

AUTUMN HOURS.



THE END OF THE WORLD  
OR THE LAST DAYS

AUTUMN HOURS,

AND

FIRESIDE READING.

BY

MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

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## INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

LEST some one, with hard, critical brow, and eyes in which sympathy never found a home, should ask us why we make another book, let us think the matter over, and satisfy ourselves on that point. Taken unawares, we might be at a loss; for even where reasons are plenty as blackberries, they sometimes grow on very high branches, as our torn fingers and flounces at this moment testify. Rural surroundings make us saucy and independent, and we shall take advantage of the shelter of these beetling rocks, and the murmur of this wild river, to say forth boldly what we think of book-making. There is, at least, a Brown Thresher on the sumach over our heads that thinks as we do, for he pours forth his heart in good earnest, trusting Providence for listeners, or finding a justification in the impulse.

Books are, in general, what we make them. To some they are hardly more than a certain weight of paper and print, put together in a guise more or less attractive, and forming a genteel article of furniture. Others, though they go deeper, meet them always with a demurrer, and never open their covers without being inspired with some disparaging thought, or some

destructive criticism. To such, the representative of another's thoughts and feelings always wears the aspect of an antagonist. 'Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?' asks one of the retainers of a belligerent house, the moment he meets any body not wearing his colors. 'I do bite my thumb, sir,' is the reply, and this is sufficient excuse for a fight. Disputatious people will seize still slighter occasions, and deal black eyes and cracked crowns, like wild Irishmen, 'for the pleasure of it.' Preserve us and our pages from such attentions! We know several persons who have reared, and who sustain, formidable literary pretensions, upon no better foundation than a habit of ridiculing and abusing every book they open. Simple hearers think there must be knowledge where there is so much confidence, and measure the speaker's judgment by his self-complacency; so the fault-finders pass for critics. But, in truth, 'we receive but what we give,' in this as in many other cases. A mathematical treatise requires a prepared reader; so does the most unpretending volume, aiming at no higher destiny than the innocent amusement of a listless hour. On our moods must depend very much the value of any book to us, and of the lighter books most of all. There are moments when this bird's song would be, to the ear that now drinks it in with delight, a mere 'iteration,' to which disgust might apply the harshest adjective. Yonder woody height, with its studs of rock and its thick curtains of evergreen, is to the farmer an image of impertinent hindrance. It keeps the sunrise off his chilly corn-fields two or three hours; it harbors his stray cattle in unapproachable fastnesses; and is, in every way, and for every purpose but the mere article of firewood, a very eye-sore to him. Yet there sits a painter, sketching it with delight; enriching his

portfolio with studies of single stones among its thousands, and thinking himself happy when he can seize the character of one of its mosses. Nature neither placed it there to please the artist, nor will remove it to gratify the farmer. It is for those who can use it, and pursues not those who cannot.

The multiplicity of books is not surprising. There needs many to suit all; and it is this that humble writers think of, if they think of the matter at all, when they venture to call attention and ask sympathy for their private thoughts. *Somebody* may be ready to listen, to be cheered; even, perhaps, to be a little instructed, sometimes, by another's fancies, or reflections, or experience. The pleasure of being listened to, is very great. There is even a necessity in the human mind to communicate. The silent cell is ever the home of horror, distrust and despair. It is the greatest of human misfortunes to be precluded from speaking; even to be hindered speaking out thoughts of a particular class, has been thought, at no remote period, cause enough of war to the knife, and the risk of all else that man holds dearest. Speech, with reason or without reason, in season and out of season, is one of the necessities; and personal intercourse being limited in a thousand ways, there must be other means of transporting thought. Books, then, become spiritual telegraphs; they annoy none that let them alone; they answer some of the dearest needs of those that use them. If conversation could be universal, there would be less writing; yet there would always be some, for ears weary sooner than eyes. When friends live together, their letter-cases need not be roomy, and posterity asks in vain for their 'correspondence.' They have had it, be sure; else they had been no friends. Now, books are the correspondence of

friends that have never seen each other. They conquer the limitations of human intercourse, and unite those, who, if personally present with each other, might never really and effectively meet.

For how hard it is to pierce or to surmount that semi-transparent wall of personality, which can only be sapped by long and intimate intercourse, and never thrown down even by that! What is it that keeps us apart, when each would fain meet the other? Here, in these delicious shades where we are writing, with earth, air, and sky preaching love and harmony, numbers of human beings, every one more or less alive to the beauties of scenery and the softening influence of agreeable circumstances, pass each other, daily and hourly, with scarce a look or word of recognition; though there is nothing but good will, or, at worst, indifference, among them. But if by chance there be one among them who has spoken to the world through a book, that one is felt as an acquaintance; the mind-portrait having had a wide circulation, no introduction seems needed. Here, then, is an excuse for books—one of many.

Then look at the groups and solitary walkers, scattered through these grounds; in the park, among the rocks by the stream, under the shadow of yon weeping elm, and on every sofa and lounge in the great house. A book is in the hand or the pocket of each, unless, indeed, as sometimes will happen, the reader has been lulled by the silent friend into the most benign of slumbers, and has let the volume fall. Happy authors! to conduce to so much amusement—to such sweet repose! Who would not make books!

Tourists are proverbial for book-making, and certain critics seem to feel annoyed by the propensity; yet how natural is it!

'To travel and not tell,' is superhuman. Now, to recite the thing, with all its particulars, its episodes, its *contretemps*, its raptures, separately, again and again, to each of your friends—it would take the forty mouths of a Hindoo idol. Some attempt this, indeed, but their friends learn to avoid them. If we have been present at a railroad catastrophe, we may tell it once, or even twice, perhaps; but if once we succumb to the temptation to make it our *cheval de bataille*, we shall easily forget which friend we have displayed it to, and buttons will be left in our hands without scruple, the moment we begin. Now, telling the thing in print is quite safe, and can offend no one, intrude on no business hours, be to no one a twice-told tale. So our mind is relieved at small cost.

Surely those travellers who have nothing to tell are provoking, if not stupid. There are some who will make the most charming tour, be present at the most exciting show, boast of the most delightful visits, yet never let a single particular escape their lips, for the benefit of anxious and questioning stayers at home. They have seen all, enjoyed all, and they are content. An effort of recollection would cost them something, and they do not care enough for your pleasure to make it. These are the very people to inveigh against the tourist's book-making. Let us revenge ourselves by saying, that their imagination has not strength of wing enough to follow the adventures of another, or even power to draw pictures from experience that shall interpret those of others. They are like that round, shorn, selfish-looking sun in a fog, that has light and warmth enough, but communicates as little as it can, and stares stolidly upon us, without putting down a single ladder of rays

to help our imaginations. Give us the most garrulous tourist rather.

Some stupid people have called books unsocial; they are the greatest of all promoters of sociability. Besides the more obvious use of interchanging, discussing, praising and abusing them, they furnish a circulating medium of ideas, which, though kept in mind-purses, and not carried about openly, really keep society together, too ready at all times to fall apart through misunderstanding. Ordinary, blundering talk expresses our best thoughts but ill, and gives us an insufficient, and often a mistaken notion of each other's powers; but when an author, with a certain air of professional knowingness, says what we have been dimly thinking, we are as much relieved and benefitted as when an accredited M. D. steps in and gravely prescribes the very thing we are doing for our friend. How many conversations has 'the last number of Bleak House' opened! How naturally we test and measure the congeniality or the ability of our acquaintance, by ascertaining their opinion of particular characters! A young lady of our friends says she never makes up a judgment of any body till she has found out whether he 'understands Thackeray.' Now, what a pleasant office is this of general mediator. Let us rejoice that authors are so numerous, instead of grumbling at the creaking of our shelves. In this short life, a short-cut to sympathy is certainly very desirable, and books are the general revealers.

They reveal us to ourselves as often as to each other. Mirrors they often are to our faults and foibles; mirrors, too, to our nobler selves, less rarely than our modesty may suppose disguised to us by accidental circumstances, such as want of success, association with ungenerous or harsh people, or a lack

of high animal spirits, that almost greatest of earthly blessings. Anderson's story of the Ugly Duck, who, accidentally looking at himself in a pond, discovers that he is no duck, but a swan, illustrates this inimitably. Diffident people draw much comfort from books; the more they shrink from free intercourse with their kind, the more lifted up are they by unexpectedly confronting themselves in a good, i. e., an ideal light. 'As a man thinketh, so is he;' but we do not always recognize the value of our own thoughts till we meet them among strangers, and in holiday clothes. A daughter or sister is sometimes not discovered to be a beauty, until, by some chance, she is drest for company, and seen with others of greater pretension; then how our respect for her increases!

What flashes come to us from books, sometimes; flashes that seem meant for us alone, since others do not always perceive them; yet they light up all that will burn within us. We take up a book with very little expectation; somebody has told us it is dull, perhaps; and there, waiting for us, is just the inspiration, or the warning, or the medicine we have been wanting. Strange power this, of mind over mind; that thoughts that have lain in another's brain or heart, like strangers, so little kindred had they with those around them, shall come into mine with a mission of health and love, proving the best kind of relationship. When we speak, then, of 'suggestive' books, we say something for the writer and something for ourselves. A tiny spark may cause the explosion of a magazine and shake the earth, but the *powder must be dry!*

At different times of life we want different books, and to prescribe long *goody* essays to young people is useless, let our tyros be ever so docile. They *can't* read such things, or, if

they can, it is a bad sign, and bespeaks ill health of body or mind. Shall we, then, give them boundless range through the fields of fiction? The other extreme. We should cut a path for them with our own hands, and be sure that it be full of beauty and variety. Drilling enough there is, or should be, at school; mental gymnastics in plenty for the strengthening of the intellectual muscles; repose and amusement have their claims, too, and are too apt to be forgotten. Most people, in their training of the young, treat Nature as if she were an idiot, capable only of unintelligible mutterings, not worth attention. But in this way we may make drones or hypocrites of all but the finest and highest spirits. Books that will excite curiosity are among the best; leading books, that make the reader 'ask for more.'

Further on in life, we like speculative and didactic books, interspersed among the poetical and imaginative. We have begun to question ourselves and others, and to be anxious about this wondrous being, and its duty and destiny, its meaning and end. Yet, even now, we prefer books that help, to those that seem to satisfy. We are more interested in a companion than in a master. This is the season of theory-building, and we make our fabric partly, but only partly, from other people's materials. There is sometimes a passion for one particular book or class of books, but, in general, we crave a variety, out of which to pick almost exclusively one kind of interest or amusement. At another period, the same book will, curiously, afford us a new vein, such as we happen to be searching for just then.

Later still, we love to read discussions of points, which our own practice has long ago settled for us, and warnings which

we mentally apply, with a good deal of zeal, to other people. The imagination being somewhat dulled, we preach, very conscientiously, the superior value of reality, (as if imagination were not reality!) and lament over the 'waste of time' of those who are still able to enjoy its delights. Fiction we inveigh against; not because it has ever led us astray, but because it may mislead others, or we have heard of its doing so. This being led by isolated facts to forget universal principles, is the cause of a great deal of quackery in literature and morals. Things are to be judged hurtful, not simply because they have hurt some people, but because they are hurtful in their nature. Invalids look solemn when they see others eating pine-apples; tolerably well people, even, will tell you that strawberries are poison; but are they so? It is often said that nobody is perfectly well, and it is equally correct to assert that no one is wholly sane in mind; care, therefore, is always necessary, in selecting food for both body and mind. But it is not dangerous to set a stout boy down to a good dinner in all its variety; neither do we believe it so to turn young minds 'loose in a good library.' In both cases, tastes and instincts may be trusted. Only let the dinner and the library be both really good.

We want different reading for the various times of day;—in the morning the bracing, in the afternoon the discursive, in the evening the social, the harmonizing, or, if possible, the amusing. But there is no reading, now, purely amusing. With everything that professes to be so, we must take a dose of preventive, as poor little martyr children of 'careful' mothers cannot have fruit until they have first swallowed lime-water. The evening hours should not be spent laboriously, but

pleasantly, if we would 'live long and see good days.' One of the good novels or brilliant essays of the present day, read aloud to the family circle, after tea, is more potent than champagne in dispersing the day's cares or vexations. The sore or weary track left in the mind by toil and trouble, is more effectually effaced by a bright, cheerful book, than by any more noisy or showy expedient. Happy those who have discovered this!

The times of year, too, ask their various tones of reading. The book for January suits not well with the dog-days; the tender green of Spring harmonizes with one set of thoughts and studies; the mellow coloring of Autumn with another. There are, indeed, books for all seasons; a few written with such a universality of sympathy and fitness, that in joy or sorrow, at morning or evening, in summer or winter, we never open them without finding, by a sort of miracle—for is not genius a perpetual miracle?—something exactly suited to our wants. Putting aside the Book of books, as out of all question, this remark applies especially to Shakspeare; but there are also, at whatever distance, other writers that never come amiss. In general, however, we have our times of year for different classes of books, and sometimes, when we are fastidious and whimsical, feel that there are none too many.

Considering, then, the wondrous applicability of books to the needs and notions of us all, and the welcome which the right ones are sure to receive, it is not to be wondered at that some of us love to write them. Especially does the writer who has already found favor count upon an intimate and kindly reception. The old-fashioned expression, 'Dear Reader,' has its propriety. Readers seem like old friends when we have been able to interest them. Affection depends more on the heart and

mind than on the eyes, and those who sympathize with us in thought and feeling soon become dear. We talk of 'favorite authors;' authors have favorite readers, too; those who are willing to be pleased!

But, to 'leave face-making and begin,'—let us not be thought fanciful in offering our new book for the amusement of those cool, delicious hours that relieve the summer exhaustion, and incline the mind to quiet reading.

The names of such books are nothing more than a sort of poetic shadowing forth of their contents. If one writes a novel or an essay, a satire or a poem, its title may be a direct and natural growth of the subject or intent; and even for a miscellaneous gathering, grave and gay, it used to be distinctive enough to call it such. Yet there has always been confessed some difficulty about the naming of books, and the world has been subject to periodical whims with regard to it. We all know the quaint and absurd titles that have been given, not only to fanciful and poetic tomes, but to the most solemn, warning, and exhorting works. For ourselves, being imperatively called upon to find an appellation for this third miscellany of ours, (publishers are very tyrants in these matters!) we thought it not worth while to puzzle over the nice adaptation of a name, but best to take the first comprehensive or vague one that came obedient to our call, and trust to justifying it in one way if we could not in all. In this, as in other respects, we trust much to the indulgence of readers who have already shown themselves kindly willing to be pleased.

ISLAND HOUSE, *Bellows Falls, Vermont,*  
Aug. 1, 1853.

### SUMMERING.

THE season of returning to town is apt to be the time when we ask ourselves why we ever go away. Home looks so delightful after absence ; the joyous faces of meeting friends so cheer our hearts, and lift our spirits above the influence of fatigue and care, that we sometimes think it has been foolish to leave all these pleasant things, to wander over the face of the earth, to lie in strange beds, to toss on uneasy seas, to endure the company of strangers, to renounce one's favorite employments, and, above all, to relinquish the society of those whose society is the chief pleasure of life to us. Very wise people reproach us with all this ; they say, what we cannot deny, that we should have been much more *comfortable* at home ; that our own houses are more comfortable than hotels, our own beds than steamboat berths, our own dinners than any that we shall find elsewhere. These sensible remarks make us quite ashamed of our wanderings, perhaps. Comfort is so much the business of life with most of us, that we are quite sensitive to the reproach of having mistaken the way to it. The reasons for going are less obvious than the reasons for staying, and the joy of returning makes us feel them with peculiar force.

But do we remember that this joy of reunion and return is



purchased by the absence and the journey, with all their trials and inconveniences, and could not have been felt without them? Iteration wears out even our best pleasures; emotions are not to be summoned at will; the home that we have never left is not the home that beams upon us after a temporary renunciation. Love our friends as we may, we love them better after we have lost sight of them for a while. Our employments tire, even in proportion to the ardor with which we pursue them, and their zest is only renewable on condition of some intervals of complete repose or change of object. So that for the mere purchase of intenser pleasure, it is worth while to refrain for a time; but there are stronger reasons for summer jaunting.

Supposing that our life has only a certain fixed amount of power, and that both happiness and duty command us to make the most of this power for the work that is given us to do, seasons of complete change and relaxation, even of new fatigue and voluntary privation, in unaccustomed directions, must be advantageous to our bodily and mental condition, since aching heads, and pinched and anxious hearts, often admonish us that too long perseverance in a single track is not congenial to so varied a nature as ours. Even the unbroken enjoyment of home luxuries and ease, is conducive to anything but strength, either of character or muscles. City life, especially, is notoriously unfavorable to vigorous and enduring health; its excitements tend, more through their ceaselessness than their intensity, perhaps, to insanity and premature decay, or sudden failure of the energies of nature. We are not of those who believe city life to be necessarily unwholesome. It would be so to animals, doubtless; but man's bodily condition depends so much upon ample and judicious exercise of his mental and

moral faculties, that some of the disadvantages of too close contact with others, and of employments more sedentary than those which are favorable to perfect health, are probably counteracted by the more wholesome uses he may make of brain and heart, when surrounded by fellow beings, than when in comparative solitude. Such a country life as we can imagine, might, indeed, unite all advantages; but we are talking of the actual, and not of the ideal.

Perhaps the best way of making the most of life, is that which is practised by so many of our citizens—living in the full town and partaking of all its intellectual excitements and means of culture, its cheering social amusements, its varied human interests and religious instruction, for the colder part of the year, while the fireside is so cosy and delightful; and in the summer learning a new chapter of life, finding out a new set of powers, associating with a new round and variety of character, discovering the ideas of other people on subjects on which we might suppose there could be but one way of thinking, and, in short, making ourselves as much new creatures as possible, with a continual reserve of our old habits and a constant tendency and desire to return to them. To say nothing of the wholesomeness of fresh air and hardy exercise—the last a theme hardly to be mentioned to ears polite, in a country where it is not fashionable to be strong—this way of parcelling out life is certainly defensible, to say the least. One thing is certain, that those who have most thoroughly and rationally practised it are best prepared to defend it.

The question as to how and where the summer is to be spent, is quite another one. To some, the plain farm-house, with the early voices of birds, and the humbler noise of the farm-yard,

new milk for the children, tumbling in hay-mows and riding without saddle for stout boys, and a thousand pretty country sports for little girls; long walks, and rides, and fishing excursions for the elder, and shaded seats at noon, and pleasant windows at sunset for all, afford the needful change. To others, the sea-shore, with its variety and its sameness, its refreshing surf and its moonlight beach, is more congenial, and braces the limbs and spirits better. Others long for the excitement of watering-places to balance the excitement of the city, as he whose hands have become shaky with brandy must have his coffee very strong to steady his nerves. Others, again, dream of the novelties and wonders of foreign lands, and seek the verification of their idea at the expense of a long sea voyage, and the encounter of strange people and strange tongues. All this while, the wise shake their heads, and congratulate themselves upon being comfortable at home.

The money that is expended in this summer change, is a prominent objection with most of those who condemn it. They speak as if they, or any of us, lived by the law of necessity, and never spent anything that could possibly be avoided. But, in truth, this is so far from being the case, that these very comfortable people will perhaps spend in the course of the year on extra luxuries for the table, extra expenses in dress, or extra indulgence of some sort, what would pay for the summer recreation twice over. It is simply a question of spending money in one way or the other for pleasure and advantage. Perhaps the home luxuries are as injurious as the jaunt would be beneficial; that is our opinion, but it is not the opinion of every one.

Some years ago, it was rather unusual for people of moderate

means to travel in summer. Most of our citizens contented themselves with short trips, or, perhaps, a few weeks' boarding in the country. But this was when our cities were smaller, our modes of life less unnatural and exhausting, our social ambition less pungent, perhaps our physiological ideas less rational. With great opportunities for acquiring wealth, came great anxiety to acquire it, and with this anxiety, and the success consequent upon it, perhaps, much disease, suffering, and premature decay. The wealthy were advised to travel, and soon found reason to be glad they had done so; and their example has encouraged others, who, though not wealthy, are suffering, to resort to the same remedy, instead of retiring into a sick room and tiring the patience of the dyspepsia doctors.

But shall we all wait until we have a claim to be ranked among the suffering? Does worldly wisdom counsel that? If travelling cures, will it not also have a tendency to prevent disease? Many are beginning to think so; and when they find themselves wearied and overdone, do not sit down till disease has crept over them unawares, but ward it off by refraining from the toil that had threatened to produce it. It used to be quite a proverb with the English and French, that all Americans who came to see them were ill. The remark is no longer appropriate; travelling abroad is no longer confined to the rich and the sick. Health may be still a principal object with many, but it is future health of mind as well as body. Instruction, too, comes in as a leading motive; not instruction in the fashions, but in whatever the study of ages has been able to bring to perfection.

It is a humane impulse, and it has a humanizing effect, to go out among our kind; to see other phases of character, other

modes of life, the result of other habits. It makes the heart softer and more affectionate, to discover the good qualities hidden under uncouth or even fashionable manners; to become accustomed to the peculiarities of others, and learn how 'use lessons marvel,' and disgust, also. To go from home attacks our imperious habits, and makes inroads upon our extravagant appreciation of personal comforts. To teach humility, there is nothing like it; for what can be more exquisitely contrary to our usual convictions, than the discovery how many nobodies there are in the world of as much consequence as ourselves? In travelling, every grand, personal claim is brought down to the vulgar test of money. Let us try to make our dignity, or our family, or our reputation, serve us, instead of a full purse, at any hotel; our own cook-maid may take precedence of us, if she choose to spend her savings while we attempt to spare ours. Few will even criticize her manners, if her silks be rich enough. *Our* threadbare gentility will need not only vouchers but endorsers, if the pockets be not well lined. This thought is good for us, though not pleasant. We take it like medicine, but it cures without faith. We must pay in hard cash for every extra grain of importance we indulge in. Among friends and inferiors, assumption does a good deal; but when we are away from home it is instantly tested, assayed, as it were; not like gold, but by gold. Now, from a little experience of this kind pride shrinks like a mimosa. We dare not say it

Folds up its tents, like the Arabs,  
And silently steals away;—

but it falls back, at least, and bides its time. The world is far from being one grand, general, Mutual Admiration Society. The

eyes and manners of strangers tell us many new and some unpalatable truths, such as the tongue dares not utter; but being truths, that which is true within us runs to meet and greet them, spite of our anger and disdain. Perhaps we thought our turned silk looked as well as ever, until we saw it mirrored in Mrs. Grundy's eyes; but ours are instantly opened under the influence of hers. We fancied our son a fine, genteel-looking young man, until Miss Biggs and Miss Prim gave him the cold shoulder on the approach of moustached and eye-glassed Mr. Cackle. Then we fell to comparisons, and for comparisons there must be judgment, and for judgment, when we are not going to tell any body the result, sincerity; and so we get to the reality of things, and all our pleasant little delusions fly away, and leave what may not look so pretty at first, but is, after all, much more wholesome and more dignified. To be obliged to content ourselves with our real claims is a great gain, and it is bought by travel.

We can hardly be said, now-a-days, to obtain much real information by travel. Panoramas and books have changed all that—the former, especially. When one of those three mile pictures is burnt up, we may reasonably suspect the railroad and steamboat people of the incendiarism. One cannot but know beforehand just how every place under the sun is going to look. Whoever has seen Sattler's cosmoramas, has looked out of the window at the scenes they represent, as long as he liked. When we saw Quebec for the first time, it seemed as if we had been gazing at it last week, so perfect was the transcript in a great panorama not long since exhibited. The very vessels anchored in the river were identical, and had never moved. Niagara is as well known to the shop-boys of New

York, as to the most conscientious tourist. Still we go, and feel that we have learned something; and we are right; but it is not something that can be written down or pictured, anywhere but in the individual mind. So much of the mountain or the cataract as becomes a part of us and of our being, is an inestimable gain; nought else of all the costly accomplishment of travel.

This is why travelled people are radically different from others. And the fact that people who are always travelling are good for nothing, does not conflict with our statement, but rather confirms it, for they fail in the very point we have specified. They furnish their minds with little else than a daguerreotype or a panorama, destitute of the intelligent commentary that alone makes such a show valuable. People who are restlessly racing the world over, year after year, come at length to be emptied of all but the driest facts, without one grace of imagination or combination. What they have seen has given them just enough pleasure or knowledge to make all that is present insipid; and as to affections, the insatiable traveller must systematically dry them up, in self-defense. Old Weller, who had "thirty mile of chambermaids" in love with him, and only laughed coolly in his sleeve at all of them, was not to be blamed, for how could he return their affection?

The moon looks  
On many brooks,  
The brook can see no moon but this.

And a game so unequal must soon end.

So the love of travelling must have its limits. It is a passion in some; as much so as ambition or pity, and, like them,

requires reasonable bounds. The moment we find ourselves uneasy at home, we should cease to travel, and sedulously cultivate home interests; engage more earnestly in social life, and, as far as possible, make ourselves necessary to the people among whom it is our duty to live. For what state is so terrible as isolation? And isolation of mind is worse than all. The heart must starve and dwindle when it loses the relish for its natural food.

Travel, rightly used, makes us happier and more useful at home. Freshened eyes give a happy shine to whatever they look upon, and renewed good humor brightens not only our own faces but the faces of others to us. Stagnation is the enemy of cheerfulness. The black pool would run dancing and laughing in the sun, if it had a proper outlet. When things do not go right with us, it is half the time owing to a lack of animal spirits; and much of our discontent with others has the same source. Let any thing occur to set the blood leaping through the veins, even something not particularly pleasurable, and a thousand petty vexations and gloomy thoughts fly off, we know not whither, showing that they had only a phantom-life; for the mind from the smallest materials forms images according to its own nature or condition. Sir Walter Scott, looking up from a Life of Byron which had absorbed him for some time, saw Byron himself standing at no great distance, every lineament perfect; but when Scott had walked but a few steps, the figure of his brother poet resolved itself into a few shawls and plaids, that had been hanging in the hall, day after day, unnoticed. So we have only to quit the occupation that has fatigued the mind, and just stir the blood into a healthful flow, to let daylight in upon the gloomiest megrims, and discover that Providence has no particular spite against us, but

offers us much more of happiness and comfort than we choose to accept. But when this great object is accomplished, let us sit down again, and remember that direct self-cultivation is by no means the sole or the highest object of life.

The effect of grand scenery upon the mind is very decided, and can hardly fail to tend towards good. There may be as many wonders in a midge's wing as in Mont Blanc or the Mammoth Cave; but they are not wonders that affect the mind in the same direction. Providence has so ordered it that the objects most important to the great human family and most accordant with our nature, are those which ask us aid of science for their enjoyment and appreciation. There is probably no rational being who is wholly unaffected by the grandeur of mountains, the waving and the shadow of primeval woods, the thunder of the mighty cataract. However dull and ignorant the brain, the blood will thrill and the nerves shake at these manifestations of Supreme power. Witness the deification of natural objects in the early days of the world—a form given to thoughts and feelings which could find no vent or explanation but worship. And worship is now the impulse, but with the dignity and sanction of knowledge, which transfers the heart's instinctive language from the most sublime of created objects to Him who made them all, and who, from immeasurable distance, inspires them with the charm which no human heart can wholly resist.

But who can measure how greatly cultivation enhances the power of these feelings—not only direct but general cultivation; an acquaintance and familiarity, not only with the objects themselves, but with what genius has said and shown of them. Every real advance, intellectual or moral, tells on our power of

admiration; the loss or lessening of this power is one of the surest signs of general deterioration. The *nil admirari*, which some would-be fashionables affect, is an emulation towards the owl and the tortoise. The habit of admiring is one of the noblest; it is next to the habit of loving. Ignorance and envy are its opposites; and the mind and heart may be so corrupted by these as to resist the feelings of admiration, even when merely inanimate objects are concerned. But the greatest souls that have ever lived have owned the influences of natural scenery most fully. Next to human interest, the poet and the artist find their best inspiration in wild, sublime Nature. Even the most verbose descriptions and the poorest paintings of natural scenery show its power over the imagination; for in no other direction are men so apt to attempt the impossible, and to fancy they have succeeded because memory supplied to themselves all that their skill has been unequal to impart to others.

Let not, then, the impulse to summer travel be classed among fashionable follies. It may be turned to poor account, indeed, as witness the unsavory crowds, the steamy lights, the unwholesome habits of too many of the retreats alternately made 'fashionable' or 'vulgar' by the caprices of a few of the bolder leaders of ton. If there be hundreds willing, rather than be omitted from the list of notables, to swelter amid inconveniences that they would not tolerate at a friend's house, there are thousands who roam during the hot months among the mountains and lakes of their own country, or try the fresh breezes of ocean and the wonders of foreign lands, from pure love of nature and improvement; who love the freshness of the summer morning, the forest shade at noon, the moonlit walk, the exciting ascent of woody mountains, the roar of cataracts; not because

fashion has stamped them for the present, but because, from the beginning, the Author of all good has placed between these objects and the mind of man a sympathy and affinity, the result of which is proof enough that it is His work and enjoys His sanction and reward.

### SEARCH AFTER PLEASURE.

"The power of human mind had its growth in the wilderness; much more must the love and the conception of that Beauty whose every line and hue is, at the best, a faded image of God's daily work and an attested ray of some star of creation, be given chiefly in the places which He has gladdened by planting there the fir-tree and the pine. Not within the walls of Florence, but among the far-away fields of her lilies, was the child trained who was to raise the headstone of Beauty above the towers of watch and war."

RUSKIN

THERE are some people in the world, who, though not averse to some of the aspects of fashionable life, yet dislike watering places. To seek change by going where the whole dull round of the winter is repeated—ruminated, as it were; to seek rural beauty where nature is put in stocks and stays, and trodden down and travestied in every possible way; to seek retirement where the crowd is more selfish and more encroaching even than in town—seems to them as absurd as odious.

These originals—these contemners of an authority from which there is no appeal, none the less confess a love of pleasure. They do not claim to be above the need of relaxation—satisfied with variety in duty—living martyrs to the serious and the sad in life. They have their own simple and odd way of seeking amusement; a way so odd and so obscure that we have fancied

a little sketch of it might possess for the fashionable world something of the zest of novelty ; it is so natural for those who live in a whirl of excitement to fancy that nobody can of choice live out of it. Perhaps it will seem not life exactly, but only existence.

True fashionable life is, however, but partially naturalized on our fresh American soil, and in our unworn American hearts. In spite of our efforts to appear as if we were born to it, many an inward whisper of demur writes itself upon our faces ; many an awkward non-compliance shames our consistency, while it does honor to our sincerity and humanity. Nature, nursed by the mere shadow of our forests and the breath of our virgin soil, is too strong for us. We have not yet been successfully schooled into heartlessness. Love, and Charity, and Sympathy, still yearn within us, though they are repudiated by Fashion, who insists upon undivided sway. So those who would plead for simple people and simple pleasures may yet hope a hearing.

Whether fifty years or five before the time at which we write, it matters not—for we treat of things with which exact chronology has nothing to do—a circle of friends and neighbors, living in and near a town used in summer as a watering-place, resolved for once to avoid the tedious pleasures and lonely bustle which the long days always brought about their homes, by retreating to an undiscovered, or, at least, uncelebrated nook, where nature had as yet leave to make what faces she liked, and where no impertinent blunder of art had attempted to improve her *tournure*. It seemed a somewhat rash experiment, this ;

for the selection of members of such a party, not being made by secret ballot, could not be wholly candid and exclusive. It was by no means certain that six weeks' of summer *abandon* would not prove too much for the philosophy of some ; and that near and constant intercourse, under circumstances of less than home-convenience, might not end in unhappy revelations as to the temper of others. But the experiment was worth trying, especially as it was of too quiet and humble a kind to excite invidious remark.

Then the thing had no unpleasant trammels about it. There were no inclosing mountains about this "happy valley," forbidding egress to those who were tired of happiness. There was even no fixed time for rustication ; nor were friends from without prohibited from joining the party for a longer or shorter period, in case the taste for rurality should spread. Whatever liberty can do for constancy was provided for, and the most prudent examination of the materials of the mass discovered no dangerous elements. There was not even too much friendship,—as might easily be, since friendship is at least as sensitive and jealous as love. No sentiment beyond kind neighborly feeling, and the esteem which intelligent habitual intercourse engenders, had prompted the choice of companionship ; the affinities were all of the most harmless kind. Love was almost out of the question, as will be seen when we have introduced our coterie of seceders.

Speaking naturally, we begin with Miss Ingoldsby, because her image rises first to our thoughts. She was one of those women who are more lovely at five and twenty than at sixteen, because their beauty lies largely in the expression of soul. There was a wonderful depth of harmony in this young lady's

face, that made one forget to notice the rich coloring of her complexion, and the corresponding and heightening darkness of eyes and hair which served as shadow to those velvet roses. Tall, quiet, and perhaps a little stately—

Her eyes alone smiled constantly; her lips had serious sweetness,  
And her front was calm—the dimple rarely rippled on her cheek.

You could think of her only as unique; you never thought of likening her to any one else. Yet none had less the air of pretension, or even consciousness. She was always occupied, and, whether with mind or fingers, never with self. Elegant tastes she had, but they were for simple things—things whose charm or value depends not at all on exclusive possession. She talked well, but not with intention; or if with intention, only so for the sake of others' pleasure or advantage; never merely to shine, or to make some chance scrap of knowledge tell, or to frame in some poetical quotation. Cultivation made Miss Ingoldsby only more natural, for she had learned above all things how hateful is affectation; and indeed she had always had small temptation that way, being inevitably charming, and living surrounded by eyes that assured her she was all they desired. There is no telling how much ruinous affectation and unlovely effort we might save if we yielded admiration and love more generously. It is deprecation or defiance of expected criticism that causes half the paltry airs that spoil society. Her father was with her, and she was his earthly all; no wonder she walked with an unconscious queenliness, for what gives such grace and tender dignity to the manners as the sense of being wholly loved? Would-be people felt her air to be a little reserved—the ill-natured among them said haughty; but if so, it

was only in self-defence. Refinement cannot always wholly disguise its suffering, and vulgarity bitterly resents the slightest manifestation of distaste or weariness. But Miss Ingoldsby was as generally liked as so admirable a woman could be, and the love of her friends was a kind of quiet enthusiasm, which did not flow out into the praise which stimulates envy. When the summer-fitting was planned, the first thought was whether Mr. and Miss Ingoldsby would be disposed to try it.

Mrs. Marston, and her son,—an overgrown boy of sixteen, a college sophomore, who fancied that study had injured his health,—are to be counted next; Mrs. Marston, staid, reasonable, well-read, well-principled; the youth one just calculated to keep such a mother's heart in a continual flutter. These were near neighbors of the Ingoldsbys at home, and the families had an habitual liking for each other; traditional, indeed, for their forefathers had inhabited the very same spots, and left many vestiges of their old neighborliness during the troublous days of the Revolution. So they were well past the critical stage, and took each other for granted very kindly—a state of things favorable to harmonious companionship, even where there is no great mental or spiritual affinity. After these we come to Mr. Berry, a bachelor, one of the soberest; but so full of thought, and feeling, and poetry, and all romantic lore, that no one cared to inquire his age, which might have troubled him, for, though something of a philosopher, he was human and unmarried. His worst fault was a disposition to moralize, (some said dogmatize); unless we consider as such his propensity to quote poetry, of which ample proof will be found hereafter. This habit proved infectious, too, or else the natural influence of woods and fields waked up the latent fires of others



of the party, so that they took to citing verses hugely, doubtless to the secret scorn of those who respect only the tangible, or who have not the blessing (?) of good memory. Miss Berry, his sister, was a good deal younger, but seemed to have found time for nearly as much reading. She was shy and timid, however, and brought out what she had to say with a manner at once hesitating and abrupt. To those who knew her worth, like these friends and neighbors, she was a delightful companion, and the party would hardly have missed any body more, always excepting Miss Ingoldsby.

Will any body be kind enough to inform us what is the origin of the expression — *a grass-widow*?

In vain have we sought a plausible etymology for this strange phrase, which yet seems fully naturalized among us, and which has so usurped the function of defining a certain position, that we know not how or where to find a substitute. It designates a lady who is separated from her husband, not exactly by divorce, but by circumstances which mutual affection is not quite powerful enough to surmount. We have known a gentleman to go to Europe for his health, intending to be absent a summer or so, and there remain five years, frequently appointing a time for his return. On the other hand, ladies have been so fascinated by Italy, that they have continued to reside there, leaving husband to make himself comfortable at hotels and boarding-houses at home. For the honor of human nature, be it observed that these things seldom occur where there are children in the case.

Mrs. Whipple was called, in her neighborhood and at the watering-places which she was fond of frequenting, a 'grass-widow,' and we must let the title stand for the position in which

she lived, not knowing how to replace it by a better. A deserted wife she was not, exactly, since she was as little disposed to live with her husband as he could possibly be to seek her society; and they were on excellent terms, corresponding with great regularity. Scandal had never breathed upon Mrs. Whipple's good name; her behavior was unexceptionable; she never flirted; she was no babbler, nor did she often make mischief. She dressed with all her might and all her means; she never missed a party of pleasure, or neglected the opportunity for a visit; she chaperoned young ladies and advised young gentlemen; she knit stockings for the poor and embroidered slippers and smoking-caps for the rich; she was an indefatigable church-goer, and played a capital game of whist; was an adept in social etiquette, and an eloquent declaimer against the follies and heartlessness of fashionable society. Like that ingenious little figure, which, roll it where you will, has so many and such even sides that it always stands firm, Mrs. Whipple was invariably "all right" with regard to those around her. Serious with the serious, she never interfered with the whims of the gay. Not being inconveniently interested in any body in particular, she was able to make herself agreeable to all, maintaining a friendly neutrality which interfered with no one's private likings or dislikings. We need not fill up this outline of Mrs. Whipple's character, for all our readers have doubtless seen a Mrs. Whipple.

Some people said she had one fault—that she was an unblushing flatterer; but this was when she flattered somebody else. The subjects of her praise seldom complained. We have this lady to add to our *coterie*, not, perhaps, because she fell into it naturally, but because she was the guest of one of the members.

Why she accepted an invitation uncongenial with her habits, we can only guess. Boundless curiosity was one of her characteristics, and perhaps the novelty of the plan tempted her. Or she might have desired to see how what she called "sensible" people—a term which from her lips had always the suspicion of a sneer—would endure a summer of rural seclusion. There is nothing of which the world is more incredulous than professions of distaste for what it loves best, especially when this distaste refers to no special enthusiasm.

We are saved the necessity of sketching Mr. Aldis, the nephew of Miss Berry and her brother, by a "Character" of Tennyson's. If Charles Aldis had sat to the poet, the likeness could have been no more life-like.

He spake of beauty : that the dull  
Saw no divinity in grass,  
Life in dead stones or spirit in air :  
Then looking as it were in a glass,  
He smoothed his chin and sleeked his hair  
And said the earth was beautiful.

And so on.

This gentleman—a specimen of a certain sickly and inert cultivation not uncommon among us—was accompanied by his sister, much like him in fact, but seeming something stronger, because we do not pay her sex the compliment of expecting so much from it. A man's faults sometimes pass for almost graces in a woman, even though we are far from acknowledging the heresy of masculine and feminine virtues; the characters of man and woman may be sketched in lighter or deeper tints of the same color, but the same primaries must serve. Anne Aldis had, if any thing, the advantage as to depth, so that she seemed immeasurably superior to her brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelton, a newly married couple, with Miss Grove, Mrs. Shelton's sister, complete the circle. It is hard to characterize newly married people; they are generally either very insipid or very artificial; that is, they are either much occupied with each other, or affecting not to be so; and in either case not very good company. But here were ample walks and unsearchable rambles, and all about the little picturesque village which our refugees had chosen, such quiet coverts and enticing labyrinths as make one believe in fairy land.

There were a thousand good reasons why Mr. Shelton and his fair Egeria—baptismally devoted to forest shades—should thread these mossy paths every day, and lose themselves and become irretrievably bewildered, so that they could not find the way home until dinner-time, or tea-time, as the case might be. Meanwhile Miss Grove was left upon the hands of the public for entertainment; but, as she worked in crewels or *crochet* without ceasing, she was happily raised above the accidents of social life, and gave very little trouble to any one.

Grave Milton says—

Coarse complexions  
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply  
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool;  
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,  
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?

But nature, though preparing Miss Grove for a teaser of worsteds, had been more bounteous than this. She was a pretty blonde girl, picturesque and ornamental at least, when you did not examine too closely. We say no more at present, except that the young lady wore very long ringlets, which she occasionally sewed or knit into her work, and then snatched out again,

leaving not a few stray golden hairs to increase the value of the fabric.

The village lay not exactly on the edge of the wide ocean, but within sight of it, on the shore of a small cove, rocky and wild as heart could wish—we dare not name it, lest it be thronged and spoiled next year. No steamboat had yet found it out, nor did telegraph wires vibrate within a dozen miles of it. The inhabitants, who were divided between fishing and farming, sent a boy on horseback for the mail every Saturday, and he often brought back nothing but a few newspapers. The present accession altered this matter somewhat, of course; but even now the very atmosphere was loaded with stillness.

A piteous lot it were to flee from man  
Yet not rejoice in nature—

And rejoicing in nature was the daily business of our party, a taste in which they all agreed, whatever diversities might have been found among them otherwise. They walked, they boated, they rode; they made the woods ring with careless talk, and sounds meant on purpose for the echoes. The ladies tried to learn the art of milking, but found the cows quite too much for them; and Miss Ingoldsby amused herself with feeding the poultry, until she could not stir abroad without a train of screaming, hopping, fluttering creatures, following her and pecking at her slippers. Mr. Berry put on a gravely knowing air when he talked with the farmers, but it was easy to see that he was stealing knowledge which he was quite unable to repay in kind. He was preparing for agricultural speeches in next win-

ter's legislature. As for Mr. Ingoldsby, being rather portly in *contour*, he was not particularly fond of climbing rocks, or jumping across rivulets with the aid of a long slender pole—favorite gymnastics with some of the party. So he generally set out with a book in his pocket, or some newspapers if there were any unexhausted, and, when he began to feel rather red and short-breathed, would sit down in the shade, and, taking out his glasses, soon lose himself—in contemplation we are bound to say, for he stoutly denied that his cogitations ever partook of the nature of slumber. His reading always turned to the general benefit, however, for he remembered every thing worth remembering, and was not too lazy or too selfish to tell it for the pleasure of others, as so many readers are. The Sheltons, we have said, were disposed to be erratic, but we must not leave the impression that they were silly or ill-bred. They contributed their part to the current social feeling, and generously allowed their absorption to be laughed at, without putting on the old rusty defensive armor of dignified looks about it. Mrs. Marston was always agreeable. She had great calmness of spirit, and a power of saying just the thing that was needed at the moment; was willing to suggest plans and have them modified or rejected; stay behind when conveyance was scanty; give her opinion on any point in debate, whether she was interested or not; and, in short, made herself of as small account as her friends would let her, as a sensible middle-aged lady should, making up her mind that it was very natural for society to be more occupied with younger claimants upon attention. Mr. and Miss Aldis, Henry Marston, and Miss Grove, felt themselves of a good deal of importance, and made very good company for each other.

Miss Berry alone, of all the circle, had a passion. We are sorry to disappoint the reader, but it was not the passion of passions, but only an insane desire to gather sea-weed, or *Algæ* as the lady more euphoniously termed the wondrous films of rose and purple, and gold and brown, that she waded after, and gathered, and spread carefully and cunningly on cards. With her great disk of a straw hat, and her quaint bathing costume, she did make a most remarkable figure, slipping off mossy rocks into crevices that looked black and shadowy and as if they were full of eels; or standing with all gravity, knee-high in water, gazing fixedly as if she saw fairy castles, or were studying the pictured clouds on the bay's fair bosom. But the water was not always calm enough for these mystic rites, and Miss Berry, in her natural form and unpossessed, was one of the most genial, chatty, agreeable persons in the world. She had travelled, and with profit, and was full of scraps of pleasant knowledge, which, as she had gathered them for the pleasure of gathering, she dispensed for the pleasure of dispensing, or because they were the natural outflowing of the current of pure and lively thought within. Her cheerfulness was cloudless, and her ready smile lightened and danced all over her face, till one forgot that its dominant expression was serious. Society would be sadly off without a few single women like Miss Berry, unabsorbed by private cares, and at leisure for special offices of kindness. She had not been a week at M—— before she was acquainted with every man, woman and child in the settlement, and knew something about their wants and difficulties; but so quietly and privately that no one suspected her of spending all the time during which she was not visible, in devising liberal things for all cases within her power.

To some apprehensions a circle composed of such materials as we have here faintly sketched would be dull enough. No flirtation! no balls! no opportunity for display of dress or equipage! In one word—one magic word—no *excitement*!

Yet we aver that our party enjoyed every day and hour.

One proof we can offer, which perhaps will seem yet harder to believe—that they wrote a great many long letters. It is true that this bespeaks a very quiet kind of happiness. We are not disposed to withdraw from what is sometimes called pleasure, to write ourselves down for absent friends. A certain degree of calm is required for the introversion which makes letter-writing agreeable, and we are not apt to find time for this amid a round of exciting amusements. The mind must be free from any irksome compression of circumstances; the imagination must be gently stimulated; the memory relieved from present burthens; time not marked out too severely by recurring duties; the sympathies not too much drained by the daily demand which none can shun who face the jostling of common life.

All these conditions being fulfilled, how sweet is the memory of the absent; how tenderly the claims of old affection urge themselves! Our very dreams renew the cherished images that seem faded only because so delicately drawn. It is not at these times that we criticise those we love. We paint them, indeed; we catch full-length views, which we never find time for when we are with them; but with what choice and tender touches! Here we are artistic, if ever. No charm is forgotten—no deficiency remembered. The leading idea possesses us wholly, and whatever could contradict it falls into gentle shadow under the magic light of affection.

Yes—we insist that feeling disposed to write letters is a sign of happiness, for when we love we are happy. Would that this our deep philosophy might shame some one out of saying "I hate to write letters!"

Tennyson has a sly touch at the picturesque of a lady's handwriting, when he makes the Prince, trying to write lady-like, scribble

In such a hand as when a field of corn  
Bows all its ears before the roaring East.

But the satire which pretends that women would rather write gracefully than legibly is hardly consistent with the other, which ascribes to them a love of talking; for surely nobody loves to talk without being understood, and what else is writing illegibly?

The amount of reading accomplished at M—— was not very considerable. There are seasons when the mind is instinctively creative, whether we give it voice or not. At such times reading has not its usual charm, though we may hardly suspect why. We call the phase dreamy, and so perhaps it is; but if we had resolution to embody those dreams, they might be found to deserve a more respectable name. Miss Ingoldsby was oftener seen writing than reading, but she could not be persuaded to give a rational and credible account of the multitude of closely written scraps of paper which slipped into her portfolio.

The weather was so delicious that the bay seemed, in its quietude, like

A blue summer ocean, far off and alone;

and the motion of the oars dipping into its glossy bosom was often all that broke its stillness. On one side was a bold, rocky headland; on the other a grassy point stretching down nearly to the pebbly beach; and when these were rounded, the shores on either hand presented great variety of outline, and ample facilities for bathing. Fishing was unpopular with the ladies, and although the gentlemen made some desperate attempts to become interested in it, they always seemed glad when their pleasure of that kind was well over; which was not so much to be wondered at, as the ungentlemanly fishermen about them were a good deal more successful. Mr. Berry confessed that he never caught anything but cold, and so forswore angling altogether. Mrs. Shelton declared her husband's fishing-coat, with its dozens of yawning pockets, horribly unbecoming to him, so of course he gave it up. Mr. Aldis managed to pop into the water, and had to be pulled out of it very unceremoniously by two men in red flannel, which quite disgusted him. Henry Marston alone persisted in sitting in the sun whole days, and coming home with his nose blistered, and his fingers looking like bunches of radishes, much to his mother's disquiet; while Mr. Ingoldsby joked him unmercifully about "silver hooks," and promised to eat all the fish of his *bona fide* catching; until one evening Henry brought in an enormous bass, with ample vouchers for its being his lawful captive; after which Mr. Ingoldsby grew more respectful, and Henry more enthusiastic, as was to be expected.

After all, however, Mr. Berry cruelly started a doubt whether Henry might not have bought the vouchers as well as the fish!

"What *do* you suppose the people are saying of us at Lavington, now?" exclaimed Mrs. Whipple, as the party were gathered in a great old-fashioned porch at nightfall, watching the sparkles on the water and the sparkles on the land,—a wide meadow near at hand furnishing myriads of fire-flies;—and listening to the katy-dids, and inhaling the odors of a labyrinth of honey-suckles and roses, that had grown, untrained, all about the windows and doors of the antiquated house.

"Pitying us, no doubt," said Mr. Shelton.

"Abusing us, rather," said Mr. Berry.

"Oh no—not abusing—only thinking us very silly," said Miss Ingoldsby.

"Or very romantic," Mr. Aldis thought.

Mrs. Marston imagined the prevailing idea to be that they were very exclusive.

"So is every one who does not give a large party every time he wants to ask a friend or two to dinner," said Mr. Ingoldsby.

"Exclusiveness is justly offensive where it is an object—where we exclude for the sake of excluding. The exclusiveness of fashionable life excites odium only because it is well understood to be deliberately practised, as a means of distinction. We shall not be suspected of any thing of that kind, I hope and believe."

"Perhaps the worst thing that will be said of us," said Miss Berry, "may be that we fancy ourselves very sensible, and set up to be wiser than our neighbors."

"An imputation that we ought to bear patiently," observed her brother, "seeing that it comes very near the truth."

"Is it so?" asked Miss Ingoldsby; "I imagined we were only rational."

"Yes, but to be rational, in so original a way, may be felt as an imputation upon the rationality of those who choose a very different mode of passing the summer."

"You may depend upon it," said Mrs. Marston, "we shall be accused of having made a desperate effort at originality."

"We ought to be canonized for that, at least," said Mr. Berry. "An American who ventures upon any thing original, in the social way, is a hero, and stands a chance of being a martyr. We are more completely the slaves of prescription than any other people. Imitation is our national vice."

"We must not pride ourselves too much on originality in this instance," said Miss Berry, "for I confess, as far as I had any part in suggesting the idea, it was caught from a poem of Mrs. Browning's—a poem called *The Island*, which I dare say you all know."

"Oh no, we don't, I'm sure," said half a dozen voices. "You will repeat it for us, Miss Berry."

Miss Berry said she knew only a few verses of it—those which put the thought of such a quiet summer sojourn in her head.

A boon, O world, a boon of thee!  
Now turn away thy face,  
And loosen from thy clasp my hand,  
And let me dream a space!

\* \* \* \*

My dream is of an island place  
The distant seas are folding;  
And over which, the only watch  
Those trooped stars are holding:  
These bright, still stars! they need not seem  
Brighter or stiller in my dream!

Hills questioning the heavens for light—  
 Ravines too deep to scan,  
 As if the wild earth mimicked there  
 The wilder heart of man;  
 Only it shall be greener far  
 And gladder, than hearts ever are.

Around, above, the plumed trees  
 Their gracious shadows throw;  
 Through whose clear fruit and blossoming  
 Where'er the sun may go,  
 The ground beneath he deeply stains,  
 As shining through cathedral panes.

But little needs the ground beneath  
 The shining from above her,  
 Where many Pleiades of flowers,  
 (Not one lost!) star her over;  
 The rays of their unnumbered hues  
 Being refracted by the dews.

Nor think each arched tree with each  
 Too closely interlaces  
 To admit of vistas opening broad  
 And sweet, sun-basking places,  
 Upon whose sward the antlered deer  
 View their own image, long and clear.

Unless they fairer would behold  
 That image on the seas,  
 Where'er's a way through shelving rocks  
 And over-branching trees,  
 Whose doves from half-closed lids espy  
 The green and purple fish go by.

My soul in love bounds forwarder  
 To meet the bounding waves!  
 Beside them is the home for me,  
 Within the coral caves:  
 And near me two or three may dwell  
 Whom dreams fantastic please as well.

*I said that two or three might choose  
 Their caves beside mine own;  
 Those who would change the din of man  
 For nature's nobler tone—  
 Man's veering heart and careless eyes,  
 For nature's steadfast sympathies.*

This last stanza, containing the germ of this social seclusion which was not exclusion, Miss Berry repeated with especial emphasis. She had a vast fund of romance in the bottom of her good heart, and lived as much on poetry as any one can who leads a life of active usefulness, or rather more, perhaps, than any one can who does *not* lead a useful life. Those have the best right to the poetry of life who fulfil all its uses. The "calm, high, spheric tune" is heard only by the ear of labor. Miss Berry's dark, piercing eyes always saw more than other people's, because there was nothing human that did not interest her, so that she had no seasons of vacuity—none of those faintings of egotism which we call low spirits. A benevolence that knew no pause forbade stagnation, and the health of mind which attended it brought health of body too. She was a spirit of pure life wherever she appeared; her very beauty was inspiring.

Beauty! had she then beauty? Could the possessor of such a soul be without it?

*The essence of all Beauty I call Love,  
 The attribute, the evidence, and end,  
 The consummation, to the inward sense,  
 Of Beauty apprehended from without,  
 I still call Love. As form, when colorless,  
 Is nothing to the eye—that pine tree there,  
 Without its black and green, being all a blank—  
 So, without Love, is Beauty undiscerned  
 In man or angel.*

This beauty Miss Berry possessed in perfection, and it diffused itself like a rosy sunset hue wherever she lived and moved.

"They will expect *you* to write a book, Miss Berry," said Mrs. Whipple, continuing the suggestion of what was the thought at Lavington.

This alluded to a malicious report of some enemy of Miss Berry's, that she had written books—not generally believed, however; she was too pleasant and natural to fill out the popular notion of an authoress.

She blushed, and asked what material could be found under such circumstances.

"Oh, I don't know—I dare say you can find some. What do you think of describing ourselves and our doings?"

"I protest against that," said Miss Ingoldsby. "I am so idle and good-for-nothing, that I decline being put into print. I propose rather that Miss Berry should devise a book on morals and manners, culled from the substance of our sage conversations. We are very wise, here; and entertain virtuous and highly commendable sentiments at small cost, since our temptations are few. Suppose we give the world the advantage of these by the aid of our friend's pen."

Miss Berry would not own that she possessed any power of the kind described.

"It appears to me," she said, "that our book should be a joint-stock affair, each member contributing something."

Of course, each person vehemently protested that he or she was entirely unable to contribute any thing to such an undertaking, and the subject was dropped.

The world has lost much by this impression that to write down one's thoughts for the sympathy, encouragement, or

instruction of others is a peculiar craft. But, in truth, the lines of Wordsworth on a kindred theme might be applied to those to whom the name of author is a bugbear:

*Or haply by a temper too severe,  
Or a nice backwardness, afraid of shame;  
Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led  
By circumstance to take unto the height  
The measure of themselves, these favored beings,  
All but a scattered few—live out their time  
Husbanding that which they possess within,  
And go to the grave unthought of. Strongest minds  
Are often those of whom the noisy world  
Hears least.*

The spontaneous effusion of thought would roll back at least a part of the great tide of mere imitative or mechanical writing, that threatens to overwhelm the public mind and patience. If each one endowed by nature as the poet supposes, gave forth that which he had an impulse to utter, and *nothing else*, we should have more authors and fewer volumes; the choicest essence of every man's experience, and the most delicate aroma of every fancy's flowering. Treasures are even now lying lost in private letters, which would suffice for the germ of many a work with which the press and the people groan. Pearls lie ungathered in many a conversation, that would put to shame the elaborate artificial gems that glitter in ostentatious efforts at style and effect. As many people are wiser than they know, as there are those not so wise as they think; as many need a fillip to their vanity, as there are that would be the better for an extinguisher on their conceit. The standard of writing would be instantly raised, if the stores of wit and wisdom, love and power, that warm life creates in the depths of



many a dull-seeming mind, were conscientiously devoted to the general good—considered common property, of which the individual possessor is only one of the stewards. What are rubies, so long as they are not brought out into the sun that formed them? They belong to the day, and fulfil their destiny when, set in gold, they contribute to the world's beauty, or pass from hand to hand as agents in the world's affairs. If it be culpable to hoard our worldly goods when we see our brother have need, it is worse to keep back our good thoughts—far more needed than food or raiment. "Man shall not live by bread alone."

See with what simplicity even Poetry is content to teach the humblest truths:

Distempered nerves

Infect the thoughts; the languor of the frame  
Depresses the soul's vigor. Quit your couch—  
Cleave not so fondly to your moody cell;  
Nor let the hallowed powers that shed from Heaven  
Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye  
Look down upon your taper, through a watch  
Of midnight hours unseasonably twinkling.  
Take courage—and withdraw yourself from ways  
That run not parallel to Nature's course.  
Rise with the lark! your matins shall obtain  
Grace, be their composition what it may,  
If but with hers performed.

One might suppose such a homily taken from Armstrong's *Art of Health*, but it is Wordsworth who condescends to lecture on early rising. Why are homely themes considered inconsistent with great ones—or the low with the high? Why not learn from Nature how common things borrow dignity from the medium through which they pass? If it were not for a petty notion as to the graceful and the worthy, many a fresh thought

would fall like dew on the world's parched heart, instead of exhaling in mere "peculiarity"—is not that the word for those who wish to be true to the inward promptings?—or dropping in tears, through despair of sympathy or fellowship.

The sincere horror which many people feel at the name of authorship is a mere delusion; for who is shocked at being the author of a long letter—a veritable piece of composition; of a conservatory, an exhibition of taste;—or of a great blotchy looking piece of worsted-work, a proof of misapplied perseverance;—or a new fashion, an attempt at invention? But a book! Ah! that is the bugbear. But if a book were simply an ebullition—a manifestation—an expression of sentiment—a token of the within—why should pride or diffidence have any thing to do with it?

Is a person supposed to be invariably proud of the book he writes? How often is it an engine of the keenest mortification, from its failure to express his thought! Instead of being suspected of pride or vanity, the author deserves credit for humility, when he throws himself before the world, saying—"Here is my thought—do you like it? I hope you do! To me it seems to have a true life, and I sow it in hope that it may spring up and bear fruit in other hearts."

If we were contented with things as they are—if no pictures of the possible ever colored the shifting surface of our thoughts—if the actual world were beautiful enough, and our actual lot in it happy enough, to satisfy the longings of the divine within us—it would be less wonderful that we should feel no impulse towards bringing our inner and higher selves into communication with the secret hearts of those about us. People walking at leisure over a flowery plain, with no fixed object in view, no

difficulties to surmount, no advice to ask, no aid to give, might naturally enough stray about in silence, caring little for each other for want of a common object. But ascending a rugged steep, beset with snares and pitfalls, and cheered by few passages of beauty—leading none the less to all that the imagination and the heart were created to covet—can we plod on, with no need of sympathy, no interest in the success or failure of others, no desire to make our hard-earned knowledge of parts of the way useful to the toiling? Especially when we find flowers and fruit, is it generous not to tell?

One good result of shaping and fixing our thoughts in words, is the greater power and prominence given to the Ideal by thus endowing it with a body something less spiritual than its own. Its influence for good—for refreshment—for consolation—is greater, both for ourselves and others, when we have caught and held it while it can be examined and applied. We call its effects illusion, sometimes; are they not rather truth, and the common and vulgar in which we are content to live the illusions?

We are shy of confessing our Ideal; the world's formalities and pretended realities govern us with so deadly a power. Heartless ridicule is the sharpest of swords to a sensitive mind. Not all the consciousness of truth and worth that earnest sincerity of purpose inspires, can fully shield us from the fear of this; and many a thought is crushed into silence by despair of sympathy. In this view, authorship may indeed be deemed a craft or mystery by itself, since it requires elements not found in every character; there is sensitiveness,—yet it does not suffice to deter; and seeming despair, yet, with a secret talismanic drop of hope at the core—hope that amid the scorn of the many will

yet be found that precious elixir—the sympathy of the few. Without this, no one could write, even though he “understood all mysteries.”

There is no phantom that we chase more hopelessly than Leisure. If it does not come to us, we need never give ourselves the trouble of pursuing it. If it be for us, we can find it in town; if not, we shall be as far from it in the country. We carry ourselves and our habits with us wherever we go, and circumstances, though important, have less to do with the disposition of our time than we suppose. We never quite leave home behind, or we should more easily be content with new scenes and people. Every day of our refugees brought its full employment with it; each morning had its plan—offspring mostly of the doings of the day before. Every body wondered that there was so little time for anything! “I have not accomplished a bit more here than I should have done at home!” murmured Miss Grove, plaintively, over her worsted-work.

Rural amusements are particularly thievish of time, from the fatigue they occasion. There is a sweet weariness after a day in the fresh air, that leaves us fit for nothing but talking or dreaming. This idle fallow state of mind and body is good for both, let severe utilitarians say what they will.

“I feel positively ashamed,” would Miss Ingoldsby exclaim, of my idleness. Not a single thing of any value have I done since we came here. I brought books, they are almost unopened; work, I have hardly even thought of it. This will never do! See what an amount of spinning our hostess and

her daughters have finished! That huge pile of rolls in the upper chamber is diminished more than half, and the basket of skeins has grown proportionably. And this, besides all the baking and butter-making for us—for we eat as if we earned our appetites!"

"I'm sure I earn mine," said her father; "don't you call rowing over to the island, yesterday, something?"

"Why, father, you did not touch an oar!" said Miss Ingoldsby, laughing.

"No, indeed! it was quite enough to broil so far in the sun. I shall not make many such expeditions with you. If you are so fond of the island, why not encamp there? there is plenty of shelter; those old huts are good enough for a party of romantic ladies and gentlemen."

"O! that would be so nice!" said all the young ladies at once, and the thing was carried by acclamation.

"But beds!" said Mrs. Marston.

"O, you might come back in the evening. To go over in the morning, with provisions for the day, might do very well; but these broils for pretended fishings, I can't encourage. You might give Elinor one of the caves on the north side for a House of Industry, to which those who brought consciences with them into the country could retire for certain portions of the day, while we hardened ones, who came on purpose to be idle, could find amusement for ourselves."

"And take naps undisturbed," said Miss Ingoldsby, slyly.

"Naps, indeed! One can never meditate without being suspected of napping! But really, I have reason to think our hosts would be glad to have a little breathing time; Mrs. Torbet hints something about wanting to 'clean up'; you know this

is her first experience of a constant house-full. She has hitherto had only an occasional lodger or two—an artist or a city fisherman—for short periods; and as she received us at some sacrifice to her orderly habits, I think it would be but kind to absent ourselves as much as possible for a few days."

The idea took, amazingly; the younger members of the party thought it would be nice to sleep over there, too, but this was vetoed. A few boat-loads of conveniences furnished the two fishermen's huts quite satisfactorily to the zealous pick-nickers, and the vicinity of the island to the shore made supplies by no means difficult. There was a perceptible brightening of eyes and reddening of cheeks when the preparations were begun. Such flying up and down stairs! Such breathless consultations, such wise housewifely expedients! Time flew faster than ever, and such sharp appetites were earned, that Mr. Ingoldsby observed he feared it would prove but a poor speculation for Mrs. Torbet, after all.

#### THE ISLAND.

The first day was spent mostly in making arrangements and saying how pleasant it was; on the second, Miss Ingoldsby established her House of Industry, and invited all well-disposed persons to give it their countenance during certain warm hours of the day. It was a sort of cavern, looking out upon the sea; rather broad than deep, but well fringed with shrubs and vines, and easily eked out, as to shade, by the aid of a gay calico curtain of Mrs. Torbet's. There was a cool spring near, over which it was proposed Mrs. Egeria should preside; but this was soon found to have the effect of depriving the commonwealth of

the services of her Numa, instead of only fitting him for public duty. Miss Berry discovered new exploring ground for her favorite pursuit, and could not find much leisure for quiet home industry; but Mr. Berry, Mrs. Marston and Mrs. Whipple were constant attendants at the House of Industry, while the circle was fitfully enlarged by the rest, as rambling, fishing, boating, or picking the small fruits that grew plentifully about the rocks, gave them leisure, or made them desire repose. Mr. Ingoldsby felt it his duty to pay some attention to the preparations for dinner, so that he lingered a good deal about the huts, where that mundane affair was transacted. George Marston, being at an age when the mere exertion of the muscles is pleasure, performed no small amount of rowing, and sometimes persuaded Mr. Aldis to help him; but that gentleman found the exercise bad for his hands, his nerves, and his scrupulous delicacy of costume. He preferred attending his sister and Miss Grove, who frequently became—so to speak—a little weary of the grave pursuits of the House of Industry, and planted themselves in a narrow woody dell hard by, where they devotedly worked cushions, knit tidies, or braided slippers, while Mr. Aldis read poetry to them, original and selected.

It is strange what a home feeling springs up under such circumstances; how a thousand pleasant domestic habits grow into the day's doings, supplying the place of novelty, incident and enterprise. Nature is ever ready to hint to us where to find the sweetest and most constant pleasures, as soon as we can be persuaded to lay from our weary shoulders the burden of convention. This living on the island and being driven to a multitude of expedients and inventions to supply deficiencies, gave more pleasure to all, than the most elaborate provision of comforts

could have done, that left no room for personal exertion and ingenuity. The ladies declared they were living their baby-house days over again, playing dinner-and-tea-company; making one movable do the work of a dozen; and the rudest fragment seem an article of furniture or decoration, all by the magic of imagination.

It was

Broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show—

in the true spirit of the poet. Fancy, with the reins on her neck, playing the pleasantest antics imaginable, and nobody to point the reasonable finger, and bring on a feeling of silliness and shame at the thought of being so easily amused.

This came, however; for there was one day a most unexpected and only half-welcome irruption from Lavington—a party who, being on a summer tour, had concluded,—*propos* to nothing—to make a visit to their rustivating friends, and see how they and solitude were agreeing. There was Miss Ingoldsby arranging a bouquet of wild flowers for the dinner table, in a vase which had very much the look of a superannuated pitcher; Mrs. Whipple preparing grasses for preservation with fingers none of the cleanest; Mrs. Marston helping the tidy little maid of Mrs. Torbet to shell a great basket of fresh peas; all the young people scouring the rocks, and suffering all sorts of disfigurements among the briers, in search of fruit for the dessert; Miss Berry ever so far out in the water, dripping like a nereid, and her brother watching her from the beach with some anxiety, under shelter of an enormous umbrella. Mr. Ingoldsby alone retained some pretension to gentility, for he sat on the shady side of the hut in which his daughter was flitting

about, his handkerchief on his head, occasionally looking in at the little window, of what was facetiously termed the saloon, making remarks upon passing affairs in a *dolce far niente* sort of way, now exclaiming at Miss Berry's occupation, now wondering when the young folks would return, now asking some fatherly question about the dinner arrangements, which were ordinarily not a little modified, perhaps benefited, by the care he had learned to feel about such things, as he said, during a long period of widowhood.

Upon our party, thus primitively and carelessly disposed, down came a whole carriage-load of gay, idle, fashionable travellers, full of questions and wonders, and not a little inclined to quiz the simplicity which could enjoy a rusticity so absolute. And we dare not aver that the philosophy of our friends was wholly unruffled, when the new-comers examined into their daily occupations and amusements, and could not hide their surprise that that was all! "Is it possible you can prefer this to a good hotel?"

Happy he who cannot be tempted to try his happiness by another's standard!

The younger members came in, like the Miss Flamboroughs, "all blowed and red with walking," and wanted to run away, but there was no hiding-place but the other hut, with its cooking-stove and seething dinner. So they were obliged to show their fragmentary selves, with whom the briers had made sad havoc. Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon presented a tolerably decent figure, for they had been reading in some cunning arbor in the woods, not so far off but they could hear the fresh and high-pitched voices of the visitors, and now descended, cool as possible, to assist in doing the honors. Mr. Ingoldsby's great

solicitude was about the dinner; but the housewifely thought of Mrs. Torbet had foreseen the difficulty, and she was already packing into the boat sundry good things which her time of respite had enabled her to prepare. So there was no lack, either of eatables or appetite; and the feast, though spread when the sun had not long passed the meridian, was full of relish and hilarity, all little embarrassments forgotten.

Every body who felt at home was now anxious to do the honors, for the guests' enjoyment of the rural dinner had somewhat modified the distrust with which they were first received. Each point of view, every lovely woody dell, all the seaward caves, were visited in turn, for the bounds were narrow, and seemed still smaller when exhibited for admiration.

"I don't know how it is that we are so happy here," said Miss Ingoldsby, apologetically, "unless it is that mankind has, after all, a good deal of taste left for savagery. I confess this place would lose great part of its charm for me if it were habitually occupied by parties of pleasure. I love its freshness, its rudeness, the mark of nature's fingers every where. I would not have it 'improved' for the world.

I love

A savage place, as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted—"

"You are quite poetical, I declare!" said one of the ladies.

"We came here on purpose," Mr. Berry replied; "and Miss Ingoldsby is trying hard not to be ashamed of it while you are here."

"O, it must be perfectly delightful," said the lady, suppressing a yawn. "I quite envy you!"

Mrs. Whipple was voluble in praise of the whole affair, for

she had no idea of letting any one suppose she was tired of it. She had never been so happy in her life, she said.

"Miss Ingoldsby is trying to win Milton's praise—

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth  
Wisely hast shunned the *Broad way*——"

said Mr. Bradhurst, one of the newly arrived, thinking of the crowded thoroughfare he was most familiar with. "And she has shown her usual taste. But who is the lady in the water?"

Mr. Berry said, laughing—"Since it is the fashion to quote Milton,—

Sabrina is her name; a virgin pure;  
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine.  
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit  
Of her enraged step-dame, Guendolen,  
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.  
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom stay'd,  
Held up their pearl'd wrists and took her in,  
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,  
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head—

but whether he gave her that great straw hat I cannot say. By mere mundane reckoning she is my sister, bewitched by *alge*, but otherwise a woman of some sense and discretion."

"Miss Berry! is it possible? how she is transformed!"

And indeed she made a strange figure, wading painfully towards the shore, not seeing the strangers at all—her costume a decided "Bloomer." All her party felt somewhat ashamed of her, though ashamed of themselves for feeling so.

"She pursues beauty after her own fashion," said her brother

To her the meanest film that floats can bring  
Thoughts that do almost lie too deep for *sneers*—

Pardon me—I was led on by stress of parody. As to my sister's passion for those slimy pets of hers, I may characterize it in the words of another, if you will allow a little license:

Her sanity of reason not impaired,—

(whatever you may think from present appearances,)

Say rather, all her thoughts now flowing clear  
From a clear fountain flowing, she looks round  
And seeks for weeds, and finds the weeds she seeks,  
Until abhorrence and contempt are things  
She only knows by name; and, if she hear  
From other mouths the language which they speak,  
She is compassionate, and has no thought,  
No feeling, that can overcome her love."

Miss Berry had by this time reached the shore, and perceived herself to be the observed of all observers. The great straw hat could not conceal her blushes, but she soon found her self-possession, and stood quietly while the little maid wrung the water from her skirts.

"You see how hard we work for amusement," she said.

"Why don't you confess the truth," said her brother, laughing,—"that we came here on purpose that we might be foolish without being ridiculous? All winter long the town compels a pretence of wisdom, or its counterfeit, gravity; and if we go into the fashionable country, the necessity continues. Here we have leave to air our nonsense and cultivate our whims."

"There must be plenty of time to live the 'inner life' here," said a gentleman of the new-comers, "if abstraction from earthly things be essential to that—"

"We are not so much abstracted as you might suppose," Mr. Berry replied; "we are getting acquainted with common things—we are looking down into the machinery of life—drawing sage conclusions as to the working of that machinery—studying humanity in the abstract, as it were."

"Precious little humanity you can see here, I should think!" said Mr. Bradhurst.

"What we do see is genuine; and besides, we see a good deal that is not here. You do not know the advantage that we have for studying you all at a distance; how philosophically we scan your motions and spy out the secret of your pursuits. The wise sayings we have uttered on human life and action and the emptiness of worldly pursuits, would fill a respectable volume."

"I wish you would write them down, that we may quote them to you next winter, when you are as deeply immersed as ourselves—all the more deeply for the self-complacency you are gathering now, which will leave you more vulnerable than ever. We'd 'bring your proverbs to confute your life.'"

"Like the rest of the world, we shall be so content with the wise things we have said, that we can easily console ourselves for the inconsistency of our doings. Besides, we have only to adopt the popular philosophy, which teaches that our actions are of small moment provided our sentiments be noble."

"On that plan," said Mr. Bradhurst, "I do not see but you may lay up a large amount of virtue here, and have the privilege of drawing from your stock for a long time after. At any rate, I hope you will write the book. I should be delighted to see your sifting of these conventional ideas, to which we are all so enslaved. One must have studied life from various stand-points, to do the thing well."

"We have something of the kind in contemplation," said Miss Ingoldsby, "though whether it will be as wise a book as you propose is not yet settled."

"Let it be a picture of fashionable life, by all means," said Mr. Bradhurst, "with grave saws on the danger of wealth, and recommendations to rural life and simplicity. Be sure you end by making your heroine become a member of several charitable societies."

"If I do, I shall make her say very wise things on the advantages of combined effort—"

"I dare say! Ladies are never at a loss for ingenious reasons to justify what they choose to do."

"Be sure," said Mr. Ingoldsby, "to let her grow so indifferent to the things of this life as never to know what's for dinner until she sees it on the table."

"Ah, papa," said Elinor, "that is a stroke at my poor housekeeping."

"All literary ladies are alike," said her father, "and the heroines they draw are like themselves, not very practical!"

"I wish you would write a novel, father," said Miss Ingoldsby; "I should like to see your ideal women!"

"It would be a family portrait, I suspect," said Mr. Bradhurst, archly.

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This visit was not entirely without results, for the random talk it brought suggested some things to the minds of our sojourners, and modified and systematized their employments a little. What we say in joke is often half earnest; and, while it is allowed that this little truth accounts for a good deal of the

ill-will that is in the world, it must also be conceded that good ideas are sometimes suggested in joke, that would never have been broached seriously. Mr. Bradhurst's hint of a book containing such views of fashionable life as would be likely to present themselves to a ruralizing party, who could be cheaply wise while looking at the world from a distance, did not slide off at once amid the other *badinage* of the hour. Several of the party mused upon it, and felt that the Island, with its exciting yet quiet life, and perfect *abandon*, was just the place for writing, since it so much favored reflection and remark.

"If solitude thy steps hath ever led  
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,  
And thou hast lingered there  
Until the sun's broad orb  
Seemed resting on the burnished wave,  
Thou must have marked the line  
Of purple gold that motionless  
Hung o'er the sinking sphere.

Miss Ingoldsby repeated these lines in a soft, musing voice, as she looked from the beach that evening, after the guests had departed, while the whole atmosphere was aglow with those delicious sunset hues that seem like heaven let down upon a peaceful, happy earth. Purple was the tint most felt, a purple that gave the poet's "hyacinthine flow" to the dark locks of the speaker; but the fires had not all faded, for a light as of ruddy gold was on her cheek, and on her whole figure, as she stood, her light scarf fluttering in the rising wind of sunset.

"Unhappily for your quotation," said Mrs. Marston, "you cannot see the sun from here.

"How literal you are, Mrs. Marston! I saw the sun when

I repeated the verses. Are one's bodily eyes all? When a poet suggests a picture, I do not care to compare items."

"Imagination makes the best *clairvoyants*," said Mr. Berry. "Miss Ingoldsby is an excellent sleep-waker. A 'world beyond the visual scope' is always open to her, while we, poor outsiders, are straining our eyes and wits after the actual."

"Thank you, Mr. Berry, though I do not quite know whether you are in jest or earnest. The impressions left on my mind by beauty of any kind, are not, I am conscious, as defined and accurate as they should be, and I have an instinctive fear of examining and attempting to regulate them, lest they evaporate in the process."

"I was not jesting—you are quite right—why should you analyze? Leave that to the critics. Let them pick—cater—while you enjoy. It is not every thing that will bear pulling to pieces; a cobweb is annihilated in the process, yet a cobweb, all rainbowed over with sun and dew, is very beautiful. If one should attempt to demonstrate the beauty of one of those changeable silks that you ladies are so fond of, by drawing out the threads to show how the effect is produced, what would become of the lustre and harmony? There is no very close analogy between the aspect of earth and sky at this hour and the beauty of the human countenance; yet I never see a rich evening, like this, close in after a brilliant day, without thinking of the contrast between a laughing blonde and the dark splendor of southern beauty, which seems to have absorbed the sunshine that the other reflects."

"A scene like this," pursued Miss Ingoldsby, "excites emotion, and such emotion is so much better expressed in poetry than in prose, that I am content to seize on the first lines which



come naturally to my thoughts, even though to another they may seem hardly descriptive."

"Their presenting themselves is proof that they *are* descriptive," said Mr. Berry. "The poet thought little of items. One who knows, tells us how such things are prompted :

His spirit drank

The spectacle : sensation, soul and form,  
All melted into him : they swallowed up  
His animal being : in them he did live,  
And by them he did live ; they were his life.  
In such access of mind, in such high hour  
Of visitation from the living God,  
Thought was not : in enjoyment it expired.

Why not use them in an equally liberal spirit ?"

"Ah, Mr. Berry," said Mrs. Marston, "your armory is so well furnished with poetical reasons for whatever you choose to support, that it is vain to contend with you. We must try to see the sun where he is not, when you and Miss Ingoldsby will it so."

"You will lose nothing by at least feeling him where he is not," said Mr. Berry. "What a delicious haze is about us now ! It is as if the air were filled with powdered gold."

"Yes—like the Dantzic brandy that John Gray gave us one day," said Henry Marston, who had been amusing himself by switching up little wreaths of dry sea-weed, with a cane, which habitually furnished a large part of his occupation when he was not fishing. "I never in my life saw any thing so beautiful as that brandy ! It was full of little bits of gold leaf, that moved about as if they were alive."

Every body laughed at this odd association of sunset with a rich liqueur, but it was not, after all, a very unnatural one.

Deliciousness of any kind is akin to deliciousness of every kind. Perhaps each one of the company had, at the moment, in the secret recesses of thought, some association with the scene, which, if told, would have seemed hardly more directly connected with it than Henry Marston's. But the boy, careless of reputation and accustomed to sympathy, blurted out his rough thought, while men and women, long subjected to the social world, hid theirs, instinctively.

A pause ensued—for convention, which forces us to be silent, can hardly force us to talk, when the soul has flown off, with wings just snatched from memory, to regions whither no common companions can follow. The air was darkening, and that chill coming which seems all the chillier for the glow of the past hour. The far-off line where heaven and ocean leaned one against the other was nearly lost in the blending color of the two, and a silver gleam danced over the black waves in the middle distance. Enough of sunset tone, however, lingered in the air, to prolong the enchantment of the scene ; and the stars flashed out, at first one by one, afterwards in quicker succession, and then in troops, as if there was a festival in heaven, the outward signs of which were vouchsafed to mortal eyes.

"Do you know why the planet Venus is so beautiful to us ?" said Mr. Aldis, who was generally suspected of studying earthly stars with much more devotion than heavenly ones.

Most of the party took the question for a conundrum, and sundry desperate and some gallant guesses were hazarded.

"Oh no—but really—there is a reason. It is because she is so ugly on a nearer view."

"Pray who has seen her nearer ?" said Mrs. Marston, always disposed to be literal.

"Astronomy, ma'am," said Mr. Aldis, meekly. "It is understood—seen, indeed, as well as if one were poised on the point of one of our moon's horns, with a boundless privilege of examination,—that Venus is a mass of barren and cloud-capped mountains, which reflect every ray of the sun. A soft, green, arable surface would make a shabby evening star for us."

"*Vive la laideur !*" said Miss Ingoldsby.

"It is positively the only instance I ever knew in which ugliness was an advantage," said the gallant Aldis, with a look of general application, meant to include all the ladies. He had been in the habit of communicating this tid-bit of astronomic information to his female friends, with an express reference to the nice things it gave him occasion to say.

"You cannot deny that beauty is sometimes a disadvantage," said Mrs. Marston.

"Oh, my dear madam," said Mr. Aldis, discomfited at being thus pushed from the pinnacle whence he meant to have dispensed a shower of pretty compliments, "what a sentiment! Beauty a disadvantage!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Marston, in her quiet way, "unless coquetry is commendable. Beauty certainly makes a great many coquettes."

"Do you think so!" exclaimed Miss Berry; "I must say I have fancied that security of pleasing preserved some pretty women from those unhandsome efforts to attract interest which constitute coquetry. Certainly some of the plainest women I have known have been among the vainest."

"Unless we believe beauty to be the result of mere accident," observed Mr. Berry, "we have a right to expect good qualities where we find it, though Nature's fitnesses may in all cases be

marred, in a great degree, by untoward circumstances. I intuitively look for goodness where I see beauty."

"That is rather a hard doctrine for us plain people," said Mrs. Whipple.

"I hardly know any plain people," replied Mr. Berry, not taking the bait; "for the darkest complexion, the most oblique nose, the worst marking with small-pox, does not make a face ugly for me. I can discern the original beauty through all those. It is only when the structure of the face is bad that I find it absolutely devoid of beauty, and behind such faces I confess I never look for goodness, though culture and grace may do much."

"I heard a painter say once," said Mrs. Whipple, "that he had never been able to transfer to canvas the beauty he saw in the plainest face, although to ordinary apprehension some of these faces were ugly enough, and he was accused of 'flattering' them."

"There must be some truth in the old proverb—

Beauty lies  
In lookers' eyes—"

said Mr. Ingoldsby.

"So much," said Mr. Berry, "that I believe if a dozen women, chosen indiscriminately, were passed in review before twice as many men, every one of them would find an admirer—that is, one who would pronounce her handsomer than the rest."

"I see you are determined to console us, Mr. Berry," said Mrs. Marston, laughing; "you found your first observations were getting you into trouble, and you are adroitly drawing off."

"On the contrary," he replied, "It is only want of space for amplification that makes me seem to hold untenable opinions

with regard to beauty. One does not want to seem a preacher, under the light of an evening like this."

"Why not take your subject into our book?" said Miss Ingoldsby; "there would be ample space for your 'opinions,' odd as they may be."

"Agreed! but we are all to help—"

"Oh yes—and then we can all put in our saws—"

"Any thing but augers," said Mr. Ingoldsby.

Everybody laughed at this sally of the old gentleman, but as the party returned home in the boat that evening, the book was further discussed, and, in spite of modest disclaimers, fairly planned and agreed upon. The rotation of authorship was to be decided by lot; each chapter to be read aloud in full conclave, and accepted or rejected by candid vote, every body promising not to be offended. Any amount of private consultation was admissible, and no digression to be complained of; the House of Industry to be given up for a certain number of hours every morning to the writer of the day.

"We shall find Mrs. Shelton out, now," said Mr. Berry; "she cannot keep herself any longer so cunningly behind the veil of silence."

The fair Egeria blushed, and said she feared she should make a poor figure as a writer, but no one believed this, for she had the air of one on whom nothing was lost; one of those who

#### Fear

No petty customs or appearances,  
But think what others only dream about;  
And say what others dare but think; and do  
What others would but say; and glory in  
What others dared but do—

As if she never school'd within her breast  
One thought or feeling, but gave holiday  
To all.

And yet we must not let the poet betray us into giving an idea that she was bold, or less than exquisitely feminine. The world is so unused to candor in women, that it almost demands disguise; and to be true in speech, however gently, stamps a woman an Amazon, in some apprehensions. Not so with our friend Shelton, who loved this trait in Egeria, and met it well by equal truthfulness, devoted as he was. This probably accounted for the fact that they were never tired of being together, and talked but little with other people. They promised to try a chapter between them, and Mr. Berry slyly advised them to let it be one of their three-hour woodland talks.

That very evening the lots were drawn, and the first chapter fell to the share of Mr. Berry, just as every body hoped it would.

"Now don't be too hard upon us, Mr. Berry," said the ladies; "your first chapter will of course be the key of the whole. Be merciful—don't cut out too much work for us! If you plan a story, do not sketch out too many characters for us to fill in;—if an essay, let it be a light one, not too learned—"

"If I understand rightly," said the pioneer, "all we want is some slight web, into which our various sentiments, called into livelier life by this fostering shade and sunshine, may be woven, for our delectation in after time, and in memory of our summer sojourn. This is all, isn't it? I am not sure but our circumstances are better suited to thinking than to writing down our thoughts. Cumberland said any beauty of outward objects about his study distracted his attention and impoverished his

fancy; he loved best to write with a dead brick wall before him."

"Oh the cave—the House of Industry! that is the very place! nothing but sky and ocean before you, and the vanishing line so far off that there seems no barrier between you and the infinite. One's thoughts will come naturally and flow smoothly there, untangled with conventions—untinged with prejudices. O, we shall do great things, I foresee!"

So spake Miss Ingoldsby, the golden current of whose spirits was already quickened by the new plan, and reflected a thousand pleasant, dancing fancies. She cheered on her kind bachelor-friend to his work, and ushered him, in laughing state, to the House of Industry, which she had new decked for the occasion, adding great branches of evergreen for more shade, and a carpet, "lest the chill of the sand-floor should strike to the writer's brain," she said. Over the little table was pinned a scroll, on which figured this inscription, in antique character:

Here is a place  
To meditate thy sylvan music in,  
Doth not the work grow warmer with the hum  
Of fervent bees, blithe murmurers at their toil?  
Here—weary waif of life! find happiness—  
Here make thy quietary! O believe me,  
Seclusion is the blesseddest estate  
Life owns! Would'st be among the blest on earth,  
Hie hither!

"One would think you expected me to be very romantic," said the *debutant*, "but if so you will be sadly disappointed; for those who are always borrowing poetry from other people are sure to be hopelessly commonplace themselves. But run away, all of you—giglets—and leave me to my dreams, such as they may be."

The next evening but one—in the old farm-parlor, after the party had returned from the island,—a solemn session was held upon the first chapter of the new book, the reading of which was intrusted to Miss Ingoldsby, as the blushful modesty of the writer forbade his giving it voice himself.

"This I suppose is to be called the *seedling chapter*," said the reader.

"Pray don't call it the preface! Prefaces are so dull!" exclaimed Miss Grove, and some of the others.

Mr. Berry waited very patiently till all had spoken, and then said, "Any thing you like, but wait till it is accepted before you name it."

Miss Ingoldsby began with the motto, from Spenser's Hymn to Beauty, which we should love to quote entire, for its pith and suggestiveness:

"How vainely then do ydle wits invent,  
That beautie is nought else but mixture made  
Of colours faire and goodly temp'rament  
Of pure complexions that shall quickly fade  
And passe away, like to a summer's shade;  
Or that it is but comely composition  
Of parts well measur'd, with meet disposition!"

"So, every spirit, as it is most pure,  
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,  
So if the fairer bodie doth procure  
To habit in, and it more fairely dight  
With chearfull grace and amiable sight;  
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;  
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make."

"Monstrous long motto," said Mr. Ingoldsby.

"It contains the sense of the chapter," replied the author.

"Ah! that indeed!" said the old gentleman, dryly.

"Three gentlemen were discussing—as gentlemen sometimes will—the chances of happiness in matrimony, and the various circumstances, cautions, errors and delusions, which influence or affect those chances.

"Nothing would tempt me to marry a beauty," said one.

"Why not?" inquired another. "If you had said that nothing would tempt you to marry *for* beauty, I could have said amen; but surely beauty could be no objection."

"For my part," said the third, "although I would not marry for beauty, I certainly would never marry without it."

Here were three friends, who agreed on most points, wholly at variance on that important one, the choice of a wife. The first who spoke had passed thirty, and began to look on marriage as a terrible risk; something on which a man must beware of trusting his fancy; a matter with which imagination must have nothing to do. He thought married happiness, if found at all, must be found mathematically—each step tried and proved, and the whole brought to irrefragable demonstration. It was because this care was not taken, he said, that there are so many unhappy matches in the world.

Beauty, therefore, as it proves nothing, he considered a useless, or even a pernicious element in the calculation. "One who wishes to steer by the compass dreads all distracting forces. A man can judge more coolly of a woman's character if there be no charms of face to warp his appreciation. Sweet smiles may seem amiable; a fair, smooth brow, gentle; dimpled cheeks, cheerful and good-humored. Time will spoil these things, and then what remains? It is better to build one's hopes on solid foundations—to love on rational principles.

How many evils would the adoption of this plan have prevented!"

Somebody once said, "the progress of science gives us reason to hope that in time physicians will be able to ascertain and cure the diseases of the human frame, with as much ease and accuracy as the watchmaker discovers and regulates the aberrations of a time-piece." A comfortable prophecy, but unhappily spoiled by a commentator, who remarks that when the progress of science enables the watchmaker to mend a watch *while it is going*, we may indeed hope to see the type realized in human affairs. It is not difficult to apply this citation to the opinion of our bachelor friend on matrimony.

The second speaker, still lingering in the fringes of the twenties, could not decide so philosophically as to the unimportance of that which has, in a thousand ways and in all ages of the world, vindicated its right to be considered as one of the great moving forces of life. His own heart had told him that one might as well reason against its pulsations, or attempt to force back the blood which it sends rushing to the cheek at the very sight of a beautiful face, as condemn the value or underrate the power of personal loveliness. Thus sensible of its influence, he was willing to assign beauty its due weight in that great balance on which so much of life's hope depends, while he prudently decided that it ought not to bribe Fancy to turn the scale. Wise young man!

So young so wise they say do ne'er live long.

The third speaker had no air of rashness further than was implied in the remark we have quoted. Not marry without beauty! He had seen almost thirty years, and as much of life,

in a quiet way, as men generally see in that time; and possessed, among his friends, a reputation for unusual steadiness of character.

"Why, Ellis," said the first speaker, "that is the last sentiment I should have expected from you! Is it possible you consider beauty a matter of such moment?"

"How can I consider it otherwise? I place it only where Providence has placed it. Beauty is necessary to my happiness; I was born to love it."

"Yes—beauty in general—not mere human beauty, however."

"*Mere* human beauty! What an expression! Can one see beauty in stars or flowers who does not see it a thousand-fold in the human countenance and figure?"

"O I grant you—a beautiful face is very charming, but we were talking of marriage, which is a matter to be settled for life. If beauty enter into the calculation, a man may be but poorly off after it is gone, as it soon must be. Except as a sign of the qualities which beauty ought to represent, I care little for it—in the choice of a wife, I mean."

"You grant me all I ask. It is as a sign that I consider it essential, and lasting, too. True beauty cannot fade."

"Come, come—you are wandering from the point—leading us off from the absurdity of your looking upon beauty as essential in a wife, by transferring the assertion to the beauty which is the result of inward excellence. On that kind we have no dispute with you."

"But you are mistaken if you suppose that my beauty is to be merely symbolical. I insist on the outward graces of clear complexion, bright eyes, harmonious features, and a graceful

person. No hard-featured, angular, shrill-voiced angel would do for me. Such must find mates in men like you, who scorn the aid of imagination. I look upon a truly beautiful face as a sort of transparency, made to glow and dazzle by the light behind it. If the picture be opaque, some one else may peep and pry after the lamp—I cannot."

"It is plain to see that you do not believe in the goodness of ugly girls."

"In their goodness, yes—in their charmingness, no. If my sister were very plain my affection for her would be none the less, for in that case love began before criticism awoke. With regard to any other woman it is different. There can be no love without some degree of fascination, and with me there is no fascination without beauty."

"It is happy for women that all men are not of your mind. As to myself, for instance, intellect is much more apt to endanger my liberty than mere beauty."

"What—intellect alone! without feminine graces—without evidence of heart qualities! Would you have your wife chop logic with you—think of convincing while you think of dining—talk blue to your visitors—be on the watch for her rights rather than her duties—harden herself by theorizing and criticising! Give me a woman to whom her husband and her household are of the first importance, and who is able by her sweet domestic graces, to console, to soften——" Mr. Ellis stopped, nearly out of breath with his own vehemence.

"Why, really," said his cooler friend, "I had no idea you had studied this matter so deeply, or felt so warm an interest in it. Has not your theory a practical basis—is there not some

fair original of this fine picture?—or is your imagination the sole artist?"

Mr. Ellis blushed a little, and did not reply directly. "My notions," said he, "date from as far back as I have thought of the subject at all. Woman seems to me to have a special office in the world—to be the chief harmonizer, consoler and beautifier of human existence; to be an angel of peace and mercy; to humble herself that she may be exalted, to obey that she may rule; endowed with a rare instinct of right, which fits her for interposing between man's passions and his actions, to be an impartial spectator and judge of the struggle of life, and a guard against its worst temptations."

"And is beauty essential to all this?"

"Certainly; for she must first win man's heart, and get the great power of imagination on her side. Without this, she can be but as man to man. Her friendship with him, be it ever so sincere and steady, will be subject to the dangers of dispute and rivalry. Esteem there may be, but esteem does not exclude the pride and self-reservation which so limit and chill ordinary friendship."

"You would not have love without friendship?"

"No—but no sooner friendship without love."

"What do you think of this description of friendship? I am not sure but I may trace back some of my notions to it:

A flower which, fresh as Lapland roses are,  
Lifts its bold head into the world's pure air,  
And blooms most radiantly when others die—  
Health, hope and youth, and bright prosperity  
And, with the light and odor of its bloom,  
Shining within the dungeon and the tomb—"

"Think of it? that it is love to be sure! the more as the description of the 'friend,' directly after, suits my idea of a wife extremely well:

A lovely soul, formed to be blessed and bless;  
A well of sealed and sacred happiness!  
A lute, which those whom love has taught to play,  
Make music on; to cheer the roughest day.

I think I could be quite content with such friendship and such a friend."

"But there is not a word about beauty!"

"That is presupposed. Don't you see that no mere mortal could actually fulfil all these dreams, and that in order that they may be enjoyed there must first be some illusion? Illusion there must be, and some find it in wealth, some in position, some in accidental circumstances; you, it seems, in intellect, which dazzles and astonishes—"

"There is no illusion about intellect."

"You might as well say there is no illusion about wealth—that a man who marries a rich wife for her money, gets all that he expected. It is not so. Not supposing any decidedly mercenary motive, there is yet a charm about the appliances of wealth which often makes young men sincerely think they are in love, when in truth the same girl without money would never attract them for a moment. So with your intellectual flame—the pleasure you find in her brilliancy leads you to fancy that all is in unison with this charm. Now I hold that my illusion is not only the most gracious but the most natural and safe, for beauty is, after all, and even according to your chilly view, a symbol, which wealth is not, nor position, nor yet your idol, intellect."

"What did the poet mean by 'something than beauty dearer?' Is it not what we can all discern in the faces of those we love?"

"Certainly—in the faces of those we already love. If my beloved—provided I had one—were to lose her face by the small-pox, I think—I am sure—I could love on, perhaps all the more tenderly for a touch of pity. And so with the changes wrought by time—the original image would maintain its place, and overpower, with its very shadow, all the creeping unseemliness and sad changes of years."

"It seems to me that pity may be an element of love; and if so, why not the pity which one feels for a very plain woman?"

"I think pity a very unsafe foundation. If the cause be lasting, one's life must be permanently the sadder; if it be temporary, there is danger that all charm may depart with it. As to loving a plain woman through pity, it would certainly be very generous, but rather dangerous; unless one had thoroughly tried the temper and durability of one's generosity before, for such exalted states do not last. Besides, it would be very foolish in you to pick out, for your devotion, a woman who was plain to you, since there might very likely be men to whom she was not plain, and who would therefore have a more natural and certain affinity with her."

"O, then, your beauty is not altogether a thing of rule—something to be defined and inventoried, tested and decided upon without appeal! You count affinity for something—"

"For much, for it seems to be essential to that mysterious thing which we call fascination, in these cases."

"If this affinity and this fascination are so powerful, it is strange there are so many unhappy marriages."

"It is because men—and women too—set out with the idea that fascination is just the thing they must resist; that marriage, being a serious matter—as it certainly is, and something more terrible, even—must be undertaken like the transfer of an estate, with all the forms of law—no poetry—no trust—no glory—no romance. They put the whole thing into the form of a problem, and when all the *ifs* are answered properly, go on in the comfortable conviction that they have acted wisely, when in truth they have only been completing arrangements for passing life in a sort of minor key—the joy-chords renounced—the running bass of care and sorrow certain, while the heart-cheering majors and soaring lark-trills which belong to love are out of the question for ever."

"I do not see but you would banish prudence altogether—"

"Not at all—but I would keep it in its place, which is secondary, at best. I would have prudence do the work of prudence, not the work of love. When I marry—if I ever do marry—you will probably think me very imprudent. I shall not proceed scientifically. I shall be disposed to apply to that subject what I remember reading on a different one—'Logical processes cannot demonstrate every problem worthy of our faith. The whole man must advance to the proof of a spiritual problem, and he must test it by his totality of thought and feeling. Then faith in a thing indemonstrable becomes a rational prolongation of reason.'"

"You are more scientific than I, after all—at least you attempt to find a key which shall unlock all mysteries—a spiritual *passe-partout*. After all, I dare say we do not differ essentially. You must remember that all I said at the beginning was that I would not marry a beauty. Now by a beauty



I mean something very different from a handsome woman. A beauty is one whose outward loveliness is the most striking thing about her—the thing first thought of and mentioned where she is spoken of—her distinction, in short. It must require an amount of excellence almost past hoping for, to bear this without serious injury to the character. Such a woman is subject to the insidious influence not only of direct and obvious praise,—against which we can imagine a rare specimen of the sex to be on her guard,—but of the continual and involuntary flattery of every eye she meets—a far subtler and more intoxicating incense, which must have intense operation, for good or evil—and who questions which?—on the habits of the mind. I should fancy that in this, as in other cases, the more potent the stimulus and the more fixed the habit, the more demoniac would be the irritability which must result from its withdrawal. I should be sorry to be the husband of a decaying beauty.”

“You have but a poor opinion of the sex, evidently; and you do not believe as I do in the significance of beauty. Is it possible you can call that face beautiful which has in it the expression of a mean, narrow, egotistic soul; a heart untouched by generous affection—a mind wholly occupied by trifles?”

“No—but a worshipper of beauty is liable to be so dazzled by the magic of colors and lines, as not to perceive the real character of the entire expression.”

“I never saw a face in which character was not the first thing that struck me. The human face is Heaven’s title-page to the great book of mind, and it gives truly the main topic, at least. And unlike other title-pages, it grows clearer and more legible with age. It may require a practical or even a prophetic eye to read it early; but day by day its letters deepen

and increase in number, until at last it becomes a tolerable table of contents.”

“You grow figurative. Yet there are hypocrites—”

“True—but hypocrisy is written, too.”

“Swedenborg thinks that the face is but a marred, distorted, or imperfect manifestation or expression of the soul, here; but that in the other life it asserts its supremacy more fully, so that the body is compelled to conform without reservation. This change will, however, be gradual, and hypocrites, true to their habits, will be the last to undergo it in its completeness. When it is accomplished, they are to be the most hideous in aspect of all sinners.”

“They are so now; but Swedenborg deserves the world’s gratitude for the picture. To be the ugliest man in eternity—what a destiny!”

“Yes—for you lovers of beauty! After all, except as an expression of moral qualities, beauty must be a matter of taste—subject to no rules—”

“What says our oracle in ‘Modern Painters?’—‘Perfect taste is the faculty of receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those material sources which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection. Taste, properly so called, is the instinctive and instant preferring of one material object to another, without any obvious reason, except that it is proper to human nature in its perfection to do so. \* \* All our moral feelings are so inwoven with our intellectual powers, that we cannot affect the one without in some degree addressing the other; and in all high ideas of beauty it is more than probable that much of the pleasure depends on delicate and untraceable perceptions of fitness, propriety and relation, which are purely

intellectual. \* \* But yet there is no immediate exertion of the intellect; that is to say, if the person receiving even the noblest ideas of simple beauty be asked *why* he likes the object exciting them, he will not be able to give any distinct reason, nor to trace in his mind any formed thought to which he can appeal as a source of pleasure."

"All that is very true; but I doubt whether the human face is included, since its beauty is any thing but simple. The 'Howadji' thinks the perfection of all beauty consists in balance—as the most exquisite of summer days so breathes balm into a vigorous and healthy body that the individual exists without corporeal consciousness, yet is then most corporeally perfect. Beautiful balance, which is the character of perfection in human character or nature, allows no prominent points. Washington is undoubtedly always underrated in our judgment, because he was so well proportioned; and the finest musical performance has such ease and quiet, and the colors and treatment of a fine picture give such propriety and harmony, that we do not at once know how fine it is. It is the cutting of a razor so sharply edged that we are not conscious of it. *We have all seen the same thing in beautiful faces.* The most permanent and profound beauty did not thrill us; but presently, like air to the lungs, it was a necessity of inner life, while striking beauty is generally a disproportion, and, so far, a monstrosity and a fault. Men who feel beauty most profoundly are often unable to recall the color of eyes and hair, unless, as with artists, there is an involuntary technical attention to those points. For beauty is a radiance that cannot be analyzed, and which is not described when you call it rosy. Wanting any word which shall express

it, is not the highest beauty the synonym of balance? Does this seem to you just?"

"I believe, in order fully to accept it, I should substitute 'harmony' for 'balance.' But I love the Howadji for saying that 'nothing in nature is purely ornamental.' This thought hallows that insatiable thirst after beauty which the prudent regard as a temptation and the narrow-minded as a sin.

We live by admiration, hope and love—

yet how large a portion of mankind endeavor to stifle these impulses of nature, and to close up, by sordid cares, every avenue provided by bounteous Heaven for pure and exalting pleasures! We need not seek pleasure; it is enough to fit ourselves to receive it. It is a flower whose odor the wise inhale in perfection in the open air and hanging on its fresh stalk; plucked and crowded and deprived of wholesome atmosphere, it brings pain and death to those who seek it amiss. But shall we renounce its use? The pursuit of beauty *may* make heartless egotists and sensualists, but it is none the less conducive, in natures better tempered, to the highest virtue and religion."

Here Davidson, the younger of our three friends, gave an unseemly yawn, to signalize his recovery from a nap, the natural result of all this grave discussion.

"Where are you now?" he said; "who gives in? Has Ellis converted you, Whitethorne?"

"There was no need of conversion," said Mr. Whitethorne, quietly. "We think very much alike in the main; but Ellis, having a personal interest in the matter, has gone further into it than I have, and I chose to make him talk it out. I shall

watch very closely to see how his theory answers in his own case."

"On the other hand," said Ellis, "I shall remember our conversation when I call to pay my respects to a very plain Mrs. Whitethorne. But I will not look hard at you—that would be too savage."

"I give you leave; the woman is not born yet that I shall marry."

"O, then—you contemplate doing a very foolish thing some years hence? Very likely; but don't say I led you into it."

"You may both please yourselves with theorizing, if you will," said Davidson. "I am no philosopher or metaphysician, but a very commonplace fellow, and shall content myself with falling in love in the old-fashioned, headlong way. Here, in a Reverie I have been reading,—Mrs. Norton's—I find myself and my *future* admirably described:

"Let her be young, yet not a child,  
Whose light and inexperienced mirth  
Is all too winged and too wild  
For sober earth:  
Too rainbow-like such mirth appears,  
And fades away in misty tears.

"Let youth's fresh roses still gently bloom  
Upon her smooth and downy cheek;  
Yet let a shadow—not a gloom,  
But soft and meek—  
Tell that *some* sorrow she has known,  
Though not a sorrow of her own.

"And let her eyes be of the gray,  
The soft gray of the brooding dove,  
Full of the sweet and tender ray  
Of modest love:  
For fonder shows that dreamy hue  
Than lustrous black or heavenly blue.

"Let her be full of quiet grace;  
No sparkling wit, with sudden glow  
Brightening her pure and chisell'd face  
And placid brow;  
Not radiant to the stranger's eye!  
A creature easily passed by—

("Wit wouldn't do for me at all," said Davidson, parenthetically.)

"But who, once seen, with untold power  
For ever haunts the yearning heart,  
Raised from the crowd that self-same hour  
To dwell apart;  
All sainted and enshrined to be  
The idol of a memory."

"That's when I've fallen in love with her, you know;—that's to be her distinction," continued Davidson, with a look of exquisite self-complacency, half-sincere, half-affected.

"Very reasonable, indeed," said Ellis. All you ask is

No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt  
In Angel instincts—breathing Paradise,  
Interpreter between the gods and men.

Very reasonable!"

And the friends separated, each well content with his own wisdom.

A dead pause followed the reading. Mr. Berry was tolerably philosophical, as people having a due allowance of self-esteem are able to be in such cases; but we cannot deny that he felt a little fidgety.

"Most righteous judge—a sentence! come—prepare!" he exclaimed, misapplying Shylock's words to his purpose. "Do not keep me hanging by the waist, but finish me at once, mercifully."

Nobody liked to speak first, but some one at length murmured—

"Is it not rather grave?"

"Yes—and a little formal?" said another—

"Shouldn't you have described them a little, to give an interest?" was the third critic's hint—

"And the place where they met"—said Miss Grove, who read novels in the intervals of her crowd doings—

"What I most admire," said Miss Ingoldsby, "is the mercy Mr. Berry has shown to those of us who are to follow, in not providing such entanglements at the outset as might have proved terribly hampering to our genius in the unravelling. He has contented himself with the suggestion of the simplest possible elements, and left us to weave our own webs after our own fashion."

But Miss Ingoldsby's commendation did not save the chapter. It was decided, *una voce*, to be too grave, and the author withdrew it, promising heroically to take his chance anew, and try again, if the lot should fall upon him.

The next trial resulted in a call upon Mrs. Marston, who declared that, with this warning before her, she should take care to be frivolous enough, at least.

"But remember what we said to Mr. Berry, and do not cut out too much work for your successors," said one of the party.

"I do not think my invention will overflow into any great variety of characters," said Mrs. Marston, laughing; "I am much more afraid of the sin of penuriousness. I suppose, although Mr. Berry's chapter is condemned, I may make use of his characters, if I please?"

"O certainly!"—and Mr. Berry declared he should feel more than consoled for his failure if his suggestions proved of use—which was probably the lady's benevolent thought, for there was a lingering compunction in all hearts at the unceremonious rejection of Mr. Berry's effort.

"I promise you my chapter will be very maternal," said Mrs. Marston, "for I must draw on experience for inspiration."

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Miss Ingoldsby read Mrs. Marston's chapter too: the company having first decided to call the new undertaking

### THE ISLAND STORY.

Each several life yet opens with the view  
Of that unblighted world where Adam drew  
The breath of being: in each several mind,  
However cramped, and fettered, and confined,  
The innate power of beauty folded lies.

The bride was in her pearls—milk-white ones on her neck and arms, the gift of love,—clear glittering ones dropping from her eyes, joy's counterfeit of sorrow. All outward preparations were finished, but she felt as if the inner were yet to begin—

so strange did the present, for which the past had so long been laying the foundation, seem to her surprised thoughts. The misty bridal veil hung across the mirror, waiting the summons which must bring tears and fears and flutterings to a point; but there was another veil—misty too, yet consciously felt—over the mind of the young girl, usually so clear and careless. There are moments which reveal us to ourselves—present our past like one unbroken picture, and our future like a threat or a promise, the awful alternative to be decided then and there. These moments are God-given, but how seldom are they so regarded! We feel the compression from without more than the impulse from within. "It is too late to think." Too late to think! It may be so with regard to a jaunt into the country, when friends we have engaged are waiting; but for a journey from which there is no return—is it ever too late?

"There is guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word." But circumstances so fill our ears that we can hear nothing.

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The clock on the mantel struck the half-hour. Bridesmaids flitted about, like changing summer clouds in the rosy light of morning. The attendants were giving the last, anxious glances at the bride—sole thought of the hour—to see that no delicate ordering of graces had been forgotten. There were deep consultations as to whether it would be practicable for her to carry the wondrous gleaming fan with the bouquet and handkerchief.

"Katherine, darling," whispered good Aunt Susan, "there are a few minutes yet; send away all these giddy girls. I



want to talk to you a little, dear. Sit down by me on the sofa ;” and she drew the ethereal white figure towards her.

“ Oh—dear Aunt—I can’t possibly sit down !—it would tumble my dress so !” said Katherine, through all her tears. The outward was too much for the inward.

A pang shot through the good heart of Aunt Susan. She had held fast her simplicity of soul through all life’s changes and temptations, and never could learn to believe in or be prepared for any thing else in others. She half perceived how deeply the prospect of a wealthy marriage, and the preparations for it, which had made Katherine the single object of attention and effort for some weeks, had already tinged the natural and happy thoughts of the young girl. But she was all indulgence ; her heart, quick as lightning, framed an excuse for the seeming frivolity, and she yielded her point.

“ Well, dear, we will stand, if you like it better”—but the change of position quite disconcerted the little speech she had devised for the seemly unburdenment of thoughts that would not be kept down.

“ Katherine, darling,” she said, repressing the impulse to put her arm round the graceful waist now guarded with grandeurs, “ all I wished to say to you was that—that I hoped—that I was afraid—that—I wished you to be quite certain—sure—that you love Mr. Ellis well enough—”

“ Oh Aunt Susan ! how *can* you ! do you think—can you suppose—” and the bride looked as indignant as truth and nature would let her ; for Aunt Susan had touched the tender place in her conscience,—the place she had found too tender for her own handling.

“ Have patience with me, my love, and have courage to look

at the truth, be it what it will. Have you ever asked yourself the simple question—Do I so love Mr. Ellis that I would not only prefer him to all other men if I were again free to choose, but that my happiness would be seriously affected if this marriage were not to take place? Try to put out of the question that you are engaged to him—that all is ready for the marriage, that it would be so terrible to retreat! To marry under the least delusion is far more terrible. Do try, my darling, to search your heart, as you hope for happiness, your own or his. Just think of that noble, generous creature waking up to the conviction that you had never truly loved him for himself—that your true, real heart is not his—that you have been dazzled by circumstances—deceived by your own love of all that is beautiful, that only imagination is on his side—”

“Dear Aunt Susan, how can you talk so? What has put these thoughts into your head? To be sure I love Mr. Ellis. You know how good he is—how kind—and how devotedly he loves me. I am sure you don’t think I love any body else?”

“No, indeed—or I should never have allowed Mr. Ellis to suppose you free. My fears have no reference to any other attachment, but only to the depth and fervor of this one. To speak plainly—as I can and must speak to you, my dearest—Mr. Ellis is ten years older than yourself—his character is grave and thoughtful—his tastes are sober—his ideas decided and somewhat strict. He is excessively in love with you, and—he is rich. You know as well as I, my love, that it was your beauty that first attracted him; but your many excellent qualities have won over his whole heart, and a strong nature like his loves once and always. What I fear is that you may be unconsciously deceiving yourself and him into a belief that your attachment is

of the same deep, devoted, exclusive character as his, while you are perhaps more influenced than you suspect—not more than is natural in a young girl frugally bred—by the prospect of a desirable position in society, and a life of elegance and indulgence. It is this that I hope and pray you will consider. Do—dear love! Never mind consequences—I will take all that is possible upon myself. Do not mistake gratitude, pride, gratified vanity, even approbation and respect for one of the best of men, for love. Dear Kate—life will not be all a play-day—it is not, even when we love ever so truly. Trials must come—trials of patience, of temper, of fortitude, of truth. It will not be sufficient that your husband loves you; you must love him, too, to make these things tolerable.”

“I do, indeed! dear, dear, good Aunt Susan,” said Katherine, throwing her arms round her aunt’s neck—but carefully, because of the lace on her sleeves;—“I do love him—better than any one else in the world—except you—” and she spoke sincerely and warmly, for Aunt Susan’s allusion to Mr. Ellis’s excellences had brought him up before her imagination in a sort of glory.

“But you must love him *more* than you love me!” said Aunt Susan, with a sigh which was not expressive of very full satisfaction. “Suppose I should tell you, now, that Mr. Ellis had lost his fortune, and that you must prepare to begin your married life in a small house and in a very economical way—”

“What do you mean, dear Aunt Susan?” exclaimed Katherine, suddenly pale with agitation.

Here was a sudden and loud rapping at the door.

“Mrs. Ashmore! Kate!”

"What *do* you mean—tell me, for pity's sake!" reiterated the bride, never heeding the appointed summons.

"Only to ask you the simple question, my love—"

"But there is really no such thing? tell me—is there?"

"Katherine! Mrs. Ashmore! every one is waiting!" whispered somebody through the keyhole. "Mr. Ellis is here—do come!"

Aunt Susan could not speak—she could hardly bear to part with her Katherine thus;—she held her fast, as if that would do any good. Her maternal, her virtuous, her holy instincts had taken the alarm—or rather the secret fears which had beset her for weeks, had just then come to a crisis.

"There *is* no such thing, is there?" said Katherine, with quivering lips—

"No, dear! no—" said poor Aunt Susan; and resigning the object of her care with a secret prayer—a prayer of faith—she opened the door to the bevy of bride-maidens, and a manly face that promised all that face can promise of truth, honor, and generous love—

Love—healer of all ills—solver of all doubts—sad indeed is the bridal where thou art wanting! At this one, of Katherine Fountain and Henry Ellis, Love presided, indeed, but hardly with equal favor. To the bridegroom he gave all his enchantments; and if the bride seemed less endowed, perhaps it was only because of the greatness of the gifts on the other side. We would be far from hinting that Katherine felt indifferent to the man she was to marry—one whose merits commanded affection as well as respect; but only that for want of greater insight and fuller appreciation, her attachment hardly equalled his great deserts, and would scarcely have satisfied the delicate require-

ments of his heart if he could have seen hers fully unveiled. Katherine was of that shy and rather reserved character which leaves a great deal for the imagination, and the imagination of a lover asks no better background for its glowing pictures. Young, unformed, but of dazzling beauty, Katherine's very want of cultivation had been converted into a charm for the accomplished man of society. Disgusted with the flippant coldness of pseudo-cultivation, real freshness of mind was of delicious promise to him, and the idea—not very distinctly developed—of giving this ductile mind all it needed to bring forth its latent power, had been a fascinating one to him, from his first acquaintance with Katherine. On her part, the very sense of Ellis's superiority had in some degree scared away freedom and warmth from her affection for him. Where there is decided mental inequality, there may be respect, esteem, gratitude, pride, willing dependence, perfect trust—but there can hardly be love in its highest form.

But we have kept our bridal party too long waiting for the bride. The veil, adjusted to the last degree of grace by skilful hands, gave the sole charm lacking to her beauty, and with one more parting kiss to Aunt Susan, she passed into the wavering cloud of bride-maidens, not without a trace on her brow of the single anxious thought called up by the recent conversation.

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Mrs. Marston's opening chapter met with more favor than Mr. Berry's had done. The young ladies were delighted with the bride's beauty and with her marrying rich. They only thought the book concluded as soon as begun. "What more



can be said? After a young lady is married, her history cannot be interesting;" at least Miss Grove thought novels about married people were always stupid.

Other objections there were—such as Mrs. Marston's not having indicated distinctly enough the direction of the story, but this she said she purposely left open for her successors, only a general agreement having been come to as to its tone. The next lot fell upon Mrs. Shelton, who consented to serve only on condition that she should be allowed to seek help from her husband. This, of course, was readily granted by the high contracting powers, and the result was the chapter that follows:

This chapter Mrs. Shelton chose to call

### PROGNOSTICS.

Her short life  
As full of music as the crowded June  
Of an unfallen orb.

The promise to the fatherless is fulfilled in the tenderness which their condition awakens in the hearts of the good. How often they seem better cared for than the children of the living and prosperous! What a sacredness there is about our thought of them—the dead seeming all the while to fix their searching, unwavering, undeceivable eyes upon our doings toward them! Was not the uncle of the Babes in the Wood the only cruel guardian uncle that ever lived?

Not such, at least, were Uncle and Aunt Ashmore, to whose care Katherine Fountain and her baby-brother were left when

their mother died, and their father became something worse than dead. The busy world thought the good couple had children enough of their own, and that their means were none too wide for their needs. But with hearts that could hold the world, their house had necessarily an elastic virtue too, and both found plenty of room for the two poor, little, desolate pretty creatures, whose unconsciously appealing looks would have unlocked more obstinate doors. The boy was almost an infant in arms; Katherine a year or two older. Aunt Susan had two of nearly their age—a circumstance which she insisted made it all the more convenient to attend to the new-comers. So the little ones grew up together, Uncle Ashmore never prospering extravagantly, but satisfied with finding himself no worse off at the end of the year than at the beginning. Frugality and liberality went hand in hand in the establishment, as they ought oftener to go.

There no forced efforts for delight were made,  
Joy came with prudence and without parade;  
The common comfort they had all in view,  
Light were their troubles and their wishes few;  
Thrift made them easy for the coming day,  
Religion took the fear of Death away;  
A cheerful spirit still insured content,  
And Love smiled round them wheresoe'er they went.

It will be easily perceived that this was no splendid lot. Where there are great, liberal hearts and no fortune, modest wishes and industrious and economical habits must watch to keep the peace. "Debt is a far worse wolf than poverty," said Uncle Ashmore; and his family were taught to think like him, at the expense of many a pleasant indulgence that their neighbors boasted.

"Look at what we have, and not at what we haven't," was another of his favorite sentences—hard precept, but benign. The philosopher who could say, "How many things are here that I do not want!" has few disciples in any age—perhaps fewer in ours than any. Temptations to expense are the most insidious in the world; taste seems to sanctify some of them, and for the rest we appeal to nature or necessity. In this particular, the two young Fountains proved, as they grew up, like eaglets in a dove's nest. Good and amiable as they were, and loving and grateful,—they showed their alien blood by a thousand aspirings—not perversely exhibited, but unconsciously betrayed. Katherine was a beauty—that seemed to account for her love of dress, and a certain wilfulness that sometimes grieved Aunt Susan. George was handsome, too, and popular at school; good-humored, but self-indulgent. The Ashmore children were so much like their parents in gentle goodness, that they looked up admiringly to the dazzling gifts of the orphans, and yielded them a willing homage that had no taint of envy.

Mrs. Ashmore was quite right when she said that Katherine's beauty first attracted Mr. Ellis. He had been introduced to her in the country, where she seemed a wood-nymph, in the graceful simplicity of her dress and manners. Pure and happy, gently excited by rural sights and sounds and all the beaming circle of summer pleasures, and lustrous with flitting smiles and opal fancies, Katherine's fascinations were irresistible. To Ellis she was only the more a delicious wonder for being found among plain, unpretending people. He was any thing but a mere man of the world, in the ordinary sense of that term. He loved the world for the good that is in it, but he was much better fitted

and more disposed to lead than to follow it. His taste, highly cultivated and even fastidious, yet seldom interfered with his strict interpretation of the rule of duty; and even Katherine's charms would have had little effect on him, beyond the passing moment, if he had not felt sure that the source of all this bewitching outward harmony was within. The sweetness of her temper was as little to be doubted as the rosy whiteness of her complexion; her face was as full of quick intelligence as of symmetry, and the glorious beauty of her eyes did not conceal the gentle kindness that shone through them. Mr. Ellis felt that he had never seen her equal, and he was right; his only error was in supposing her more developed than she was. Aunt Susan's process,—the result of tender affection and heavenly instinct—was any thing but a forcing one. It was her nature to bear as much of every one's burdens as she possibly could; to make all the sacrifices, and take all the blame; and a more ingenious creature in contriving excuses for every one's deficiencies but her own could not be found. This is the description of no great disciplinarian, and the effect of training on this plan was evident through the household, and particularly shown in Katherine and her brother, who would have borne and well repaid a stronger system. When Aunt Susan's elder children had reached the utmost to which direct instruction could bring them, their cousins were yet in a forming state; and although their ability was evident, it was still uncharacterized and almost unused.

To the imagination of a lover, however, it is not wonderful that Katherine was all-perfect.

A man sometimes finds himself, at thirty, romantic for the first time—a phenomenon whose cause we leave to the explora-

tions of the omniscient psychologists of our day. Mr. Ellis fancied himself the coolest judge in the world; but in truth, from the time that he became fascinated by the excessive loveliness of Katherine's face and figure, it was only fancy. The most commonplace of lovers could not have been further from any thing that deserved the name of judgment. His devotion filled the whole field of vision with a glory that seemed to him to emanate from the central form; and to the idol herself the light was equally magical. "While I was happy I was amiable," says Madame De Stael, in the person of one of her heroines, hinting at once a point for self-examination, and a reason for patience towards the unamiable. To be admired and loved is an incentive to worthiness, in a generous nature; only mean souls grow arrogant by spontaneous homage. The love of such a man as Henry Ellis naturally made Katherine an angel, and so justified his most extravagant thoughts. That she should give him in return as much of her heart as she was as yet conscious of possessing was inevitable, and it was with entire sincerity that she owned a preference which implied all he wished. The marriage took place after a short engagement, for there seemed no very obvious reason for a long one; and the usual round of gay bustle followed the wedding-journey. Katherine's *trousseau* had been all that Uncle Ashmore's means would allow, and her husband's gifts left nothing to wish for. The world presented a new side to the young wife. What an easy, charming world it was! No more longings after beautiful things—no more talk about economy—no more visions of what *might* be! Every thing *was*,—in actual possession. The exercise of refined taste seemed a sufficient object in life, and harmony of wishes in that direction ample security for married happiness.

The furnishing of a handsome house in — Square gave delightful occupation for some weeks. There were so many charming things to be examined, so many proportions to be consulted, so many colors and blendings considered, that each evening found Katherine as weary as if she had been doomed to wield the suicidal needle, to win a pittance that might defer starvation. The power of indulging the taste for the first time was intoxicating, and who can marvel? The house seemed to grow under her hands, as room after room assumed the aspect and complexion of her choice. Mr. Ellis seldom interfered, though his travelled taste might have corrected some errors in the way of display, and certainly would have preferred that works of Art should have been more prominent than the mere upholstery and cabinet ware of which Katherine was but too fond. Indeed it would have been wonderful if our young wife, untaught in Art and surrounded in her native city by examples of the most vulgar splendor, had been able wholly to avoid the American vice of unmeaning gorgeousness, without plan or principle of harmony. To have persuaded her to prefer a fine landscape to a great mirror, would have been impossible, and Ellis was too indulgent to insist on the picture without the preference. He chose to wait until his wife's taste demanded something more refined than the glitter she saw about her. Even in matters which concerned himself personally, he yielded every thing, for what she preferred soon seemed to him best.

A month or two went by in returning visits, card-leaving, and receiving company. Mr. Ellis bore his part in all this most gallantly, though it required no extraordinary amount of sagacity to perceive that after a certain time it began to weary his very soul. Katherine, to whom it was a novelty, and who had—or

fancied she had—nothing else to do, went on with heroic strength, and evidently thought it was to be always so.

It would be curious to discover—if we could discover—how large a part of young girls' notions of life and ideal of happiness and propriety is derived from fashionable novels. The writers of those repositories of wisdom so crowd their pages with splendid and fascinating images of the pleasures of society;—make people so easy and graceful, so witty and wise, in drawing-rooms and boudoirs; paint dinners all elegance and vivacity, balls all admiration and success—that the inexperienced must fancy social life to be a picture of light and pleasure, knowing no weariness, disgust, or disappointment. It takes no great experience to cure the delusion, but it requires a certain amount; and to some natures the waking up from the dream is not without bitterness. The disappointment that waits upon unfounded expectations is not the least severe; and it is easy to seek in petulant injustice revenge for the mistake. None are more disposed to undervalue society than those who once overrated its attractions.

But our bride is a long way off from this point as yet.

"Pray give me credit for having kept carefully within the depths—or shallows—of my own experience," said Egeria, after she had listened, with some tremors and blushes, to the reading of her little effort. "I never knew, before, that I could write any thing but a letter or a school exercise; and indeed, without Mr. Shelton's suggestions I should not have dared attempt any delineation of character. Yet I found a little reflection

bring me quite vividly what would be the probable result of the training of Aunt Susan—"

The chapter was graciously accepted, and Miss Berry chosen by the lot as the next adventurer.

"I shall moralize, of course," she said, laughing; "you know me, of old."

But all said moralizing was sometimes in place, and, in treating of the significance of Beauty, could hardly be omitted.

"We must have a Christmas dinner! a family dinner," said Mrs. Ellis to her husband, in council, after wedding visits had somewhat slackened. "We will have Aunt Susan and Uncle Ashmore, and all the children and George, and your sister and Mr. Enfield and Mary, and your Uncle Deane—"

"You musn't set your heart upon all that, dear," said Mr. Ellis, "for I dare say your Uncle and Aunt will think we ought to dine with them. The elder members of the family generally claim the Christmas dinner."

"O but I can easily persuade them! They will come here, I know, if I wish it."

Mr. Ellis felt as if it would be more kind and delicate not to persuade them, but he did not say so. He would hardly countenance himself in thinking so, since Katherine was concerned. So the Christmas party was invited.

The Enfields were of that class wonderfully numerous among us—a class peculiar to our country—who live at board because their means will not allow of their being surrounded with pri-

vate splendor of their own ; of course they had no objection to dining out on Christmas day.

But Aunt Susan and her husband were, as we have said, people whose rich natures had resisted the world's petrifying influences, and retained, in spite of the attrition of city life, the freshness and simplicity which only good and warm hearts have any right to. To them, accustomed as they had long been to see their own board crowned with good cheer, and surrounded by happy and beloved faces on Christmas day, the idea of dining any where but at home was sadly against the grain, so that they, for once, resisted Katherine pretty sturdily. But Katherine was in no humor to be resisted. There was a Champagne flush about her life, now, that gave a heightened and illusive color to whatever she desired, and urged her towards its attainment with an impetuosity unsuspected during her soft, embryo days. It is a rare mental soil in which egotism does not grow rapidly under the tropical sun of sudden prosperity ; and the more imaginative the quality, the more luxuriant and overshadowing the product. Experience of power made Katherine feel (not think) herself omnipotent in her sphere, and she never doubted but she could make Uncle and Aunt Ashmore, whom she loved so dearly, happy in her way instead of their own. So she prevailed, and they exchanged their comfortable dining-room, with sprigs of box stuck in the window-panes, branches of hemlock and wreaths of green forest fringe about the pictures, and a bright, hospitable Christmas fire burning in the grate, for their niece's too magnificent *suite*, curtained with satin and lace till one could not distinguish the snow falling thick through the air without, and warmed by a furnace in the cellar till you felt uncertain whether a fan or a fire were most desirable.

"Had not we better have a little fire, Katherine?" said Mr. Ellis ; "Aunt Susan will miss her cheerful corner-seat, I am afraid."

"Fire ! oh dear, no—I am sure it is very warm here !" And she appealed to the thermometer, which tyrannizes over one's natural and unanswerable sensations in so many houses.

Her mind's eye, if not her bodily one, was fixed on the polished grates, which, though they had been left open at Mr. Ellis's suggestion, for the very purpose now in question, she could not bear to see defaced. So she did not consent, and the Ashmores arrived, opportunely for her, before there was time for further debate.

There was a hearty as well as graceful welcome for these honored guests, for whom Mr. Ellis had already learned to feel the affection and reverence of a son. Katherine's delight was unbounded, and animation and pleasure so heightened her beauty, that her indulgent relatives looked at her with new pride, and a new sense of her right to power. George Fountain, as he kissed his sister, brought out his own opinion, brother-like—

"Why, Kate, you grow handsomer every day !"

Katherine met her husband's eye, and blushed, not very painfully.

"Do you find it warm enough here, Auntie?" said she, as Aunt Susan took her seat on one of the half-dozen sofas. (A great defect of fashionable drawing-rooms is that they have no natural social centre. They seem made for undistinguished crowds, with no common interest or impulse.)

"O dear, yes—very warm !" said Aunt Susan, whose rosy face wore a deeper hue than usual. She took a fan from her pocket, and Katherine looked at Mr. Ellis as much as to say,

"You see I was right." He did not remind her that the cheerful fire he had recommended need not have increased the heat.

"Mr. Enfield, Mrs. Enfield and Miss Enfield," said the servant, opening the door, and the party thus announced by their own order, came splendidly into the room, as if for a visit of ceremony.

Mrs. Enfield was a stately lady, Mr. Enfield a midging, insignificant little gentleman, with his hair brushed wildly upwards to increase his apparent height; Miss Enfield, a little, pale-faced girl, with the very lightest hair, and large red lips rather scornful in expression. Her hands and arms were of a papery whiteness, and so fleshless that her numerous bracelets and rings seemed in constant danger of falling off. This delicacy her mamma prized very highly, while to indifferent eyes it seemed a presage either of early decay or a sort of half-life for a longer period.

Mr. Deane came next, a pale, serious elderly man in black, with hardly the face or spirits for a Christmas party; but Katherine's gracious manners and kind attentions soon won him to some degree of cheerfulness. He was a widower, and had, not long before, lost an only son—his sole remaining child. He seemed bent on watching George Fountain, who, full of life and health, must have formed a striking memento of his loss. We love to try every new sword in the old wound.

"Bless me! how hot you've got it here, Ellis!" said Mr. Enfield as soon as he had made his bow. "You will have to serve us all up with the baked meats!"

"Is there a fan, Mrs. Ellis?" said Mrs. Enfield, who, quite aware that her husband's danger was that of insignificance, always endeavored to give dignity to his whims by assenting to

them. The fan being brought, Mrs. Enfield condescended to turn her attention to Aunt Susan.

"Shocking weather, Mrs. Ashmore! Dreadful driving to-day!"

"We walked," said Aunt Susan.

"Oh! did you, indeed?"

"Yes," said Mr. Ashmore, my wife calls her India-rubbers her iron-grays; they carry her every where, and she is a coward about riding."

Uncle and Aunt Ashmore were so old-fashioned that they still dared to say "riding," although the English say "driving." They adhered to the old Bible English.

"For my part," said Mr. Enfield, inspecting his patent leathers, "I found it quite enough to walk from the carriage to the door."

"Yes—I was nearly blown away," said his wife. "It was horribly disagreeable."

"All for want of habit," said Mr. Ashmore. "The doctors would not have so many cases of dyspepsia if every body walked. 'Have a carriage,' says Emerson, 'and you lose your legs.'"

"O, very likely," murmured Mr. Enfield, evidently quite content to take the carriage without the legs.

The children now came bouncing in. Their happy faces and joyous tones did something towards overcoming the ice of the Enfields. The elder found amusement on the sofa-table; little Willie went into raptures at the Maltese cat that lay dosing on a cushion; while Susan, the image of her good mother, soon planted herself in the window, to observe the storm and watch the poor children, who were piteously endeavoring to find bits of

wood or coal wherever the wind had blown the snow from patches in the vacant lot at the corner.

"Oh, see! the wind has carried off that little girl's cloak that she was holding on with one hand while she picked up a long piece of hoop; and now she is running after it through the deep drift! See her poor red feet! She has caught her cloak, now, but there's a naughty boy has run off with her piece of hoop."

Mr. Ellis went to the window. "What's all this about cloaks and hoops, Susie?" said he.

"Oh—there they go—they have gone round the corner—I believe the wind blew them round. But there's a lady—with her umbrella loaded with wet snow! She's coming here, I declare! O—her umbrella is turned wrong side out, and her bonnet is almost off!"

"It is Mrs. Dibble," said Mr. Ellis, "out on one of her expeditions of mercy, I have no doubt."

A ring was heard, and at the same moment a servant announced dinner.

"Say we are at dinner, John," said Mrs. Ellis.

"Katherine, dear—don't send away Mrs. Dibble—and in such a storm, too! Ask the lady in, John."

"Dibble!" exclaimed Mr. Enfield, *sotto voce*, "what a vulgar name—"

"And what a vulgar woman!" said his wife, a little louder, as Mrs. Dibble entered the room breathless from the storm, her hair blown about her face and her cheeks all wet and red. Katherine had looked vexed, but her husband found time to whisper, "It will be but for a moment—Mrs. Dibble never wastes her own time or any body's else."

"Excuse me," said the visitor, as soon as she had recovered

herself a little; "I should hardly have dared to enter any other nouse in — Square in this way, and on Christmas day, too—but I felt sure of you."

She looked rather at Mr than Mrs. Ellis as she said this, not purposely, but by instinct.

"You will come in to dinner with us," said Katherine, kindly; "our dinner is just on the table."

"Oh, thank you—no," said Mrs. Dibble, and she arose at once. "What I wished to say was, that there is a family absolutely starving, within a few rods of your house, and I came to beg something warm for them to eat, immediately."

"Starving!" was exclaimed on all sides

"Yes, indeed!—without a morsel for nearly two days—a mother and three little children, faint with hunger, and shut up to die, for the poor soul had come to the awful resolution not to try any longer."

A thrill of horror ran through the group; Katherine's check blanched, and tears came to her eyes.

"We will send something instantly," she said; "let us go to the dining-room."

It was easy to select from the abundance of delicacies there, and Mrs. Dibble's experience enabled her to choose with judgment.

"I will go!" said George Fountain. "Let me go—I would rather carry the basket than not" And he was off in a moment, Mrs. Dibble following as fast as she could.

"You will at least come back and dine with us?" said Katherine.

"No—not to-day—many thanks. I hope I have not spoiled your Christmas dinner."

But, to the honor of our human nature, be it said, such occurrences will throw a damp over plenty and magnificence. The contrast is too horrible; and though it always exists, and we know it, yet we cannot face its actual presence. Katherine was full of contending emotions. There was certainly something a little trying to a young housekeeper in the interruption. A dinner is not perfect if it waits ten or fifteen minutes after it should be eaten, and this was Katherine's first large dinner.

But then the opposite thought that there are thousands who have no dinner!

"Very odd woman—that Mrs. Dibble!" said Mrs. Enfield. "She is always engaged about other people's business."

"I fancy her husband would rather she should attend to her own," said Mr. Enfield.

"These very benevolent people," said the lady, with a little toss of the head, "are generally indifferent to the comfort of those immediately dependent upon them. Home duties are not showy enough for them."

Mrs. Ashmore and Katherine both looked ready to exclaim at this sweeping judgment, but Mr. Ellis said, quietly—

"I believe Mr. Dibble is very much of his wife's mind, and feels willing she should give up a good deal of her time to the care of the poor."

"Poor devil!" said Mr. Enfield. "I dare say he tries to make the best of it; but I pity him, or any other man that has a *benevolent* wife!"

This was said with great self-complacency, and Mrs. Enfield evidently felt as if she had received a compliment.

"I must confess," said Mr. Ashmore, "that I should not like

my wife to neglect home affairs for the sake of looking after the poor."

"But isn't it possible," said Mr. Ellis, "to attend to the poor, and to home affairs too? I suppose I must not quote Aunt Susan herself as an instance, here"—with a smile full of meaning at her—"but I know another lady who is a wonder in that way."

"I find it quite as much as I can do to attend to my own duties!" said Mrs. Enfield, sharply. She was evidently rather excited by her brother's remarks, for the marabouts and golden fringes of her head-dress quivered as she spoke. "Nobody need be poor, in this country," she continued, "if it were not for dissipation and improvidence; and to be always giving is only an encouragement to vice. I'm sure I don't know who would give me money, if I wanted it! Do you, Mr. Ashmore?"

"What we give sanctifies what is left," said Mr. Ashmore, who had no idea of being understood to take sides against charitable effort. "But I meant that I thought it would be hard for me to make the sacrifice Mr. Ellis was speaking of."

"I think the kind of charity practised by Mr. and Mrs. Dibble a very difficult one," said Mr. Ellis; "willingness to aid the poor by personal services bespeaks a deeper sense of duty—a more self-denying virtue—than the largest disposition to give, which is often a mere impulse. Vinet speaks of a clergyman who, after quietly listening to whatever of rude repulse the coarsest nature could prevail upon itself to offer in reply to his plea for the wretched, would say, with unruffled brow and unshrinking perseverance—'*Et mes pauvres?*' I should consider that man's claim to sainthood well established."

"I have tried it, myself," said Mr. Ashmore, "and I know



the mean feeling that comes over one is so humiliating, and the cold, stingy looks of those we apply to so provoking, that it would be far easier to give the whole sum required, out of one's own pocket, if that were possible."

"And yet," said Mr. Deane, "who denies that we ought to be obliged to those who save us the time and trouble of searching out misfortune? Like Spenser's Angels—

They their silver bowers leave,  
To come to succor them that succor want—  
And all for love and nothing for reward!"

"Angels!" exclaimed Mrs. Enfield, who soon wearied of any subject not spiced with personality, "I think Mrs. Dibble is very little like an angel! She has nothing attractive about her. She is always full of some idea of her own, and cannot talk as other people do. Then how she looks! Her bonnet is a perfect sight, and she wears a cloak that makes her look like one of her own *protégés*. The servants are afraid to let her in!"

"I should really think," said Katherine, who coveted beauty in every thing, "that it was not necessary for her to dress quite so shabbily."

"I can tell you, dear, why she does so," said Aunt Susan. "She appropriates only a certain sum yearly to her private expenses, and out of that, proportioned as it is to her husband's means, must come her personal charities. So she hardly allows herself what is becoming. I dare say she would be sorry to know she looked so shabby to others."

"How silly!" said Mrs. Enfield, half aside.

"I mean to have a talk with her about it one of these days,"

continued Aunt Susan. "It isn't any body's duty to look ugly."

"Labor lost!" said Mrs. Enfield, whose temper seemed irritated by the justifying and respectful tone of Mrs. Dibble's defenders. "Your true charitable phenomenon is always proud as Lucifer and self-righteous as a pillar-saint—I detest the whole tribe."

Discussions of this kind have a wonderfully disturbing power on some people. There is a pertinacious inner voice, not subject to the rules of good society, which takes the side of truth and goodness, coming vexatiously in aid of the argument or defence from without. Conscience tells us—

If every just man, that now pines with want,  
Had but a moderate and beseeching share  
Of that which lewdly-pampered Luxury  
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
Nature's full blessings would be well-dispensed  
In unsuperfluous, even proportion,  
And she no whit encumbered with her store;  
And then the Giver would be better thanked,  
His praise due paid.

When George Fountain returned, he gave the most heart-rending account of the poor family, intermixing his pity with strong commendation of Mrs. Dibble.

Mr. Enfield pushed away his plate, and moved petulantly several things which stood near it; and when Katherine kindly offered him various delicacies, declined them, shortly enough. Mrs. Enfield immediately put on the air of an injured person. Mr. and Mrs. Ashmore had not *savoir faire* enough to look as if nothing had happened, though they tried with all their simple might. The children, who had been able to keep up their own

private fun for a while, at length began to be sensible of the presence of a hostile element, and they fell into a staring silence.

Mr. Deane alone seemed to forget all in his admiring sympathy with George's humane enthusiasm. He sat down by him and drew him into conversation, which, however, did not become general.

The games in the drawing-room did something, and the tea and coffee something more. Mrs. Enfield consented to play and sing, and though she would attempt nothing but grand Italian cavatinas, and Uncle Ashmore's old-fashioned ears did not quite relish the foreign tone, yet really good music will speak for itself, and he was delighted before he knew it, and so were all. Even Mr. Enfield could not resist the general pleasure, the less as it was due to his wife; so music proved, in this case, what it should always in this jarring world of ours,—a compelling spirit of health. The evening closed gaily, and Mrs. Ellis's first dinner-party would pass for a success, according to all the rules.

But when all had departed, and Katherine, alone with her husband, was talking over the matter, she confessed that her Christmas party had to her been a failure.

"I hardly know what was the reason," she said; "but certainly Aunt Susan and Uncle Ashmore were not in their usual spirits. The children, even, were dull; and then that *malapropos* visit of Mrs. Dibble—" She stopped, for her heart reproached her.

Mr. Ellis was too generous to bring forward all the reasons he could have suggested for the failure of the Christmas party.

"My sister and her husband," he said, are inharmonious people. They are spoiled by prosperity and indolence, and their native good qualities are buried under a load of pride and ex-

clusiveness. They seem laboring to satisfy themselves with the externals of life, and the rebellious longings of their hearts for something better give them a discontented air. Then Mr. Deane is too profoundly sad to be fully sympathetic with any gayety. He seems interested in George, but in nothing and nobody else."

Katherine sat for some time in silence. Mrs. Dibble and her errand passed in review, and it is to be feared, although perhaps the young wife would hardly have owned it to herself, that she secretly referred the clouding over of the party to the unlucky preference given by that lady to her house over any other in the square. There was something officious about it—something that violated the *bienséances*,—that obtruded uncomfortable images in the midst of luxury and happiness. In these days the death's head is banished from the feast. "There must be poor people—there always have been and there always will be. We are surrounded with them; it is in vain to make ourselves uncomfortable about any particular instance. People like Mrs. Dibble, who go about ferreting them out, are always very disagreeable. They forget every thing else; take no interest in society."

Did Mrs. Ellis say these words to her husband? No indeed—

To speak them were a deadly sin!  
And for having but thought them, her heart within  
A treble penance must be done.

She reproached herself, all the while; but the brightness of her new lot had already begun to affect her general estimate of things. All recollection of unhappiness or want was distasteful. An existence beautified by love, wealth, station, Art, refinement, was her ideal of happiness. Such a picture her life now pre-

sented in prospect ; and the view excluded, for the moment, all sorrow, whether her own or others. She found no place in her landscape for a 'brown tree,' unconscious that the glare was even now injuring her moral sight.

"Ah ! Aunt Annie," said Miss Aldis, "now we know you must have written a book !"

"Why, pray?"

"Because you have written such a long chapter, and in such a little while !"

"We shall see what *your* chapter will be," said some of the rest, laughing.

"Mine ! oh, I wouldn't write one for the world ! The lot had better not fall on me, for I should have to refuse."

But the perverse fates called her, the very next time, and she could be saved from a fit of crying only by her uncle's promising to serve in her stead. Mr. Berry said he began quite to long to try his hand again, now that the lines had been marked out a little. Of course nobody objected, but it may be imagined how all laughed when the old bachelor announced the chapter as

#### HOUSEKEEPING.

"Look at the woman here, with the new soul  
Like my own Psyche's; fresh upon her lips  
Alit, the visionary butterfly,  
Waiting my word to enter and make bright,  
Or flutter off, and leave all blank as first.

"Had I green jars of malachite, this way  
I'd range them—where those sea-shells glisten above  
Cressets should hang, by right: this way we'd set  
The purple carpets, as these mats are laid."

Happily the gayeties which follow a wedding do not last always. There is a time to be sober, too, and this Mr. Ellis was prepared fully to enjoy. Katherine thought she had been longing for it, but the fascinations of her new life were potent, and her estimate of sobriety was not always that of her husband.

If contrast be an element of harmony in married life, no couple could be better mated. The character of Ellis was one of remarkable solidity ; his opinions had foundations ; he was thorough in every thing. Born to fortune, his tastes had been cultivated at home and refined by foreign travel ; his associates were select, his intimacies few. How a man of his stamp happened to be captivated with Katherine Fountain—a girl whose education had been imperfect, whose few accomplishments were of a middling order, whose natural powers were in a manner stagnant for want of healthful stimulus and a guiding spirit—we have already seen. Mr. Ellis's admiration of beauty, and his firm belief in its significance, had led him to overlook all that might to a cooler eye have been evident deficiency, in so exquisite a creature, the extreme worth of those who had trained her being a sort of security that in the deeper accomplishments of the heart she could not be wanting. A young woman brought up under Aunt Susan's influence must have in her the genius of good wifehood ; Katherine was sincere and not without seriousness ; she was young, and there was time for every thing. If she cared rather disproportionately for things essentially frivolous, that was natural at her age. It would be her husband's delightful task to regulate and inform her taste, giving to every object its due place, and gradually replacing the lower by the higher. If she evinced an undue pertinacity at times, it was the innate strength of her character, her high sense of duty, and

her adherence to what seemed to her right. It needed only to apply and confine this rigidity of will to subjects of importance, to make it a most valuable quality, in a world half of whose sins are sins of vacillation and want of courage.

So reasoned our sage lover; and we can hardly wonder that he thought beauty like his wife's must bespeak every virtue.

Her form had an undulating grace which not all the artifices and constraints of fashion could have spoiled, and her movements, unstudied and devoid of the tricks which caprice invents for the distinction of *soi-disant* exclusives, were strikingly simple—a beauty not enough prized in our young women, and which, when not, as in this case, a natural gift, is the fruit of only the best training. With this expressive elegance of form and motion, accorded a face in which color and outline harmonized so sweetly that the eye was at a loss to analyze the charm. It was like a cluster of dewy blossoms when the morning sun first shines upon it, fusing its loveliness in light. No strong trait of character had as yet written itself legibly on this delicate surface; it was only a tablet of excellent possibilities. The complexion was lily-fair, and the cheek tinged only with a flitting rose, as emotion quickened the eloquent blood. In expression, Katherine's face leaned a little to the sad; for delicate beauty is never wholly gay; and this sweet sadness promises the sympathy and tenderness whose lack even beauty fails to supply.

The training of such a creature seems to the imagination no heavy task, yet Henry Ellis discovered, before he had far passed the threshold of married life, that to play the guiding spirit in the transition from girl to woman is not an easy one for a lover. Young love prompts praise, and is the happy parent of unconscious flattery; and when love as true and tender ventures to

speak another language besides this its first, the sensitive ear is apt to detect or fancy harshness, in the softest tones that can frame words of reproof or even advice. It was not long before Katherine began to feel herself wounded by difference of opinion, by objections, by hesitation, even. Her ideal was built up of materials furnished only by her own imagination, and she never suspected that a wife who wholly and ardently loved, would have borrowed from the beloved one a thousand tints and graces for the fabric, if not the very foundations. She felt her husband's superiority with pride, but not without a secret and unrecognized pain. He was so reasonable! she did not relish the unintentional compulsion of his calmer and better regulated nature, and in her heart she called it an iron will, never suspecting the adamant of her own, by means of which she discovered, or thought she discovered, the unyielding nature of his. Yet these difficulties were but incipient. The early domestic skies were rosy and tranquil, and only a trained eye could have discerned in the horizon the hand's breadth of cloudy bar that threatened their happy calm.

Mr. Ellis's first care had been to invite George Fountain to become an inmate of his house, and his next to procure for him the best instruction, and to give his really fine talents every opportunity of development. This delighted Katherine, and she acceded willingly to her husband's suggestion that she should take part in such of George's lessons as befitted her, for the sake of regular occupation during a portion of the morning, as well as to supply certain deficiencies in her education. This went on admirably. Katherine found herself all the more at leisure for this regularity of employment, and the pleasure of improvement began to make itself felt. Ellis looked on,

delighted, and his own personal part in the labor of love was not wanting. He turned Katherine's attention to books, and read with her his favorite authors. Her taste, naturally good, began to expand under cultivation, and her discrimination unfolded itself in proportion. It was all a delicious voyage of discovery, through summer seas, touching at islands of adventure and pleasant surprise, with a pilot who possessed the happy power of guiding the winds and smoothing the waters at his will.

*Love at the helm and pleasure in the breeze.*

Mr. Deane was often present at these readings, and contributed not a little by his taste and knowledge to their variety and interest, while it was delightful to the young people to be able somewhat to relieve the melancholy with which a series of misfortunes and disappointments had shadowed his life. He possessed an easy fortune, but those were gone with whom he could have enjoyed it, and failing health seemed to his somewhat morbid feelings a reason for not making more resolute efforts against the encroachments of sorrow. In George Fountain he always took peculiar interest. A resemblance, fancied or real, which Mr. Deane pleased himself with tracing between George and his lost son, gave him a wonderful charm in his eyes. Katherine, who was proud of her brother, soon learned to love Mr. Deane, and the little party moved on as amicably, and settled into as habitual affection, as if they had lived together always.

And happy would it have been if this simple state of things could have continued unchanged. Such seasons of calm, unmarked by exciting events, yet full of pure and wholesome life

and meaning, are the seed time of the future. But the plans of life of those who live in society are much at the mercy of circumstances. The library in — Square had not been more than a few months the scene of the studies and amusements we have mentioned, when Mr. Ellis came in one morning, looking blank and almost vexed, and holding in his hand a note from Mrs. Enfield.

"My sister writes me," he said, "that our cousin Mrs. St. John, of Baltimore, is coming here for a few weeks; and that she hopes, as we are at housekeeping and she is not, we shall ask her to stay with us." This was a compliment the Enfields often paid their friends—one of the dignified and convenient results of boarding-house existence.

Katherine suppressed an exclamation of dismay, which she felt would be unbecoming on the occasion of a first visit from her husband's relations; but a long perspective of interruption, constraint, and forced gayety, with the dreaded figures of Mr. and Mrs. Enfield intermixed, rose up before her startled imagination. She remembered having heard something of what Mrs. St. John's visits were, and that their annual recurrence had been one motive for the Enfields' breaking up housekeeping.

"What shall I say, dear?" said Ellis, with a smile that had a dolorous twinkle in the eye.

"Oh, that we shall be very happy, of course," said Katherine, smiling back in the same spirit, "though I own I feel my incompetency to entertain Mrs. St. John."

"You need be under no uneasiness on that score," said her husband, "for Mrs. St. John is a lady who always makes her wishes known, and contrives to entertain herself wherever she is."

So Mrs. St. John came, and with her not only her own servant, who was expected, but her son and his servant, who had not even been mentioned. They arrived at night, and as Mrs. St. John said, nearly dead with fatigue and exhaustion.

Here were four rooms to be occupied, instead of two, as Katherine had expected. But the house was so ample that this difficulty was but momentary. Not so that which arose when Mrs. St. John was shown into her room.

"Charming!" she exclaimed, looking round with her glass. "How very beautifully you have arranged every thing. But, my dear Mrs. Ellis, I fear I shall have to be troublesome enough to beg you will have those curtains removed, for I never sleep under any thing of the sort; I consider them extremely unwholesome."

"Will draperies so light as these incommode you?" said Katherine, who thought with dismay of the attempt to take down in a few minutes what the upholsterer had been hours in putting up.

"O yes, indeed—I could not think of attempting to sleep under them. The very idea is quite enough. Just allow the servants to take them down, if you please, and I will return to the drawing-room for a few minutes."

Mrs. St. John established herself on the sofa in an attitude of elegant languor, requesting Katherine, who had been hoping to slip away to attend to the demolition of her beautiful draperies, to sit by her side. She complained of excessive fatigue, and required the incessant attention of her servant. After several things had been brought for her refreshment she seemed a little revived, and asked Katherine to play something for her. This was a new trial for our bride, whose music was but medi-

ocre; so she endeavored to excuse herself, but there was no escape. She felt herself to be succeeding pretty well, when Mrs. St. John exclaimed, "My dear Mrs. Ellis! I forgot to ask whether there are draperies in Eugene's room. If there are, I fear I must trouble you to have those removed, too, for I would not dare to allow him to sleep under them. His health is very delicate!"

Glad to escape the piano-forte, Katherine withdrew to give the necessary orders. Mrs. St. John surveyed her retreating form through her glass with the eye of a connoisseur.

"A beautiful creature!" she said, encouragingly, to Mr. Ellis. "You have really done honor to your taste. She wants nothing but an air of fashion. Her *tournure* is elegant, though I see her maid does not understand dressing her hair."

"She dresses her own hair," said Mr. Ellis.

"Oh! it isn't possible! How very odd! Violet shall dress it for her, and then you will see the difference."

Mr. Ellis felt that he did not care to see any difference; but knowing Mrs. St. John of old, he did not say so. Katherine returned, after a while, looking, sooth to say, a little flushed and uncomfortable. She felt as if she was already half turned out of her own house.

After some little delay, the party were satisfactorily disposed of, and the family had retired, when Mrs. St. John's maid rapped at Mrs. Ellis's door, saying her mistress could not sleep, and would like a glass of champagne.

This brought, our host began to hope his cousin was now comfortable for a few hours; but in a moment a loud shriek was heard, and every body was at once in commotion.

Violet had managed to send the champagne cork full in her

mistress's face, whither a great part of the wine had followed it. So the bed was to be changed, and fomentations to be applied to the probable bruise, all which occupied several persons until near morning. We can hardly say that the young housekeeper bore all this with perfect equanimity.

"Patience, Katherine dear," said her husband. "Mrs. St. John will settle down after a few days. Change of place always makes her rather restless at first, but when she gets accustomed to us she will become quieter. She is really a woman of many good qualities, spoiled by indulgence; one of those who, instead of restraining their wants, feel it an absolute duty to gratify them all. That she likes a thing, is a sufficient reason to her for requiring it; that she does not like another, an equally good reason for refusing to put up with it at all. In this way she has become sensitive to the smallest inconvenience."

Emerson says that "to him who wears shoes, the whole earth is covered with leather;" a deep lesson to such as carry about with them habits calculated to do any thing but protect them against the roughnesses of life.

Katherine had begun to feel a little anxious as to what this disposition of her guest might require of her, but there was something so imposingly elegant about Mrs. St. John's manner of doing the most ungracious things, and she so lavished kind words and expressions of endearment through all, that there arose a kind of admiration and wonder which half neutralized the vexation; and our young wife, imaginative and new to life, was excessively susceptible to such influences. She had already felt the first springings of an ambition of society, and Mrs. St. John offered what was the most needed as to manner—example, which good Aunt Susan and her simple circle had not

been able to supply. So Katherine, occupied in studying her as a study, soon forgot, spite of private vexations, to judge of her as a woman.

Breakfast the next morning were no simple affair, easily dispatched and soon forgotten. There were so many things to be changed before Mrs. St. John or her son could possibly touch a morsel, and they had so leisurely a manner of proceeding, that the morning was well advanced before it was finished. In the first place, the lady felt the need of the morning sun, and to breakfast in a room which did not receive it chilled her for all day; this was announced by her maid before Mrs. St. John rose, as that lady did not wish to be dressed a moment too soon, for fear of faintness. The table was accordingly removed to a room on the other side of the house, and in due season Mrs. St. John was notified that breakfast waited her convenience. On this assurance she ventured to rise, and in just an hour made her appearance below. Meanwhile her son had been exploring the house, spending some time on the roof with his dog and George Fountain, and sending his unhappy black boy up and down stairs for various articles, which he threw into the garden in vain attempts to induce the too sensible brute to jump after them. This Eugene was a handsome creature, with his mother's soft eyes and soft manners; wholly untrained, except to follow his own inclinations; but by nature amiable enough, and not devoid of ability. What with personal beauty and elegance of dress and manner there was a splendor about them both that soon fascinated Katherine, ever alive to whatever stimulates and gratifies the æsthetic faculty. Not all the airs they took or the trouble they gave could wholly disgust her, though her husband often looked

at her, surprised that she could endure unruffled what was to his sense of propriety and kindness so trying.

Breakfast over, and all the heatings and coolings and toastings and fannings required by Mrs. St. John happily accomplished, the hostess proposed to show her the house, which, being the still fresh fruit of her taste, was a subject of some little natural pride. Eugene and his dog accompanied them, in a skirmishing sort of way—in and out, before and after them, and making the tour as much in the way of exercise as of examination.

"Eugene, my love!" said his mother, "you shouldn't let your dog jump on those cushions! There! he is on the bed! You must really restrain him. You indulge him too much."

"Oh he's quite clean, mamma, I assure you," said Eugene; "he has been well washed this morning."

"But perhaps he is damp, my dear."

"Oh, I fancy not!"

Certain tracks on the pillows spoke to the point, but the dog was allowed to continue his innocent gambols.

Mrs. St. John admired judiciously, but found something to suggest in every room; and Katherine seemed to herself to be under the influence of some magic eye-salve, so much did her guest's remarks enlighten her as to the possibilities of her house. Of the library, however, Mrs. St. John expressed unqualified approbation; it was so quiet, so charmingly fitted up, and, opening into the conservatory, had the aspect of perpetual summer.

"You must positively let this be my domain while I stay with you," she said; "it is quite a little summer heaven! I adore books and flowers, and then this bay-window on the garden, and this luxurious divan—O! you must really let me have a little bed here; a mere sofa, or something of that sort. I don't mind

what it is, in such a delightful place,—though while we are putting up a bed, it is certainly just as easy to have it a comfortable one. You will, dearest Katherine, won't you? you are so amiable that one is not afraid to ask you for any thing!"

Katherine murmured something about the library's being her husband's peculiar ground, but Mrs. St. John with the most insinuating smile, said, turning to Ellis, "Oh, Henry will not mind! He knows my odd ways, and will indulge me, I know!" And the thing was settled, *nem. con.*, and the state bedstead which, with its delicate drapery, Katherine had thought the prettiest thing that ever was seen, came inglorious into the library, shorn of its honors, and looking only cumbrous and sadly out of place. The removal of the bed brought with it that of most of the furniture that belonged to it, and a general turn-out in the library ensued. But the pleasure expressed by Mrs. St. John was considered, by herself at least, ample consolation. "I shall be so happy here!" she said; "I shall hardly know when to leave you!"

And truly she seemed quite content in her new quarters, discovering every day some new mode of rendering them still more comfortable, such as begging Mrs. Ellis to allow Eugene to occupy a small room adjoining, which had been used for some of the morning lessons, now alas! quite broken up. We need not go further into particulars, but leave Mrs. St. John's ways to the reader's imagination.

What is more important, Eugene became quite inseparable from George Fountain, whose studies were pursued but nominally after the arrival of these absorbing guests. Every day brought its plans and pleasures; Mrs. St. John had a large circle of fashionable friends, and the once quiet house in —



Square was the rendezvous of many very elegant and important people, who professed to have no business in life. Mr. Deane and all sober friends were in the shade, at least, while the Enfields and their set reigned triumphant. Parties followed parties, for Mrs. St. John's delicacy of health never prevented her going any where, and Katherine could seldom be excused from accompanying her.

"I shall stay with you so short a time," would the fair guest say; "you must gratify me! Do, darling." And truth to say, Katherine soon was nothing loth.

A new world was opening upon her—a world of imposing elegance, accomplishment, enjoyment, and, above all, admiration, for in it her beauty was as if new found. That all this proved intoxicating, who can wonder? Exquisitely dressed, with the aid of her husband's indulgence and Mrs. St. John's practised taste, Katherine found herself every where "the cynosure of neighboring eyes," and in those eyes she read such confessions of her loveliness as not all the more measured and principled admiration of her husband could counterbalance. She even began—oh! ungrateful heart of woman!—to fancy that Ellis had never done her justice. The voice of flattery is louder than the tender whisper of affection; the praise of indifference far bolder than the delicate homage of respect. Mr. Ellis saw with pain his wife's gradual subjection to the influence of frivolity, but instinctively forbore direct remonstrance. Mrs. St. John's power of fascination, her ceaseless efforts to draw Katherine into the circle in which she herself delighted to move, and the soft grace with which she turned aside whatever objection he occasionally interposed when some new entertainment was talked of, quite baffled him. He resolved to await his cousin's departure, hoping

that with that much desired era he might once more find his wife all his own.

Philosophize as we may about the folly of yielding to social compulsions, they exert immense power over us all; and, once within their charmed circle, escape requires a degree of resolution possessed by few. Why did not Henry Ellis at once reinstate his household gods, and banish by a word the unconscious troubler of his peace? Why did he allow his wife—young, beautiful, and inexperienced—to be caught in the vortex of fashionable life, which his soul detested?

These were perhaps some of the reasons: Mrs. St. John's annual visit was usually a short one; she was a widow, and Henry one of her very few surviving relations. She was not a person of evil intentions, and her manner was so gentle and persuasive that to offend her would have seemed brutal. There was nothing of positive and obvious evil threatened; Katherine's manners were so pure and unexceptionable that no breath of slander could approach her; her husband could only object to some loss of her society, and as this was voluntary on her part, his pride demurred a little at the thought of complaint. He suffered certainly some feeling of estrangement; his affection was disappointed, but of this Katherine seemed and was wholly unconscious, because she really knew little of the nature of deep and exclusive attachment. In this way the thing went on from day to day, Mrs. St. John ruling and overruling, Ellis secretly uncomfortable, not to say miserable, and—Katherine perfectly happy.

Upon the intimacy of the two young men there seemed to be scarcely any check within the power of Mr. Ellis. He advised George, continually, and endeavored to induce him to pursue

his studies with some regularity ; but without apparent perverseness, the young man yet managed to elude the kind care of his brother-in-law. Brothers-in-law are not usually very bold or very welcome advisers of young men. Aunt Susan and Uncle Ashmore were alarmed and unhappy, and remonstrated, but with as little effect. George's friend, Mr. Deane, who might in his prime have had an influence over George for good, had been so weakened by affliction that he aggravated the evil by supplying him with the money required for a participation in young St. John's expensive habits. Expense was the worst feature of those habits as yet ; vice was only in perspective ; but such expense would have been out of the question for George, without the injudicious indulgence of Mr. Deane. Riding and driving, trying and buying, comparing and exchanging horses, formed the present passion of Eugene, and in these fancies he found a ready coadjutor in George, characteristically inclined to the same indulgence ; and the two young men immediately drew about them several of like tastes and worse ones—the very companions from whose influence and example George Fountain, with his personal advantages, his facility and his disposition to pleasure, required to be most carefully shielded.

Before the day fixed for Mrs. St. John's departure arrived, she began to complain of her eyes. She could not imagine how she had injured them ! but those who observed her late hours and her general imprudence and self-indulgence, did not find it very surprising that they exhibited symptoms of inflammation. Here was a calamity ! A celebrated oculist was immediately consulted, a dark room was prescribed, and a whole row of vials displayed. Such curtainings and screenings ! such contrivings of delicate nourishment, that the doctor's views and Mrs. St.

John's might be made to harmonize, the former forbidding every thing but what was simple, the latter resolutely determined to taste nothing that was not delicious. The house was like a hospital, although the disease was no more severe than many a woman in different circumstances finds compatible with the full performance of all her household duties. Katherine was wholly taken up with her friend's misfortune, and learned to speak of it in terms no less exaggerated than her own ; while Ellis felt almost reconciled to the prolongation of the visit, by the circumstance which kept both ladies at home.

But George Fountain paid dearer for the detention, for he became more and more deeply acquainted and engaged with a set of dissolute young men, decent in exterior, but in reality infected with every vice. Ellis in vain endeavored to keep advised of his movements, and to convince Mr. Deane of the danger of his *protégé*. Mr. Deane contented himself with the hackneyed observation that 'young men will be young men,' continued to supply George with money, and allowed it to be generally understood that he meant to make him his heir.

This gave the finishing stroke to George Fountain's self-restraint. Mr. Deane had indeed but a moderate fortune, but to a young man who had never had command of money it seemed inexhaustible. A short career of extravagance proved perfectly intoxicating to George's unbalanced mind, and before the state of Mrs. St. John's eyes permitted her departure, he had launched out into the most absurd expenses, and become one of the leaders of the set in whose wake he had at first timidly followed. Dress was with him a mania, although he professed to dislike ladies' society ; to be 'stylish' had become his highest ambition, and the imitation of 'fast' men his only study. Even

Katherine, although the fashionable *nonchalance* he had acquired rather dazzled her, secretly feared a moral change for the worse; although she habitually defended her brother from what she called and thought the severe judgment of her husband, more experienced friends regarded George and his pursuits and his companions with grief and foreboding. The experience of Mr. and Mrs. Ashmore, joined with their unworldly purity of estimate, filled them with the saddest prognostics.

"He will be just like his father!" said Aunt Susan, weeping. Unhappy the son of whom the good say this with tears of sorrow!

"Remember, ladies, that I am all anxiety," said Mr. Berry, as the reader ceased. "I have heard of a young lady who after much flutter and announcement 'came out,' but, finding that nobody paid her any attention, *went in again*. Now as my *début* was a failure, I think I have shown enormous courage in 'coming out' a second time; so pray be merciful!"

They were so, of course, for could they expect human nature to endure another rebuff? They praised the chapter

With many a word of kindly cheer,  
In pity half, and half sincere.

"If it is too long," said Mr. Berry, "give me some credit for not going on and finishing the story, as I was strongly tempted to do. One gets so interested in these things."

Fate selected Mr. Shelton next, and it was in vain he urged that the chapter contributed by Egeria ought to satisfy the law—husband and wife being one. He was entangled in long

wreaths of grape-vine, and led to the House of Industry by laughing girls, while Mr. Berry, enjoying his reluctance, cried—

"Ha, Apollo! floats his golden  
Hair, all mist-like where he stands;  
While the muses hang enfolding  
Knee and foot with faint, wild hands?  
'Neath the clanging of thy bow,  
Niobe looked lost as thou!"

The only grace the victim could obtain was leave that Egeria should share his seclusion. This was mere policy, for he would have done nothing but doleful things else.

"What boots the cunning pilot's skill  
To tell which way to shape their course,  
When he that steers will have his will  
And drive them where he list, perforce.  
So Reason shows the truth in vain  
When fond Desire as king doth reign."

Once more in undisputed possession of his wife's society, Henry Ellis set about a return to the habits of life that had been productive of so much happiness before Mrs. St. John's arrival. Masters were recalled, the library restored to its proper calm, and the morning hours once more devoted to improvement. But where was the presiding spirit of the place and hour? Her graceful semblance indeed was there; she would not unamiably resist her husband's wishes; but she could not recall her interest in the pursuits which had begun to charm her before she ate of the tree of the knowledge of admiration and excitement. Music alone she continued to pursue with enthusi-

asm, because she liked it; that she did not like other things was now quite sufficient reason for declining to attend to them. George, taking shelter under her example, disliked almost every thing too; and Ellis had the vexation of finding his wishes thwarted and his judgment practically contemned, by those whom of all others he sought to benefit. He remonstrated, but Katherine only wept, and George pouted. He offered to make any change in plans, modes or teachers, but nothing was proposed. This passive resistance was too much for even his patience, and he gave up. He returned gradually to his own favorite employments, and left his wife to hers, not without a feeling of disappointment, as if a cloud had come between him and the sun of his life. With George, however, he continued to struggle, as he would have done with a predetermined suicide. He accomplished at last the great object of removing the young man into the family of a clergyman in the country, with whom he was to study for at least one year, Mr. Deane promising that during that period his now adopted son should receive no money beyond a certain stipulated allowance, sufficient for necessary expenses.

When it was time for the gay world to retreat into the country for the summer, Ellis proposed to his wife a tour which should embrace several of the most striking points of interest, and give him at the same time an opportunity of introducing her to a beloved sister, whom the accidents of life had placed in a remote county, where she lived in that sort of unsuperfluous state which, while it allows comfort, forbids much journeying, and renders the occasional visit of a dear friend balm for a whole year.

"My sister will be delighted to see you," said he, "and she

really has a right to see you. I engage beforehand that you shall love her, for you cannot help it. She is the most loveable creature in the world, and I long to see the two beings I love best together. Then you have never seen the White Mountains, nor the Lakes, nor Niagara—"

"Nor any thing," said Katherine; "but I was in hopes you would be disposed to go to S——. Mrs. Ainslie and Mrs. Hartington and Madame de Blainville are going there, and all the Prestons and Miss Demarest—every body, in short."

If there was any thing that the soul of Henry Ellis hated, it was a mere fashionable watering place, with "every body" for society—a summer sojourn which owes its sole charm to the momentary caprice of a few leaders of *ton*; without recommendations of scenery, of healthfulness, of agreeable walks and rides, or any thing else that rational human beings should consider in choosing a place of retreat from the wearing excitements and unhandsome emulations of the city.

"O Katherine," he said, "is it possible you can like such a place as S——! Surely, dear love, you have had enough of the fatigue of company and dress this winter! You are thin—you need recruiting—repose."

"Travelling is not repose, I am sure," said Katherine, with an air somewhat tinctured with displeasure. "If you think I need nothing but repose, we had better stay at home."

Ellis felt pained by her manner, and by her forgetting to notice his desire to visit his sister. She remembered this afterwards, and said she would make his sister a visit if he wished it, —and with this rather ungracious consent he contented himself as best he might. The result was a sort of compromise,—six weeks at S——, and then a short tour and the proposed visit.

Katherine was soon immersed in preparations for this summer recreation. She had very little time for her husband or Aunt Susan, and complained every evening of fatigue.

"What *can* you have to do?" said Aunt Susan; "I am sure, darling, you had every thing heart could wish, only last fall, and you have had a good many new dresses since."

"Oh, I haven't a thing fit to wear at S——," said Katherine; "ladies dress superbly there. Mr. Fitzgerald says that a breakfast at S—— is like Madame Florette's show-rooms"

"It seems to me I wouldn't go there, then," said simple Aunt Susan. "It must be more trouble than it's worth."

This remark was received in silence.

"What kind of people do you meet there, dear?" continued Mrs. Ashmore.

"O, the first people in town—"

"But do you like them particularly?"

Katherine hesitated a little. She had not asked herself this.

"I do not know that I like them especially, but one likes to be in the best society, and I certainly see nothing wrong about fashionable people."

"If we should ask ourselves whether the same persons, divested of the air of fashion, would be our chosen companions," —Ellis began—

"I do not think that would be fair," said Katherine, with a slight flush. "The air of fashion is a charm, of itself. People of fashion are graceful and elegant. They understand life, and know how to make it agreeable. I am sure you do not like coarse people any better than I do."

"But does the only choice lie between coarse people and people of fashion, dear? There are many cultivated and refined

people who have no desire to belong to the fashionable world, and who borrow no charm from it."

"I cannot find them," said Katherine, pettishly; "I know plenty of disagreeable good people, but I find no pleasure in their society."

Aunt Susan sighed.

"If all good people were like you, dear Aunty,"—she added, repenting; "but some of them are *so* unlovely!"

"There are worse sins than sins against taste," said Mr. Ellis. "Allowing that good people are not as careful to be agreeable as they ought to be, it may still be a question whether our virtue is not safer in their company. The experience of the world says yes. It tells us of the insidious evils of a life of pleasure."

"You speak as if pleasure meant vice," said Katherine; "I think it means beauty, and grace, and innocent excitement,—whatever gratifies our taste without doing any body harm."

"I quite agree with you, dear," Ellis replied, willing to soothe the irritation which he saw reddening the cheek of his beloved; "there is only a question of amount between us. Our estimate is the same, but I should perhaps differ a little from you as to the prominence to be given to pleasure as a pursuit. I enjoy it most when it comes incidentally, and as the result of other pursuits, and I cannot but think you will one day do so too."

He stopped, for he hated to seem to lecture, and his wife forbore to reply, for she did not wish to be convinced. A moment after, he asked,—

"Kate, dear, did you ever read Wordsworth's Ode to Duty?"

Katherine said "No."

"Pray read it, love ; I consider it one of our duties to learn it by heart. You brought a stanza of it to my mind—

"There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them ; who, in love and truth  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth ;  
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,  
Who do thy work and know it not !  
Oh ! if, through confidence misplaced,  
They fail—thy saving arms, dread Power, around them cast !"

Katherine blushed, and tears filled her eyes. Ellis, drawing her tenderly towards him, went on :

"Serene will be our days, and bright  
And happy will our nature be,  
When Love is an unerring light  
And joy its own security.  
And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed,  
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need."

Katherine smiled up into her husband's face through her tears, feeling, she knew not why, as if a new chord had been struck between them. How often is poetry the interpreter between heart and heart that might otherwise be slow to understand each other !

"I sometimes think you don't sympathize with me," she said.

"Do you ever think your happiness is not mine ? that I have a wish separate from you ? Naughty girl ! I set you the whole Ode to Duty as a task, and command you to repeat it to

me this day week, Madame Florette and the whole army of dress-makers to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Ah—I see you think I am wholly occupied with dress-makers and nonsense !"

"Ben Jonson says 'rich apparel hath strange virtues ; it maketh him that hath it without means esteemed for an excellent wit ; he that enjoys it with means puts the world in remembrance of his means ; it helps the deformities of nature, gives lustre to her beauties, and makes a continual holiday where it shines.' Queen Elizabeth had three thousand gowns, and she was a wise woman surely !"

Katherine was not above half satisfied with this gay answer. She detected in it something like contempt for the pursuits of which her heart confessed the charm. But the affection that glowed and sparkled in her husband's eyes almost consoled her for the satire. Aunt Susan inquired about the journey and the time of return.

"And George is not to come home until October ?"

"Not on any consideration."

"You will certainly be here in time for Mary's marriage ?"

"Certainly—without fail ! Nothing would tempt me to miss dear Mary's marriage."

Mary Ashmore was to be married in October to a junior partner of her father, "not rich," Aunt Susan said, "but good !" Dear, good Aunt Susan ! who had been able to live half way through this gilded, tinsel, hard world of ours, not only uncorrupted by its cold and false maxims, but absolutely untinted by its pervading colors. Katherine, though partaking of her nature, had yet some different elements in her composition ; so the Ellises went to S——.

In its best aspect, life at a fashionable watering-place is a scene of "strenuous idleness." Days undivided by regular employment are necessarily long, and it therefore becomes an object to kill Time. Towards this all ingenuity is directed—self-interest stimulating the invention of hotel-keepers, and necessity that of their guests,—until at length killing Time becomes a pursuit, and thus satisfying—in some sort—the craving of nature, appeases her reproaches. We have heard of gentlemen racing snails, and betting on push-pin, and ladies playing jack-straws and gambling privately for *bonbons*, as resources against *ennui* at a watering-place; but these stories must refer to more simple and innocent days than ours. Idleness is no longer the worst sin laid at the door of fashionable summer retreats. Idleness is supposed, in some codes, to be a very commendable thing, in summer; a wholesome let-up after the laborious excitement of the winter; a salutary sleep of the over-wearied powers, driven to their utmost tension during the remainder of the year; and, perhaps, allowing the strain to be necessary, the unbending of the bow is necessary too. But idleness is a medicine that must be pure in order to be efficacious. It will not do mixed with the most pernicious stimulants—the concentrated essence of the drugs that did the mischief. We cannot cure the effect of late hours, homœopathically, by sitting up later; neutralize the extravagance of the winter by the greater extravagance of the summer, or wipe out, by new flirtations, the scandal of the old; nor can we atone for the unwholesome practices of nine months of the twelve, by still greater outrages upon nature during the other three. Rural retirement is indeed salutary to jaded spirits; rural sights and sounds are balm to world-wearied senses; rural quiet a life-spring to exhausted brains. But it is

the farm-house, or the plain, rural residence, or the exhilarating tour; not the gay season at a great hotel, that can yield these. Contrast the life of fashion at a watering-place, haunted by those who seek in the country only a meaner city, with this beautiful picture of summer hours renewing a mind worn with noble labors.

How often, hither wandering down,  
My Arthur found your shadows fair;  
And shook to all the liberal air  
The dust and din and steam of town!

O joy to him, in this retreat,  
Immantled in ambrosial dark,  
To drink the cooler air, and mark  
The landscape winking through the heat.

Nor less it pleased, in livelier moods,  
Beyond the bounding hill to stray,  
And break the livelong summer day  
With banquet in the distant woods;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,  
Discussed the books to love or hate,  
Or touched the changes of the State,  
Or threaded some Socratic dream.

But if I praised the busy town,  
He loved to rail against it still,  
For, "ground in yonder social mill,  
We rub each other's angles down,

And merge," he said, "in form and gloss  
The picturesque of man and man."—

No wonder that Katherine and her husband came to such different opinions as to the best way of passing the summer, when his ideal was that of the poet, while hers was shaped by the counsels—conscious and unconscious—of—Mrs. St. John.

"The sources of thought multiply beyond calculation the sources of feeling, and, mingled, they rush together in a torrent deep and strong."

Much of cultivation must yet pass into the murmuring current of our young wife's thoughts, before she will discover her true self. Certain vases of rare and delicate device are so contrived as not to disclose their most precious beauty until wine is poured into them, and a lamp's rays set streaming through their magic enamelling. High romantic lore was the wine that Katherine's nature needed, and Love the lamp that must give life to her loveliness. At present the outward filled and occupied her wholly—not, indeed, without an occasional misgiving as to the dignity and permanence of her pleasures, but with an intoxication that drowned importunate thoughts. Her husband, seeing her error, waited with a noble patience for the awakening. Firm in his creed that beauty so harmonious as hers must have a deep and sacred significance, he watched the fusing elements of her character, as the alchemist of old time gazed reverentially into the crucible which was to give to his longing eyes pure gold or the solvent of all mysteries. The image of what she would be was drawn so clearly on his heart, that whatever seemed for the moment to differ from it was but as a passing shadow, sure to leave the picture unchanged, or only the brighter for the momentary eclipse. Katherine felt some secret undefined consciousness of this, and had already learned to seek approbation in her husband's eye, or to avoid that eye when she felt it would not give the response she began to covet; but the bewildering round of emptiness in which she was now engaged, drew her, by new attractions, further and further from this her better home and centre, and the people with whom she associ-

ated managed very soon to give her husband in her eyes the air of a sort of Mentor—of undeniable wisdom, but given to inconvenient applications of it; a person to be propitiated rather than satisfied; one who mistook lack of sympathy for disapprobation, and incapacity to enjoy for moral distaste. Like a child's fairy pinnace on a summer sea, Katherine flitted before the silly gale; but there was all the while, lying under the waves, a strong though slender thread, leading to a kind and judicious hand, ever ready to draw the frail bark to its haven of safety on the approach of danger.

Happy wife! to be so loved by such a heart. Happy husband! whose calm Love itself could not unbalance; whose tenderness was not weakness, nor his guiding restraint; who could respect difference and wait for assimilation; tempering decision with indulgence, and jealously watching his own deepest convictions lest they should tend to oppression.

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Thus ended the chapter of Mr. Shelton, on which the judges took occasion to quiz him a little, because he seemed so knowing about the tactics of married life, and especially the whims and perverseness of young wives.

"O, my wife helped me, you know!" he said; "she knew by instinct all about being perverse, although she has not begun to practise it yet. I consider it very fortunate that I hit upon just such a subject; 'forewarned forearmed,' you know. I have her renunciation of all that's naughty, under her own hand."

The chapter being accepted, Miss Ingoldsby was at last chosen scribe.



"It is too bad," she said, "that I, who know nothing of married life, should be fated to this chapter, where of course our young wife must behave shockingly. It will really go against my convictions, for it seems as if it would be easy to be good, with such a husband."

"Don't you know that your very good men always have bad wives?" said Mrs. Whipple—

"What a horrible libel upon our sex!" exclaimed Mrs. Marston. "If you mean weakly indulgent men, who are too indolent to treat their wives as if they were rational beings, I agree with you; but I do not call those good husbands! A certain kind of indulgence is merely covert insult to the supposed weakness and incompetency of the woman. I think our 'Woman's Rights' people quite right in protesting against consideration which is not respect."

"But we are not making our hero a merely indulgent husband—"

"Pray make him a man, while you are about it," said Mr. Ingoldsby, "not a milk-sop, so in love with his wife's pretty face that he makes a baby of her!"

"I should like to see what kind of a hero you would draw, papa," replied Elinor, laughing.

"A fine sturdy fellow, with a will of his own," said the old gentleman; "one that would have no nonsense! One that would have blown Mrs. St. John sky-high! This Ellis lets every body walk over him."

"Wait for the end," said the several authors—and Mr. Ingoldsby seemed quite content to wait.

Miss Ingoldsby's chapter was called

### VENTURINGS.

If ye are fair

Mankind will crowd about you, thick as when  
The full-faced moon sits silver on the sea,  
The eager waves lift up their gleaming heads,  
Each shouldering for her smile.

After a fortnight at S——, Mr. Ellis was obliged to return to town on business, and just as he was considering how best to leave Katherine in that giddy whirl, to his no small vexation Mrs. St. John and her son arrived

"Now there will be no difficulty,"—said Mrs. Ellis.

Her husband said nothing.

"Eugene can go with us every where," said Mrs. St. John.

There was but one direction in which it would have pleased Mr. Ellis to see the young man escorting his mother—viz. directly back to Baltimore

"Be prudent, dearest," said the anxious husband, at parting;

"you are in a nest of cruel slanders and envies. Do not think me over-careful if I advise you not to join in any party of pleasure while I am absent—"

"You make me think of Blue-Beard," said Katherine, laughing.

"Take care, then," said Ellis, "That Mrs. St. John does not prove a 'Sister Anne'!"

It would have been a treat to a cynical observer to watch Mrs. St. John's course at S——; to see her, whom no luxury

of appointments could satisfy, cooped up in a wretched little nook ; her, whose delicacy at table almost prevented those about her from enjoying any thing, seated at a reeking, buzzing, scuffling dinner of hundreds, where the utmost vulgarity of manners and costume made elegance look tame, and taste faded, in comparison ; her, for whose privacy no drawing-room could be closely enough curtained from the light of common day, seated in a staring parlor or walking a public piazza, surrounded by strange women, and stared at by smoking men. The shadowy and shrinking feebleness of last winter was changed into a defensive manner, as of one who must be prepared for emergencies and impertinences ; the calm self-complacency which had distinguished her *maintien* where there was no threatening of direct rivalry, had changed into an anxious look, which watched and weighed each new-comer with painful or exulting self-comparison. People, like pictures, have their own proper lights ; and in the glaring cross-lights of S—— Mrs. St. John's grace and charm were nearly lost. Even to Katherine's apprehension, much of her goddess-ship slid off by such rude contact ; and Mrs. St. John, though still and ever the "glass of fashion," sank down among the approachables, and shared her pedestal with several other rulers of the hour, as well furnished as herself with all that commands the lip-homage of places like S——.

The amusement first proposed after Mr. Ellis's departure was *tableaux*, and instantly the question arose, Is a *tableaux* party a "party of pleasure?"

"Decidedly not," Mrs. St. John said ; "a party of pleasure meant going away somewhere, while this was to be held within

doors. A party of pleasure involved risks, quite out of the question in this case ; and *tableaux* in particular, though rather out of fashion, were so elegant, when properly (i. e. expensively) done, and so free from all objection even to the most fastidious, that they could not be included in Mr. Ellis's prohibition."

"It was not prohibition," Katherine said ; "it was only advice."

"All the same thing, my dear ! A husband's advice is like a royal invitation—equivalent to a command. But as these *tableaux* cannot possibly be construed into an infringement of the

Awful rule, supremacy and sway,

that you seem to think his prerogative, I hope you will not refuse and so disoblige us all. It must require an immense amount of amiability to be so submissive ! Happily for me, my poor husband *liked* me to be independent. He never interfered with my wishes any more than I did with his. He thought me quite competent to judge for myself."

"I dare say you were so," said Katherine ; "I am not so sure with regard to myself."

"What sweet meekness ! You are really the model wife, I declare !"

"Henry has had so much more experience," said Katherine, "and his judgment is so much better than mine, that I always feel bound to obey his wishes."

"Obey ! oh dear ! I thought *that* word was forgotten, by even the most dutiful wives."

"Call it what you will," replied Katherine, who felt a little mortified at having used so old-fashioned an expression, "I think it right to be guided by his advice."

"Your good aunt brought you up charmingly, my dear, and your husband ought to be much obliged to her for it. But why will you put such things in his head? This is the very time to establish your position; if you begin now—and of your own accord—for I am sure Henry does not desire it,—to play the child towards him, you must do it all your life, for men never yield an inch once gained."

This idea of competition was new to Katherine, but it did not wholly displease her. Mrs. St John was so much older than herself, and had seen so much of the world, that her opinions carried a sort of weight with them, especially as they almost always favored Katherine's inclinations. So the tableaux carried it, the more easily as there was a possibility that Ellis might return before the day proposed.

"Here is the list," said Mrs. St John, as she came into Katherine's room, after breakfast the next morning. "'Joan of Arc in prison'—(Mrs. Vandewater will take that, I know; her tall masculine figure and black hair will just do.) 'Buckingham and Fenella'—(that was contrived to give a character to Miss Pyne—the great fortune—she will be magnificently dressed, and she's a dwarf, you know;) 'Paul Clifford and his Companions, drinking'—(that's for the young men.) 'Faust and Margaret' was proposed, but that's so common now, you know—"

Katherine had never even heard of the characters.

"It isn't possible!" Mrs. St. John said. "Next comes 'Greek fugitives after the massacre of Scio'—that will afford opportunity for most picturesque dresses."

"And where are these dresses to come from at such short notice?" asked Katherine.

"Oh, many of us have fancy dresses, from former occasions, and every body has things that can be altered. Besides, many elegant materials can be had here. Your maid will easily make up any thing you will want."

"What character is proposed for me?"

"We thought of the parting of Thekla and Max, in Wallenstein."

"A parting! but who would be Max?"

"Mr. Mansfield—or indeed any of the tall handsome young men—"

"O, indeed you must excuse me!" cried Katherine, blushing; "any thing of that kind would be quite out of the question. I could not think of it!"

"Don't be prudish, my dear! You have only to stand in attitudes, looking at each other."

But Katherine's natural sense of propriety had warned her, and she stood firm here. "You must think of something else," she said.

"Well, there is 'Exchanging old Lamps for new ones;' the Princess giving Aladin's lamp to the old magician disguised as a pedler. That allows a magnificent Turkish dress; and Mr. Sandford, who has been so many years in the East, has a book of Oriental costumes, and can give you every instruction. Miss Morgan and her faithful swain, Mr. Pratt, will be delighted to do Max and Thekla."

The dress of unlimited sumptuousness decided Katherine, who undertook the Princess Badroul Boudour, and with the aid of Mr. Sandford's costumes and exquisite suggestions, and the nim-

ble fingers of the most invaluable of French maids, she was arrayed in robes of glory that would have satisfied the Princess herself. Her dark hair, partly bound in a silver net, was braided and tasselled with pearls, and her bosom covered with jewels, row after row, till the the last, with its gorgeous solitaire, fell below her waist. No glaring colors extinguished the delicacy of her complexion. All was white, except the 'jelick' of rose and silver, and a loose-sleeved robe of soft purple, that gave beautiful relief to the splendors of the rest. Rich bracelets, and a fan of white down, the handle of which was studded with amethysts, finished the costume. No wonder Mrs. St John declared Katherine 'lovely as a dream;' no wonder Katherine's mirror confirmed the sentence.

Nothing was spared in the arrangements. Practised hands took care of every particular, and not a point was neglected. Soft, preparative music filled the intervals of darkness and anticipation, and when the curtain was withdrawn, a fine manly voice recited a few lines of poetry, dimly tracing out the sentiment of the *tableau* to be announced. When the company were placed, a few notes from the trumpet commanded silence. Wild, exulting music, dying into a wail of sorrow, ushered in these verses:

"Heavenly guardian, maiden wonder!  
Long shall France resound the day  
When thou camest, clad in thunder,  
Blasting thy tremendous way."

And Joan of Arc was announced.

The light and the darkness were so admirably managed that the illusion was almost perfect, and as the curtain closed on the heroic captive, kneeling on her straw,—her hands crossed on her

bosom, her long hair lying as it were dead on her shoulders, and her eyes upturned in prayer,—a tempest of applause shook the place. "Encore! Encore!" was the cry—but there were to be no encores, which are always of questionable policy in *tableaux*; so the trumpet sounded and the music went on; in a strain half frolic, half sad, introducing Buckingham and Fenella—the courtier in a costume of faultless elegance—the fairy figure before him half enveloped in a veil of silver gauze, just lifted by two snowy arms, so as to show a magnificent dress, and a very sweet face, not quite fiery enough for Fenella's. This picture, too, was very successful.

Next came Max and Thekla—pale, desolate, despairing; with music of Beethoven and these wailing verses:

"A grief without a pang—void, dark, and drear;  
A stifled, death-like, unimpassioned grief,  
Which finds no natural outlet or relief,  
In word, or sigh, or tear.

The world is empty—the heart will die,  
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky!  
Thou Holy One! call thy child away!  
I have lived and loved!"

The performers of this scene were indeed an affianced pair, kept in long suspense by the tenacious vitality of some unhappy uncle or aunt, whose shoes they felt obliged to wait for; so of course their personation of Max and Thekla gave rise to many a joke—for to your fashionable joker nothing is sacred. They made a very effective picture, but as the subject forbade the charm of dress, it fell rather coldly after the dazzling scene that preceded. A few young lovers in their secret hearts felt its

power by sympathy ; but the company at large were impatient for the next,—Paul Clifford and his robber friends, carousing. This was ushered in by no very sentimental strains, but by a symphony that sounded very much like the old Irish song,—“Fill the bumper fair !” The poetry was evidently designed to hint at some refinement of the original idea of the scene ; it is hardly in the spirit of Paul Clifford’s carouse :

Not with a ray  
Born where the winds of Shiraz play,  
Or the fiery blood of the ripe Tokay.

But wine—bring wine,  
Flushing high with its growth divine,  
In the crystal depths of my soul to shine :

Whose glow was caught  
From the warmth which Fancy’s summer brought  
To the vintage fields of the Land of Thought !

Paul and his companions looked very much at home, holding up brimming glasses in various attitudes, as in the act of echoing a toast or swelling a chorus. The scene was highly approved, though one of the spectators objected that it ought to have been shown through an atmosphere dim with cigar smoke.

The ‘Greek Fugitives’ made a splendid scene, the dresses being fresh from a fancy ball of the past winter.

The Princess Badroul Boudour came next, beaming with splendors through which shone the softer light of her beauty, and contrasted artistically with the dark muffled figure of the magician, whose basilisk eyes were fixed intensely on her innocent face. The Voice announced the Oriental vision thus :

Beautiful are the maids that glide  
On summer eve through Yemen’s glades,  
And bright the glancing looks they hide

Beneath their litters’ roseate vells ;  
And brides as delicate and fair  
As the white jasmine flowers they wear  
Hath Yemen in her blissful climes,  
Who, lulled in cool kiosk or bower  
Before their mirrors count the time,  
And grow still lovelier every hour.  
Light as the angel-shapes that bless  
An infant’s dream, yet not the less  
Rich in all woman’s loveliness.

\* \* \* \*

Vehement were the manifestations of admiration as the envious curtain hid this exquisite picture, and loud the entreaties for one encore—only this one ! But this impartial rules forbade, and the trumpet drowned applause and murmurs in preparation for the next scene—.

‘Little Nell and her Grandfather,’ beautifully done, by a lovely child and a tall, reverend figure stooping to her young face as if to drink new life from its superabundance. After soft music, the spirit of the picture was foreshadowed thus :

Love, strong as Death, shall conquer Death,  
Through struggle made more glorious ;  
This daughter stills her sobbing breath  
Renouncing, yet victorious.

Behind the curtain, meanwhile, a difficulty had arisen. Miss Henderson, who was to personate ‘Calypso mourning the departure of Ulysses,’ was taken ill (only hysterical, some said), and could not be ready, and the exquisite classic drapery which had been prepared for her was going a begging for a wearer. It was soon discovered that it would fit nobody but Mrs. Ellis, if she would be “so good ! as to take the trouble of dressing again—”

Katherine was very reluctant, but she had not learned to say no ! so she was disrobed and draped for Calypso—a name known to her only through the pages of her school Telemaque.

Far lovelier than her eastern gorgeousness was this calm, simple, Greek draping, relieved only by its purple border and a slender tiara of gold, binding the beauteous forehead. The legend ran thus :

Like a marble statue placed,  
Looking o'er the watery waste,  
With its white, fixed gaze;  
There this goddess sits—her eye  
Raised to the unpitying sky !  
There, through weary days,  
Has she asked of yonder main  
Him it will not bring again.

The last picture was that beautiful one from Tennyson's 'Princess,' where

Leaning deep in brodered down, they sank  
Their elbows : on a tripod in the midst  
A fragrant flame rose, and before them glowed  
Fruit, viand, blossom, amber wine and gold.

Ida, reclining among her maidens, asks for music,

And a maid  
Of those beside her, smote her harp and sang :

This group was exquisite, both from the number and grace of the figures and the perfection of the dresses and accessories. The song came in well as an introduction :

Tears—idle tears—I known not what they mean—  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair—

Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

\* \* \* \*

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless Fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others ; deep as Love—  
Deep as first Love—and wild with all regret—  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

The damsel with the harp who

Ended with such passion, that the tear  
She sang of shook and fell, an erring pearl,  
Lost in her bosom—

was Katherine again, whose classic Calypso costume had been urged as a reason for pressing her into this service, the scene requiring as many characters as possible.

At the conclusion of the *tableaux* the ball-room was thrown open, and dancing commenced, the characters of the evening appearing in their fancy dresses. Katherine, surrounded by admirers, and excited by the events of the evening, was the heroine of the hour. Her manner had lost none of its quietness, but the flush on her cheek and the dazzling brilliancy of her eye confessed the intoxicating power of admiration. Mrs. St. John fed the flame unweariedly ; Katherine, she declared, was herself for the first time.

"The world has never known you yet, my dear ! You have passed for a pretty woman ; but hereafter you are stamped as a beauty. You may do as you like after this. Nothing too *bizarre* for a beauty !"

"Mrs. Ellis, allow me to introduce one of Paul Clifford's

companions," said Eugene St. John, bringing George Fountain to his sister.

"George!" was all that Katherine could say.

"Yes, to be sure! why, you're not a bit glad to see me! This is giving a pleasant surprise to one's sister with a vengeance! What the deuce ails you, Kate? Afraid father Ellis won't like it, eh? can't help it—he must learn."

"But your promise, dear George," said Katherine, almost in tears. "You promised positively—"

"Oh, promises made under compulsion are not binding, you know! We have Paley's authority for that. When I was in the screws between Ellis and Mr. Deane, I would have promised any thing, rather than be lectured any longer. But never mind all that! You are splendid to-night, I feel really proud of you. Everybody is talking about you."

Katherine blushed. "Hush, George! don't be so foolish. You haven't told me yet how you happened to come."

"O, a bird of the air carried the matter—I heard there were to be goings-on here, and I thought I would pop in upon you. You did not see me at Paul Clifford's table, did you?"

"No—surely—"

"I was there, snug enough, but I sat back, for fear seeing me unexpectedly might confuse you when your turn came."

Katherine's excitement, which had not from the first been without a secret background of uneasiness, had reached its height and was at the turning-point when George presented himself, and this occurrence hastened on the hour of depression; so that when to the world without she seemed at the top of her triumph, she was in reality already paying dear for it. She was too inexperienced to know why, but the events of the evening

began now to assume a different aspect, and she was ready to condemn herself for entering into the matter at all during her husband's absence. While envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness, were waked into sudden life by her supposed usurpation of all the honors, she went to bed thoroughly sick of herself and every body about her, and when she arose in the morning and found that George and his companions had thought proper to 'make a night of it'—construing into night all the hours until sunrise—she began at once to wish for her husband's return, and to dread the thought of his coming. She had slightly mentioned the plan for *tableaux* when she wrote him, but in his daily letter he had not once alluded to the subject; and though she had disregarded this silent objection, which she nevertheless understood, yet in the retrospect it made her unhappy. So powerful an influence had the firm and manly character of Ellis established already in the mind of his young wife, in the midst of boundless indulgence.

Two days longer elapsed before Mr. Ellis returned—quite long enough to allow the *tableaux* party to have ripened its fruit of scandal, misunderstanding and endless tittle-tattle. First of all was the story of a miserable scene of debauch, in which George Fountain, who had been attracted to S—— by the *tableaux*, was the head and front, and next came a furious enmity on the part of Miss Henderson against all and several who had been accessory to the transfer of her part of *Calypso* to Mrs. Ellis. She was "perfectly well—only a little agitated—and would have been ready in a few moments, when Mrs. St. John and Mrs. Preston

seized the opportunity and the excuse to thrust Mrs. Ellis into it ! And Mrs. Ellis was very ready to consent,—not satisfied with having the most magnificent dress of all for her own character, she must snatch at the classic one too ! the thing was too plain !” And a considerable party of gossips of no particular charmingness took part with the injured damsel.

On the other hand the war was maintained none the less keenly that the party most concerned refrained from all share in it. It was said that envy or jealousy of the Princess Badroul Boudour was the soul cause of Miss Henderson’s hysterics, and that she would have controlled them if she had thought any one else—above all Mrs. Ellis—would be found to take her place, as that baffled her plan of creating a sensation by the omission of one of the scenes promised in the programme—etc.

As this was the only quarrel that concerned our heroine, we omit specification of the rest, but they were many.

Mrs. St. John in vain endeavored to persuade Katherine to be very guarded in her account of matters to her husband, and above all to conceal from him the visit and disgrace of George Fountain. The first mention of the subject brought a rush of tears to the young wife’s eyes, and she forestalled the grave objections she sometimes dreaded, by giving her husband a full history of the affair from beginning to end, and taking shame and blame to herself for having been induced to appear in so public a way without his presence for her shield and safety. Mrs. St. John, whose ideas on some points were, like those of many persons of her stamp, more vulgar than she fancied, was shocked to hear Katherine say, weeping—“I will never do so again, Henry—never !” It was so childish ! she said, but Mr. Ellis thought it most womanly ; and he felt that his wife

had never looked lovelier than when, with gentle eyes overflowing, she thus threw herself upon his tenderness, and owned her need of aid and counsel, in matters which, to coarser apprehensions, might have seemed to need none. And when, as new scandals had their fungous growth out of the first, her delicacy received still deeper wounds, through cruel imputations and the insinuations of malicious tongues, and she begged her husband to take her from a scene which had now and forever lost all its charm for her, he blessed the seeming chance which had brought about this salutary lesson—a lesson which had done more towards unveiling to Katherine the real spirit of the society in which she had been ambitious to move, than whole homilies of advice and warning from her best friends could have done. There are no lessons like those we give ourselves.

In case our readers should feel any interest in the after fate of the Miss Henderson who figures somewhat conspicuously in the present chapter, we may mention, in passing, that not long after the wounding of that young lady’s feelings by Mrs. Ellis, Mr. Ellis observed in the papers a notice of her marriage to his old friend Davidson, who, in his speculations in matrimony had made it a point that his wife should be

“Not radiant to a stranger’s eye—  
A creature easily passed by.”

Miss Ingoldsby would not stay to hear the criticisms on her chapter, but ran away as soon as it was finished. Perhaps she was ashamed of having made public her idea of wifely duty.

“Good advice,” said Mr. Shelton.

“Fine talk !” old Mr. Ingoldsby muttered, to disguise the pleasure he felt.



The lot, now much narrowed, fell this time to Mrs. Whipple, who declared she had never written a line in her life, but if Miss Berry would help her—

"Let us be rural, this time," said that lady; "I am tired of artificial life."

Here is the chapter:

### LIFE'S LESSONS.

Henceforth I shall know  
That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure.  
No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,  
No waste so vacant, but may well employ  
Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart  
Awake to Love and Beauty.

Piercefield was a little, commonplace, country village, boasting few people of any pretension to cultivation, but situated in a romantically beautiful part of the country, where, if any where, Nature might be considered as making amends for the want of a more attractive human interest. Mr. Dudley, the brother-in-law of Henry Ellis, had a large farm on the outskirts of the village; a farm so large that it absorbed all its own proceeds year by year, since the only way to make it at all profitable was to cultivate it upon a large scale. This, in a region where domestic service is considered a degradation, involved a most onerous amount of care and labor on the part of the mistress, a devoted wife and mother, who had thrown herself wholly into her husband's plans, and sacrificed herself to the rebuilding of his fortune and credit without reserve. Katherine found Mrs. Dudley a woman still in the prime of life; past the dewy freshness of her beauty, but hardly less lovely in its maturity. The principal charm of her face to the common observer was

A smile that turns the sunny side o' the heart  
On all the world, as if herself did win  
By what she lavished—

but there was a depth of expression behind that smile such as belongs to a strong character only.

This lovely, equable temper and these cheerful spirits were very necessary to Mr. Dudley, who, though a man of sense, had been so depressed by misfortune that it required resolution of the strongest wing to bear him up. The children looked up to their father with reverence, but they ran to their mother with love and confidence; the whole vitality of the house seemed to flow from that one gracious source.

It will readily be understood in what light such a sister would be regarded by Henry Ellis, himself so warm, true, and good; of such a sunny temper and such purity of intent. They met, after long separation, with a tenderness that only the good and true can feel; each looked into the other's eyes with the sense of a whole life's love and memory; and after a moment's inquiring pause—one thought of the possible effect of those dividing years,—the recognition and the union were perfect—

As when two dew-drops on the petal shake  
To the same air, and tremble deeper down,  
And slip at once, all fragrant, into one.

Katherine, very susceptible of all extraneous influences, soon felt the power of this one—of goodness dignified by elegant manners and high cultivation. The behavior of Mrs. Dudley under the most irksome duties, was a daily lesson as well as a secret marvel to our young and over-indulged wife. How such a woman—full of all elegant tastes and capacities—formed to

shine in the most refined society—could bring herself to perform cheerfully the least attractive household labors ; to endure the most vulgar and stolid minds about her, and to toil, conscientiously and without the appearance of disgust, for the improvement of even the least hopeful subjects, was indeed wonderful ; in any country but ours it could hardly seem unaffected. She was a woman able and willing to “die daily” to all she prized of outward grace, living all the while the richest and most precious life within herself, and giving it out, without stint, in blessing all around her. Katherine, who knew little of any but town life, felt herself in a new and strange school, and betook herself to the requisite study, very conscientiously.

Mr. Dudley was a man of many virtues, but also of a great, though unconscious selfishness. Whatever his wife did for him or for others seemed to him no more than her duty, because it accorded with her whole character ; whatever he himself did that was commendable had its full value in his eyes, to say the least, perhaps from a secret consciousness of the effort it cost him to be generous in a single instance. When two such characters as his met in matrimony, the friction ends in consuming flames, each claiming what the other is least willing to grant ; but where the selfishness of one is met by boundless generosity in the other, there is fitting like that of the cast to the mould—sharp points at one side finding suitable recessions on the opposite. No pair could be better matched—on this principle—than Mr. and Mrs. Dudley ; and Henry Ellis, while he saw his brother-in-law's faults, had the satisfaction of thinking his sister very happy. She felt that she was born “not to be ministered unto, but to minister ;” and she accepted her lot with wonderful satisfaction.

So, too, the life they led at Piercefield seemed, to his better regulated judgment, one of great respectability and usefulness, instead of a mere loss and burial, as Katherine called it. Their fortune, moderate as it was, and requiring the strictest economy, was much superior to that of their neighbors ; their cultivation and refinement, and of course their resources, infinitely greater. Their influence, therefore, was powerful for good, even though the people about them did not willingly defer to them. There is, unhappily, in the ruder portions of this land of liberty of ours, an aversion to superiority of any kind—especially to that of mind and manners ; but as Providence has made the influence of such superiority inevitable, it tells on even the most ungracious subjects. Then Mrs. Dudley's extreme kindness of heart and manner ; her devotion to the sick and suffering ; her generous disposition, and the simplicity with which she was content to live, made her, personally, very popular, and gave the greatest force to her kind hints and suggestions of improvement. Without the harshness of Mrs. Mason, in the “Cottagers of Glenburnie,” so long the type of the lady Mentor in low and coarse life,—who is described as saying the rudest things in her zeal to make people polite,—Mrs. Dudley contrived, in a thousand ways, to contribute to the civilization of all who came in her way, principally by example, but also by precept, when she could contrive to soften the implied reproof by a tangible benefit. To fill a place like this, an instinct for doing good must come in aid of principle ; for daily and hourly occasion for the exercise of a benevolence which seems small but is great, would weary any thing but instinct.

Katherine, however, could hardly help looking upon such a life as that of Mrs. Dudley with pity—almost horror. So con-

trary was it to her own cherished ideal of luxurious ease, so unsuited to the delicacy and refinement of her sister-in-law, that she soon began to return, by a natural revulsion, to her old ideas of fashionable life. The very morning after the arrival of the city visitors, as the family sat at breakfast, an ill-looking man, rough as Hyrcanian bear, came in, and with his hat on and an air of perfect *nonchalance*, demanded rather than asked, some medicine or salve which Mrs. Dudley had been in the habit of supplying to his wife, signifying at the same time that he was in a hurry and could not wait a minute. Mrs. Dudley left her guests and attended to his wants immediately, as if it had been the most natural and reasonable thing in the world—a proceeding which brought Mrs. Dibble and the vexations of the Christmas dinner to our young wife's mind. She soon found, however, that this was the rule, not the exception, and that Mrs. Dudley was in the habit of sacrificing her own pleasure, unreservedly, to the necessities of her poorer neighbors. On one of these occasions she could not help saying—"I should think you would teach these people better manners by letting them wait a little. One would suppose they thought they were doing you a favor when they ask one."

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Dudley, "they never forget a kindness. What seems to you rude carelessness, is often real, pressing haste, or only bashfulness, which their pride makes them anxious to conceal. They are unwearied when we are ill."

One morning a charming ride had been planned—the horses were standing saddled at the door, and Katherine and Mrs. Dudley, both fully equipped *en Amazone*, and full of animation, were about to set foot in hand for mounting, when a message came from a poor woman a mile off, saying that her baby was

very, very ill, and she hoped Mrs. Dudley would come and see it.

"Ah," said Mrs. Dudley, "poor Mrs. Green! another of her little sufferers with water on the brain, I dare say. Of course nothing can save it, but I cannot refuse to go where my mere presence will give so much comfort. You will excuse me, dear Katherine, I know, though you cannot share my sympathy with the mother, not having seen her former distress on these occasions."

So saying she went quietly to change her dress; her horse was put up, and the party went without her.

Another time, as soon as breakfast was over, Mrs. Dudley said—"This day shall be yours! I have put aside or disposed of every thing that could interrupt us, and we will have one day's solid, home enjoyment—always provided," she added, checking herself, "that no poor soul has to be nursed. But I do not know of any illness in the neighborhood. We will have such a nice time!"

A new book brought by Mr. Ellis was to be the groundwork of this nice time, and the ladies with their sewing sat down to enjoy it, while Mr. Dudley kept himself as quiet as he could, not going out of the room about some farm-care more than once in ten or fifteen minutes. The air was delicious; a window opening on the garden afforded the prospect of a flowery world, and admitted its perfume; the birds were singing as if there were neither sin nor sorrow on earth.

"I really envy you, Eliza," said Ellis, stopping to enjoy the scene. "There is something in these aspects of nature that fills my mind with an indescribable calm, and I cannot help fancying that one might here possess one's soul in quiet, in a sense

hardly to be expected in the city. Rural sights and sounds like these have an effect on my whole being—"

"Is Miss Dudley at home?" said a voice in the entry, not rural exactly but rustic—and in walked a lady and her little girl, to spend the day.

Here was a trial! No saying 'engaged' or 'not at home'; no guarding the avenues and looking over the banisters!

Mrs. Dudley received the intruders so kindly that Katherine almost concluded she must be perfectly indifferent to home comfort. The elder visitor took out her knitting, and the little girl asked for something to eat. The carpet was soon strewn with fragments of bread and butter. This, too, Mrs. Dudley bore with equanimity, and even Katherine could not imagine it was because she was indifferent to neatness.

The good lady began telling Mrs. Dudley the history of her troubles. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Dudley walked out. Katherine soon fell asleep in her arm chair near the window. When she awoke, the guest was still droning on, weeping occasionally; Mrs. Dudley all attention and sympathy.

"Who could have given your son such bad advice, Mrs. Smith?" she was saying, just as Katherine awoke; and Mrs. Smith began, nothing loth, on a new chapter of accidents. The little girl was meanwhile amusing herself drumming on the piano.

Katherine retreated to her room. "One must require no little obtuseness," she soliloquized, "to endure such inflictions. Some people have no sensitiveness!"

After a while Mrs. Dudley came to her. "Come down now, dear," she said, "poor Mrs. Smith has gone to lie down awhile. The recital of her troubles has quite overcome her, although it

is a great comfort to her to find a listener. Her lot has been a peculiarly hard one. She has been a willing martyr to her son's children—two or three helpless little girls under the care of a very bad step-mother, who, having one child of her own, seems to desire nothing so much as to be rid of the others. If Mrs. Smith had a home to take them to, she would gladly relieve the cruel woman of the burden; but her son has spent all her property, and she can live nowhere but with him, although his affections are totally alienated from her. She could support herself, but not without leaving the children to their fate, which she cannot think of. The greatest earthly comfort she has left is an occasional hour of talk with me, recounting the sad circumstances of her darlings, and asking advice in ever new difficulties occasioned by the manoeuvres of an unprincipled and selfish woman. One of the children is deaf and dumb, and on that account the object of especial dislike to the step-mother, and solicitude to the grandmother. I am sorry she happened to choose to-day, dear, but I could not refuse to give her what little consolation is in my power."

Katherine's secret indignation against Mrs. Smith's troublesome troubles was a little softened by this exposition, and when the story was repeated to her husband his interest was immediately excited. He caused himself to be introduced to Mr. Smith, who was not so much a bad-hearted man as weakly under the influence of a bad woman.

After conversing awhile with this blinded father, Mr. Ellis took occasion to speak of the little deaf-mute, and to urge her being placed at the Institution, as the means of making her useful and happy. At first Smith quite scouted the idea, especially on account of the expense; but a little more talk on the part

of Mr. Ellis induced him to listen with favor to the plan. And when the rich man from town offered himself to take charge of the little girl, to place her at the Institution, watch over her welfare and see that she wanted for nothing, even the stepmother was somewhat mollified, and the matter easily arranged. Our respect for the humblest is immediately increased by finding them cared for by important people.

"How glad I am, now, that poor Mrs. Smith happened to come while you were here!" said Mrs. Dudley. "I might never have thought to mention her troubles to you, Henry. One is so apt to be absorbed by one's own affairs."

So large a part of the grandmother's solicitude was now removed, that she was like a new creature the next time she called. The younger children could get along comparatively well, she said, and the fact that the elder was under the protection of Mr. Ellis, had already wrought a change in the household.

"Ah, Mrs. Dudley," said poor Mrs. Smith, "a blessing always follows you! No wonder you always seem so happy!"

To Henry Ellis his sister appeared so beautiful, and the uses she made of her difficult position so dignified and excellent, that he could not help hoping that Katherine, under the influence of such a life and character, would catch some new light on her own path and its true end. If Mrs. Dudley had been deficient in outward graces, he well knew disgust would have superseded conviction. Katherine revolted so against whatever was not beautiful, that no amount or tone of worth could interest her, if accompanied by coarseness of manners and habits. But even here, where the beautiful harmony of real delicacy with great sacrifice of personal tastes, in a way of life that would never be chosen as the ideal home of delicacy, were exhibited in perfec-

tion, Mrs. Ellis, still fascinated by the outward, felt something more nearly allied to horror than admiration. She saw, indeed, the beauty and the virtue, and not with indifference, or wholly without profit; but her heart secretly longed for scenes like some of those she had lived in since her marriage, and of which the charm had not yet been exhausted. Spite of the admiration and love she could not but feel for her sister-in-law, and her sense of new light from many things she had seen and heard, she was quite as glad to quit Piercefield as she had been to escape from S——, and when her husband expressed himself with enthusiasm on the subject of Mrs. Dudley's character and usefulness, he was pained to discover that the disagreeables of country life were alone prominent in her mind. He took pains to bring her to a juster estimate of the value and true pleasure of life, by placing side by side some of the trials of city and country life; recalling the coarse and cruel things she herself had noticed among people of great pretension to polish and cultivation; the grudging charity, the contrasted prodigality and meanness, the heartless neglect and avoidance of poor relations which is but too general among the prosperous; the self-seeking hospitality, the hollow friendship, the keen rivalry—all that rankles and festers under the gilded surface of town life,—but with little avail. Katherine persisted in thinking all this tolerable, in preference to the outward coarseness of the country.

"One can be virtuous in town," she said, "but I, at least, could not be happy in the country."

"It is only an abstract question," her husband replied; "a question whether a life whose main object is personal indulgence and enjoyment is the most beautiful, dignified and happy life—"

"I do not know—I am no heroine—I am willing to take the risks and disadvantages of a life of elegance and ease," said Katherine, "and leave self-denial to those who like it! I should be wretched to live as your sister does."

"You forget that her way of life is her own free choice—her offer of aid in retrieving her husband's affairs. Doesn't it seem to you that any life acquires dignity under such circumstances? Would my sister appear more 'lady-like,' in your eyes, if she had come with her children to my house, as I invited her to do, while her husband underwent alone the toils and sacrifices necessary for the re-establishment of his fortune? I cannot believe it! Her true character never made itself known until adversity laid bare its roots. She might have passed for a merely elegant woman, if Providence had not brought her to the test."

Katherine was silenced, if not convinced.

After this chapter was read, Mrs. Whipple said—"I need not tell you that I didn't write it."

Miss Berry sat with her eyes fixed upon the floor.

"I thought," said Mr. Ingoldsby, "that such high-flying sentiments hardly sounded like you, Mrs. Whipple! You 'love the sweet security of streets,' and would find yourself as little able to appreciate the charms of country life as I should, I dare say. But who is to come next?"

Only Miss Grove and Mr. Aldis remained, and as they had taken the opportunity of the rest being engaged with the story to fall desperately in love with each other,—contrary to all the statutes,—any help from them was out of the question. They begged off, and it was at last decided that the sketch should be

finished as best it might, by the general contribution and consultation of those who began it.

"Only make it very moral—" said Mr. Ingoldsby, with a comical grimace—

"Now father, you are too bad!" said Elinor; "you know it was begun with the express purpose of making it hold all our wise saws—"

"I can tell you," said her father, "if you 'rush into print' the world will only laugh at your Utopian notions."

"Then the world ought to be ashamed of itself!" said Miss Elinor.

### THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

God bends from out the depth and says—  
 'I gave thee the great gift of life;  
 Wast thou not called in many ways?  
 Are not my earth and heaven at strife?  
 I gave thee of my seed to sow,  
 Bringest thou me my hundred-fold?  
 Can I look up, with face aglow,  
 And answer—'Father, here is gold'?

George Fountain, recalled to town by the illness of Mr. Deane, was now always at his sister's side with suggestions as to what was proper or desirable—suggestions which referred to the notions of the gay young men—('whom call we gay? The innocent are gay'—) the *gay* young men with whom he associated. George's favorite word of commendation was 'Noble!' a dangerous word unless we fix its signification very accurately; his invariable epithet of condemnation 'Mean!' a term quite as often misapplied by the thoughtless. His taste ruled his sister's more than was wise or fitting, his position as one of the oracles

of fashion giving him peculiar power on Katherine's weak side. His feelings were congenial with her own; his views of life more generous and elegant than any one's, in her estimation. The orphan fellow-feeling that had united them so closely during early life, Katherine's marriage had done nothing to loosen, for Ellis's extreme kindness of heart and boundless regard for his wife had induced him rather to promote than discourage the intimacy. Now, however, he was sometimes pained to observe that where his views and George's happened to differ, as they often did, the latter's were sure to prevail with Katherine; George taught her what to require and what to refuse; his opinion of her husband's plans and proceedings was the guide of hers. George could even make the solid and principled generosity of his brother-in-law appear meanness, when he chose to contrast it with the lavish expenditure of people of similar fortune. It is not wonderful that this state of things appeared in different lights to Katherine and her husband. He judged as a man, she felt as an idol, whose right it was to receive as offering all that was precious, incurring no responsibility in return.

This is no uncommon phase of young wifehood, but a grave Mentor might remind the worshipped that the position of an idol is hardly consistent with the more honorable one of a dutiful and true wife, Love's figures of speech to the contrary notwithstanding. The wise bride soon steps gracefully down from the pedestal where she stood properly enough for awhile, to find more secure and dignified footing nearer her husband's heart of hearts—that deeper and more serious heart which poets may not sing about, but which a man gives to his duties, his responsibilities, his hopes and resolutions for time and eternity. \* It is in close contact and communion with this that a wife must stand,

if she would realize the ancient symbol of two hearts pierced through with one and the same arrow. Flowery bands there may be, and the more the better; but the arrow must be of steel.

Mary Ashmore's wedding gave occasion to new differences of opinion between Mrs. Ellis and her husband—differences gently urged on his part, but tenaciously adhered to on hers. Katherine's affection for her cousin naturally showed itself in expensive gifts; she felt no hesitation in suggesting what would be desirable, because she stood ready to supply whatever Aunt Susan decided to be beyond her means. Mr. and Mrs. Ashmore shook their heads at this; they disapproved it and it troubled them; but it was one of the hardest things in the world to resist. Ellis, too, remonstrated.

"Proportion, dearest Kate," he said, "is an element of beauty. Do not fancy that I object to the cost of what you are doing for Mary; I desire only to see more reference to her past habits and her probable lot in life. She will be obliged to content herself with a plain and economical style of living, which I fear will seem only the plainer for these gay gifts of yours. I would give her an equal amount—you and I can never do enough for your aunt and her family—but let it be in some more suitable, if not useful form."

Katherine did not relish this, although Ellis backed his remonstrance with a handsome gift in money to Mary from himself.

"You want me to be as wise as yourself, Henry," she said. "Every body gives elegant bridal gifts, now. A bride really appears forlorn who has not splendid gifts and a rich *trousseau* to show. Mary is too sensible a girl to suppose it is to be

always so ; do let me indulge myself in getting her a few pretty things—perhaps the last she may have, poor girl ! I don't think Sidney Parker will ever be rich—he is too much like Uncle Ashmore himself."

There was something in Katherine's mode of saying this that implied no great respect for a man who was not likely to make himself rich.

"Uncle Ashmore is too habitually generous ever to accumulate much property," said Ellis. "He sees so many cases in which a little money will do a great deal of good, that he cannot resolve to refrain for the sake of laying by more than a decent provision for his family. He does not even gratify himself by doing good in a conspicuous way ; his bounty flows in those silent and unconsidered channels which drain off the means of showy charity. Far less does he desire to see his family wear an appearance above their means."

"O, nobody thinks of dressing according to their means," said Katherine ; "the idea is exploded."

"You are a satirist, without knowing it," replied her husband. "If I had said any thing as severe against the dishonesty induced by the prevalent passion for dress, you would have thought me very harsh. But pray don't let us contribute more than our share to the general evil."

But George prevailed, and Mary Ashmore, without other dower than her parents' good name and her own sweetness of character, entered upon her married life with an outfit that in simpler times would have befitted an heiress.

This is but a sample of the influence exercised by George Fountain upon his sister—trying, certainly, to her husband, but of little moment compared with the deterioration observable in

George himself—observable to every eye but Katherine's. His habits, his companions, his sentiments, were all more and more annoying to Mr. Ellis—nearly as much so, perhaps, as was the consciousness of Ellis's pure and searching eye to the young *roué*. Both would have been heartily glad of a separation ; but Ellis kept down the thought from love to his wife and a desire to benefit her brother, while George refrained from casting loose this last anchor in the respectable, lest Mr. Deane should take the alarm. How often, in families seemingly harmonious, exist these opposing forces, so equally balanced that it would take no more than a straw's weight to revolutionize the whole !

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The Spring brought George Fountain a good excuse for changing his quarters. Mrs. St. John did not make her annual visit, but went to Paris instead. Another visitor, however, even more important and importunate, and certainly more welcome, made his appearance, in the shape of a little boy—with dark eyes the 'very moral' of Katherine's—and a habit of making his wants known with very little scruple throughout the quiet halls in — Square. Here was an affair ! It seemed to be the deliberate conviction of the household that there never had been a baby born before ; so infinite were the preparations, and agitations, and consultations about him and his mother. Aunt Susan was young again ; the younger Ashmores had to be excluded by main force ; the nurse ruled the house, and the new papa's mild eyes glistened from morning till night, spite of the efforts he made to be philosophically composed. All was pure sunshine in his mind, for he felt sure that the opening of this



new spring of natural tenderness would carry away all the rubbish of Fashion that was threatening to incrust his wife's heart. And at first it seemed so. But with the return of health and strength came back the old solicitude about modes and magnificence; and Aunt Susan's ways of thinking, and her notions of the simplicity proper in all arrangements about the infant, were set aside by the nurse's incessant suggestions that Mrs. Preston had this and Mrs. Fitzgerald that; such and such plans were always pursued in Mrs. Basinghall's nurseries, and such and such others had been condemned by Dr. Fairlove; till all interest in the child personally threatened to be swallowed up in arrangements for his making his *début* in life under proper circumstances. This folly came nearer to exhausting Ellis's patience than any thing yet, and he tried both persuasion and authority against it, but with little avail. The nurse was quite too much for him.

Nothing less than a country-house now met Katherine's ideas, and but one region offered an eligible site for this, in her opinion;—that which included the summer residence of certain persons whom she called her friends, though they had little in common with her except the love of expense and show. Ellis soon perceived that she had set her heart fully on this, and he yielded with the best possible grace—as he always did when he yielded at all—an example for all good husbands!

Behold our friends, then, installed in what was to be styled, by some stretch of poetry, a rural residence, though, except in the lack of some few conveniences, it was to all intents and purposes a city house, with nothing like country about it save the trees and flowers. Town habits—a phalanx of town servants—visitors most urban, who would have been amused to see one of the neighboring farmers seated in the drawing-room, or

one of his daughters received except in a menial position—these made up the ruralizing of our heroine's ideal. Her visit to Mrs. Dudley seemed only to have taught her what to avoid; she had no more communication with her rustic or even her plain neighbors than if they had been Caffres or cannibals, and considered herself as fully excused from caring for their weal or woe as if she had been in — Square, or studying political economy. We need not say that this state of things accorded but ill with Mr. Ellis's more humane and patriotic theories, and it is to be confessed that, but for the baby, this summer would have been one of little sympathy of enjoyment between husband and wife.

Not that Mr. Ellis relished—few husbands do,—being entirely superseded by his son; finding himself of no account in comparison with “the baby,” and being unable to win his wife's attention to any employment that had the slightest interest for him. The house was practically a nursery, as far as its main object of attention was concerned, and this did not accord, in any degree, with its master's ideas of what was proper; but with his usual patience he bore all, and waited for better times. His confidence in Katherine's good sense and good feeling was unshaken, and he always looked forward with sure hope to the time when she would be disposed of her own accord to remedy what he disapproved.

George remained in town, in attendance on Mr. Deane, who was becoming more and more feeble, and seemed likely soon to lay down his earthly load. Mr. Ellis would fain have had the old gentleman removed to his house, but this George opposed resolutely, on the score that the invalid would be obliged to change his physicians, and George now ruled Mr. Deane entirely.

Gay and handsome as ever, always good-humored and ready for social enjoyment, he was universally popular, and had hosts of friends. Katherine was very proud of her brother—proud of the abilities which every body said he had, although he had never yet put them to any use beyond the pleasure of the moment; proud of his elegant, dashing manners, and of his fashionable connections. She would fain have called her son after him, but Mr. Ellis so urged the pleasure the compliment would give Uncle and Aunt Ashmore, that she consented to give him her uncle's name, feeling, however, that she made a great sacrifice to her husband's wishes, for it had become a sacrifice in Katherine's eyes to give up her own will in any thing.

So the summer wore away, and then the autumn and the winter, in outward calm and secret conflict of feeling—not the conflict that results in quarrels and disaffection, but a state that detracts much from happiness, corroding its substance day by day, and lowering our expectations of it, until we learn to substitute something else for it—business, or pleasure, or vice, or indifference. It is somewhat strange that, referring as we all do, nominally, to one standard of thought and action, there should be so many practical discrepancies. A heartier and more intelligent reference to that standard would obviate so many of them!

Mr. Deane lingered, in prolonged suffering and sadder and sadder decay, throughout the next winter. George was not neglectful of the sick bed, but rumors of the irregularity of his habits had become public, and his handsome face began to tell tales of late hours and indulged passions, in the relaxing of its clear-cut outlines and the inequality of its once perfect complex-

ion. His youthful freshness was already gone; premature knowingness vulgarized his calm statuesque beauty; Perseus was degenerating into Beau Brummell; classic purity into conventional pettiness. With his first beauty had departed his early good-nature, or at least the even flow of it; alternations of wild gaiety and moody reserve now characterized his behavior, even to his sister, who could no longer be blind to the unhappy change, though she admitted it only with painful resistance. It was long since Mr. Ellis had attempted in the least to influence his brother-in-law, but now, at his wife's earnest entreaty, he sought a private conversation with him, though with faint hope of being of service. As he had expected, he met only angry replies, and such insulting cautions not to undertake 'lecturing,' as required all his self-command, and all his affection for Katherine to enable him to bear.

Here was a speck of black reality in the midst of Katherine's golden sky! Some truths flashed out of it, however, and truth is always worth what it costs. Katherine was a mother, now,—the mother of a son; and George's misconduct reminded her that a son is not a mere plaything—a puppet to be dressed and paraded, to feed the vanity of the hour; or a fairy creature, whose beauty is to prove a talisman against evil. A young mother secretly refers every thing to the new object of interest, and ours had a thousand fresh, enlightening thoughts of the little one on her lap, as she wept over the unhappy condition of her brother, though she was far from a full perception of his deterioration or its cause. She began to suspect—though dimly—that money cannot buy all that is desirable; and the struggle in her mind between the experience of to-day and the vague notions of her past life was full of surprise as well as pain.

Things went on this way until Mr. Deane's death—an event long expected, and which Katherine and her husband—now almost of one mind as to George—hoped might work a salutary change upon the object of the poor old man's mistaken kindness. George used to be deficient neither in generosity nor gratitude, but who could recognize the ingenious, warm-hearted boy of the Christmas dinner-party, in the *blasé*, prematurely old, selfish and grasping heir, who evidently felt relieved by the death of his benefactor?

The opening of the will was not calculated to calm the turbulent mind of the unhappy young man. Besides providing much more largely than George had expected for some rather distant relatives, Mr. Deane had hampered the residue of his property with many cautious restrictions, all evidently referring to George's habits of reckless expense; and, to give the finishing stroke to the heir's vexation, had left Henry Ellis sole trustee, with more than usual discretionary power. George now, throwing off all restraint, behaved like a madman, insulted his brother-in-law, and cast his sister from him with expressions that cut her to the heart.

Katherine, long self-deluded, was now utterly astounded,—frightened to the shelter of her husband's love and wisdom, by her brother's fury—his despair—his threats against himself—his execrations of the very memory of his ill-judging friend. She had as yet seen only the gentler side of human nature; she hardly suspected the existence of such passions as the once kind, joyous, affectionate George Fountain exhibited under the stings of his present position, so much worse, from causes unknown to her, than it appeared outwardly. As in conscious weakness she turned to her husband for support under this overwhelming afflic-

tion, she began to perceive the value of firmness united with kindness like his, and to appreciate the difference between her brother's splendid exterior and real selfishness, and the calm, balanced, considerate and seemingly exhaustless goodness of him whom she had, by some strange delusion, learned to look upon as an unsympathizing judge. Mr. Ellis, exasperated as he had been by George's insane conduct towards himself, went at once into the most careful and patient examination of Mr. Deane's affairs, and was shocked to find how little would be left at George's command after the provisions of the will had been carried out, and the enormous expenses of the poor old man's long illness at a fashionable hotel, and under the care of several physicians, discharged. George must apply himself at once to the study of a profession, and under what disadvantages!

So thought Ellis in his kindness, but he little suspected then what he soon after discovered with horror—the extent of those disadvantages. Deluded by extravagant ideas of Mr. Deane's fortune, and thoroughly entangled with vicious companions, George had in the course of a single year managed to dissipate the whole and even more, by anticipation, and was now in debt far beyond the compass of the estate which had been his ruin. Besides this, surrounded by sharpers, he had been led, in his ignorance, into transactions which might involve the total loss of honor and credit. Mr. Ellis made this discovery, as we have said, with horror; to his wife it was absolute prostration. Her excitement almost equalled George's own; and when the first grief had in a measure exhausted itself in tears, she displayed a force of passion and resolution that astonished her husband.

"Save my brother, Henry!" she sobbed, clinging to him as she would have clasped a life-buoy among midnight waves in a

tempest ; "Save him, oh my husband, like yourself—at any cost ! I am ready to make all sacrifices—to part with every thing, rather than see George disgraced—lost—ruined ! O my brother—my brother ! If my poor, poor mother had lived to see this day !"

Ellis, alarmed, agitated, yet conscious all the while of a secret pleasure in this evidence of deep feeling and unsuspected strength in his wife, calmed and comforted her with promises of aid, and professions—worth something from him—of an interest in George's welfare second only to her own.

"Only be calm, dear love !" he said, "and let our kindness to George be real. He has suffered enough already, poor fellow ! by mistaken kindness. To step in, at once, between him and this great lesson, would be any thing but kind. Think of his future life—of his character—all is at stake at this crisis. Even his reputation is of minor importance, since reputation may be earned ; but that, too, shall be saved. Only be patient, and let us act deliberately and with judgment."

We cannot follow this generous brother-in-law through the difficulties and trials involved in these promises to his wife ; enough that he fulfilled them all, and that she held fast by her offer,—made indeed in the first passionate grief and mortification which attended the discovery of her brother's position, but perhaps suggested in part by an unconfessed distrust of the permanent happiness of the life that had for a while so enchanted her—to undergo any sacrifice required for George's redemption. She even went beyond her husband's thoughts, in desiring a complete change of life in consequence of his payment of George's debts ; and Ellis, not forgetting, in the delight inspired by this realization of his best hopes of Katherine's character,

the possible temptations of old association after the storm of feeling should have subsided, consented to a reduction of expenses further than was necessary, and allowed Katherine to follow out the promptings of her enthusiasm, and regulate their new establishment on a scale more moderate than he himself would have ventured to propose, but which, nevertheless, accorded very well with his principles and even his taste.

"Do not undertake more than you can bear, dear Kate"—he said, smiling.

"Never fear," she replied, "I am stronger than you think,"—and truly her husband began to feel a sort of awe of this her new power. Men of sense, even, are apt to be astonished at any evidence of strength of character in women, perhaps naturally enough.

It would be difficult to give a just idea of all the circumstances attending the new state of things. George, after going through every phase of passion, rejecting all aid from his brother-in-law, saying every reckless word and doing every unwise thing that an ungoverned young man might under the circumstances contrive to crowd into the space of a few weeks, came at last to see himself as he was, and to understand something of Mr. Ellis's character. When he had reached this point, it is not wonderful that he soon began to feel the humiliation proper to the contrast. What Ellis's superiority in mere wisdom could never have done, his inexhaustible patience and unmistakable goodness accomplished. Here, as elsewhere, a *life* proved irresistible where arguments were powerless, and George's proud heart at last bowed itself in confession and regret ; and while, as much for his sister's sake as his own, he accepted the sacrifice she was proud and happy to make with her husband's full con-

sent, his spirit arose at once to the desire of reparation by self-denial, labor, and the thorough renunciation of the delusions that had once so much power over him.

"But I must run away, Kate," he said; "I cannot face the sight of the change you and Henry make for my sake. Let me bury myself in the country, for a time, at least."

"You need not quite bury yourself, George," said Mr. Ellis, smiling; "I dare say my sister would be happy to receive you, if you would like to study with Mr. Dudley."

"O, if she would!" said Katherine; "but I know she will! she is all goodness." And tears filled her eyes as she recollected how poorly she had once valued that goodness.

And George plunged into the study of law with all the impetuosity of devotion that he had been wasting on unworthy pursuits, and met manfully the disagreeables attendant on his new life and the total renunciation of his old companionship. Trials there were, many and bitter, for no soul not utterly depraved ever passes out of the glare and gloom of vice into purer light and air without horrible pangs of retrospection; but there was in George Fountain, as in his sister, a latent power, of which the outward symmetry and harmony, that distinguished them both, was Nature's gracious token. Stunted by evil culture, thwarted by unhappy circumstances, misused and poisoned under the allurements of vice, mind and body would have deteriorated together; but watched over and preserved from fatal taint by pure influences in childhood, and borne up through temptation and difficulty by such wisdom and kindness as can be found only among those who are at one with God and goodness, the accord designed by Providence between beauty and virtue was once more apparent; and Katherine and her brother

seemed, to the few about them who knew all, more lovely in the new light and glow of grateful and exalted feeling, than even in the unruffled attractiveness of their earlier graces.

"This is *your* doing," said Katherine to her husband, in a moment of grateful emotion; and the few words and the look that accompanied them, said more for the past and the future than whole volumes of regrets and promises. Need we say that he felt, in that moment, the reward of his patient love? But such hearts are their own reward.

"All-givers need no gifts."

These lines of Anne Lynch hint at the secret of such a character; let us recommend them as a life-text:

Go forth in life, O Friend, not seeking love,  
A mendicant, that, with imploring eye  
And outstretched hand, asks of the passers-by  
The alms his strong necessities may move.  
For such poor love, to pity near allied,  
Thy generous spirit may not stoop and wait,  
A suppliant whose prayer may be denied,  
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace gate;  
But thy heart's affluence lavish uncontroll'd;  
The largess of thy love give full and free,  
As monarchs in their progress scatter gold;  
And be thy heart like the exhaustless sea,  
That *must* its wealth of cloud and dew bestow  
Though tributary streams or ebb or flow.

"Humph!" said Mr. Ingoldsby; "I wish all these fine doings were true, but—"

"But they could be, papa!" exclaimed Elinor—

"And have been," said Mrs. Marston, with the air of one prepared to defend her position.

But Mr. Ingoldsby only shook his head, and what sad things are implied by such shakes of the head in old people!

"I am afraid George Fountain is going to turn out a spoon," said Henry Marston—

"You mean only silver, I suppose," said his mother, "not gold. Would you rather see him a dagger, piercing the hearts that loved him?"

"Any thing not soft," said the youthful sage—

"Nothing is so 'soft,' in your sense of the word, as wickedness," was Mrs. Marston's reply to this sally; "none require so much courage as the good."

"And now only one more chapter," said Miss Ingoldsby. "See that flash of scarlet on the maple yonder, and the yellow leaves on the locusts. We shall leave the woods when they are in all their splendor. Who shall object to our American love of gorgeous colors, when Providence sets us such an example!"

"Providence does not put them upon man, or even woman, though," said her father, laughing, "but only on plants, parrots, rattlesnakes and the like—"

"I think," said Mrs. Whipple, who felt a little stirred by this glance at her tender point, "that Providence in not clothing us at all, gave us all creation to choose out of."

"So think the Indians," persisted her antagonist; "and so they stick feathers into their ears and bones through their noses. It is all a matter of taste, certainly; but I shall be glad when we get beyond the aborigines in our choice of colors, and begin to dress for beauty rather than for display of wealth. Dress never would have called forth the censure of the wise, if it had been used only to enhance human loveliness, and not to gratify human pride."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Whipple, puzzled by this heresy, "then one ought to wear nothing but what is becoming! I don't know what would become of the mantuamakers!"

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Far the most loved are they  
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion-voice  
In regal halls; the shades o'erhang their way;  
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,  
And gentle hearts rejoice  
Around their steps, till silently they die,  
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,  
Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth  
Now from your lips the confession—bethink ye before ye make answer!

We have now to look upon the Ellises in a new position.

With what hope of success can we undertake the task of showing happiness in a way of life neither rich nor poor—lacking both the dignity of splendor and the picturesqueness of poverty; requiring no great and showy sacrifices, and admitting of none of those magnificent virtues which are sure to bring their reward of public praise as well as secret self-complacency?

In the first place—what did 'the world' say?

If our hero and heroine had emerged from a plain mansion into a palace, the world would have been deeply interested; its sympathies would have been excited, its affections active; it would have felt the force of the injunction to 'rejoice with those that rejoice,' for it is a very amiable world under such circumstances. To be sure it might have scrutinized a little the sources of the golden stream; it might have made scientific inquiries into the nature of the chrysalis which gave a magnificent

*papillon* to the sunshine ; while it would have conscientiously endeavored to moderate the self-gratulation of the *débutans* by suggesting as many mortifying drawbacks as possible. But it would have smiled, and bowed, and gazed, and praised, most satisfactorily. All the charming qualities of the happy pair would have shone out anew, like jewels in a fresh and fashionable setting. From commonplace people they would have flowered out into prodigies.

But as nobody but sentimentalists praise the sun when it goes behind a cloud, so the amiable world was entirely content that Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, after a brief period of brilliance, should be as retiring and retired as they pleased. As to the why and wherefore, *that* certainly was a nine days' wonder. Losses there had been none, that any body could discover ; 'speculation' perhaps, but where ? It might be a fit of penuriousness, on finding how much it took to keep up a handsome establishment and an expensive wife, for Ellis was always something of a prig ! But the thought of his having paid his brother-in-law's debts never entered any body's head. George was supposed to have done that, (foolishly !) out of Mr. Deane's property, leaving himself nothing.

We dare not say that what the world, lately so important to Katherine, said of her change of appearance, was of no moment to her. There were times, certainly, when this was the case, but those were times of excitement, which do not last always. So she was subject to alternations—trials of feeling—waverings of resolution—misgivings as to her own strength—and—for we do not claim for our heroine a position beyond humanity—doubts as to whether so much was really required of her. We cannot always bear in mind all the stringent particulars under which we

came to unusual and trying decisions ; so that after the benefit of those decisions has begun to be felt, we are prone to question their wisdom. This is one of the effects of the 'imperfection of the instrument,' as the piano-tuners say ; a lack of perfect proportion in the action of our powers. But Katherine had a perpetual memory of George's altered—lowered face, during that miserable winter, when the radiant eyes of his guardian angel must have been turned away, discouraged ; and a perpetual comfort in an occasional view of his cleared, animated, self-respecting look under the toils of study, cheered by the consciousness of honest intent. The world did not believe in the permanence of this change, for in all similar cases, from Prince Hal downwards, it takes refuge in doubt from the mortifying sense of the failure of its spells. Yet, happily, instances in which it is at last forced into faith are neither few nor obscure.

It was curious and affecting to see how much the old intimacy of communion with the Ashmores revived under the new circumstances. Not that Katherine had ever intentionally chilled the dear friends of her infancy by word or look. She had been disposed to load them with benefits, beyond their willingness to accept, and she had given no little thought to the ways and means of doing them good. But there is an irresistible effect of great difference of position and outward circumstances in keeping friends apart. The poorer feel it if the richer do not ; and the space between grows insensibly wider, in spite of the sincerest efforts on both sides to bridge it over. How happy was good Aunt Susan to have the cold veil removed that she had felt, if not seen, interposed between her darling and herself ; and how happy was Katherine to find herself once more nestling, as it were, under the beloved wing ! How much

more at home did all feel in the new house, comfortable and elegant as it was, than in the midst of too great profusion of expense and ornament! And how much more time there seemed for hospitality, truly such, when a host of stately people who had given no pleasure ceased coming because they were no longer invited. The Enfields concealed their wonder and disgust under polite coolness, for they had 'no patience with such absurdity.' Mrs. St. John wrote letters of condolence which made Katherine laugh.

Besides the more obvious sources of the quiet happiness which became gradually and gently the habit of our heroine in her less splendid home, was one of which she had had no previous conception, and for which she had laid no plan. The discharge of half her servants had brought her into more intimate personal relations with her own domestic affairs. It may be only a fancy of ours, that Providence has so decidedly fitted woman for household cares, that she is never truly and healthily happy without them; but if it be a fancy, it is one which much observation has confirmed. If there be any thing likely to banish the fiend *ennui* from the dwellings of women of fortune, it is the habit of assuming a moderate share of the daily cares which go to make home home. To do every thing by proxy is to deprive ourselves of a thousand wholesome, cheerful, innocent interests; to nourish our pride and indolence at the expense of our affections; to sacrifice the life of life to a notion of gentility, poor, hollow and barren; nay, is there not something almost impious in scorning the position for which God so evidently designed woman, and living an artificial life of our own devising, deputing our duties and privileges to hirelings?

It is a singular delusion, this, of some women, and of Ameri-

can women in particular, for we know that even in England women of fortune are much more truly domestic in their tastes and habits than we. We remember a story of a certain Duchess cleaning some picture-frames, when a *protégée* who happened to be present, officiously desired to take the office upon herself.

"Child!" said her grace, "don't you suppose I should have called a servant if I had not chosen to do it myself!"

The German ladies, with all their cultivation, take the most intimate interest in householdry, and they are remarkable for cheerfulness of temper, for natural and charming manners, and for the intelligence and vivacity of their conversational powers. Who knows but the terrible dearth of subjects of conversation among us might be somewhat mitigated, if our ladies spent a part of every morning among the various cares and duties, on the proper performance of which so much of the comfort and happiness of life depends, and which call into action far higher powers than those required for the bald chit-chat of an evening party, or the inanities of a morning call?

The universal sentiment of *men* is in favor of active domestic habits for women. It is said that men 'love to see women delicate,' and so they do, doubtless. But does any moderate amount of attention to home affairs deprive a lady of her delicacy? It may prevent the delicacy of dyspepsia, but few gentlemen admire that. Indeed we have yet to discover the man of sense who is displeased by his wife's personal care of the comfort and economy of her house. Those whose lives are embittered by the lack of it are not far to seek. No houses are regulated with such neatness, accuracy and elegance as those in which the ladies of the family take a personal part in household duties.



Goethe says of a young woman of his friends—and a man of genius is entitled to speak for his sex—"After the death of her mother, she displayed a high degree of activity as the head of a numerous young family, and, alone, had sustained her father in his widowhood. The future husband could thus hope an equal blessing for himself and his descendants, and expect a decided domestic happiness. Every one confessed that she was a woman to be wished for. She was one of those, who, if they do not inspire vehement passion, are found to excite a universal pleasure. A lightly formed, symmetrical figure—a *pure, healthy nature, and the glad activity that arises from it; an unembarrassed care for daily necessities*, with all these she was endowed. The observation of these qualities was always agreeable to me, and I always sought the society of those who possessed them."

Yes—we shall have all the gentlemen on our side when we venture to think domestic employments suited to women of all fortunes—to universal womanhood, indeed. So we insist that Katherine was happier, when, with less intervention of servants, she took upon herself a certain share of the daily recurring duties. Especially with regard to her son did she find her happiness increased by discarding much of the hireling aid she had for a while been persuaded to think necessary. Nature, no longer repressed by stupid conventions, sprang up free and joyous in the heart of the young mother, and yielded all that wealth of tender, indescribable, but most precious joys which so richly repays the thousand cares and sacrifices of maternity. In short if the Ellis sunshine seemed to the world without to be somewhat obscured, it was only because the radiance was

concentrated within. To those most concerned it certainly seemed doubled.

"But there was no splendor, and it is in vain to preach that splendor is undesirable." *Cela dépend.* Splendor is of various kinds. We talk sometimes of splendid talents, and we bow before them; and we think of splendid goodness, though we may use another epithet. Neither of these was excluded from the new *régime*. But in ordinary acceptance, splendor is the result of lavish expenditure. Was that lacking? To say nothing of the gift to George—a gift which he firmly determined should prove only a loan, but which was nevertheless a free gift from the givers—what else the Ellises bestowed, by secret and open channels, would have kept up the old dazzle, and saved the world the trouble of all its conjectures. Uncle Ashmore fell into some trouble through that good son-in-law of his—perhaps Mary's bridal gifts had induced extravagant notions into her householdry, but this we doubt, for Aunt Susan's daughter would not be likely to go far wrong. Certainly some clouds seemed impending over that happy family.

Katherine wept at the thought. "It will be so hard for dear Uncle and Aunt Ashmore in their old days"—she said.

Mr. Ellis only laughed. His wife looked up, astonished.

"Don't you know, dear Kate," said the quiet man, "that it would hardly require more than what your shawls cost only a few years ago, to free your uncle from his embarrassments? And don't you know that not buying the shawls and fifty other things that gave us no real pleasure, leaves us plenty of money to do as we like with?"

Katherine's eyes grew larger at this, and her husband continued;

"Forgive me, my dearest, for not having told you this before ; for having allowed you to think our present moderate style of living really necessary in prudence. When you proposed the change, in your tender solicitude for George, I could hardly refrain from assuring you at once that I could and would do all you wished, without the need of any marked alteration in our mode of life. But the desire that you should try something which I earnestly believed more congenial to your fine, true nature, was too tempting ! I allowed you to regulate matters as you chose ; always intending, as soon as you had had time for a fair trial, and an opportunity to know your real tastes, to restore you to the former position and way of life if you deliberately preferred it. A thousand times I have been on the point of saying this to you, but I confess you have seemed to me so much more at home—so much more my own—so much more the Katherine of my dearest dreams, in your simpler and more natural form, that I could not, for very selfishness, find courage to offer you a return to the old grandeur—cold and sterile as it seemed to me, and threatening a gradual obscuration of my wife's best graces. But I offer it now, and without a shadow of hesitation, for it was not the condition I feared, but your estimation of it, and the habits of thought it seemed likely to induce. Now—with your present views and objects, and your past experience—I have no fears, and if you decide to return to—square, or a similar house, I shall be entirely content."

Katherine did not receive this confession with indifference. For a moment she felt something akin to resentment. Had she then been allowed to make sacrifices for nothing ? Had she been treated like a child, who must be deceived into being good ?

But it was only for a moment. The next brought more gracious thoughts. One look at her husband—one thought of what he was—of his patience, his unselfishness, his devotion to her—cleared her mental horizon at once. Light from his character seemed to irradiate her whole path, past and future.

With a gush of grateful tears she threw herself into his arms—

"Forgive you, Henry !" she said ; "forgive you for your love and goodness—for making me so happy ? What gentler method could you have devised for awakening me from my dream ? Dear husband—dearest friend—I owe myself to you. Love and truth have revealed life to me. How could you have answered it to yourself if you had let me sink into nothingness under delusions so fatal !"

"I know not," he replied ; "yet I confess I was completely at a loss. Your convictions were brought about by means wholly beyond any power of mine. We cannot devise and create circumstances to suit our wishes. Happy those who are willing to use such as are offered by a benign Providence. Still, dearest Kate, remember I am ready and willing to enlarge our way of life whenever you desire it ; there may be very good reasons for doing so."

"I shall never desire it," she replied, "for there is a sense of weariness and disgust comes over me whenever I think of the life we used to lead. Not that I pretend to have grown indifferent to wealth, or the privileges it buys, or the consequence it gives. I love to spend money as well as ever, but spending it without display, and for objects which the world cannot appreciate, seems to me a higher pleasure than any that show ever gave me. Of mere luxury we have enough—all that we can really enjoy ;

for I have discovered that whatever of it we provide beyond a certain limit is not for ourselves, and becomes a burthen. If, with abundant means, you were disposed to hoard," she added, smiling, "I believe I should be a very bad wife ; but as you love to spend too—why, it seems to me we shall be very happy as we are."

"Is that all?" said Miss Grove, when the reader stopped.

"What more would you have?" said Mr. Berry ; "is not every body very happy, and haven't we made out our case?"

"But I thought you would have told us more about George—how he behaved, and whether he ever fell in love."

"O you know it would be long before it was proper for George to fall in love, and when he did there would be a great deal to be said about it ; we must reserve that for other summer hours in the House of Industry."

"I consider the permanence of the young wife's conversion so ticklish a topic," said Mr. Ingoldsby, with his usual disposition to a certain quizzical skepticism, "that I hold you very wise to stop where you do. The brother's reformation I can believe in, for it is easier to forsake vice than folly."

"Shall I tell you papa's creed—only pretended, though—about women?" said Elinor ; "he often repeats these lines :

'Is it that for such outward ornament  
Was lavished on their sex, that inward gifts  
Were left, for haste, unfinished—judgment scant,  
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend.  
Or value what is best  
In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?"

"I could bury those lines so deep under a mountain of oppos-

ite ones, from poets of all time," said Mr. Berry, "that it would take another summer to find them. But tell us whether we have proved our position?"

"Hardly," said Mr. Ingoldsby ; "for after all, you have been obliged to resolve Beauty into Virtue."

"Not at all—we have only shown that Beauty and Virtue are a twin growth, and cannot be separated without violence to Nature."

"And do you feel entitled to end with a Q. E. D.?"

"We must leave the decision of that question with our readers."

## WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

CONSIDERING how highly every age has prized the history and biography of previous times, it is matter of surprise that there are not always found those who systematically record passing events and delineate living characters. Fame is, indeed, in a good degree, an affair of distance. It is difficult for friends, associates, or contemporaries to be sure that actions or events, which arise from the present condition of things, will seem as important to posterity as to those who have an immediate interest in the emergencies which gave them birth. But the desire to know what has been done and said by those who have gone before us—who helped to prepare the world for the coming of our day—is so universal, and we are so often vexed to think we know so little, that it seems wonderful that mere sympathy should not lead us to prepare pleasant things of this sort for the people whose pioneers we are. How delicious are the bits of private history now and then fished up from the vast sea of things forgotten! How we pounce upon some quaint diary, some old hoard of seemingly insignificant letters, some enlightening passage in an old author, who little suspected his blunt quill of playing the part of an elucidator of history! What could repay the world for the withdrawal from its knowledge of the straight-forward fibs of Sir John Mandeville, illustrative as

they are of the state of general credulity in his day? Or of Pepys's Diary, or Horace Walpole's, or Madame de Sevigne's letters, or Boszzy's inestimable jottings?

Each and every generation lives in "a very remarkable age," and it is obviously a high moral duty of somebody to write it down, circumstantially, for the benefit of those who are destined, through its preparing influence, to enter upon experiences still more remarkable. Yet when we would seek materials for the minute private history of a time, in the bosom of whose common life were contained the characterizing elements of this great empire—as the rich satin folds of the tulip are traceable in a bulb which looks very like that humble piece of domesticity, an onion—we are obliged to search as if for the proverbial needle; to dive into family records, dim with the dust of time, or useless from the suspicious coloring of pride or affection; to call upon the East and the West, the North and the South, to rummage the memory-garrets of their "oldest inhabitants;" in short, to pick, as it were, from thorns and briers by the wayside, stray locks of the material which should have been carded and spun by the growers, ready for the weaving skill of the present day.

All honor, then, to the patriotic labors of those to whom we owe the gathering of these fragments! Honor to Mrs. Ellet, who has alone done for our Revolutionary mothers what so many men have been zealous in doing for their own sex, ever since the national struggle was ended.

No one perhaps will question, that the women of the Revolution bore a far larger share of its actual hardships and sufferings than the men. The life afield, shorn though it may be of home comforts, has its poetry, its inspirations, its heroic element,

for compensation of its ills. The very physical influence of duties performed in the open air—of excitement, exercise, variety, and liberty, is enlivening and invigorating to mind and body reciprocally. Military discipline,—the stimulus of command and of subordination, of regularity, of enterprise, of endurance,—has a tendency to maintain the spirits in a somewhat equable, if not elated state, and to keep sad personal thoughts at bay. Activity having a direct bearing upon the great object in view, keeps up the heart more easily and more steadily than quieter service can. It is, indeed, an attainment in philosophy to have, and to be consoled and sustained by, the feeling that

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

To do is the great pleasure of life ; to suffer, or to be passive, is a sustained effort of self-denial.

It was to this difficult service that the women of the Revolution were called. The hard labor of waiting, in patient anxiety and a composure that did not exclude agony, while husbands, sons, fathers, brothers, went in search of danger, called forth fortitude and faith far beyond that required for night-watches under snowy skies, or forced marches without shoes. To follow, with heart and eye, day after day, the ebbing life of a darling child, whose father was far away and unconscious of the blow that hung over him, drew more severely upon the springs of life and hope than a wound in a skirmish or a baffled enterprise. The women's lot, in those times, was the ingenious prolongation of torture with which the savage takes care not to kill—torture that would nerve the impatient soul to pray for a bullet, rather than to dread it. To prepare a loved one for the camp and the battle, to see him depart, yet withhold the pro-

test that nature must prompt, were enough ; how much more was it to combat his own misgivings at the thought of leaving lonely and unprotected his dearer than life ; to nerve his heart for the strife by a deep sympathy in his sense of wrong ; to send him forth, in the spirit of the Greek matron, with a charge to return with his shield or upon it ! The noble qualities called forth by circumstances such as these, excite the imagination and thrill the heart, till we are in danger of forgetting the hatefulness of war. A young girl throws herself between a threatening pistol and her father's body, and by her intrepidity preserves him from butchery ; and again, when she is threatened with death if she refuses to give information of the course taken by a party of her countrymen, bares her bosom to the shot of a brutal marauder, who is only prevented from murder by the shame or the humanity of a comrade who strikes up his weapon. A wife, who has seen her husband shot down by a musket levelled over her own shoulder as she entreated for his life, afterwards keeps watch over his blood-stained corpse in a lonely house, in the midst of enemies, resolute to protect the precious remains from further outrage. Can men do these things ?

A war of invasion, whose success depended upon the devastation it might be able to carry into private homes, fell, of course, very heavily upon women, and awakened a spirit and called forth a resistance which are habitually foreign to the sex. The peculiarly feminine quality of fortitude was warmed by excitement and outrage into courage ; a sense of responsibility, and the necessity of caring for the absent, produced prudence and awakened ingenuity ; all frivolous interests were thrown out of sight by the continual presence of important duties ; in short, woman was forced, by the dread power of necessity, into the

exercise of those noble qualities with which her Maker endowed her when he gave her to be the helpmeet of man,—qualities too generally allowed to lie dormant under the circumstances of common life, or suppressed because man, the ruler of her destiny, approves rather the lighter graces which threaten no competition in his own peculiar sphere of self-complacency. The impression left by this simple record of woman's part in the revolutionary struggle is that of the general tone of feeling rather than of particular incidents of heroism; we remember not so much that particular women did or suffered particular things, as that the whole tone of female society was raised. The standard of behavior was a heroic one; the emulation was no longer who should be most fastidious and dependent; who should act the part of "the tender and delicate woman, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness,"—so favorite a *rôle* ordinarily, that women will endure much rather than appear able to endure any thing; but who should utterly put away self, forget privileges, forego indulgences, encounter dangers; who should bind up wounds, walk noisome hospitals, convey intelligence, defend the obnoxious. It seems, truly, to have been woman who held the keys of the precious reservoir of Hope from which was drawn strength to endure to the end. Invaders, far away from their wives and daughters, may fight perfunctorily and fail; men drawn up in defence of their own firesides, and receiving ever new supplies of energy and assurance from the home stores, are irresistible.

But it is time to turn from our general view of the influence of woman upon the great contest, to the contemplation of particular characters and incidents. And we begin naturally with

the mother of Washington, who struck the key-note of this high harmony when she gave her faultless son to his country without a tremor; and who afterwards uttered as a comment upon the homage offered him by a grateful nation—"George was always a good boy." The Spartan simplicity and dignity of this matron make her a very classic. If without injury to the sterner features of this character, it were possible to infuse among its elements some of the lighter feminine graces, we could find it in our hearts to advise our young countrywomen to study it as the type of American womanhood.

In the traits of many of the heroines of the earlier days of the Revolution, we find a remarkable union of strength and softness, courage and refinement, simplicity and shrewdness, the fruit of patriotic sentiments engrafted on the habits and acquirements of aristocratic society. Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Schuyler, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Montgomery, and many others, were of this class of women. Their adventures are less striking; but their characters no less admirable, than those of women whom circumstances brought into more conspicuous relation with the war. Mrs. Knox was perhaps the most splendid of these ladies, both on account of her elegance of person and manner, and the strength and perseverance of her character.—Her position in society was next to that of Mrs. Washington, ever her intimate friend; and the aged officers who still survive, and love to talk of the scenes and adventures of that day, never fail to speak of Mrs. Knox, of her beauty, her wit, her gay and free manners, and the kindly and hospitable manner in which she knew how to entertain guests of every degree.

Like other women of marked intellectual power, who are rendered conspicuous by station, Mrs. Knox excited envy, and

became occasionally the subject of severe and ungenerous comment. Her very frankness, the result of conscious strength and honesty, was turned against her by petty minds. Thus, a traditional speech of hers, in the decline of life, purporting that, if she could live her life over again, she would be "more of a wife, more of a mother, more of a woman," than she had been, has been interpreted as an expression of remorse; while, in truth, it is no insignificant proof of virtue. It was doubtless prompted by the spirit of humility which implies a recognition of the highest and purest motives of conduct.

Lest this remark and others, exceedingly natural and praiseworthy, currently ascribed to Mrs. Knox, should be misconstrued to the disadvantage of a distinguished woman, whose candor and modesty were enhanced, in the decline of life, by the adoption of a religious standard of action, we venture to insert a passage or two from a private letter, written by a still surviving daughter, who feels a daughter's interest in the memory of a beloved mother, while she carefully disclaims all wish to make one so loved pass for

"The faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw."

"I claim for my mother no perfection of character; she undoubtedly had her share of the failings which attach to us all. I am very conscious that the partiality of friends, and particularly of children, is too apt to give a brighter coloring to the character of those who were so dear to them than truth will warrant. In this case, however, I would say, that while ample justice is done, as I think, to my mother's intellectual powers, which were undoubtedly of a superior order, and gave her a commanding influence in society, it may not perhaps be equally acknowledged that she had heart as well as mind. Those who knew her intimately would, I firmly believe, bear full testimony

to the warmth of her domestic attachments. A more devoted wife and mother I never knew. The keenest sorrows of her life sprung from this source. It was the will of God to take from her nine of her twelve children, previous to the still greater trial of parting with the husband of her youth, the friend and companion of many eventful years, and many scenes of joy and sorrow; and the anguish she endured on these trying occasions gave abundant evidence that her heart was feelingly alive to the tender and sacred claims of wife and mother. Yet I think it very probable, that in the retrospect of a long life she may have seen much to regret—many duties imperfectly performed—instances innumerable in which a different course ought to have been pursued. Feelings like these I have often heard her express, and can now most fully sympathize with. Her lot was cast in the midst of all that was most attractive in our land; yet I do not believe in its busiest scenes she ever lost sight of her more private and indispensable duties."

After the conclusion of the war, and when the services of General Knox were no longer required by the country, he retired to a splendid country residence in Maine, where his wife assisted him in dispensing a hospitality such as this country has seldom seen. It is said to have been not unusual with them to kill an ox and twenty sheep on Monday morning, to be consumed in the course of the week by a concourse of guests for whom a hundred beds were daily made. Among the visitors entertained here were the Duke de Liancourt, who was, as he said, heir to three Dukedoms, yet without a suit of clothes to his back, until supplied by General Knox; Talleyrand, who pretended that it was impossible for him to learn English, while he had two masters and was believed to understand the language thoroughly; Lafayette, who remembered to inquire for his friend Mrs. Knox, when he visited this country as "the nation's

guest;" and many others, who have figured on the stage of history. At Boston, Louis Philippe and his brothers, the Dukes de Montpensier and de Charolais, had been frequent visitors at the house of General Knox, and found solace in the friendship of its fair mistress; and at all times and in all places where this happy couple resided, their society was sought by the great, the patriotic, and the distinguished.

The character and adventures of the Baroness de Riedesel are well known, and as she did not belong to the patriot side, we shall have nothing to say of her here. Not that we can notice each of the heroines of the time, even by a word; we shall be obliged to content ourselves with recalling a few of those whose position or adventures render them peculiarly interesting or worthy of contemplation.

Lydia Darrah was a Quakeress of Philadelphia, who, while entertaining perforce a party of the enemy, played the eavesdropper, and used the information she obtained at the keyhole to save the Americans a surprise at White Marsh. Those who approve of war cannot object to this mode of obtaining intelligence; and the sagacity, courage and perseverance of the good woman certainly deserve all the praise bestowed upon them. How Lydia stood with the Quaker meeting, after this exploit, we are not informed.

"The celebrated Miss Franks" was noted for "the keenness of her irony, and her readiness at repartee;" but the sharp speeches recorded of her are lacking in the delicacy which should distinguish feminine wit. Mrs. Ellet's sketch of this loyalist lady, converted late in life to more patriotic predilections, is enlivened by an account of the "Mischianza," a festival given by the British officers in Philadelphia, as a parting compliment

to Sir William Howe, on his departure for England, when he was superseded by Sir Henry Clinton. This account of an American festival of the olden time—one of the very few formally recorded in our annals, is especially interesting, from having been originally written by Major André, who contributed largely to the more poetical portion of the festival.

"The entertainment was given on the 18th of May, 1778. It commenced with a grand regatta, in three divisions. In the first was the Ferret galley, on board of which were several general officers and ladies. In the centre, the Hussar galley bore Sir William and Lord Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, their suite, and many ladies. The Cornwallis galley brought up the rear—General Knyphausen and suite, three British generals, and ladies, being on board. On each quarter of these galleys, and forming their division, were five flat boats lined with green cloth, and filled with ladies and gentlemen. In front were three flat boats, with bands of music. Six barges rowed about each flank, to keep off the swarm of boats in the river. The galleys were dressed in colors and streamers; the ships lying at anchor were magnificently decorated; and the transport ships with colors flying, which extended in a line the whole length of the city, were crowded, as well as the wharves, with spectators. The rendezvous was at Knight's wharf, at the northern extremity of the city. The company embarked at half-past four, the three divisions moving slowly down to the music. Arrived opposite Market wharf, at a signal all rested on their oars, and the music played "God save the King," answered by three cheers from the vessels. The landing was at the Old Fort, a little south of the town, and in front of the building prepared for the company—a few hundred yards from the water. This regatta was gazed at from the wharves and warehouses by all the uninvited population of the city.

"When the general's barge pushed for shore, a salute of seventeen guns was fired from his Majesty's ship Roebuck; and,



after an interval, seventeen from the Vigilant. The procession advanced through an avenue formed by two files of grenadiers, each supported by a line of light-horse. The avenue led to a spacious lawn, lined with troops, and prepared for the exhibit on of a tilt and tournament. The music, and managers with favors of white and blue ribbons in their breasts, led the way, followed by the generals and the rest of the company.

"In front, the building bounded the view through a vista formed by two triumphal arches in a line with the landing place. Two pavilions, with rows of benches rising one above another, received the ladies, while the gentlemen ranged themselves on each side. On the front seat of each pavilion were seven young ladies as princesses, in Turkish habits, and wearing in their turbans the favors meant for the knights who contended. The sound of trumpets was heard in the distance; and a band of knights in ancient habits of white and red silk, mounted on gray horses caparisoned in the same colors, attended by squires on foot, heralds and trumpeters, entered the lists. Lord Cathcart was chief of these knights; and appeared in honor of Miss Auchmuty. One of his esquires bore his lance, another his shield; and two black slaves in blue and white silk, with silver clasps on their bare necks and arms, held his stirrups. The band made the circuit of the square, saluting the ladies, and then ranged themselves in a line with the pavilion, in which were the ladies of their device. Their herald, after a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed a challenge; asserting the superiority of the ladies of the Blended Rose, in wit, beauty, and accomplishment, and offering to prove it by deeds of arms, according to the ancient laws of chivalry. At the third repetition of the challenge, another herald and trumpeters advanced from the other side of the square, dressed in black and orange, and proclaimed defiance to the challengers, in the name of the knights of the Burning mountain. Captain Watson, the chief, appeared in honor of Miss Franks; his device—a heart with a wreath of flowers; his motto—Love and Glory. This band also rode

round the lists, and drew up in front of the White Knights. The gauntlet was thrown down and lifted; the encounter took place. After the fourth encounter, the two chiefs, spurring to the centre, fought singly, till the marshal of the field rushed between, and declared that the ladies of the Blended Rose and the Burning Mountain were satisfied with the proofs of love and valor already given, and commanded their knights to desist. The bands then filed off in different directions, saluting the ladies as they approached the pavilions.

"The company then passed in procession through triumphal arches built in the Tuscan order, to a garden in front of the building, and thence ascended to a spacious hall painted in imitation of Sienna marble. In this hall and apartment adjoining, were tea and refreshments; and the knights, kneeling, received their favors from the ladies. On entering the room appropriated for the faro table, a cornucopia was seen filled with fruit and flowers; another appeared in going out, shrunk, reversed, and empty. The next advance was to a ball-room painted in pale blue, pannelled with gold, with dropping festoons of flowers; the surbase pink, with drapery festooned in blue. Eighty-five mirrors, decked with flowers and ribbons, reflected the light from thirty-four branches of wax lights. On the same floor were four drawing-rooms with sideboards of refreshments, also decorated and lighted up. The dancing continued till ten; the windows were then thrown open, and the fireworks commenced with a magnificent bouquet of rockets.

"At twelve, large folding doors, which had hitherto been concealed, were suddenly thrown open, discovering a splendid and spacious saloon, richly painted, and brilliantly illuminated; the mirrors and branches decorated, as also the upper table; which was set out—according to Major André's account—with four hundred and thirty covers, and twelve hundred dishes. When supper was ended, the herald and trumpeters of the Blended Rose entered the saloon, and proclaimed the health of the king and royal family—followed by that of the knights and

ladies; each toast being accompanied by a flourish of music. The company then returned to the ball-room, and the dancing continued till four o'clock."

How faded and old fashioned all this looks to the haughty eyes of the present generation, when no one goes into company intending to do any thing but criticise others! yet it makes one's ancestors appear very amiable. *Bonhomie* is nearly obsolete, for it requires simplicity, and a degree of confidence in others that is a shield against ridicule. One thing is obvious, such amusements suppose accomplished people.

This entertainment took place at the opening of the spring which followed the dreadful winter at Valley Forge. After this period, the scene of action was in a great measure changed to the southern country, and the war took a more romantic character. Savannah was surrendered to the British at the close of 1779, and on the 12th of May, 1781, Charleston capitulated, and was occupied by Sir Henry Clinton, who from that centre of operations harrassed the surrounding country at pleasure. The bad faith of the British commander, by means of which one portion of the inhabitants were terrified into adhesion to the crown, nerved the hearts and arms of many more, who, under every disadvantage, and at the imminent risk of all they held dearest, commenced a partizan and skirmishing warfare, far more wearing and distressing than the pitched battles at the North, from the immediate dangers of which, at least, women and children and helpless age were safe. Circumstances like these naturally called forth a kind of personal heroism, for which there is little field in regular warfare. Instances not unfrequently occurred, when all, for the moment, depended on the courage, the ingenuity, the firmness, or the judgment of a woman; when

children without hesitation risked their lives at the call of duty or affection; when the negro forgot the stupidity which his master is so fond of imputing to him, and under the stimulus of love or pity, was inspired with an ingenuity of equivocation or a boldness of defence quite at variance with his supposed character. The comparative simplicity of plantation life imparts a healthful tone to love and friendship, and depth and constancy to all the domestic affections; and we love to think of the women of the South as the guardian angels of their firesides or their palmetto shades, ever ready, with sweet influences, to ward off, as far as human creatures may, the curse of slavery, and meliorate, as only gentle creatures can, its sting.

Mrs. Gibbes, the first lady on the Southern list, may serve as a type of one class of the heroic women of the South. With the quiet energy of a veteran commander, she prepared her house for the reception of the invaders, after they had already surrounded it, and that closely. She did not conquer, but she disarmed the enemy, by opening the front door when all was ready, and showing the majestic form of her invalid husband, helpless in his great arm-chair, and surrounded only by women and children. And when her beautiful plantation was given up to ruthless pillage, and the officers became her compulsory guests, she continued to preside at the head of her table, awing the intruders into respect and decent order by the power of her presence. Flying afterwards in the midst of a heavy fire from the river, and having under her charge, with the helpless husband, sixteen children,—her own and those of her sister—she discovers on reaching the neighboring plantation, towards which their fugitive steps were directed, that a little boy—one of her sister's—is missing.

"The roar of the distant guns was still heard, breaking at short intervals the deep silence of the night. The chilly rain was falling, and the darkness was profound. Yet the thought of abandoning the helpless boy to destruction was agony to the hearts of his relatives. In this extremity, the self-devotion of a young girl interposed to save him. Mary Anna, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Gibbes—then only thirteen years of age, determined to venture back, in spite of the fearful peril, alone. The mother dared not oppose her noble resolution, which seemed indeed an inspiration of heaven; and she was permitted to go. Hastening along the path with all the speed of which she was capable, she reached the house, still in the undisturbed possession of the enemy; and entreated permission from the sentinel to enter; persisting, in spite of refusal, till by earnest importunity of supplication, she gained her object. Searching anxiously through the house, she found the child in a room in a third story, and lifting him joyfully in her arms, carried him down, and fled with him to the spot where her anxious parents were awaiting her return. The shot still flew thickly around her, frequently throwing up the earth in her way; but protected by the Providence that watches over innocence, she joined the rest of the family in safety."

Mrs. Martha Bratton, beginning her career of heroism by defying the brutal Huck, at the head of his cavalry, and persisting in her refusal to say a word that should endanger her husband's safety, finished it by blowing up a depôt of powder just as the enemy was approaching it.

"The officer in command, irritated to fury, demanded who had dared to perpetrate such an act, and threatened instant and severe vengeance upon the culprit. The intrepid woman to whom he owed his disappointment, answered for herself. 'It was I who did it,' she replied. 'Let the consequence be what

it will, I glory in having prevented the mischief contemplated by the enemies of my country.'"

Mrs. Thomas was of similar spirit; and we might enumerate a host more, if the South were not so rich in heroines. Miss Langston, a girl of sixteen, already under British ban for having been more than suspected of giving private information to her countrymen, sets out on foot, alone at night, to cross a deep river in order to warn her brother and his associates of a threatened attack.

"She entered the water; but when in the middle of the ford, became bewildered, and knew not which direction to take. The hoarse rush of the waters, which were up to her neck—the blackness of the night—the utter solitude around her—the uncertainty lest the next step should engulf her past help, confused her; and losing in a degree her self-possession, she wandered for some time in the channel, without knowing whither to turn her steps. But the energy of a resolute will, under the care of Providence, sustained her."

Mary Slocumb, the wife of a lieutenant of rangers, who was absent with a party on duty when Tarleton took possession of his plantation, had all the spirit of border chivalry,—that of the Ladye of Branksome herself,—

"Through me no friend shall meet his doom;  
Here, while I live, no foe finds room!"

In the war of words she was decidedly too much for Colonel Tarleton, who gave his orders for scouring the country all the more venomously in consequence of the defiant tone of her answers to his searching questions, and her biting allusions to his own ill-fortune at the battle of the Cowpens. A most stir-

ring account of the various dangers and escapes of the daring lieutenant and his family would grace our page but for its too great length; we pass on, therefore, to a later occurrence, which includes a personal exploit of the lady. The country had risen *en masse* to oppose the passage of the royal troops, who were hurrying to join their standard at Wilmington. This corps of fire-breathing volunteers—"every man of whom had mischief in him," as Mrs. Slocumb said,—met McDonald and his Highlanders at Moore's Creek, February 27th, 1776, and fought there one of the bloodiest battles of that eventful year. Mary Slocumb was at home—what? skirmishing with Colonel Tarleton? no—dreaming! Woman still, under all the unfeminine porcupinishness induced by the unnatural circumstances of the time. We must let her tell her own story.

"I lay—whether waking or sleeping I know not—I had a dream; yet it was not all a dream. (She used the words unconsciously, of the poet who was not then in being.) I saw distinctly a body wrapped in my husband's guard-cloak—bloody—dead; and others dead and wounded on the ground about him. I saw them plainly and distinctly. I uttered a cry, and sprang to my feet on the floor; and so strong was the impression on my mind, that I rushed in the direction the vision appeared, and came up against the side of the house. The fire in the room gave little light, and I gazed in every direction to catch another glimpse of the scene. I raised the light; every thing was still and quiet. My child was sleeping, but my woman was awakened by my crying out or jumping on the floor. If ever I felt fear it was at that moment. Seated on the bed, I reflected a few moments—and said aloud: 'I must go to him.' I told the woman I could not sleep and would ride down the road. She appeared in great alarm; but I merely told her to lock the door after me, and look after the child. I went to the

stable, saddled my mare—as fleet and easy a nag as ever travelled; and in one minute we were tearing down the road at full speed. The cool night seemed after a mile or two's gallop to bring reflection with it; and I asked myself where I was going, and for what purpose. Again and again I was tempted to turn back; but I was soon ten miles from home, and my mind became stronger every mile I rode. I should find my husband dead or dying—was as firmly my presentiment and conviction as any fact in my life. When day broke I was some thirty miles from home. I knew the general route our little army expected to take, and had followed them without hesitation. About sunrise, I came upon a group of women and children, standing and sitting by the road-side, each one of them showing the same anxiety of mind I felt. Stopping a few minutes I inquired if the battle had been fought. They knew nothing, but were assembled on the road to catch intelligence. They thought Caswell had taken the right of the Wilmington road, and gone towards the northwest (Cape Fear). Again was I skimming over the ground through a country thinly settled, and very poor and swampy; but neither my own spirits nor my beautiful nag's failed in the least. We followed the well-marked trail of the troops.

"The sun must have been well up, say eight or nine o'clock, when I heard a sound like thunder, which I knew must be cannon. It was the first time I had ever heard a cannon. I stopped still; when presently the cannon thundered again. The battle was then fighting. What a fool! my husband could not be dead last night, and the battle only fighting now! Still, as I am so near, I will go and see how they come out. So away we went again, faster than ever; and I soon found by the noise of guns that I was near the fight. Again I stopped. I could hear muskets, I could hear rifles, and I could hear shouting. I spoke to my mare, and dashed on in the direction of the firing and the shouts, now louder than ever. The blind path I had been following brought me into the Wilmington road leading to

Moore's Creek Bridge, a few hundred yards below the bridge. A few yards from the road, under a cluster of trees, were lying perhaps twenty men. They were the wounded. I knew the spot; the very trees; and the position of the men I knew as if I had seen it a thousand times. I had seen it all night! I saw all at once; but in an instant my whole soul was centred in one spot; for there, wrapped in his bloody guard-cloak, was my husband's body! How I passed the few yards from my saddle to the place I never knew. I remember uncovering his head and seeing a face clothed with gore from a dreadful wound across the temple. I put my hand on the bloody face; 'twas warm; and an *unknown voice* begged for water. A small camp-kettle was lying near, and a stream of water was close by. I brought it; poured some in his mouth; washed his face; and behold—it was Frank Cogdell. He soon revived and could speak. I was washing the wound in his head. Said he, 'It is not that; it is that hole in my leg that is killing me.' A puddle of blood was standing on the ground about his feet. I took his knife, cut away his trousers and stocking, and found the blood came from a shot-hole through and through the fleshy part of his leg. I looked about and could see nothing that looked as if it would do for dressing wounds but some heart-leaves. I gathered a handful and bound them tight to the holes; and the bleeding stopped. I then went to the others; and—Doctor! I dressed the wounds of many a brave fellow who did good fighting long after that day! I had not inquired for my husband; but while I was busy Caswell came up. He appeared very much surprised to see me; and was with his hat in his hand about to pay some compliment: but I interrupted him by asking—'Where is my husband?'

"Where he ought to be, madam; in pursuit of the enemy. But pray," said he, "how came you here?"

"Oh, I thought," replied I, "you would need nurses as well as soldiers. See! I have already dressed many of these good fellows; and here is one"—going to Frank, and lifting him up with my arm under his head, so that he could drink some more

water—"would have died before any of you men could have helped him."

"I believe you," said Frank. Just then I looked up, and my husband, as bloody as a butcher, and as muddy as a ditcher, stood before me.

"Why Mary?" he exclaimed, "What are you doing there?" Hugging Frank Cogdell, the greatest reprobate in the army?

"In the middle of the night, I again mounted my mare and started for home. Caswell and my husband wanted me to stay till next morning, and they would send a party with me; but no! I wanted to see my child, and I told them they could send no party who could keep up with me. What a happy ride I had back! and with what joy did I embrace my child as he ran to meet me!"

Lest we should be wanting, both to Mrs. Slocumb and her unwelcome guest Colonel Tarleton, we give a passage which does credit to them both.

"When the British army broke up their encampment at the plantation, a sergeant was ordered by Colonel Tarleton to stand in the door till the last soldier had gone out, to ensure protection to a lady whose noble bearing had inspired them all with the most profound respect. This order was obeyed: the guard brought up the rear of that army in their march northward. Mrs. Slocumb saw them depart with tears of joy; and on her knees gave thanks, with a full heart, to the Divine Being who had protected her."

This lady lived, through all her toils and dangers, a happy wife for sixty years, with the husband of her youth. In her seventy-second year, being afflicted with a cancer in her hand, she with characteristic bravery held it forth to the surgeon's knife, declining the usual assistance. She died in 1836, her husband in 1841,—the patriarchs of their district.

The exploit of Mrs. Motte, who furnished the arrows which were to carry combustibles to the roof of her own new and valuable mansion, is well known. It may not be equally so, that after her husband's death, finding that through the disastrous accidents of the times, his estate was insolvent, Mrs. Motte determined to devote the remainder of her life to the honorable task of paying his debts.

"Her friends and connections, whose acquaintance with her affairs gave weight to their judgment, warned her of the apparent hopelessness of such an effort. But, steadfast in the principles that governed all her conduct, she persevered; induced a friend to purchase for her, on credit, a valuable body of rice-land, then an uncleared swamp—on the Santee—built houses for the negroes, who constituted nearly all her available property—even that being encumbered with claims—and took up her own abode on the new plantation. Living in an humble dwelling—and relinquishing many of her habitual comforts—she devoted herself with such zeal, untiring industry, and indomitable resolution to the attainment of her object, that her success triumphed over every difficulty, and exceeded the expectations of all who had discouraged her. She not only paid her husband's debts to the full, but secured for her children and descendants a handsome and unincumbered estate."

This is the heroism of peace, a far more difficult heroism, we must take leave to say, than that of war, even for women. Actions to be truly great must be performed without the stimulus of present excitement. The true dignity of such as this will be recognized when war is forgotten, or remembered as an almost impossible barbarism of past ages.

Further south, we come upon the exploit of a "war-woman" indeed. Nancy Hart, a Georgian Amazon, hideous in person as

ferocious in nature, is represented as having shot a man or two with her own hand, in her own house, and coolly recommended the hanging of four more before her door, on a tree which may still be seen. The stream near this Penthesilea's bower is called "War-woman's Creek," in her honor. Nature makes strange mistakes sometimes, and seems to have given the virago's husband the milk omitted in her own composition. At least, we judge so from the fact that Nancy called him "a poor stick."

Mrs. Ellet's account of the women of Kentucky includes many very interesting anecdotes, illustrative of Indian cruelty, and female courage and patriotic feeling. The satisfaction with which we read these touching records of American pioneer life makes us regret, that so much more is doubtless lost than saved. These things happened in days and regions belonging far less to the pen than the axe and the rifle. It were worth a pilgrimage through that land of "forest, flood and fell," to glean the fragments yet extant among those who must soon pass away.

There is a thrilling story of Wheeling, on the Ohio, then called Fort Henry, whither, in 1777, a large Indian force was brought by a notorious renegade and tory, Simeon Girty. Within the fort were collected, as usual, all the helpless of the neighborhood, and a garrison numbering barely twelve, including boys, the rest having been killed in an attempt to dislodge a party of savages near the fort. The stockade was stormed by the Indians, and defended by the marksmen within with good hope, until it was discovered that the powder was exhausted. The only supply lay in a house about sixty yards from the gate. In this emergency, when all depended on obtaining the powder, and the person who should seek it must become a mere target for the savage horde without, a young girl, Elizabeth Zane, vol-

unteered to be the messenger, insisting that no one else could be as well spared. The blood thrills as we picture her, leaving the fort on this desperate errand, reaching the house in safety, emerging again with the keg of powder in her arms, and skimming the ground toward the gate, amid a shower of bullets. But the bullets had no billet for her, and she reached the fort in safety. We need not say that her heroism saved her friends.

We have adopted something of geographical order in our notice of particular persons; but we proceed to call up several characters, omitted in our pursuit of the more heroic and poetical instances of feminine patriotism.

And first comes Mrs. Bache, the only daughter of Franklin. Like many other ladies of that stirring and stimulating day, she wrote many and good epistles. She begins her letters to her father, "Honored Sir," and ends with saying "There is not a young lady of my acquaintance but what desires to be remembered to you." The simplicity of her habits does credit to her father, who, figuring at the court of France in his blue woollen stockings, writes reprovingly to her about Philadelphia gaieties.

"But how could my dear papa give me so severe a reprimand for wishing a little finery? He would not, I am sure, if he knew how much I have felt it. Last winter was a season of triumph to the whigs, and they spent it gaily. You would not have had me, I am sure, stay away from the Ambassador's or General's entertainments, nor when I was invited to spend the day with General Washington and his lady; and you would have been the last person, I am sure, to have wished to see me dressed with singularity. Though I never loved dress so much as to wish to be particularly fine, yet I never will go out when I cannot appear so as to do credit to my family and husband. . . . I can assure my dear papa that Industry in this

country is by no means laid aside; but as to spinning linen, we cannot think of that till we have got that wove which we spun three years ago. Mr. Duffield has bribed a weaver that lives on his farm to weave me eighteen yards, by making him three or four shuttles for nothing, and keeping it a secret from the country people, who will not suffer them to weave for those in town. 'Tis the third weaver's it has been at, and many fair promises I have had about it. 'Tis now done and whitening; but forty yards of the best remains at Lidgett yet, that I was to have had home a twelvemonth last month. Mrs. Keppele, who is gone to Lancaster, is to try to get it done there for me; but not a thread will they weave but for hard money. My maid is now spinning wool for winter stockings for the whole family, which will be no difficulty in the manufactory, as I knit them myself. I only mention these things that you may see that balls are not the only reason that the wheel is laid aside. . . .

. . . . This winter approaches with so many horrors, that I shall not want any thing to go abroad in, if I can be comfortable at home. My spirits, which I have kept up during my being drove about from place to place, much better than most people's I meet with, have been lowered by nothing but the depreciation of the money, which has been amazing lately, so that home will be the place for me this winter, as I cannot get a common winter cloak and hat but just decent under two hundred pounds; as to gauze now it is fifty dollars a yard, 'tis beyond my wish, and I should think it not only a shame but a sin to buy it, if I had millions."

Mrs. Bache merits her place among the heroines of the Revolution by personal services in the hour of deep need.

"In the patriotic effort of the ladies of Philadelphia, to furnish the destitute American soldiers with money and clothing during the year 1780, Mrs. Bache took a very active part. After the death of Mrs. Reed, the duty of completing the collections and contributions devolved on her and four other ladies,

as a sort of Executive Committee. The shirts provided were cut out at her house. A letter to Dr. Franklin, part of which has been published, shows how earnestly she was engaged in the work. The Marquis de Chastellux thus describes a visit which he paid her about this time: 'After this slight repast, which only lasted an hour and a half, we went to visit the ladies, agreeable to the Philadelphia custom, where the morning is the most proper hour for paying visits. We began by Mrs. Bache. She merited all the anxiety we had to see her, for she is the daughter of Mr. Franklin. Simple in her manners, like her respected father, she possesses his benevolence. She conducted us into a room filled with work, lately finished by the ladies of Philadelphia. This work consisted neither of embroidered tambour waistcoats, nor of net work edging, nor of gold and silver brocade. It was a quantity of shirts for the soldiers of Pennsylvania. The ladies bought the linen from their own private purses, and took a pleasure in cutting them out and sewing them themselves. On each shirt was the name of the married or unmarried lady who made it; and they amounted to twenty-two hundred.'

In another letter to her father, speaking of her having met with General and Mrs. Washington several times, she adds, "He always inquires after you in the most affectionate manner, and speaks of you highly. We danced at Mrs. Powell's on your birth-day, or night, I should say, in company together, and he told me it was the anniversary of his marriage; it was just twenty years that night." Washington dancing! The statue stepped down from its pedestal!

Miss Mary Philipse,—afterwards the wife of Captain Roger Morris, who was attainted of treason, and suffered confiscation in punishment of his "loyalty,"—is celebrated as having fascinated Washington, when, in his twenty-fourth year, he travelled

from Virginia to Boston, on horseback, attended by his aides-de-camp. He was entertained in New York at the house of Mr. Beverley Robinson, whose wife was the sister of the charming Mary Philipse. It seems quite problematical whether the young chief actually offered himself and suffered the mortification of a refusal, but it is not disputed that his heart was touched, and that the young lady might have been the wife of the Commander-in-chief, and the lady of our first President, if she had chosen. She is represented to have been one of those who rule all about them by an irresistible charm, and the honor in which her memory is held among her descendants proves that Washington was wise in love as well as in war.

The wife of the traitor Arnold was the daughter of Edward Shippen, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, of a family distinguished among the aristocracy of the day, and prominent after the commencement of the contest among those who cherished loyalist principles. She was a beautiful girl of eighteen when she became the object of Arnold's attentions; but although he appears, even before marriage, to have imbued her with his own discontented and rancorous feelings towards those who thwarted his plans of selfish ambition, there is not a shadow of proof that the knowledge of his treason did not fall on her, as on the country, like a thunderbolt. But it cannot be pretended that she was one of the women who help to keep men true and brave.

"She was young, gay, and frivolous; fond of display and admiration, and used to luxury; she was utterly unfitted for the duties and privations of a poor man's wife. A loyalist's daughter, she had been taught to mourn over even the poor pageantry of colonial rank and authority, and to recollect with pleasure the pomp of those brief days of enjoyment, when military men of noble station were her admirers.



"Mrs. Arnold was at breakfast with her husband and the aides-de-camp—Washington and the other officers having not yet come—when the letter arrived which bore to the traitor the first intelligence of André's capture. He left the room immediately, went to his wife's chamber, sent for her, and briefly informed her of the necessity of his instant flight to the enemy. This was, probably, the first intelligence she received of what had been so long going on; the news overwhelmed her, and when Arnold quitted the apartment, he left her lying in a swoon on the floor.

"Her almost frantic condition is described with sympathy by Colonel Hamilton, in a letter written the next day: 'The General,' he says, 'went to see her; she upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child, raved, shed tears, and lamented the fate of the infant. . . . All the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother, showed themselves in her appearance and conduct.'—He, too, expresses his conviction that she had no knowledge of Arnold's plan, till his announcement to her that he must banish himself from his country forever. The opinion of other persons qualified to judge without prejudice, acquitted her of the charge of having participated in the treason. John Jay, writing from Madrid to Catharine Livingston, says—'All the world here are cursing Arnold, and pitying his wife.' And Robert Morris writes—'Poor Mrs. Arnold! was there ever such an infernal villain!'

"Mrs. Arnold went from West Point to her father's house; but was not long permitted to remain in Philadelphia. The traitor's papers having been seized, by direction of the Executive authorities, the correspondence with André was brought to light; suspicion rested on her; and by an order of the Council, dated Oct. 27th, she was required to leave the state, to return no more during the continuance of the war. She accordingly departed to join her husband in New York. The respect and forbearance shown towards her on her journey through the

country, notwithstanding her banishment, testified the popular belief in her innocence. M. de Marbois relates, that when she stopped at a village where the people were about to burn Arnold in effigy, they put it off till the next night."

Truth to say, these reminiscences of the women of our forming day are so interesting, that we might extract more than half the book if we should indulge our disposition to hold up to honor the daughters of the various portions of this extensive country, whose characters were brought out by the influences and chances of the times. We owe them an incalculable debt, to be repaid only by the best possible use of the blessings they bequeathed us, and an interest in the future of our country equal to that which inspired their efforts and sacrifices.

### WESTERN TRAITS.

If there be a country on earth where hospitality is free and hearty, it is ours. Whatever faults we may possess as a people, this one virtue—if virtue it may be called which is rather a gratification than a sacrifice of the natural promptings—is flourishing to a degree unknown elsewhere. It seems the spontaneous and generous fruit of our overflowing prosperity ; the impulsive rendering to the fellow-creature of the debt which we owe to the All-bounteous Parent. When not crushed by self-induced Penury, or chilled by empty pride, the American heart responds to the claim of the stranger with unerring, electric precision. Whether guests are numbered in thousands, while the government is called upon to play host, or the single stranger knocks at the door of a log-cabin in the midst of a prairie, no hesitation occurs as to the reception, refreshment, and aid of the weary and discouraged traveller. If immigrants overflow our alms-houses and hospitals, we build more ; accommodating the surplus, meanwhile, by temporary arrangement, at any cost. If private visitors come down upon us in avalanches, we turn the house out of doors, and make beds in impossible places, rather than refuse to open our doors to any one coming in the sacred character of guest. If our national character suffer—according to certain English observers—from the lack of the ennobling sen-



timent of loyalty, we may console ourselves, at least in part, by the reflection that a feeling and habit of hospitality is ennobling too, and perhaps proves no less in favor of the country than the other, especially since it often involves some sacrifice of time, inclination and worldly goods, while loyalty may, and often does evaporate in words. It is easier to swing one's hat and ejaculate, "God save the queen!" while we toss off a bumper, than to receive a poor family, furnish them with food and lodging, and speed them on their way. John Bull's loyalty has never made him look more sweetly upon the tax-gatherer, or embrace with fraternal warmth his Irish fellow-subjects; while our hospitality opens its doors to those whom taxes drive out of their homes, and to the Irish who flee before the tender mercies of their more favored countrymen. There is a vast deal of spurious but showy sentiment in the world.

But as a matter of individual and self-sacrificing virtue, commend us to the hospitality of the western settler. It extends not only to his neighbors and friends, those who may possibly have an opportunity of returning the kindness, but to business visitors, tax-gatherers, duns! Every decent (white) man is asked to stay to dinner, whether he come to buy land or to serve a writ. This good nature often subjects the inviter to strange table-fellows, but your true Western man is not fastidious. He will see 'unwashen hands,' on his knives and forks rather than endure the thought of having transgressed the laws of hospitality.

This feeling is peculiarly exhibited in the urgency with which he invites his old parents to 'come out West,' forgetting the unavoidable dangers of the change. And it is no less remarkable how many, unappalled by the prospect

of leaving the home and the associations of youth, are finally induced by affection or compelled by poverty to join their prosperous children in their new abode. It will be long ere we forget the coming of two old people—the parents of our talkative neighbor, Mrs. Titmouse, whose log-house stood in a lonely spot, where the deer ran past the windows to be shot, and the fox took care of the chickens. Mrs. Titmouse was a perfect Croton in conversation. Her daily talk was like streams, jets, douches—everything but the standing pool or the useful hydrant which gives you just as much as you want.

"I want to speak to ye jist one minute," she would say, if she caught you passing her door. "Sit down now, do! here's a seat"—(wiping it with Sally Jane's sun-bonnet). "I've seen the day when I could ha' gi'n ye a cheer that hadn't a broken back. My old man's shiftless like, ever since he walked out of the third story door of the mill, and hit his head and spoilt that new cap o' his'n. That cap cost twelve shillin' if it cost a copper. He bought it down to Galpin's; or rather I bought it, as I may say, for I airnt the money by spinnin'. Spinnin' isn't sich very bad business, after all, for I airnt enough by my wheel last year to buy that 'ere cap, and them 'ere sashes, there in the corner. If my old man warn't quite so shiftless, we should ha' had something for winders besides cotton sheets, for them sashes has sarved for hen-roosts this six months. Its ra'ly astonishin' how hens does love to sleep where you don't want 'em to. They allers roosted on the teester of that bed till we got them sashes. I'd rather have 'em there than on the bed, though."

Thus much would be said while the chair was dusted and the

visiter placed in it. Then would the good dame seat herself upon the bed-side, and continue:—

"Folks may think, seein' me so kind o' scant off, that I hain't never been used to nothin'; but I can tell ye my folks down east is forehanded folks. I've got a cousin that keeps as handsome a shoe-store as there is standin' between this and Detroit. And my uncie's daughter, Malindy Brown, is married to a cap'n of a vessel—his boat runs on Connecticut river—I dare say you may have heard of him—one Jabez Coffin. And my cousin, Joe Binks, is a good farmer, with everything comfortable. When I was down east he gi'n me lots o' things. Look a here, now!"

And with the word, the speaker, in the vehemence of her desire to produce proofs of her gentility, would hop up on the block which served for a sort of stand by the side of the fire, and reach down a huge bag of dried apples, which must be "hefted" on the failing knees of the visiter, in proof of the forehandedness of the friends who could afford to give such evidence of their interest in Mrs. Titmouse. "Theyv'e got apples as plenty as taters," she would say, with a sigh, "and wool and flax too, for all I'm so poor. But I'm goin' to have my old father and mother come out here, to see how poor folks live, and I don't believe but what they'll be pleased to see the openin's too."

The old father and mother did come, and were duly installed in the "teestered" bed, while everything that the poor farm afforded was put in requisition for their comfort. Chinese exaggeration, "Every thing I have is yours," is literally acted upon in the woods in such cases. No reserve is thought of, from the best bed (though it be the only one) to the last fat chicken, if

it will pleasure the honored guest, particularly if he come from "the east," that land of dear and splendid memories.

But all Mrs. Titmouse's care did not succeed in warding off the Destroyer, whose way was made easy by the weight of years, the effects of hard work, the change of climate, and the marsh malaria, which steamed up more venomously than usual, in the autumn of the year in which they came to visit their fluent daughter. Both the old people died; the man first, and the wife of grief for her lost companion. Only four weeks intervened, and the second funeral under such circumstances drew together the whole neighborhood.

Poor Mrs. Titmouse took her sorrow differently from other people. When her friends came to honor the sad occasion, they found the coffin on its tressels in the open air, under the shade of an ancient tree, and the bereaved daughter hovering about it with her usual appearance of assiduous inefficiency, and an unceasing gush of words. She recounted again and again, as new parties came in, the whole story of her invitation to her parents, their acceptance, their journey; what she had done and tried to do for them while under her roof; the first symptoms of incipient fever; the whole course of medical treatment; the approach of danger; the fears and the regrets of the sufferers and herself; the consolations of the minister; the words of the fatal hour (chiefly her own); the preparations for burial, and the difficulty which occurred as to the digging of the graves, because the money, which must be paid in advance, was not forthcoming. These comprised but a portion of the topics with the discussion of which Mrs. Titmouse sought to relieve her heart, while her apron was every moment lifted to her eyes, to

wipe away the tears ever called up anew by the words associated with all these sorrowful circumstances.

After the clergyman commenced his duties, habitual respect dammed up the stream of talk; but during the long drive to the grave, and at the grave itself, Mrs. Titmouse found herself refreshed enough to recommence the story of her woes. She was glad, at any rate, she said, that the old folks had such decent funerals. She didn't believe they would have had better at "the east," though all their people were so forehanded; and she would never forget Mr. C.'s kindness in getting *them* graves dug, and would pay him out of the very first spinning money she got. As for her husband, she insisted he was so shiftless, that there never would have been any graves dug if they had waited for him. To be sure, he said his back was lame, but it wasn't so lame but what he could sit on the counter at the store, playing checkers with that loafer, Levi Cram, until sun-down, never thinking of what was to be done.

At the grave the complaint took the form of more vehement lamentation. All the while they were lowering the body, Mrs. Titmouse stood looking in and wringing her hands. "Oh, my poor old father and mother! I'm sorry enough that ever I asked ye to come away from your comfortable home, out here into the *Michigan* to die, away from every body! Not but what it's a good place to live and die in, and I'm sure I'm under an everlastin' compliment to the neighbors for their kindness, and particularly Mr. C., for having the graves dug, and lending us his wagon; and if our pigs turn out any thing, which I'm afraid they won't, I shall certainly send Mr. C. one, besides paying him in money. Or if the pigs shouldn't do well, perhaps the chickens will. Any how, I'll find something, for I'm under

an everlastin' compliment ; and hope when any of you gets into trouble, you'll find them that's able and willin' to help ye, though I wouldn't advise any one to bring their old father and mother out here, for though it's a good country enough for them that's strong and hearty, it ain't no place for old folks."

This is but a trifling specimen of Mrs. Titmouse's grief-prompted oration ; for pen and ink are too slow to give any idea of all that she managed to enunciate while the mould was filling in. Her talking was so proverbial in the whole neighborhood, that a reprobate fellow in telling the particulars of a fit of illness, which had brought him to the verge of the grave, added : " But after all, the Lord was very good to me ; for he never let old Mother Titmouse come near me, or I shouldn't have sot here this day."

After our experience and observation, we cannot recommend the emigration of people advanced in years, though we are far from predicting for them the fate of Mrs. Titmouse's parents. Under the most favorable circumstances, there are many privations to be undergone in a new country ; and though the disorders which belong to a luxuriant soil in the first stages of its cultivation, are not generally fatal to the young and robust, the constitution of the aged lacks stamina to rally after the first attack. But to those who do go, we can promise hospitality unequalled in the richest dwellings of the old world. The ready hand, the hearty greeting, the offered bed, the bounteous table, the best seat at the fire, await the traveller who comes to the country with the intention to settle. Those who fly to the prairies in pursuit of a new pleasure, may sometimes meet the cold shoulder—indeed, some have made complaints of that sort ; but our knowledge of western people assures us that if the other

side could be heard, there would be good reason—either of haughty pride in the visiter, or sad deficiency or unhappiness in the house—to account for any such departure from the universal rule.

The very privations and difficulties of a new country lead to a kindness which is founded upon the keenest sympathy. Prosperity is but too apt to make us selfish and exacting, while it increases our wants, and leaves us little to spare. But when we have ourselves felt the needs which we observe in the new-comer—when we have felt the heart-sickness which grows out of fatigue—strangeness—remembrance of home, and uncertainty as to the future—all referring, not to mere luxuries and superfluities, but to the first requisites of comfort, or even of existence, the heart yearns with a fraternal tenderness toward him who is treading in the steps we have but just quitted, and we are willing to make the toils and sacrifices through which we have passed available in smoothing the way for another.

### SAINTS OF OUR DAY.

THE disadvantageous position into which circumstances fruitful of good to a certain point, have helped to push our clergy, deprives society in a great measure of the benefit of their example, since their position differs so entirely from that of the rest of the world, that nobody ever thinks of them as affording precedents for other men's lives and doings. Every other man but the clergyman has such a career of prosperity opened to him, in politics, commerce, the mechanic arts, law, or medicine, that for a man of talents to decide on consecrating himself to the work of the ministry, is equivalent to a vow of poverty. The ministry is the only calling among us in which the greatest gifts and the most severe labors, except under the most rare and fortunate circumstances, bring only a meagre livelihood and no hope of provision for a surviving family. Thus excluded from competition and success, in the grand pursuit which maddens the world all about him, who ever thinks of the clergyman as an example? Esteem and honor he has, no doubt, and abundant outward respect; but he is looked upon as a man apart, and supposed to be really more in sympathy with the women who form the larger portion of his congregation, and take generally some slight share in its duties, than with the men who can scarcely afford time and attention for one service on Sunday, let the sermon have

cost ever so much time and thought, prayer and anxiety. This being the case, the form of sainthood perhaps more needed among us than any other, is a manifest superiority to the corruption of riches, and a determination, known and read of all men, to consecrate the fruits of industry and blessing to the Lord who permits their in-gathering. The triumph of the rich man over his riches is a great victory, now and here. Garlands and civic crowns might well be adjudged to such a hero. He must be no devotee to poverty, no despiser of the thrift, the enterprise and the glorious success of our conventional life; but one who, having entered largely into trade, and fully succeeded, learns to make his gains the fuel of that holy fire which alone has power to consume all selfishness in the career of charity.

Such a man, if we have rightly read various notices of his character and actions, was the late Amos Lawrence, whom we cannot forbear to mention when we think of some of the saintly lives lately closed among us. Known alike as the head of one of the most distinguished commercial houses in the United States, and as the most liberal dispenser of charity in the most beneficent city in the world, we cannot but feel that he is indeed an example of the virtue we most need. Nowhere is the influence of wealth likely to be worse than where its duties are so little determined by established requirements, or hereditary obligations, and where every man is the exclusive controller of his own possessions. Over all the temptations besetting the wealthy class in our country, Amos Lawrence must be confessed to have obtained a complete victory. He began as a poor boy; he made his fortune by hard work; he grew up under the spur of emulation; he dealt in a community where a moderate generosity would have conciliated the entire respect of the public;

he was neither a partisan in politics, nor a sectarian in religion. There seemed nothing, in short, to turn him aside from the ordinary course of rising men about him ; going on to accumulate indefinitely, bestowing liberally from time to time of his surplus on special charities, but always adding house to house and barn to barn, as the inevitable and laudable business of a wealthy and prosperous man.

But Mr. Lawrence did no such thing. The moment he found himself possessed of the means to satisfy the natural and proper claims of his family, he determined,—not to leave the cares and labors of business for the enjoyment of leisure or self-cultivation, but to consecrate all that should reward his future industry to the immediate benefit of his fellow-men. He resolved never to be any richer ; thus rebuking the spirit of accumulation, while on the other hand he honored the spirit of enterprise, by continuing his activity, and devoting its proceeds to the necessities of the less able or less fortunate. In pursuance of this plan, he is believed to have given away, during the last twenty years of his life, not less than half a million of dollars, an amount not more remarkable than the mode in which it was distributed. He was no lavish or fitful giver. He made it literally the principal business of his life, during the period we have named, to search out, by inquiry and reflection, the best and most useful forms of liberality. He spared no personal labor in the details of his benevolence. The time and counsel, the sympathy and tenderness he bestowed were in proportion to the constancy and magnitude of his pecuniary donations. He was as careful in distributing as if he had been responsible to a board of directors, and yet as free as if he were the almoner of a fortune in which he had no personal interest. The warmth of his heart never

encroached on the coolness of his head. The very qualities essential to success in life came into play in achieving that higher success which rightfully immortalizes his example. Collision with competitors had never hardened his heart, but only taught him patience and pity. Business habits had not blunted his sensibilities, dulled his fancy or starved his love of nature, and his sympathy with poverty, with childhood, and whatever else touches the best hearts. He needed no separation from common life, no narrowing down of its duties, to become a saint. He pursued his business with the same justice, generosity, purity and truth, that presided over his benefactions. He was as much a saint in making as in spending his fortune. He exercised as benignant an influence over his clerks as over his beneficiaries ; and let no young man go to ruin under his eye, while he was providing for possible evils among those he never saw.

Do we seem hasty in classing this man of goodness with the saints ? It is true he would have shrunk with no simulated blushes from the title ; but can any one of ordinary experience suppose that such a character had not its foundations deep in religiousness of heart ? “ Of creeds laid in the understanding, and not influencing the life,” says President Hopkins, “ he thought little ; the tendency of his mind was to practical rather than to doctrinal views. He believed in our Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour, and trusted in him for salvation. He was a man of habitual prayer. The last time I visited him he said to me that he had been restless during the night, and that the only way in which he could get quieted was ‘ by getting near to God.’ ” So all the building, fitly framed together grew into a holy temple in the Lord. None that ever looked



on the soft, sensitive countenance of that holy man, all furrowed over as it was with smiles and tears; or saw it kindle with the rapture of devotion as he walked among the scenes of the Nature he loved so enthusiastically; or as he listened to the appeals of religious truth; none that ever heard him speak of the sorrow or suffering of others, or was privileged to partake of his own more immediate and private griefs,—can think of Amos Lawrence otherwise than as a true and blessed Saint. The city of Boston owes a statue to his memory; for his character was intimately associated with his person, and his inspiring face ought never to become unfamiliar in a community where his name will never die.

Only in one city that we know of—Genoa—is there a place hallowed all about by the statues of men who, from the means and habits of private fortune and private life, have done some great, quiet good to the state. The walls of the old hall of San Giorgio seem endowed with sentient and tender life, as the traveller reads, from modest scrolls, the records of civic services done by those grave, plain citizens to their birth city. One procured a remission of the tax on salt, long a burthen to the poor; another dowered many young maidens; another built a bridge much needed, and so on. Happy Genoa, that reared and knew how to value such citizens! Happy Boston, that could line a great chamber as nobly; wise Boston, if she see fit to do it!

We cannot estimate how much our great metropolis, New York, might be able to do in this way, if she were disposed to dedicate a pantheon to beneficence instead of wealth or talent. She has at least her Peter Cooper, who, in the prime of his days, consecrates at once, to a benevolent institution on the

largest scale, a sum nearly equal to that we have mentioned as the twenty years' contribution of Mr. Lawrence to the good of his native place. But canonization very properly awaits the seal of death; and we prefer to speak of a mildly shining light just gone out, to our mortal apprehension, in the death of Father Hopper, a Quaker of our city, and for almost three-quarters of a century known as the friend, advocate and helper of all the wretched and the oppressed, of whatever name, creed or color.\* His bright, benignant face is now forever hidden from our sight; his cheery step will no more attract the reverent attention of the stranger; we have no longer the benefit of his advice when the wretched is to be saved or the erring admonished; but the remembrance of the just man will never die out of the hearts that have known and loved him.

"The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the Father of them all," might stand for the motto of Mr. Hopper's life. That the most remote of these two classes stood on the same level of benevolent interest in his mind, his whole career made obvious; he was the last man to represent as naturally opposite those whom God has always, even "to the end of the world," made mutually dependent. He told the simple truth to each with equal frankness; he helped both with equal readiness. The palace awed him no more than the hovel suggested thoughts of superiority. Nothing human—however grand or however degraded—was a stranger to him. In the light which came to him from Heaven, all stood alike children of the Great

\* The slight sketch of Father Hopper, inserted here, is taken from a little book by the present author, called the 'Helping Hand,' written for the benefit of the 'Home,' of the New York Prison Association, so long an object of interest with him. His life has since been published by Mrs. L. M. Child.

Father ; earthly distinctions disappearing the moment the sinking soul or the suffering body was in question. No amount of depravity could extinguish his hope of reform ; no recurrence of ingratitude could paralyze his efforts. Early and late, supported or unsupported, praised or ridiculed—he went forward to the great work of relief, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left ; and when the object was accomplished, he shrank back into modest obscurity, only to wait till a new necessity called for his re-appearance. Who can number the poor, aching, conscious, despairing hearts that have felt new life come to them from his kind words, his benignant smile, his “helping hand ?” If the record of his long life could be fully written,—which it can never be, since every day and all day, in company, in the family circle, with children, with prisoners, with the insane—“*virtue* went out of him” that no human observation could measure or describe,—what touching interest would be added to the history of our poor and vicious population for more than half a century past ; what new honor and blessing would surround the venerated name of our departed friend and leader !

But he desired nothing of this. Without claiming for him a position above humanity, which alone would account for a willingness to be wholly unrecognized as a friend of the afflicted, it is not too much to say that no man was ever less desirous of public praise or outward honor. He was even unwilling that any care should be taken to preserve the remembrance of his features, sweet and beautiful as they were, though he was brought reluctantly to yield to the anxious wishes of his children and friends, that the countenance on which every eye loved to dwell, should not be wholly lost when the grave should close

above it. He loved to talk of interesting cases of reform and recovery, both because these things occupied his mind, and because every one loved to hear him ; but the hearer who made these disclosures the occasion for unmeaning compliment, as if he fancied a craving vanity to have prompted them, soon found himself rebuked by the straight-forward and plain-spoken patriarch. Precious indeed were those seasons of outpouring, when one interesting recital suggested another, till the listener seemed to see the whole mystery of prison-life and obscure wretchedness laid open before him with the distinctness of a picture. For, strange as it may seem, our friend had under his plain garb—unchanged in form since the days of Dr. Franklin, to go no further back—a fine dramatic talent, and could not relate the humblest incident without giving a picturesque or dramatic turn, speaking now for one character, now for another, with a variety and discrimination very remarkable. This made his company greatly sought, and as his strongly social nature readily responded, his acquaintance was very large. To every one that knew him personally, I can appeal for the truth and moderation of these views of his character and manners.

A few biographical items will close what I venture to offer here.

Isaac T. Hopper was born December 3, 1771, in the township of Deptford, Gloucester County, West Jersey, but spent a large portion of his life in Philadelphia, where he served his apprenticeship to the humble calling of a tailor. But neither the necessity for constant occupation nor the temptations of youthful gaiety, prevented his commencing, even then, the devotion of a portion of his time to the care of the poor and needy. He had scarcely reached man's estate when we find him an active

member of a benevolent association, and his volumes of notes of cases, plans and efforts, date back to that early period. To that time also we are to refer the beginning of his warm anti-slavery sentiment, a feeling so prominent and effective throughout his life, and the source of some of his noblest efforts and sacrifices. For many years he served as Inspector of Prisons in Philadelphia, and thus, by long and constant practical observation, was accumulated that knowledge of the human heart, in its darkest windings, that often astonished the objects of his care, when they thought they had been able cunningly to blind his eyes to their real character and intentions. After his removal to New York, and when the occasion for his personal labors in the cause of the slave had in some measure ceased or slackened, he threw his whole heart into the Prison Association, whose aims and plans of action were entirely in accordance with his views, and indeed in a great degree based on his experience and advice. The intent of the Prison Association is three-fold: first, to protect and defend those who are arrested, and who, as is well known, often suffer greatly from want of honest and intelligent counsel; secondly, to attend to the treatment and instruction of convicts while in prison; and thirdly, on their discharge to render them such practical aid as shall enable the repentant to return to society by means of the pursuit of some honest calling. This latter branch occupied Father Hopper's time and attention, and he devoted himself to it with an affectionate and religious earnestness that ceased only with his life. No disposition was too perverse for his efforts at reform; no heart was so black that he did not at least try the balm of healing upon it; no relapses could tire out his patience, which, without weak waste of means, still, apostolically, went on, "hoping all things"

while even a dying spark of good feeling remained. Up to February 1852 did this venerable saint continue his abundant labors; when a severe cold co-operating with the decay of nature, brought him his sentence of dismissal. He felt that it was on the way, and with the serious grace that marked every thing he did, he began at once to gather his earthly robes about him and prepare for the great change, which no one could dread less. It was hard for those who saw his ruddy cheek and sparkling eye, his soft brown hair and sprightly movements, to feel that the time of his departure was drawing nigh; but he knew and felt it, with more composure than his friends could summon. It might well be said of this our beloved patriarch, that "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." To the last of his daily journeyings through the city, for which he generally used the rail-road, he would never allow the drivers to stop for him to get on or off the car—feeling, as he used smilingly to observe, "very jealous on that point." Few ever passed him in the street without asking who he was; for not only did his primitive dress, his broad-brimmed hat, and his antique shoe-buckles, attract attention, but the beauty and benevolence of his face was sure to fix the eye of ordinary discernment. He was a living temperance lecture, and those who desire to preserve good looks could not ask a more infallible recipe, than that sweet temper and out-flowing benevolence which made his countenance please every eye. Gay and cheerful as a boy, he had ever some pleasant anecdote or amusing turn to relate, and in all perhaps not one without a moral bearing, not thrust forward, but left to be picked out by the hearer at his leisure. He seemed born to show how great strictness in essentials could exist without the least asceticism in trifles. Any

thing but a Simeon Stylites in his sainthood, he could go among "publicans and sinners" without the least fear of being mistaken by them for one of themselves. An influence radiated from him that made itself felt in every company, though he would very likely be the most modest man present. More gentlemanly manners and address no court in Christendom need require; his resolute simplicity and candor, always under the guidance of a delicate taste, never for a moment degenerated into coarseness, or disregard even of the prejudices of others. His life, even in these minute particulars, showed how the whole man was harmonized by the sense of being

"Ever in the great Taskmaster's eye."

He died on the 7th of May, 1852, in his eighty-first year, and a public funeral in the Tabernacle brought together thousands desirous of showing respect to his memory.

Would we had more City missionaries like those we have spoken of! What a change would be wrought, even in our great metropolis, by the labors of fifty such men as Amos Lawrence, Peter Cooper and Isaac T. Hopper! We will not presume to indicate the particular work that each class might undertake, but we see every day something fitted for every hand. No need of seeking the far Indies for a field of noble action. The success of the Five Points Mission, under the indefatigable care of Mr. Pease, is hint enough, though on a scale so small. The marvel is that the men who have made fortunes in the fostering lap of our great and prosperous city, can sit down content without doing something proportionate for the public good—for the benefit of their own children or successors, for

a memorial of gratitude to God and man. One would think there were instances enough of the curse that attaches, by a natural process, to wealth unblest, if the sweetness of doing nobly were not inducement enough. May the day be not long deferred when humanity and public spirit will not appear so splendid as they do now!

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints;" precious should their lives be in the hearts of living men. Such lives need little commendation; simple description is their best praise. They cannot be contemplated without profit, let us hope without some attempt—some hope—at least some wish—towards imitation. Well says the prayer book:—"We bless Thy holy name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear." The aroma of such lives is sanative to all around. Preaching may fail, but a good life never; there is something in our nature that must ever respond and thrill under the influence of heavenly charity. With these men, it was no incident, but an object—the object—for which they lived. They saw work to be done for their fellows and they did it. It seems on this simple statement as if no man could do otherwise and be a man; yet by the condition of things around us, how few there must be that view the duty of life under so simple and true and wholesome an aspect!

## WHAT MUST BE MUST.

### CHAPTER I.

"I AM afraid you will educate Mary to death, my dear," said Mr. Austin to his wife, in reply to a long detail of her plans for the perfecting of this her only daughter. "Too much education is as bad as too little."

"Too much education, Mr. Austin! who ever heard of such a thing? Everybody is complaining of the want of education among us, and you, yourself, I am sure, often criticise young ladies, and say they are miserably educated. But you are the strangest man! Haven't I always kept Mary under my own eye, and had masters and governesses for her, instead of sending her to a fashionable school, where she would have learned frivolity and nonsense, and given up society that I might never lose sight of her for a moment? Haven't I watched even her mantua-maker, and forbidden her to describe the finery of other customers, and bought Mary's bonnets myself, without even letting her try them on, lest she should become vain? I am sure I don't know what more a mother could do for a child——"

"You forget, my dear," said Mr. Austin, quietly, "that I warned you against doing too much, not too little. My fears point rather toward Mary's becoming a mere automaton, for want of the habit of thinking and acting for herself, than to any deficiency in the list of her accomplishments. Mary is seventeen now, and might be trusted, I think, to her own judgment sometimes. But you know, I never interfere, my dear," Mr. Austin concluded, as he saw a look of deep dejection settling on the face of his wife. "I dare say you know best, but I thought I would make the suggestion." And the good husband took his hat and gloves and went off to his office, rather sorry that he should have said a word which might grieve or discourage the most anxious and self-devoted of mothers, even for the benefit of the most precious of daughters.

Mrs. Austin, on her part, was made irremediably miserable for the whole day. If she had a hobby, it was the education of Mary. She had been a theorist on the subject of education before she possessed a daughter on whom to practice; and when she had one, she began on the most profound principles laid down in her favorite books before the child was a month old. It proved no easy matter to adhere closely to rules, for, to her surprise, she found many cases not provided for in any of the books; but she did what she could. When she could not follow Mrs. Hamilton, she tried to find a precedent in Rousseau, and when Mrs. Child failed her, she sought instruction in Mrs. Chapone, or Locke, or Hannah More, or Dr. Gregory, or some one of the good ladies who have given tons of advice to the wives, mothers, grand-mothers and cousins of England and America. And now to meet an implied censure! and from her husband, who had always approved of all she did,

and contrasted Mary and her accomplishments with universal girlhood, so exultingly ! It was too much for her philosophy.

"Mother," said Mary, entering at the moment when all this and much more had come full upon the unhappy parent ; "Mother ! shall I wear my new dress to-day ?"

"Wear whatever you like, Mary," said Mrs. Austin, determined to begin at once to give Mary up to her own control, a sort of despair nerving her for the sacrifice of her cherished supervision.

Mary looked at her mother, scarcely trusting her ears. She observed the cloud, and added, "Perhaps, mamma, you would rather I should wear something else ?"

"No, my dear," was the sad-toned reply. And Mary withdrew in a complete puzzle, not knowing what to do in so trying an emergency. She stood balancing between the new dress she longed to wear, and the old one she more than half suspected her mother wished her to put on, in a most painful uncertainty. The new one was taken up and laid down a half dozen times, and the old one glanced at as often ; the time for dressing almost elapsed, and the first master's hour was on the point of striking, and still Mary dutifully balanced. What a relief was the sound of her mother's voice at the door.

"Mary, I think as the walking is very bad, and you are going out, perhaps you had better reserve your new dress for another day, but *you can do just as you like.*" And both were pleased—the mother to think she had not controlled Mary, and the daughter that she was saved the new trouble of deciding for herself.

## CHAPTER II.

WAS Mary always so submissive ? She endeavored to be so, for she was a good girl ; but she did not invariably succeed, for she had been endowed by nature with a mind and heart, and such things are apt to assert their rights in spite of education: Habit has a wonderful influence, and makes things easy which would else be intolerable. Mary had never known freedom of any kind. She had always been surrounded with tender restraints, as if by a netting of strong wires, gilded, but impassable. Young companions had been selected for her, brought in with a formal introduction and a command, implied at least, to love and cherish ; but these expedients turned out, as such things always must, complete failures, and Mary preferred her books, her music, her flowers and her needle-work, to such unnatural associations. So she grew up a perfect child, without any of those precocious initiations into the ways of the world which are so apt to be the consequence of unlimited acquaintance. She read many books, but they were either books of direct instruction, conned at the rate of a certain number of pages per day, or they were full of erasures, leaves pasted together, and notes of qualification or dissent, the work of the mother who had determined to be taste, conscience, and judgment to her daughter, until such time as she should have arrived at years of discretion. When this important period was likely to arrive it was not easy to say. At seventeen it was certainly as far off as ever.

But this hint from Mr. Austin, this cruel blow from a quar-

whence it was least anticipated, this flash of unwelcome light, which suggested nothing but darkness, changed the whole current of Mrs. Austin's life and Mary's. Such things come upon us with double power when they give force and form to suspicions which we have before entertained but would not acknowledge. An unpleasant sense of Mary's lack of individuality had often, within a year or two, suggested itself to Mrs. Austin, but she had crushed down the unwelcome thought, as a heresy against the true theory of education. That was past now, and her vexation was proportioned to the dissolution of a life-long dream. Mary must act for herself; and in coming to this resolution, her mother felt very much as she would have done if cruel necessity had obliged her to throw her darling overboard at sea, to take her chance on a single plank.

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CHAPTER III.

MARY had never walked out alone in her life; but the time had now come when she must brave the dangers of the streets. Her mother desired her to go down to Stewart's, but fortified her with many directions and cautions, as to keeping on the right side of the street, and looking on all sides before crossing.

She was rather pleased with the novelty, and performed her errand very well, though with somewhat of the timid and suspicious air of a deaf and dumb person, who walks in the crowd but not of it. On her return, a beautiful large dog attracted her attention as she was crossing the street, and the next in-

stant she was knocked down by a passing carriage, driven at the furious rate so common among us.

The blow was slight, but it frightened her excessively, and she was taken up and put into another carriage by the gentleman to whom the dog belonged, before she fully recovered her consciousness. As soon as she was sufficiently collected to name her address, she found herself on the way home, bewildered and amazed, but not so unhappy as might have been expected. It was an adventure, and the gentleman was very gentlemanly and not very old.

Arrived at her father's door, Mary, in all simplicity invited her protector to come in, an invitation which he did not fail to accept. Mrs. Austin, who had scarcely yet begun to expect her daughter's return, was confounded at the accident, but yet more so at the sight of the handsome young man. She thought of certain old fables and fairy-tales, in which the very means that are adopted to avert the decrees of fate, only operate to secure their fulfilment. She saw, as in a magic mirror, all the trouble that would follow this unfortunate rencontre, and she could scarcely be civil to poor Philip Wentworth, who looked very innocent and inoffensive, and handed her his card with an air which said, "you see, my dear madam, you have nothing to fear," while Mary related in her artless way the terrible adventure.

The protector made his call very short, and Mrs. Austin did not invite him to repeat it. But Mary did, and he promised quite readily.

"How could you do so, Mary?" said Mrs. Austin.

"Why, dear mother, I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary; "and he is so pleasant."

## CHAPTER IV.

THINGS went on after this, just as might have been expected. Mrs. Austin's worst forebodings were realized. Philip Wentworth continued to visit Mary, and Mary evidently liked him, although she was not the girl to fall in love undutifully without leave. Some young ladies read novels as some old ladies read "Domestic Medicine," for the purpose of studying symptoms, and discovering the true causes of their own "feelings." But Mary had read few novels, and those not of the description of which love forms the staple, so she had heard but little about symptoms, and forgot that she had any "feelings." The education went on very much as usual, since the sad consequences of trusting her out alone had fully convinced Mrs. Austin that she had been premature in allowing her to think for herself. She never went to balls, and not often to parties, and saw not much society of any kind; but when she *did* go out, it was really odd to see how often she happened to meet Philip Wentworth.

Now any young gentleman who should have shown an especial liking for Mary, would have been disagreeable to Mrs. Austin, at least while Mary was so young; and Philip Wentworth was particularly unpleasing, because he had his fortune to make in the first place, and also, because, secondly, he evinced quite too much disposition to consider Mary as a free agent and to see her act as one. Every possible obstacle was thrown in the way of their intercourse, except absolutely forbidding Wentworth's visits. This step the respectability of his connections and his

own unexceptionable character forbade; at least Mr. Austin would not hear of it. There is no knowing what Mrs. Austin might have done if she had followed out her own ideas of prudence. But in the midst of her perturbations, and when she had got so far as to lose half of every night's sleep in cogitations, as to ways and means of preserving Mary from the snares of matrimony, Philip Wentworth was fortunately obliged to make a journey to the far South. He called to say farewell, and Mrs. Austin almost groaned aloud, to see the look of undisguised regret with which Mary gave him her hand at parting. Mary was an artless child, and she lay silent on the sofa half the evening after Philip's departure, and then opened the piano and played voluntaries until bed-time. Mrs. Austin gave her husband another look, which said as sufficiently as looks could, "you see it is all over."

But the next morning Mary resumed her cheerfulness, and after a few days seemed almost to have forgotten Philip. Hope revived in Mrs. Austin's bosom, and when, after a few weeks, Mr. Austin found himself called to spend a part of the summer at the West, and invited his wife and daughter to accompany him, the careful mother felt as if the game was in her own hands. The journey, the new faces, the new world, would do wonders. Young people are always absorbed in the present, and Mary would soon forget Philip Wentworth. She showed no great disposition for the trip, but acquiesced quietly, and took all proper interest in the elegant outfit which her mother thought proper to provide for this peculiar mode of "coming out," the only one to which she meant ever to subject Mary.



## CHAPTER V.

On board the lake steamer our travellers found a very charming old lady, who had resided for some years at the West, and who, with the frankness characteristic of that social region, imparted the fruits of her observation of settlers' life with a great deal of vivacity and good nature. She happened to be going to the same hotel at Detroit, and as she remained there for several days, the acquaintance had become pretty well ripened before her son came with his carriage to take her home. At parting she gave Mr. and Mrs. Austin and Mary a pressing invitation to visit her in the country, an invitation which they promised to accept before they left Detroit to return to the city.

Detroit is an exceedingly pleasant place for a sojourn. Highly cultivated society, a charming situation, amusements of all sorts, music, riding, driving, steal away the hours before one is aware. Yet our Mary, instead of gaining in health and spirits, evidently declined every day. The rosy cheek paled, the bright eye was too much shaded by its pearly lid, the fingers let fall their rings, through loss of their pretty roundness. Mrs. Austin began to fear that the climate did not agree with her darling, and urged Mr. Austin to hasten their return home. But this was not a proper or even a prudent season for a return to the city, and Mr. Austin proposed first a visit to Mrs. Ellery, the pleasant old lady of the steamer. So to Meadowbank they went and found a farmer's paradise—flocks, herds, geese, chickens, turkeys, horses, dogs, and last a good, comfortable, spacious house, well shaded, and within a few moments' walk of the

primeval woods. The welcome was in proportion to all the other abundance.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin could not but find all this very charming for a day or two, though they were not the sort of people for the country. But Mary! Never was there a creature so happy. It was her first sight of unmarred Nature, and all her troubles, (if she had any,) were forgotten in the intoxication of a sweet and most natural pleasure. She rode, she ran, she climbed fences, she milked cows, (or tried to do it,) she fed the chickens till they followed her in flocks. She rambled in the dense old woods with Mrs. Ellery's grand-children, from breakfast time till dinner, in spite of all Mrs. Austin's fears of cougars and rattle-snakes. This was evidently the place for her, whatever it was to her father and mother, and they were reluctant to propose the return for which their souls were longing. Besides how to prolong a visit of those guests, who must consider themselves only chance acquaintances! It would never do, and Mary was desired to prepare for the return to Detroit. Here was a sad affair. Mary cried heartily, she could not help it. The love of trees, and grass, and thronging domestic creatures, is a fountain of pleasure to unspoiled hearts, and to Mary this source of happiness was so new. Fortunately, good Mrs. Ellery needed not the sight of her young guest's tear-stained eyes, to impel her to kind urgency for a longer visit; and when Mr. and Mrs. Austin could not be prevailed upon, she begged for Mary, until Mr. Austin was fain to yield. The idea of leaving Mary behind, could not, at first, be made intelligible to Mrs. Austin. The imprudence, the utter insanity of trusting a child of that age alone, was too great. But her husband, who had observed with delight Mary's spirits and returning roses,

reminded her that the child could hardly be considered quite alone, with good Mrs. Ellery, her son, and his wife, and their children, not to mention the horses, cows, pigs, chickens and lambs, with whom Mary was nearly as intimate and as happy. He suggested too, that while she was in the woods she was not near Philip Wentworth; and we rather think it was this crowning argument, which he wisely reserved for the last, that decided the point in Mary's favor.

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## CHAPTER VI.

The wild delight of flying about from morning till night palled somewhat, after a few days, and Mary found her chief pleasure in the grand old woods that skirted the ample farm of Mrs. Ellery. Here she would wander, half pensively, "thinking," of course "of nothing at all," or recline on some mossy bank, while the children wreathed her hair with the thousand wild flowers that bloomed in every spot to which the sun found access. So charming was the calm solitude, that she often remained with her young companions in some favorite spot, until the westering sun, and the voice of lowing herds returning to their milking, recalled her wandering thoughts.

It was on some such occasion, when a splendid sunset, such as one sees to perfection in the country of the great lakes, detained her later than usual, that she was alarmed by the bounds of what she thought might be a wild animal, which approached from the side next Mrs. Ellery's. In a moment it stood before her, and proved to be only a large spotted dog, very much like



the one which introduced her to Philip Wentworth a few months before.

"Carlo!" she said, and the fine fellow wagged his tail as intelligibly as a dog could, and laid his head against her hand. Could it be her old acquaintance?

"Carlo!" she said again, and bowed her head over him, till the flowers fell from her head in showers on his broad back. "Where is thy master?" But this question was in her heart only, when she raised her head and he stood before her.

To describe the blushes that ensued, would require an imagination as vivid as that of Ole Bull's friend, the painter, who heard scarlet in certain tones of the violin. The tones of Philip Wentworth's voice produced a deep red color on Mary Austin's cheeks, but we do not attempt to philosophize upon the fact. Our readers must make what they can of it.

"How did you come here!" was Mary's first coherent question.

"I came, like little Red Riding Hood, to see my grandmother," said Philip laughing; "but I find you have been beforehand with me, with your pot of butter, or custard, or something which has stolen away her heart, while I was away." And they went home together arm in arm, after a fashion which would have made Mrs. Austin groan indeed, if she had been perched in one of the great oaks, looking on.

That evening Mary never thought of writing to her mother, to tell of this unforeseen accident; but with morning came cool reflection, and she sat down and wrote a long, dutiful letter, mentioning, just before the close, that Mr. Wentworth had arrived on a visit to his grandmother, Mrs. Ellery. This she knew would bring her parents, post-haste; and when she had

thus discharged her conscience, she was not very sorry when Mrs. Ellery informed her that as there was only a weekly mail, her letter could not reach Detroit in several days.

We do not pretend to have been present at all the conversations which may have passed between the two friends, thus reunited, when they thought themselves far asunder. We dare say they had many adventures to relate, with descriptions of people they had met in their travels and such like topics. We have reason to believe they learned to understand each other very well; although we will answer for it that Wentworth was too much of a man of honor to entrap the guileless Mary into an engagement without the sanction of her parents. He had been educated by old-fashioned people.

"There!" said Mrs. Austin to her husband, "you see, my dear, what your plan of trusting Mary to her own guidance has come to, at last! I told you so! I knew this would be the consequence! After all my care and anxiety, she is gone!" and the good lady dropt some natural tears.

"Gone! what are you thinking of, my dear! instead of losing a daughter we have gained a son, and a capital fellow he is, too; honorable, considerate, and as fond of Mary as you can desire. All your care has met with its reward, and Philip will bear witness to the fact a dozen years hence. Education has done its part admirably thus far, but now that nature has asserted her rights, it will go on more profitably than ever. Mary will be quite a woman by the time she is ready to be married!"

And this was all the comfort Mrs. Austin had from her husband, so unreasonable is the stronger sex.

### MAKING LOVE SCIENTIFICALLY.

"A monstrous spectacle upon the earth,  
Beneath the pleasant sun, among the trees,  
—A being knowing not what Love is!

A man that dares affect  
To spend his life in service to his kind  
For no reward of theirs, nor bound to them  
By any tie. \* \* \* \*

There are strange punishments for such."

BROWNING'S *Paracelsus*.

Among the Fabliaux of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries is a laughable story of the philosopher Aristotle, who is represented as saddled and bridled for the amusement of a malicious beauty, and cantering about a garden under the weight of her slender form, while Alexander, afterwards the Great, the pupil of Aristotle, enjoys the joke from a window. It seems that the sage, having discovered the devotion of his august disciple to the lady in question, had reproved him very sharply for his weak subjection to the tender passion; representing love as incompatible with the study of philosophy, and ridiculing the idea of a man of sense placing himself in the power of a woman, naturally his inferior in the scale of creation. The pupil was a good deal nettled by the severe remarks of his master, but he concealed his vexation, and humbly promised that the fascina-

tions of beauty should no longer seduce his thoughts from the contemplation of wisdom.

But he had devised a subtle, we had almost said a savage method of revenge upon his master, and very soon found an opportunity of putting it in practice. In cold blood and with malice aforethought, he managed to place the stern preacher of prudence and self-command within point-blank range of the lady's eyes, and won her over to use, in the service of his revenge, all the powers of fascination which had proved effectual in enslaving himself. The philosopher was of course very soon charmed into forgetfulness of his grand dogmas, for your philosopher is proverbially weak at all weapons but his own. Beauty, wit, grace, were put in requisition with the fullest success; coquetry added her freaks; and, in a word, in a marvellously short time, the wise man became a fool, as so many wise men have done before him under the same circumstances. And thus we arrive at the explanation of the scene with a sketch of which we began. Among the incredible follies which the malicious beauty devised for the humiliation of her awkward captive, was a requisition on her part that he should suffer himself to be saddled and bridled, and accept, for the reward of his obedience, the honor and delight of carrying his goddess about her garden. He only stipulated for a scene closely shielded from vulgar eyes, lest, by some accidental betrayal, his reputation as a teacher of wisdom should suffer, and above all in the estimation of his royal pupil. An inner court of the palace was therefore chosen, and among its flowery alleys did the delighted sage prance with his fair burden. But, in the very midst of his happiness a dread sound—a sound as of unhallowed laughter—struck his ear, and looking upward, he beheld in a window the face of the future

conqueror of the world, relaxed to its last capability in keen relish of the joke.

History wisely stops here, nor strives to express the inexpressible, in describing the abasement of the great teacher and example of philosophy, thus forced to be his own refuter. But we can easily conjecture that from this time forth the pupil was not troubled with any very severe remarks on the absurdity of being in love; unless, indeed, the teacher drew new unction for his homilies from the bitterness of his own experience.

We see, then, that philosophy began very early to be considered as the enemy or antidote of love. What foundation in fact there may be for this notion, it is difficult to say, so few successful experiments are on record. That it *ought* to be so has always rather been taken for granted than proved.

Sir Isaac Newton, however, was a man of realities, and of him it may truly be said that science was his mistress. She upheld his spirits, consoled his solitude, brought him recreation, and absorbed his affections. He evidently thought with Milton—

How charming is divine Philosophy!  
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute.

Is it not strange, by the way, that Shakspeare uses the very same comparison in speaking of Love, the antagonist of Philosophy?

For valor, is not Love a Hercules?  
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair.

But so extremes meet.

Newton, however, was not always and at all periods wholly invulnerable to the subtle shafts of the most insidious of enemies. We hold that a man must be thoroughly dipped—bathed, indeed—in self-esteem, to render him proof against such arrows; but the youthful susceptibility of the sage weigher of the planets proves that his immersion had not been complete. History deigns, for once, probably in consideration of the eminence of the subject, to record the fact of his having been, at a certain time, deeply smitten with the daughter of the lady with whom he lodged,—an illustration of the well-known principle, that attraction is so much the more potent as the attracting bodies are nearer to each other. Whether he went so far as to enroll her among the celestial phenomena we are not informed, but the attraction seems to have been proved beyond a doubt, and we have reason to suppose it was on the one side gravity, and on the other magnetism or electricity.

One would think that love thus founded on the immutable principles of science must have proved an exception to the vulgar rule, and gone on with the precision and harmony of the spherul ellipses. But our philosopher had discovered that, besides attraction, there is another irresistible force in nature—that of repulsion. Now it was his habit to think out every thing; he said in his later days, that if in any respect he had been more successful than other men, it was only by a habit of thinking. Accordingly, we must suppose that he pondered much and long upon the wonderfully curious attraction to which he found himself subject, and speculated as to its probable results. He speculated on the tremulousness which he observed in himself under certain circumstances, as Le Verrier pursued the chain of reasoning which ended in the discovery of a new

planet. But one of the conclusions to which his researches in other directions had brought him, was, that however close may seem the approach of any two bodies, there is always an actual space between them, produced by this said power of repulsion. How then could he, a philosopher, be satisfied with the idea of a union in which repulsion as well as attraction was to play its part? Was it not natural to refer the many unhappy marriages which had come under his notice to a want of recognition of this fact in science? How should he ascertain whether, in this case, the repulsive power of the young lady might not overcome her attraction?

He had spent the morning in his study, laboring to fix his attention on the grand problem of the universe, but surprised and vexed to find it wandering towards that insignificant, comet-like nebula, a young woman,—which no telescope that has yet been invented has succeeded in following rapidly enough to ascertain its laws of revolution. Moore has aptly expressed the puzzle into which an astronomer *might* be thrown:

"Then awake till rise of sun, my dear,  
But the sage's glass we'll shun, my dear;  
Lest in watching the flight,  
Of bodies of light,  
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!"

But our sage was too wise to try a telescopic view. He adhered to his old rule of *thinking*, but found hosts of difficulties arise in the course of his investigation. He no doubt tried figures, but they probably ran into such sums as these—"Two lips, indifferent red; two gray eyes, with lids to them; one neck; one chin; and so forth." Or perhaps he endeavored to set forth the substance of his thoughts in dia-

grams, but found the angles anything but right ones, and the straight lines strangely deviating into the line of beauty. In this perplexity, we may fancy him summoned to the dinner-table, and seated opposite the gentle disturber of his peace, eating a delicate pudding—

"Made by no hands, as you may guess,  
But those of Fairly Fair—"

and, at the same time, devouring the maker with his eyes. Anon he invites the maiden to a seat near the window, resolved that certainty of some sort shall end this confusion of his geometrical pericranium. Once well placed, with green, waving woods before him, and the soft summer wind playing balmily about his brow, he falls again into his old trick of thinking, and forgets the firm practical intent with which he challenged his lady-love to a private interview. She, poor girl, had found but few defences against the amiable countenance and mild, gentlemanly, serious manners of the young student, and her little heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, while he gazed out of the casement, she all the while thinking he was but finding fitting words wherein to declare his mind to her. He, meanwhile, has lighted his pipe, and by its aid put on a more deeply reflective air than before. But, alas! the clouds which undulate and ascend so beautifully from the meerscham, do but suggest to the cogitating astronomer fresh thoughts of the peopled skies. He has forgotten earth, and all earth's daughters; his mind has described a parabolic curve, and alighted on frigid Saturn, the aspiring smoke serving as a Jacob's ladder between the terrestrial and the superlunary. By and by the fire burns low, the ladder grows feeble; the thoughts do not descend, but they

depute a ray of intelligence to renew the aerial rounds. Our philosopher, conscious that something is wanting, puts forth his hand; it falls on the not unready fingers of the patient damsel. She blushes, she trembles, she wonders within herself whether propriety does not require that she should withdraw those poor little digits. But ere she can settle this point satisfactorily to both love and prudence, the youthful sage has decided it by grasping her hand firmly, and raising it—can it be that, in sudden and momentary boldness, he is about to carry it to his lips? That were, indeed, to cut the gordian knot that seemed inextricable. But, no! he stops—he removes the pipe from his mouth, and lowers it to meet the slender fore-finger of the maiden. A moment more—a shriek—and Newton is a bachelor for life!

And the maiden—did she exclaim, in the bitterness of her heart,

"O star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there  
To waft us home the message of Despair?"

Or did she quietly bless her own stars, that had, by timely warning, saved her from a crazy spouse? As for the lover, being, as Sir David Brewster assures us, "destitute of the faculty of imagination," he had probably understood literally the poetical expression, "ivory fingers," and so concluded that a young lady's pretty little index was the very thing for a tobacco stopper!

History is defined to be "philosophy teaching by example," but this example of ours must be classed amongst the warnings. Let us be just, however. Perhaps if some Niebuhr should sift the records of an occurrence so long accepted by the world as a

significant fact, we might come to a different conclusion as to the real cause of the accident by means of which this promised conjunction became a transit, and Newton was self-condemned to an abstract contemplation of the literal, rather than an actual enjoyment of the poetical heavens, while the bashful maiden was lost, like a meteor, in a cloud of smoke. We should, ourselves be disposed to lay the blame on tobacco, and to look upon this story of the philosophic outrage on the young lady's finger as a sly invention of some wag, who, knowing that ridicule is more potent than argument, chose this way of sending forth a "Counter-blast," less ponderous, but more pungent, than the famous one of King James the First, of blessed memory. What, indeed, could more surely enlist the gallantry of the world against tobacco, than the thought that it could so obfuscate the wits of the wisest as to lead to a cruel confounding of animate with inanimate matter under such delicate circumstances! Would any man, "as is a man," as Mrs. Cluppins says, put himself under the influence of a narcotic which may lead him to mistake a pretty girl for a stick, and treat her accordingly?

It is pleasant to find that Newton, though he thus went off in a tangent, under the influence of a disturbing force, did not wholly renounce his allegiance to his chosen centre of attraction. We are assured that he continued all his life to feel the soft compulsion, and to follow with a quiet, but devoted attention, the fortunes of her who had in youth been his acknowledged cynosure. A tender friendship occupied the place from which Love had been scared; and our hero and heroine, after this momentary perturbation, became "binary stars," which Sir

William Herschel informs us, "perform revolutions around each other, each having its own orbit." The lady's included a husband and children; but the philosopher finished his cycle without ring or moon, a crystalline sphere in the grand empyrean, or region of perpetual serenity.



### AN INCIDENT IN DREAM-LAND.

It happened once that Love—proverbially touchy, we all know—took high offence at the neglect of his whilom sworn friend and brother Hymen, who, he declared, had ceased to invite him to his magnificent parties in town. Finding his temper too warm upon the occasion, he sought the cooling influence of rural shades, and there amused himself and forgot his pettish eumity, in sending sportive arrows among groups of simple nymphs and swains, as they raked the new-mown hay in company, or pared the luscious peach or the firmer apple, to dry, in gay festoons, “for winter, which they knew must come;” or husked the golden corn, or bound the lachrymose onion wreath-wise upon its supporting wisp of straw. But, ere long, wearying of such inglorious sport—not unlike that of the royal *ennuyé* who shot from his gilded balcony whole hecatombs of game, so trapped that it could neither fight nor fly—he left the rustic herd, and took his way along the banks of a bright and rapid stream, which rolled its gleaming waves through foliage of every hue and outline, reflecting at times the sun, the snowy cloud, the lamps of night, the leaden hue of storms, the appalling aspect of the tempest—all distinct at intervals, yet at intervals

again fused, as it were, into one enchanting and harmonious whole. Love called the stream Poetry, and declared that he would always dwell by its side.

As he strayed along delighted, leaning occasionally over the living mirror, that he might see how it enhanced the splendor of his beauty, he beheld, reclining in the shadow of a rock, a heavenly form, whose wings, folded in repose, and a celestial halo round his brow, declared him still unchanged by contact with the things of earth. By the radiance which shone through his closed lids, and by the lyre clasped, even in sleep, to his bosom, Love knew the bright visitant to be Genius. He called him with his most persuasive voice—and Love's tones are almost irresistible—but in vain. The sleeper's head was pillowed on a bed of poppies, and a drapery of deadly nightshade hung from the rock which shaded him from the sun. “I *must* see those rainbow pinions unfolded to the light!” said Love; “of all my claims to immortality, none could be so indisputable as the subjugation of this glorious being to my power!”

And, selecting one of his keenest arrows, and new-stringing his bow with a braided tress of golden hair, he wounded the unguarded bosom of the slumberer.

The youth started—opened his eyes, bright and dewy as the first glad smile of morning, and spread wide his radiant wings as if to find safety in flight. But he became conscious of the sweet venom which was spreading through his veins, and, with a glance half-reproachful, half-adoring, he bowed the knee to Love and owned his resistless power, and asked his supreme will.

“Sing!” said the conqueror; and the blended music of voice and lyre filled the whole air, and, borne along by the

waves, awakened to thrilling life all the spiritual things that haunted the green recesses of that charmed spot. Love crowned the captive with flowers, showered delicious odors around his dazzling brow, brought honey in the comb white as the foam on the billow, and presented to his eager lip a lily-cup of sparkling wine. Wood-nymphs and naiads, hovering round, beheld their own beautiful forms reflected in the crystalline wings of the stranger, but though various and changeful as the light of parting day, *one* face, and one only, was there seen in every dress, recognized through every disguise. The forms and masks were painted by Fancy,—the one face was the work of Truth. "And now," said victorious Love, "take me to thy own bright sphere!"

Prompt to obey, the pleased subject tried his glittering wings for an upward flight. Alas! overcome by the too sweet banquet, Genius sunk back upon the roses which the victor had spread around him. The halo faded from his head; his lyre reclined against a myrtle—mute, save when a breeze from the languid south awakened a faint echo of its former power.

"Sleep then—stupid thing!" said Love, enraged at the effect of his own spells—and he was about to shake over the lids of the fainting captive the baleful dust of Oblivion, when a fearful form appeared from a rugged wood at no great distance. His hair hung in wild elf-locks about his wasted features, and his squalid garments scarce concealed his meagre limbs. His eyes seemed of stone, and in his hand was an iron sceptre, which has often caused even Love to tremble.

"Ha! Poverty!" said the baffled tyrant, as he flew to the safe shelter of a neighboring tulip tree, yielding the field for the moment to his old enemy, that he might watch the effect of his

presence upon the glorious being whom his own arts had reduced to utter helplessness. The flowers drooped; the grass withered; and the breezes which a moment before had breathed of summer, became chilly as if wafted from a wandering ice-berg. With a sepulchral voice did the skeleton visitor call on Genius to arise.

"Come! let me see these gaudy wings of thine!" he said, with a sneer. But the youth, shuddering, folded their filmy leaves over his eyes, to shut out the hateful apparition. Poverty pushed him rudely with that cold iron sceptre, but the torpedo touch seemed only still further to paralyze his faculties. "Thou dost not feel me yet!" exclaimed the fiend; and even as he spoke he took the form of a hideous dragon, whose folds, surrounding the victim, began to narrow upon his shrinking form, and, continually contracting the spiral circle, threatened to crush him inevitably and irretrievably.

Then rose the noble youth, roused by the too eager malice of his foe; and shaking off alike the poppies of Indolence, and the roses in which Love had enveloped him, he stretched his glittering pinions, spurned the earth with his foot, and soaring majestically toward heaven, looked down with scorn upon scowling Poverty, while the radiance about his brow resumed its power, and dazzled all but Love. That wily god, pursuing the upward flight of Genius, strove again to entrap him by means of certain nets of silk and gold, which he had found almost always successful with the sons of earth, but the heaven-born youth shook them off with a smile of contempt, while he sang to his enchanted lyre a hymn so glorious, that earth's inmost heart thrilled to the melody, and Love, for once, owned himself in turn a captive.

Love has been since that time rather shy of attempting to subdue Genius—which we suppose is the reason why so many of our poets are bachelors. Poverty claims to have been of essential service to the susceptible child of Heaven, but we never heard that Genius loved him any the better for it. Hymen still plays his old tricks—forgetting to invite Love to his more splendid feasts, but condescending to admit him when his rich friend Mammon is not expected.

E. STANSBURY.\*

\* NOTE.—I found this little sketch, with others, in an unfinished form, among my mother's papers.—C. M. K.

### THE VISION AND THE CREED OF PIERS PLOUGHMAN.

WE are apt to declaim against the corruptions of the age in which we live, and to imagine that no preceding one has equalled it in all the crimes which might be expected to call down the vengeance of Heaven upon nations or upon individuals. The follies and vices of our own time are magnified to us by the various passions, prejudices and prepossessions which help to make up our estimate of passing events, while we judge of those which transpired long since, with the coolness of abstraction and the charity of indifference.

But the observation of the witty and wicked Lady Mary, that in all her travels she had met but two kinds of people—*men* and *women*—might serve all travellers and all time. Not only in great affairs can we trace continual recurrence of the same causes with the same consequences, but the very tattle of a village or the jealousies of a household have had their prototype thousands of years ago. Babies cry now-a-days in the very same tones which served little Cain and Abel for the expression of their sorrows; and no less do the grown-up Caius and Abels of our time make use of the very same modes of

showing their different characters, that we find so strikingly described in the most ancient of all histories.

The old-fashioned notion of the "dignity" of history has given rise to continual efforts to hide this simplicity or sameness in the true records of human action. It has been thought necessary to dress up and render conspicuous a certain class of events, while another class, perhaps far more efficient in producing the real features of the age, are unnoticed and forgotten. For these we must go to ancient rhymes and homely chronicles—compositions called forth by the spirit of the times, and not encumbered with any character or "dignity" to support; and in their quaint and simple pages we shall find truths that writers of more pretension shun to tell, or perhaps pass over as unworthy of notice.

"The Vision and the Creed of Piers Ploughman," is one of the most striking of these pictures of the times; and the scarce black-letter volume, to which formerly none but antiquaries had access, is now "newly imprinted," with all its grotesque and arabesque decorations, its vermilion letters, its frontispiece of most original design and perspective—the ploughman holding the handles, and his faithful spouse bearing the goad which is to urge to their duty a pair of the most extraordinary oxen—and, floating over all, the motto—**God speed ye plough and send us korne gnolt**,\* among William Pickering's resuscitations of the treasures of the olden time. To those who love to have the stately and somewhat formal march of history varied by an occasional quick-step, we recommend a perusal of this work, of which we will here offer a short account.

This curious poem is supposed to be the work of a monk—

\* God speed the plough and send us corn enough.

some say a monk of Malvern, Robert Longlande or Langlande by name, one of the many who quitted their monasteries to advocate the cause of the Reformation. David Buchanan, indeed, claims the honor for a canny Scot, but this is considered rather an instance of patriotism than of critical acumen in the commentator. The year 1362 is assigned as the date of the performance. At this time, England, in common with the rest of Europe, had lately been the theatre of dreadful calamities. Twelve years before, a pestilence had swept off one half the population; but this half being the poor and ill fed, the higher classes, neglecting a warning which did not fall directly upon themselves, became more cruel, oppressive, and licentious than before. But another pestilence, as if commissioned to arouse them from a guilty insensibility, soon after desolated their ranks, spreading mourning and terror throughout the haunts of splendid vice, and leaving the homes of the poor comparatively untouched. Contemporaneously with this plague came a tempest, whose sweeping ruin filled all hearts alike with trembling and dismay.

At this awful juncture, when the public conscience was, as it were, laid bare by the severity of Heaven, the satirist chose his time. Some Latin poems attributed to Walter Mapes, and a collection of political songs, containing, in small compass, all the chief points of accusation against the different orders of society, preceded the Vision of Piers Ploughman. Those who consider songs and poems as too trivial to be mentioned among the great events of such a period, must remember that one who had enjoyed unusual opportunities for studying the moving causes of human events, said that if he could have the making of the *ballads* of a nation, he would care little who made its laws.

And even in our own unpoetic time we have ample evidence that the fictions of Dickens, the "Rhymes," of Elliott and the songs of Thomas Hood, have told, with marked and most important emphasis, upon the feelings and sentiments of whole nations. Still more potent must such things have been when literature was anything but a drug and a bye-word; and we think those err little who look upon the satires of the fourteenth century as momentous features in the aspect of the time.

The "*Roman de la Rose*" had brought into vogue a new species of composition, and it seems to have afforded a model for the style of our author, conveying instruction under the veil of allegory. This circumstance, may, perhaps, be thought to detract somewhat from its merit in a critical point of view; but practically it is really rather an advantage than a blemish; since the natural tediousness of allegorical writing is much relieved by an occasional forgetfulness on the part of the author, which seems to excuse the reader from the close attention required by a long two-threaded story.

The Vision comes to one who, weary of the world, falls asleep beside a stream, amid the soft and beautiful scenery of the Malvern Hills. He sees a vast multitude assembled in a fair meadow, typifying the whole world of mankind; attracted on one side by the Tower of Truth, the right aim of man's pilgrimage, and on the other by the "Dungeon of Care," the dwelling-place of wrong—more attractive in real life than in this poetical picture:

A dongeon thereinne  
With depe diche and derke  
And dredfulle of sight.

We cannot follow out the impracticable intricacies of the story; "the fair ladye of leere," the personification of holy church, who offers to instruct the dreamer; the lady Mede, (earthly reward,) who attracts those whose mind is not firmly fixed upon better things to come; Cyvile, or Law, potent yet slighted; Conscience, who is proposed as a husband for lady Mede, but declines the union; Repentance and Hope, who persuade the multitude to set out on a pilgrimage in search of Truth; Kynde, or Nature; Do-well, Do-better, and Do-best, very important personages, figure with a multitude of others whose characters and offices are too complicated for analysis within reasonable bounds. The conclusion of this thronging march is rather unsatisfactory, being one of those "wherein nothing is concluded," but the writer seems to have designed to paint human life as it is; in which case to have depicted a general amelioration of mankind as the result of any efforts or circumstances, would have been as incorrect as the invariable practice of the novelists of our time, who reward virtue with worldly prosperity, in the very face of the daily dispensations of Providence.

The language of the Vision is such as few can read without a glossary, but this requisite is found at the conclusion of the volumes. Here is a specimen of the very simplest:

"No, quod Pacience patiently,  
And out of his poke hente  
Vitailles of grete virtues  
For alle manere beestes,  
And seide, "Lo here, lifode y-noghe!  
If our lifewe be trewe,  
For lent nevere was lif,  
But lifode were shapen,

Wher-of or wher-for  
Or wher-by to libbe."

The last quatrain is for encouragement—assuring the hungry that wherever there is life, there also "lifode" or livelihood is provided. Unfortunately, the hungry man may reply, as we are told one did since Piers Ploughman's day:

"Yes, your reverence; but Providence sent the baby to *my* house, and the victuals to *yours*!"

The work abounds with a sort of quaint wisdom, homely, but genial; expressed in a style half axiomatic, half mystical. The whole tenor is as purely democratical as if it had seen the light only since the French Revolution. Indeed Piers has been called the *sans-culotte* of the fourteenth century.

The poem is considered a perfect specimen of the English tongue before grammar was a science, and the study of it is recommended as tending to elucidate many of the real difficulties of the language. It is a fine example of that style of versification which was the only one in use among the Anglo-Saxons in the early times of their literature. Rhyming verse had not yet been introduced into England. The characteristic of the only versification attempted at the period, was a kind of alliteration, so arranged that in every couplet there should be two principal words in the first line beginning with the same letter, which letter must also be the initial of the first word on which the stress of the voice falls in the second line. This kind of poetry is mingled, after the thirteenth century, with rhyme; but in an irregular manner; and purely alliterative poetry was still in use among the lower orders when Piers Ploughman was written. The adoption of it in satire seems to have a political meaning, as referring the grave matters in question directly to

the judgment of the common people. The simple, uncorrupted heart of the Ploughman is represented as the dwelling-place of virtue and truth; while the great, with their insolent retainers, appear as practicing every species of injustice and oppression, the merchants every extreme of dishonesty, and even the clergy the ruinous vices of extortion, intemperance and license, not to speak of a total disregard of the duties of the sacred office. And it was appropriate to clothe this unsparing view of the state of the country in the poetry which was alone familiar to that class of readers, who were held up in it as the representatives and guardians of all that was left of virtue and religion. In this point of view the poem possesses much interest as a document of literary history, connected directly with the time at which it appeared.

An attempt to modernize or rather to translate Piers Ploughman, was made, early in the present century. Here is a specimen, followed by the original:

Next Avarice came; but how he look'd to say  
Words I do want that rightly shall portray;  
Like leathern purse his shrivell'd cheeks did show,  
Thick-lipp'd, with two blear'd eyes and beetle brow;  
In a torn thread-bare tabard was he clad,  
Which twelve whole winters now in wear he had.

## ORIGINAL

"And than came Coveitise  
Kan I hym naught diseryve;  
So hungryly and holwe  
Sire Herry hym lokede.  
He was bitel-browed  
And bleber-lipped also,

With two blered eighen  
 As a blynd hagge;  
 And as a lethern purs  
 Loiled hise chekes  
 Wel sidder than his chynne  
 Thei chyvelde for elde  
 And in a tawny tabard  
 Of twelve winter age," &c.

The "newly imprinted" edition of William Pickerell, whose emblematic device, after the true antique fashion, figures on the title-page in a circle made up of *Culicellus* and a greedy-looking pike or *pickerele*—is taken from a fine folio manuscript on vellum, written in a large hand, undoubtedly contemporary with the author of the poem, and in remarkably pure English, with ornamented initial letters. The manuscript belongs to Trinity College, Cambridge.

It is in this "Vision," that the celebrated prophecy occurs, which mentions a king who shall extirpate monasteries, and scatter monks and nuns to the four winds.

"As ther shal come a kyng  
 And confess yow religiouses  
 And bete yow as the Bible telleth  
 For brekyng of youre rule;  
 And amende monyals\*  
 Monkes and chanons  
 And puter to her penaunce  
*Ad pristinum statum ire,*  
 And barons with orles beten hem  
 Through *Beatus-virres* techynge  
 That hir barnes † clayman ‡  
 And blame yow foule.

\* Monyals—nuns. † Barnes—children. ‡ To claim.

And thanne freres in hir fraytor\*  
 Shal fynden a keye  
 Of Costantyn's cofres  
 In which is the catel  
 That Gregorie's god children  
 Han yvele † despended.  
 And thaune shall the Abbot of Abyngdone  
 And all his issue forevcre  
 Have a knock of a kyng  
 And incurable the wounde.  
 That this worthe soothe seek ye  
 That oft over-se the Bible," &c. &c.

This prophecy is certainly remarkable, yet we can scarcely consider it miraculous, since the excesses into which the religious houses had fallen were such as to render it very likely that some monarch, either virtuous or passionate, would make sweeping work with them at no very distant date. If the sufferings of the lower orders, the vices of the great, and the excesses of the clergy were what the Vision describes them to have been, we may marvel that the Ploughman did not foretell a shower of fire which should purify the entire realm as well as the monasteries, since professed moralists are generally not backward in prophesying, and even invoking, the vengeance of Heaven upon other people's sins.

As to the prophetic part, Philippe de Comines, as far back as Edward IVth's time, says the English were never without some prophecy or other to account for whatever events might occur. These predictions, from the oracular form in which they were delivered, had at least half the chances in their favor—as witness that which threatened evil to Edward IVth—saying

\* Fraytor—refectory. † Yvele—evil.

that one whose name began with G, should succeed him ; a prophecy which cost the life of George, Duke of Clarence, but which was considered equally well fulfilled by the usurpation of Gloster.

### A LEGEND OF EAST ROCK.

It is many years since an individual of singular appearance took up his abode in the vicinity of a populous town—an unusual choice of place for one whom misfortune or misanthropy seemed to have rendered averse to human society, but not an injudicious one in this case, since the spot afforded the solitude of the desert without its remoteness from succor.

His humble dwelling, constructed with little skill or care, and scarcely discernible in the tangled thicket, was situated upon a rough hill that rose with picturesque abruptness from the level plain ; toward the town rocky and precipitous, but descending on the opposite side with a softer outline. The gray rock was in some places naked to the sun ; in others, covered with soil for the most part closely wooded. One spot, in the very midst of the deep shade, was susceptible of cultivation. It was but a strip, but it repaid the rude culture of the recluse with food sufficient for him, and served also to pasture two or three sheep—not doomed to bleed for their master's gratification, but to be harnessed with strips of bark to a little cart, which served him many useful purposes during the Summer, and when Autumn blasts began to lay bare the branches, bore his few movables toward the pleasant south. No one knew where he made his winter abode ; but the flitting was regular as that of the



birds, and when they and the flowers returned, back came our hermit to his hovel on the rock.

When we first heard of his existence, he was seldom disturbed or intruded upon. Curiosity had subsided, and the determined silence of the recluse was not calculated to induce a chance visitor to repeat his visit. Strangers were sometimes taken to the hermitage, but to those who had associated the flowing beard, staff, cross and rosary with the idea of a hermit, our recluse seemed but a poor representation of the class. He was a coarse, rough-looking person, clothed in a sort of Robinson Crusoe style; and his whole air was one which the most romantic imagination would have found it difficult to invest with the character of saintly repose which always marks the hermit of story. A student would sometimes terminate his ramble by a short rest in the bough-roofed hovel, or a schoolboy spend his Saturday afternoon in its neighborhood, for the sake of sharing the contents of his basket with the lonely tenant; and in such cases the reception offered by the recluse was quiet but kind, and the offered dainties usually repaid by the gift of some of nature's treasures, which an out-door life enabled him to procure. He would heat his rude oven, and bake apples and potatoes for his guests, while they gathered berries or rambled through the craggy solitudes. But he scarcely ever spoke, and most of his days were passed in absolute solitude.

The accounts I had heard aroused no little interest or curiosity respecting this strange being, when I was one day informed that the hermit was in the kitchen, and had asked leave to take—not exactly “the husks that the swine did eat”—but a piece of white bread which had been consigned to that base use by an unthrifty maid, and which had caught his eye as he passed

her territory, driven from his wretched home by the pangs of hunger. I had heard that he sometimes asked alms in the kitchens of his young visitors, when from want of foresight he found himself without provisions; I was, therefore, not surprised when I heard of his coming. Quite curious, however, I followed my informant immediately, and found a tall, meagre figure, clad in a sort of wrapper of the coarsest kind of blanketing, confined at the waist with a piece of rope. His hair was “sable-silvered,” and seemed utterly unconscious of comb or scissors; and his beard not “descending” but full and bushy, concealed completely the mouth and chin, to which I usually look for the expression of character. So much of his face as could be seen showed little trace of refined sensibility. His eye was cold and stern, and one found it difficult to believe it had ever been otherwise; yet I fancied—who could forbear fancying something, of an individual so singular in his appearance and habits!—that the deep furrows of his brow were not the gradual work of time, but the more severe scoopings of remorse or regret, and that they spoke of pangs such as only the strong mind can suffer.

My gaze offended or disconcerted him, for he stepped without the door, so as to screen himself from further scrutiny. I hastened to repair the involuntary fault by addressing him courteously, and inviting him to come in. He neither spoke nor raised his eyes from the ground; so, directing apart that food should be set before him, I left him to dispose of it at his pleasure; for it was evident that he was painfully shy, and that my presence was both unexpected and unwelcome.

I heard of him occasionally through the Summer, but nothing of novelty or interest until the hoarse voice of Autumn

was heard on the hill, and the strides of approaching Winter rustled among the dry leaves of the forest, when it was ascertained that the recluse still occupied his airy summer bower, being too unwell to commence his usual migration. Preparing a few of the little comforts of the sick room, I accompanied his young friends to the rock, in hopes of discovering the nature of his illness and being able to contribute to its cure.

Forlorn and desolate indeed was the situation of the poor solitary. He had been unable to gather in the produce of his little plantation, and the corn was yet on the stalk, and the potatoes in the ground. The trees, stripped of their covering, no longer afforded shelter to the miserable hovel, and the hermit lay exposed to the chilling wind, warmed only by the poor sheep which huddled round him, having followed him to his retreat for protection from the blast, or for the food which the bare and frozen banks now denied them.

He received thankfully the provisions we offered, but resisted every proposal for removing him to a more comfortable asylum, or even for improving the miserable pallet on which he lay. He showed no symptoms of any particular disease, but a general decline of the powers of life. His appearance was much altered, and his face of a transparent paleness; but this might well have been occasioned by the want of such food as his feeble appetite required. He felt quite sure he should be better now, and said he had lain in bed only to keep himself warm. Finding him resolute in rejecting further aid, the young people gathered a supply of fuel, and filled his kettle and hung it over a good fire, and arranged the few comforts we had brought on a rude shelf by the bedside, and we left him to himself, feeling that however grateful he might be for

intended kindness, human society was evidently distasteful to him.

It was evident to us all that he was much softened since his illness. He no longer maintained an obstinate silence, nor when he spoke was it with that deep hoarse voice which had been remarkable before. There was more of refinement in his language, and of intelligence in his eye; and I could not help thinking that the roughness I had noticed had been artificial—assumed only to suit the character he had adopted. Our young people now visited him more frequently, and others, hearing of his indisposition, offered more comforts than he would consent to receive; but he declined gradually, so gradually, indeed, that those who saw him often were scarce aware of the change, until one morning he was found dead in his bed.\* No clue to his name or kindred was found among his poor effects; but he had consigned to one favored individual a memoir of his life, or at least of that portion of it which had been passed among men. Other papers there were—the outpourings of a vehement spirit—of a rebellious and untamed heart, which had dared to sit in judgment on the decrees of the Most High, and to draw from the various calamities of life bold and blasphemous conclusions against the justice and goodness of Providence. These were of course committed to the flames; but the short record of his own disastrous career, written apparently in a different spirit, and after he had ceased to “contend against God,” is here given, not without a hope that useful lessons may be derived from the errors of a proud and self-deifying heart.

\* Those of our readers who were acquainted with New Haven thirty-five years ago will recognize in this sketch an attempt to describe the person known as “The Hermit of East Rock.” We must be pardoned for imagining his antecedents.

## THE HERMIT'S STORY.

My father was a substantial farmer. By unremitting industry in early life he had amassed a few hundreds, and these had become thousands by prudent management and rigid economy ; so that from my earliest recollection he was at ease as to worldly possessions. His own career having been thus prosperous, he naturally desired that his only son should follow in his footsteps, and with his noble farm inherit his fondness for agricultural pursuits. Though deficient in education himself, he allowed me its advantages, and I was many years at school, with only the occasional interruption of a summons home when haying or harvesting required the entire force of the household. At such times my father spoke often to me of his wish that I should be prepared to relieve him from the cares which his years began to render irksome ; of my own good fortune in being the inheritor of such a farm, and of his in having a son capable of carrying out his plans of further improvement—but I was fated to disappoint him. Fated, did I say ! Let me rather own that at school I imbibed a love of letters, but not a sense of duty ; a high opinion of my own powers, and a secret conviction that those powers would be wasted in the inglorious occupation of tilling the ground. My thirst for knowledge referred only to mental gratification ; and I pursued my studies with an ardor of which those who have always had ready access to the treasures of literature can have but little conception. At home I scarce saw a book, beyond the Bible and a few elementary works ; and when at college my eyes first opened upon

the stores of ages, I became absolutely intoxicated with delight, and rioted indiscriminately in whatever seemed for the moment most desirable to my excited fancy. The result of this kind of reading was anything but advantageous. Mental dissipation is scarcely less injurious to the moral sense than is its ruinous brother, vice. The generous and self-denying virtues are almost as incompatible with the one as with the other. Under the influence of my new-found pleasure, it cost me not a pang to disappoint the long-cherished hopes of my father, and it was with a secret swell of conscious superiority that I announced to him my resolution never to be a farmer.

His anger and his astonishment knew no bounds. He bitterly lamented his folly in having sent me to college, "although," as he observed, "there was nothing in the nature of learning to make a fool of a boy." This was very true, yet the small and ill-chosen and worse digested amount of it which I had imbibed, had only filled my head with vanity, and my heart with undutiful thoughts. The entreaties of my mother and sister delayed the catastrophe for awhile. My father consented to try me at business, and I condescended to be tried ; but nothing but disaster ensued. When not willfully careless, I was ruinously absent-minded, and it was not until I had killed half the cows, by letting them spend the night in a field of clover, and spiked the best horse on the tongue of a stage-coach, while I lay reading Thomson's *Summer* on the top of a load of hay, that my poor father gave it up in despair. He gave me a small amount of money, a horse, and a supply of clothing, and then, with anger in his eye and grief and mortification in his heart, sent me to seek my fortune where I could find a situation more congenial to my taste.

In spite of my headstrong folly, I could not but feel a little misgiving as I turned my back on my home and on the kindest of mothers, and prepared to try the wide world for a subsistence. The "still small voice" that upbraided me with the sorrow of my parents, I strove to silence by a determination to return to them, when I should have earned a name and a fame that should cover the waywardness of my youth, and crown their latter days with pride and joy. As a stepping-stone to fortune, however, it was necessary that I should immediately determine upon some mode of earning a regular subsistence, and my passion for books, not to say my incapacity for anything else, pointed at once to the situation of a teacher. I had no dread of this occupation. I ascribed the various satirical descriptions of its horrors to the incapacity of those who had attempted it. To a teacher qualified as I felt myself to be, I was confident the whole favored district would throng; and I anticipated with delight the astonishment of the natives, when they should discover the attainments of their schoolmaster.

The first difficulty that occurred when I sought this delightful employment was the lack of proper testimonials. It had not entered my mind that a person of my appearance and acquirements would need credentials among ignorant rustics; but I found, with no little disgust, that I was required to go through with the whole formula of recommendations and certificates, and prove my title to the honor of teaching a district school by as many papers as would have served to accredit a minister plenipotentiary. A long interval occurred before certificates could arrive from my Alma Mater, and by the time I had been examined and entered upon my new duties, an acquaintance with my patrons and their children had served to

damp my ardor considerably. I dropped, by degrees, the hopes of making orators and statesmen out of the materials committed to my care; and contented myself with the more modest hope of eradicating some of the bad habits and ignorant conceits of my pupils—a sad and discouraging task. To write upon blank paper is easy, but when the surface has already been scribbled over, who can expect to produce fair and graceful lines?

Most of my scholars were the sons of farmers, who had no idea that the whole of a child's time ought to be given to the school. Many omissions occurred, and those who did attend regularly came to the writing-desk or the reading class with hands hardened by labor, or heads preoccupied by more congenial ideas. These difficulties, however, lessened in no degree the expectations of the parents.

"I expect," said one sturdy father to me, "that now we've got sich a high-larnt master, my boy'll write like copperplate afore the quarter's out;" and another, whose son spent a full month in committing the multiplication table, told me, he hardly knew how to spare him for three months, but he wanted he should "larn surveying."

The proportion of reasonable parents and capable children was lamentably small; but all this I could have borne if I had found what I expected—abundant leisure for reading. But alas! the mornings and evenings, which were to have consoled me for the most laborious drudgery, were not at my command. That odious "boarding round"—a custom which ought to be abolished by statute—gave me every week a new home, if such sojourn may bear the sacred name of home; and every home seemed more uncomfortable than the last. One single fire for the household, during all the morning business, made

reading impossible in winter weather ; and in the evenings, when, children and business being out of the way, I might have had a chance by the fireside, I found myself so fagged by the labors of the day, that even books had no charm which could sustain my drooping eyelids. The comfortable and well ordered home I had left often rose sweet and tempting upon my weary soul ; but pride forbade me to confess my error and seek again its sheltering roof. I knew my father would be ready to receive me at a word ; but that word I determined never to speak.

To a temperament such as mine, the trials at which I have but hinted were unreasonably severe. Better regulated minds would have found them much more tolerable ; to me they were irons entering the soul, and I felt often tempted to fly from them, as I had done from other and far less evils that had thwarted my bent at home. I did, however, exercise sufficient self-command to fulfil my agreement ; but no entreaties could induce me to engage with the same set for another season ; and with the pittance which my winter of torment had earned, I set forward again, hoping to find some nook of earth where the abilities which I still valued, though at a more reasonable rate, might procure me a livelihood while I was deciding on a permanent plan of life.

I came just at evening upon a lovely spot—a village lying on a small but rapid stream which flowed through a highly cultivated valley. There was a mill with its busy, pleasant hum ; a smith's shop round which the usual number of idlers were collected ; a neat tavern where there were no idlers at all ; one pretty street through which, at this sunset hour, many fair forms were fitting ; and, on the brow of a hill which overlooked the whole, a church on whose taper spire the last rays of the

sun seemed to linger with affectionate delay. I gazed with delight, and, still as sanguine as ever, decided that this favored spot should be my home for the present. A school *here*, I thought, could not be like other schools—and, as far as my own experience went, I was for once right.

There was no lack of testimonials this time, and I soon found myself established in a select school, which promised better support and more leisure than I had enjoyed in my former situation. I entered upon my new duties with interest, but had already begun to discover that all schools in the country are alike in some particulars, when an incident occurred which changed at once the bent of my repining thoughts, and the whole color of my life.

Margaret ———, a beautiful girl whose health had from childhood been so delicate as to prevent her from attending school regularly, was now, in her seventeenth year, placed under my charge. Her father, the rich man of the neighborhood, was anxious that Margaret should employ an interval of improved strength in repairing, as far as possible, the deficiencies of her early training, and he requested extra attention on my part, in the shape of private lessons, which brought me every evening to his house.

My imagination had often dwelt on the lovely beings who rise under the creative wand of the poet, and I had sighed to think that only in books may we hope to meet these shapes of beauty, lit from within by souls yet more divine ; but in Margaret ——— d'd my charmed eyes discover more than poet ever painted. The softest beauty—a clear and most ingenuous mind—and a gentleness which can never be feigned—all the qualities which I should have chosen if I had been

endowed, Pygmalion-like, with the power of giving life to the dreams of fancy, were united in this fair creature. There lacked only that knowledge which it was to be my blissful task to impart, and which her young enthusiasm drank in as does the thirsty earth the long delayed shower. How I rejoiced that her mind had been no further cultivated! I would not that any other breath should aid the expansion of this tender flower. And none other did: it was mine to watch its unfolding, and imbibe its fragrance; mine to wear it in my heart of hearts. Lessons which books do not furnish passed between the master and the pupil. Margaret accepted my offered heart, and as frankly gave her own in exchange; and in less than two years from the time when I first saw her she became the dearer part of myself.

Is not this a trick of the imagination? Have *I*—the outcast of society—the disowned of Heaven—the companion only of the beasts that perish—have *I* ever been the beloved of Margaret—the pride of our parents—the approved and applauded of all within our little circle? Is this cold and almost pulseless heart the same which once swelled with triumph as I gazed on my wife's sweet face, and fed my pride with the thought that if I had tamely yielded to the inglorious lot marked out by my father, I should never have found this—the world's best treasure? Alas! what darkness would have veiled that joyous scene if Fate had foreshown, in the place of the happy bridegroom, the squalid wretch whose appearance now scarcely claims kindred with his species!

My father, pleased with a wealthy and influential connection, made generous provision for my outset in life. My sister had married, and her husband proved a valuable substitute for an

undutiful son. This fortunate circumstance conveniently served to quiet those troublesome whispers with which conscience would occasionally beset me. Yet the sadness which had become habitual to my mother's face, conveyed a reproach to my better sense which selfish pride could never wholly disregard. Every look of hers told me that no son-in-law could ever supply my place to her; and that the disappointment occasioned by my cold-hearted desertion had thrown a chilling shade on the evening of her days. But one glance at my idol always sufficed to put to flight every repentant thought.

Yet the part of my life which I look back upon with the least remorse is the period that immediately followed my marriage. During those four happy years, inspired by the various excellences in my wife's character, I labored assiduously to correct my faults. I forgot my self-importance as far as possible, and endeavored to promote the happiness of all around me, even at the sacrifice of some of my own cherished inclinations. Imperfect as were my efforts, they were sincere, and with my Margaret, at least, eminently successful. Never was the pure light of our domestic happiness dimmed for a moment, even by the overflowings of that wayward self-will which had so often brought tears to the eyes of my poor mother. How indeed could I have lived to tell this sad story, if to all the rest were added the recollection that I had ever inflicted one pang on that loving heart?

It was my intention, when I began this record, to have passed over the incidents of my early life, and to have recalled little more than the horrible catastrophe which has darkened the sun and extinguished the stars to my blighted soul for so many years. But with the attempt to say anything of myself, human feelings and the natural longing for human sympathy

revived at once within me. Recollections of the entire past flooded my soul, and would have vent. Far different have long been my contemplations, and who does not know that rebellious thoughts bring their own just misery with them? The very consolation which I experience in the recital of my sorrows, reproaches me with the insane folly of having withdrawn myself from my kind until I am no longer fit for their communion. But I must not lose time which I feel will be but short.

My father-in-law had large contracts connected with internal improvements, and, besides keeping his accounts, I frequently superintended the labors of his workmen in the quarry and in the forest. The latter was to me an ever new delight. To explore its tangled thickets, to roam through long branch-roofed vistas until the resounding strokes of the woodman were lost in the distance; and then, amid the hush of noonday twilight, to give myself up to romantic musings or to solemn contemplation, was among the very few enjoyments that could reconcile me to leaving my happy home, even for a day.

On one of these occasions, when I had strayed until hunger overtook me, and I had begun to think the way home would seem too long, I came unexpectedly upon an Indian wigwam. Its inmates, a young man and his mother, received me with grave courtesy; and, at my request for food, the white-haired squaw set before me corn-bread and succatash, with a calabash of water, which was nectar to my eager thirst. The young man, a tall and well-looking specimen of his race, was one whom we had employed in searching for timber suited to our purposes, and I took this opportunity to engage him to explore a new and wild track for some trees of great size which were necessary at that time. His manner had that cold and stern indifference

which veils the fiery soul of his race; but he promised compliance and I left him, having in vain tried to press upon himself and his mother some compensation for my refreshment.

In consequence of my commission, Indian John, as this young man was called in the neighborhood, came several times to my house, and upon one occasion crossed my wife's path as she was going out. It was then that I learned that Margaret had a deep and unconquerable dread of an Indian. Her family accounted for it by the circumstance of her having been frightened by one when a child. The occurrence, as repeated to me, did not seem likely to have made so lasting an impression on the mind of a girl brought up on the outskirts of civilization; but it proved to be indelibly imprinted on her imagination, and was supposed to have been the first cause of her delicate health. A country girl entrusted with the care of her when four or five years old, took her one day into the woods near her father's, in search of wild flowers; and, leaving her under a tree to amuse herself with those already gathered, penetrated further, hoping to find some still brighter and more beautiful. In her absence a drunken Indian found the child, and for mere mischief, as is supposed, gave one of those shrill yells, said to be among the most appalling of all earthly sounds. The girl, brought back by the whoop, found Margaret in strong convulsions; and for some weeks she hovered between life and death, and afterward suffered many years from the enfeebled condition of her nerves. Ever since that time she had dreaded the sight of one of the dark race, and I now understood why she had always declined my invitations to go with me to the forest. She refrained from mentioning her secret fears, for she shrunk from avowing what she considered a silly weakness. With her a weakness was not

a thing to be boasted of, but to be struggled against and overcome.

But now that I had discovered this tender point, I made it my study to guard my beloved from every chance that could excite such painful feelings. I took measures to put an end to Indian John's visits—declining his services, and forbidding my men to employ him. Still he had requests to prefer, occasionally; and finding he continued to show himself at my door, I represented to him my wife's fears, and foolishly bribed him to absent himself. After this I found he would take advantage of my absence to apply for food and money, as if determined to enjoy the pleasure of tormenting one who dared to cast dishonor on his haughty race. At length, distracted by his pertinacity, I threatened and then struck him. He neither returned the blow nor offered resistance, when I put him forth forcibly, forbidding him ever to approach my doors again.

But Margaret never was at rest after that unhappy day. An Indian, she said, never forgave; and she was convinced, by the diabolical glance which John cast upon me as I spurned him from my door, that he would only wait some safe opportunity to take his revenge. She thought not of herself—her fears were for me alone; and I readily promised not to wander forth alone, as had been my wont, but for her sake to be ever wary of my exasperated enemy. Yet I often reminded her of the subdued condition of the Indian race. "The white man," I said, "has a bridle on the neck and a bit in the mouth of the savage; he has broken his spirit and bent him to his will. The red man is no longer the untamed and untamable. The deadly hatred, unappeasable but by the blood of the offender, is no longer part of his nature. His vices as well as his virtues have lost their

savage strength. The whiskey of the white man has obliterated all that is fearful, as well as all that is grand, in his character. There is nothing to be feared from so contemptible a being as the wretched Indian."

She heard me shudderingly; for an antipathy so deeply rooted is not to be influenced by reasoning. I found her often depressed, and the paleness which had marked her when I first saw her, began again to encroach upon the roses which health and happiness had brought to her cheek. Hoping, by a temporary absence from the scene of such unpleasant impressions, to dissipate their effect, I proposed to her a visit of a few weeks to my parents, who were always delighted to have her with them, and to whom she was warmly attached. She assented gladly, and we prepared for the journey.

Visions of my home! how is it that, after all this dreary interval, ye rise on my soul with the freshness of yesterday! That pretty cottage—that trellised porch, with its pendant wreaths and its overhanging roof—the trees which my own hand planted, and which grew to my wish, as if proud to shade the dwelling of Margaret! How often, since that dreadful day, have I stood again amid those fairy scenes, holding that dear hand in mine, and listening, as of yore, to that softest voice; then started from my broken slumber to solitude and wretchedness! Oh! the bitterness of the contrast! Yet were not those gleams of bliss an earnest of what may yet be in store for the reclaimed wanderer?

Being obliged to be absent for a few hours in preparing for leaving home, I took my wife to her father's, not liking to leave her exposed to any agitating accident in her present feeble state. I told her I would return to tea, and bade her be ready to set



out for my father's on the morrow. "Ready, aye, ready!" was her smiling reply, as I mounted and rode off, full of spirits and fearless of all ill. When I reached the spot where the road wound round a hill not far distant, I turned to exchange a parting sign, knowing that Margaret would watch me till I disappeared. She never looked lovelier. She stood on the steps of the portico, one arm thrown round a slender pillar, and the rich drapery of honeysuckle mingling with the bright tresses which descended in curls to her bosom. As I gazed, she kissed a white rose which she tossed toward me, and then waved her hand as if to bid me begone. Why do I describe her appearance in that particular moment, when I must have seen her so often with greater advantages of dress and situation. Alas! it was the last time! I never saw her thus again.

After finishing my business at the nearest town, I hastened homeward, and reached my father-in-law's about dark. On inquiring for Margaret, I found she had gone home half an hour before, having yet some little affairs to attend to, in preparation for her journey. I hurried home, but no fond welcome awaited me. My wife had not returned. I stood as if transfixed. A dread misgiving seized me; yet it was so indefinite that I knew not which way my fears pointed. Her maid thought she might have gone for some trifling purchase to the village quite near us, but on inquiry it was found that she had not been seen there. Every house in the neighborhood was tried, and the alarm became general. Her father now joined me, and his first inquiry was whether any Indians had been seen about. Well do I remember the icy dart that pierced my heart at that question. After all my incredulity, I felt at once certain that Indian John was in some way concerned in our loss. This was

at once confirmed by the answer of a boy in the crowd, that he had met Indian John on the road, on horseback, with a sick squaw wrapped in a blanket before him; and, he added, that he thought that he had the squire's bay horse. I flew to the stable—the horse was gone.

We were soon mounted and on our way to the woods. I burst the door of the wigwam—it was deserted. We had now no clue to guide us, but followed any path we happened to descry, by the light of a clouded moon. Once or twice we found the clearings of white men, but when aroused they could give us no information. At length, just as the day was breaking, we reached the bank of a river, and a log-hut, the owner of which told us there were wigwams on the opposite side. I was about to dash into the stream, but the man called to me to take his boat. The ford was not safe, he said, though an Indian had crossed it that night on horseback. I left the boat for men in their senses, and made my own way across, I know not how.

From this moment my recollections begin to be less distinct. I remember the beating of my heart, which shook me from head to foot. I remember, too, that with a tiger-like stealth, I crept to the nearest hut, and looked through a crevice in the side. I see my wife now—as she sat on the ground, propped against the wall—her face pale and swollen, and her eyes so fixed and glassy that I thought for a moment I beheld but her lifeless body. But the Indian too was there, and, as he moved, those death-like orbs turned their ghastly light upon him, with an expression of such terror—I stood like stone—cold, powerless, almost senseless—till he moved toward her—then, with a yell like his own, I sprung upon him—but I know no more. . . .

We were in the boat on the river—they put an oar into my hands, and my wife lay in her father's arms unconscious of our presence, or of any thing that had befallen her. One man steered, and another held the cord with which they had bound the arms of the Indian. My mind was perfect chaos—but one idea stood out clear amid the confusion—that was vengeance. "Vengeance!" seemed the voice of every breath I drew, and all distracted as I was, I had yet mind enough left to plan its execution. I had no weapon for instant action; but the idea of plunging the wretch into the water, as soon as Margaret should be in safety, and holding him there until his hated breath had ceased, feasted my boiling passions, and I rowed with convulsive eagerness to hasten the blissful moment. Vengeance was sure, and already I seemed to roll the sweet morsel under my tongue, when the Indian, bursting the cord, with one bound sprung over me, seized Margaret, and, with a yell of triumph, plunged with her into the water. I followed, but rage blinded me; and he easily eluded my grasp, darting off whenever I approached, and always keeping his helpless burthen under water. At length, casting toward me the now lifeless corpse, he made for the farther shore. To others I left the care of my beloved, while I pursued her destroyer. I overtook him as he gained the opposite bank, grappled with him, and snatching his own knife, buried it in his heart. He fell dead, but my hatred still survived. I continued to plunge the weapon again and again into his abhorred carcase, until my fiery strength failed, and I sunk exhausted and insensible upon the ground. The efforts of those about me recalled me to a brief sense of my misery, but fever and delirium followed, and, before I recovered my reason, the form I had so idolized was forever hidden from my sight.

From the time that I once more awoke to the knowledge of my utter desolation, my mind has never possessed its original clearness, until now that the light of another world seems rapidly opening upon it. Yet I remember the slow return of reason, and that the first use I made of my powers, was to crawl to the window of the room, to look at my once happy home. I had been carried to my father-in-law's, and nursed with all the care that cruel kindness could suggest, to preserve a life which could be but a burthen. My illness must have been of long continuance. The fields were bare; the trees were in the latest livery of autumn. The little brook, bound in icy chains, no longer sparkled on its way, as when Margaret and I last stood on its green banks, and spoke of its sweet music, and of the old willow which shaded half its width. Death seemed stamped upon all things. When my eye rested on that beloved roof—the window where she sat at work so often—the arched gate at which she used to wait my alighting—I expected to see a funeral procession pass down its leaf-strewed walk. When I last saw it, all was repose and beauty without; all love and happiness within. Now—but who can enter into such feelings? Let me hasten to a conclusion.

When my strength returned, and I was endeavoring to form some definite plan for the wretched remnant of life, I was informed that a trial would be necessary. A trial! It was but a form, they said, but it must be submitted to. I was passive—dumb with utter misery—yet I must undergo an examination, and I did endure it; I remember the tearing open of my yet bleeding wounds—the coarse handling of those who could not conceive the torture they were inflicting; and I was told that I must be ready to answer yet again. From that time I

brooded over the means of escape from this new suffering—not only for my own sake but for that of others. I shudder even now at the recollection of my feelings toward the unconscious questioner; for the madness of grief was yet on me, and the rude calling up of the image of my lost love, pale, dying, as I had last beheld her, brought also the blind rage of the moment, till I longed to clutch again the reeking knife. It was too much. I left the roof which so kindly sheltered my wretched head, and rushed onward without a plan—without a hope for the future. I need not dwell upon my unhappy wanderings; upon the cold, the hunger, the bitter suffering, which assails him who roams without money and without friends. The wants of the body were disregarded until they became intolerable, and then, if some kind hand did not give what nature required, I dug the earth for roots, or climbed the trees for nuts, like the scarce wilder denizens of the forest. By day my thoughts wandered in aimless misery from my past happiness to my present condition, too often mingling with thoughts of woe, blasphemous murmurings against the Author of my being. In dreams the last dread scene was a thousand times repeated. Again I grappled with the destroyer of my peace, and felt his warm blood in my face; or endued by a revengeful fancy with supernatural power, and no longer limited to such puny retribution, whole tribes seemed given to my revenge. I hunted them to the brink of precipices, and hurled them headlong down; or, kindling forests, and enclosing them within the blazing circle, I gloated upon their fierce agonies, unsatisfied even then. After a whole year of wandering, during which I endured more than words can describe, I bethought me of this wild spot. I had visited it once during my college life, and knew it was too diffi-

cult of access to be thought worth cultivation. Here I built this rude shed, and none noticed or molested me. One winter I had passed in the half-roofed hovel, but at the return of the next I left it for a warmer clime, but hastened back in the spring, in time to plant for the support of the life I loathed, yet might not, unbidden, lay down. These journeyings, the tillage of this hard soil, and the daily wants which belong even to savage life, occupied much of my time; but I had still many hours of wretched leisure, in which to brood over the past, and to lift my daring thoughts in impotent questionings of the justice of God.

The change that has come over my feelings, though one which has turned darkness to light, and blasphemous murmurings to humble praises, is one which, with all its blessedness, I am unable to describe. I know not when it was that I began to be a new creature; but I know that the first proof of it, to my own conviction, was the longing desire to return to my parents—to throw myself at their feet, and ask their forgiveness for my early fault. But, alas! I had thrown my life away. Not only were my habits such that I could now scarcely endure the sight of my fellow beings, but the years that had elapsed since my mad flight, left no hope that my parents were yet among the living. I must carry this sorrow with me to the grave, in humble hope that my late repentance may be accepted. Having been found of Him that I sought not, I wait with a calmness beyond my hopes, for that happy moment when, in His good pleasure, He shall dismiss me from the scene of my sins and sufferings, to an union with the loved and lost.