part, for numberless were the visions she had of him, and, what was singular, every one was a vindication of him.

Colonel Fritz, (as we must call him now,) whose stately bearing was not without its effect on the keen glances of the mother, soon found an opportunity to talk with Emilie in private. He related the misadventure of the elopement night, and she confessed the unhappy suspicions that had wounded her heart. The lovers made up with kisses and fresh vows, and concluded to extend their secret so as to let mamma into the circle. The good dame was no less astonished by the love-affair of the timid Emilie, than by the spectral facts of the attempted runaway, but concluded that love, after such hard proofs, deserved its own reward, she only objected to her lover, that he had no family nor name. She had nothing to say, however, to Emilie's answer, that it was more reasonable to marry a man without a name, than a name without a man; and no prince or count forthcoming, she at length gave her consent. "Fair Fritz" embraced his charming bride; the marriage passed off with little splendor but much happiness, and without any claim being made upon the bridegroom by the Spectre Nun.





## SPEAKING EYES.

BY ALICE CARY.

**O** MY deary, O, my deary !  
She will break my heart I say ;  
For her mouth is like a cherry,  
And she kisses such a way !

She is shy of her advances,  
But her *speaking eyes* betray,  
When she turns on me their glances,  
All her thought, in such a way !

Yet I know there's no believing  
She will love me for a day ;  
Though she says she's not deceiving,  
For she says it, such a way !

And all her fond caresses  
Seem but half in jest and play ;  
For she smiles and shakes her tresses  
From her forehead, such a way !





*Flora, by H.W. Spate*

When I am sad she teases,  
And she frowns when I am gay ;  
For she knows her pouting pleases,  
And she does it, such a way !

I call her sweet deceiver,  
But she sighs, and whispers, " nay ;"  
And she knows that I believe her  
When she answers, such a way !

I ask her, more in sorrow  
Than in hope, to name the day ;  
And she always says, " to-morrow ;"  
But she says it, such a way !

Yet I'll win her, though I sue her  
Forever and a day ;  
For 'tis rapture just to woo her,  
When I love her, such a way !





## HOW TWO WRONGS MADE A RIGHT.

BY MRS. H. H. WETMORE.

### I.

#### MRS. ZEB'S COMPLAINT.

**I** AM not an envious woman—God forbid! but I do say it is enough to try the patience of Job, to be obliged to slave all my life to keep up appearances, and then to have a neighbor who not only has hers kept up for her, but has the time to see all the patches and make-shifts in mine. Cecilia Hartley was my schoolmate, but while no one liked me, she was the idol of both teachers and pupils; she carried off the prizes before my very eyes, graduated first in the class, while I was nowhere, made a great dash in society, and married the catch of the season, Ernest Warrington, leaving me glad to put up

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with plain Zeb Smith, and go to housekeeping in a mean little two-story brick house, on the wrong side of the street, and opposite Mr. Warrington's handsome brown-stone mansion,—that's the way house-agents advertise such as his, though such as mine are called neat little boxes.

I don't mean to complain of Mr. Smith; he is very well in his way, and they do say Ernest Warrington abuses his wife; the way I happened to hear of it was through a cook of theirs, who told my Ann; they afterwards discharged her for drunkenness, but that's neither here nor there. As I was saying, Mr. Smith is well enough, and, as for my girls, though I say it that should n't, there never were better girls, I'm sure, nor handsomer. Bob—he's my son—is not too much to boast of, still he has no vices, and they do say the Warringtons' son is an out-and-out scamp; never mind who I heard it from; I have no doubt it's true.

To begin at the beginning: when I married Mr. Smith, and moved into the street, though Cecilia Warrington knew I was her old schoolmate, she never called on me for nearly six months, and then she drove up one day in her carriage (I caught Ann just in time to make her put on a clean apron before going to the door), and was full of airs and graces; said I must excuse her not having been before, her baby had been sick; thought my house

was very pretty, hoped I wouldn't expect her to be very sociable, as she really had so much to do, her brain was in quite a whirl; then sailed magnificently out, upsetting a tea poy with my best china vase on it, with her long train.

Her children, too; what a fuss was made about my young master's christening! The street was lined with carriages, and the baby was carried down on a white satin pillow edged with point lace; (I was not invited, don't think it; there was no room for any Zeb Smiths. I heard that she said one must draw the line somewhere,) but the baby was brought to the front windows, and, just at that moment, I happened to be looking out. I really pitied Cecilia when I saw how ugly the pink, pimpled face of the baby looked, against the satin.

There was no merry-making over my Bob's christening—quite the contrary. All Mr. Smith's relations from far and near came without waiting for an invitation, and my house was so full, and my purse so lean, that I had much ado to feed them. Then they all insisted on the poor child being cursed with the name of Zeb, and I gave old aunt Tabby such mortal offense by refusing, that she left me out of her will, though I had been down for the silver urn.

When the children were little, I got on pretty well, kept a bold front, and no one knew how I

pinched in secret; but now that the girls are grown up, and want to go to parties, and see a little of the world, I am ready to give up in despair! How aggravating men are! Now there's Mr. Smith always pretends he never can see why the girls want new clothes, if those they have are not worn out; and when I talk about the fashion, he always says the same old thing about my having looked lovely in a short-waisted dress and poke bonnet, though he knows, and I know, and we each know that the other knows that there never was any beauty in me.

When the Warringtons' Bella had her coming-out party, my girls were invited; it was none of Cecilia's doings, I'll be bound; but Bella had been to school with my girls (how much screwing that year's schooling cost me!), and she liked them, so that was why they were asked.

Susan and Mary had new dresses for the occasion, and looked really beautiful, but poor Sally had to wear her old muslin; however, she did not care, but went off with the others as merry as a lark. I sat up for them, and heard all about the fine doings; what a crash there was, how handsome the supper-table looked, and what a splendid band they had. Sally did not seem to have minded her shabbiness one bit; indeed, she said she danced with Clarence Warrington, a mighty elegant young dandy, just home from a tour in Europe. Here

Sally has just come in, and looked over my shoulder: she declares Mr. Clarence is not a dandy, but the very pleasantest young man she ever saw; she says, too, I must write no more, for I am saying spiteful things about my neighbors; but that's a slander; I have merely relieved my mind by pouring out a few of my grievances.

Now Sally has gone, I just want to say a word more. My girls are as attractive and good girls as the Warringtons, and yet, how is it that Cecilia has no daughters unmarried, while I have no daughters married? Only the difference of a syllable in the writing, but a vast difference in the living. Heaven knows I have not found matrimony such a blessed estate that I should want to force it upon my girls; but, at the same time, I would like them to have the chance of taking or leaving the bone, and as yet, though I have worked hard to bring it about, I am sure none of them have had an offer.

One day when I was calling on Mrs. Warrington, a lady asked her how it was that her daughters had all married so early.

"Well," she said, in her most complacent manner, "I think all the world of my daughters, but if other people can't appreciate them without my recommendation, they are not worthy of the girls, and so I make no effort to enlighten them."

She spoke in a very emphatic way, and I am sure, from her manner, she meant to hit me a sly slap,

but I considered her remark impertinent, and at once took my leave.

## II.

## MRS. WARRINGTON'S ANSWER.

A GREAT deal has been written and sung about the delights of friendship; for my part I consider friendship, especially early friendship, a connection of primeval sin, for its consequences cling to you through life. It has been my fate to be pursued by a certain Amelia Smith, and now that I am getting old, and want to take comfort in my children, that wretched woman or her offspring must thrust themselves in between me and my happiness. Lest you might think me prejudiced against a really excellent woman, just let me begin at the beginning, and you will acknowledge, I am sure, that I have adequate grounds for complaint against her, though my conduct has been, I may truly say, void of offense.

We became acquainted at school, and visited occasionally; she was not a favorite, and had but few friends; she was excessively *plain*, too, and her conceit was extraordinary!

She actually set her cap at Mr. Warrington: the bare idea of such a thing is ridiculous to any one who knows how fastidious he is about women;

I often tell him I don't see how he condescended to look at *me*.

When Amelia found that Mr. Warrington's thoughts were turned in another direction, she actually said several spiteful things about me, which were intended to reach his ears, but their effect was the contrary from what she expected, and when I married Mr. Warrington, she laid siege to Mr. Zeb Smith, poor man, married him out of hand, and then, as ill-luck would have it, actually came to live nearly opposite me! Mr. Warrington, who always disliked her, did not want me to call, but I thought it best to keep up a formal acquaintance, though we did move in such totally different circles.

I could not invite her to my parties, of course. Why, my fashionable friends would have cut me at once; but of course she hated me for the omission. She was always watching my movements, and I declare I hardly ever went out that I did not see her scowling at me through some chink. I really felt as if she cast an evil eye on me.

As the years went by, I saw less and less of the woman, but I was not to be so easily rid of her. My daughter Bella, during her last year at school, struck up a violent friendship for Sally Smith, Amelia's youngest daughter; when I heard of it, I declare I could have fainted!

"Bella!" I said, solemnly; "really, Bella, could you not have had enough consideration for your mother to avoid those Smiths?"

But nothing I could say would convince her that Sally Smith was anything less than "perfectly lovely."

"She is not pretty, mamma," said Bella, "but she is just the nicest girl that ever was!"

So when Bella had her coming-out party, nothing would do but that the Smiths must be invited. They all came, of course, that is, the girls. There were Susan and Mary, dressed to death, and looking as common as their mother, which is saying a great deal, and Sally, who hardly looked decent; she seemed a pleasant girl enough, and I dare say I might have learned to like her, had she not managed by her arts to disturb some of my pet schemes. You must know that my son Clarence is my pride, and I have set my heart on his marrying just the right sort of girl, but somehow on the night of Bella's party, some strange perversity drew him to Sally Smith, and since that time, he has been continually dangling after her.

It is a great grief to me, for now that all my girls are married, or about to be, (Bella was snapped up before she had been three months in society,) I have set my heart on Clarence's marrying a daughter-in-law after my own heart, and living at home with his father and me. Is it not too

much to have been badgered all through my life by those Smiths, and now to have my son in love with the daughter?

## III.

## THE SUMMING UP BY CLARENCE WARRINGTON.

It is certainly a great misfortune to be an only son, particularly if you are blessed with a doting mother and sisters. From my earliest infancy I have been petted, and coddled, and interfered with, until, to maintain my independence of action, I am forced to seem a brute in the eyes of my family.

After I left college, I bid fair to go to the devil, solely because my freedom was so interfered with. I never could show any trifling attention to a young lady, but straightway my mother and sisters put their heads together, and either her character was picked to pieces in my hearing, or she was treated in a way which showed her but too plainly that they feared she was trying to entrap me. Fortunately, I was saved from committing suicide, by a tour in Europe; and on my return, I found my eldest sisters married, and Bella just emerging from the chrysalis into a charming girl. Her dearest friend was a Miss Sally Smith, to whom my attention was first drawn by the con-

tradictory opinions concerning her, held by my mother and sister; Bella maintaining that she was charming, and my dear impulsive mother declaring her odious.

The night of Bella's coming-out party I saw Sally for the first time. I did not think her pretty then, however my views may have altered since; her dress was ill-fitting and unbecoming, but she seemed perfectly indifferent to her shabbiness, looked with genuine admiration on Bella in her lace flounces, and contentedly watched, from her post of observation in a corner, her sisters dancing and enjoying themselves. When, at Bella's solicitation, I asked her to dance, such a flash of pleasure lighted up her brown eyes that I was half tempted to renounce my first opinion, and declare her very pretty. She entered into everything with such zest that it was positively refreshing, and, just for the sake of seeing her cheeks and eyes glow with pleasure, I kept her well supplied with partners through the evening.

Somehow or other, I managed to see a good deal of Sally Smith from that time on. Bella was always running into the Smiths to borrow a pattern, or to spend an evening, and expected me to call for her, which I did all the more willingly as Sally had grown positively pretty; her eyes were bright as stars, and her cheeks glowed like blush-roses.

My dear mother began at length to trouble herself about these little visits; she wondered how I could see anything to admire in that button-faced girl, who was so simple she was almost a fool; and then her family! How could I like to spend my evenings with those vulgar Smiths?

I never said much in reply to these attacks, but, whatever I thought of the Smiths in general, I knew that Sally was neither button-faced nor a fool, but the sweetest girl in the world.

One day in June, after we had moved out to our place in the country, Bella arranged a little *fete champetre*, to which Sally came, of course, dressed in white, and looking as if she only wanted wings to become an angel on the spot. Her face shone so bewitchingly from under the drooping feather of her hat, that I could scarcely take my eyes off her, and when, by any strange chance, her eyes glanced shyly into mine, I could see a pink flush tinge her fair throat. In the midst of my enjoyment, my eldest sister (who, by virtue of her seniority, feels called upon to regulate all my affairs,) invited me to walk a short distance with her; and seized that opportunity to take me to task for my attentions to "*that* Sarah Smith," as she called her. I suffered some time in silence; then, goaded almost to madness by her, I cried out impatiently: "Good Heavens! Amelia, you rave like a mad woman; I don't care two straws for

Sally Smith, and I have no intention of marrying her!"

Now that was a lie, and I knew it, and I told it purposely to quiet my sister's tongue, as I believe I would have committed a murder had such a deed been necessary to enable me to pursue my wooing in peace; for there was no disguising the fact to myself that I was madly in love with Sally, and meant to win her if I could.

But how swiftly retribution followed my misdoing! Scarcely had the angry words left my mouth, than Sally flitted past me along an adjoining path, having doubtless heard the whole of my rash speech. I caught one glimpse of her face, and it looked so sorrowful and wounded, that I sped after her in all haste and soon reached her side.

"Stop a moment, pray!" I cried, breathlessly, and she suddenly turned and confronted me with such a blaze of scorn in her once soft brown eyes, that I stood confounded.

"Do you want to speak to me?" she asked, in a clear, ringing voice, and then, beside myself with anger, sorrow, love and admiration, I poured forth such a torrent of mad words that I saw her tremble and turn pale. But when I tried to seize her hand, and win her promise that she would be my wife, she withdrew it coldly, and rejected my suit so absolutely and decidedly, that I turned away and left her, and for months never saw her again. But

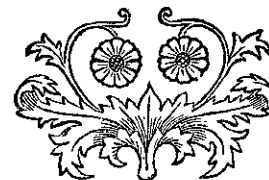


it would be folly to say I forgot her; I think my love grew stronger with each succeeding day. I lost my spirits, and was advised to travel, which I did, returning home only in time for Bella's wedding.

Sally was bridesmaid, and when I saw her again, for the first time in many months, I noticed how pale she looked, and how the sparkle had all died out of her face. She met me quietly enough, but I fancied her little cold hand trembled as it rested an instant in mine. You will wonder, perhaps, that I did not go to visit her, but it had always been distasteful to me to see her surrounded by her family, looking as much out of place as a snow-drop in a tulip bed, and now I could not endure the thought of it.

Dear Bella came at length to my aid; her own love history had given her insight into the workings of lover's minds, and on one blessed day she invited me to dine with her, and when I entered the room the first person my eye lighted on was Sally, dressed in her favorite white, which made her look more like a snow-drop than ever. I think it must have been the genial atmosphere of that pleasant little house, so lighted by the mutual love of husband and wife, which thawed away all the coldness between us, and made Sally seem like the Sally of old days, whose eyes were still as shy, and cheeks as prone to blushes, as ever.

When we started for our walk home through the cool, bracing air, I drew the little hand she had timidly placed within my arm into a firmer resting-place, told her how I had uttered those angry words, that had nearly blasted my life, because of my exceeding love for her, which would not brook interference; and when I asked her if she did not love me, and had not loved me all the time, she did not say me nay.





## NEW GRASS.

BY JOHN PIATT.

**A** LONG the sultry city street  
Faint, subtile breaths of fragrance meet  
Me, wandering unaware  
(In April warmth, while yet the sun  
For Spring no constant place has won)  
By many a vacant square.

Whoever reads these lines has felt  
That breath whose long-lost perfumes melt  
The spirit—newly found;  
While the sweet, banished families  
Of earth's forgotten sympathies  
Rise from the sweating ground.

It is the subtile breath of grass;  
And as I pause, or lingering pass  
With half-shut eyes, behold!

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## NEW GRASS.

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Bright from old baptisms of dew  
Fresh meadows burst upon my view,  
And new becomes the old!

Old longings (Pleasure kissing Pain),  
Old visions visit me again—  
Life's quiet deeps are stirred;  
The fountain heads of memory flow  
Through channels dry so long ago,  
With music long unheard.

I think of pastures evermore  
Greener than any hour before,  
Where cattle wander slow,  
Large-uddered in the sun, or chew  
The cud, content in shadows new,  
Or, shadows, homeward low.

I dream of prairies dear to me;  
Afar in town I seem to see  
Their widening miles arise,  
Where, like the butterfly anear,  
Far off in sunny mist, the deer,  
That seems no larger, flies.

Thy rural lanes, Ohio, come  
Back to me, grateful with the hum  
Of everything that stirs;  
Dear places, saddened by the years,  
Lost to my sight, send sudden tears—  
Their secret messengers.

I think of paths a-swarm with wings  
 Of bird and bee—all lovely things  
     From sun or sunny clod ;  
 Of play-grounds where the children play,  
 And fear not Time will come to-day,  
     And feel the warming sod.

New grass ; it grows by cottage doors,  
 In orchards hushed with bloom, by shores  
     Of streams, that flow as green,  
 On hill-slopes white with tents or sheep,  
 And where the sacred mosses keep  
     The holy dead unseen.

It grows o'er distant graves, I know—  
 Sweet grass above them greener grow,  
     And guard them tenderly !  
 My brother's, not three summers green ;  
 My sister's—new-made, only seen  
     Through far-off tears by me !

It grows on battle-fields—alas !  
 Old battle-fields are lost in grass ;  
     New battles wait the new ;  
 Hark, is it the living now I hear ?  
 The cannon far, or bee anear ?  
     The bee and cannon too !



### MR. JOHN STOTT'S DIFFICULTY.



LESS than forty years ago, in a certain west country town of England, lived Mr. John Stott, head of the constabulary, so astute a thief-catcher that his friends thought it a pity he should throw his wits away upon provincial vagabonds, and not give them broad and noble scope as a Bow street runner. His enemies, the local scoundrels, thought the same ; but contented themselves with observing darkly that "he was so sharp that he would one day probably cut himself," or that "he was too clever to live." In spite of these intellectual advantages, or in consequence of them, Mr. Stott was as vain as a peacock, and made the not uncommon mistake of imagining himself even a cleverer fellow than he really was. He kept the little town (for it was a little one then) so clear of evil-doers, and got so complimented thereupon by the bench of magistrates, that he could not conceive that any misdemeanor could be committed which

his sagacity should be unable to ferret out, or should fail to bring it home to the true culprit. "I don't pretend for to say," was one of his favorite remarks, "as I was *never* puzzled in my profession, but this I *will* say, as no mortal man ever took me in *twice*;" and then he would resume his pipe with the air of a man who has modestly confessed to a weakness which no other person would have dreamed of attributing to him. Even his wife believed in Mr. John Stott, and so doubtless would his *valet de chambre*, if he had happened to have kept one.

"Burglary at Sir Robert Air's last night," said he, sententiously, as he sat smoking after supper in his snug little parlor, one summer evening, while his wife mixed his gin-punch after his own particular receipt.

"You have got the wretches, of course," observed Mrs. Stott, paring the lemon-peel so that you could see through it, "or else it would not be my John."

"Well, no," returned the great man, rightly appropriating the last observation as a compliment rather than an expression of doubt as to his personal identity. "The fact is, it's very queer: but I have *not* got the wretches. I shall have them tomorrow, but at present they are absolutely at large."

"Lor, John! I can scarcely believe you when you tell me. Why, how on earth could they have got

away from you? They could not have been ordinary burglars."

"You are right, ma'am," returned the chief-constable, with a gratified look; "you have hit the nail exactly on the head. They were not ordinary men; they were acrobats."

"Acrobats!" answered Mrs. Stott, softly; "dear me!"

She had no very accurate idea what "acrobats" were; they might be a religious sect, or they might be a savage tribe, or, possibly, even both. But she had long passed for a woman of sense and sagacity, though maintaining a discreet silence except when her husband's talents seemed to demand her eulogies, and she was not going to risk that reputation now. She had a full share of the curiosity of her sex, but she had more than their ordinary patience. She waited to be informed upon the subject in question, without hazarding the remark which occurred to her, that acrobats had white hair and pink eyes, and therefore could at least be easily recognized by the constabulary; and she had not to wait long.

"Yes, it must have been them Tumblers," mused Mr. Stott, sipping his punch out of the teaspoon; "and less than three and the boy could never have done it. It was her Ladyship's dressing-room window, as looks out on the back, as they broke in at, and no ladder could have been put there because

of the flower-stand. It must have been that little devil in the tights and spangles at top of the three others. I have measured the height from the ground, and it just tallies. That's what comes of allowing them itinerants in the place at all. The idea of the mayor letting them have the Town Hall to show their tricks in! I'd put a stop to everything of that sort, if I had my way; and I will do it, too, in future."

"But you will not interfere with Mr. Shaw, John, I do hope, since he has been so pleasant and civil."

"No, ma'am, no. Mr. Shaw is a man of science, in his line, and what is more, a man of substance. Mr. Shaw's exhibition is itinerant, it is true, but that is from the necessity of the case. His collection of wild animals is interesting in a high degree, as the rector was observing to me only yesterday. But them acrobats is quite another matter. However, lissom as they are, they must run a little faster, and climb a little higher, I can promise them, before they can get out of the reach of John Stott."

"They stood upon one another's shoulders, and the boy clambered up them, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am, that was their ingenious method; and if they had had to do with a common mind,—though I say it who should not say it,—the manner in which the thing was done would have remained a mystery. If a ladder had been used, it must needs have made some mark upon the mignonette-box.

My men were all agape when I stated that circumstance, and began looking up in the air, as though some bird had done it. But, of course, when I said 'Them Tumblers!' they saw everything clear enough. Sir Robert, who assisted our investigations in person, was so good as to say that I reminded him of Christopher Columbus and his egg."

"You don't say so!" said Mrs. Stott, admiringly, and wondering within herself what that story was, and whether Mr. Christopher Columbus could possibly have been an oviparous animal. "And did her Ladyship lose much?"

"Some rings and pins, and three or four pounds in gold. Curiously enough, there was a bundle of bank-notes upon the dressing-table which entirely escaped the young rogue's attention, or her loss would have been much more serious."

"And yet, he was such a frank-faced, honest-looking little fellow, that I never should have thought harm of him," said good-natured Mrs. Stott: "but of course you're right."

"Well, most probably," observed her lord and master with a short, dry chuckle. "By ten o'clock to-morrow morning, when the justices meet, we shall have this honest-looking young gentleman and his friends in the Town Hall, taking part in a public performance of another kind than that with which they favored the town last week. And then we shall see what we shall see."

Mr. Stott arose, took his official hat down from its peg, and prepared to go his rounds, a nightly precaution he seldom omitted, notwithstanding the absence of all native criminals from his strictly preserved territory; as for the acrobats, they had fled with the first dawn of morning, and were not likely to return till they were brought back; but he had dispatched two of his small "force" in pursuit of them, and hence there was the more need for his personal vigilance.

"I shall be back at two, as usual, my dear, if not before," said Mr. John Stott.

About two A. M., from long habit, the wife of the chief-constable was accustomed to awake, and presently to hear her husband's heavy footfall coming up the stairs; but upon the present occasion there was no such welcome sound. She sat up in bed with her nightcap tucked behind her ears, and listened attentively, but in vain, for him. Notwithstanding his precarious calling, Mr. Stott was a model of punctuality, and as Time (which in her opinion was almost the only thing that could do it) went on without him, she began to be seriously alarmed lest this admirable man, whom human ingenuity had never yet baffled, had been overwhelmed by envious Fate. There had been thunder in the air, and a bolt might have struck him. But at daylight she heard the front-door open, and a slow tread come up the stairs. The wife of a

chief-constable should be above the suspicion of trepidation, but it was so unlike his ordinary step that it made her heart go pitapat. However, it *was* her husband, whose noble spirit something had evidently cast down. He did *not* follow his usual habit. Instead of kicking his boots across the room, he drew them off, and then sat in his stockings, thinking.

"John," said she, in much confusion and alarm, "what *is* the matter, my dear? Have you not caught them albatrosses!—I mean albinos."

"Yes, ma'am, *they're* safe enough. But the deuce of it is that—in their absence—there has been another burglary. Mrs. Colonel Peewit's house has been broken into just in the same way,—through the second-floor back window. It's nothing less than magic, for *that* had a mignonette-box, and there is no mark of a ladder to be found there neither. I've had my bull's-eye over every square inch of it."

"Lor, John!"

"There was nobody in the room," went on the chief-constable, musing, "and the window was open, so that the thing might have been done easy enough, when he had once got there. But how he ever *did* get there,—that's the question,—unless the devil had wings."

"But the Devil *has* wings!" was Mrs. Scott's involuntary exclamation; the good lady was so flut-

tered by her late anxiety that for once she spoke in a hurry.

"You will presently cause me to imagine that I have made a *second* mistake in my life, ma'am,—in the having married a fool," was her husband's stern rejoinder. Then he went on soliloquizing. "The thief, whoever he was, took the same things,—rings and pins, and such-like,—but he also took a plated inkstand. That looks as if he did not know his trade. And yet, to have effected an entrance just where nobody would have thought such a thing practicable, he must have been most uncommon cunning. Cunning? No, for then I should see the thing as plain as the church tower. It's downright unaccountable. How is it humanly possible that things can be stole out of a second-floor window without a ladder, or anything to climb up by, unless it's a water-spout,—*that's* what I want to know. And what's more, even if he got up, how did he ever get down again?"

Hearing these remarks put aloud, and in an interrogative form, Mrs. Stott thought it incumbent upon her to speak, and the more so as she had ingeniously elaborated a theory of her own to account for the whole mystery.

"If nobody could have got in from the outside, John, people as was inside could have done it easy enough. It was one of them trapesing servant-girls, who dresses so fine, and is always wanting

money to buy gewgaws, you may take my word for it."

"I don't suppose, ma'am, returned the chief-constable, with supreme contempt, "that the Bench of Justices would 'take your word for it,' even if I was weak enough to do so,—which I am not. The servants are all above suspicion, both at Sir Robert's and Mrs. Peewit's,—that was the first thing as we looked to, of course. But even if it were otherwise, do you suppose that thieving is an epidemic, that it should break out in one household to-day, and in another to-morrow, as this has done? You had better go to sleep, ma'am, and leave me to think the matter out alone." Which, accordingly, this great man, having drawn his nightcap on, the better to consider in, proceeded to do. "Two burglaries on two following nights, in a town under his personal superintendence, and nobody yet in custody! He had never imagined that such a blot could befall his 'scutcheon! It was not impossible, in a town so slenderly guarded, that a ladder might have been employed without detection, but, most certainly in neither of these cases had such an instrument been used. The flower-boxes, had, in both instances, projected beyond the sill, so that the top of any ladder must have rested on them, and left its mark. There was also no trace of the foot of it in the soil below,—or sign of an attempt to remove such trace,—although in the case of Sir

Robert's house, there was a flower-bed immediately beneath the window." Mr. Stott, in short, brought all his intelligence to bear upon this problem in vain, and nothing came of it but headache.

Next day, the whole town was in a state of intense alarm. The previous robbery had created much excitement among the inhabitants, but not so much on account of the crime as of the sagacious manner in which their chief-constable had discovered the mode of depredation; but now, not only had a second outrage been committed, but the fact of its occurrence while the acrobats were away had proved their innocence of this particular offence (though the magistrates, not knowing how else to account for their seizure, committed them for a month, as rogues and vagabonds), and negatived Mr. John Stott's solution of the riddle altogether. The chairman of the Bench, who had been accustomed to suck that official's brains before addressing his audience in the Town Hall, had nothing to say upon the subject except to recommend people to shut their second-floor windows, which, since it was very warm weather, and most of them cultivated flower-boxes, did not give general satisfaction.

The next night, the mayor's own house was robbed in a precisely similar manner.

It was on a Friday, and the local papers, which came out the next day, published second and third editions, to describe the details. Besides the bur-

glary, a sort of sacrilege had been committed. The thief had actually possessed himself of the Municipal Mace. This beautiful object, although not intrinsically valuable, had apparently excited his greed, for he had dragged it out of its case as far as the window, and thence let it fall with a report that had alarmed the house, and dented the ground below. When the door was opened, however (which the servants declined to do until the "proper authorities" arrived), the marauder had vanished, and with him this Emblem of Authority, as well as a pair of his Lordship's boothooks. There happened to be nothing kept in that room but the mayor's boots and the town mace. But the incident was, of course, as distressing to Mr. John Stott as though the regalia had been plundered. He felt that his great reputation was giving way under these repeated shocks; while the rest of the constabulary were, of course, overwhelmed with disgrace; and the Tory newspaper openly advocated "stringent measures" and the calling out of the Yeomanry.

"I suppose," sighed his wife, upon this Saturday afternoon, "there is no chance of your going with me to-night to the show? And yet it seems such a pity, after that civil Mr. Shaw has sent us these tickets; and you know I never enjoy anything—let it be wild beastesses, or what not—without you, John. How fine they look, with this picture of the



lion and the unicorn,—though the bill says as the unicorn is dead,—with *Sha's Show*, 'patronized by all the crowned heads of Europe,' and 'admit the bearer, with his autograph in the corner, in red ink!' Why, the mayor's own invitations are not more splendid."

"Don't talk of the mayor, woman, for that makes me think of the mace," replied her husband with a shiver. "I don't wish to see any show but one, and that's the man that stole that mace, with a pair of handcuffs on him, or, what would be better still, a-standing underneath a bit of wood, with a rope round his neck, and a parson by his side. But there, it's no good wishing. Upon my life, I sometimes wonder if the devil himself is not a-doing on it all to vex me."

"Lor, John, you make me creep!"

"Well, I can't make you *fly*, I reckon," replied Mr. Stott, surlily; "and yet that's what this fellow can do, confound him! He's like a bird of the air—a bird of prey."

"Well, John, do you know I can't help sometimes thinking—only I would not have mentioned it unless *you* had—that, perhaps, after all, it is a bird! You know a magpie is a thief by nature and can be trained to do queer things."

"And so you suppose a magpie could have stolen the town mace, do you? Why, you are a greater fool than the newspapers."

"I forgot the mace, John," observed Mrs. Stott, humbly.

"I wish *I* could forget it," growled the chief-constable. "You had better put on your bonnet, and take my ticket round the corner to Mrs. Jones, who will be glad enough to go with you; only take care Shaw don't keep you both, and put you in a cage for a pair of owls. There, I'm sorry to be so rude, Mrs. Stott; but the fact is I feel as I shall go out of my mind unless I tackle this mystery; and I must be left alone to think it out."

So Mrs. Stott, obedient wife as she was, attired herself in gorgeous apparel, and, accompanied by her friend and neighbor, the parish doctor's wife, honored Mr. Shaw's menagerie with her presence. It was a sort of fete which that practical student of Natural History (which included some knowledge of mankind) had given to the inhabitants of the town, and everything was on a very splendid scale. The show was lit up by rows of chandeliers, made of circlets of wood and candles, from the latter of which, as they of necessity hung very low, the tallow dripped upon the heads of the company; but that was not found out till the next morning.

The floor and cages had been thoroughly swept and garnished, and some attempt had even been made, by means of unguents and spices (or, in other words, chlorate of lime), to mitigate the odor that hangs about all establishments devoted to the re-

ception of wild beasts. But it must be confessed that this last refinement was a failure,—it was like the jar of *ottar*, which, “do what you will, the scent of the roses would cling to it still;” only in this case the perfume was the result of a combination; the hyena and the muskrat, the royal Bengal tiger and the marmoset, each contributed their *soupcou*. In place of the usual showman, Mr. Shaw himself, with an elegant white wand, pointed out the various objects of interest, explained their habits, and narrated anecdotes of their extraordinary sagacity. The monkey-cages, as usual, were the chief attraction; their innocent gambols, and the remarkable *penchant* they exhibited for biting each other's tails, were the admiration of the beholders. Mrs. Stott, while regarding these parodies upon mankind with a contemplative air, was very nearly—indeed, literally within half an inch or so—paying a great penalty for her philosophic abstraction. A ribbed-face baboon of gigantic size, looking not unlike one of Mr. Cooper's Indian heroes in his war paint, made a snatch at her fingers, which, loaded with rings, happened to be ungloved, for she had just been taking refreshments.

“Your charms even vanquish the brute creation, Mrs. Stott,” observed the clerk of the magistrates gallantly; “the enamored animal seeks your hand.”

“Yes; but, like the rest of the male sex, for what is in it, or on it,” replied Mrs. Jones, who had been

an heiress in a small way, till her husband removed from her that invidious distinction by spending all her money.

The ribbed-face baboon screamed with disappointment, and swung by his rope head-foremost, and with his eyes shut, for the rest of the evening.

It was one o'clock A.M., and the chief-constable's wife had been in bed since midnight, but she had not yet fallen asleep. She was awaiting the arrival of Mr. Stott, in hopes that he might have some good news to tell her, or to comfort him with her sympathy in case he hadn't. •

It was a beautiful night, and she had left the window open, through which the soft fresh air came gratefully enough after the atmosphere of the menagerie. She would be able to catch the majestic footfall of her lord while it was yet a great way off, and she was listening for it. Presently through the deep summer stillness sounded a human step, which, albeit not that she was expecting, seemed familiar to her. It was a step which, although it moved with quickness, had a slight limp such as she had noticed in the gate of Mr. Shaw. Yet he had himself assured her that very evening that he was a man of early habits, and always shut up his house on wheels before twelve o'clock. It was most unlikely that on the night of the fete, of all nights, he should have made an exception to this salutary practice; and yet she knew no other step than his

like that step. It stopped beneath the window, and then there was a sliding, scrambling noise, as though something were struggling up the water-pipe that ran down the side of the house, and she felt at once that the mystery of these night Thefts was about to be solved.

She was frightened, of course; but she did not shut her eyes and put her head under the bed-clothes, as most ladies would have done under such circumstances; on the contrary, she stared so hard at the window that the sides seemed to meet, and leave no window at all. Or was it that the space had become obscured by the presence of the marauder? Yes, that was it; and what a marauder?

The face of the intruder she could not catch; but she saw that he was quite black, very inadequately attired, and provided with a long tail. That late imprudent reply of hers to her husband, "But the devil *has* wings," came into her mind with terrible emphasis. No wonder that even the chief-constable vigilance had failed to—

Ah, that face! There was no mistaking those very strikingly marked features! It was, without doubt, her late admirer, the ribbed-face baboon; and, whether from motives of delicacy or fear, Mrs. Stott did dive under the bed-clothes then, with only her nose left out to breathe through, like the elephant under water, as Mr. Shaw had instructively informed her not three hours ago.

She could hear a little, however, as well as breathe; and she distinctly caught the quiet chuckle of her visitor, and the clink of her rings as he swept them off the dressing-table with his hairy paws. Presently there was a shrill whistle from below, and the chuckling ceased; then came the sliding, scrambling noise again. The ribbed-face baboon had put the rings in his mouth,—having no pocket,—and slid down the water-spout to his master with the spoil.

"John!" cried Mrs. Stott, when the chief-constable put in his long-wished-for appearance, and as soon as he got inside the door, "I've found it all out!"

"Pshaw!" said her husband, contemptuously.

"Lor!" cried she, "well you *are* a wonder! How ever did you find out it was Mr. Shaw and his ribbed-face baboon?"

"Never you mind, ma'am," rejoined Mr. Stott with his old confident air; "I *have* found it out. And now let me hear how far your testimony goes in corroboration of my views."

The next day, "from information received," as he darkly hinted, the chief-constable apprehended the keeper of the menagerie, and searched his house on wheels with such effect that all the stolen property was recovered. Mr. Shaw, it appeared, had trained the ribbed-face baboon to climb up the water-spouts and sweep from dressing-tables all

articles that glittered, which accounted for his taking the plated inkstand and the municipal mace. If his education had been suffered to progress, he would doubtless in time have been taught to carry off bank-notes and railway dividends. But, thanks to Mrs. Stott, his occupation was henceforth gone. The chief-constable, however, got all the credit for the discovery, and was held by everybody, including his wife, in higher estimation for sagacity than ever. It was true that he had been at fault at first, and in more than one instance; but then, as he himself observed; "I may still say as no man ever took me in twice,—for this was not a Man, but a Hape."





H W Smith Sc

THE QUIET SPIRIT.



### A QUIET SPIRIT.

HER brown hair plainly put away  
 Under the broad hat's rustic brim ;  
 That drops across her smooth white brow  
 Its veil-like shadow, cool and dim :

Her shut lips sweet, as if they moved,  
 Only to accents good and true ;  
 Her eyes down-dropt, yet clear and bright  
 As violets shining out of dew :

And, folded close together now,  
 Her tender hands that seem to prove  
 Their perfect fitness to perform  
 The works of charitable love :

This is the picture, but too fair  
 For pencil or for pen to paint,  
 For who could show you all in one  
 The child, the woman, and the saint.

Yet such there are; though mortal hand  
 The sweet perfections may not trace  
 Of one, whose quiet spirit gives  
 Heaven's beauty to an earthly face!



## BY THE SEA.

BY C. DUNNING CLARK.

**E**GBERT VAIL loved her; the ground she passed over in her daily walks, the books her hands had touched, were sacred to him. Very silly, no doubt; but man, as far as woman is concerned, is a silly mortal in the eyes of money-getting, buy-cheap-and-sell-dear humanity. For myself, I have no patience with a man who has never known what it is to love a woman, even with absurd devotion. His life is a barren waste. He can go back to no pleasant walks by lake or river; to fervent hand-pressures; to speaking glances from loving eyes. Upon the path his feet have trod rise only the wrecks of broken business hopes, and the only chimes which ring in his ears are those of dollars and cents. Egbert Vail was not one of these. A strong, true, earnest worker. One who counted his life as of worth for the service he might do the world, and the people in it. God knows we need such men sadly.

He met Annie Moran at a watering-place on the Jersey shore, and was attracted to her for the reason that he saw her often in the nooks and crannies "long shore," which he used to haunt. Their tastes were alike in this,—neither of them cared for the giddy whirl of the ball-room, the intoxicating music of the "German" or "Lancers." When the rest were there, they were searching out the beauties of the sea and shore by the light of the summer moon. He often saw her by day, sitting in the shade of some great rock, sketching some quaint group of fishermen, such as we only see down on the Jersey shore. They had known each other a little in the city, but he was a man who seldom or never went out of the circle of home or business relations. In the passing glimpses he had of her in the city, he noted that she had an earnest face, full of unsatisfied longing. He had seen that look too often in the human face not to know that she was hungering and thirsting to see the world made better for having lived in it. At least, that was the impression he took away with him.

She was sitting one day in the shadow sketching a group. A fishing-boat was drawn up on the sand; a man sat in the stern working on an old net; a girl, perhaps seventeen years of age, browned by exposure to the sun and wind, but comely withal, was aiding him in the task. Two or three children were playing on the sand. Egbert paused and looked at

her work. She was a finished artist, as far as sketching was concerned, and as the swift pencil glided over the paper, he saw that her quick eye had caught the salient points in the picture with wonderful fidelity. The faces of the girl and her companion were especially good. She just glanced at him to see who it was, bowed, and went on with her work.

"You would make a rare artist, Miss Moran," he said.

"I?" she replied as the pencil went on, "I think you are wrong. I should never achieve greatness. In little things like this I am quite apt, but nothing more."

"I think you have a wonderful tact in giving expression to faces," he said. "That girl, for instance. You can see in her face no thought above the rough work she is doing, except a slighting disregard of her fisher lover. He *is* her lover. I can see that by looking at the picture. There is a homely devotion in his face which is delightful."

"You are right," she said, a pleased expression passing over her face. "John and Melia are two of my best studies. The girl, in her small way, is a coquette. See her now! she repulses the rude attentions of the fisherman, though she knows he loves her dearly. It is strange that this girl has every attribute, in her uncultivated way, which we find in the ball-room yonder."

"Woman's nature is the same the world over," said Egbert.

"And man's?"

"Yes. I know the man you call John. I like him, too. I think he has in his nature that of which our noble men are formed. He goes about his work and does it. If there is a family in need, John Barden is the man to give them aid. If a ship is ashore, John Barden is the first man in the life-boat, no matter how great the storm."

"I am glad you like John," said Annie, her fine face kindling, even while she worked sedulously at the sketch. "I have watched him closely since I came here, and he is always the same. All the children know and love him. Those little fellows playing near him think themselves safe from any harm when he is near. There are few in the world of his kind. But my sketch is so nearly completed that I can finish it any time. We will go down and see them, if you like."

They walked to the beach together, and he carried her sketch-book as tenderly as if it had been a living thing. In the past few days he had been looking into his own heart, and he knew why this girl could lead him as with a golden band. He no longer saw the summer sky, the blue sea, and the gray rocks. He felt, indeed, that here was the "one made for him."

The fisher girl and her sailor lover looked up as

they approached. John met them with a smile. "Ye get away from the crowd onct in a while, Miss Moran," he said. "You're welcome to come in the boat when you like. Were ye makin' a picter of the boat?"

"Yes, John; would you like to see it?" said Annie.

"If you please."

She showed him the sketch, and he looked at it closely. A sad light flitted over his face; for he, too, recognized the indifferent look upon the face of the girl, and he loved her. A rough, hard-working man, he sought only to find his work and do it. It is strange that noble natures like this too often meet with such returns. They fall victims to natures far beneath them, as in this case.

"Let me see the picture, Miss" said the girl, "I want to see what it is that makes John look so glum."

She broke into a laugh as she saw what it was which changed his face. Annie Moran looked displeased, and 'Melia "bridled."

"Is it my fault?" she muttered. "If John will do it, whose fault is it?"

This was said so low that John did not hear it, but the pained look did not go out of his sad face.

"The picter is true to the life, Miss. I wish it wasn't. It's sech things as that makes a man reckless sometimes. Thars times when I'm out in my



boat, as far as you can see yonder, when I wish the next roller would take me down. I don't mind it if you know it, Mr. Vail. I reckon you knew it afore. It's 'Melia does it; she is takin' my life."

"I don't know what the man wants," said 'Melia, pettishly. "And as for staying here to have my private affairs dragged out before everybody, I won't, that's flat. I'm going home."

"Let me go with ye, 'Melia," said John, imploringly. "I didn't mean to say nothin' to make ye mad. To be sure I didn't."

"You stay where you be, John Barden. I ain't going to be followed everywhere by you. I guess you'd be better off if you 'tended to your nets, and thought of your fishing. This kind of thing will never get you beforehand in the world, if you spend your time gadding after me. That isn't the way to get me."

And she went her way down the beach, followed by the rueful glances of her lover. He started to follow her.

"Don't do it," said Annie, indignantly. "She gave you good advice at last. It is better to attend to your business than to trouble yourself about a selfish flirt like that."

"Don't, Miss Moran! I can't bear it. I know she's all you say. But I can't have any one speak ill of her for all that. I've know'd her since she was a little one that high," holding his hand two feet

above the ground; "and she was as much my tyrant then as now. She could always do what she liked with me. If it was to come to such a pass, that, to do her good, I must drop into the breakers over yonder, never more to be seen by mortal eyes, I hope ye 'believe I'd do it willin' enough, so long as I know it's fur her. She *knows* I'm a slave to her. I can't help it."

"My poor fellow," said Egbert, "I wish I could help you, but I don't see how."

"You can't help me. I never shall have peace till I've found my grave in the sea. It will come to that some day. It's been told me. Don't ask me how, but some days when I sit in my boat, a lookin' out to sea, from away over yon, I see the end. It'll come. All my waitin' and watchin' will go for nothin', and then, perhaps, she'll grieve. It's more than I expect, but if she's sorry even for a little, it will be some comfort."

He folded his net and threw it on his shoulder, and with a good-bye to his friends, strode away down the street. Annie looked after him with moistened eyes.

"I am ashamed of my sex sometimes," she said. "We know our power. It is greater, after all, than we have credit for, else how could yonder little flirt wring a heart like that, almost to breaking? I can not bear to think of it. What do you suppose John

meant by saying that it had been 'told' him that the end would come from the sea?"

"I can not tell, with surety. The people 'long shore' are rather superstitious. They believe in signs and warnings, and 'by the same token' they told me, this morning, that we might look for a storm soon. I begin to think they are right, too. Watch the sky. Do you see the hazy line of light close down to the blue waves? I am sailor enough to know that there is danger in it. This is a perilous coast. God pity any who may be found on it to-night."

She was standing close at his side, the folds of her dress touching him. Something in her interest in John's simple love had touched him, too; and before he knew it, he had her closer yet, and was whispering in her ear the oft-told story, which many lips have spoken since the world began; and yet it is as fair a tale as in those old, old days. What man who has loved truly, can forget an hour like this? Forms we loved have vanished; the lips we kissed have grown cold; the hearts which throbbed so warmly then have ceased to glow; but that old time is fresh as if it happened yesterday.

It does not matter what Annie said to him. I only know she does not say him nay, and as the long hours wore away they wandered up and down upon the sand, watching the storm-clouds rolling up fast and furious in the western sky, almost for-

getful that other people lived and had a being on the earth.

The storm at length came with almost simoom violence, and they were forced to seek shelter under an old boat, upturned against the rocks. But, he wrapped her in his cloak, and laughed at the tempest and rain, when:

"Boom!"

Egbert looked out quickly. It was not yet dark, and there, bearing down upon the breakers, with shivered masts and tattered rigging, they saw a ship. The foresail and jib were gone, and she would no longer obey the helm, though the immovable figure of the helmsman remained at the wheel, and made the spokes fly at the word of command, even after he had lost all power. They saw the lofty front of the ship rear itself on high, and plunge upon the sunken rocks. Oh, then she was doomed! No man could stand upon the deck, and in a moment they were struggling in the waves.

The wreckers along the Jersey shore knew their duty well, and hardly had the first gun sounded when they were on the beach. But they shook their heads as they saw the position of the ship. No mortal hand could save her, though some of the crew might escape. No boat could live in such a sea. They stood irresolute, when I saw them part, and John came dashing to the front.

Many women were on the beach, and Melia was

among them. She looked at John and realized what a noble man he was, and how, at the first word from him, the men knew what to do.

"A rope!" he cried.

They brought him one and bound it about his body. He dashed into the water and seized a struggling man by the hair, as the receding wave was hurling him shrieking out to sea. The men on shore hauled in on the rope, and drew them safe to land.

"I must go," said Egbert. "Don't hold me Annie. You would not have a coward for a husband. I must help that noble fellow."

She released him without a word, but followed him to the beach. He threw off his outer clothing, and passed a rope about his waist in imitation of John, who was in the water again. A man was hurried in by the waves. Egbert plunged in and grasped him, and was dragged ashore, pounded black and blue by the waves. He staggered to his feet again, though somewhat faint, while Annie clung to him, entreating him not to stir again from the sand. He broke from her, for he saw a woman in the water, half a cable's length from shore. Another man had joined them now, and the three brave fellows plunged in together. Their new companion was the first to reach the drowning woman, for he was stronger than either of the others. Egbert had poised himself upon the crest

of a wave, and looked about him for some one to succor, when a strange hollow gurgle struck upon his ears. He turned and saw John floating on the crest of a wave, and that there was blood upon the water. He had been struck by the ragged end of a broken spar, and his breast dreadfully lacerated. Egbert seized him in his arms and gave the signal. The strong men on the beach pulled away lustily, and drew them to the shore. And there, upon the pit of sand, upon which he had so often played in childhood, lay John Barden, breathing his life away in fitful gasps.

In his last moments, he thought of her, and she came, weeping bitterly enough. All her folly and pride were at an end, as such trivial things must be, in the presence of the great ruler, death.

"Give me yer hand, 'Melia" said John. "It's over, lass. All the toil and the trouble ended by the blow of a spar. I'm goin' to slip my cable. Never mind. If you had cared for me more, you would have a sadder parting."

"Oh, John, John," she sobbed; "I'm low enough now. Don't put me any lower. I never knew till now I loved you. But I find that I love you so dearly that I am yours in life or death. No one else shall claim me."

"Don't make the promise, lass. I am not so hard-hearted as to ask ye to tie down the blooming young life to a grave on the sand. I'm dying,

as I never thought to die, with your breast for a pillow, and your tears on my cheek. Good-bye all. I'm goin' to sleep."

And gently, as if he fell asleep, the brave man died. "Farewell," said Annie, as she laid her hand upon the brown forehead. "Few go to their rest more brave and true."

When Annie Vail was older, she used sometimes to bring her little children, and tell them the story of the man who died on the Jersey shore. And Melia Lawrence, a trusting Christian woman now, waits in patience for the coming of that morning when she shall meet him on the other shore.

This is one of the true romances of that dreary beach, where many a noble vessel has stranded, and many a life been whelmed in the waters.



## BACKWARD GLANCES.

BY HIRAM TORREY.

T O-NIGHT I turn to trace the years  
That lead me back to childhood's day;  
Yet I but faintly see the way,  
With eyes made dim by falling tears.

As distant hills through autumn air,  
Aglow in sunset's golden shine,  
Do seem to touch the world divine,  
And its transfigur'd glory share:

So Time, with Memory's mellow light,  
Has colored all the past for me;  
And through my horoscope, I see  
Nor cloudy day nor stormy night.

O years, roll back, that I may see  
That moss-rooft house on meadow run,  
With walls made brown by storm and sun,  
Which then was all the world to me!

My soul cries out for that home-band,  
 Its well-beloved ones, severed wide!  
 Ah! some have cross'd the darksome tide  
 To far off shores of summer land!

No minstrel's dream nor limner's art,  
 In amber tints of mystic light,  
 Could paint the picture that to-night  
 Has lit old hearth-fires in my heart?

Why come these dreams this New Year's eve?  
 Of scenes long past, and vanish'd joy!  
 Sweet dreams—that daylight will destroy,  
 And leave my heart to sigh and grieve.

Oh, could I tread that backward way  
 Unwind the slack'ning thread of time!  
 Restore the lost—youth's flow'ry prime,  
 My life would be one golden day!



## A PERFECT MATCH.

BY MRS. MARK PEABODY.

**A**UGUSTUS Casper, from behind his counter, which was somewhere near the door, glanced out listlessly at the never-ending stream of rainbow tints which

"Came flowing, flowing, flowing,  
 And sparkling evermore."

Augustus was in love. He had been so three hours,—ever since an hour before lunch, in fact. Most singular of all, he had fallen in love with a customer! And she did not come in a carriage, and she did not purchase a camel's-hair shawl, and she did not have a footman waiting outside! Yet Augustus had fallen in love with her. Why, good heavens! he could not even decide in his own mind whether she wore a little round hat or a still smaller bonnet—whether she had on a black silk dress and paletôt, or a blue French

poplin with a black silk paletôt. An unaccountable thing in a man as familiar as he with ladies' toilettes—one accustomed to judge of the fair sex in two glances, one at their attire and one into their pocket-books.

About half-past eleven, just as he had bowed Mrs. Fitz-Rigg to her carriage-steps, assisting with his own hands to place sundry costly parcels safely by the side of that portly and hard-to-be-pleased resident of Fifth avenue, and returned to his place, an object of envy to all the prim rows of "assistants" up and down the aisle, somebody glided in at the sunshiny door and up to the counter, and asked, in a low but clear voice, if he would be so good as to show her the new style of fall dress-goods in poplins and empress-cloths—plain colors, she did not fancy the plaids, if they *were* the newest thing.

Augustus never knew what he showed this young lady. He threw everything down before her in the most lavish profusion, until he could hardly see her dark-blue eyes above the heap; then scattered the patterns hither and thither, until the pile was so reduced as to enable him to decide that there was a dimple in her chin. A cunning dimple! and the mouth above it was fresh, sweet, and pink as a rosebud at sunrise; the cheeks delicate, yet rich in color, the brow white, the expression of the whole beautiful face innocent as an

angel's, yet not without a decided expression of firmness. There was "character" in it, and yet it was so soft and rosy.

She was some time in making her choice, saying once, gently, that she was afraid she was troublesome, but she had set her heart on a certain shade of gold-brown, and should be dissatisfied if she too hastily accepted anything else in its place.

Speaking of gold-brown caused Augustus to notice that that was the exact color of her hair, which shone and glistened about her small ears and snowy throat with a living lustre which proclaimed it all her own. A woman can display her whole character while doing a small amount of shopping. This young lady was dainty in her taste, not rash in her selection, neither miserly, nor yet "regardless of expense,"—showing traits that would be excellent in the wife of a poor but refined young gentleman like Augustus Casper.

Still he did not think of that—not at the time. The only thing he could recall, as to her dress, after she had gone, was that there was something blue over her hair, and that her mantle must have been black—yes, he had noticed two places in her neat, dark gloves, that were mended where the stitches had ripped.

He was in love, then, with a face!

O, fair, sweet, happy face! thousands of young faces come and go along that crowded aisle of the

marble palace every month, but out of them all only this one to set the young man dreaming and blundering. Let us hope that it will not make him so stupid as to cause him to give displeasure a second time to the floor-master, for Augustus has a mother, with whom he boards, and who is dependent upon him for support.

The young lady did not vanish so utterly as not to leave *her name* behind her. He has it, there, in his little book, which he takes out of his pocket and looks at so long, that another customer in despair passes over to the other side.

Miss Florence Ellicot, 18—Thirty-eighth street. This was the address to which the parcel containing the new dress was to be sent. A respectable if not highly fashionable neighborhood—a *very* respectable street, much finer than Augustus himself ever hoped to live in, until he became a partner of A. T. S., or married a rich wife—one contingency being about as likely to happen as the other. Yet Augustus dreamed, by day and night, of a rich wife. It would be such an easy way to rise from two thousand a year, to the privilege of living in one of those brown-stone fronts which rented for precisely that sum *per annum*.

To see Augustus, and all the other well-bred clerks of the marble palace, snub ladies who *did* live in these houses, might give rise to the inference in innocent or inexperienced minds, that these

gentlemen all owned corner mansions on the avenue, and rolled to and from their business in coaches with out-riders. We will whisper it for the comfort of modest people, easily thrown out of countenance, that dry-goods clerks, as a general thing, are not rivals of the Rothschilds—their dignity is of the borrowed kind, and they leave it in the store when they go home to eat the tough steak of six-dollar boarding-houses, and to sleep in hall bedrooms with one towel a week.

Augustus was fortunate in having a mother,—a practical, efficient woman, who made the very most out of his allowance, and while keeping home attractive to him, and thus preventing him seeking those outside amusements which corrupt the habits and waste the means of so many young men, was yet enabled to assist him in laying up, every year, several hundred dollars out of his salary. So that he was really in an independent financial condition.

*A small sum saved is worth a large one inherited.* True—truer than “preaching.” That young man who begins his married life with a thousand dollars laid up from his own earnings, will be richer at forty, than he to whom his father gives fifty thousand to start him in style. Augustus had already more than a thousand dollars in bank. He was looking forward to the time when he should purchase a moderate interest in some promising business; and

this was one of the reasons why he thought so much about marrying rich,—his wife's capital would be such an assistance! Thus far, however, none of the Fifth avenue belles who bought their walking-suits of him, had thought of offering him their hands. He knew and liked several nice girls, whose fathers might give them, perhaps, a handsome *trousseau*, and a set of furniture when they went to housekeeping,—but no heiress had yet come quite close enough in his way.

Here he was, now, in October of 1867, in love, at last! And with whom?—Miss Florence Ellicot, perhaps,—if the young lady was buying for herself. A stranger—family and fortune unknown—no means of introducing himself, and a most rash venture to do so. She might be a seamstress sewing at No. 18—Thirty-eighth street. He had a general impression that she was too well dressed for that, and yet, as we have said, he could not tell a single article which she wore. Nothing very rich or handsome, then, or he would have remarked it. She was probably in the “quiet simplicity” line; and Augustus rather liked dash and style in young ladies.

He kept thinking about her,—he could not make up his mind to send the parcel to the delivery-room. Instead, it occurred to him that he needed exercise, and how could he attain it more cheaply than by walking to Thirty-eighth street with that little

bundle, after business hours were over? It would make a long stretch back to Bleecker, and keep his mother's tea waiting, but he could ride down, and he should not be over an hour late.

He kept the package, and in the clear, cold twilight of the autumn evening he set out upon his errand, well knowing that he was a fool, and would probably have, for his trouble, the privilege of handing the goods through a crack in the vestibule door to some red-handed servant who would slam it in his face. Still, he persevered. Having kept the dress, he was responsible for its prompt delivery. As he drew near the house, his footsteps slackened; he walked up and down before it once or twice, until it occurred that some one in the dwellings opposite might be watching his movements under the impression that he was a sneak-thief, awaiting an opportunity to pursue his avocation; then he ran up the steps, and paused to read the name on the door-plate by the light of a street-lamp. The name was Brown. Some one was singing at the piano,—a sweet, strong voice, well cultivated, and fresh as the fair face he recalled. He rang the bell, and the music ceased; presently a girl-in-waiting opened the door, wide, by a happy chance, and did not slam it too suddenly, for Augustus was a good-looking young gentleman and smiled at her so pleasantly that she took him for a friend of the family.



"A package for Miss Florence Ellicot," he said, "is it all right?"

"Sure, an' it's for her niece," answered Biddy, accepting it.

*Her* niece,—whose niece? Mrs. Brown's, of course, whose niece was named Ellicot, and lived with her.

At that moment a young lady came out in the hall and advanced rapidly to the door. Augustus' heart leaped up like a gold-fish in a globe of water, sparkling and splashing and making such a noise in his ears that he could hardly hear the first words of the low voice—

"My dress? oh, I'm so glad! I was afraid that it would not arrive to-night, as you promised, and in the morning I must leave town."

"Leave town?" murmured Augustus, as if it was any of his business!

She laughed gaily; something in his manner must have amused her. If she was lovely in her shopping-suit how dazzling she was in that evening-dress, made of something blue, with white lace about her throat, and her hair floating unbound in wavy and glistening tresses,—and yet the dress was not silk—nothing better, in fact, than tissue. That was probably because she was so young, she could wear anything.

But, to return. She laughed at his tragic accent, answering upon impulse, as we all do sometimes,

without waiting to weigh the reasons for not saying anything to this unknown clerk—

"Yes, I am only in the city on a visit. This dress was the last of my fall shopping, and now that I have it, I must go home. Thank you, and good-night."

She turned carelessly away.

"If you ever come again to the city to shop, don't forget *us*," exclaimed Adolphus, desperately. "And—and—please recommend us to your friends and neighbors, if it's not asking too much; I—I assure you, if any of your friends will say, upon calling, that *you* sent them, I, we, shall pay them the greatest attention. Our firm is well known. Where did you say you resided when at home?"

O, ridiculous Augustus! to go and make "a drummer" of yourself in this style was too outrageous. If any of your brother clerks had overheard you, you would have been obliged to throw up your engagement with A. T. S. & Co., unable to endure the pungent laughter of the other fellows. "Our firm is well known"—hum, slightly.

"I did not say," replied the young girl, almost stifling with repressed laughter, "but I have no objection to tell you that it is on a farm in the upper part of Westchester county. If you think my influence will be desirable in effecting the fortunes of A. T. S. & Co., I shall be quite willing to use it, whenever any of my farmer neighbors come down

to buy their 'notions,' and with an airy, saucy bow, she retreated, and Augustus heard a silvery peal of laughter ring out, before Biddy could close the door.

Not even the cool air of an October evening could take the fire out of his face and ears as he walked rapidly away, hailed a down-town 'bus and sprang into it, anxious to get as far as possible from that scene of mortification. When his heart was crowded with pearls and diamonds he had only spoken toads and frogs, like the witch of history. Yet, what better could he have done? The one anxiety which possessed him was to ascertain, before the door was shut upon him once and forever, the residence of her whom he felt to now entirely resign would be like taking the sun out of his sky. This he had accomplished awkwardly, and in a manner not flattering to the haughty *insouciance* of a dry-goods clerk, but still with a measure of success. She lived on a farm in Westchester county, —she was simply a farmer's daughter, and nothing more.

Pshaw! Augustus had other ambitions than to marry a farmer's daughter. He went home to his neat suite of rooms in Bleecker street, drank his tea cold, and was cross, for almost the first time in his life, to his mother.

Florence Ellicot laughed gaily, as we have told, at the great business talent of the salesman from

whom she purchased her gold-brown dress,—a youth so devoted to the interests of his employers that even in delivering the very modest purchase he had taken the trouble to ascertain her residence, and to solicit not only her patronage, but that of her neighbors. She mentioned his case to her mother, as she displayed the rich, soft, golden-brown material, so like in color and luster to her own beautiful hair as to be pronounced "*a perfect match!*" "Yes," said Florence, softly to herself, "*it is a perfect match!*" That comical clerk had told her so in the store—she remembered his words, and the admiring, almost tender look he had fixed upon her beautiful locks as he said it. It was no vanity in her to perceive that his look was one of admiration: she would have been blind not to perceive it. And as she recalled that, his face and figure came up vividly before her—an honest, manly, and very agreeable face, a handsome figure.

"I've heard these clerks were so surly, mother," she chattered on, "but he is not. It took me a long time to find the exact shade,—and he was so polite! I was certainly surprised to find him bringing my parcel home, and then, when he solicited my future patronage, I am afraid I was very rude; I laughed, in spite of myself."

"If he's so good-natured, Floy, you'd better go there again," said the matter-of-fact mother, "for

these counter-jumpers do snap me up terribly sometimes, when I go to ask for anything."

"Well, mother, we'll go there, then, next time, for he asked me to bring my friends." Here, Florence came to a stand in her delightful employment of showing her city purchases; and fell into a *brown* study about the color of her dress; presently she began to grow pink in the cheeks and ears, and a deep blush extended to her forehead, throat and hands.

All at once it had dawned upon her *why* the clerk had brought the package, and had been so embarrassed, and stammered so, while, at the same time, apparently so eager. Florence was as modest as she was beautiful; but there is a language not put into words, as plain to be read, as easily to be understood, as if spoken on the housetops. Young girls, reading it for the first time, in the illuminated eyes of young men, will comprehend it at a glance.

This was why Florence blushed and grew silent, and why she thought so much, thereafter, of her gold-brown dress, which she had made up very prettily, and which became her exquisitely.

Why, everybody, when she had it on, compared it with her hair, and said it was *a perfect match*. And every time she heard the phrase she thought of the one who first told her so; and thus came to think of him very often indeed. She told all who asked her where she obtained her dress, what she

paid for it, and advised them to go and do likewise; but with strange perverseness, for which, in such cases, there is no accounting, the more she wanted to go again, herself, the more she staid away. Actually, when she went down to assist her mother in making Christmas purchases, she never went near A. T. S. & Co's. And all winter long, every time she went anywhere in that pretty, serviceable dress, which she wore so much, she thought more of the person from whom she had purchased it than she did of the gallant young fellows by her side. She went sleigh-riding more than once in it, and the night of the grand ride, refused the offered heart and hand of Jared Griswold, son of her father's nearest neighbor, with whom she had grown up from childhood, who was in college while she was in boarding-school, an educated young man, and well-to-do, being, like herself, the only living child of rich parents,—refused him, because something in the feeling of the gold-brown dress, which matched with her hair, warned her that, after all, she did not really love him.

You would hardly think it, but the Ellicots might safely be called rich. A farm like theirs, in Westchester county, had its value. They could sell it any day for a hundred thousand dollars; and yet they could afford to live on it, in the old-fashioned way in which they began, enjoying every comfort and many luxuries, and taking a fond pride in

indulging their lovely daughter in some splendors which they had never desired for themselves. She was a good child, and a busy child; could keep house almost equal to her mother, and only that she was required to do nothing to spoil her dimpled hands, enjoyed light work as much as she did play. The grand piano was for Florence, and the pretty furniture in the large square chambers up-stairs. She might have worn diamonds if she wished, but she thought very little of them,—the girls around there didn't tease their fathers for diamonds, and so she lived unaware of a want unsupplied. She had a dainty little watch and several silk dresses, and was happy.

At least she always had been happy until the purchase of the gold-brown dress. That winter she seemed somewhat subdued, took little interest in the church-choir, did not care for sleigh-rides, and was altogether puzzling, if not provoking.

In the spring, of course, there was some more shopping to be done. Florence went down in search of a violet silk and a green *barége*—the new green—and found both on Canal street. She *walked by* A. T. S. & Co.'s after she had completed her purchases; but she did not go in, no, not even for her gloves, and there was poor Augustus spending day after day of that bright spring weather, watching the door, and growing that nervous and abrupt

as to seriously injure his success as a salesman, besides causing some of the other clerks to insinuate to each other that he had the air of a man expecting a visit from the police-detectives.

It came to that at last for poor Augustus. Some envious and wicked enemy, covetous of his place, drew the attention of those in authority to his strange conduct, his restless air, and the growing paleness of his countenance. It was suggested that his nervousness was owing to guilt, and his pallor to dissipation, but as nothing could be proved against him he was not dismissed. Something had been said, however, which caused him to resign in a fit of burning indignation. He left the store, and with it all hopes of ever again meeting the fair face which had so fatally fascinated him.

"I am glad you resigned, Augustus," said his mother, anxious to soothe his wounded pride, "you need a holiday, if ever a boy did. Why, you are growing as thin as a shad. This hot weather is using you up. Before you look about for another place, you must spend a few weeks in the country. I used to have friends living up in Westchester county, but I have not heard from them in years. Their place is both pleasant and healthy. They do not take summer boarders, but perhaps they would take my son. Their name is Ellicot."

"Ellicot!" stammered Augustus, letting his teacup fall with a crash.

"Yes. Not a very common name. A good family, too. I'm afraid, my son, you *are* getting very nervous indeed: but I don't mind the table-cloth—only the cup."

"I believe I should like to go to the country. When will you write, mother?"

"This very evening," which she did, and got an answer by Wednesday, that although they disliked strangers in their quiet family, if Mr. Augustus would "put up with their ways" they would be happy to receive him, on his mother's account, whom they remembered with sincere friendship, etc.,—and they would be ready for the guest on Saturday.

Augustus spent the intervening three days in talking incessantly about the Ellicots,—had they children, how many, were any girls, if so, what age?—for all the world like a census-taker.

His mother answered him patiently, and a hundred times, that when she knew them they had three children, all small, and she believed one was a daughter. He breakfasted, supped, and dined on this information, and waited for Saturday, when the boat bore him up the blue majestic river, upon which looked down splendid villas, lovely villages, lonely farm-houses.

In the golden glow of a summer sunset the boat came to the little dock where he was to disembark; several handsome carriages waited near; he stepped

off with his carpet-bag, and a farmer-looking boy on the driver's seat of one of these asked him if "he might be 'Gustus Casper?" and he assented to the question, sprang into the open barouche, and was rolled away along the most picturesque road it would be possible to imagine,—the river glowing rosily beneath hills rising in the distance, and splendid farms about him,—then a large, old-fashioned white house, with wings like the wings of a dove, promising peace, and a broad piazza looking down on the noble stream.

The heart of the young man beating high with expectation sunk like lead when Mr. and Mrs. Ellicot alone came out to welcome him. The lady was very kind, compassionated his pale face, and led him directly to his cool, airy, delicious chamber, telling him tea would be ready in half an hour. Why did not the question which trembled on his lips burst forth? then his agony of doubt would have been at an end: "Have you a daughter, and is her name Florence?"

"Half an hour more of suspense!—of course, she will be at the tea-table."

She was not, and no one mentioned such a person as being in existence. His entertainers must have thought him very tired or very stupid. He only brightened up once during the meal sufficiently to ask them if there were any more Ellicots in the neighborhood. They said "No." He went to bed

before nine o'clock, resolved to go back to the city by the next boat.

The next morning, refreshed in spite of himself, by the delicious air and fare, he stole down before breakfast, and walked along a winding path which led down to the river.

Pretty soon he saw some rocks and a rustic bridge, and the railway track beneath the bridge, and some one over on the rocks, with a line and rod, fishing. Was it—it was not—yes—no—it *was* her! No diffidence or stammering now, every other emotion was swallowed up in that of joy. But as he placed his eager feet on the little bridge, it gave away, and he went down—a cruel fall—many feet to the track below, and there he lay insensible, while nearer and nearer rattled and crashed and roared the morning express train, bearing down with frightful speed upon the point where, hidden by a curve from the wary eye of the engineer, his body rested.

That was an awful moment for Florence Ellicot; she lived years, in suffering, during the next three moments. Turning at the sound of the crashing bridge, in time to see him fall—aye, and to recognize *who* fell—her first cry of terror was repeated in a wilder shriek of alarm, as she looked and listened and comprehended.

The bridge was gone. Still, the descent of the rocks was not so difficult from her side as the other.

If she could reach him—if she could drag him to a place of safety. There he lay in the narrow cut; and she, looking down, shuddered, and her blood grew cold in her veins as the click, click, clack of the murderous wheels sounded nearer and more near. So young to die—and his mother loved him so—and such a death!

Well, she was not a baby nor an idiot, to stand there screaming,—all her short life she had been trained to self-control and self-possession—to see what wanted doing, and to do it.

How she got down those rugged, precipitous rocks, she never knew; perhaps He who watches the sparrows fall, assisted her and bore her up; for there she was, beside him, bending over him, dragging with those delicate hands of hers at the inert, helpless form, so heavy, so helpless!

Click, clack, went the sound of approaching wheels—there was a deafening roar, and a blinding presence, smoke and steam and dust, a draught of stifling air, a clamor—she felt herself hurled against the dew-dripping rocks, and for an instant her brain whirled—and she became unconscious in the midst of that appalling noise and tumult. Only a moment!—then the mist passed from her vision—she looked and saw the train disappearing around the curve as rapidly as it had come, and, by her side and in her arms, the form of the man she had rescued. Just saved, and that was all. The boot

was torn from his foot, by so little did he miss being on the rails. Faint and trembling, but, ah, so grateful, Florence sank down, supporting his head on her knee.

That first swift glance had not misled her. This was the face which she had so long remembered glowing with admiration of herself, and even as she gazed upon it, the eyes unclosed, smiling up into hers with the same sudden illumination which had filled them when he said, more than a year ago, "a perfect match."

"Are you *very* much hurt, Mr. Casper?" whispered she.

"Not unless I have died and gone to heaven," murmured he.

"Then we had better get out of this before another train comes along."

"I'd rather not stir," said Augustus, dreamily.

"But you *must*," said Florence, decidedly.

"If you will kiss me, I'll do anything you say," he answered.

"When I thought you were dead I was about to kiss you; but now, I will not," said Florence; and, very properly, she did not.

That is, not then. It was a full fortnight before she did such a sweet thing as that; and by that time, she and Augustus were engaged, and she had a right.

Her parents liked him, and he liked the country;

they wanted an active, intelligent son-in-law to superintend their estates; and he thought that sort of work would better agree with his health than measuring off silk and poplin. He built his mother a little cottage near by, and she expects to do well taking summer boarders.

Augustus and Florence were married this autumn, after an engagement of three months. Everybody, except her rejected suitors, is satisfied, and people often speak of it as a *perfect match*.

One thing is certain,—it was a regular love-match.





### THE DAISY.

**I**F what are you dreaming, my pretty maid,  
With your feet in the summer clover?  
Ah, you need not hang your modest head,  
I know 'tis about your lover!

I know by the blushes on your cheek,  
Though you strive to hide the token;  
And I know because you will not speak,  
The thought that is unspoken!

You are counting the petals one by one  
Of your dainty, dewy posies,  
To learn from the number when 'tis done  
The secret it discloses.

You would see if he brings you gold and land,  
The lover that is to woo you;  
Or only comes with his heart and hand,  
For your heart and hand to sue you.





J. S. Smith

The Dawn

Beware, beware ! what you say and do,  
Fair maid, with your feet in the clover :  
For the poorest man who comes to woo  
May be the richest lover !

Since not by outward show or sign  
Can you guess of wealth's true measure ;  
And he who is rich in soul and mind  
May bring you the greatest treasure.

Then be not caught by the sheen and glare,  
Of worldly wealth and splendor ;  
But speak him soft, and speak him fair,  
Whose heart is true and tender.

You can wear your virtues as a crown,  
As you walk through life serenely ;  
And grace your simple rustic gown,  
With a beauty more than queenly ;


Though only one for you shall care,  
One only speak your praises,  
And you never wear in your shining hair,  
A richer flower than the daisies !





## THE PHANTOM WIFE.

BY MRS. M. V. VICTOR.

OU ought to get married, Pennon. It's wronging some fair creature of the other sex for you to remain a bachelor. With an inherited income of five thousand a year, besides what you make by your commissions, you have more than enough for yourself, extravagant as you are; and it is plain that the balance ought to be invested in loves of bonnets, and dresses, and jewels, etc., to form the staple of some woman's happiness. You have no right to defraud her of it. Then, I will say, even if it does flatter you, that I think you tolerably well calculated to take care of a wife."

"Thank you. But you are rather late with your advice. I have been married a month."

"You? Bless my heart and soul? why didn't you tell a person of it? I thought I was in your confidence, my friend."

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"There's no one in the city aware of it yet. I married my wife in the country and brought her here quietly, that we might pass the honeymoon in peace."

"One of your freaks again. Where do you keep your bride?"

"Oh, we are housekeeping. I bought and furnished a place before I went for her, and took her directly to it. I've a beautiful house, fitted especially to an artist's tastes and necessities. My studio is in the centre of the building, and is the full height of two stories, with a skylight, very secluded, being shut in by apartments on every side but one. Come, will you go with me now, and let me show it to you?"

"I am all curiosity. Of course I shall see Mrs. Pennon Carlyle?"

"I think not this morning; I believe she is out. But that need not prevent you from going through the house with me, and giving me your opinion of it. I have several new pictures, my wife's portrait is now on the easel, painted by myself since our marriage."

The two friends turned and pursued their way into one of the avenues near Broadway, and out of this into a quiet side street, a favorite quarter with the people of wealth and refinement, who preferred unobtrusive elegance to the more florid display of the avenue.

"I might have known something had happened to you," said Thomas Throckmorton, the first speaker, as they walked along. "Your step is as bouyant as that of a child, and your face absolutely radiant with joy. The light of the bridal lamp is shining out of the 'windows of your soul.' I need not ask you if you are as happy as you probably anticipated being—your whole air is that of exultation."

"I *am* gloriously happy, and you will not wonder at it when you see her—that is, her portrait." The speaker paused before the handsome mansion. "This is the house," and he rang the door bell.

The door was opened by a "highly respectable" old colored servant, who smiled with all the brilliancy peculiar to his race, as he recognized Mr. Throckmorton.

"You see I keep Hannibal; I would not part with him for his weight in gold," observed Pennon, as they entered the suite of apartments which occupied the first floor.

These furnished with richness and even splendor, were three in number, and presented nothing peculiar in their arrangements, unless it might be an excellence of taste and harmony of combination not altogether common.

"I knew you were in good circumstances, Pennon, but I did not suppose you able to begin with quite so many luxuries," said his friend, looking

admiringly at the elaborate finish of the rooms and the prevailing air of magnificence.

"While I was in Italy I spent not a dollar of my income; it accumulated with interest for three years. My art more than supported me, and since my return I have been fortunate in disposing of my real estate for ten times what I gave for it. Besides my wife is rich."

"It sounds oddly enough to hear you speaking of your wife. I regret very much that I am not to have the pleasure of seeing her to-day; though you have promised to introduce me to her portrait, which is something. Let us go to your studio."

They ascended the winding staircase.

"Come in here a moment," said Pennon, turning aside at the first landing. "This is our sleeping apartment; and this is Beatrice's boudoir opening out of it; the window commands as pleasant a view as can be expected in a city residence. The roses and honeysuckles in the garden beneath are in full bloom now. They have done all the honor to our honeymoon which was in their power."

"One would think you had never smoked Turkish tobacco, and put your heels on the table like a common mortal," laughed Throckmorton, giving an envious glance at the sumptuous yet delicate plenishings.

The draperies were of white and rose color; the mirror-frames, cornices and mouldings of gold, in plain, modest designs. A smiling love, flushed and dimpled, his wings tinged with sunlight, flung down from his rosy hands a cloud of lace about the bed. In the boudoir was collected a profusion of those dainty trifles which women love to surround themselves with. An old-fashioned Italian lute lay, as if recently touched, upon the cushions, which made a luxurious recess of the bay window. The visitor noticed, upon a jaspachate table standing near this window, the remains of a scarcely tasted breakfast, and that although the table was laid with a *tete-a-tete* set, but one person had sat down to it.

A faint fragrance floated in the air, as if the breath of beauty still lingered upon it. An impression seized upon him that the presence which haunted these chambers must be the incarnation of beauty, and he glanced in the mirrors, unconsciously expecting to see there some shadow of the lovely shape which must recently have stood before them. He saw only his homely, genial countenance; and after another half-covetous survey, he heaved a sigh at which he laughed the moment after, and was ready to follow his host to his atelier.

He did not repress an exclamation of surprise upon entering this. It was a superb room, full

sixty feet long, reaching up from the story upon which it was grounded through the upper one to the roof, in which was constructed a skylight, harmonious in appearance and effect. The ceiling was of pale blue, edged with a silver band. The walls were hung with a good collection of pictures; several niches for statues were filled with marbles which the owner had brought with him from Italy; and brackets, themselves of exquisite designs, were disposed for the reception of the vases, urns, busts and antique goblets which enriched them. Even here, in this secluded studio, a feminine presence was apparent in the flowers which filled the vases, as also in a bit of embroidery, and a work-basket, left upon a little ebony table not far from the artist's easel. One end of the apartment was occupied by an organ, built in the room, and of as great a volume of tone as the space to be filled would allow.

"I did not know that you were a musician, Pennon, but here I see sufficient evidence that you are."

"I am not a performer, although as you are aware, I am passionately fond of music, and an educated critic in it. The organ is my favorite instrument, and Beatrice plays it divinely. You should hear her sing."

"I should like to above all things, when your are ready to permit it," answered his guest looking

at his beaming face. "Beatrice? that is an Italian name."

"And my wife is an Italian. That is the reason she sings so well; her soul is full of bloom and fire. Beatrice Carlyle is a curious combination of names. I suppose our natures are about as unlike as our origin."

"I do not know about that. You have been pretty thoroughly steeped in the 'oil and wine' of a southern clime. Is this the consummation of some love affair begun in Italy? Come, Pennon, you ought to tell me all about it. You might realize that I, like the fair sex, am dying of curiosity."

"I was betrothed to Beatrice when I was abroad; circumstances prevented our immediate marriage; when these no longer interfered, she followed me, as she had promised. She came under the protection of a mutual friend, and we were married at that friend's house, very shortly after her arrival. If you would like to get an idea of my wife, here is her portrait; though of *course*, it does her injustice. No one could paint Beatrice."

Throckmorton stepped eagerly forward as his friend withdrew the cloth which concealed a canvas still upon the easel, and beheld a vision of unanticipated—of marvellous—loveliness. The figure was girlish and slender, yet rounded and lithe, glowing through every curve and outline with triumphant, irresistible beauty. The arms

were bare to the shoulders, and the robe which covered her bosom was simply gathered in at the waist by a girdle. The countenance was that of a girl of eighteen, and complexion fair as that of an American blonde, and looking like that of a lily transfused with sunlight. The hair rippled in lustrous waves along the smooth, low brow, marking the delicious contour of the cheek and throat. As the eyes always disclose more of the soul than any other feature, so those gave character to the delicate lineament. Pure and resplendent as planets, they were dark and warm with all the love that makes a woman beautiful. Throckmorton felt their sweet influence thrilling his spirit.

"If she looks at you thus with those eyes, I don't wonder that you have acquired that glowing concentration of expression," he remarked after a few moments' contemplation.

"*Thus?*" murmured Pennon, abstracted; "I have not caught a hundredth part of their light, and love, and beauty. But we must go now, my friend, if you will excuse my shortening your visit. You have an engagement at two o'clock in Broadway."

"I had hoped she would come in before I left," said the visitor, as he followed his host to the lower hall.

Here, while Hannibal stood with the door open,

to bow them out with African flourishes, Mr. Carlyle thought of a letter which he was to mail which he had left upon his writing-desk, and returned for it, leaving his friend in the vestibule.

"And how do you like your new mistress, Hannibal?" asked the latter, left alone with the old family servant.

He put the question as a matter of friendliness to the venerable valet, whom he had known ever since his intimacy with his master; not from any motive of curiosity, and certainly not anticipating the reply he was to receive.

"Why, to tell you de trute, Massa Throckmorton, dis pusson has not seen her yet," answered the negro, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, while a shadow obscured his usual brilliancy. "I'se not seen no such pusson as Mrs. Carlyle yet tho' massa purtends she here in dis house. Berry strange! *berry* strange, Massa Throckmorton—wouldn't you say so?" and the speaker looked anxiously in the face of his master's friend.

"Do you really mean to say that you have not seen the bride?" asked the latter, startled out of all thought of the impropriety of questioning a servant about family affairs.

"I do," answered Hannibal, in a very solemn manner. "Massa talks about her, and takes her meals up stair hisself, but nobody's eber got a

look, eben at her shadder; and to tell de whole trute, I feel concerned about Massa Carlyle. If I did not know you is his best friend, I wouldn't say nofin' for de worl', but I *suspect* something wrong here," pointing to his forehead. "He was very strange like for three or four days—didn't speak nor eat, nor nofin'—seemed almost like a dead man; and den, all to wonst, he got berry bright and happy, and come in and go out, singin' and glad, and say he married, but wasn't going to tell anybody jus' yet. But I neber see her—neber!"

"Have you never heard her singing, or playing the organ?" asked Throckmorton, recalling the musical instruments he had seen, the work-basket, and the embroidery. "Who let her out the door this morning?"

"Neber heard her voice, talkin' nor singin', no more'n a ghost's. Neber let her out de door to go nowheres. I wish you'd keep your eye on Massa Carlyle, and see what 'clusions you come to," continued the servant in a whisper, as he heard returning footsteps.

Throckmorton felt like a man in a dream, when he got out upon the pavement with his friend, who had never seemed more hearty, and in such exuberance of spirits. He wished to question him, yet hardly knew how to approach the subject, and finally parted from him at the entrance to Dod-

worth's saloon, still puzzling mentally over the communication made to him by Hannibal. As he walked along alone, he recalled something very peculiar in the expression of his friend, which had impressed him during every moment of their morning's intercourse, vaguely, and without any attempt upon his part to define it.

It was a kind of weirdness, such as a sour imagination gives to spirits. There had been something preternatural shining *behind* the outer smile and brightness of his eyes; and, although his step was so elate and vigorous, there was something shadowy and undefined about his manner. Nothing of that which characterizes a sleep-walker—that is marked with profound abstraction of things surrounding it; this was rather that of a two-fold consciousness.

So much was the interest of the young man excited, that he determined upon making his brother artist another call upon the following day, and to enter his studio unannounced, as his previous family neglect of ceremonies gave him the privilege of doing.

When he rang the bell the door was opened by Hannibal, who, in answer to his look of mute interrogation, shook his head solemnly. "You need not announce me; is Mr. Carlyle in his studio?" Upon receiving an affirmative answer, he went lightly up the stairs, but upon reaching the door of

the atelier he paused, a voice, sweeter than he had ever heard, even in his dreams, was pouring forth a golden flood of melody, filling the air with its ethereal waves, rising higher, swelling fuller and more full, until the listener caught his breath like a drowning person, overcome by the tide. He remained motionless until the singing ceased. Then he heard Pennon speaking a few words in a gentle tone, and, in reply, a laugh, soft, low, and delicious. It was a laugh such as a woman sometimes repays a man's flatteries with—there was nothing ghostly in it.

"Hannibal is a fool!" muttered Throckmorton, knocking at the door—he did not wish to intrude upon a lady without warning, notwithstanding his first purpose of taking his friend by surprise.

"Come in," was the almost instantaneous response.

He entered.

"I beg your pardon, I thought it was Hannibal coming for orders," exclaimed Pennon, advancing and holding out his hand.

Before he took it, or before he even said a word, the visitor glanced around the large apartment. There was no one but the artist visible—not another living creature in the room, and the room had but one apparent means of exit, which was the door at which he himself had entered.



"Where is Mrs. Carlyle, my boy?—I heard her singing for some time before I ventured to knock. I expected to see her," he began in surprise.

"She was here but a moment ago," responded the husband, in the most natural manner in the world. "She has but just this moment left me. Did you not see her in the hall?—she must have passed you."

"I saw no one."

Pennon hastened to the entrance.

"I hear the rustle of her garments, now; she is going down the stairway. Beatrice!" he called in a tender voice, waiting an instant as if for an answer. "She has gone to her boudoir for a book of which we were speaking," he said, as he returned within; "she will be back presently. It is strange that you did not observe her. See! I have added a few more touches to her picture, and I think it a little more like her."

Throckmorton turned to the portrait. It seemed to him even more beautiful than upon the preceding day.

"If there are any more women in Italy as lovely as this one you have won away, I will go all the way there for a look at one."

"I do not believe there is another in the world quite as fair as my Beatrice. But her soul—*her soul*, my friend—that is more lovely than the body."

"Her voice, at least, is beyond praise, for I have heard it. I congratulate you, Pennon. I do not wonder at your exultation; your bachelor friends must forgive you any amount of self-content thrown in their faces. But I must say you are behaving very selfishly. I believe you are afraid we shall be rendered discontented and repining, so you keep her out of sight, for the sake of our peace of mind."

"I intend having a ceremonious reception soon, and introduce her to my friends with all becoming surroundings. In the meantime I must and will enjoy my honeymoon without any intrusions of the world. You know we always were indifferent to general society, you and I, Tom; and what's the use of bidding it to that sacreddest of life's festivals, the marriage feast? You needn't feel hurt, now, and look around for your hat. If I had not wished *you* to become acquainted with my Beatrice, I should not have told you anything about her. I will go find her, and bring her to you here."

He left the studio. During his absence, Throckmorton's eyes fell upon the ebony stand which had attracted his attention yesterday. He detected the addition of a dainty rose-colored glove, and a fan, with a handle of silver and pearls; but the embroidery did not seem to have made any progress.

In a few moments his host returned—alone.

"It is very singular," said he, "I have been all over the house and cannot find her. She never goes out without letting me know."

For the first time his guest observed a dreamy, wandering look; he said but little, took up his palette and began touching the portrait here and there. After waiting a time, his visitor retired, more perplexed than when he came.

He did not meet Pennon Carlyle again for several days. When he did encounter him he was exceedingly cordial, pressing him to call on Mrs. Carlyle very soon.

"She regretted her absence on the two previous occasions very much, as she had heard so much of her husband's beloved friend. Be sure and come around; to-morrow, Tom. We shall both be at home. If you will come at six o'clock, I will tell Hannibal to have a plate laid for you.

"I am curious to see your table with a lady presiding. I shall be sure to accept your hospitality. Does your wife love flowers?"—they were passing a florist's upon Fifth Avenue, as he asked the question.

"Next to her husband," was the smiling reply.

They went in, and Throckmorton, selecting a costly bouquet of such flowers as he thought most appropriate, sent them with his regards, to the invisible bride.

He appeared punctually to dinner at the hour

appointed, on the next day, and, not entirely to his surprise, saw nothing of the lady of the mansion.

A couple of weeks passed, during which a rumor gained ground that Pennon Carlyle was becoming insane. And, indeed, his strange conduct gave only too much reason to fear that such was the case.

"He has thought, studied and dreamed too much," said Throckmorton. "His brain is over-excited; and if he does not immediately receive the wisest medical attendance, he will become hopelessly ruined in intellect."

Yet his aberrations were confined to the single object of that phantom wife, whose portrait stood ever upon his easel, about whom he talked to some of his confidential friends, whose meals he took regularly to her chamber, for whom a plate was always placed at the dinner-table, but who never came, who was never seen or heard.

Ay! but she had been heard—and that was what puzzled Throckmorton beyond all else. He had heard a voice—a divine voice—singing and laughing! yet when he had stepped into the studio, expecting to confront the lovely owner—behold! it was empty of her presence. He remembered, too, that he had heard a rustle of garments, and that the air had stirred, as with a passing form, when he had opened that studio door. Pennon had said that she passed him. Had an invisible spirit gone out before him, which his material eyes were too gross to

behold? A chill crept over him, albeit he was brave, and not in the least superstitious, when he puzzled himself about this matter. Was his own imagination so excited, that he fancied the sound of singing, when there had been no sound?

At the end of two weeks, he was in Pennon's rooms again, and found him in the highest state of joy and triumph possible to conceive; he looked like a person transfigured with happiness.

"Tom, my friend," he said, "you have been many times disappointed in my promises to introduce you to my wife. You shall be kept in suspense no longer. My cards are being sent out this morning for the reception of which I spoke, and which is to take place Thursday evening. I have invited all my friends; and intend it to be a brilliant affair. It cannot be too magnificent to do honor to my great happiness. Be sure and come early. I swear to you, you shall see Beatrice."

"Poor, poor fellow!" sighed Throckmorton, as he left the elegant house. "To have his splendid prospects destroyed in this manner is too cruel! and he is unaware of his own danger—so, of course, will not summon medical experience which might save him. I will go at once to some competent physician, and take the responsibility of procuring advice."

He had, during this last call, ascertained the name of the friend whom Pennon stated had brought his

bride across the ocean, and at whose house he was married. Before he took any other step he concluded it best to consult this friend, and find out as much as possible of the causes which led to this singular delusion. Mr. Mazzini was an Italian gentleman, whom he had occasionally met in Pennon's society, and who had recently returned from a visit to his native land, and was now residing in a villa upon the Hudson, some seventy miles from New York.

Prompted by the ardor of his friendship for Pennon, he went straight to the dock from whence the afternoon boat started, and arriving some time during the evening at Mr. Mazzini's villa, spent the night there, and had a long consultation with him. He learned from the gentleman, that Mr. Carlyle, while in Rome, had been betrothed to a beautiful girl, Beatrice Cellini by name, of English and Italian parentage, (her mother having been an English beauty, who married Cellini during a visit to Rome,) of noble descent and fine education; a maiden in every respect worthy of the love she inspired in the earnest soul of the young American artist. Her father had no objection to the match, except that it would deprive him of the society of his daughter; and as her beloved mother was now dead, he could not make up his mind to part with her. He allowed them, however, to enter upon a conditional engagement. Beatrice revealed to her lover, before he returned to America, that she suspected her father

would soon form another marriage, and if he did that she would no longer hesitate to follow him, if she could obtain a suitable escort; if not, he must come for her, upon her sending him word.

Mazzini was then in Italy, with the intention of remaining until the following summer, and to him, as a personal friend, and, also, a distant relative of Beatrice, the artist confided the charge of his bride, should she be ready to accompany him. It seemed that immediately upon the return of Pennon, he set himself to repairing a beautiful home for his future wife, though he told no one of his expectations, wishing to surprise and delight his friends by a sudden revelation of the great treasure he had secured. In due course of time there arrived the letters so eagerly anticipated; one from Beatrice, a love letter, the other from her escort, naming the day of their expected departure from Naples, the name of the vessel, and all the material particulars. Pennon then told his faithful servant, Hannibal, of the honor about to befall the new mansion, and the preparations he wished made for the reception of its mistress, into all of which the old fellow entered with childish delight.

"The vessel in which we took passage," said the relator to Throckmorton, "encountered adverse storms, and was finally wrecked upon the southern coast of Florida. We were obliged to take the boats and attempt to reach the shore, amid boiling

breakers surging against dangerous reefs. The ladies were placed in one boat, into which I was not permitted to enter; I took an affectionate farewell of Beatrice, feeling it doubtful if we should live to meet again. 'I saw,' said he, 'I saw—' and the tears choked up his throat hysterically, 'Pennon Carlyle's life-hope go down beneath the waves. I saw the hungry waters snatch away forever the glorious beauty of my young cousin. The sea shut over the golden glimmer of her floating hair. Believe me, when I saw *her* go down, so young, so lovely, I scarcely cared for my own safety. But, as is often the case, the fairest fruit was shaken down, the withered apple clung to the tree. I reached the shore, in the course of another week my home, where I waited to confirm the terrible news to him who had already seen the telegraphic report of the loss of the vessel, but who had *hoped* Beatrice was saved with me. I think his reason must have given way immediately under the shock, although I did not suspect it at the time.

He shut himself up away from every living creature for twenty-four hours; when he came from his chamber he appeared unnaturally, I had almost said horribly, calm. He asked for some relic of his bride; I had nothing to give him. He went home that night, refusing the offer I made him of my company. Three days afterward I received a trunk, which had drifted ashore and

been forwarded to me. It was Beatrice's, and contained her jewels, and many little feminine treasures of the toilette, his miniature, letters, etc. I sent it immediately to Mr. Carlyle. It was probably from the reception of this that his madness took the shape of imagining that his bride had arrived. The fan, work-basket, lute, and other trifles which you saw, were, undoubtedly, a part of the contents of the trunk, which he has distributed around him, to help his fancy in its singular deception."

"But the singing," said Throckmorton; "what can account for that?"

"Heaven knows—since it can hardly be expected that you, too, are mad."

His visitor smiled sadly.

"Alas for Pennon!" he sighed, "it is a melancholy termination of his career, and he had such a genius! I tell you," he continued with sudden fervor, "I love that man like a brother; I cannot give him up; my friendship shall leave no resource untried for his salvation. Will you not return with me, Mr. Mazzini, and see what can be done? In the first place, I would like to quietly put a stop to the reception which is to take place this evening, and which will make his hallucination so notorious that, if he is ever restored, it will be exceedingly mortifying to him. I know of no other way than to just get him off somewhere, and have Hannibal close the house to company with the excuse of sud-

den illness. This course, however, will not prevent rumors from increasing, as it is already suspected what the true state of the case is."

The two gentlemen started for the city, expecting to reach it at four o'clock; but, as usual upon emergencies, the steamer broke her paddle wheel, and it was after nine P. M. when they landed.

Troubled and distressed, they made no alteration in their toilettes, but taking a carriage drove directly to Mr. Carlyle's residence, which was found blazing with light, the voices of music and mirth within, carriages still arriving, although the rooms seemed already crowded. Hannibal opened the door for them, in all the glory of white kids and a new suit. His sable countenance reflected all the splendor of the occasion; despite dignity of his position he chuckled with satisfaction when he beheld who were the new arrivals.

"How are you getting on?" asked Throckmorton, anxiously.

"Oh, massas, you jis go in! jis go in and see," was all the answer they could elicit.

They pressed forward into the throng. Drawn by curiosity, which had vaguely rumored strange things of this reception, everybody who had been asked was there; and the apartments were crowded with rustling silks, sweet with perfumes, sparkling with jewels. Standing underneath the arch which separated the first two rooms of the suite, they saw

Pennon, erect, graceful, and joyous, appearing better than ever in his life before, as he replied to the greetings constantly poured in upon him. And there by his side stood the phantom wife, a slight, fair creature; the living reality of her portrait, only as much more beautiful as the cunning flesh and blood workmanship of Nature must surpass all art.

"It is Beatrice herself!" stammered Mazzini, turning pale.

At that moment her eyes rested upon him. With a cry of joy, forgetful of cold decorum, she sprang forward and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, my dear friend, my dear cousin, I am alive—I am saved! and so glad to greet you," she murmured.

"I cannot comprehend it," muttered Mazzini; "I saw you drowned."

"No—no—not drowned, I was washed ashore insensible. The wreckers picked me up and restored me to life: but they kept me concealed on account of the rich jewelry which I wore upon my person, and of which they robbed me; I told them to take it freely, joyfully, if they would let me go to you; but they were afraid you would compel them to restore it, and they would not release me until after you had started for your home.

"Come into this recess a moment, my friends; the company must excuse us for a brief interval,

until it is all explained," said Pennon, and the four withdrew into a quiet corner.

"I had great difficulty in getting the means of coming on," continued Beatrice, smiles and tears upon her heavenly face. "I wrote to my cousin here, but my letter did not reach him, and after waiting four weeks for an answer, I begged of a friendly family the money to pursue my journey, and arrived safely in this city only four days ago. I found Pennon's name in the Directory, sought him out, surprised him, amazed him, convinced him of my identity, and married him (blushing) the same day."

"But this in no manner accounts for your presence here several weeks ago," said Throckmorton, stupidly.

"I must have been mad," whispered Pennon. "I realize it now. But, if so, the shock of her real coming restored the reason which the anguish of her loss overthrew. I am sane enough now," looking at his wife with eyes of calm, immeasurable fondness. "I am sure enough of this, Beatrice," clasping the hand which sought his.

"*But the singing?*" queried Throckmorton.

"I cannot explain it with distinctness," replied Pennon. "I remember, however, that my phantom wife sang for me, talked with me, laughed and played like any human creature; I believe now, since I think it over, that I did the singing myself,

and responded to my own conversation. It is not strange that the songs which Beatrice used to sing should so have entered into my memory and soul, that, in the singular condition I was in, I should be able to reproduce them, perhaps even to counterfeit her voice."

"Then all I have to say," remarked Throckmorton, drily, "is, that you are the most skillful counterfeiter of whom we have any account. If you could forget such notes as those, you are scarcely to be called to account for it. They would have been endorsed as genuine at the bank of heaven itself."

"In the language of you Americans, it's all right now," laughed Mazzini, "so let us all be merry as marriage bells."

"We shall have a good appetite for the wedding feast," observed the material Throckmorton, "for we were detained on the river, and have had nothing to eat since breakfast. I can imagine myself now, drinking in a glass of that old Madeira, Pen-non, the health of the Phantom Wife."









### THE SPINNING WHEEL.

§ HE sits at her spinning with thoughtful brow,  
And her cheeks than the flax have grown  
more white,  
And the wheel turns slowly, heavily now,  
The wheel that used to turn so light,  
When her heart was glad and her hope was bright.

She sits where she sat a year ago,  
And just for pleasure spun and spun ;  
Her cheeks with crimson all aglow  
Born of the blissful dreams of one  
Whose ship might come with the morning sun.

Then all her happy thoughts were round  
Her lover, speeding back o'er the sea ;  
How her sad thought follows him outward bound,  
And the flax from her hand drops listlessly,  
And her heart is as sad as a heart can be.

Sometimes across the sands so brown,  
 And o'er the sands to the restless tides,  
 She looks, and her heart goes up and down,  
 Up and down with the ship as it rides ;  
 And her white lips pray for the hand that guides.

She watches the lights from the sea-cliffs go  
 With dreamy wonder, and vague surprise;  
 For the sun seems now to be always low,  
 And never to rise as he used to rise  
 In the gracious glory of tender skies.

You can see the thread in her fingers slight,  
 But ever she spins a double skein ;  
 And out of the sea-fog, cold and white,  
 Another is spun in her whirling brain ;—  
 Lord ! make it strong in its loving might  
 To draw that good ship home again !



## MADEIRA TO AMERICAN EYES.

**A**T a distance one is disappointed in the first view of Madeira ; where the most luxuriant vegetation was looked for, nothing was seen but apparent sterility. A nearer view, however, undeceives the visitor. The supposed bleak hillsides are cut into terraces, which are covered with luxurious verdure ; every available spot, and many that are not, is cultivated and made to bring forth its quota of delicious fruits, vegetables, etc. This terrace cultivation is, upon a near view, a fine feature in the many-hued landscape of the "Wooded Isle," though it contributes very much to the illusion, at a distance, of the savage sterility of the island.

To paint in the mind a proper picture of Madeira, as seen from a point near its principal town of Funchal, we would have to imagine a huge pile made up of lofty mountains, cut up here and there by

deep cavernous ravines, the mountain-tops in the clouds, the ravines terraced step on step of dark green until they are lost in the mist above,—the white mingling with the green, substance with the shadow, until lost in vapory world above; mountain-sides terraced off, wooded to their very summits, the dark gray of the rocks contrasting finely with the flowery foliage which springs from every possible foothold, and in the midst of which often is seen a beautiful villa, or neat cottage, peering from its lovely surroundings like some shy beauty, afraid, in its modesty and consciousness of loveliness, of being seen.

A nearer view of the island—I mean such a one as may be had from the island itself—would reveal numerous cascades and waterfalls, sparkling, flashing, and trembling in the pleasant sunshine, leaping from rock to rock on their way down to the sea. During and after the rainy season many of these may be seen afar out at sea; which, whether seen from sea or shore, form one of the finest pictures in the romantic scenery of the island. The waterfall is detected sometimes afar off, girding some gray, huge rock, and then lying beside it as though holding converse with the hoary-headed, taciturn sage; then its brightness is hid from view by a clump of foliage; again, it goes bounding over some huge precipice, giving utterance to an ever-varying song all the time,—now one of deep bass,

grand as the mountains towering around, organ-like and sweet, a “deep song of joy:” again the strain changes, after some mad leap;—mayhap it hath hurt itself, for now it sings sadly, breathing forth deep, tremulous music—bass still, but sad;—now the breeze wafts its notes loud and deep on the ear; anon it sounds away off, its gushes of melody are borne past you, winging their way to the mystic spirit-land of music, so low and sweet that it seems the faint echo of the voices of those whose song is “like unto the sound of the voice of many waters.” Again, its voice is borne to you, loud, noisy, and laughing—sacrilegious laughter, too, as it quits its mountain recesses and hastens on to its mother-sea. As you follow its windings aloft, peering into the recesses of the rocks to catch a glimpse of the ones which strike the notes of the harp so full of melody, and you may see, peering out of some nook, a little cot, half hidden by the foliage of the orange, magnolia, banana, or a mass of flowering shrubs,—the spirit of peace seeming to keep company with that of melody.

Madeira is, literally, a land of fruits and flowers—blessed with a genial clime (the temperature of which scarcely varies ten degrees the year round, averaging, at the sea, about seventy degrees, and less at a higher elevation), it produces in the greatest perfection, most of the tropical, and many of the fruits, flowers, and vegetables of the temperate

regions. Oranges, lemons, citrons, guavas, figs, pomegranates, pine apples, melons, apples, pears, peaches, and many others, are produced in abundance; also almonds, chestnuts, Brazil-nuts, etc. Fine qualities of coffee are also raised. Of flowers, there is an endless and ever-blooming variety; geraniums grow wild on the mountain-sides; the air is laden with the fragrance of roses, of which there is a wilderness. The habitations of the people are buried in fruit and shade-trees, or embowered in flowering shrubs. It is another attractive feature to Madeira landscapes—the lovely villas, and picturesque little cots, planted here and there over the mountain-sides and amongst the cliffs, sometimes away up, to be reached only by inclined planes. Peering out from amid a wilderness of sweets, you may see portions of columns, or a lattice, or a section of a white wall—the white contrasting beautifully with the evergreen foliage. I know of no place—and I have visited in my wanderings some lovely spots—where the recluse, who loved lovely solitude, could so effectually seclude him or herself from the busy haunts of life, amid scenes of true loveliness and repose, as at Madeira. I wonder it has not been made the home of poetic souls ere this. If the hills of Greece could beget inspiration in the souls of its gifted sons, Madeira should doubly be the home of the Muses; for the hills of Greece in its palmiest days never shone with that

spirit of beauty which now makes radiant the very mountain-tops of the "Blessed Isle." But, alas! the spirit of poesy dwells not in the breasts of a people which *could* boast of a Camoens. If the spirit of Art loves to dwell where the beautiful in Nature predominates, then ought the creations of a Phidias to start from every rock in Madeira. But the inspiration of art dwells not with an effeminate people who can but boast of a glorious fatherland. Madeira should be an isle of song; should have a music all its own; its hills should be resonant with melody sweeter than Italia ever improvised. Why should not its people catch the inspiration from the sighing winds, and sweet echoes of its waterfalls? Portugal's mongrel race have yet got to produce a Mozart or Beethoven. When the song of liberty is heard amidst the mountains of Estrella, then may its notes be caught up by the people of the "Blest Isle," and they, too, become inspired with the true spirit of song. I do not mean to say that there is no song in the land, for there is much of it; but none which is *their own*, such as their majestic mountains should echo. How grand the Switzer's Song of Liberty, compared to the soft love song and saintly madrigal of the degenerate Portuguese!

Madeira's hills are, or have been vine-clad. The production of its famous wines has comparatively ceased for the past four or five years, owing to a

disease of the vines, which has, year after year, destroyed its products, that have, heretofore, been the main support of its people, its great source of wealth—that which made the island so valuable to poor, impoverished Portugal. The produce of the vine failing suddenly, the inhabitants of this, one of the finest, if not the most so, islands in the world, were reduced to famine. It was robbed of its chief glory; it no longer produced the luscious vintages as famous for delicacy and genial qualities, as the place that produced them was celebrated for beauty. It is my opinion that the hills will soon be vine-clad as of yore, and that is the hope and opinion of the people of Madeira, who are as tenacious and jealous of the wine-producing qualities of their island as a people can well be. Be it the case or not, we need not expect to see or hear of such absolute want of the necessities of life as the people of this prolific isle have been subjected to. The cultivation of the real necessities of life have replaced, for the present, that of the luxurious grape. There is enough and to spare, yet, of delicious wine of the island—I mean, to spare to actual visitors, and not for exportation; for the wealthy inhabitants, who own all of the wine on the island, know full well what a treasure they possess, and will rarely part with it. The welcomed visitor will not want for a taste of the pure juice of the grape—very little like the wretched stuff

labeled and sold as “Pure Madeira.” Except in rare cases, that article can only be had on the island, where, as I have said, it is only to be found in the cellars of the wealthy residents. It was the writer’s good fortune to fall into the hands of a rotund and excellent old gentleman (peace to his memory and that of his cellar!) who had an abundance of various kinds of excellent juices in a capacious cellar, and in the fullness of his heart at having an opportunity of showing his hospitality to a stranger from a strange land, he would *very* frequently insist upon entering the sanctuary of his cellar, and to—as he expressed it in broken English—“takes shist a little vines.” I was not so lost to self-respect as to refuse! besides, politeness, if not a love for the pure juice, prompted me always to accept the old man’s invitation! I mention this to show a great characteristic of the people of the better class—their hospitality. But I shall not speak of the people, only so far as to illustrate the place; when we are dealing with nature it is best to leave man out, if possible.

Strangers visiting the island usually make it a point to visit the “Church of Our Lady,” situate high up on the mountain on the declivity of which a portion of the city of Funchal is built. From a walled terrace in front of this sacred edifice—sacred it is from the fact of its containing an image of the tutelary divinity of the island, “Our Lady of the

Mount"—'tis said that the finest view in the world is to be had—a fact I readily believe, after having seen some of the chosen spots of the earth. Here all the glories of a Madeira landscape burst upon the vision, and one is almost bewildered by what he sees.

Leaving the town of Funchal, mounted upon a fine horse—and there are plenty of them on the island—accompanied by a groom, I took my way over a narrow, paved road, winding along amidst a wilderness of trees, shrubbery and sweet-scented flowers, catching at each turn of the road the most delightful views, passing on my way many sequestered mansions of a people that I could but believe were happy in their seclusion; their lines had fallen in pleasant places, for the mantle of Nature's loveliness was spread over their homes like a garment of many colors. As I mounted higher and higher, I realized more and more of the deliciousness and purity of the air; I felt that it was a luxury to live, to breathe. Pure and bracing, redolent with the perfume of orange, rose and geranium, the atmosphere seemed at that time exhilarating even to intoxication. [This, by the way, is one of the great charms of Madeira life; *i. e.*, the great purity of its air, a fact which causes it to be a great resort for invalids, especially consumptives. Many persons are now there, foreigners who have been for many years on the island in the enjoyment of good health,

who, were they to leave, would forthwith go to that bourne whence no traveller returns.]

A ride of an hour through such scenes as I have described, brought me to the church. I was forcibly reminded of the fact that, on this poor earth, it seems as if it were decreed that nothing should be perfect; God's glorious works were marred by man, and by man's folly; those scenes of grandeur and beauty were marred, to my mind, by witnessing disgusting scenes in which man played a part.

The terrace! I stood between two mountains, sections of which rose far above; on the right, as I faced the sea, the mountains being distant several miles. The rocks on the left were near at hand, reared up precipitously hundreds of feet above. Behind, they gradually ascended until lost in the clouds. Separating me from those perpendicular walls was a horrible chasm or ravine, called the "Corral," looking fearfully grand down its profound depths. The walled rocks around were tufted here and there with green, the sides of the mountains were spotted with forests, with ever-green verdure, with gardens, out of which peered numberless cottages and villas. There was one, away up in a nook, better fitted for the nesting of an eagle, one would think, but there it stood, looking down smilingly into the depths below; one away off, far down, also nestling close to some old

fatherly gray rock. Around were great trees and little ones, fruit and flowers, the spirit of silence resting on all. The leaves of the trees rustled just a little, and no more. At my feet were the white walls of the city, far away below; while between, on the terraced mountain-sides, was the ever-blooming, smiling wilderness, through which I had passed in coming up. The sea lay afar off, shining, waving and trembling, in the light of the sun, reflecting the shadow of his smiles as he looked on this fair picture. The spirit of peace seemed to brood over all. No sound, save the melody of falling waters, gushing from the mountain-cliffs, threading the mountain-sides with silver lines, lit with sunshine, and flashing with gladness. Those cascades gave out a melody not unlike what John heard in Patmos. . . . . This was a picture of what I saw at Madeira. I can poorly describe it; fairer than any ideal landscape ever put on canvas by the spiritual Cole—it was the realization of my boyhood's dreams of Arcadia.

Have I colored the picture too highly? Let us see? Since leaving Madeira, I have visited that abomination of desolation, Ascension; have stood on the heights of Table Mountain and looked away into far South Africa; trod the groves of the lovely Isle of France—immortalized by St. Pierre; have been to the cocoa groves and cinnamon gardens of Ceylon; walked amid the spice groves of Pen-

ang; rambled at Singapore; seen the jungles of Siam; reveled in the horrible smells of Hong Kong, Canton within the walls, Shanghae, and a multitude of Chinese villages; trod the hills of mystic Japan; travelled in the Philippines; visited Java; seen many of the isles of the fabled East; looked into St. Helena. After *this*, I am prepared to say that Madeira is the fairest spot on God's footstool.





## THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

### I.

'T WAS a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,  
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry ;  
His form was bent and his gate was slow  
His long thin hair was as white as snow,  
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye ;  
And he sang every night as he went to bed,  
" Let us be happy down here below ;  
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

### II.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,  
Reading and writing, and history too ;  
He took the little ones up on his knee,  
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,  
And the wants of the littlest child he knew ;

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## THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

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" Learn while you're young," he often said  
" There is much to enjoy down here below :  
Life for the living, and rest for the dead !"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

### III.

With stupidest boys he was kind and cool,  
Speaking only in gentlest tones ;  
The rod was hardly known in his school—  
Whipping, to him was a barbarous rule,  
And too hard work for his poor old bones ;  
Besides it was painful, he sometimes said :  
" We should make life pleasant down here below,  
The living need charity more than the dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

### IV.

He lived in the house by the hawthorne lane,  
With roses and woodbine over the door ;  
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,  
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,  
And made him forget he was old and poor.  
" I need so little," he often said,  
" And my friends and relatives here below,  
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

### V.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,  
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,

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With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,  
 Making an unceremonious call,  
 Over a pipe and a friendly glass;  
 This was the finest pleasure, he said,  
 Of the many he tasted here below;  
 "Who has no cronies had better be dead!"  
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

## VI.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face  
 Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;  
 He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,  
 Chuckled and sipped, and prattled apace,  
 Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles;  
 "I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,  
 "I've lingered a long while here below,  
 But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"  
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

## VII.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,  
 Every night when the sun went down,  
 While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,  
 Leaving its tenderest kisses there,  
 On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;  
 And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said:  
 "'Tis a glorious world down here, below;  
 Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"  
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

## VIII.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,  
 After the sun had sunk in the west  
 And the lingering beam of golden light  
 Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,  
 While the odorous night wind whispered "Rest!"  
 Gently—gently—he bowed his head—  
 There were angels waiting for him, I know,  
 He was sure of his happiness, living or dead,  
 This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.





## LOTTA'S LOCKS.

BY TOM HOOD.

**C**ARLOTTA LOIBEL was, undoubtedly, the prettiest girl in all Bettelshiem, and Bettelshiem could show some pretty faces, I can tell you.

Carlotta, or as those who loved her—by which I mean all who knew her well—delighted to call her, Lotta, had the fairest skin possible, with a beautiful apple bloom blush upon her cheek. She had the biggest, softest, kindest blue eyes that ever were seen. Her lips were the rosiest and most tempting cherries, and there was a dimple in the middle of her chin that was simply maddening. As for her golden hair, it was exquisite in color and texture, pale and silky, and gleaming like the floss from the cocoon of the silk-worm. In no town within miles of Bettelshiem was there to be found anything so charming in the matter of hair as the two broad, bright, golden plaits that hung down our Lotta's back.

All Bettelsheim envied her. When I say all Bettelsheim, I mean, of course, all young and female

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Bettelsheim. All Bettelsheim male, whether old or young, adored her.

Besides being lovely, Lotta was wealthy; and the two virtues combined, not unnaturally made her rivals angry. They complained, fairly enough, that the attractions of wealth, added to her personal beauty, gave them very little chance.

Her father was the landlord of "The Pranzivill Arms," the chief, if not the only hotel in Bettelsheim. There were other inns in the town—"The Golden Harp," to wit, whereat this present chronicler put up in his humble travels; but "The Golden Harp" is to "The Pranzivill Arms" as the "Alma" beer-house is to "The Grosvenor Hotel."

Herr Loibel was a shrewd man of business. He reckoned up his customers at a glance, and rated them accordingly. Everybody who quitted his hospitable roof had been on the verge of a protest against his charges; and yet no one had ever really made a disturbance at that respectable hotel. You see, Loibel was a human engineer—he knew to a pound, perhaps I should say to a penny, how much pressure people would bear; he could gauge to a nicety what that much-suffering machine—man—could put up with without an explosion.

By these means he avoided any open rupture with his victims; and as there never were any *esclandres* at his inn, the visitors who recorded their opinions in a book on leaving, spoke ambiguously

well of "The Pranzivill Arms." You find English people invariably do this in giving a character to a servant; they have a born horror of the law of libel, which makes them suppress the truth until it becomes quite a difficulty to tell it; and so men like Loibel become the gainers.

Herr Loibel was considerably puffed up by his wealth. He wore wonderful clothes—radiant vests, bright pantaloons and rich-colored coats, with adornments of velvet and fur. His caps were a vision of delight; his pipes were splendid of gold tassel, and huge of porcelain bowl. He had a bigger signet ring on his thumb than any one else in Bettelsheim, not excluding the Burgomaster and the Commandant. But if Loibel was proud of his wealth, he was equally proud of his daughter. Mind, I don't say he was devotedly attached to her, for he wasn't; but he was proud of her as a part of his property, just as he was proud of his sign-board, painted by an artist from Munich, or of his large silver tankard, or the portrait of the King, which he received when his Majesty put up for a night at the "Arms"—and didn't pay his bill.

Loibel was proud of his daughter; the wife had been dead many years at the time of which I am writing, and poor Lotta had, therefore, no mother to counsel her.

Imagine the disgust of Herr Loibel when he found that the daughter of whom he was so proud

had set her affections no higher than Karl Verschnur, the son of old Verschnur, the barber.

Of course, old Verschnur was intimately acquainted with the heads of the town of Bettelsheim; he curled the Burgomaster, and cut the Commandant, besides having the trimming of all the best moustaches in the place. But, nevertheless, his business was neither lucrative nor honorable, and Loibel had set his mind on one or the other qualification as a necessary qualification for Lotta's husband.

He had, indeed, had many matches in view for her. At one time he thought of giving her hand to the First Grand Over-Boot-Divestor of the kingdom. But that distinguished office was very inadequately salaried, and its holder had to retire with the Ministry which had appointed him. Then the old brewer of Hedsdorf came, and laid his vats and coolers, his malt and his hops, his immense profits and large balance at his banker's, at Lotta's feet—by which figurative expression I mean, that he made a bid for her to her father. But, after all, thought Loibel, the chief brewer of Hedsdorf is a nobody—a mere successful trader, and Lotta ought to look higher. So Loibel looked round him for a more eligible suitor.

Unluckily, however, while old Loibel, still uncertain how to decide between the conflicting claim of wealth and position—waiting, perhaps, for a case in

which the hitherto conflicting elements would combine for once—Lotta took upon herself to make a choice of her own.

Karl was poor—Karl was humble; but he sang like a nightingale, and played divinely on the violin. He could dance, too, and was altogether the most handsome and accomplished youth in Bettelsheim.

He and Lotta met at a Christmas party, given by some friends of Loibel's, who asked Karl chiefly for his musical acquirements. How the first slight acquaintance ripened into love I need not attempt to tell. Nobody would care to learn each step in the progress of their love. It is all very well to watch the fruit-blossoms in your own garden, from the tiny green speck to the pink pouting bud, and so on to the open bloom. But it bores you to hear other people discoursing of their apple and pear trees. And it is the same with love affairs—the man who confides his love story to you is a bore; but the man who does not care to let you confide your love story is a brute. And if an autobiographical love-tale is slow, I am sure any attempt of mine to record the progress of the love between Karl and Lotta would be doubly dull. Suffice it to say that they had not known each other long before they had exchanged locks of hair, and rings, and had broken a silver coin, of which each retained a half.

But the course of true love—as has been remarked, at least once before in the history of human passion—has a perennial objection to running smoothly. It may start nicely enough, where it first takes its rise among heart's ease and forget-me-not; but down the valley somewhere it is as certain to bicker as Mr. Tennyson's brook. It comes to a serious obstacle in the shape of a rock, which divides its waters, never to reunite again; that's a quarrel and the breaking-off of the engagement. Or it gets into shallows and rapids—the opposition of friends—and then there's a pretty to do! Or it plunges headlong over a cascade—that's a decline in the warmth of affection. Or finally, if it looks ever so smooth and calm, and happy, some mischievous people are sure to throw stones into its placid waters. People will meddle—and they love to meddle in love-affairs.

Gretchen told Lischen, and Frau Schmitz chattered to Frau Braun, and Fritz discussed it with Ludwig, and Herr Krout debated it with Herr Schmout, and then they all enlarged upon it to one another. There was so little to talk about in Bettelsheim, that the worthy gossips of that delightful place found subject for their prattle in the smallest trifles—how many buttons there were on the Burgomaster's best waistcoat, and how much pipeclay the Commandant used to whiten his gloves and belts in the course of a year. The love-affair be-

tween Lotta and Karl was quite a godsend to them. It is not to be expected, of course, with all this tittle-tattle about it running up and down the town morning and night, that the young people's attachmen, should be long a secret from Papa Loibel.

It never transpired exactly how the host of the "Pranzivill Arms" learned the ill-tidings, but it was conjectured at the time that old Bungelflatz, the jeweler, let it ooze out over his tenth flagon of Bavarian beer. But no matter how he learnt it, old Loibel was furious. It was very warm weather for everybody at the "Pranzivill Arms" for about a week after the discovery. The glass was at "stormy" the whole time, and there were several severe breezes.

The only person who did not seem to feel the oppressive state of the weather was Lotta. Hers was one of those quiet German natures, slow to move, but strong to endure. Her love was not the lightning-passion of the warm south, which is apt to die out as rapidly as it springs forth.

It was a deliberate growth like a coral-reef, and quite as lasting. Her fancy was no traveling caravan that rested here or there for a few hours, and then sought green fields and pastures new. It was a solidly constructed edifice, with a sound foundation, and you might as well hope to move it by argument or invective, as to whistle down the great wall of China. Your German Cupid is not

the slim youth with butterfly wings whom the Italian sculptor carves. He is the portly well-fed boy that the German artist draws—so fat that when he sits down you feel that it is too much to expect him to get up again in a hurry.

So old Loibel stormed and swore, threatened and denounced, appealed and protested, but all to no purpose. Lotta would only open her big blue eyes a little wider, shrug her plump white shoulders, and purse up her little pouting red mouth. The peltings of her father's stormy passion seemed to glance off her shiny little golden head like rain from a duck's plumage. "I love him so much!" was all she urged in answer to her parent's furious diatribes.

This resistance completely conquered the old man. He was compelled to submit, but with a very ill grace. He said it was no use to forbid Karl and Lotta to meet, but he would not give his consent to their betrothal; and he lost no opportunity of inveighing against the atrocity and audacity of miserable fiddlers who engaged the affections of young girls who chanced to be wealthy; but, he said, miserable fiddlers would find out the mistake when angry parents refused to give their daughters a shilling.

This state of smoldering disagreement and discontent went on for several years. Karl tried very hard to make money, but was not very successful.

He fiddled well enough for Bettelsheim, but Bettelsheim would not pay much for fiddle music, and so he tried the opera-house in the capital of the Grand Duchy; but he did not fiddle well enough for that, or he might have made a fortune fast enough. To speak the truth, he was not destined to be a great musician. He had a taste and liking for the art, which in a small provincial town passed for genius, but his forte was in another line, not yet revealed to him.

Lotta did not break her heart because her Karl was so long in making a home. She was contented so long as they loved each other, and waited with the sweetest patience for some turn of good fortune.

Meantime fortune took a turn which was not for good, as far as Herr Loibel and the "Pranzivill Arms" were concerned. Some confounded restless spirit—an Englishman probably—discovered that a line of railway was desirable between Flensburg and Marcobad. He went further than that: he discovered it was quite as practicable as it was desirable. Nature, ever provident, seemed to have considered the German character; and being convinced that it would not face such engineering difficulties as gave a zest to the difficult undertakings of our Stephensons and Brunels, had thoughtfully prepared a route for the Marcobad and Flensburg Railway. No tunnels, no embankments, no cut-

tings, were needed; and only a few bridges over country lanes or insignificant streams. The restless spirit did not rest satisfied with merely finding that the line was desirable and practicable. The restless spirit set to work to find the money for the scheme, and did find it.

Then came an importation of navvies, who made as great an excitement, and were quite as welcome, in the towns along the projected line as so many bulls would be in a china shop, or a troupe of spinning Dervishes among Salvati's Venetian glasses.

Before long, the line was opened with great ceremony, and trains began to run, or, at any rate, to proceed, between the gambling city and the cathedral city. It would not be strictly accurate to say they ran—any such violent mode of progression would not have been popular among the phlegmatic natives. The engines used to stroll along, puffing out lazily their trails of white vapor, as if they were well-to-do Germans, with their everlasting pipes.

The first season after the line was opened, the eyes of Herr Loibel were opened also, and to a very unpleasant fact—namely, that the prosperity of the "Pranzivill Arms" was a thing of the past. When he first became conscious of this, it so disturbed him that he almost let his pipe out. And the more he pondered the matter, the worse it

looked. He had entirely neglected and discouraged all local customers, and had devoted himself to the travelers and tourists, who now deserted him without a sigh. And the local custom had flowed into other channels meanwhile.

Mine host of the "Golden Harp" had got his share of it, and so had the other innkeepers of the place, and they did not pity Loibel when they saw that his trade was gone. Nobody did. The Betelsheimers had always felt rather nettled at the way in which the "Pranzivill Arms" refused to cultivate their custom, only they could not afford to show it while Loibel was prosperous. But now that he was going down-hill, didn't they jeer and mock at him, to make up for lost time! Presently, however, they had other things to attract their attention. The Grand Duchy was going to war.

The Grand Duke, it appears, according to the grave and veracious chronicle of Doctor Pappelganzer, Professor of Antient and Modern History at the University of Dumkopfheim, had met with some serious losses at Marcobad. In order to repair his shattered fortunes without pressing too heavily on the pockets of his own subjects, he imposed a duty on all soap, towels, and zinc baths exported from, or passing through his dominions.

Now, the Grand Duchy next door to our Grand Duchy of Schwarzundroth was the Grand Duchy of Schlopfvasserbad, famous for its baths and me-

dicinal springs. Zinc baths, towels, and soap were in great demand there; but for want of producing powers in the country, had to be imported, and, for the most part, either from or through Schwarzundroth. So the Grand Duke of Schlopfvasserbad was mightily enraged, and swore he would be avenged.

The two Duchies had for their boundary the devious River Messel, and Schlopfvasserbad, owing to one curve of the stream, ran for a considerable distance into Schwarzundroth with a spit of territory, the next wind of the river restoring the loss to Schwarzundroth, with a similar promontorial strip.

At the extreme point of this strip stood Marcobad, so that the shortest route to it from almost any part of the Duchy to which it belonged was across Schlopfvasserbad. So the Archduke of the last named place quietly put a tremendous toll on all persons not natives of the Duchy crossing his territory. The toll was so high, it was absolutely prohibitive, like the duty on soap and towels imposed by his rival.

Matters were at a dead-lock, and then the diplomats had to take them in hand, and they managed them so well, that, in about three weeks, they had involved the whole matter in almost hopeless confusion, and as the two Duchies were merely members of the great Teutonic family, and had lots of brother

and sister States, as usually happens in family quarrels, some of the brothers and sisters interfered, and espoused one or the other cause, and that brought the rest into the dispute.

The upshot was, that the whole of the German Bund was at sixes and sevens, and a general and fierce fight ensued, which lasted for several years. How, ultimately, when all parties had lost a good deal of blood and a good deal of money, a congress was held, and the boundaries of the two Duchies were rectified, so that in future there could be no falling out about duties and tolls—is it not written in the chronicles of the war, by the learned and world-renowned Doctor Sigismund Pappelganzer, Professor of History, Ancient and Modern, at the distinguished University of Dumkopfheim? Let us return to humble folks, and see how the struggle affected them.

At the commencement of the war, our hero, Karl, was drawn for a soldier. The conscription was carried on with vigor, and there was no hope of escape for him, except by the payment of a very large sum for a substitute.

To do honest Karl justice, he was quite ready to shoulder his musket, and go to the scene of war. He was beginning to despair of success in life. He had toiled and slaved for years, but his chance of marrying Lotta was just as remote as ever. He would have been just as pleased as not to fall

on the field of battle, and was prepared to hang up his violin, and exchange his bow for a bayonet.

But Lotta was heart-broken at the idea of his going into danger. She begged and implored of him to stay, but he very sensibly pointed out that such a course was impracticable. He had no money to pay for a substitute, and if he attempted to shirk going, without paying, he would be seized as a deserter or mutineer, and shot out of hand, to which he would infinitely prefer taking his chance of a bullet in war. Lotta appealed to her father to buy her lover off, but she could have hardly expected him to do so. If she did, she was doomed to a bitter disappointment. Old Loibel vowed that he could almost rejoice at the prospect of war, injurious as it would be to his already crippled business, to think that Karl would most probably become food for powder.

Lotta cried bitterly, but she said nothing. The next morning, however, she was up with the lark, and took the rail to Flensbourg, without saying a word to anybody. Her father stormed a bit at first when he found she was gone; but as she was much too placid a young woman to have any idea of such a thing as an elopement, he took it for granted she would return.

And she did return.

That same evening as he was smoking his pipe in



the deserted coffee-room, bewailing his loss of custom, and cursing railways and wars, the door opened and Lotta came in. He looked at her; his lower jaw dropped, allowing his pipe to fall with a crash to the floor. He gasped like a fish out of water, and, then, at last finding breath again, managed to jerk out:

"Ach Himmel! What have you done with your hair?"

Yes, it was gone! The golden locks were severed from that fair head "for ever and ever!" They were lying in the pack of a Jew hair-merchant to whom Lotta had sold them.

It had been somewhat of a struggle to make up her mind to part with them, but it was nothing like the struggle she had with the Hebrew to get the money she needed for them. Indeed, it had gone so far, that she was about to leave him, and return home unshorn—for, of course, it was useless to part with her hair unless she got all the sum she wanted—when the old rogue opened his heart, and gave what she asked, which was about half what he ought to have paid without a murmur.

Lotta had paid for Karl's substitute before she came home, or I daresay her father would have taken the money from her by force. He was like a madman for hours, raging about the house like a distracted whirlwind. His pride was terribly wounded, for he felt that the neighbors would

attribute the sale of Lotta's locks to his growing poverty.

Karl was scarcely less horrified than old Loibel, when he learnt the sacrifice Lotta had made. He vowed that he could not consent to purchase his freedom at such a price. All Bettelsheim would despise him. Even Lotta herself would, in her calmer moments, see that it was not possible for him to endure the thought of such a sacrifice. But Lotta would not admit it. He persisted. She took offence. He turned sulky. They quarrelled.

They had never had an angry word before. Each was heart-broken, but the breach was past repair now; for, immediately on leaving Lotta, Karl went and enlisted, and was marched out of Bettelsheim that same evening, without an opportunity of bidding his love farewell.

Years passed, and still the war went on. Lotta's locks grew again, but the old smile did not return. She was mourning secretly for her lover. Others sought her hand, but in vain. She refused all, to the intense anger of her father, who, finding his business lost, looked upon her as the means of retrieving his fortunes.

She led a miserable life now. Disappointment and poverty had soured her father. He was a relentless savage, and never gave her a moment's peace. A less constant nature would have given

way—would have resigned the old, hopeless passion, and purchased quiet at any sacrifice. But Lotta was as true as needle to the pole—she would die, but not surrender.

Meantime, the war went on, prices went up, and Loibel's luck went down. Matters grew worse and worse. One by one all his goods and chattels went. He had sold the inn within a year after the breaking out of the war. And now poverty stared him in the face. Nearer and nearer came the wolf to the door. Hopeless and more hopeless grew Lotta's life, and every day the old man grew more and more furious.

At last he proposed to Lotta that she should sell her hair again.

"You sold it for that jackanapes of a lover of yours—a pretty constant lover, forsooth, he has shown himself!—now sell it for your poor old father."

But Lotta resolutely refused. Nothing but ill luck had come of her doing so before, and she would not do it again.

The old man raved like a lunatic. He even struck her. But he could not conquer her determination. It needed the actual pressure of starvation to do that.

Yes, it came to starvation at last. The war made food scarce and dear, and famine stalked through the land. Lotta and her father were reduced to

such poor fare as a loaf of brown bread a week; and, at last they could not afford even that.

Hunger conquered. Lotta determined to sell her hair. It would bring them enough money to keep them for a while; and if, after all, there was no better prospect before them then, why a brazier of charcoal would end everything.

She could not afford to go to Flensbourg by rail now. She must trudge all the weary way on foot. She set out early in the morning, with a sad heart and a broken spirit. She scarcely heeded the news that a report had reached the town late on the previous night—a rumor that the war was at an end. What was the value of peace now? It was too late to save Lotta's locks!

As she passed through the city gates, she paused a moment, and, looking towards the distant spires of Flensbourg, sighed to think of the long journey before her. The spires of Flensbourg stood out clearly against the primrose sky of dawn. It was a beautiful morning, and the hour was so early that there was little to be heard save the song of the birds and the hum of insects. It was so quiet, she could hear in the distance the clatter of hoofs, where some early traveler was riding. The sound came from the road in front; and she could see the horseman descending the hill up which she would presently be climbing on her weary journey.

But it was no use to loiter or sigh, thought

Lotta, so she summoned up her courage, and set out.

Nearer and nearer came the clatter of hoofs; and, presently, Lotta saw that the rider was an officer.

But when the horseman came nearer, he checked his horse suddenly, and sprang to the ground.

"Lotta!" he cried.

"Karl!"

And in another instant they were in each other's arms.

Karl had found out his vocation. He had distinguished himself as a soldier. He volunteered for a storming-party, and was the first to set foot on the enemy's walls. From that moment, his rise was rapid. He was a colonel now; and, the war being over, had come back to claim his Lotta.

I need say no more, I think, except that, this time, the Jewish hair-merchant did not get a bargain, and that no one except Lotta herself can boast a chignon made of Lotta's locks!



### DON'T CROWD.

DON'T crowd! this world is large enough  
 For you as well as me;  
 The doors of art are open wide—  
 The realm of thought is free.  
 Of all earth's places, you are right  
 To choose the best you can,  
 Provided that you do not try  
 To crowd some other man.

What matter, though you scarce can count  
 Your piles of golden ore,  
 While he can hardly strive to keep  
 Gaunt famine from the door?  
 Of willing hands and honest hearts  
 Alone should men be proud!  
 Then give him all the room he needs,  
 And never try to crowd.

Don't crowd, proud Miss! your dainty silk  
 Will glisten none the less

Because it comes in contact with  
A beggar's tattered dress ;  
This lovely world was never made  
For you and me alone ;  
A pauper has a right to tread  
The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart  
By fostering all that's bad ;  
But give to every virtue room—  
The best that may be had ;  
Be each day's record such a one  
That you may well be proud ;  
Give each his right, give each his room,  
And never try to crowd.

