

A

COAT OF MANY COLORS.

BY

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Mrs. Sarah Annie (Frost) Shields

ALBANY:

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FALSE HEARTED AND TRUE.

"Ah! who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his path may lie?
Let careless youth its seeming love pursue,
Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye
The illusive past and dark futurity."—*Kirke White.*

Elsie Howard and Grace Maxwell were what the world calls friends. They had grown up together, weekly, and almost daily in each other's society; yet by one of those strange freaks of Dame Fortune, the life of each was thrown into an entirely new channel, greatly to the joy of one, and sorrow of the other.

Mr. Howard, the father of Elsie, was, and had for many years been clerk of the L—— Bank, in the city that had from boyhood been his home. At length he came in possession of the estate of a wealthy uncle, and was not long in promoting himself to president of the bank, and also became the principal stockholder.

Reader, have you ever observed the effect of a sudden elevation from poverty to affluence, when connected with a weak mind and natural inclination to arrogance?

if so, you will not wonder at the turn of affairs in Mr. Howard's family.

It is said that "Lord Erskine, having lived a bachelor to an advanced age, finally married his cook, by way of securing her services, as she had frequently threatened to leave him. After she became Lady Erskine, she lost all knowledge of cookery, and it was a mortal affront to hint the possibility of her knowing how any sort of eatable should be prepared for the table."

Mrs. Howard partook of the same spirit upon her elevation as suddenly, and not only lost her capacity for cooking, but all other branches of housekeeping were as soon banished from her notice. The poor clerk's wife had washed her own dishes, swept her own floors, taken care of her children, and been seamstress for her family, still that did not signify that the rich banker's wife was to do the same. Certainly not!

The cream-colored cottage, with its green blinds and pretty flower-garden, was no longer congenial to the Howards. They could not wait to build, before they moved into more commodious quarters; consequently they concluded to purchase an elegant brick house which was situated on a beautiful street, and surrounded by the fashionables of the small, though growing city.

Mrs. Howard did not really admire brick, yet she did not raise many objections to the purchase, as it was an exquisite display of architecture, and the marble steps were not inferior to any in the vicinity. She discovered that the cottage was situated in a very unhealthy part of the city; also that it was so small as to render the air impure, and so low that she suffered great inconveni-

ence from dust that blew in from the street, even in the chambers. Poor woman! in fact she found innumerable inconveniences which had hitherto escaped her notice in that home where she had been happy from the first day of her marriage, until the unfortunate hour that her husband inherited the wealth of his deceased uncle.

The brick house was splendidly furnished, and the Howards took possession of it. Mrs. Howard took to her silk-draped couch and carriage. Elsie was absorbed with thoughts of her new home, and the new life she was to lead; while little Dick, Alice and Nettie were delighted with their supply of India-rubber dolls, hobby-horses and candy.

Mr. Maxwell, the father of Grace, had lost his situation in the firm of Stone, Wood & Co. They had failed, and the old bookkeeper was out of employment. The family was penniless, consequently friendless. He made several unsuccessful attempts at procuring a new situation, became discouraged, and finally sickened and was confined to his room.

They had no means of support, and something *must* be done. On whom did the responsibility rest? Surely not upon the invalid father, the careworn mother, or little Ida. There was only one alternative; Grace must support the family, and how was she to do so?

She was competent to teach music, but there were many experienced teachers in the place, who had already obtained a reputation in that branch, so she only gave

it a momentary thought. Then there were her other accomplishments; what could she do with them? nothing; for, to each were more teachers than pupils. She would gladly have taken a juvenile school, but there was none she could get; and sew for a living she could not, for that part of her education had been neglected.

Poor Grace! she must be her own pilot, and guide her drifting boat as best she might.

There was no other way for her to do, she must go to the factory; it was the only means by which she could earn even small wages; and now the child who had always been shielded from toil and care, was the dependence of the family. She had informed her parents of her resolution, and having prepared her plainest and most substantial clothing, was soon to start to her labor.

* * * * *

"I must call upon my dear friend Elsie," thought Grace, and on her way, as she walked to the rail road depot, called at the banker's house, not for a moment thinking that the wealth of the establishment would prove a barrier between herself and Elsie. Grace was shown into a sewing-room, where she found the young lady surrounded by silks, laces, fringe, ribbons, and other finery too numerous to mention, while she was in the full enjoyment of giving directions to two seamstresses.

There were those two young ladies who had always met with a clasp of the hand and an affectionate kiss—now how changed! Elsie called up a skeleton of a

smile, and touched the tips of her bejeweled fingers to the hand of Grace.

And *this* is what the world calls friendship! thought the unfortunate girl, at the same moment praying in her heart that she might never be otherwise than poor, if she was as unqualified to bear prosperity as the person before her.

How different their situations on that morning: one with merely means enough to pay her expense to the distant city, whither she was going in the capacity of a factory girl, alone, among strangers, to earn a subsistence for her loved ones at home; while the other was engaged in the preparation of her toilet, in high hopes of a "gay season at Newport."

Grace's call was short, and she parted with her old school-mate without one word falling from her lips to manifest regret that fortune should have dealt thus harshly with the poor girl; neither did she offer her one kind wish for the future. "*Friendship!*" said Grace, scornfully, as she set foot upon the pavement, and felt enough at home to speak, or think freely. Then as she walked through the busy thoroughfare, she thought of the display of finery that she had just seen in Mrs. Howard's sewing-room, the cost of which was more than she could earn in many years. "Oh!" said Grace to herself, "were this fortune reversed, I would make Elsie's heart glad; I would dispense with some of those costly things, and assist her, while by so doing I would gratify myself even more than I could benefit her."

It was a long tedious ride for Grace, though at sunset the second day, she found herself in her boarding house,

surrounded by uncouth men and women who worked in the mill.

How can they be so happy, was her mental query, as she heard their rude jests and boisterous laugh; and again she thought there was no reason why they should not be happy; they knew no better sphere, they asked for nothing more elevating. Yet, how very differently it was with her who was educated and had always mingled with people of refinement.

The following morning she took her place in the mill; how odd it seemed, how the confusion of the machinery bewildered her. She shrank from the companionship of those who worked near by, and to her, even the din of the looms was more agreeable than their plebeian conversation.

Thus she toiled on, each day bleaching her cheek and robbing her eye of the luster. One month's wages had been received, and was as quickly sent home to those friends at whose feet she had lain her health and freedom.

"A letter for you, Miss Maxwell!" said her boarding mistress, as Grace went into the dining room one dismal rainy evening.

A glance at the post mark, "It is from *home*!" she cried, and pressing it to her lips, fled to her own room, hurriedly broke the seal and read:

"My dear, dear child: May God strengthen you to endure the grief which this must reveal; and under this blight, my child, look to *Him* for comfort who alone can bind up the bleeding heart, and may you be given grace to say in your affliction, *Though He slay me, yet will I*

trust in Him, for without his aid, you are as a boat without helmsman, sail or oar, launched on a billowy sea, or like the lone traveler without compass, chart or guiding star. Yes, my child, I must tell you that your father sleeps in death! Two days ago we laid him by your brother's side in our own loved church-yard. It will be a comfort to you, to know that through his sickness, he received all necessary care from the kind brothers of the lodge of which he was a member, and through the same source all pecuniary obligations have been removed which were connected with his sickness and death!" Then followed domestic affairs which are not for our perusal.

It is useless to attempt to portray the mental suffering of the poor child as she read her mother's letter; yet there was no time for her to bestow upon the event; she passed a sleepless night, and at the ringing of the factory bell was at her post.

Grace had been at the factory two months, when one morning the overseer announced that no work was to be done there that day. It was soon explained. The only daughter of Mr. Eldon—the proprietor of the mills—had been attending boarding school in a neighboring city, where she had died, and her remains were to be carried home for interment in the cemetery, with the bones of many of her kindred.

Several days had passed after the funeral, and one bright morning Grace's attention was attracted by Mr. Eldon as he passed through the rooms with a lady by his side. Judging by her sable robes and sad countenance, the girl was not long in recognizing her as the bereaved mother, and the wife of Mr. Eldon. They

came to the loom where Grace was employed, and paused to look at her work. Mrs. Eldon noticed her pale face and retiring manner with much interest. She lingered by her side, not conscious that she did so, for there was something in her mien so like her own and only daughter, who had fled from her sight, that she seemed chained to the spot.

The following evening Mr. Eldon called at Grace's boarding place to see her, and proposed adopting her as their own daughter, telling her that his wife fancied she resembled the one they had so lately lost. She refused his proffered kindness, assuring him her earnings were necessary for the support of her mother and sister.

"That," replied the benevolent man, "is easily arranged; your wages shall continue, and all we ask of you is to keep Mrs. Eldon company, and be to her as near what a child should be, as you can; furthermore, you need a change of employment, you are killing yourself here, and this is no place for you."

"Indeed, I can not accept your kindness, sir," replied Grace, "it seems to me like charity; please excuse me, and permit me to continue at my work."

"Say nothing of charity," continued Mr. Eldon, "if there is any in the matter, you are the one who confers, not the one who receives, as it will be a greater favor to my wife than to you."

Grace accepted the kind proposal, and was soon quite at home in the rich man's dwelling. In her companionship Mrs. Eldon found consolation, for she had learned that lesson of love which renders every one who possesses it an angel of peace — she was a *true* Christian.

Whether Elsie Howard found as much enjoyment at Newport as she anticipated or not, we are unable to say, though after her return, she frequently received perfumed epistles addressed in a masculine hand, and they were also promptly answered. Shortly, however, the author of said epistles made his appearance at Mr. Howard's, and the object of his visit can be easily comprehended by the following conversation, which took place between Elsie and her father, one morning after Mr. Falconer, their guest, had left the breakfast-room, and taken himself to one of the parlors:

"Is it with your consent, Elsie, that Mr. Falconer asks me for your hand?" inquired Mr. Howard, gravely.

"Yes, pa," was the confiding reply.

"I," continued the father, "do not like his appearance, consequently I am not inclined to give my consent, which he seems over-anxious to obtain."

Miss Elsie adjourned hash-eating — to which she had returned after the object of her affections left the table — and exclaimed, "O, pa! how can you?" She was about to burst into a romantic appeal, when that gentleman silenced her, by suddenly striking his foot upon the floor. The young lady put her napkin to her face, and essayed a sob, while her father looked on, convinced that the great poet was right when he said:

Love is blind, and lovers can not see
The petty follies that themselves commit.

At length he asked, "What do you know of this man? what authority have you for thinking that he is a man of education, talent, or even respectable birth?"

"If *those* are your scruples," exclaimed Elsie, smiling, "I can satisfy you with regard to them!"

"Let me hear you," replied Mr. Howard, doubtfully.

"To commence with," said she, emphatically, "*I, myself*, heard him deliver a lecture last summer—it was the *very best* thing that I have ever heard. The subject was, *Woman Man's Superior, or, One Man in Favor of Woman's Rights!*"

Mr. Howard glanced at his wife's brocade silk morning-dress, his daughter's false curls, heard the children quarreling in the nursery, smelt the peach preserves burning in the kitchen, and made no reply.

Elsie continued, "Though I am not at all superstitious, I can not help putting some confidence in what an astrologer told me before I ever saw Mr. Falconer. I do not know that I ever told you; have I?"

"Not that I remember of," replied her father, who had become somewhat subdued, and she proceeded with the revelation.

"Well, to commence with, he told me of my past life just as *accurately* as I could have told it myself, and when he found the man that he said was to be my husband, he described Mr. Falconer *precisely*, and even identified him as a lecturer."

"How could he tell that he was a lecturer?" enquired Mr. Howard; and she continued to explain that the astrologer told her that he saw something "tall and of different colors," that seemed to be in connection with his business, "and that, you see," remarked the young lady, "indicates the desk; the different colors that he

saw, are no doubt the marble and velvet, with which it is ornamented. And then, he said that he saw my husband holding something quite large in his left hand, while with his right he worked rapidly with some kind of an instrument, though he said he could not tell just what it was; still it is plain to be seen, after what we know, that what he saw in my future husband's left hand, was his manuscript for a lecture, and that in his right, must have been the pen with which he wrote—don't you see it so, pa?" she asked, coaxingly.

Mr. Howard thought he did, and began to feel as though he himself was one of the "weaker vessels," and about made up his mind to let her have her own way; he thought, too, that he had made a fool of himself for ever objecting.

"What answer shall I give Mr. Falconer, pa?" asked Elsie, as she gathered herself up to leave the room.

"If I knew him to be as worthy as you think him to be, I would give my consent willingly," was the reply.

"He is an *aristocrat*, anyway!" exclaimed the interesting young woman, as she swept past her father and out of the room.

Just as she made this last touching remark, her little brother Dick came in with a primer in his hand; he had just been reading of bubbles, and his object in coming to his father was to learn the definition of the word; then hearing his sister speak of an aristocrat, he was desirous to know what that meant also, and climbing upon his doting parent's knee, he asked:

"Pa, what is the difference between aristocrats and bubbles?"

"There is no difference, my son," replied Mr. Howard, solemnly, and sitting the child into a chair, left for his office.

Several days passed, and at length both parents consented to the marriage.

There was a magnificent wedding at the banker's. "What a splendid looking couple!" exclaimed the guests one to another, and each to Mr. and Mrs. Howard, as the bride and groom "moved gracefully in the dance." Young ladies envied Elsie, her very "elegant husband," while matrons congratulated her on her "wise choice."

Mr. Howard assigned to Elsie her portion of his estate, as she became of age a few weeks previous to her marriage.

The morning after the wedding, Mr. Falconer and lady started for Easton, the place which they had decided upon as their future home.

Notwithstanding the incessant care which Grace bestowed upon Mrs. Eldon, and the many calls which she received from physicians, her health, which was seriously impaired by the death of her daughter, continued to fail. Grace watched over her as tenderly as an own child could have done; she saw, too, that her beloved friend was "passing through the eternal gates."

Grace had been in Mr. Eldon's family one year, when the house was again called into mourning. Mrs. Eldon was dead; and, aside from the husband, the adopted

daughter was the most heartfelt mourner who looked into her open grave; and had it not been for her cheering conversation in those days of affliction, Mr. Eldon's life would indeed have been one of solitude; of this he became more and more conscious.

Grace had been five years in Mr. Eldon's house; she was to him a kind daughter and ever looked well to the interest of his household. His health was fast failing, and he saw that his days were numbered. A particular friend of his — an attorney at law — whose name we will call Lee, became a frequent visitor at his house, where, unbeknown to Grace, much business was transacted, particularly to her interest. As she was his hostess, Mr. Lee was afforded an excellent opportunity to make her acquaintance, and though he had lived to the age of thirty-five, and had thus far been unmoved by the tender passion, when he found himself in the society of her who was so gentle and refined, also a stranger to the conceit and indolence which is sometimes met among young ladies of wealth and fashion; he often found himself mentally, and very devoutly, repeating a passage of Scripture, viz: "It is not good that man should be alone."

Six years; what a difference it had made with the fortune of Elsie Howard; or rather Mrs. Falconer. During the first few months of their marriage, Mr. Falconer had, with his wife adhering to his elbow, traveled from one city and town to another, freely using her money to advertise, and displaying his talents by reading a boughten lecture to the public; at length however

it became unpopular, and the happy pair returned to their home at Easton, where they remained those six years.

Mismanagement and fire had greatly diminished the property of Mr. Howard; his tenants were dismissed from the cream-colored cottage which soon after sheltered its former occupants.

Mrs. Howard's brocade silk morning dress gave place to a print. Dick's hobby-horse had taken the form of a hoe. Alice and Nettie's trinkets were thrown aside, while the misses were frequently required to bring the broom and dusting-brush into requisition.

Experience, what a teacher! Elsie had seen days of joy, and days of sorrow. She had been lifted suddenly from poverty to wealth, and had gradually descended from thence to a degree of poverty to which she had previously been a stranger. She had seen her home converted into an auction room, and had walked from that scene to a remote part of the city, and found shelter where all the surroundings were odious to her sight; yet, she did not murmur. Her dashing husband had sold her wealth for the applause of man, and in the day of adversity had found it to be a poor investment.

Falconer's family had been in their new quarters for several weeks, and he supported them by working at his trade to which he had returned for the first time since his marriage.

It was evening, he had gone to his work. Elsie had sung her little ones to sleep, and was sitting in her lonely home looking out upon a row of low buildings that stood across the way; and as she looked thereon dream-

ing of the past, she called to mind her fortune as told by the Astrologer in her sunny days. Now the vision of marble and velvet, also of the lecturer and manuscript had fled. Time had proved them a chimera. Her ideal speaker's desk had proved to be a barber pole. The article in her husband's left hand that she had so ambitiously supposed to be a manuscript for a lecture, had given place to a lather box; and the implement in his right hand, with which he worked rapidly, now stood out in bold relief as a razor instead of a pen.

Elsie had become her own soothsayer, and she saw much in the future from which she would gladly have made her escape, yet she must endure the decree of fate.

Poor Elsie, inspired by hope, trembling with fear, and stung by remorse, stood with her hand on the bell knob, at the residence of Gov. Lee. How could she meet her old friend — the Governor's wife — when she had turned scornfully away from *her* in the dark day of tribulation; and how little she had thought when fortune smiled upon her, that this bitter day would ever come. The morning that poor Grace Maxwell started for the factory, how little, proud Elsie Howard thought of the change which time *would* make, regardless of her luxurious surroundings. She had come to Grace, crying for help!

"Can I see Mrs. Lee?" she asked nervously of the waiter who admitted her.

"I will take your name to her;" was the reply.

"She will not come now," thought Elsie; "after hearing my name, she will shun me; but if I could see her, I would fall down at her feet and ask her forgiveness for my thoughtlessness, yes, my unkindness."

Was it possible that that was Grace who entered the room? Why was she not changed in appearance since she had become the Governor's wife? Simply because she was *true-hearted*, and was thankful for, rather than proud, of her prosperity.

"Ah! my friend, I am happy to welcome you to my home!" said Mrs. Lee, as she extended her hand to Mrs. Falconer who was quite reassured by the movement. She attempted to apologize for her follies, but Mrs. Lee told her to say nothing of the past, for she was yet her friend, and that sufficed.

Then Elsie told her of her trouble, which was the imprisonment of Falconer for theft, and that she had come to her, to prevail upon her to ask the Governor to release her husband from jail.

"It would be useless for me to say anything to my husband on the subject," replied Mrs. Lee, "and there is no means by which I can help you, unless it is in my power to pay his fine. How much is it?"

The sum was named, by on whose head coals of fire were heaped.

Mrs. Lee left the room for a few moments, and when she returned, said to the weeping Mrs. Falconer, "Here are notes sufficient to pay your husband's fine, and enough over to take you to your childhood's home, if you wish to go there."

"Oh, I should be so glad to go!" exclaimed the

wretched woman, and her friend continued, "Here is a letter to my mother's agent in L—; take it to him, and he will give you the keys of her house, which is now unoccupied, as Ida and herself came to us a few days since; this will enable you to be near your parents, which will, no doubt, be a comfort to you."

"I am very, very thankful to you for this great kindness, my best friend, whom I do not merit," exclaimed the humiliated, though overjoyed, woman.

"I ask no thanks, Elsie;" replied the kind-hearted lady, "and be assured that I shall pray for the reformation of your husband, for your own and children's sake."

"God bless you!" she replied earnestly, "and I shall repeat this story to them, of *false-hearted and true*."

THE DYING STRANGER.

"Death is but
A kind and gentle servant, who unlocks
With noiseless hand, life's flower encircled door,
To show us those we love."—*Mrs. Scott.*

The little inn of a quiet country village was in confusion. The village doctor and the grayhaired parson were there; also many others; some with sympathizing hearts, others with curiosity in their gaze.

The pallor of death had settled over his features, his eye grew dim, and his heavy breath gave evidence that the arms of the death-angel was folding him closely to his cold breast.

"Move me," plead the dying man, "to where I may, ere I go home, see once more the glorious West, where the golden beams of the setting sun, paint symbols of the beauteous streets in the Celestial City!"

As the cool air of evening fanned his cheek, it seemed fraught with assurance of peace from spirit voices, echoing from the Better Land.

"Ah!" said the pilgrim, "how beautiful the scenery must be beyond that curtain of opal and gold! If *this* side is beautiful, what must be the other? Peace! I soon shall know of the joys beyond; O, glorious hope and guiding light, our star of Bethlehem! gladly doth the weary traveler rest beneath its rays.

"Kind strangers, I bid you all adieu, and joyously I glide beyond the golden curtain, ere again 'tis raised to mortal view. I go to foreign shores, amid new scenes; and yet, I'll find no strangers there.

"An unknown form of clay will rest in yonder graveyard, when Christ has called its spirit home, to a land where there are no strangers, no perished hopes or broken chains of friendship;—I'll find no strangers there!"

BRIDGET'S INDIGNATION.

"Troth, and bad luck to the day that I iver came til America! Here I bee's drudgin in this ould kitchen from mornin til night, and no thanks for it ither—me misthress fales mightely above me, but sure and its meself that aint after feelin benete anybody! Faith and I'm to mind the childer, mop the flure, and bile the perates, besides doin lashens of other work that herself might be doin and let me git goin out once in a while—sure, and I can never git goin out but five nights in a wake! I, Bridget O'Calligan, am kept down like a grass-hopper in hayin; so I am jist! Foolish young girl that I was the time that I didn't marry Barney McMahan; then I wod a ben misthress of me own house, and Barney's heart beside, so I wod! Now, I have to be taken all sorts of sasness—sure and herself give me a blowin up, because I wore her white crape shawl to vespers, the other avening; and it was meself that stood, make as one of her own childer, and said not a word—only that she might go to the *divil*! and if she didn't like me; why, I wod giv'er a chance wid another gerl!"

WHY SHE DID NOT MARRY?

"I prithee send me back thy heart,
Since I can not have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should'st thou have mine."

I am residing at Stilltown, for the purpose of attending the excellent seminary that graces the village green. I am boarding with worthy Mrs. Dash, who has nineteen young ladies in her family. Among the number is one Miss Dorothy Refinement, a *young lady* aged thirty-six, who devotes her time to prims, rouge, curl-papers, Italian, and music.

A few evenings since, at glorious sunset, we were all assembled on the verandah to enjoy a refreshing breeze that succeeded a sultry day. Some were employed with books or writing, others with embroidery, and *one* sat meditating. At length Belle Dart broke the silence by saying:

"Girls, do you know what I am expecting to see before many days?"

"No!" was the unanimous reply.

"What?" we asked anxiously, as we saw the merry twinkle in Belle's eye.

"Well," said she, "I am expecting to see an advertisement in Flash & Growley's bookstore window of a

large black, leather-bound, gilt-edged, gold-clasped, blank book, entitled *Life, Adventures, and Narrow Escapes of an Old Maid from Matrimonial Bondage.*"

"To whom will the public be indebted for such an interesting volume?" I asked.

"The author, of course;" replied Belle, demurely.

The conversation had apparently been unnoticed by Miss Dorothy, though for some unaccountable reason she disappeared instantly into the hall, and up the stairs, as one of the girls said, "with the sprightliness of youth." We all, following her example, dispersed to our respective apartments. As Belle and I passed through the upper hall, we heard her talking; we knew that she was alone, and consequently must be indulging in a soliloquy; and now the only cloud that obscured the horizon of our happiness was, we could not hear what she said.

"Oh, Belle," said I, "I wish that we were 'mice in the wall,' so that we could hear what she is saying!"

"Come quick, you ninny!" said Belle, "there is no occasion of our being mice to get into the wall — that is easy enough done."

By this time we had reached our room.

"Let us make stairs under the ventilator," said she.

As quick as thought, the stairs were constructed, consisting of tables, chairs and stools, which enabled us to reach the ventilator between the monomaniac's room and ours. At the first glance we saw her approach a window that faced a white cottage where lived a happy young couple.

We were entertained by seeing her close the blinds and window, and at the same time heard her say to herself:

"Slam bang! Yes, I will shut the blinds, and the window too, for I am so tired of hearing that little insipid Mrs. Morse, sing

'I love my Willie best of all,
He's ever been so kind to me.'

But the wheel of fortune keeps turning, and before a year she *may* be singing

'Carry me home; oh, carry me home to die.'

I for one don't know how Bill Morse ever came to marry *her*; she is neither handsome or smart — skimmed milk complexion — hasn't energy enough to kill a mosquito; and as for grace, ha! ha! ha! when she is playing the harp, her fingers on the strings look like cats' claws on the lattice of a pantry window. I do not know how *such* people always get husbands! I am quite sure that no woman ever strove more ambitiously to appear interesting in the eyes of the 'lords of creation,' as they call themselves, than I have; and yet, though I am neither red-headed, cross-eyed or freckled, I never had 'an offer' in my life; but thank fortune, the world don't know it, trol-lol-lu-lol." As she seated herself by a front window opposite the law-office of Sly & Fish, she exclaimed:

"There comes Tom out of Alfred Sly's office, with a letter in his hand; I wonder if its for me; and, if its for any of the other girls, I *wonder* what is in it."

Tom enters, hands the letter to Miss Dorothy, then leaves her in blissful solitude, and she reads aloud:

"Wednesday Evening, Aug. 24th.

"Miss Dorothy Refinement: I have decided to leave town to-morrow, two days sooner than I had intended. I shall leave on the morning train for New York, as it will be necessary for me to transact business in that city, which calls me there immediately.

"I shall be deprived of the pleasure of calling upon my numerous and highly esteemed friends before my departure.

"When you write to Cousin Kate, please tell her that I am on my way to the 'land of gold.' With the request that you will send the books that I lent you (poems of Byron and Burns), to my office this evening, I will bid you good bye.

ALFRED N. SLY."

Perhaps this is not a copy verbatim of Mr. Sly's letter; if it is not we beg his pardon, and assure him that it is as we understood the despairing, agitated maiden. But we know that we did not misunderstand her when she said, "Oh, the scamp! is *this* the way he is leaving me? Oh—I—had hoped—Oh dear! Oh dear! what shall I do?"

At this point of despair, she cast her tearful eyes toward the street, and saw her most intimate friend, Maggie Brown, approaching, and knew that she was to be favored with a call, and she exclaimed:

"There comes that disagreeable, simpering Mag Brown; I do wish she'd stay away!"

Maggie enters, and Dorothy says:

"Is that you, Maggie? I was just thinking about you; and oh, I am so glad you have come!"

"Yes, dear Dorothy, but why do I find you in tears?" asked her friend.

"I'll tell you, if you won't mention it;" replied the weeping maiden, confidentially.

Maggie promised that it should be a secret between the two, and Dorothy continued:

"My Freddy is going to Cal-a-forny, and he has written to me, and asked me to—boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

"I think I comprehend your meaning, dear girl;" replied Maggie, "he has undoubtedly asked you to become his wife, and accompany him; I am not at all surprised, for I remember what you told me last evening."

Here Dorothy rested her head upon Maggie's shoulder, and gave vent to her sorrow by a heart-rending snivel, and said:

"Yes, Maggie, but I never can, and I *never will* leave my dear, kind old parents, and go so far away!"

"Isn't she an affectionate, dutiful daughter?" whispered Belle, "I don't see how she could have a heart to reject such entreaties from so ardent an admirer."

Just then we were giving more attention to the scene than to the balance of our structure, and down came tables, chairs, and stools; horror of horrors! what a crash!"

"What will we do now?" said I, "we are caught at last!"

"No, no;" replied Belle, "we will set back the

things, rush into the hall, look frightened, ask what has happened, and no one will mistrust us."

And so we did rush into the hall, as did all the rest, who looked horror-stricken, and asked: "What is the matter?" None knew, but all stood chilled with fear.

Up came poor terrified Mrs. Dash; no one could give her any information on the subject; she searched the house and found everything "all right;" then looked grave, shook her head, and said it was a "Bad, bad omen," and sends morning and evening to the post-office with the expectation of hearing "Bad, very bad news from her stepson's family in Connecticut."

"WHERE ARE THEY NOW?"

"Oh, she is fair and beautiful,
Though many a graven line
Remorse has left upon the heart
That should be virtue's shrine;
Yet amid all the stateliness
That might become a queen,
A look of earnest penitence,
A lowliness is seen."—*Mrs. C. A. Jerould.*

'Twas a pitiable looking group that had gathered around a cheerless fire in a room of a small house which stood on a low, unhealthy street in a large city, in one of the Western States. The family consisted of four persons; the husband, wife and two lovely children. Influenced by the wine cup, the father was drowsing in his chair; the mother bent over the coarse garment upon which she was employed, while the children looked from one to the other, as if to divine the cause of the dark shadow that overspread them. Rachel and Mary; sweet children of innocence and purity! Young as they were their thoughts had gone back to the past. They had vague recollections of a home which was once happy; and of many friends who thronged their walks in the bright days of prosperity.

Very unlike were those children of poverty; Rachel with black hair, black eyes and low forehead, looked

unutterable things, as her views of the past and present, told her a story which was all too true. But Mary of soft blue eyes and sunny curls, saw nothing of the vice that had robbed them of their home. Rachel in no pleasant mood, arose and walked rapidly about the desolate room. Her movements awoke the sot whom she called father — poor apology for support or protection — he gazed idiotically upon his family, apparently unconscious of the misery which weighed them down.

"What are you thinking of, Mary?" asked Rachel, as she folded her thoughtful looking young sister in her arms.

"I am thinking," replied the child, in her musical voice, "of our nice home up on that pretty street! the one where we used to live; — don't you remember it, sister?"

"Yes."

"Wasn't it a pretty house though? Pa didn't keep *sick* all of the time then, did he? and ma used to laugh and sing some times; she never does *now*, though: what do you suppose the reason is? I know that ma isn't sick, for she always works, and never takes any of the *medicine* out of *pa's big bottle*. Poor pa! how sick he must be to take medicine, one, two, three, four, five — ever and ever so many times a day! do you think he will ever get well? Why don't you talk, sister? — you don't any of you talk; oh, dear 'tis so lonesome here?"

Tears drop upon the mother's work, the brutal father moves uneasily in his chair, while Rachel's brow grows darker, and the innocent child continues her prattle.

"We had nice things in that house, didn't we? Pa

kept pretty horses then, and they used to go *so fast*! do you remember them, sister?

"Wouldn't we be glad if we could have all those nice things again, and have all of those good people come to see us? Where are they now?"

'Tis too much for the reprobate man to hear, and he seeks to hide his shame, by plunging into vice anew. Moodily he gropes his way to the street, and soon at his low rendezvous, he forgets the rebuke of his child, and is soon reimmersed in the baneful mire of intoxication.

Years have passed away, and a new scene of misery is in that desolate stall.

The drunkard's family — the father, the sorrow-stricken mother, and their children — where are they now? He died as he had lived; and the mother, swept away by storms of adversity, rests from her care, humbly, in Potter's field; by her side lies little Mary, and 'tis a welcome rest to those of want and sorrow. "Where are they now?"

None roam in misery and shame, but poor Rachel; alone, friendless, and suspiciously viewed! Yet, she has erred; she has yielded to the influence of vice which has prowled about her path, drawn thither by the sins of the parent who should have been her protector.

Only the Father of Light looks with compassion upon his erring child. Sisters of evangelical churches (God forgive them) shun her, as if her touch was pollution.

No kind word is spoken to kindle a flame of reformation in her heart, which though corrupt, is yet *human*.

No one tells her, that one who like herself had sinned, was brought before Jesus in the temple, and He condemned her not, but bade her "*Go, and sin no more.*" There is not one to point her to Him who hath said: "*My grace is sufficient for thee.*" No one assures her that "*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,*" or that "*He ever liveth to make intercession for us.*"

TALE OF A "LAST SUMMER BONNET."

Ferdinand Snodgrass possessed all the noble qualities requisite in that exquisite being, *man*. He had never been attacked by the corpulent little gentleman who is represented as possessing a greater passion for arms than drapery, until he was accidentally brought in contact with Isabel Mowatt's last summer bonnet. He was ignorant of who the fair wearer could be, and sighed for information on that subject which he felt to be of the greatest importance to one who had made a discovery seconded only by that of Christopher Columbus, in 1492.

Alas! what was life to him, without her by his side, who had worn that beautiful specimen of workmanship?

"Lovely Peri!" he cried, "would to Mab there was some magnet by which I could draw thee to me! No other head ever moulded a bonnet so beautifully! Poppies, butter-cups, and clover, never bloomed beside a face so lovely! I know it, feel it, and yet I know thee not!

"Ah! no voice from thee to untangle my puzzled brain?

"Tongueless bonnet, will you not speak and tell me of thy owner?—No answer!

"Cruel fate! show me a pump without a handle, a clock without a pendulum, a knife without a blade,

or a bell without a tongue, but don't, oh, don't show me another *bonnet*, with the same deficiency!" (Ferdinand seeks and finds Isabel; the attachment is mutual, and the day for the nuptials is fixed.)

"Wear *that* bonnet, dear," says the groom, sweetly smiling upon his bride, "no other will look as well to *me*, and considering the circumstances, I think it meet that you should do so."

"Your will is my pleasure," she simpers complacently, whereas, the "last summer bonnet," becomes the "bridal hat."

A YEAR LATER.

Wife.—"Ferdinand! I must have a new bonnet this summer—the one I have is two years out of date, and everybody has got a new one but me!"

Husband.—"Can't help it; times are hard. You must try and rig it up for another year."

Isabel sees that a further appeal would be worse than useless, consequently her introductory are also her concluding remarks, and according to his magnanimous proposal, "rigs it up for another year."

TWO YEARS LATER.

Wife.—"Ferdinand! I have worn this bonnet four years, and now, I want another, and I *will* have it."

Husband.—"Will, eh?"

Wife.—"Yes, I *will*!"

Husband.—"I'd like to see you get it!" (He whistles, and appears very *m[e]anly*.)

Wife.—"It is no more than right that I should have one!" (Pretends he does not hear her.)

Wife.—"Say, Ferdinand! what will I do?"

Husband.—"Go bareheaded, for all I care! I can't pay out all of my earnings for bonnets and other foolery!"

Isabel starts for the broomstick, and the romantic lover of four years ago, having learned to dread a "scene" where he of necessity is one of the principal actors, leaves the house suddenly, "to meet a business appointment down town."

LEAVES FROM THE CYPRESS TREE.

Toll! toll! toll! to many an ear that echo comes to-night. A husband bows his head and weeps, for the wife of his bosom has been torn from his embrace; lonely his home; desolation sits mockingly where so lately her presence made sunshine — yet he would not banish her from his mind, but would rather think of her who was once his guiding star, and when sleep comes to his weary eyelids, may her spirit hover around him, and minister peace to his aching heart.

The widow mourns silently and alone, for he to whom she gave her pure young heart is mouldering to dust.

Toll! the solemn sound comes sadly to the orphan's ear; he feels the need of a father's protection and a mother's care. Storms of adversity arise; dark clouds obscure his path; still, may we not hope that through those stormy paths and lowering clouds, the parent keeps vigils o'er the child, to warn him of evil, and point him to virtue.

The parents' thoughts are going out to the graves of their children; the father weeps that those dear ones to whom he had looked for comfort, should thus have been called away. A wail of agony comes from the mother's heart as she thinks of those heads whose pillow was once her warm breast, now pillowed in the tomb.

A brother weeps o'er the grave of a fair sister; sadly he misses her loving smile and words of encouragement to strengthen him to meet the cold reverses of life.

A sister mourns the loss of her dear brother; highly she prized him, yet the destroyer came!

Death has taken one sister from another's side, and tides of grief come swelling to her heart, for the loved and lost.

One brother is taken from another's side, and he sighs for companionship.

Alas! human hearts are sepulchers, and though the solemn "toll" may be distant through the busy day, with night-shadows comes the mournful cadence.

"THEY SAY SO."

Reliable, certainly, Mrs. Wiggle; but will you be so kind as to tell us who "*they*" are?

O, you have "promised not to tell!" That is nothing unusual for one of your sect.

There is a large Society of Luciferites at Coonville. You should see their very appropriate banner. In the center is the pleasing picture of a well-fed anaconda; in the right hand corner, at the top, is the smiling phyllostomidae, and at the left, the downy hedgehog. The lower corners are beautifully illustrated with the velvety porcupine and fragrant suslik; between the two latter figures is the explicit motto: "They say so."

Mrs. Wiggle has Miss Harmless in the shackles of the "society," and is making preparations to gibbet her with the venomous tongue of slander. She resists; preposterous, audacious, unladylike, and inexcusable movement!

Miss Harmless, don't mind the sect; remember that "they say so" is a stealthy serpent that travels the wide world over with comet speed, and touches at every port, jarring many a hearthstone. You may as well get "shook up," as any one else; perhaps better than thousands who share the same fate. However, remember that the sympathies of many a warm heart are with you; and thank an all-wise Providence that the bite of that serpent leaves no scar, where the appalling sting may for a time benumb the object of its malice.

NOW THAT I AM OLD.

Now that I am old, I reflect upon my past life with varied emotions. I love thus late to ponder o'er the joys of my boyhood. My "mother's gentle hand has had mighty power" over the whole life of her child; by her pious teachings have my feet been guided in a path of rectitude from which they would oftentimes have strayed, had it not been for her pure precepts. My father's instructions of intrinsic value have been a rich inheritance.

Now that I am old, I do not forget my college chums; I do not forget that many of them are still in their youth, while many more, like myself, have traveled on to life's winter.

I still look back to the open grave of my loved companion; again I hear the parson's solemn voice as he repeats: "earth to earth — ashes to ashes — dust to dust."

Now that I am old, I do not murmur that the signet of Time is on my brow, or that its frost has bleached my locks. I know my bark is drawing near its eternal port, yet rude would be my hand if once reached out to waft it back to verdant isles.

Soon will my sight which is now dimmed by time, be renewed in that "land of pristine light," and my trembling limbs restored to youth by breezes from the fair meadow lands on high."

Now that I am old, shut out from the busy world, I commune only with Thee my God, and "in Thee do I put my trust. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

MRS. KNOTT PRESENTS HER SON AT PROFESSOR TEMPLETON'S SCHOOL.

Prof.—"Good morning, Mrs. Knott!"

Mrs. Knott.—"Good morning, Professor!"

Prof.—"This is your son, I should judge, from the resemblance between you."

Mrs. Knott.—"He is."

Prof.—"You wish him to become a member of my school?"

Mrs. Knott.—"Yes s'eh."

Prof.—"How old is he?"

Mrs. Knott.—"Past fourteen, s'eh."

Prof.—"I have a nice class of boys of that age—let me see—you will, I presume, wish him to study grammar, geography, arithmetic, history and rhetoric."

Mrs. Knott.—"My son study those vulgar branches that you have mentioned? why Professor, the thought is quite preposterous!"

Prof.—"What would you propose, madam, as appropriate to your son's capacity?"

Mrs. Knott.—"He has no time to trifle away, Professor, and it is the sanguine expectation of his father, as well as myself, that he should be fitted for college in another year."

Prof.—"Indeed; but you have not informed me what studies you do wish him to pursue."

Mrs. Knott.—"Oh, most assuredly! well, I had decided upon the following, as those suited to his refined taste and glowing intellect; besides he has always had a particular aversion to those you have just mentioned; and I dare say it is no fault in the respective branches, but you will be obliged to confess, I think, Professor, that they have become common, insomuch that they are subject to the command of poor boys, as well as those whose parents are affluent, and would, though it should cost them vast efforts, raise their sons above those pursuits which are in reach of the less aristocratic."

Prof.—"Madam, you have not yet mentioned the branches which you consider suited to your son's age and capability."

Mrs. Knott.—"Truly. Those which I have chosen are as follows: astronomy, philosophy, chemistry, algebra, trigonometry, phrenology, physiology, botany, mineralogy, music, French, Latin, Greek, German and Spanish. I think those will be about as much as the dear child will have patience with at present."

Prof.—"I think madam, as your opinion and mine differs so widely, that it would be better for you to leave your child with another instructor, whose views may perhaps be more in accordance with your own, Good morning." (Exit Prof. Templeton.)

MRS. KNOTT AND SON RETURNING HOME.

Son.—"Say, mom! did you look at that 'are tarnal great picture that hung back of the school-master's chair?"

Mrs. Knott.—"Yes, my son; that is the portrait of George Washington."

Son.—"George Washington? where does the old feller live?"

Mrs. Knott.—"He is dead, my son."

Son.—"Dead is he; wan't it him that kept the grist-mill, and used to lick us boys when we went down there to get corn to pop?"

Mrs. Knott.—"No, my dear, that was old George Wellington that you are thinking of, but *Washington* was the first President of the United States."

Son.—"President of the United States? It's a pile I know about that!"

Mrs. Knott.—"Why, he was the father of his country!"

Son.—"I thought that Adam was the father of his country; what country did he live in?"

Mrs. Knott.—"No matter, my son: here we are at this new clothing-store; I'll just step in and get you one of those splendid neckties; they are fresh from Paris."

"MAN GIVETH UP THE GHOST, AND WHERE
IS HE?"

Where is he? his bark has sailed
Beyond this ever-changing clime:
Heaven's glorious beauties are unveiled,
As passing from the shore of Time
He spies "The Land of Rest,"
Around the throne are seraphs bright
Who sing a welcome to their guest
And crown him with "A crown of Light."

His Pilot guides him past
The "Dark and surging wave,"
And anchors him at last
Beyond "The silent grave."
"The churchyard shows an added tomb,
His home a vacant chair;"
While *Faith* points to our eternal home,
And tells us, "*he is there.*"

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

A confirmed and malicious old bachelor, in speaking of the village belle, proceeds in the following uncomplimentary manner:

"She looks in the New Testament for *Lewiticus*, and in Milton's *Paradise Lost* for *Romeo and Juliet*, likes Pollok on account of his being "so funny," thinks that Tom Thumb discovered America, and that Sebastopol was taken by the Puritans at Plymouth Rock. Is sure that Capt. McClintock explored the Hudson in search of Sir John Franklin, and Louis Napoleon is the Prince of Wales. She understands French enough to surprise the friends on whom she confers her missives, by saluting them with '*Mon cher ami*,' and on large occasions gabbles of '*gens de condition*,' and '*grande parure*.' Though these are her favorite hobbies, she rides them very awkwardly, and if she should ever be so unfortunate as to fall off, we hope the fates will land her in so soft a place as to be congenial to the dear creature—a nest of young kittens for instance. She admires cheap jewelry, and can repeat the multiplication table as far as the threes; has a wonderful talent for making a piano shriek and groan; lives on pound-cake and pickled oysters. She is also unexcelled in tapping her little foot

on the floor, and upon the whole, is one of the latest improvements.

"Who bids highest?"

"Going, going, going! just goi—; well the amount of the business is, the market is clogged with the like, and between you and I, they are in no demand."

AVERSION AVERTED.

"Law me! so Harry has gone and married one of them detestable blue stockings!" Grandma Simpkins adjusted her spectacles and struck a very self-important attitude. Truly she allowed herself but very little time for silent thought, before she showered forth a torrent of comical remarks.

"Poor Harry!" she continued, "who would have thought him so foolish; his old grandmother always wished him well, but now he has gone headlong into destruction—he can't blame nobody but himself though! Mr. Adams what do you suppose ever tempted the boy to be so rash. I'll bet that he will be for sending me his socks to darn, and his pantaloons to mend, but I won't do it!"

"Mrs. Simpkins, I regard Mr. Joy's wife as being a very nice woman, and think that he has done well to get her," ventured Mr. Adams.

"Done well to get her!" repeated his opponent, wiping her nose vigorously, and untying her cap strings, her mode of manifesting indignation; "do you think its doing well for a man to get a wife that don't know nothing but to write sickish rhymes and fictitious stories, that han't got no shadow of truth in 'um? Scribble—scribble—scribble from morning till night. A

lot of manuscripts would be a nice supper to set before a hungry man, would'nt they, hey?"

"Mrs. Simpkins you do the lady injustice; she not only writes, but—,"

"Plays the pianer, I suppose, and goes around looking like a signal of distress on a pirate ship; with stockings that need knitting over again, and shoes run down at the heel; I've seen just sich things afore, and Harry needn't never bring her up here to visit me, for if he does he'll wish he hadn't! I guess I never should have paid for his larning at the academy if I'd a known what a jackanape he was going to make of himself; but I've done all for him that I ever shall, that he may be sure of!"

"Mrs. Simpkins if you would get acquainted with his wife you would not think of her as you do now. I am quite sure that she would win your affections, and on the other hand, she would love you, for she has neither mother or grandmother living."

"As fur as that's concerned, I am sorry for her; but that don't go to prove that she was the girl for him. You see Mr. Adams, I wanted to give him the farm, if he had only married some one that was capable of going ahead with the housework. I shan't live long; I've had two fits of apoplexy already, and I feel symptoms of to'ther one, but I am determined to put my property into some one's hands that won't let it go to rack. Harry knew very well that I wanted him to marry Lizzette Baker, she loves him, I know she does, for she always blushes and swollers when she hears his name

mentioned. For my part I've always sot a good deal by Lizzette."

"I should think that it would be pleasant for you to have some young lady come and stay with you, as companion for yourself, an assistant for Hannah about your work," suggested Mr. Adams.

"I've th'ort on't too," replied the old lady, smoothing out her gingham apron. "I should be glad to have some girl come and stay with me what little time I've got to live, if I could get the right sort of a one."

"There are many poor girls in the village who would gladly come to you, and I think that you would be much more happy too, Mrs Simpkins."

"Yes, but the village girls are so vain that I ha'nt got no patience with them."

"I know that some of them are foolishly vain, yet there are exceptions in all cases; and now that I think of it, I know of a young lady down town who is an orphan, and she would be very glad to come to you, I think."

"Poor child!" ejaculated the old lady, "my heart always aches for orphans; I should be very much obliged to you, Mr. Adams, if you would go and see her for me; and I'd like to have her come as soon as she can conveniently, for I see it clouding up, and my rumatiz will begin to come on, and then I shall need somebody, for Hannah don't get no time to stay with me, she has so much work to do."

"I will call on her this evening, and acquaint you of my success, to-morrow; and perhaps she will come up with me."

"That's right, do."

"I will. Good morning, Mrs. Simpkins."

"Good bye, sir; tell the girl that if she comes, I'll do handsomely by her!"

"Some one be's ringin the bell, and its meself that can't go to the dure, for I is'nt in trim!" exclaimed Biddy, as she ran into Mrs. Joy's room, the evening of the day on which our friends' conversation took place as related.

"Very well, Biddy; go back.

"Harry, take this lamp to go to the door with."

"Good evening, Mr. Adams! walk in."

"Good evening, my boy!"

"This way if you please;" and he ushered him into the parlor where the young people had seated themselves for the evening.

"How do you do, Helen?"

"Very well, thank you, how is Mr. Adams?"

"Quite well, and glad to find you at home and alone, as I have some quite important news to communicate."

"Have you been up to see grandmother yet?" inquired Harry."

"Yes," replied the gentleman addressed, "I called on her this morning. It is as you supposed; she is averse to your marriage, and I might safely say that she is unreasonable; but I have a plan in my head which I think you will both approve of."

"We shall be happy to listen to your kind counsel, as it has proved judicious thus far," replied Harry.

"But the responsibility rests upon Helen, and if she will do as I propose, you will get into the old lady's favor at last."

"Name the plan; I am impatient to hear it!" exclaimed Helen.

Mr. Adams related the conversation of the morning, adding that the girl whom he had recommended to Mrs. Simpkins, was Helen herself. "What do you say?" he asked, turning toward her.

"I will go, of course!" was her quick response.

"You need not remonstrate;" said she, addressing her husband as she saw that he was about to object. "You know you have been contemplating a journey west for some time," she continued; "and now you may go, and I will take care of myself, also get into the good graces of your grandmother."

"When I go west, it will be necessary for me to stay as much as two months," replied Harry.

"Very well;" said she, "and I think that I shall require all of two months to do the work that is before me."

No farther opposition was offered. It was decided that Mr. Adams should call for Helen at ten the following morning, and escort her to the farm-house, introduce her to Mr. Simpkins as Helen King, then watch the progress of affairs as he was competent to do.

Mr. and Mrs. Joy made arrangements to shut up their pleasant home; Harry to go to the far west, and his wife to her new home.

With one small trunk and a carpet bag, which contained a very unpretending toilet, the sweet young

poetess sallied out into the suburbs of the village to take care of her grandmother-in law, when she had the rheumatism.

For several weeks Helen had been a member of Mrs. Simpkins' family, and the recipient of many a benevolent act from the old lady's hand, and the object of still more fond glances as she glided noiselessly through the old moss-covered house, competent to execute all duties which usually devolve upon a housekeeper. Not unfrequently did grandma say to Mrs. Secret-safe, that she "wished that it had happened so that Harry had married her instead of the critter that he did get."

He was "coming home in a week or two," she said, and she "supposed that he'd have to bring his wife with him."

At the expiration of two months, Harry returned from the west, and for some unaccountable reason, the day on which he was expected, Helen "had business down to the village," and intended staying with a friend until the next day.

According to his grandmother's expectations, Harry came that evening, which was improved by her in catechising that young man until he was glad to plead fatigue and retire for the night.

"I'm real sorry that Miss King has gone away!" remarked Mrs. Simpkins, as she was pouring out her delicious coffee the morning after Harry's arrival. She could think of nothing too exalted to say of the young woman, not forgetting to mention her ability to make

"presarves and pickles, and mince pies, and sassages, and all other kinds of pies and cakes." She came to the judicious conclusion that she would have "John harness old Gray before the buggy, and Harry might take them and go after his wife;" he might "drive over to Esquire Norton's too, and get Helen, and try to be at home again by dinner time." She would ask Mr. Adams to come and dine with them, and they would have a sociable afternoon.

Her plans were agreeable to the young husband, and he was soon on his way to the village.

Mrs. Simpkins tied on her best cap and black silk apron just in time to receive Mr. Adams. The two sat chatting merrily, when she suddenly asserted that she could "see them coming."

"I can see old Gray's head! they are just coming up the hill!" was her exclamation as she stationed herself in the doorway, that she might see them alight, undoubtedly expecting to see the shoes and stockings that she had referred to in her conversation with Mr. Adams several weeks previous.

"He han't got but one on 'um!" she cried out as they came a little nearer; "I wonder which it is? It aint Helen, fer them are'nt her clothes—she's got on an awful great vail!"

By this time they had reached the gate and stopped; Harry assisted his lady to alight, and escorted her into the house. Mrs. Simpkins tossed her head on one side, and prepared to make herself very disagreeable, when her visitor threw aside her vail, and Harry introduced her to the old lady, as Mrs. Joy, his wife; and she ex-

tended her hand to the amazed matron, who stepped back, took off her spectacles and held them in one hand, while she searched her pocket with the other for her snuff-box, and finally acknowledged that she was never so "allkillingly beat in all the days of her life!"

She was convinced that her fondly cherished aversion was foolish, and made known her intention to withdraw sundry promises which she had made to a red-headed gawky cousin.

While Helen was at the farmhouse, many of her sweet poems found their way to the pages of New York and Boston journals, which seemed quite impossible to her grandmother, as she said that "she did not see when the child found time to write them!"

Mr. and Mrs. Joy returned to their village home, where daily they received some delicate morsel from Mrs. Simpkins' pantry, as proof that her aversion was unquestionably averted.

"SO SOON FORGOTTEN!"

Ah, harsh judge! recall those unkind words; think not because a smile rests upon the bereaved one's face, that their dead are forgotten.

Has Death ever invaded *your* home, twined his cold fingers around the heart of a loved one, breathed his dewy breath upon their once love-illumed eyes until they were covered with an icy film? Have you thus drank from the cup of sorrow? Have you pressed upon icy lips a farewell kiss, and from them heard a *last* adieu? Have you wiped the death-damp from a snowy brow, and seen a form you loved committed to the silent tomb?

Ah, no! else you could not judge thus harshly, cruelly, "so soon forgotten!"

"The good, the loved are with us though they die,
We think of them as angels in the sky;
But the deep firmament divides us not—
They're with us in the densest crowd, and in the loneliest spot."

STRICT PARENT.

"Ma, I'm lonesome!"

"Tut, tut, my child! don't let me hear you say that again; don't you know that it is very wicked to say that you are lonesome on the day of rest?"

"How much longer is Sunday than other days?"

"Ellen Elizabeth, I will not allow you to ask such sinful questions! Take your catechism, and sit down and get your lesson for next week."

"I have got it already."

"Then there is your Testament lesson."

"I've learned that too, ma."

"Where is your father; go and talk to him, and don't bother me any more, I want to read."

"Pa has taken his mint-julep and gone to bed."

"Well, well, do stop talking!"

"Say ma, may I read this book?"

"It depends upon what it is."

"It's the 'Widow Bedott Papers.'"

"No! have I not told you that I would not allow you to read works of fiction on the holy sabbath?"

"I saw you reading this book *last* Sunday, anyway, I did!"

"No more of your replies, or I'll punish you. There are plenty of books that are nice for you to read to-day; there is 'Clarke's Commentaries;' 'Watts' on the Mind;'

'D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation,' and 'Young's Night Thoughts;' they are all very interesting. Now keep still."

"O, I can't understand *such* books! say ma, let me see what you are reading — P-i-c-k, pick, w-i-c-k, wick, Pickwick, P-a-p-e-r-s, papers, Pickwick Papers; O, ma! let me take *this* book, and *you* take 'Clarke's Commentaries.'"

Ellen Elizabeth receives a "boxed ears," and is sent to the back chamber, where she is to remain until the hour of "family devotion."

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse:
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there."

Clement C. Moore.

"I say it's too bad, any way!" exclaimed Charley Archer, as he came in from school and threw his books pettishly upon his mother's work-table.

"What is too bad, my son?" asked Mrs. Archer, as she raised his head, and brought one corner of her apron into requisition upon his woe-depicted countenance.

"Well," continued the child sobbing, "Frank Gray says that Santa Claus is dead! he says he *knows* it; and that he died of whooping cough; and I say it's too *bad*, after I've been and tried to be a good boy, so that he would come and put some skates and a trumpet into my stockings! say, mother, do you believe he is dead?"

"No, Charley," she replied, "I do not think he is, for if he was, we should have heard of it before; so rest assured that if you continue to be a good boy, you will receive your usual compliment from him."

"Oh, I am so glad!" he cried, as he donned his cap and mittens, and sallied out to tell the boys that "he believed Frank Gray's story to be false;" also adding

that he "hoped Frank wouldn't have another bit of fun for a month."

This school-boy's report had caused many a little heart to grieve. Involuntarily the urchins thought of the "darning," "heeling," and "toeing," which their mothers and sisters had done preparatory to Christmas Eve, and it was quite heart-rending to think of all that labor, being merely to keep their feet warm. But the cloud was soon dispelled from the canopy of their delight, when Charley came bounding towards their sliding place and exclaimed, "Tom! John! Hen! what Frank Gray told us wasn't true; mother says so!" This important intelligence was joyfully received by all of the boys but one who had been silent from the first, and Charley noticing his indifference enquired if he was not glad that the story was a hoax.

"Yes," replied Willie Elliot, "I am glad, for if he comes he will give you and the rest of the boys something; but *I*, han't got no socks to hang up;" and a tear glistened in his calm blue eye as he spoke.

"Oh, that is awful!" said Charley, as he stood looking at Willie's sad face and dilapidated apparel; at the same time taking a perspective sketch of his dimensions, and wondering if his own clothes would not fit the poor unfortunate child. His mental decision was that they were much too small; yet there was an alternative. Tom Hamilton had offered him ten shillings for his hand-sled the day before, and now he determined to accept that offer, that he might be enabled to impart happiness to Willie's sad heart on that holiday when he himself would be so joyous, though before he had had

no intention of parting with that article so essential to his enjoyment.

He immediately "made a bargain" with Tom, and telling Willie to "go home, and go to bed early," left the play ground and again sought his mother's side, but with a lighter heart than he possessed an hour previous.

"Mother, you can't guess what I've done," were his first words as he entered the house.

"Nothing wrong, I trust;" replied Mrs. Archer, smiling.

"No mam; I ought to have asked you or father first though, but you won't scold, will you?"

"No, my son," was her reply, as she observed the nervous expression of the child's countenance.

Then he told her that he had sold his sled, and why he had done so, and was delighted to meet with her approval of that manifestation of benevolence.

He placed the money in his mother's hand, requesting her to take two shillings and buy a pair of stockings for Willie, and send them to him so that he could hang them up before he went to bed. He also wished to have her write a note to St. Nicholas, asking him to take the remaining dollar to the boy, but "not to let him know that he sent it." She might "leave the money and note together close by his own stockings," he said, and he thought it would be all right. Having come to this judicious conclusion, and adding that he hoped Willie would take the money and buy his mother and himself a Christmas dinner, he said his evening prayer and laid him down to sleep. Sweet, too, was the

sleep which visited Charley's eyelids that night; awake he was happy in the thought that he could cause one ray of light to gleam o'er the path of one whose life was so clouded and dark; and sleeping, bright visions were his, as ever and anon, a smile would flit across his face, fit symbol of a guileless heart.

We will leave Charley, and follow his mother on her mission of charity. The stockings were purchased as he had directed, and she with her own hands filled them with such articles as she knew would gratify the poor child who would, for the first time in his life, gaze upon a Christmas gift. Passing stores, houses and all places which looked as though they might be inhabited by human beings, she came to Mrs. Elliot's wretched abode, and upon entering, found all dark and gloomy.

"Where is Willie?" asked Mrs. Archer.

"There," replied the poor mother, pointing toward a wretched bed in one corner of their only room; and burst into tears, as she endeavored to tell that he had gone to sleep, expecting to find a Christmas present in the morning, adding that it was impossible; she could not gratify his wish.

Mrs. Archer made known her errand, and left the stockings by the chimney; then took her departure, praying that some bright angel might come to gladden their cheerless home.

At dawn of day, Willie was up and in quest of the gift which he knew must be on the peg that he had carefully whittled from a chip, and driven into the corner for the purpose, and what to his delighted eyes should appear but the well filled stockings. In one was cloth for a

coat, and a shirt; in the other, a muffler and mittens, also some apples and doughnuts, and away down in the toe of one, was a silver dollar; he had never owned so much money in his life, and what would he do with it? His first impulse was to do as Charley had said, invest it in a Christmas dinner; the next, to get his mother a new dress. Anxiously he waited until the stores were opened, and then with a light heart, and the intention of "*getting his mother as good a dress as anybody wore,*" he started for the nearest shop; and as he stood demurely leaning against the counter where lay a daily newspaper, his eye caught the following notice:

"Boy wanted immediately at the studio of Thaddeus Norway, artist. He must be ten or twelve years of age; will be required to grind colors, run of errands, &c. Any smart, honest boy who applies immediately, can procure a good situation. Enquire at 101 B—— street."

"Ten or twelve years of age," repeated Willie; "that must mean a boy about my size, for I am just eleven, and just in time, too, for the paper is dated the twenty-fourth. I'll go; I'll start to-morrow. Now," continued he, soliloquizing, "I must save this dollar, to pay for a ride in the stage. It will pay for a ride on the top of the coach, and I will very soon offer myself as chore boy to the artist, Norway."

Having obtained his mother's consent to go to the city, our young hero busied himself by "picking up chips enough to last a week," while she sat down to make the new clothes that St. Nick had so kindly given him.

Peacefully he closed his eyes that night, and for the last time in that wretched dwelling. When morning

dawned, the widowed mother had taken the last stitch in his little garments, and was kneeling by his couch, praying fervently to the Most High for the welfare of her child.

—
"God watches."

Morning saw him on the road to the city, and at the expiration of three days, he found himself in the presence of Mr. Norway, who being pleased with his deportment, unhesitatingly engaged him for three years. At the close of that time he renewed his claims upon him, and ere the second period had elapsed, Mr. Norway decided to return to Italy, that he might make greater improvements in his work. Gladly did the boy consent to go with him, for now his mind was occupied only with thoughts of art. He aspired to his master's fame, and that obtained, the height of his ambition would be reached; so he thought, not knowing that *then*, ambition's voice would still cry, "higher!"

Six years have come and gone since he first gazed upon that fair land; still he stays, stays to win fame and amass wealth. The winds of many countries waft his praise to other lands, while ten more years he toils for the laurels bestowed by kings and princes upon his name; untold wealth is his, still there is an aching void in his heart, that can only be filled by breathing the air of his native land.

Again he crosses the blue waters, and the thinly clad boy who twenty-one years ago sought the studio of Thaddeus Norway, is now known as a great American

artist; and while the world is loudly proclaiming his fame, he turns aside to bosom friends and whispers, "I owe it all to a playmate of my boyhood—to his Christmas gift!"

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Since we left Charley Archer sleeping sweetly twenty-one years ago on Christmas Eve, time has wrought its changes with him, though not as favorably as with Willie Elliot. At an early age he was established in the mercantile business, and in a weekly paper dated Dec. 27th, was the following matrimonial announcement:

"In Gayville, on the 25th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. A. B. Goodwin, Charles Archer, to Miss Fanny Small, all of Gayville."

Years had passed on, each bringing new cares, which were not in the least alleviated by an expensive family, until at last Charles Archer found his name on the list of insolvent debtors; his store and dwelling-house were mortgaged, and the sale was to take place Dec. 26th. It was Christmas Eve again; he was distractedly walking up and down his room, with more woe depicted upon his countenance than when we saw him long years ago, mourning over the supposed death of Santa Claus. The door bell rang, and a tall, agreeable looking stranger was ushered into his presence. William Elliot and Charles Archer again stood face to face, though Charles was ignorant of the fact until William asked him if he

remembered selling his hand-sled when he was a little boy, that he might bestow upon a poor little play-mate a Christmas gift; then vividly, and for the first time in many years, Charles recollected the event.

"As I sat to-day looking over the morning papers," continued William, "I saw your name attached to an advertisement, and after making inquiries, I found that there was no mistake; you were the same Charles Archer who has been my good genius; and now accept this document, which restores to you your home and merchandise, and think it not a present from a stranger, but the interest of a dollar which you invested in a mission of charity many years ago."

The young artist walks through his gorgeous picture gallery at D——, and a lady's hand rests upon his arm; he stoops to listen to her words, for her voice is soft and low.

Reader, this lady is *not* a "blushing bride;" she is that widowed mother who in the dark day of adversity, with a *mother's* fervent prayer, bade her boy adieu, with the assurance that our heavenly Father's promise to be a father to the fatherless, would be fulfilled in His care of her child.

PHILANTHROPIC LADY.

"There is one of those horrid beggar women at the door," said Dorcas Todd, going into the room where her mother was entertaining callers.

"Don't look so sour about it, my darling," said her very conscientious parent.

"Well, mother, you know that we are tormented almost to death with such people, and I am going to tell her that we have nothing to give her."

The ladies who were present, were listening to hear Mrs. Todd's reply. She looked reproachfully at her daughter and said "*Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away!*"

"What shall I give her, then?" asked the amiable young lady, who was now several shades darker than before.

"You may give her that pan of flour that the mice have run through, and the pan of milk that one fell into (I saved it, thinking some of those poor people would want it), and then there is that spare-rib that the cat gnawed last night; give her those things and tell her she may come and wash for me some day."

Dorcas went to the kitchen to deal out the refreshments(?), and Mrs. Todd turned to her admiring callers; "I can never bear to turn those *poor* creatures away empty."

The ladies hoped she would be rewarded for her philanthropy.

"I, TOO, MUST DIE!"

"I am a man of the world, Mammon is my god, the absorbing object of my thoughts, but in the midst of my worldly pursuits a 'still, small voice' whispers in my ear, that 'I, too, must die,' and when I call on the god that I am serving, and implore him to still that voice, he heeds not my supplication. All my life have I served this god, and yet he is deaf to my cries; deaf, for he has no power to 'give light to those who sit in darkness.'

"'I, too, must die;' and alas! I have never given the subject an hour's serious thought; I have always looked upon death carelessly, without stopping to consider that it would one day surely be *my* portion; but now, notwithstanding the din around me I hear a warning voice, and though through my whole life I have madly loved the world, 'I am now persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

"WHO IS HE?"

I was never more surprised since my respected ancestors caused me to be christened Paul Jones, than I was this morning! While walking down street, I met a pompous man who wore a white cravat, and carried in one hand a large basket, and in the other a butter-trier and whip. Turning to a by-stander I asked, "Who is he?" and received the following answer, "Why! he is a resident of this town; I am astonished to find that you have never become acquainted with him; he is a splendid fellow, is philanthropic, ingenious, is very intelligent, smart, out of a respectable family, is getting rich, is tasty in his dress, select in the company he keeps, has his boots blacked every night, and is a local preacher, horse-jockey, and speculator in butter and white beans."

It would be a pity for *such* a man to bury any of his talents.

RETROSPECTIVE.

"And slight, withal, may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever; — it may be a sound —
A tone of music — summer's breath, or spring —
A flower — a leaf — the ocean — which may wound,
Striking th' electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

Byron.

"Oh, I never can forget how differently I was treated by those two aunts!"

Such was the exclamation of Geneve Hope, as we walked together in the family grave-yard of the Hopes, and she directed my attention to two graves marked by lofty monuments and imbedded 'neath pure white petaled exotics, fit emblems of departed love.

As we stood beneath the shade of the weeping willows, whose boughs drooped in proximity to our heads, as if listening lest some light word should be spoken of those o'er whom they stand as sentinels, she told me how by adversity she had been tossed from a happy home. In childhood she bade the graves of her parents and the shores of merry England adieu, and came to America to dwell with her nearest kindred, the two aunts of whom she spake.

"When I arrived at New York," said she, "I was there welcomed by Aunt Mary, one of the kindest, best and

most lovable creatures that I ever knew. Oh! she was so kind and thoughtful of my loneliness; so forbearing and gentle in every reproof that she deemed essential in my training, to make me respect myself, and feel that I had duties to perform in life as well as those with whom I was associated. She taught me to be tidy about my toilet, and still cultivate the auburn ringlets in which I had taken so much pride. She never allowed me to forget my evening prayer, but as I had been taught in infancy to kneel by my mother's side, so I knelt by her's; and thus in all delicate attentions she was so like that dear departed parent, that the first keen pangs of orphanage began to diminish from the tablets of my heart, and aunt Mary was to me father, mother, brother, sister, friend. But alas! how flitting are our earthly joys. For months she had been in a decline; I had watched the changes from snowy paleness to hectic fevers, and knew full well what they too truly foreboded.

"One sultry morning in the month of August, I wandered to the garden bower, there to weep o'er my impending fate. I saw successively, doctor, minister and friends, tread softly up the avenue and enter my aunt's sick room. I left my shady retreat and returned to the the house. A holy awe pervaded that room of death. She was not struggling as if to be released from a cold grasp, but 'calmly passing away.' A smile wreathed her white lips as she gave us all a last and lingering look, and then her gentle spirit floated out upon the eternal sea, there to meet those dear friends whose spirits had hovered near her with comforting whispers since from the earth they had fled. Husband, parents,

brothers and sisters; there she meets the happy throng; again sounds the elogium through the eternal courts of Heaven, as with joy untold they greet the loved one and place a golden lyre within her hand. Truly hath the poet said:

'Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.'

Here Geneve paused, and leaning her head against the monument of one she loved, remained silent.

"You spoke of two," I said, arousing her, "what of the other?"

A chill passed over her, and coming near to my side, she continued: "After the funeral of Aunt Mary was over, I went to live with Aunt Olive. Suffice it to say, thus far my sorrows, though they had been severe, were not in the least alleviated by any kind word or look from her; in a word she was the reverse of what Aunt Mary had been to me. A harrowed path under a cloud seemed my destiny. My personal appearance became greatly changed; habits which had been early inculcated into my mind were disapproved, and figuratively speaking, I became a hideous looking object; while had it not been that early impressions are more lasting than secondary ones, I should have thought myself a cipher. Five years lagged heavily; at the expiration of that time fortune again smiled upon me. My guardian, who brought tidings of my fortune, took me from the home where I had been doing penance those long years, and placed me in the seminary at C——, where I remained three years; while I was there Aunt Olive died.

"When I returned from school, I caused similar monuments to be erected over their graves; I have planted upon each the same species of plants, and try to abandon those unpleasant thoughts which were enforced upon me in childhood and cling to me yet."

Evening dews were falling, and as Geneve concluded, we walked away, her fair young head bowed down with melancholy, and myself in silent thought.

Whether wearing the laurels of wealth or fame, or the brow be beaded with the sweat of toil, there are hours when early memories come rushing back with mingled sweet and bitter. Mechanically are words and deeds reflected upon; unkindness is weighed in the "scales of justice," and loses no shade of injustice by the reflection; thus the word or deed of unkindness acts not as an agent to win respect and love for the inflicter in their declining years; though they may strive to evade unpleasant memories, still the heart will be void of the pure and undaunted love of childhood.

Memory of kind words, more sweet than honey dew, sanctions happy hours, and comes like angel visitations when the heart is heavy laden with sorrow.

Then let us be kind to children, that when we have passed away, and they with their companions wander through "the lonely graveyard," they will shun not our graves, but come thither and reflect upon the past; and may no thoughts cluster there but those of kindness and love.

DULL TIMES.

"It's deuced dull times!" said lazy Tim, as he threw himself into a chair by his office window. "I don't suppose I'll have any clients to-day, and I may as well sit here and kill time by watching my neighbors, as to be poring over those great leather-bound books. If I should be so fortunate as to have a client, I could look out his case in a few hours.

"Goodness! what can Parson White be looking into the milliner's show-case for? I thought that man was a widower.

"There goes the editor of the 'Weekly Express,' reminding me I must call over and advertise.

"Here comes the Pine street barber; I wonder if he shaves any cheaper than the one on Spruce street.

"Pretty lady that who is dressed in black—wonder if she is a widow. Here comes another of the fair ones richly dressed. (?) No, there is no need of my asking myself the question the second time; I am convinced that I am not quite well enough established in my profession yet to think of supporting a wife—women are extravagant, and more or less inclined to be indolent—wouldn't answer for a man of my temperament!

"Can't make up my mind which of the stores across the way gets the most trade.

"By Jove! there comes a man out of Dr. Crow's

office; the undertaker walks to his shop door, takes a perspective sketch of the invalid's dimensions, and, turning to his work-bench, whistles 'Dixie.'

"It's very strange that I don't have any calls; don't know what people can be thinking of. Here comes my laundress—I'll just turn the key to my office door, and write home to the old folks, that *I have more than I can do.*"

ONE CENT;

OR HOW I MADE MY FORTUNE.

I am an old man now, and though I am unromantic, and conscious that I can not ornament my autobiography with eloquence or wit, I shall proceed in my plain, un-studied and unpolished manner.

My parents were poor, though not miserably so; my father owned a small farm, which he managed to the best advantage possible, and on its income we lived very comfortably.

At length an old friend of my parents came to visit them; he was evidently pleased with me, and used to talk to me frequently. On one occasion he asked me many questions, such as: Who was the first man? What is the shape of the earth? Which is the highest mountain in the world? How high is it? Which is the largest ocean, sea, lake, river, etc., all of which I answered correctly, with the assistance of my father and mother, and the school-master who happened to be boarding with us at the time. The benevolent old gentleman patted me on my head, called me a smart boy, and gave me a cent. I dare say had the reward been less bright, I should not have thought as much of it as I did, but it was a new cent, and I prized it highly. I was then five years of age, and I have often been told, even by my best friends, that at that time I was a very disagreeable child. My parents' guest had left us, and we were again

a quiet family, with the exception of the noise which I saw fit to make at my pleasure. It was evening in the month of February, and I think it must have been somewhere near the fourteenth; my father sat reading his paper, and my mother was employed with her needle; the school-master sat with pen in hand and brow knit, as if in profound thought. It was evident that he was trying to court the Muses, though the numerous sheets of stamped note-paper which were scribbled, blotted and thrown aside, gave proof that they kept at a respectful distance.

I was in the full enjoyment of rolling my cent on the floor for the amusement of myself and kitten, when to my dismay, that thoughtless, reckless, careless cat brought up her little velvet paw, and rolled my cent into the fire-place. I screamed and cried, not forgetting to punish the offender according to my loss. My mother tried to solace me by saying that I might go to my grandfather's the next day. I told her that I cared nothing about going. My father threw aside his paper, and with the tongs tried to hunt out my lost treasure, though he was unsuccessful. Then I cried again, harder than before. At this state of affairs, the school-master seemed very much annoyed, for the prospect of his lovely Matilda getting an original valentine from him was very poor. At length he called out, "Allie! I'll give you a cent if you won't cry any more."

He handed me one, but it was old and black; I threw it on the table and roared louder than ever, and told him that I wanted "a red or a white cent, or I wouldn't have any." Then the poor fellow, not out of any respect to

me, but to keep me still while he wrote the important valentine, handed me a twenty-five cent piece. I was quite delighted, and felt the deepest respect for him the remainder of the evening.

The following morning my cent was found in the ashes, though wofully blackened. These bits of money were carefully laid away, and they seemed to attract others to them, so that when I was twelve years old, I had ten dollars all my own, and my father put it out at interest. About this time we moved into a village which was a short distance from the home of my birth; I officiated as carrier for the only newspaper published in the place, and did many other chores for which I received small pay. When ten dollars more were together in my hand I felt a strong inclination to spend every cent of it, but when I thought of having twenty dollars together, and that on interest, the point was decided.

A bright September morning ushered in my twenty-first birthday, and although I say it myself, my industry and prudence had won for me a reputation which my parents as well as I, had reason to be proud of.

My money amounted to five hundred dollars when delivered into my hands; I commenced speculating in farm produce, then in horses, cattle and furs; in all I was very successful. At length my business called me across the ocean, and my fortune which was fast increasing here, was made manifold more there; and now in good health, good spirits, and in peace with God and man, I am again in my native land.

Boys, improve your time, be honest, and take care of the pennies.

MRS. PRY'S LITTLE DAUGHTER HAS JUST
RETURNED FROM A TEA-PARTY.

"Rena, dear, what kind of a time did you have at the tea-party?" asked Mrs. Pry of her little daughter, who sat on a stool at her feet.

"Oh, we had a nice time, I tell you, ma!" replied the child.

"Did you play in the parlors, or was you confined to the halls, sitting and dining-rooms?" asked the mother, with much pomp.

"Oh, no; Mrs. Ford had the house all open, and we went just where we chose," was Rena's response.

"It's a wonder!" vociferated Mrs. Pry, "for she is usually very stingy of her parlors, though *I* never could see as they are any better than other people's. Did Mrs. Ford speak of the way you were dressed, daughter?"

"No, ma'm; she didn't mention it!" replied the little lady, rather chagrined.

"I hope you don't look as much as though you were thrust into a maniac's jacket, as her children do when *they* go to parties," continued the exemplary parent.

"What did you have for tea, dear?"

"Everything good; we had all kinds of cake, and cheese, and preserves, and raisins, and oranges—oh, I can't tell half the good things we had!"

"Did you notice whether Mrs. Ford's plum-sas had worked or not?"

"It hadn't—it was—"

"Hush, dear! there comes the minister and his wife—you may go up stairs to bed now (minister and wife just entering the room), and don't forget to say your little prayer—'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

"God bless you, Sister Pry!" exclaims the divine; "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it!"

(Mrs. Pry turns toward them with a surprised look.)

"O, you have come, have you? Brother and Sister Church! (extending both hands) I am delighted to see you! was fearful you would not come, on account of the shower."

Biddy has been a silent auditor, through the scene—doesn't understand it; wonders what the Virgin Mary and all the saints think of such proceedings.

STILL THE SAME.

"There was a time when everybody
Drank their gin, or brandy toddy."

And the time has not gone past yet, which is much to the disgrace of our civilized land, sir. How poison the track of the deadly enemy, and still how madly millions follow in his path as if their very salvation lay at its extremity. They have set sail for the port *Ruin*, and madly on they go, heeding not the entreaties of friends, the wild cry of wives, parents, children, brothers and sisters—once happy homes brought to ruin, and helpless families to ignominy—the heart-rending wail of despair which comes from the family altar with the last death-throes of long cherished, hopeless love, avails not.

They have become morbid beings, and are but hideous monsters seeking to drag others on a level with their own degraded wrecks; they see no right, no virtue; all persons in their dwarfed opinion are far from the path of rectitude.

Who ever saw an inebriate who did not consider his consequential lordship "*abused?*" Who ever saw one of that detestable class, who acknowledged having a virtuous wife?

MRS. GRANT WONDERS.

Mrs. Grant wonders why her home is not more pleasant, why her husband is morose, why her girls are such romps, and why her boys never spend their evenings at home as Mrs. Wilmot's boys do.

Mrs. Grant, cease your wondering, and look *this* way, and then *that*.

Do you see this well lighted room where there is an air of comfort in every nook? Do you see that bright looking lad who sits reading aloud while the mother and sisters employ themselves with their needlework, and the father and brothers are attentive listeners?

Now the last page is finished; the brothers and sisters unite their voices in a hymn of praise; the mother reads from the Word of God; the reverent family "bow down together," and the father's prayer ascends to heaven.

Morning. The parents and children are happy and at their allotted vocation.

Mrs. Grant, the mistress of this well regulated home is your friend Mrs. Wilmot.

Now look *that* way, Mrs. Grant. Do you see that gloomy room where a tallow candle is glimmering in a candlestick which might have belonged to Noah! Do you see a shrew sitting in an uncomfortable looking

chair, on the alert to prevent the "parlor door" from being opened? Do you see a pile of forbidden books? No, you can not, for they are not in sight.

Do you see that attenuated figure sitting perfectly docile, and as straight in its chair as though it had been plumbd? Would you recognize said figure as the husband of the *woman who lives there*? Do you see those hoidenish girls who have just rushed in from their evening gossip; and lastly, do you see those boys returning home with "Bacchus" written on their brow?

Morning. Cowering husband, churlish sons, idle daughters and indomitable mother.

"Who reigns over that household, did you ask, Mrs. Grant? No matter, but as you have seen and approved the management of Mrs. Wilmot, 'go thou and do likewise.'"

BILL SPRIT.

"How goes the times, Bill?"

"Not the best that ever was, I tell you, Jim. This is the meanest place that I ever saw, if a fellow does a mea —, that is if he is unfortunate, everybody is ready to hit him a kick; and I am tired of it; if I was thought as much of as you are though, I should be content."

"Well," replied the magnanimous Jim, "where I was born and brought up, I wasn't thought a whit more of than you are here; but you see coming among strangers was the making of me as far as being thought anything of was concerned. Now you know just how it is; I go in the best company in town, and what is more, the young ladies are all striving for my attentions, though if they knew just — but there is no use of multiplying words — and if I were in your place, Bill, I would leave this burg."

"That I would do, if I could get into business that would pay my board and leave money enough to buy as much note paper and perfumery as I should require in order to move in a fashionable circle of society. I often think of what dad used to say about such things. Sez 'e, 'tap't what folks be, but what they seem to be, that makes 'um."

"That's it exactly," responded Jim, "and now if you will take my advice, you will be all right. I will ask

my employer to get you a situation in the firm of Squash, Cobb & Co. of Giggletown. He is well acquainted there and is very influential—but I must go, for Addie told me that if I didn't go down to Colonel Blab's to the party to-night, that she would never forgive me."

The consequential youth took his departure, and his young friend who had wholly determined to "shine," let come what would, commenced constructing air castles of the most elaborate stamp.

Heeding Jim's advice, the disconsolate Bill procured a bottle of bears' grease, saturated his scalp effectually with it, and before a month had passed over his enterprising head, he had entered a pair of patent leather boots, a long-tailed coat and "the best society in Giggletown."

Feeling satisfied with all the world, and Jim Slickup in particular, our young hero sits musefully reflecting upon his unrivaled success in becoming a gentleman; conceitedly applying whatever remarks may have been made to him by young ladies, to the best advantage, and so as to assure himself that he had been highly extolled; then like any other ardent lover he paused to think of his, "dearest."

You didn't think he had been in Giggletown two weeks without falling in love, did you?

Well, you are mistaken; it isn't any of your common place love either, for Jennett's father has a handsome fortune, which strengthens Bill's fond devotion; and what is more than all of that, he has determined to elevate her to the dignity of Mrs. Bill Sprit.

Many bright pictures he sees in the distance; time

passes very swiftly thus; the town clock announces the hour of midnight, and he having chewed his last cud of patent gum, divests himself of his satinnet and retires for the night.

Meantime, in the balcony of Major Copperhead's spacious abode, is the lovely Jennett, only child of said Major, and sole heir to his estate, which consists of one tavern stand; two houses to rent, one brick store, and three village lots, besides his residence before mentioned; also an interest in a frog pond in an neighboring town, and a large amount of prairie land in the West. He is also a member of the House of Representatives, and holds several petty offices in Giggletown.

The lovely Jennett is, as we have said, in the balcony; she is reclining against the railing, her large blue orbs fixed intently upon the sparkling planets, as one by one they appear in the clear mid-summer sky. She is weaving beautiful "love wreaths" for Bill, while he, all unconscious of his lady-love's wakeful hours, snores a serenade to the occupants of the adjoining room.

Having glanced at the mental inclinations of both Mr. Bill Sprit and Miss Jennett Copperhead, we will leave them a few weeks. During that time they progress rapidly in their courtship.

'Tis evening, the young lovers are again in each other's company, general topics of the day are discussed, neighbors are set aside as *non compos mentis*. Both intelligent youths say they "think it's too bad about the late rail road smash-up," and lo! a dead silence ensues. To break silence, Miss Jennett seats herself at her piano, and plays a tune in which occurs several rests; satisfied

with her performance, she turns to Bill and asks: "Well, dear, how do you like that?"

"Very well, love," is the courteous reply; "but the next tune you play, let it be something that you know, so that you won't have to stop so often."

Another and more lively tune is played; that finished, by request of her gallant beau, she sits down beside him.

How beautiful she looks to him to-night, and he does not refrain from telling her so; no, he willingly confesses all to her, his own "dear love."

"Dear Jenny, my Jenny, may I call you by that beloved appellation? Truly, I am not rich, but I am well to do in the world, and I never can be happy one moment out of your sight, unless it is with the assurance that you will be mine, and I trust you will not blast my fond hopes, when with all the sincerity of my whole being, I lay my heart (and empty pocket book) at your feet. Answer me, dearest, and say that the time will come when ——"

"The time *has* come, you scoundrel," says an intruder, and two unwelcome guests, namely Mr. Catchum, the constable, and Mr. Holdum, the sheriff, enter, and audaciously interrupt the interview between the lovers. Out of respect to the young man's Uncle Jonathan and Aunt Deborah, we shall refrain from mentioning his crimes, though they were sufficient to secure him a boarding place in a large stone building for one year. Jennett, true to her lover, said she did not believe he would steal, and never should until she saw him do it; neither did the loyal young lady bestow her affections upon another swain—until she had an opportunity.

Now there are more Bill Sprits than the one here personified, and they are confined to no particular locality; but as tares grow with wheat, they mingle with worthy people who unsuspectingly receive them into their friendship, and ultimately to their surprise and mortification find the young "Sprit" to be a consummate villian, whose just deserts would be a permanent home in the penitentiary.

"Slurring you?" No sir; I should be very sorry to have you think I mean anything personal.

UNCLE ELI.

A good man is uncle Eli; and when we call him this, we do not judge him by the elevation of his chin, or the polish of his boots. We have never seen his name on a subscription list for charity, or heard him make a prayer; yet there is not a man in the vicinity who more willingly drops a shilling in the pauper's hand than he; and when he meets Barney, and Michael and Pat, he accosts them as kindly as the candidate for office did before election. He remembers, too, when *he* wore thread-bare clothes, and ate at the "second table." He has been a ditch digger, and has at length been prospered, and now owns broad lands; he has laborers to till his soil, but does not forget which end of the spade is most convenient to "break up the ground with."

Absurd as it may seem, he acknowledges that the rich and poor man both enter heaven at the same gate; he looks well to his riches that they are not "corrupted," and to his garments that they are not "moth-eaten."

RUINS OF A FAMILY ALTAR,

OR HOW I CAME TO BE A GOVERNESS.

I remember of seeing my mother dressed in sable robes long years ago, and of seeing tears course down her sallow cheek. She would in the dusky hush of evening, take me by the hand, and lead me out beneath the great willow, whose boughs drooped till their soft foliage lay like a massive fringe upon a snow-white slab; and there, as if forgetting all save that grave, she would sit and weep for hours. I remember a time came when we did not take these accustomed walks. I had never seen her cheeks otherwise than pale, but now they were crimson as the roses on my favorite bush. I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful.

Soon came a time when I was not permitted to go to her room; this made me very unhappy. Then alas! came another change; the great house which had always been my home was dark and gloomy; the gay ladies and gentlemen whom I had seen there so often when my mother used to sit and chat with them (though in her heart I know she would have preferred solitude), had come again, though they were dressed differently from what I had ever seen them; some of them sang, but their singing sounded sadly, so far from what I had ever supposed music could sound; they did not open the piano, or touch the harp (my mother's favorite instru-

ment), which I thought very strange; I saw, too, that the embroidered covers had been removed, and were replaced by black ones.

My nurse carried me to the table which sat in the middle of the room, and raised me up to look into my mother's coffin; I sprang forward in spite of the strength of my attendant, slipped my little hands under my mother's head, and laid my cheek to hers; the roses of which I used to be so proud had vanished, and oh! how cold, how chilling cold, the colorless clay they had left. That is the last I remember of the day; my tearful cheek pressed against the icy cold one of my mother's. From the day of her funeral until I was eighteen years of age, I was an inmate of my uncle's house, and through his kindness I received education.

His wife was an arrogant, fashionable woman, better accomplished than educated, consequently the instruction which she gave her daughters was not of that true value which in all grades of life should characterize a mother's teachings.

Dress and beaux were the all absorbing topics with them from morning till night. The young ladies considered their "poor cousin" convenient as waiting-maid when they so frequently dressed for balls, parties, promenades, etc.; farther than this the poor orphan was unnoticed by them.

The wealthy Mrs. Grattan was to give a grand party; my uncle, aunt and cousins were to be present. I assisted Amelia and Grace to dress, and they looked very beautiful, though I did not envy them.

Their gay equipage dashed up to the door, and in a

moment they were gone; then I was left alone, though not lonely, for I was never so happy as when left to my own thoughts. There in one corner of the room stood the harp which used to be my mother's (this was my only inheritance); I drew it from its accustomed nook, and played upon it one of my favorite songs. At length I heard a light tap on the door, and the next moment Wilber Clayton stepped into my room. He was an interesting person, and one of whom I had heard my cousins speak in the highest terms of praise. We had often met and conversed together, though I had never thought of him otherwise than as a friend of my uncle's family.

To my surprise, and I will acknowledge that it was to my joy also, he told me of his deep respect for me, and asked me to become his wife.

I did not love him, though his kind words had won the tenderest friendship of my young heart.

Knowing that I did not love him, I promised to marry him — this I did to possess myself of a home.

A year later we were nicely settled in a cottage of our own, surrounded by every comfort of life, and luxury was not a stranger there.

At length a cousin of mine, a person whom I had not seen for several years, came suddenly upon us, and made known her intention to remain through the summer. She expressed a great deal of pleasure at seeing me so happily situated.

Weeks passed on, and much of my time was occupied with my domestic affairs, while my husband and cousin Sue walked daily in the garden, and frequently took

long rides in the cool air of those summer evenings. All this I approved, for it was my desire that my relative and guest should enjoy her visit at my new home.

My husband had always been very kind to me, and thus had wholly won my heart; I loved him very dearly, and our home was for a time an Eden of wedded love.

And what shall I say of the sudden change that overspread the household where harmony had ever sat unmolested? Was it, could it be a mortal being and one who purred around me with many professions of friendship, or was it a conspiracy of demons that came like a "thief in the night," to overthrow that family altar which before had stood unshaken?

Daily, and before my eyes, the enemy of my peace was alluring my husband from me; filling his mind with the impression that I did not love him.

It is a mystery that with him, an intelligent man, her vile delusions, simpering and shallow smiles could have such power; though alas! it was too true; she had accomplished her work, and now like the wife of a Mormon, I was frowned upon in my own home; with neglects from my once affectionate husband, and the torture of satire and monopoly from her, who was upheld by him.

Perhaps had I not been so entirely unsuspecting I would have seen the coiling of the designing serpent at an earlier hour, and thus have kept the storm of torture from my head. But cousin Sue was many years my husband's senior, and was it to be supposed that she was trying to bring him to her feet? It was even so!

The question arises, why was he so easily led astray? I answer, he *was not* easily led astray, for the influence

of an evil woman over almost any man is lamentably great. Men are easily flattered, and many a one turns scornfully away from the holy shrine of truth, virtue, and love, and rushes madly into the giddy dissipation of flattery, vice and shame.

Here I repeat the story of many who have suffered the same sad fate of my unfortunate self. I fled from beneath my husband's roof!

I am a governess in this, my southern home, where I have found kind friends, and am as happy as one so wronged can expect to be. I sometimes hear of him who was once my husband, and her who appropriates my home — or at least what should be my home.

Thus you know how I came to be a governess; and I have delineated the ruins of my family altar, thinking, perhaps, the narration may save some other victim, unsuspecting as myself, from the torture which I have borne; and now dear lady, take it as a warning; *keep an eye of vigilance over your family altar*, lest some stealthy serpent creep in and lay it in ruins:

—— "pain, death,
Remorse, and worldly ruin; they are little,
Weighed with the woe of woman when forsaken
By him she loved and trusted."

PERSEVERANCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"Climb, man! climb! Get to the top of the ladder though adverse circumstances and false friends break every round in it! and see what a glorious and extensive prospect of human nature you'll get when you arrive at the summit!"—*Fanny Fern*.

"Those are *my* sentiments!" said Paul Brayton, emphatically, and suiting the action to the word, he commenced the ascent. When his friends became conscious of his determination, they shook their heads ominously and said, "you'd better not, Paul." Then, when he refused to accept their advice, they called a jury that would have "set on his body," had they dared to; yet keeping a proper distance, they returned a verdict of "head-strong."

When they saw that, regardless of all they had said, he had set out for the "top of the ladder," they manifested their kindness and brotherly love for him, by greasing the soles of his boots, and filling his pockets with brick-bats; still he continued to climb.

"What will we do next?" asked one of his sponsors of the other.

"Knock the rounds out of the ladder!" was the considerate and well-timed reply.

Forthwith the rounds were hurled to the ground.

Paul still remained undaunted; all of those movements he called "slight annoyances."

Yes, the rounds *were* out of the ladder, and to a person of less determination than Paul, an ascent would have seemed very difficult, if not altogether impossible. Not so with him; he adopted the plan of the Yankee who climbed the greased pole; that is he inserted curry-combs in the legs of his pants, and with some difficulty continued the ascension, independent of rounds.

When he had reached something of an elevation, he ventured to look back, and (his word for it) there stood his friends making wry faces and beckoning to him to descend. He was so willful as to decline the exalted invitation, and continued to climb. At length, after much exertion and fatigue he succeeded in reaching the summit; then he turned and faced the crowd who stood ready to kick him if he fell; but he had no intention of making such a blunder; on the contrary he seated himself on the end of the roundless ladder, lit a cigar by the sun, folded his arms across his chest, rested the heels of his boots on the edge of the rainbow, and there he sat in all the glory of one who had made his mark and succeeded in reaching it.

The crowd began to feel confident that he had gained a permanent residence there, and each tried (in vain) to call to mind some word of kindness they had spoken by way of encouraging him to persevere and reach his elevated position. Then, strange as it may seem, those very persons who greased the soles of his boots, filled his pockets with brick-bats, knocked the rounds out of the ladder, and finally made wry faces, gave him three

cheers, and *then* asked him if he wouldn't just take off his clothes, make a rope and reach it down to them and drag them up; surely he couldn't refuse to do *so little for friends who had always stood by him!*

Alas! the depravity of human nature is great, saying nothing of the impudence of people.

**"WHERE OUR TREASURES ARE, THERE
WILL OUR HEARTS BE ALSO."**

Who has not felt the anguish
Of an over-burdened heart;
Who has not from their cherished ones
Been called by death to part?
Who has not wept, "as mourners weep,"
In midnight hours alone?
Though thinking of their "peaceful sleep,"
We sigh, "our friend is gone!"

Gone! gone! The mournful echo,
Whispers back its sad decree;
To our hearts desponding ever,
Though they once were light and free,
How we miss those dearly loved ones
That we ne'er shall see again;
How we listen for their coming,
Though alas! 'tis all in vain;

For our kind Father watches,
As these friends to us are given;
And where e'er He sees "our treasures,"
"Lays them up" for us in Heaven.
"Where our hearts are," may we follow,
Over "Death's tempestuous sea;"
Guard and guide us, Mighty Ruler,
Teach us all to trust in Thee.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"I love thee for thy lute-like tone
Which comes in life's sad hours
And casts its radiant halo o'er
Earth's dark and dismal cares.
I love thee for thy spirit's eye,
Fixed on that world afar,
And for thy acts of christian love,
Which lure my spirit there."—*Louise Smith.*

"Come, Lizzie, I have called to have you go down street with me; I have been on the alert for a week, determined to have the first chance of selecting from Mr. Osmore's stock of valentines—they came to-day, and Jack says they are the most splendid assortment he ever saw!"

"They are beautiful," replied Lizzie, "I called there this afternoon, as I came home from Mrs. Day's."

"What was you over there for? does Mrs. Day work for your mother now?" were Clara's instantaneous inquiries.

"No; she has not worked for any one these two weeks; little Annie is very sick, you know, and—"

"I know nothing about it, neither do I wish to know the whys and wherefores of all the poor trash in town!" was her magnanimous response, as she elevated her "aristocratic nose" and glanced admiringly into a mirror opposite.

"Are you going or not?" was her persuasive enjoiner, as her friend resumed her sewing.

"Mother is at Mrs. Day's now, and if you will wait until she returns, I will go with you."

"How long before you will expect her?"

"An hour or so."

"Oh, I can't wait that length of time! more than likely as not the nicest of the valentines would be gone," and Miss Clara arose to leave.

"Call and show me your valentines when you return, won't you?"

"Certainly," and soon the fair Clara was in the store of Mr. Osmore, going into ecstasies over the "beautiful valentines."

It was quite difficult for that fastidious young lady to choose even from so great a variety. At length, however, three were selected and handed to the shopman, with inquiry as to the price of each.

No. 1, which was intended as a magnet to attract young Dr. Gordon, was composed of lilac flowers and cupids; white satin back-ground, gilt border, and exquisite beyond description. Price five dollars.

No. 2 was Cupid in repose; represented as having retired to private life amid moss-rose buds and blossoms. This was intended for George McBride, as a balm of consolation to that young man, from the fact that she had refused him her heart and hand. Price two dollars.

No. 3 was for Dick Kite, who had boldly and audaciously refused to coincide with several young mascu-

lines as they pronounced her the belle of the late soiree held in that flourishing town. This specimen of art represented a "Broadway dandy," caressing his moustache. Price six cents.

Clara, according to her promise, called to display her purchase, but to her disappointment and chagrin, found that Lizzie was not at home. She was informed by a servant that "Annie Day was worse," and the young lady had gone to see her.

About this time Lizzie was entering the house of sorrow; and, sure enough, her favorite was worse; the night shades were gathering, and as they came, the little one receded from her earthly home.

Frank Day had been despatched for Dr. Crosby, but not finding that worthy gentleman at home, had summoned Dr. Gordon to the bedside of the dying Annie. He arrived just as the blue eyes closed, and the last cord was severed which fettered the little cherub with moldering clay. The woe-stricken mother was entreating the unseen inflieter to restore to her her child; the brother was calling imploringly for a farewell look of recognition; and the young girl who seemed willing to participate in their sorrow, was consoling the parent by her christian counsel, and speaking such words of comfort to the boy as would assuage his childish grief. Silently and unnoticed Dr. Gordon watched the trio before him, his heart overflowing with emotion; adoring Our Father who is ever holding out his hands and welcoming those innocent ones, whose pilgrimage is so early o'er; and in the person of Lizzie he beheld a noble, pure-souled

woman whom he could admire for her traits of christian character and kindness of heart.

Bright and clear was the evening of St. Valentine's day; merrily the sleigh-bells jingled, and happy young voices ever and anon proclaimed the joyous tidings of the marks of favor which they had received on that anniversary.

From the happy throng we miss a voice which usually takes a prominent part in the merriment—that gay and absent one is Clara. She is sitting in a gorgeous drawing-room of her merchant father's; the glowing light of astral lamps glitters over the costly furniture, displaying it advantageously, while she is seated at her piano; a blue merino dress, made in the "latest and most approved style," envelopes her lithe form; a necklace of turkoi encircles her snowy neck, o'er which flows a mass of jetty ringlets; her keen black eyes sparkle with bright anticipation of "a new conquest," as her jeweled hands fly over the piano keys, playing an anonymous polka, to while away the time until her lilac and cupid adorned Valentine should do its designed legation—but she waits in vain; there are no "empty tenements" in Dr. Gordon's cranium.

Lizzie sits in her quiet home, plainly yet becomingly dressed, her hands are swiftly plying her needle, as she sings a lively ditty to her baby brother. More charming than ever she looks to the gentleman who take a seat by her side this evening; and allowing that it would not be in accordance with the "golden rule," to give a

verbatim account of their conversation, which was introduced through the valentine theme, we will only add that ere the return of that anniversary, Lizzie and Dr. Gordon stood before the altar and spoke the vows which made them one.

THE "BOGUS" ANGEL.

You have never seen one? I think you are mistaken, for it is not possible to live now-a-days, without being brought in contact with the dear creatures, more or less. You have not seen through their masks, that is the sole reason you do not recognize them.

Now let us look at one of these facsimiles of the apple of the Dead Sea.

The mask is on. Lovely creature! how amiable, loving, pure! Surely the parents, husband and children of *such* a being, must feel themselves thrice blessed. How graceful every movement, and what an angelic voice! so soft and harmonious; then those "lily hands;" how tenderly their soft palms lave the throbbing temples of the invalid friend; how lovingly those "rosy lips" drop kind, affectionate words to soothe the mind of the tempest-tossed.

How her heart thrills at the thoughts of charity, and when no eye but the All-seeing watches her, how liberally she bestows alms upon the pauper; no ostentation is there; no malice is in her bosom.

While we admire her placid countenance, we say to ourselves, "how devoutly such an angel must pray for the welfare of friend and foe;" then we think that when she "bends the suppliant knee," bright seraphs come to earth, and rejoice that one so righteous remains

in our midst, to perform missions of charity. And lastly, should she be called to cross the dark river, who, even in this enlightened age could doubt the probability of Proserpine sending a procession of undefiled spirits, to welcome her to another world, and strew her way to Elysium with flowers?

The mask is off, who would recognize her now? We see her in her true character; putty face and onion eyes; no wonder they are "placid" at times. Then that "cultivated voice" is out of tune; those "lily hands" avoid missions of kindness; and those rosy lips protrude in a magnificent pout. When the pauper comes to her door, he is frowned upon, and sent away as an impostor. Her hours of devotion are *not*.

Such are "bogus" angels; they weigh every word, measure every smile, contemplate their winning airs to be donned when abroad, and by their own fireside, where their most amiable qualities should be visible, they prove themselves the very *ne plus ultra* of bad temper.

We no longer indulge in the pleasing fancy of Proserpine, for now that the mask is off, we are inclined to believe that the procession sent, will be through the gallantry of Pluto, and that the commissioned spirits will strew her path to his dominions with brambles.

LEWIE.

"Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark after its transgression, has been frightened beyond recall, by the savage conduct of an unforgiving spirit."

Thus it was with poor Lewie, a boy of fifteen, an only son, and one who had from his cradle been the pet of the household. He had displeased his parents by becoming tired of stupid sermons, theological controversies and books; also by manifesting a taste for subjects and reading suited to his age and understanding. This, his bigoted parents termed ingratitude for his tender teachings, and "frightened him beyond recall," by their cruel threats, and rules unjustly strict.

Alas! poor boy, what was home to him, when darkened by a frown on the parental brow?

High-spirited, repelled, and impulsive, his fettered spirit cries out for freedom; he struggles to be loosed from the shackles of bigotry, which cling to him as the blood-thirsty leech to his prey.

His is an adventurous nature; he loves the ocean, its free and dashing waves; he loves its balmy days, its star-lit sky, its clouds and storms.

Calcutta bound! The petted child roams over the

blue waters, a sailor boy. Rough tars are his companions, and he soon learns to blaspheme the sacred name of our Holy Father, for hourly he hears volleys of oaths from lips polluted by profanity, ebbing from vile, malicious hearts.

In his childhood, and we might safely say, in his infancy, he had been tortured by such rigid laws, that he liked rather than despised the new life which he led on the ocean. He grew each day to forget the associations of home and friends, and finally thought of them only as of a dream.

Years rolled on; Lewie's parents had awakened to the true light of God's love, for he had received them into His kingdom. And what of the boy? he had arrived to the years of manhood, and on the way had scorned good and cherished evil, until he became one of that class, who, of all others, must be most wretched. He was an atheist.

What can be the happiness of one whose hopes extend no farther than this life, whose cares no farther than the grave? What can they enjoy who look not forward to eternal life, and the fulfillment of the blessed promise, that "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes?" How dark the mind must be of one who looks upon the lifeless form of a beloved friend without faith that they will meet again where "death is swallowed up in victory."

Yet, thus it was with Lewie the sailor, he had forgot-

ten his God; he scorned the christian faith, and passed through the dark valley, unprayed for, and unloved, save by Him who feels more than an earthly father's love for his erring children, and stands with outstretched arms to welcome all for whose sins He suffered and died.

THE CAPTIVE.

Twilight spreads o'er earth its sombre mantle, intercepted only by the faint rays of the setting sun as it sinks behind the gigantic mountains, paling the red glow of its parting rays in the silvery lake, on whose bank is seen the smoke of the Camanche's wigwam fire; the surrounding mountains oft echo with their savage whoop, as a luckless white falls victim to their wiles.

Merrily sings the whip-poor-will, fiercely hoots the owl, while on the banks of the lake the frog incessantly peals forth his dirge-like lay, and the cricket comes from his secret haunt to join the din, and sing his ancient song.

Back a few paces from the lake, stands a cottage, the home of a happy family; the parents, though somewhat advanced in years, still look forward to earthly happiness, as with fondness and pride they behold their fair daughter. On the morrow, the only church in the forest settlement will be decked with the choicest flowers of the dale, and a general invitation is extended to the villagers to assemble in that holy sanctuary, there to witness the marriage rite of the now happy maiden who sits in her room gazing out upon the tranquil loveliness of the surrounding scene. Then she glides slowly down the graveled walk, and through the vista

leading to the silvery lake. As she stands on the shore, looking o'er the clear waters, and upon the broad expanse of blue sky beyond, she dreams of the future. The waters that are now scarce ruffled by a wave, ere another sunset will be dashed by the oars of the Valley Boat, as it nears the shore bringing her husband elect; and yet this picture so bright, bears slight traces of blackness. She asks herself, "why these strange forebodings, when naught but harmony has reigned in our little village for many a month."

She was too much absorbed in her own thoughts to hear the light dipping of oars near the shore; two brawny hands were laid upon her shoulders, and she turned to encounter the swarthy features of an uncouth savage.

"Pale-face go mountain, be warrior's squaw?" said he, and flinging his arms around his now senseless captive, carried her to the mooring, placed her in his canoe and swiftly plied his oars, directing his course up the lake, bearing his delicate plunder far from her loved ones and home.

While the brave men and women of the village search in vain for the lost daughter and friend, she is compelled to walk over prairies, and through bogs and marshes until they reach the encampment; then with torn garments and feet bathed in blood, she is bound to a tree, where, surrounded by the rude band, she awaits her fate, which promises to be the most agonizing of deaths.

Whoop after whoop is sent forth on the midnight air, for the fuel is in readiness, and impatiently the

merciless savages await to join in their malevolent pastime; but until their chieftain comes, they would not burn the pale-face.

The thunder peals out its protracted sound, the lightning at times seems to wrap the heavens in a sheet of flame, as a horseman rides into the camp, dismounts, and observes a fiendish grin upon the faces of his men; they direct his attention to the captive; her raven locks have fallen over her white shoulders, her brilliant orbs are uplifted in supplication to One whose care still is over her.

The young chieftain stands spell-bound; he knows the Great Spirit is listening to her, for her countenance indicates his nearness; he advances, cuts the cords which bind her to the tree, places her upon his own steed, then turns to his men telling them that the pale-face can not be their victim. "I," says the noble young Indian, "will soon return, and if this night you must burn one at the tree, it must be your leader;" so, under his protection, the maiden was soon carried safely to a small settlement of the "pale-face," by whom she was soon restored to her distracted parents, lover, and their sympathizing friends.

SUPPLICATION.

"But should my destiny bequest of wealth,
Kind Heaven, O, keep my tempted soul in health;
And shouldst thou bless my toil with ample store,
Keep back the madness that would ask for more."

Is this really a prayer from the heart; or mere lip-devotion chronicled? We will believe the supplication to be sincere, though it will undoubtedly ever remain a mystery why a man's ambition universally multiplies with his dollars and cents. The wealth of love is rooted out of the home circle by the desire of worldly gain, and the latter hums a mocking dirge to the former when it is cast into the charnel-house of living skeletons.

In most cases, when "toil is blessed with ample store," does not the recipient indulge "the madness that asks for more," while the man of the world sails farther from the haven of peace, and is drifted out into the dark labyrinthine tide, which is sure to lead him into the dangerous whirlpool where strife baffles with strife, until the beautiful of life is immersed 'neath the surging billow.

THE INDEPENDENT POOR MAN.

I have no ships on the ocean to worry about; no tenants to look after; no property to guard against fire or flood; no children at boarding school to feel anxious about; no *false friends* to entertain; no tailor's bills to pay; no electioneering to do, and no subscription list is handed to me with a solicitation for my name.

While my rich neighbor grows old with care, I live in perfect tranquility, free as an autumn leaf, and go and come at my pleasure. While he grows morose over his wealth, I continue jolly in my poverty.

Strange logic — yet in nine cases out of ten, will not the poor man's peace of mind far excel that of his opulent neighbor?

"The rich, upon their beds of down,
 Know not the joy I claim
 When sunbeams first yon summit crown
 With dyes of heavenly flame;
 My soul soars upward with the lay
 That Nature's myriads raise,
 And greets the newly wakened day
 With thankfulness and praise.

"Give me my cottage by the hill,
 My life of humble fare,
 My little plot of earth to till,
 And love my home to share;

A heart to feel for others' pain,
 Content with this, and health,
 My lips should never once complain,
 Nor ask for more of wealth."

MR. SCRABBLE'S OPINION OF WOMEN.

"Well, well! its strange, remarkably strange, that women are such foo —, I meant to say, its strange that woman are so curious to know all that is going on. Now they are all crazy to go up to the Town Hall to-night, because some lazy wag who is determined to get his living out of the public without working, has advertised to 'exhibit something curious.'

"I am glad that *I* have no wife or daughters to make fools of themselves; yes, indeed I am, and there is no if's nor and's in the case. I dare say some folks think that Polly Pendergrass gave me the mitten; humph! she didn't, and if she did, I don't care a — cent. I wonder if she wouldn't be glad to exchange the abominable name Pendergrass, for the euphonious Scrabble? Don't tell me that she is indifferent on the subject — yet why did the jade refuse to marry — well, no matter, though I guess she has repented before this late hour; wonder if she is ever sorry, and wishes I would go and make up friends with her! The girl is crazy if she thinks I will. No, sir; never, so long as my name is Fernando Scrabble, will I diminish my dignity, by — well, the amount of the business is, a fellow can't tell just what he will do, until he makes up his mind — and how on earth is he to make up his mind! I don't think that Polly was so much in the fault for refusing me, after all

said and done; I vow, it was more the old man's fault than hers!

"I was speaking about the women going up to the hall to-night. 'Something curious,' says the wag in his advertisement, 'is to be exhibited at the Town Hall this evening. Tickets of admission, 25 cts.; doors open at half-past six, performance to commence precisely at seven.'

"Ten to one, if it isn't a swindle, like the Vermont-er's 'Waxwork.' I don't suppose that there will be any body there but women; I can't see through it; twenty-five cents isn't much to risk any way, and I'll just brush up my beaver, and put on my green coat; then I will go up to the hall, with as much importance as though I was a tin-peddler or French dancing master. Perhaps Polly Pendergrass will be there; if she is, I will try to forget how the little minx has treated me; and I'll pluck up courage, and — no, I won't either! she may go home alone, for all I care! (I had much rather see her starting off alone than to know that anybody was going with her; for I am bent and determined that she shall be my wife if we both live another month!)"

Yes, Mr. Scrabble, *women* are very "curious."

TO THE MOTHERLESS.

"The midnight stars are gleaming
 Upon the silent grave;
 Now sleepeth without dreaming,
 The friend we could not save.
 The cloud of grief is keeping
 Its shadow on my brow;
 Oh, blame me not for weeping —
 I have no mother now!"

The heart upon which your tiny infant head oft was pillowed, though cold and silent beneath the clod, is beyond the reach of care or pain; the eyes which have gazed upon you but in love and pride, though closed in death, are open to the light of Heaven; the veil which darkened her sight to worldly view, lighted her path on her heavenward journey; the ear, deaf to your orphan cries, is listening to the Saviour's voice and to the hymns of angels as they touch their golden lyres; the icy lips upon which pressed a farewell kiss, are joining in the angels' hymns and singing of the Saviour's love; the hand which guided your childhood and youthful steps, is beckoning you onward, upward, heavenward.

When you saw the flood of life ebbing from the pallid clay, you silently breathed a supplication to our Father, "God be merciful!"

Days, weeks, months, perhaps years, have passed away since death tore from you your dearest earthly friend. You have many others, but as you view them individually, is there one upon whom you can bestow that unbounded love, which filled your heart for her?

View them collectively if you will; concentrate all their friendships into one, and does that equal a mother's unchanging love and vigilance?

Perchance you tread the thorny path of adversity, and see no guiding star glittering o'er the chequered scenes of life. You long to rest your weary head upon your mother's breast, and hear her soothing words and humble prayers; you involuntarily trace back memory's chain, link after link, until you reach the hour when the unwelcome messenger invaded your home and claimed his victim; you muse in bewilderment; your own existence seems but a chaos; the music of Nature and the merry voices of your companions but a din. The glorious golden sunbeams, the moon's silvery light, and the stars' bright twinkle, are obscured from your view by a thick, chilling mist that is ever lurking over your pathway — at first it was a massive dark cloud, but as time wears on, it expands into sorrowing reminiscences.

Vividly you remember the heartfelt supplication, "God be merciful!" Almost unconsciously you ask yourself, "Has my prayer been answered?"

Silently you sit in the dreary mist and eagerly listen to hear the raven croak an answer, when lo, Faith comes softly whispering, "God loveth whom he chasteneth;" and fluttering her golden wings, vanishes the mist

from your sight. You behold once more the beauties of Nature as they are, and remembering the softly whispered words of Faith, you see that it is through God's infinite love, that He has bereft you of your mother's love and care; for affliction guides the weary heavenward, and "Death is but a password to Eternal Life."

LOOKING BACK.

"I am looking back," cries an aged woman, "to years that have long since passed into eternity! In fancy I stand once more in the home of my childhood; I watch in vain among the pedestrians for a familiar countenance, but all who pass are to me strangers—and yet the friend by my side tells me the names of many who were once my schoolmates. There stands the old brick academy, slightly affected by time; just below it, are the rocks upon which we used to play so merrily until the bell would summon us back to our tasks. Ah! how my mind wanders back now, to those days, and my youthful associations.

"Annie Clyde, my favorite, is the first schoolmate upon whom my thoughts rest; darling Annie! Well I remember our childhood intimacy, and fancy dreams of the future; but alas! how widely our fortunes have drifted us from those plans wrought in happy ignorance of the world!

"Bessie Jackson, an orphan, and one for whom I always felt the kindest regards, has met many sad reverses of fortune; once the pet of a home of wealth, now 'out at service.' Poor Bessie! let us hope that the cloud which hangs over your head will soon break, revealing a 'silver lining.'

"Kittie Campbell, I remember you as an obstreperous,

conceited child, and the aversion of the whole school; years have changed the tide of *your* life too; you have been brought suddenly from affluence to poverty, and has it taught you a lesson of thoughtfulness? Health has fled and robbed you of your beauty; has it taught you a lesson of humiliation?

"Laura Wood, kind, affectionate, clumsy girl, and a child of poverty, is transformed into a lady, educated and accomplished.

"Ida Clay, whose youth was also darkened by destitution and affliction, is now preceptress in one of our flourishing academies.

"Children of Industry, as I look through the long vista of years—many of which were dark and weary ones to you—that stretch back to our childhood, I find myself saying with Bishop Cumberland, 'It is better to wear out than to rust,' so truly are the words verified in your industrious, useful lives.

"Collectively I view the companions of my childhood and youth; I see that many who were poor as to dollars and cents, but rich with God's best gifts—Intellect and Diligence—have been climbing up to stations of respectability and responsibility, and are now prosperous, and most of them happy as falls to the lot of mortals to be, while those who were rocked in the lap of luxury in their early years, as they grew up placed too much confidence in their means and position, and have been swept from their transient support, to depend upon their own resources, though they are illy prepared to encounter the rude storms of adversity.

"Take courage, ye who are struggling through

adverse circumstances; let drones shake their heads, ominously as they please; don't mind them; keep on climbing—'make your mark;' and if you *will* reach it, you *can*."

"Press on! there is no such word as fail,
Press nobly on! the goal is near!
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs — Press on! press on!"

MRS. APE AT A MILLINER'S SHOP.

"Good morning, mam! I called to look at your newest fashioned bonnets, and if I can find one that suits me as to price, color and shape, and gives me a fresh look, I intend to buy it."

"There is a very pretty one; that black velvet—if you have no objections, I will try it on?"

"Yes, it becomes me very well, though husband don't like to see me wear black, because I was in mourning for my first man when he got acquainted with me, and you see he sets so much by me that he don't like to have anything to remind him that I ever loved anybody else."

"A green one? Yes, I admire green—I will put this on if you are willing? what do you charge for it? Well now, five dollars is quite reasonable, and I would buy it, only our Jack don't like green, and I make it a point not to wear a color that my children don't fancy."

"Hand me that blue one, if you please: it feels good on my head, but blue don't become me; blue never did."

"Crimson? yes, it is very becoming to my complexion; don't you think so? but I fear people would think it too gay for any one as old as I am."

"Gray? sure enough! its quite becoming; more so than I thought it was; what is the price? Only four dollars! that aint quite as much as I would like to pay; you see Miss Milliner, when a person gets an article they may as well pay a *little more* and have just what they want."

"Yes, I like purple; how does it look on me? No, I guess I won't take it, it spots so easily."

"Now I like this drab the best of any I've had on; what do you tax for it? That's very reasonable, I'm sure, but as its a color that my Sally Jane don't like, I don't think I'll take it."

"Plum color always did become me—you see it does; I'd buy it, only the last one I had was so near like it that people would think it the same old bonnet."

"If you've no objections, I'll put on that pink one with the large roses, just to see if I look any as I did when I was a girl."

"Dove color? yes, it is beautiful, and becomes me splendidly, don't you see it does? how do you sell this? I think that it is very cheap for so nice a one. I don't see any fault in it, only, that thread in the edge of the lace might crinkle once more in each scallop—you see when a *lady* is buying a bonnet, she may as well get one that suits her."

"Please hand that brown one this way, I think its just what I want—how do you think it becomes me? Well, eh? I knew it would, still it is a shade lighter than I admire; I don't think it looks as rich as it would if it was a little darker."

"I don't wish to make you any trouble, Miss Milliner, but I thought it would do no harm to step in and take a look at your wares as I had a little time to spare to-day."

"No; I won't take any of them now, though I presume I shall call again."

Bright prospects for the milliner!

THE CURSE OF DISOBEDIENCE.

"And Abbie knows nothing of this affair whatever?"

"Nothing."

"'Tis remarkably strange that you should have allowed her to grow up in total ignorance of the existence of her mother!"

"Not so very strange, Wilford; you know Abbie was only two years old when her mother lost her reason, and as she grew up without knowing of her misfortune, it is very natural that I, her father, should if possible prevent her young life being embittered by the consciousness of the lamentable fact; moreover I have never dared hope for my wife's recovery until within a few months."

"I have nothing more to say of the past, but remember it will be better for you to tell Abbie now, than to allow her to remain ignorant on the subject any longer; tell her that her mother, whom she has thought dead for twelve long years, still lives, and is soon to be the light of your home."

"I have thought that it would be better to bring her home, deluding Abbie into the belief that she is her step mother."

"That would be imprudent, very imprudent, sir; and now I warn you to do nothing of the kind!"

THE CURSE OF DISOBEDIENCE.

"But it will be such a pleasant surprise for the child to hear it from her mother's own lips; there will be plenty of time to explain it to her, and I think upon the whole it will be quite a romance."

"Time to make wrong right? a time that you or I will never see, brother James; yet as I am not willing to be considered superstitious, I will say no more, though I am forewarned of the danger that is in store for you and yours; I see, too, that it is immutable, therefore I will leave you to the management of your own affairs."

"Your father is to return to-day, and your new mother is coming with him; you will love her, won't you, Abbie?"

"No; never!"

"Not if she is kind to you?"

"She won't be; step-mothers are never kind, I never heard of one that was not cross!"

"But promise me that you will receive her kindly."

"I shall promise you nothing of the sort!"

"Well, treat her as you please; but I tell you if you are not obedient to your father's request, you will repent it."

"I thought my father hired you to keep house; I didn't know that he had authorized you to *preach to me!*"

"Neither has he, child, yet I beg of you, for your own sake, be kind to your mother."

"I tell you not to call her *my* mother; I'll never call her so, never! nobody likes step-mothers, and I have

just as good a right to hate them as anybody else has! what is more I am old enough to be *mistress here*, and I shall let *her* know it too!"

"Child, remember what I tell you — you will think of it hereafter!"

"Holy father! I have prayed before the crucifix; I have implored the Blessed Mother to help me, and yet I feel unworthy to come into thy presence seeking absolution of my sins!"

"Though they may be great, my daughter, I will listen to your confession."

"Yes, holy father. I never knew a mother's care, for when I was two years old, she became insane and was taken far away; I grew up in ignorance of her existence, and when I was fourteen, my father told me that he was to bring home a mother to me; I was very wicked, and disobeyed his commands when he bade me receive her kindly; I determined that I would never do so — I resolved to work her destruction.

"A few of my parent's friends were present the evening of their arrival; I declined to comply with my father's request to join the company in the drawing-room, for I was busy in the service of the evil one, and great is the sin that he led me into, and to which I easily assented. The statue of the Blessed Virgin holding in her arms the infant Jesus, stood in the apartment that was to be occupied by her whose happiness I was plotting to destroy. I draped the holy statue with crape, also the paintings, mirror and windows of the room. Then I cut the form of a coffin in black cloth, and

fastened it to the wall; at each end I sat a table on which wax candles burned dimly. This finished the arrangement of my gloomy tableau.

"My mother ascended to the room alone; I stood where I could watch her as she entered the passage that led to the door. Oh, she was so beautiful! she seemed angelic, and the first sight of her inspired me with love. Then I longed to rush before her, to rescue her from the danger that my own hands had placed in her way. But, no; the demon spirit beckoned me back; she passed into the room; the one where I was first laid upon her breast (*for, holy father, she was my own mother!*) I heard a wild piercing cry, a fall, and oh, it was too late to retract the wrong that I had done. My sable tableau was indeed a warning of what was to come — my mother was dead! Spare me now the pain of telling of my father's frenzy, of his cries that rent the air, or his curses on my head; however, they were the ravings of a maniac, and he was soon confined within the walls of the same asylum that for twelve years had sheltered her.

"They chose to take their own time to tell me that she was my own, instead of my step-mother, and I, through the malice which hearsay had planted in my heart, led on by diabolical influences, have ruined them and myself.

"Now, my only hope is that I may gain absolution for my sins. 'Tis also my desire to be accepted as a nun, that as a Sister of Charity I may in some degree atone for my sins, by ministering to the wants of the down-fallen, the sick and the suffering.

"Years have passed since those sins were committed, though they have with a scorpion sting ever nestled to my breast, while the waters of Acheron seem plashing about, threatening to envelop me in their dark depths; and now, holy father, I give myself and my possessions up to the service of the church!"

AN INTERESTING YOUNG MAN TALKS TO HIS COUNTERPART IN THE MIRROR.

"Well, I am certainly an interesting person — I have more proof of the fact than a mere glimpse at you, and think I may safely call myself the 'lion' of our flourishing town! I do not wish to be understood that I am a 'roaring lion that goes about seeking whom he may devour;' neither am I a quadruped of the genus *Felis*; I have not escaped from a menagerie, but have always 'run at large.' I am handsome, too; at least I am universally admired, *i. e.* by the ladies! I am not too tall, neither am I diminutive; Providence has provided me with an enviable figure, which I dress *a la mode*; my appearance is easy and unstudied; I am also interesting in conversation, and woe to the feminine heart that once comes out to me, no matter how passionate or pure. I have a winning manner which draws the fair ones toward me, and when I find myself a hero, surrounded by a sentinel of Cupids, and find that they are aiming their darts at the breast of my victim, I very *nobly* beat a retreat, and seek out another loving heart to trifle with for my amusement, until I tire of that too, and cast it aside with its predecessors in the desert waste of disappointed Hope and Love—wonder what Tom Moore meant when he said,

"Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
 Founts that but now in sunshine play'd,
 Is that congealing pang which seizes
 The trusting bosom, when betrayed."

A REMARKABLE CHILD.

Friend.—"Is this your little son, Mrs. Walpole?"

Appreciative Mamma.—"Yes, the dear lamb."

Friend.—"How old is he?"

Mamma.—"Very young for so smart a child."

Friend.—"Indeed!"

Mamma.—"How old should you think him to be?"

Friend.—"Quite young, certainly."

Mamma.—"Yet his mind is far beyond his years."

Friend.—"He has a fair complexion."

Mamma.—"I sometimes fear that I shall never raise the little darling!"

Friend.—"Is he unhealthy?"

Mamma.—"O, no! it is his intellectual powers that give me reason to fear that I shall lose him — his mind overpowers his body."

Friend.—"He reads quite well, does he?"

Mamma.—"Reads! no; I would not allow his mind to be crowded with book-knowledge; nature has done so much for him that study seems quite superfluous!"

Friend.—"He is an affectionate child, I should judge by his appearance."

(The young paragon leans on his mother, and chews her apron string.)

Mamma.—"Affectionate? it's very little you know about him, not living in the same house; few children

of five years seem to have the natural gift of twining themselves around their parent's heart as he does!"

Friend.—"Makes it pleasant for you?"

Mamma.—"Pleasant, I guess it does; not more than two weeks ago, I sat here alone with him on my lap one evening; I thought the little precious was asleep, until finally, he opened his eyes and looked up into my face, and says he:

"Mam-m-a!"

"What dear," I asked, and he laid his soft little hand on my cheek, and says:

"Mam-m-a, I love y-o-u!"

The person addressed is of the opinion that there are some very remarkable children in existence.

A LIFE SKETCH.

"But though life's valley be a vale of tears,
A brighter scene beyond that vale appears,
Whose glory, with a light that never fades,
Shoots between scattered rocks and opening shades."

Cowper.

"But peace! I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which therein
Haply had ends above my reach to know."—*Milton.*

Suddenly the gay, thoughtless Emily Taylor was called from boarding-school to the bedside of her dying mother; the death angel seemed only to wait until she should lay her hand again in blessing on the head of her child; and when the last hour came, in that house of mourning were sorrowing and sympathizing friends.

The adieu to the husband seemed but the breaking of a chain whose links would very soon be reunited in a bond of inseparable unity and love. Still the hand of the dying woman rested upon the head of her child, and a prayer, heard only by the heavenly hosts, floated away to the "far country," and its response shone in visible glory on her fair brow.

'Twas over; the hand that rested upon Emily's head dropped; the eyes still wet with tears were set; the heart's throbbing ceased; all was over—Emily was motherless.

As she bent over the form of clay, she invoked the messenger to return, that she might join her dear mother in a land where parting and sorrow are unknown. In her great grief, she had forgotten that another still lived to claim her love and care; a kind and aged father must have some one to watch over his declining days. But alas! she knew not how soon that fond tie would be riven.

Swiftly sped another year; the cloud of adversity was still lowered, and she stood by the bedside of her dying father, to receive his blessing and hear his last prayer for her, his only earthly care. Fervently he prayed to Him who hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, to guide his child in the road that leadeth to everlasting life; and that ultimately, when she should sleep her last long sleep, it should be with her head reclining on the bosom of her God. At length he sank back upon his bed; while Emily held his cold hand and bathed it in her tears. A few moments elapsed, and he opened his sightless eyes as if asking for his child. The stricken daughter pressed her lips upon his icy brow that was radiant with smiles of hope and joy, herald of the bliss in that happy home to which he was journeying.

As if fanned by an angel's wing, his breath became more perceptible; with new strength, pressing the hand that he held in his, he said, "My child, I am traveling o'er a beautiful plain; many rays of light are spread o'er it—they grow brighter as I draw near; many forms arrayed in spotless white I see; and, Emily, your mother stands at the golden gate, with outstretched arms to receive me; farewell!"

"The husband and wife are reunited in Heaven;" said the hoary-headed parson, "there is no more care, sorrow or pain for them; neither shall they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."

Alone in the wide world, with none on whom to bestow the affections springing from a warm heart, Emily was truly wretched. Though naturally gay and thoughtless, she possessed a true, noble heart, and a bright intellect, which her sorrow had made more fruitful.

At twilight, sitting very quietly in her lonely home, where every footfall seemed the echo of a knell, she determined to bring forth the latent powers in her mind, in an effort to fill the void in her heart—that torturing thought loneliness, *must* give place to something more exalted.

What could it be? while she listened for a revelation, a new light dawned upon her mind.

"Fame! I will work for fame!" she murmured, "the anguish in my heart shall fade into naught but a dim memory; my grief I will bury in my heart, even as the dead are buried in the earth!"

From that evening, she was a changed person from what she had ever been, or thought of being. Week after week found her reviewing history, travels and poems; day after day she toiled on, and the old story was yet new to her; "the midnight oil burned low;" inspiration seemed a magnet to her pen. At length

her hopes were in a degree realized; her fame resounded through the land; still, where was the happiness her vanity had promised her? She read the numerous panegyrics that were bestowed upon her name, and yet she was lonely, and would gladly have exchanged all for an affectionate clasp of a protecting hand, and a word of love that she could *know* was sincere.

Now, when her name was a household word, the truth came to her; fame could not atone for the loss of love. She saw too, that the cold storms of winter came as mercilessly upon the graves of her parents as before. The consciousness that by wise men and women she was called gifted, did not take from her heart one pang, or alleviate the cloud ever darkening her pathway; she also became conscious that she could not bury anguish as the "dead are buried in the earth;" she saw the truth of it all; fame was not the solace she had thought it would be to her drooping spirit; as says Mrs. Hemans:

"A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thine eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy—
For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

"Fame, fame! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool, fresh fountain in the day
Of the soul's feverish need:
Where must the lone one turn or flee—
Not unto thee—oh! not to thee."

"Please mam, will you give me a little new milk for my brother? he's sick and can't eat bread nor taters."

"Sit down here by the fire, child, and I will call Miss Emily—she's a mighty good lady, and ma'be she'll give ye something else—ye'l gid the milk for sartin."

The good natured servant girl delivered her message to her young mistress, who followed her to the kitchen to ascertain the condition of the sick child; also where and how the family lived.

After hearing the little girl's story, Emily with her own hands prepared delicate morsels for the invalid, and various articles for the comfort of the family, and accompanying her to the place she called home, saw life in a phase she had never seen before, and this was to her a revelation; she became convinced that she could do good in the world, and wondered why she had never thought of using the proceeds of her literary labor—as she could live independently of it—for the benefit of the poor who were within her reach. From this morning she was a daily visitor in that house, where her kindness and donations were so much needed; and her good deeds stopped not there; her visits brought gladness to other homes, while her charitable acts and encouraging words, were ever to the unfortunate a source of hope.

In charity, she found the solace for which she had vainly sought in fame, and by the prayers that arose from the altars of humble homes, she felt that peace was sent to her mind.

Now, looking back to those months, she sees how

very lonely she was, and must have remained, had she lived only for herself; but in striving to make others happy, she became truly so, and learned to look calmly upon the graves of her parents and say "all is well." Though her name resounds with praises throughout the land, there is naught of pride in her mien, or even the self-esteem which she should possess. She is, and has for many years been the wife of a clergyman, and faithfully she performs the duties of one in her responsible station. One morning of each week is set aside to call upon the poor in the parish and vicinity, and in those visits, sectarianism is as far from her mind as the falling of rain drops, or the warmth of sunbeams are impartial to the rich and poor man's lands.

Noble sons and lovely daughters have grown up to bless her in her declining years, and when they murmur at the world's cold frown, she points them to the sorrow through which she was called to pass to prepare her for usefulness here, and happiness hereafter.

MR. SNAPDRAGON'S OBSERVATION.

"I have always noticed that if a woman wants to get rid of going anywhere, or doing a piece of work, she is taken suddenly sick — generally complains of the headache."

Mr. Snapdragon, sir, as you have immortalized your name by the above sage remark, it naturally follows that your admirers are desirous of hearing something of your history; and as it is not likely that you will ever favor the public with your autobiography (your time being so much absorbed in making sensible speeches), I trust, you will not object to my asking a few questions, which you will of course be polite enough to answer correctly; then I shall proceed to impart my information on the all-important subject to said admirers.

In the first place, you will permit me to ask if you have had the magnanimity to elevate one of the "headache" community to the dignity of Mrs. Caleb Ebenezer Snapdragon?

You have, eh! Wonder how a full length crape veil would become her pretty physiognomy; I dare say, the thought is not foreign to her mind, and hope we shall see her out one of these days dressed in — becoming colors.

I do not pretend to be an artist, but as I have "taken my pen in hand" to draw a picture of this distinguished

stump-speaker, I shall endeavor not to delude the admiring gazer.

Mr. Snapdragon is below the medium height, both physically and mentally, his hair resembles corn silk in autumn, when the filiforms are alternately red and yellow, welling up from a green setting; he has a "rose bud" of a nose, and a mouth like a vampire. His business is writing temperance lectures, which usually keep him "hard at work" until very late at night, and sometimes he gets so tired that he does not go home, but remains in his office. On one of these occasions, returning to a late breakfast, he found Mrs. Snapdragon suffering from nervous headache, which was occasioned by setting up until a late hour, expecting the return of his lordship; but Mr. Snapdragon did not observe her indisposition (he is a large souled man and never stoops to notice trifles), and requested her to "take a stitch in his coat," which he said he had caught on a picket of a fence, in attempting to rescue a lady who was thrown from a horse.

Mrs. Snapdragon is acquainted with the gallant knight, and thinks he has mistaken himself and boot soles, for a lady and skittish horse; she refuses to mend the rent, and reminds him of her headache, which is a very reasonable excuse; in reply to which he surprises her with the following delivery of logic and wisdom:

"I have always noticed that if a woman wants to get rid of going anywhere or doing a piece of work, she is taken suddenly sick — generally complains of the headache."

INSINUATORS.

"Molly, did you hear what Mr. Stackpole said about what people say the suspicions held against Henry Carr are concerning the sudden death of his wife?"

"Yes, and I thought, too, that he threw out some strong hints that the woman was poisoned; you know it wouldn't do for him to come right out and say so, for if he did and Carr should hear of it, he might take him up for slander, but he could advance his ideas by *insinuating* and not lay himself liable."

Despicable Stackpole! I see your name implicated as an insinuator; consequently I set you down as one of a certain unnaturalized class that infests the earth where too many have to walk in your poisoned track, and breathe the air contaminated by your venomous breath. You are of that cowardly set who dare not speak your mind, without a rail fence for your tow-path and safeguard — in a straight course you would be a stranger — now imagine your dignified self, keeping close to that fence, yet coming out as near the highway as you dare, then when you see the enemy (whom you have injured through your cloaked scandal) approaching, sneak off into a friendly corner to hide your guilty face, like a frightened young partridge, thinking if your *head* is out of sight, you are exempt from all harm. In truth, you are

one of a class who do more injury than any other, from the fact that your field is unlimited. The man who perverts any of the government laws, is of course punishable according to his crime; but the underhanded, contemptible act of insinuating is unapproachable, from the fact that it is one of the devil's inventions; you are one of his agents and kindred — an amalgam of human beings and imps.

When you go home to the "bottomless pit" (as that is obviously your destiny), you will no doubt see a placard which will read, "Front seats reserved for Insinulators;" and if through conceit, Dives, Nero, Robin Hood, Jack Bird, Claude Duval, or other ancient or modern heroes in sin, have taken the seat intended for you and your "set," they will be chagrined when his Satanic Majesty motions them to a more obscure place, and manifests his preference for you who have worked so faithfully, degradingly, and basely in his cause. When it is too late to better your condition, you will perhaps be convinced that Haman was not only hanged on the gallows fifty cubits high, which he had prepared for Mordecai, but in seeking to work the destruction of your fellow-creatures, you have brought upon yourself that distress which a person, however evilly disposed, has not the power to inflict upon his brother man.

THE BORE.

You have seen him. There he sits, relating some anecdote which nobody wants to hear; and that isn't the worst of it; he goes through an inexcusable amount of preliminaries before he comes to the point. Now his hearers attempt to draw a breath of relief, when he returns to where he started from and goes over with the same pithless recital. He has finished the second time, and said hearers are quite confident that he is through; they venture to smile, thinking to prevent farther repetition, though it has the opposite effect. Encouraged by smiles of relief, which he construes into those of admiration, the iteration is again commenced, and he winds up with the same thing over again; each rehearsal lengthening according to the narrator's growing esteem of his own unwarrantable entertainment, while his auditors are inclined to wish him with Pharaoh's host, at the bottom of the Red Sea.

A GHOST STORY

"HOR.—It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone."—*Shakspeare.*

I had finished my studies at Dartmouth, and was on my way to a town in Vermont, where I was to follow my profession. Not many miles from my destination lived an aunt of whom I was particularly fond, and I determined to stop with her over the Sabbath, as it was Saturday about noon, when I came to the quiet village that was her home.

The family consisted of my uncle and aunt, and the school-mistress who taught in the large white school-house on the green. As I said before, it was Saturday—the teacher had gone home to a neighboring town to remain until Monday. I visited with my friends until late in the evening; then my aunt offered to light me to my room. As I closed the door of my sleeping apartment the motion extinguished my light. I was of course undaunted by that slight misfortune, and though the moon was not up, and the room was in total darkness, I groped my way to the bed, and in a short time was folded in the friendly arms of Morpheus.

Suddenly, and to my horror, I was awakened by a protracted noise at the window near my head that sounded like the fluttering of numerous wings. I arose

to a sitting posture, and an overwhelming spectacle presented itself. I had always been considered free from superstition, and among my chums at school was never reluctant to participate in any prank proposed by them, but where was my courage in this eventful hour? In vain I tried to persuade myself that I had just awakened from a troubled dream, but all availed nothing. There was a contest between my sight and reason, and the former prevailed. In my room, and but a few feet from me, was a ghost!

Though I can now talk of it, without one pang of fear in expectation of ever seeing another, I am convinced that what I saw then was as genuine a hob-goblin, as ever came to earth. I sat and watched the hideous spectre and its frightful surroundings. I could see distinctly every object in the room, by the bright moonlight. Opposite the window was a large table that I had not noticed before, and on it, I saw as plainly as I did the ghost, a black coffin, the size representing it to be for the figure a few feet beyond. At the foot of the coffin, I saw a large pall lay in heavy folds and drop near the floor. The ghost would step back and forth, and in a mocking manner, bow its head as if in prediction of some dreadful event, and then shake its head warningly, and seem to decree some horrid doom. It was natural that I should apply all this to myself, as the spectre had come to my room, and if it did not intend the warning for me, why did it remain? Thus I questioned myself.

Several times I resolved to go to my uncle and aunt, but when I attempted to move, my tormentor would

wave its hand first toward me, and then the coffin. I came to the conclusion that my fate was unveiled, the coffin was mine, and the ghost was pointing a warning finger as the harbinger of my unavoidable doom. Satisfied that this was the interpretation of the strange event, with my teeth chattering, and a cold sweat suffusing my whole system, I covered my head with the bedclothes, and thus awaited the approach of day.

When I first observed the intruder, it could not have been past midnight. Oh, if I could have known the hour, even that would have been a great comfort to me; but to reach out and take my watch—by which the moonlight would easily have told me—was too much for my nerves. I determined to take it to Jonathan the very next week, and have an alarm put in; then upon second thought I felt confident that I should never have any occasion for the use of it.

Then, as if my misery was not complete, it came to my mind that I had no earthly means of making my will, which I felt anxious to do. I had a strong desire to make it known that I wished my father to have my watch; then there was my tobacco-box, tooth-brush and bosom-pin, that in my last will and testament I should have bequeathed to my affianced, Priscilla; and my other real estate I wished to have divided between my mother, five brothers and and four sisters.

Thus I pondered over the past, and the probability of my short future, until a welcome sound reached my ear. Chanticleer was announcing the approach of day; still I did not dare to uncover my head, for I was so confident that morning would render the spectre more visible,

and I kept my head covered an hour or two more. At length I ventured to look up, and what did I see?

The table remained, but the coffin had vanished; on the opposite side of the room hung a long, old-fashioned looking-glass, and over the top was a quantity of asparagus, which drooped softly down the sides of the frame. The shadow of the glass, assisted by my imagination, had taken the form of a coffin, and the asparagus a pall. Then what of the ghost?

I was occupying the school-teacher's room, and the spectre was nothing more or less than a night-dress which she had left hanging in one corner. The bowing of the head, and waving of the hands, was the shadow of a scraggy plum tree that blew and scraped against the window at my head.

No one knew of my foolish fright, yet I was thoroughly ashamed of myself, and determined never again to give away to suspicion of supernatural things, though I had undoubtedly seen a ghost in as full a sense of the word, as ever fell to the lot of a poor terrified simpleton.

POLLY BURDOCK'S REFLECTIONS.

"Well, it is pleasant to have our minister, Rev. Brother Anthony Archable Smith, call around occasionally. When one gets careless and sinful, a call from him is as good as a day and night at a good old-fashioned camp-meeting.

"He talks so ably on the Bible, that its interesting to listen to him. I am just thinking of that passage that he spoke of in Genesis, where Solomon toiled and gathered the lilies of the field, and spun them into a beautiful garment and arrayed himself in it. And there was something in his smile, too—though I mustn't think of *that*, for its only three months since his good woman died—bless her soul!

"The parsonage is getting unaccountably dirty, and Bro. Smith (if there ever was a christian, I believe that man is one!) abhors dirt; farthermore he can appreciate a good housekeeper—when he calls here, he always compliments our pleasant home; yes, he is an admirer of all that is neat, good to eat or beautiful.

"Let me see; my poor dear man has been dead over a year; I've managed to get along very well so far, but goodness gracious, a widow's lot is a hard one!"

THE DEAD BRIDE.

"She was a sacrifice
To that sad kingcraft which, in marriage vows
Linking two hearts, unknowing each of each,
Perverts the ordinance of God, and makes
The holiest tie a mockery and a curse."—*Southey*.

"Plead no longer, Marion, but banish all thoughts of your youthful lover, and resign yourself to the fate destined for you!"

"Oh, father, listen once more, I entreat you!"

"Must I repeat this injunction, Marion? must I again tell you, that unless you obey my commands, that I, your father, will be a bankrupt; yea, more, a condemned criminal? and there is no earthly escape for me, save your marriage with Colonel Morton, which *must* take place on the morrow!"

As the arrogant father uttered these heartless words, he trod up and down the room with a nervous step; and when he had concluded, cast upon poor Marion a look of unutterable defiance, and left her alone to contemplate.

"The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon their children," moaned she, when she found herself alone, and thinking of her unavoidable sentence. Bitterly she thought of the change that a few hours had wrought in her mind; the first picture vividly portrayed, was of a

noble youth upon whom her purest affections were bestowed. To him she had promised a life of true and unchanging love; by the side of this youth, she saw an old man, with hoary locks, and a sinister stamp upon his stern visage. Then came the thought how soon she must stand by his side and be pronounced his wife; her aching heart beat tumultuously, as she strove to drive away the troubled thoughts, and sought solace in prayer.

She knew naught of a mother's care, a brother's protection, or a sister's love.

Friendless and alone, she sat resting her weary head on her delicate hands, weeping and praying, until at last nature seeks repose, and throws around her the ever welcome mantle in which the heart-weary only find rest. *She sleeps*; the moonbeams fall with a golden hue upon her sylphlike form, while the midnight zephyrs come to fan her pallid cheek, and angels are ministering peace to her sad heart in this hour, though she is unconscious of their holy presence.

She dreams; and dreaming, she sees herself clothed in soiled and tattered raiment, seated in a weather-beaten skiff, oarless and alone, upon a deep and sable stream — a storm is raging near at hand; on, on it comes — mountain waves rise in the now dark, though before silent stream — the raging billows dash and foam — dark clouds gather thick and fast; darkness is her canopy, as from side to side she is tossed on the tumultuous stream. She nears the darkest of the dark clouds; in terror she regards its blackness, knowing that through it she must pass to obtain the other shore. Nearer, nearer still she comes, and hark! she hears a strain of music — no

earthly hand hath formed the notes from which that music swells. Again she hears its sound — the dashing billows' roar recedes; again and nearer than before, she hears the melody; and folding her hands upon her snowy breast, she raises her eyes toward Heaven, to see from whence the sound proceeds; and, looking up, she sees a golden light gleaming through the darkness — wider, brighter grows its rays — while looking upward, her skiff glides through the dreaded cloud.

Aroused by celestial music, and guided by a heavenly light, she is one of the favored number "across the river." She sees no more of her weather-beaten skiff, but walks in gold-paved streets, drinks from a crystal fountain, sings with bright angels, and wears a "flowing robe of spotless white." An angel at the entrance crowns her with a crown that rests lightly on her brow; on that crown in golden letters is indelibly written, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She is watching from her heavenly sphere, her youthful lover, praying that his guardian angel may guide him to read the motto of that celestial band, and then — she awakes; alas! 'tis but a dream, though she sees its agency. Her father has just called in a commanding voice,

"Marion! arise; this is your wedding day."

Wearily she arose and bathed her aching head; and after offering thanks to the Most High for His protection through the night, and praying for the guidance of His unerring hand throughout the day, she joined her father and Colonel Morton in the breakfast room.

Breakfast over, she returned to her own room, where

she found Madam Goodwill awaiting her, to take orders concerning her bridal toilet.

Marion cared not to talk of the coming evening, therefore told her that she would leave all to her judgment and taste. With a smile of satisfaction that lady left, saying that she should be in attendance at six.

Evening came, the spacious drawing-rooms of the proud and insolvent father were gleaming with brilliant lights, which shone upon naught but the specious and beautiful, such as none but the opulent can command.

Marion, in her room, was allowing her maids to adorn her with satin, lace and flowers, though her pensive eyes turned toward Heaven, spoke truthfully of the anguish of a heart that was so soon to meet its doom.

Pondering o'er the past, methinks I see her now, as she sent up a silent supplication to Heaven, while they placed the orange wreath upon her brow; and then as if by magic, she is kneeling by her couch for the last time ere the nuptial vows are to be spoken—not breathed from a loving heart—but verbal vows that speak, "the heart is no longer free."

There is a holy radiance o'er that calm, white brow; she meekly whispers "God's will be done."

Colonel Morton enters and proudly smiling upon her who wears the bridal robes, leads her into the presence of many merry guests; but ah, they can not see the heart that beats beneath those satin folds and glittering diamonds; a heart that has bade adieu to the world, and from its inmost depths sent forth the prayer, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit."

With the humility of an obedient child, she responds

to the clergyman as the words fall from his lips which require her to be a faithful wife.

The old man beholds the paleness of his bride, and carefully lays his arm around her waist to support her in her weakness. She stands like a statue, and ere the last words of the benediction die away, friends gather around to bestow the bridal salutations; but she heeds them not:

"'Tis finished — 'tis done! the spirit has fled;
The prisoner is gone, the christian is dead."

Morning again dawns, but oh, how changed the scene; the sun's golden rays are again shining into Marion's window, but not upon the scene of yesterday. The sadness and woe that then o'erspread her countenance has vanished; there rests a calm, sweet, heavenly smile — the heart that beat so wildly is stilled, and lies beneath the hand released from the unwelcome ring.

There is one heart yet yearning for the love of "the dear departed one" — not in the breast of the widower — but a heart whose every stroke had beat with congenial love, and in unison with one now silent forever.

"Erect an appropriate monument for my bride;" said Colonel Morton to the undertaker the morning previous to his departure for the old world; and so saying, placed a purse in his hand to defray the expense. And now, in a cemetery by the river side, where stands many a stately tree, may be seen Marion's grave, marked by a tall, white monument, and upon it engraved a wreath of orange flowers, and in its centre these words, which are its only inscription:

"THE DEAD BRIDE."

On the banks of a glorious crystal stream sleeps the broken-hearted; o'er her grave still weeps the willow, and the lark perched in its branches sings his morning song.

FIDELITY.

"The President of the United States would whistle himself blind before he could call our dog from us."—*Titcomb*.

Certainly; and isn't it a pity that some of the canine species do not hand up a little of their loyalty to their masters? surely concentrativeness seems quite as becoming in a sovereign people, as in Newfoundlands or Poodles.

Though men are never enticed away from their families by designing miscreants; they never torture their wives by extolling the followers of Eve's beguiler; they never "go off on *business*, to be gone a month or six weeks," and lounge around at fashionable resorts, palming themselves off as single men, while their wives are overburdened with home cares.

Men never growl around with all the airs of a curmudgeon, because there is a "skeleton in the closet"—of which they are the respected originator. They are never wrong about anything; it's always the fault of the wife, if home is a purgatory instead of a paradise.

Men are always devoted to their families, considerate, amiable and free-hearted.

Look yonder, and you will see a man on whose cranium adhesiveness is prominent—so it appears to the careless observer, but we will just investigate the matter.

Ah! yes; now we see; he has an attack of rheumatism or gout.

Come, sons of fair weather! ask Mr. Gout to join you in your rambles through the fields of mingled degradation and pleasure. He will refuse you, for the first time in life, and assure you that he can not think of leaving his *dear wife and children*; then with a hypocritical, silly smile, which will be intended to look affectionate and decided, he will tell you that there is no place like *home* for him. He reads the Apocrypha, and President's Message, getting the dates vs. and assures his attentive wife that both treat of matrimony: toast, coffee, the obedience of wives to their husbands, also that the whole affair is more definitely explained in Ruth, first chapter, sixteenth and seventeenth verses.

Mr. G. will undoubtedly remain in this loyal state of mind until he can navigate his boots; then Mrs. G. and children would find themselves solitary again were it not for the sagacity of Rover, who seems to consider that husband and wife are one, and prefers the company of the "half" that remains at home; Mrs. G. is thankful that there is a degree of fidelity somewhere in the family, even if it is humiliated by traveling on four legs.

GERTRUDE.

Dear Louise, I am very, very sad to-night; and why? I have been to see Gertrude to-day, and *death* is written on her forehead. Amiable girl; how we shall miss her! aye, oft-times our thoughts will revert to the past, when with aching hearts or puzzled brain, we sought her counsel or sympathy.

Often we hear it said of God's fairest children, "they are too fair for earth;" and such is she; christian girl as she is, she has only to exchange her earthly habiliments for such as angels wear, and don a crown radiant with gems, which may rest lightly on her brow, as a token of her virtue, love, and unexcelled goodness of character that has left its gentle impress upon all her surroundings, as she passed unassumingly on her earth journey; but to how many of us is given grace to follow in her footsteps? 'Tis not for you or I to be like her, but fervently I pray to Him who sitteth upon the throne, that I may in a degree emulate her goodness, and one day be accepted in a home with such as she.

If you wish to see our dear companion and friend, you must go to her soon, for her life is ebbing, calmly though surely, to the unknown shore.

BERTHA CAMORAN.

"How is Gertrude this morning?" I asked of a mother, whose countenance told plainly that the invalid was her much loved child.

"A little more comfortable than she has been for several days; but you know, her disease is a flattering one;" she replied in a tremulous voice; then she spoke of the past when her darling Gertrude had smoothed her pillow in hours of pain; how softly she bathed those fevered temples; how soothingly her words of cheer had fallen upon that mother's heart.

Soon, thought I, that loving voice will be hushed forever; those love-beaming eyes will be covered with the frost of death, and those soft hands will very soon return to dust. All these changes will be for us to behold; but the glorious changes of the mind, the expanding of the soul, will be veiled from our view by mortality, though soon that veil will be raised and we shall see those dear ones who have "gone before;" and may we not hope to be "led by the side of still waters," until we reach our Redeemer's feet.

"Come, Louise," said the mother, as she arose to lead the way to Gertrude's room; "we will go now, for she has asked to see you; her favorite schoolmates still possess much love in her warm heart."

How serene her features! no wonder Bertha Camoran had said, "she is too fair for earth;" no wonder she said, "she has only to exchange her earthly habiliments for such as angels wear;" no wonder she had prayed to emulate her goodness.

As we spoke of our schooldays, of their happiness

and sorrow, I could see much of the animated looks that she used to wear in those days so dear to us both to recall—but with the oak and elm, there stood a cypress tree. "Time was," she said, "when I did not talk of my Alison who is sleeping 'neath Italian skies; but now, I am so near him, I can speak his name with joy; and seem to fancy the echo of my voice to be his answer."

"Do you remember those days, Louise, when you watched over me, momentarily expecting to see my last breath depart? Do you remember, I anxiously watched for the dawn of an Everlasting Day, and you spoke to me of my willingness to pass to the 'undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns?' Then, dear friend, do you remember my reply in eloquence not my own?

"Oh, what a boon is death to the sick soul!
I greet it with a joy that passeth speech.
Were the whole world to come before me now,
Wealth with its treasures; Pleasure with its cup;
Power robed in purple; Beauty in its pride,
And with Love's sweetest blossoms garlanded;
Fame with its bays, and Glory with its crown,
To tempt me lifeward, I would turn away,
And stretch my hands with utter eagerness
Toward the pale angel waiting for me now,
And give my hand to him, to be led out,
Serenely singing, to the land of shade."

'Tis midnight; tranquil hour; the pale moon and
bright stars look calmly down upon the earth, where

they see so much of sorrow, so much of gladness; so much of blight, so much of beauty.

Through the midnight hours, a maiden lies awaiting the approach of her Everlasting Day. A mother prays; and alas! how many mothers have repeated that prayer which arose to Heaven, from the lips of Jesus as He prayed in Gethsemane; "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt!"

The voice of other loved ones cry unto death to stay his hand; then they look upon the calm features, and peace is breathed into their hearts; their voices join in unison with the mother's; "not as I will, but as thou wilt!"

A breathless calm—a little moan, and the released soul soars joyously onward, upward to its heavenly rest. Close the weary eyes; they can mingle no tears of sympathy with thine—fold the white hands upon the emaciated breast; and murmur not at this stroke of the chastening rod—her mission is o'er, her work is done, and she has given her hand to the "pale angel,"

"To be led out,
Serenely singing, to the land of shade."

DEACON SLABSIDE'S MONOLOGUE.

I am Deacon Slabside! *I* make it a point that my voice should be heard, my opinion asked, and my judgment approved wherever *I* am—why not? ain't *I* rich? Haven't *I* been sent to Congress two sessions? ain't *I* in high standing in the church?

Haven't *I* educated my children? Ain't *I* one of the Pioneers of this town?

Yes *I* am, and *I've* got a very good foothold here—what is more, *I* intend it shall be understood; ahem! Yes, a very good foothold, and *I* intend to keep it; *I* don't mean to admit that any of my neighbors has any intellect worth mentioning—on the contrary, should *I* see one in this vicinity attempt to rise to honor or power, *I'll* just put out my *righteous* foot and trip him up! yes *I* am the man that can do it; who has had more practice in such matters than *I*? *I* am determined that no man's name shall stand as high in the panegyrics which appear in the columns of the "Saints' Advocate and Political Budget," as my own!

No, *I* was never nominated for the Presidency—always had other business on hand of more importance—declined the honor—what was *I* saying?

Yes, these men who are trying to get *up* in the world must be put *down*! and who has more influence than *I*? *I* will even pray for grace and strength to overcome difficulties. These chaps have altogether too many new fangled notions; *I* have no opinion of improvements;

think they are unnecessary — we, who have a foothold, can do without them; ahem!

(Bro. Slabside goes to the Wednesday evening prayer meeting; takes an active part, and prays as follows:)

"O, Lord, we bow before Thee to-night with hearts (corrupt as the apples of Sodom) full of love for (ourselves) Thee and all Thy creatures upon the face of the earth! I pray that Thou wilt in mercy (permit me to rule over all around me) smile upon us, and give us a realizing sense of (the market prices) our duty. We would pray for all people everywhere (and *prey* for our families); and that the gospel may be preached to the heathen (but not at our expense!) Build up Thy cause in this place! (Brother Slabside rubs his hands.) Help these young men on to Zion (but keep them from earthly prosperity), and give *them* a realizing sense that this earth is not *their* abiding place; and that unless *they* turn from the error of *their* ways *they* will be cast into a pit of fire and brimstone (?) where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched!" (a unanimous groan). "Be with us, one and all (particularly *one*), as we return to our respective places of abode, and finally save us in the kingdom, that blessed heritage where the ransomed find reward for their labor to promote christianity in this dark, unfeeling and transitory mundane sphere. A-m-en!"

Brother Slabside covers his face with his red and yellow handkerchief, and counts up the weeks before his pew rent comes due, while the zealous brothers and sisters are yet weeping from the salutary effect of his very original, fluent and well-timed prayer.

THE MANIAC.

"Alas! O, alas! for the trusting heart,
When its fairy dream is o'er;
When it learns that to trust is to be deceived —
Finds the things most false which it most believed!
Alas! for it dreams no more!"

"It is a strange, wild story that I am going to tell you, girls;" said Aunt Ruth to a group of rosy misses, who had asked her to tell them "something that happened when she was young."

"What object on earth," she continued, "has more claim to our sympathy, than a human being who is bereft of Heaven's noblest gift, that of reason? shut out from the world as they are; strangers to their kindred, and all which was once near and dear to them associated in their mind with hideous monsters, pictured by their morbid and distempered fancy.

"Alas! who would not drop a tear of sympathy for those who are thus separated from the pleasures of life!

"Now girls, as I relate this anecdote, contemplate how very sad the lot of one whose mind is in a state of total alienation, and remember with fear and trembling, that for such as *trifle with a human heart, awaiteth a just retribution.*

"Arnold Dayton and Edith Hughes were playmates in childhood, and lovers in youth. Edith was — I can

not say *blessed* with beauty and riches, yet she possessed both; her father was a wealthy merchant, and Arnold Dayton was his clerk.

"The hearts of Arnold and Edith became united, and though he would have scorned to claim her hand until filled coffers were his own, he obtained her promise to become his wife; then with a light heart, and 'hope' for his motto, sought a foreign land of wealth.

"While he toiled on, with bright anticipations of days of happiness, she was forgetting him and her vows, and to the astonishment of neighbors and friends, married Jacob Valcour, her father's partner, who was twice her years and possessed twice her wealth.

"Beautiful was the home to which he took her; where I visited her, when for one short year she had been a happy wife. It was the last evening of my stay with the playmate of my childhood, and we had seated ourselves in the library for a last visit and pleasant reminiscences of early years: long and kindly we talked of dear friends; some of whom were sleeping in their narrow homes; some hurled downward by misfortune's blasts; others on the road to prosperity; and involuntarily the conversation reverted to Arnold Dayton. I thought the mention of his name had awakened latent memories in her heart, for I was conscious that a tear was glistening in her coal-black eye, as for a moment, she sat wrapt in silent thought; then nervously twirling a diamond bracelet on her snowy arm, exclaimed, 'Oh, all is for the best, Ruth, I never could have endured poverty!' and, before the sentence was concluded, a daughter of Erin entered in great alarm, and summoned

her mistress to her room — her husband had returned home in a beastly state of intoxication.

"'Is all for the best?' I asked myself meditatively, though I was not blind to the beauty of her mansion-like home; of the costly statues that stood coldly, proudly, portraying wealth, or of the mosslike carpets, the velvet sofas, damask curtains, rare paintings, and the rich collection of books, both ancient and modern, which were seldom raised from their shelves. I saw plainly, too, that the husband of my friend had enlisted health, reputation and fortune, in the service of the stealthy foe that 'biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.'

"Two evenings later, I was in my cottage home, content without wealth, for my visit to the city taught me that riches bring not permanent happiness.

"A week had passed since my return, when one morning, as I ran my eye over the list of 'passengers arrived,' I beheld the name of Arnold Dayton.

"Late in the summer, he came to my home — not as in previous years, joyous and happy; but a maniac, sad, sad to behold.

"The day on which I saw him, would compare with his own life — a bright and glorious morning, succeeded by dark clouds and passionate storms.

"He came, and as the large rain drops pattered against the windows, and ever and anon the wind's rude blasts swept in hazy, darkening sheets, he sat like one transfixed, and gazed upon the storm. There was a wild, mysterious expression in his looks; a cast of sadness in his dark blue eye, long matted beard, disheveled

looks, unsteady steps and faltering voice; all for him spoke, 'I am a human wreck!'

"Ere half an hour the storm had spent its fury, the thunder and lightning ceased — the wind swept no more in furious gales — the sun just receding 'neath the western hills, cast back its glorious rays upon the slowly falling rain-drops, o'er which set the majestic bow. Earth never looked more beautiful; garden flowers and geraniums never commingled their fragrance more sweetly than then; wild birds and canaries never sung more in unison. As I beheld all these beauties, and knew they came only at our heavenly Father's bidding, I could but sing His praise, and throwing aside my work, sat down at my piano, and played and sung. Through the first stanza I was not interrupted, but as I touched the low notes and softly played the prelude, I heard my strange guest arise to his feet, and in broken accents and an elevated tone, cry, 'May the fates curse thee, woman! let me hear thy voice no more!'

"As I turned I essayed to speak, but his upraised hand froze a cry of horror on my lips — I could but gaze upon him in silence and pity.

"At length he broke forth in the same wild accents, 'Woman, listen! once I was young and gay and happy; I loved God, man, and all mankind — but most of all — more than my God, I loved a maiden; she was fair, with faultless form; lovelight sparkled in her beauteous eyes; the rose-tint flushed her dimpled cheek; her voice was sweet — she sang, she played, and was an angel in my halcyon days of yore. Yes, long years have passed, and longer still they seem, since she, I thought my blessing,

proved my curse! — ay, a demon ever haunting my paths by day and troubling my dreams by night! I was poor; I would not take her from 'neath her father's roof and place her in a meager home; I would cross the ocean and toil as man never toiled; I would obtain gold and gems, and lay them at my idol's feet. Cheered by her declarations of love; strengthened by her protestations of constancy, I bade her adieu, still thinking of the sacred promise — she would be my wife. I crossed the ocean, and wandered in foreign lands; and ere the appointed time for my return, I again sat foot upon my native shore. I was rich. With hurried steps I sought *her* father's home, and thought to lay my treasures at my idol's feet, clasp her to my heart, call her my wife, and be a happy man! — no shadow crossed my mind; I thought not of inconstancy; my restless eyes longed to rest upon that cherished one, and as the door of the apartment opened I arose to receive her loving embrace — but ah! instead of the effulgent mantle of affection for which I looked, a sable pall was thrown over my life; it has obscured the beauties which I once enjoyed — but I am traveling onward to a haven where my weary soul will find rest. Yes, my betrothed was the wife of another! See'st thou, woman, the cause of my sorrow, and why I abominate thy sex! That fatal night I reached my home; my father's hand was laid upon my head, and a blessed welcome was given me by him; my mother's arms were unfolded to receive her son — their love was firm and devoted; but I had 'left my father and mother,' and with my love I could not return to them again.

"I slept for weeks, and while I slept I dreamed of heaven; all was beautiful there; sweet music filled the air; every countenance wore a happy, peaceful smile; the pavements were of silver, the buildings of gold. Turning to the man at the entrance, I asked, 'how came this heritage?' he answered, 'man, see'st thou not? there are no women here!' I clapped my hands with joy, for it was the land I longed to see—the land to which I am traveling now!"

"When the poor maniac had finished these strange ravings, he left the house, and directed his steps toward a high mountain a mile distant, whither he was followed by a companion of his happy years. The mountain was high and steep, and in its centre was a deep and dismal gulf; for a moment he stood upon the brink, the picture of despair.

"As the sun's rays fell upon the white flint-stone which bordered the gulf, and were rendered still more beautiful by their covering of pearly drops, he admiringly gazed, and suddenly exclaimed, 'I see the city! I see the city with its silvery streets, and now joyfully I pass through the portals!'"

"Sleep on, thou wronged possessor of a loving heart; sleep on in peace; and if from the rude cloister which thou hast chosen for thy silent resting-place, thine immortal eye beholds the unceasing care of thy inflietor, thou see'st her fate, far worse than thine. Whilst thou art at rest, she is jostled to and fro by the relentless

hand of fortune, and as the wheel incessantly turns it spreads her path anew with thorns.

"No marble slab marks his silent resting place; no gentle hand plants flowers by his grave; no friend sheds tears of affection o'er his form—yet his monument, more majestic than man can form, stands around him, high, steep, sublime. 'Mid the moss that dots the rugged cliff, in all its purity blooms the sweet forget-me-not and delicately tinged blue-bell, while o'er the stale water creeps a vine of large leaves and tiny white flowers. Again, near the brink of the gulf, in beauty and profusion, clusters the eglantine and mountain lily. The night bird sings his requiem, and crystal dew drops are the tears that fall upon his form."

"What became of Edith and her husband?" the girls all asked in the same breath, as Aunt Ruth ceased speaking.

"You remember the box that the Benevolent Society sent away last week?" said she interrogatively.

"Yes."

"That was sent to her;" continued the narrator, "she is living in W——, and is very wretched. There in her dismal, degraded home, the once beautiful, accomplished and wealthy Edith is leading a wretched life, as the mother of two infirm children; and worse—if aught on earth can be worse—is the presence of a dissipated wretch that she must call husband; yes, she is drinking the bitter dregs from the cup of adversity—she gazes upon her children with a mother's love, but, alas! not with a mother's pride."

LINES TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

Inscribed to a lady, on the death of her only daughter.

Calmly, sweetly slept thy loved one,
Calmly passed her life away;
Peaceful sleeps she in the church-yard,
Peaceful, yes, ah well she may,
For her gentle spirit liveth,
Liveth in the world above,
From whence she softly whispers,
"Here is joy, peace and love."

A light celestial broke upon her —
A light that never groweth dim.
Gently came her angel sisters,
Gently asked her, "see'st thou Him?"
And pointed upward to the throne
The throne of God the Son,
As with eternal joy her angel eye
Beheld the High and Holy One.

An angel watches thee by day,
An angel guards thy couch by night;
Whispers of the joys of Heaven,
Whispers of eternal light.
Lovingly her spirit lingers,
Lingers round her earthly home;
Thus she'll watch thee, fondest mother,
Till thou art resting in the tomb.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GENTILITY.

What is it to be genteel?

'Tis to be indolent; to shun domestic duties; to pretend that you don't know a roaster from a lamb, or a goose from a turkey.

'Tis to embroider smoking-caps and slippers for gentlemen — who only accept them because to refuse your gift would be rude — and receive their presents in return, with apparent surprise.

'Tis to scorn "the working class," and to faint when your aunt — innocent old soul — refers to the time that your father kept shoe-shop, and courted your mother by the kitchen fire.

'Tis to be disrespectful to your parents; to quarrel with your brothers and sisters; to be overbearing to your servants; to write anonymous letters; to dress gaudily for church, and "set your cap for a beau."

'Tis to pack up your best clothing and go to the city where your wealthy relatives reside; and avail yourself of the opportunity of attending theatres, lectures and parties during the winter; to ascertain all that you can, concerning the private affairs of your host's family, and make them the subject of discussion at your next stopping place.

'Tis to remain in the city until your friends are "sick of the sight of you" — as they will express themselves

before you are out of your room in the morning — and then emigrate to the country, where nobody wants to see you; there to remain through the long summer.

'Tis finally to return home, and tell how glad your friends were to see you (go), and that you had a delightful time — not giving the slightest thought to the fact that *yours* is but one side of the question.

LENA MOORE.

"It is only two dollars, sir; and will you pay it now?"

The speaker, a frail young girl, looked into the dark face of the person she addressed, anxiously, yet fearfully awaiting his reply.

"Upstart! vagrant! have I not forbidden you to speak to me in public? away with you, and if you want the trifling bill that I owe you, you can call at my room!"

"I just came from your room; and I have been there repeatedly, but never find you at home," continued the little laundress imploringly.

"Here, you consummate torment! I will give you one dollar; that is as near as I can make the change — and now I warn you, *never cross my path again!*"

Too glad was Lena to get even one dollar, to remonstrate. Swiftly her feet flew over the frozen ground until she reached a restaurant, where she bought a delicious supper for her invalid mother and little brother, who depended wholly upon her for their support; and the joy of ministering to their wants, entirely overbalanced the bitter, satirical remarks of the hard-hearted, selfish man she had just left.

"Who is that young girl that left you, just as I came up?" asked a young man of Milo Gage, as the two locked arms and walked along the street.

"Oh, she is one of our genteel beggars," he replied; "I have often thought it so strange that those young women who are paupers, in all their apparent ignorance, intuitively ask alms of young gentlemen, as if they knew that we would not turn a deaf ear to their stories of privation and sorrow. I have often thought, what if such was to be my sister's fate! this feeling prompts me to do as I would wish to have others do by her; furthermore, you know the Bible says, 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.'"

With a grin of satisfaction, he listened to his friend's flattering remarks in answer to his base evasion concerning the poor laundress's appeal to him for money which she had honestly and dearly earned.

Vile hypocrite! "The poison of the asp is under thy lips; but soon thy day of retribution will come, and thy head shall bow down with shame."

"O, dear! O, dear! I've burst my paper of meal, and there it is on the sidewalk, all dirt — O, what will I do?" and the child wrung her little hands which were blue with cold, and sobbed aloud.

A lady who was passing, spoke kindly to her, brushed her tangled locks into her ragged little hood, and told her not to cry, but tell her her name and where she lived. The child told her story. Her father was sick and wanted some gruel, and her mother had sent her with "the last bit of money they had in the world," to get the meal, and now she had spilt it; and what was to be done?

"Here child, take this;" said the lady, handing her a half dollar; "now tell me where you live, and after dinner I will go and see your parents."

"Oh, I came near forgetting to tell you!" said she, "my name is Alice Gage — pa's name is Milo Gage, and we live down by the river in the old mill — would you go *there* to see us?" and she looked doubtful.

The lady smiled at her skepticism and replied, "Yes, dear, I will go to see good people wherever they live."

Alice returned to the shop for more meal, and her newly found friend continued her homeward walk.

"Who could the kind lady have been?" asked Mrs. Gage of her husband, who lay weak for want of nourishment.

"I can not imagine;" he replied.

"Well," continued his wife, "though we may never know from whom the favor came, 'He who seeth in secret, saw that charitable deed, and He will reward her; yet gladly would I thank her in person, for Milo, you might suffer much, and perhaps die, were it not for that half dollar;" and as she took the paper of meal from the stand, and turned to leave the room, she said more to herself than to her husband, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Milo Gage caught those words, and like a torrent the past rushed before him; he remembered when he had repeated them with a base allusion; he knew too, that the young man to whom he addressed them, was Lena Moore's husband, and that hand in hand they were pass-

ing on in the road to prosperity. He knew furthermore, that he was exposed as a liar and a fiend.

"Ma, I forget to tell you;" said Alice to her mother, as she stood by the stove making the gruel, "the kind lady is coming to see us after dinner!"

"It is astonishing," said Lena's husband in answer to what she had been telling him of seeing Alice, "one to have seen Milo Gage, and heard him talk of his prospects when he was a young man, would not think it possible for him to be so wretched now. I want another clerk, and if he recovers, would employ him, now that he is so poor, were it not for his dishonesty and abuse to you, when you were in trouble—the dishonesty I could overlook, had he not attempted to slander you! but," continued the indignant husband, "now, I could see the crows feed on his carcass, until it would be as void of flesh as the skeleton of mylodon!"

"His unkindness was very hard to bear then," said Lena, "but as he did not injure me only for the time, we will try to forget the past."

"No, dear Lena, they were only cruel on his part, for he could not injure you thus—a sentence in Mrs. Rachael Jackson's epitaph, is even as appropriate in connection with your own pure self—'A being so gentle and virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor.'"

"Is pa asleep?" asked Alice of her mother, as she tiptoed into the room to tell her that "the kind lady was coming and a gentleman was with her."

Their entrance awoke the invalid, who had fallen into a light sleep; he turned his head, and beheld his old friend, Norman Holmes, and his wife, who was no other than Lena Moore, the little laundress: she had "crossed his path again."

Much sooner would Milo Gage have met two bitter enemies, than those persons who had come to him as friends that he knew he did not merit. He attempted to ask forgiveness of Lena, but when she saw he had "kissed the rod that smote him," she checked his words, saying, "Though the past can not be forgotten, the wrongs of which you speak are forgiven; so we will let by-gones be by-gones."

With the kind attention of Mr. Holmes and his forgiving wife, the family of the humiliated man were restored to comfort, and thereby himself to health.

For many years he was employed by his benefactor, for that dearly bought lesson of experience taught him truth that time could never efface from his memory.

Alas! how strange that so many can never learn that lesson without sacrificing the peace of those whose ways are approved by One who "judgeth not as man judgeth."

CONSIDERATE MR. BLOOMER.

"What! supper not ready *yet*, Mrs. Bloomer? Home earlier than usual am I? Not much; and suppose I were, its always better to have your meals ready a little too early, than to keep me waiting!

"The tea is out, eh? well I wonder what next! not a week goes over my head, but I am called upon to bring something into this house — its astonishing where things go to; I have thought for some time past, that I should be obliged to look into the case!

"You are as prudent as you know how to be, are you? then I shall be under the painful necessity of teaching you how to be more so: study economy; that would be a credit to you. Your mother before you was extravagant; but as she is dead and gone, I will regard your feelings enough not to mention it, though her mismanagement accounts for the non-appearance of the dowry which I supposed you were to have — of course I should have married you just the same, Mrs. Bloomer, had I known that you were portionless; and for such unselfish love, you should be very grateful! No sniveling, my dear; I am talking to you for your own benefit; its as much for your interest as mine that the tea should hold out as long as possible — let me see! how long since I got that last *pound* of tea? I got it the Saturday before that squalling young one was born, and he was six weeks old yesterday.

"You should think that that was making a pound of tea last a long while, should you? Perhaps you would sing another song, if you had it to pay for — here! come back, Mrs. Bloomer; I have a few more words to say to you, while it is on my mind. I was speaking of the inconvenience that it puts me to, to be kept waiting for my supper; no knowing how many men will call at the office to see me, while I am detained here at home uselessly.

"The baby was cross; well now, isn't that interesting to me? what can *I* do about it — is it a man's place to attend crying babies? Didn't I hire a nursery-maid to take care of the urchin? Oh, yes! I had quite forgotten; I — you discharged her last week; it was quite as well as to have kept her.

"You had more time to see to your work, when she was here, eh? Well, you might have kept her, only I thought it wasn't best; and when I make up my mind about anything you may as well say nothing? Certainly, that is no more than right; why shouldn't I *rule my own house* when I provide for you without a murmur?

"You do the best you can, do you? well, its your duty, Mrs. Bloomer — still I have my doubts about your doing the best you know how; because, had you have tried, you might have had my supper ready before now!

"I have hindered you? What has Bridget to do but get supper? gone after tea; well, anything to hurry up the supper, for I am so faint that I can scarcely utter a syllable!

"There is my old friend Weller—you know who I mean, Mrs. Bloomer? To be sure; he is a true gentleman—his wife had a handsome fortune of her own, when he married her; but that is not what I started to speak about, of course its nothing that interests you or I, still we must admit, that it is no disadvantage to a man, if his wife has a little property of her own—money is a very convenient article, my dear, and Mrs. Weller is a very nice woman; she makes her home pleasant, which by the way is her duty; it is every woman's duty to make her home as pleasant as she can, and not rile her husband's temper as soon as he sets foot into the house; by telling him that 'the baby has been cross,' and that things have been extravagantly used, as *some* men can see at a glance; but as it is my principle not to find fault, I will drop the subject here, and proceed to speak of my friend Weller. I was about to remark that I met him the other evening, when he was going to the club—Mrs. Bloomer, you would provoke an angel! what if I *did* go to the club? am I, Washington Lafayette Bloomer, to give an account of the way I spend my time?

"No I'm not angry, but I want you to fully understand that I did not go, but if I should take a notion to step in some time, it would be nothing out of the way!

"What do they do there? well now, if that isn't a stupid question—just like a woman, for all the world! The club room, my dear, is where gentlemen (whose home expenses are not so much as to deprive them the privilege), meet to talk over the news of the day, financial affairs, and politics. Sometimes they indulge

in cigars and sweet cider. Now, never ask again what they do at the club.

"What a foolish idea! because women fool away their time, is no sign that men do the same; do you understand that? You do indeed, well, its high time!

"I started to speak of my friend Weller, and you interrupted me—that is another great fault of yours; try and remember that when I am talking, it is very annoying to be spoken to. You have often broken a chain of lofty ideas by speaking out thoughtlessly when I am in conversation; try to remember what I say, for as you very well know, my time is precious, and it is not often that you can have the pleasure of listening to my words. A woman ought to be very grateful for the privilege of having an intelligent man to instruct her, for women are very inferior beings, Mrs. Bloomer!

"Supper is ready, is it? I should think it was time—guess its a nice supper that Bridget has prepared! you should have seen to it yourself! Mrs. Weller superintends *her* culinary affairs.

"I detained you? I must confess that I am astonished at your audacity! didn't I tell you when I first came home, that I was in a hurry for my supper; which certainly should have been ready long before! Few men would be patient under such aggravating circumstances; yes, few men would be patient as I am, but what would be the use of fretting? You should be thankful that your husband is liberal and uncomplaining; a blessing of which but few women can boast. I don't care if supper is ready! I wish to finish my remarks. I was about to mention a little conversation that I had with my friend

Weller, not long since; you have heard me speak of him, Mrs. Bloomer? — he is a man of my own stamp, sound minded, benevolent, and always pleasant; such a man is to be admired. Laugh if you please, but (mark my word for it) the day will come when you will not have me to provide for and instruct you!

"You hope it will, eh? Only that I am endowed with Spartan heroism, I would not live with you another day! Who would buy *tea* for you then? Who would strengthen your mind, and comfort you when in trouble? Now go to your crying baby, if you think he has bumped his nose on the side of the cradle long enough, and I will eat my supper alone. It is none of your business what my friend Weller said the other evening, and I have nothing more to say, for I have an appointment at eight — promised to meet Weller at the — his office, and I dare say, he had his supper long ago. Don't try to justify yourself, Mrs. Bloomer, for it is almost impossible for me to keep my temper. Not another syllable, I say, for I am a man of few words!"

FAITH OF LITTLE JOE.

A cold December wind swept through the tottering dwelling of poor Mrs. Mortimer, while it seemed humming a dirge over the lone embers on the hearth, that grew fainter and fainter until the last spark became extinct.

"God help us!" exclaimed the poor widow, as she clasped her infant to her breast, and glanced nervously at the cold, hard bed on which her other child lay wrapt in restless sleep, his limbs benumbed with cold, hunger gnawing at his vitals, and a hectic fever burning on his little tear-stained cheek. Louder howled the wind — colder grew the air, as still more closely she pressed her infant to her breast, and stooped to kiss little Joe, whom she thought must soon perish by the increasing cold.

"Oh, why is this?" she cried, "why must this innocent child of six short years die thus? He knows not of sin — but forsooth I am reaping as I have sown! Oh God forgive me! now as I gaze upon my children who will soon be clasped in the cold arms of Death, I live over again my life so like the prodigal. Again I hear my father forbidding me the pernicious society of a dissipated man who is in a drunkard's grave. I disobeyed; but oh, the bitter tears of repentance that I have shed, restore not my halcyon days of home and friends, or erase the memory of my mad folly; neither do they pave a footing

for my future; but the die is cast; soon these little ones will breathe their lives out in this frosty air; then when they are with God, peacefully will I lay me down to die.

"Oh, why does the messenger linger? why does he not come and relieve us of our suffering?"

"In this hour of distress, I trace back the chain of memory and hear my mother entreating me to avoid the drunkard, lest a dark future would be mine. Could I have stood by her death-bed to ask her forgiveness for my disobedience and sin, and received her dying blessing, it would have eased the throes of my agonizing mind; but I was an outcast, and the boon was not granted."

Thus soliloquized Widow Mortimer; and Joe, hearing her voice, awoke and stretching forth his little arms, clasped them around her neck, and exclaimed through chattering teeth,

"Oh, mother, I am so glad!"

"Glad of what, my child?" she asked, earnestly gazing into his face.

"I thought," replied the child, "that you were praying to God to send us bread and wood—I know He would if you would ask Him; my Sunday school teacher tells us to have faith in God and ask him for what we need—won't you pray, mother? do, for I am so hungry and cold!"

Thus importuned, she prayed—not for a hasty approach of death, but that she might again behold her children partaking of the comforts of this life: and "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," heard and answered that petition.

"Which road had we better take?"

"The Lord only knows, for I am sure I don't!"

Such was the question and answer of servant and master, as they came to where two roads diverged, and the driver tightened his reins and sat with a physiognomy denoting forty degrees below zero.

"I have heard it said by some sage or simpleton, that when man's knowledge fails in such a case as this, that often the instinct of the beast will guide him aright," replied Mr. Howe; "so we will let the horses take their own course, and trust to Providence for a favorable result." And he sank back into his seat, and drew the robes more closely around him, as the driver affirmed it to be his belief that they would "get blowed to thunder" before they arrived at their destination.

The team had chosen the road directly facing the wind, and every gale seemed wafting unendurable pain to Mr. Howe's breast, and driving arrows into his heart that had long been heating in the scorching tears of repentance.

The cold grew more intense, and the snow piled up on either side of the road, as the wind continued to rise. The gloom of the night, not only made all surrounding disconsolate and perilous, but loomed up the past to his view, and portrayed scenes of by-gone days that he could not banish from his mind, as vainly he had tried while visiting distant lands of beauty, wealth and fame.

'Twas but a fitting thought of scenes beyond the sea; back with lightning speed came memories, that "gnawed like a wolf at his heart."

His was a sad, sad story, but as one lingers to take the last look of a dear friend, so we linger o'er buried sorrows ere we thrust them deeper into our hearts, and bury them 'neath a mask of resignation, pride or mirth, only to break forth again in an unguarded hour, and well up with ten-fold fury. So it was with him as he plodded through the drifting snows; again arose those troubling images that had so often arisen before his view, and had as often been driven back to lie dormant in a heart that had been vacated of affection and admitted to it scorn, aversion and enmity—but to-night he could not draw a veil between himself and the one great obstacle that shut him exclusively from the peace for which his soul pined.

Involuntarily his thoughts strayed to his only child; and she an outcast. Oh! how he longed to hear her clear voice sing his favorite hymns and songs, as in days past. He would search for the wanderer now, for remorse had driven malice from his heart. "But she lives in seclusion, and where, oh, where shall I find her?" was his mental ejaculation as he sat seemingly unconscious of the surrounding storm.

He was aroused from his reverie by "Ike's" demonstration of the impossibility of their proceeding farther than the nearest house; to which Mr. Howe acceded.

The moon just then peeped out from behind a cloud, revealing to them a dilapidated dwelling, in which they decided to remain until the storm should abate; it was apparently unoccupied, and driving the team to one side that they might be shielded from the wind, the two men walked in, and their first evidence of its being

inhabited, was a scream from a female voice; in a few words they assured her that they were not assailants, and Mrs. Mortimer (for it was she) took from the mantle piece her only remaining piece of candle, and lighted it—as the light shone into her pale, wan face, Mr. Howe to his surprise and joy, beheld his discarded and repentant daughter; and to the astonishment of the mouth-expanded "Ike," folded her in his arms, and sobbed aloud.

"My father, oh, my father! do you forgive your erring child?" she asked in broken accents.

"Yes, my daughter; the ice that has for years encased my heart, has dissolved into blood that makes it beat perceptibly with the paternal love which has been so long latent, and I thought, dead in my breast; but by the grace of God it has been restored, and you are welcomed back to your home of happy days."

Sobs and sighs were her only answer, as she pressed kiss after kiss upon her father's hand.

After the first exclamations and salutations were over, little Joe, feeling confident that the arrival was the result of his mother's prayer, quietly asked her to "give him some of the bread that the men had brought."

"Ike" heard his request, and was not long in placing a well-filled luncheon-basket before him, from which both mother and child gladly ate. The buffalo robes were also brought into requisition to protect them from cold the remainder of the night, and at early dawn they all set forth upon their journey, to a home of wealth and luxury over which Mrs. Mortimer presides, ever mindful of the source of all her blessings.

AN APPEAL TO VENUS AND MARS.

Beautiful friends! do not mistake my motive in addressing this epistle to you, and consider it a complaint, for I assure you that it is not written in a murmuring spirit. It is simply to speak of your son, and the "figure he is cutting" all over the world. He enters, with the same degree of consideration (for which I respect him), the mansion and the hovel, and plays legions of pranks with young and old — great and small. He oft-times hums mystically around the heads of our exquisite young ladies, whose lives have been all gaiety, fashion, and all the pleasures that wealth can afford, until they scorn them all, and see no pleasures above those associated with garden rakes, yard sticks, curry-combs, the anvil or the mill. Not content with his work there, he raps for admittance at the heart of the worldly man, who turns dreamily away from his pursuit, however lofty, to listen to your son's flattering promise of repose in an Archipelago of Edens, surrounded by a sea of bliss; and he continues to lend a listening ear to Cupid's wiles, until brocade and calico are the principal commodities to which he gives his attention.

I am sorry to say that this son of yours shows no respect for grey hairs; he would just as soon aim his bow at the heart of an aged man or woman, as not, and pierce their heart with his too often blighting arrows.

He is also a treacherous little scamp, for just when one wants him to keep at a respectful distance, he steps forth in all his power, trebles the beating of the heart, dips the cheek in a crimson dye, and lights the eye with brilliancy — then the tale is told; this I think, accounts for his drumming up so many passengers for Charon; he does many other things that do not look just right; still I am convinced that he is censured for misdemeanors which should be attributed to his particular friend — Satan.

He is a favorite in all lands, among all classes of men, and in all grades of society. The king and beggar alike, hail his coming with joy and fear. He is one of the chief rulers down here, because the majority of the people vote for him; though experience has taught them that he is not always true to his charge.

Now that you are informed just how the matter stands, will you give your son a little good advice? Reason the case with him, point him to wretched homes, orphan children, outcasts, paupers and sorrow's grave; try to persuade him to mend his ways, for much of this misery is the work of his hand.

NOTES OF A MAN OF LEISURE.

"A door in the heart." Look yonder and notice old Ben Gruff; you never expected to see a tear in his eye; of course not; his face looks too hard for the road of a tear. "He has always been a mean man," has he? yet we can not help feeling sympathy for him now, as he bids "good bye," to his soldier boy—see! his eye grows dim, and for the first time during its long existence, and free use in a neighboring capacity, his coat sleeve erases large tear-drops from his uncouth cheek.

Other hearts are aching for loved ones in the battle field; and sympathy is yours, Ben Gruff. Ah! yes; I fancy mothers, sisters and friends of those who have gone at our country's call, read Mrs. Norton's "Bingen on the Rhine," and see in it new pathos; they read it with a different eye, ear and heart, from which they hitherto have done—it strikes home!

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around

To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,

Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun."

Hark! I hear a tolling bell; another has gone to his account. I knew him well—he was a student:

"He spake inspired

Night and day, thought came unhelped, undesired
Like blood to his heart. The course of study he
Went through was of the soul-rack. The degree
He took was high: it was wise wretchedness."

But now, he will progress with ease. O! what a glorious thought—what a balm to the aspiring spirit, to know that the Great Creator has so ordained the future of man, that through eternity he may be a student, ever finding something august upon which to feast his soul, that will grow more and more susceptible to knowledge, as Light Divine reveals new beauties, and inspires new life and happiness.

Babel! what a noise! what confusion! A fight, eh? Well, they are expert actors; off comes the appendages in the form of coats and vests—they are as nimble as circus men. Horrid for weak nerves, and exhilarating to strong ones—we pass the combatants, hoping both will whip. No wonder the minds of the rising generation in the vicinity are corrupt—see them rush en masse to the scene so humiliating; they are perfectly delighted, poor little frights! Dr. Kane says of the Esquimaux of Hartstene Bay, that they have "nothing but their native dirt to cover them," and these youngsters are dressed in very much the same style.

What a crowded thoroughfare! Pompous men, men of families, single men, men of principle—and many who have none—some rich, others poor, some happy, others miserable.

Spite and Malice confront Piety and Honor, spitting out their venom hood-snake fashion, the same as they

always have, and will until silenced by the death-rattle and the dirge of Time.

Here are street preachers, auctioneers, milkmen, organ-grinders, draymen, bell-ringers, and criers! what a racket! All look wistfully toward the "Hill of Lucre," and with tottering steps and tarnished hands, many attempt to climb its giddy heights.

A "PRIVATE OPINION."

I am forty-five to-day, and my name is still *Miss Hepsy Hill*, though I have had opportunities enough to change it—some people think I haven't—but the truth is, I have no opinion of men, except that their hearts are as hard as Pharaoh's, and as impenetrable as the hide of a walrus. Now, I haven't the slightest doubt of this confiding bit of rhyme, being written by some polished scoundrel, who intends it as a trap to catch "green-horns" in—listen to the thrilling stanza:

"Better confide and be deceived
A thousand times by treacherous foes,
Than once accuse the innocent,
Or let suspicion mar repose."

Can it be possible that he speaks from experience? No; for had he been so superfluously deceived, there wouldn't be enough left of the poor wreck to hold his pen; and I have my doubts about one who has passed through such an excruciating process, being discernible by the naked eye.

The first line, if translated, would read thus, "take up your abode among the Cannibals." As to accusing the innocent, one would have to look some time for a subject in these days of shattered commandments; and why not let suspicion be your sentinel, even if it does

"mar repose?" In my opinion, it is preferable to being devoured by wolves in sheep's clothing! Take my word for it, there are "breakers ahead," and it's all nonsense not to be armed and equipped, ready for a contest; be sure that you get the advantage of your opponent; then require him to apologize, and promise better deportment in future — of course he will comply — if not, act upon the suggestion of the Paddy, "Hit 'im agin, be jabers!"

A RUSE.

"There comes Mrs. Forbs!" exclaimed Fanny Morse to her sister Inez, as she saw a woman going up the walk that led to their gate; "now I dare say she will talk us blind, and stay to tea in the bargain!"

"Let's tell Kitty to say to her that we are not at home!" said Inez.

"O, no; that would never do — there she rings."

"How do you do, Mrs. Forbs, and where have you kept yourself this long while?" asked Inez.

The greeting was answered according to circumstances, and the visitor turned to address the other young lady, who met her with a kiss.

"Do you hear any news, now-a-days?" asked Fanny, after a few moments, which had been occupied by personal remarks.

"Nothing only the fuss between Edward Blake and Lucy Chase; I suppose you haven't heard anything about it?"

"No;" was the response.

"Well, I will tell you, because I know it will go no further," continued the conscientious woman; "though in fact it is quite private."

"Oh, we will *never* mention it!" exclaimed both young ladies in the same breath.

Mrs. Forbs took an easy attitude, and commenced the narrative which she saw would be interesting to them :

"Edward Blake and Lucy Chase have been keeping company for some time, and they were intending to be married this winter, but since he has shown himself in his true character, it is no way likely she will ever be such a consummate ninny as to marry him.

"Old Mrs. Le Noir goes over to clean his office every morning, and she tells awful stories about him — besides my husband has met him where no decent man would be seen, and I told Lucy so, but she very politely asked me if I didn't think it would pay as well to mind my own business, as to meddle with her affairs. With feelings of contempt, I left the young lady, hoping she would enjoy graduating in the long established school experience. One morning last week, the old woman went over to Mr. Chase's and told his wife just what she thought of Blake; she says that when she goes to his office, she finds things knocked up-side-down; champagne bottles are smashed, and the pieces lay all over the floor, and that she can smell brandy in the glasses on the table; and that cards are strewn all around the room, and everything is in confusion; and, what is worse than all the rest, Blake will be under the influence of liquor, and look as boozy as though his head had soaked in a brandy-barrel all night.

"And what is still worse, he does not treat that poor woman as well as a true gentleman would a dog; she says that she would not work for him if she was not so much in need of money.

"Mrs. Chase was astonished to hear such an account of one whom she had always considered near perfection. The public regard him as a respectable and honorable young lawyer; and until this event, Mr. Chase and wife, have been proud to recognize him as their intended son-in-law; and to Lucy he seemed perfect in goodness and amiability.

"Mrs. Chase thanked the woman for the information, and gave her a quantity of cold victuals, a pitcher of milk and a paper of tea, to pay for the trouble she had taken; and she departed with the intention of communicating another yarn as soon as possible, from the fact that it was profitable business for her.

"Mrs. Chase is very nervous, consequently she could not broach the subject to her daughter, but told her husband, and the following morning Miss Lucy was summoned to his room for a private audience.

"'Lucy,' he began, 'I am forced to believe that you are bestowing your affections upon an unworthy object;' and he related the story told by Mrs. Le Noir; in conclusion, he asked the young lady 'what she thought of such conduct?'

"'I do not believe him to be guilty of such conduct;' was her quick response.

"'What reason have you for disbelieving it?' continued her father, to which she replied :

"'Because I know it is not like Edward to be so unkind!'

"'My daughter, you must consider that you are young, and know very little about human nature. There is no doubt of his appearing very kind when in the presence

of ladies, or perhaps he may affect kindness when among men whom he considers his equals, and at the same time be a fiend to goodness and virtue, when he is really himself and not under restraint.'

" 'I think,' sobbed Lucy, 'the story is set afloat by some envious person, and I shall not believe it until I am compelled to!' showing that

" 'When the prophet beats the ass
The angel intercedes.'

" 'Don't be unreasonable!' urged Mr. Chase, 'haven't we heard the story as straight as a candle? Had it come any roundabout road, I should not have noticed it; but as it is, I *do*, and you *must*! do you understand?'

" 'Yes, sir; I understand, but as I said before, I can not think the story true, until I am obliged to.'

" 'What better method have you for ascertaining the truth than to hear it as you have?'

" 'I am thinking of a more reliable one.'

" 'Then let me know what it is, at once!'

" 'Does Mrs. Le Noir go every morning to Edward's office?'

" 'Yes; I think she does; why do you ask?'

" 'There is one way, and one only, by which I can learn the truth of this report. I will tell you what it is and hope you will not oppose me.'

" 'It will depend altogether upon what it is, though I am ready to hear your proposal.'

" 'I will see Edward to day and confront him with the report; if he acknowledges it to be true, I shall of course dismiss him at once; but if he denies it, I will

take measures by which to learn who tells the falsehood. I will go to his rooms disguised, and take the responsibility of Mrs. Le Noir; if I see things in the condition she represents, I shall know it.'

" 'I guess you will find it an unpleasant job to dig out his dirty room, even if you are disguised as an old French woman.'

" 'I am not going on a pleasure excursion;' replied she laughingly, 'I am going in search of the truth.'

" 'Well, I will trust to your good sense in this affair,' said her father, and he left for his counting room.

" In the evening, Blake called upon Lucy, and she confronted him with what she had heard. He was the picture of injured innocence, and positively denied every word, and comforted her by saying he knew what gave rise to the report. Then followed a long detail of some misdemeanor that had been perpetrated in a neighboring office. He plead his own case skillfully, and poured out his loving words until she was quite convinced that he had been wronged; though she would follow up her plan, because she had promised her father that she would do so.

" Before leaving, he entreated her not for a moment to think him guilty of any such meanness; and above all things, not to turn away from him until he had proved himself unworthy of her love. She might 'find others whose smile would be sweeter,' he said, and still begged of her not to heed them, for he was true to her, and should ever remain so, and kind to all with whom he dealt.

" 'This story,' he continued, 'may have been set

afloat by some envious person, who wishes to win your favor.'

"I told father that I believed it was the effect of envy!" exclaimed the affectionate young lady.

"Then he cautioned her against all delusion, and assured her that, though she might see brighter stars than he among her acquaintances, she would never find one who strove more to promote the happiness of those with whom he associated, or those who came under his immediate control.

"He had carried the point well, he knew it, and taking Lucy's hand in a very affectionate manner, told her that he hoped he should do nothing to make himself unworthy of her love.

"Have you seen Edward to-day?" asked Mr. Chase of his daughter, when he saw her at tea time.

"Yes sir;" she replied.

"What does he say for himself?"

"He said just as I knew he would, and has proved himself innocent beyond a doubt."

"And you intend to take *his* word for it, do you?"

"No sir."

"What do you intend to do?"

"As I proposed this morning."

"But if you are so confident that he is perfect, why take any farther trouble?"

"I do not do it to satisfy myself—no, I would do him no such injustice; but as I told you I would go there disguised, I will do so."

The following morning she dressed herself for the occasion, and started for Poor street in search of Mrs. Le Noir, and found her just starting for her work. Lucy made known her errand, and took the woman's directions as to the work of the morning, pinned her shawl about her shoulders, tied on her puffed hood, and drew it far over her face, then taking her pail, scrubbing-brush and soap-pot, started off, a perfect effigy of the old French woman.

In a few moments she reached the block in which was the office of Edward Blake. As she commenced ascending the stairs, her heart almost failed her, but she was so firm in the belief that he would prove blameless, she brought forth all her strength to proceed. At length she entered the room, and found it as the woman had said; then she would gladly have fled, but that was impossible; she must carry out the ruse she had so cunningly devised. The truth was at last revealed, and it was an unhappy hour for her. Everything was in a chaos, champagne bottles were broken, and the pieces lay about the floor; a few drops of brandy still remained in the glasses on his table; cards were strewn about the room, and it was indeed a disgusting looking place. She sat her working utensils down and turned to look at Blake; there he sat by the window, a virulent expression was upon his face, and was moodily gazing into the street.

"Bon jour," said Lucy, at the same time making a very polite bow.

He made no reply, but turned toward her with a vacant stare.

"Vous vous portez bien, j'espère?" she continued, undaunted by his impoliteness.

"Supposing I am, or supposing I ain't!" was his gentlemanly reply; then that tongue of his which was yet thick from the last night's debauch, he put in rapid motion, directing her about her work.

"Vous parlez si vite que je ne puis vous comprendre;" said she.

"Well," replied Blake, "if you are such an old fool that you can't understand when I talk fast, I'll try talking slow; now, go-to-work-and-try-to-get-done-by-the-time-I-get-back-from-breakfast; do you understand that?"

"Oui, monsieur;" she replied very meekly.

He took up a decanter of brandy and started for a closet, and she could not refrain from exclaiming "gens de même famille!" as she saw him clasp it so affectionately in both hands.

"What did you say?" shouted Blake at the top of his voice, and started toward her with the rage of a tiger.

"Patience; ayez patience," she sobbed, putting her apron to her face.

"You are the witch of Endor, that went over to Mr. Chase's and lied about me;" he continued, "and I've a good mind to kick you down stairs! what do you mean by telling what you did about me, say?"

She did not try to deny the charge, or defend herself, but affected crying as well as she could, and said in broken accents.

"Je ne puis rien dire que tu ne le sâche."

"Of course I know it," was his reply; "and my advice to you is to hold your tongue after this."

After scolding and abusing her for some time in this manner, he started for his hotel to breakfast, and when he returned she had her work done, and the room was in the best order possible. He handed her the usual fee for the morning's work, and she left with a heavy heart; and he sat wondering why the old French woman had talked so much that morning, as she was not in the habit of doing so.

The following morning, Blake dressed as usual in broadcloth and hypocrisy, went again to visit Lucy, who received him kindly, for she was not ready to tell him how much she had learned of his character. She thought too, that she would see how corrupt a person could be, and still be petted and courted in what is termed "our Best Society."

She spoke to him of his conduct that morning, as though she had heard it from Mrs. Le Noir. Then commenced another suit in his own favor; he did not know why she should have such a bitter aversion to him as to report unreasonable and groundless stories about him, as she did; he had always treated her kindly, etc.

She expected he would repeat his falsehoods, consequently they did not overcome her.

"When Mrs. Le Noir comes to my office to-morrow morning, I shall talk to her, and find out if possible why she reports such things!" said the young man decidedly.

"Edward;" plead Lucy, gently laying her hand on

his arm, "don't be unkind to her; you can reprove her, and still speak kindly."

"My dear, do you think me such an unmitigated wretch as to be unkind to a *woman*? No, not for worlds would I be unkind to one of your gentle sex, no matter how lowly her condition."

As he spit out this mouthful of iniquity, he endeavored to look brilliant, though he only succeeded in looking extremely sheepish. At length he departed, and very glad was Lucy, for his presence was anything but agreeable. That was her first lesson of the deception, inhumanity and vice, practiced by those who publicly reprimand the conduct in others, which they themselves will not hesitate to perpetrate when unobserved.

The following morning was to bring a final scene between Blake and the woman at his rooms. She went as the morning previous, and found him as he might invariably be found at that time of the day; he arose from his seat and walked toward her, his countenance livid with dissipation and rage.

"You old hag!" said he, "what do you mean by going off and telling everything you see here? don't I pay you well for your work? don't I give you your time to do it in? what have you to say for yourself, now I should like to know?"

She made no reply.

"Listen to me;" continued the young man, "you must get down on your knees and ask my forgiveness, and promise that you will never tell anything that you see here again!"

No reply.

"What do you say to that?"

She stood perfectly silent.

"Have you concluded to ask my forgiveness or not?" he asked petulantly.

"No;" she replied decidedly.

"Then take your duds and start; and never let me catch you in this end of the town again — now go!"

"I am not quite ready to go;" said Lucy in her own voice, at the same time throwing off her disguise.

"Good heavens! what does this mean?" groaned Blake, as he sank into a chair.

"It means just *this*," said she composedly: "you, who in your vice and corruption have so long palmed yourself off as an honorable man, are at last detected; your race is run; you are no longer the 'lion' of the town. You are exposed as one of the blackest of hypocrites; your office as a rendezvous for gamblers and drinkers, and yourself as a sot! yet, with all of your iniquity you would have degraded me by making me your wife; how could you ever look upon the sky without fearing, *knowing* that a curse would follow you?"

He had nothing to say for himself, but she continued to reprove him, as she had good reason for doing so.

Months have passed since this story was related by Mrs. Forbs, to Fanny and Inez Morse. Lucy did not "mourn the loss of her lover," but a constant prayer of thankfulness was in her heart, for the care which was

over her, and by which she was rescued from a life of misery.

She was indeed sorry that he had proved so despicable; he who might have been an honor to the community in which he lived, and a blessing to all who claimed him as kindred or friend.

The exposure, mortification and disgrace, all coming upon him so unexpectedly, threw him into a brain fever, which gave wings to his reason, and the once prosperous lawyer and respected citizen is now an inmate of an Insane Asylum where the most skillful physicians have pronounced his case hopeless.

A MAN IN LOVE.

"As long as a woman loves, she does nothing else. A man has other matters to attend to in the intervals.—*Ballou's Magazine.*

"I should like to know," said Mrs. Danby, "what on airth makes our Joe look so sheepish like! If anybody speaks to him, he jumps and fidgets about as though he thought that somebody was a'goin to make him run the gantlet; I han't come into the room where he was for a week but what he's jumped up and offered me his chair, though the boy knows that I han't sot in any but my high-backed one, for mor'n five years."

"Yes;" cried his sister Eveline, "I've had ever-so-much fun watching him, but thought I wouldn't say a word until I see if the rest of you noticed him. I never was more amused than I was the other day, when you and father went over to Ann Higgins' wedding; I came into the room suddenly, and what do you think Joe was doing? he actually had on your glasses, and sat toeing-off one of father's blue and white clouded socks; and though I laughed loudly he never seemed to hear me, and didn't look up once, all the time I was in the room."

Ben Danby came into the apartment as his mother and sister were discussing the important matter, and

he joined in the laugh which followed Eveline's remarks.

"I can beat that all holler though!" shouted Ben, who had like his sister, been keeping quiet until some other member of the family should broach the subject of Joe's absence of mind. "You remember t'other day he went up to Uncle George's?" continued Ben.

"Yes."

"Well, that night when he came home, after we went up stairs to go to bed, he took off his boots and hung them under the looking-glass, and then laid his watch down by the side of the boot-jack, and then set down in a chair; I didn't know what to make of such actions, and, sez I, 'Joe! what are you doing?' he gaped, and sez he, 'if you'll turn over and give me a little more room, I'll try to go to sleep—you alers take up mor'n your share of the bed!' then I laughed and laughed until I thought I should bust!"

Another uproar of laughter followed this narration, which was interrupted by the entrance of Uncle Robert.

"I do believe," ejaculated he, "that our Joe is going crazy!"

"Why, pa, what do you mean?" inquired the anxious dame. And Uncle Robert proceeded in a quaint manner to explain the cause of his alarm.

"I told him this mornin'—you all heard me tell him at the breakfast table, to go and yoke the oxen and put 'um before the plough, and plough that 'ar medder that I'm a'goin' to have sowed to grain; and, sez he, 'yes,

father,' and out he went. Then arter a while he come out to the orchard where I was a mending the fence, and sez he, 'father!' and I looked up from my work, and sez I, 'halloo! Joe, is that you?'

"'Yes,' sez he.

"'What's wanting now?' sez I.

"'Well,' sez he, 'the plough pint is dull, and we've got to git a new one.'

"'The plough pint dull?' sez I in amazement.

"'Yes,' sez he, as he stood grinding the toe of his boot in the dirt.

"'It can't be possible!' sez I.

"'Well,' sez he, 'you can go and look at it for yourself.'

"'If its broke,' sez I, 'you've broke it!'

"'By golly!' sez he, 'I han't broke it, for I han't had no hard ploughing to do.'

"Then I went out to where the great gump-head had been to work, and what do you think he had done? he had got the oxen before the stun-boat and was trying to plough with it."

"I don't believe that boy is well!" plead the good mother, "and I am going to doctor him up."

The following night, as the unfortunate youth was starting for bed, she called him back.

"Eveline," said she, "go into the buttery and fetch me that striped quart bowl."

The desired article was brought, and Mrs. Danby filled it to the brim with "thoroughwort tea," which she had prepared as a "soothing drink" for her poor boy.

"Here my son," said she, "drink this, it will do you good."

He took the bowl, and drank until not a drop remained.

"Won't you have some more?" said his mother kindly, "there is a plenty of it."

"No;" said, he "I guess not; though its first rate, but I dasent drink much—I never did take any lager-beer but once afore, and that made me as high as nine."

"Now," continued the fond parent, "after you git into bed, you holler and I'll go and cover you up, and you may take a sweat after drinking that tea."

She did not forget to leave the doors open between her own room and Joe's, so that in case he should groan in the night she would hear him.

The family were all sleeping soundly, with the exception of the anxious mother; she heard her hopeful son groan and speak in his sleep, though what he said she could not understand, but crept softly up to his room and stood silent for a few moments; then heard him say, "O, that pichter! it is the hansomist thing that I ever did see! I wonder who sot for it;" this pathetic exclamation ended in a protracted groan, and though she lingered by his bed for some time, she heard him say no more, and finally returned to her room. The following morning however, she took him into the pantry and closed the door; then told him privately what she had heard him say in his sleep.

"Now Joe," said she, "if you have seen a pichter that you want so bad, we'll try to buy it for you."

"Mother," said he, wiping his eyes and nose on the back of his hand (for he was affected to tears) "it aint the pichter that I want; its the girl that sot for it!"

"Its a *girl* that you want, eh, not the pichter?" said said she in astonishment.

"Yes, mother;" said he, "I want the girl, but I'd ruther have the pichter than not to have nothin."

"Who has got it?" she asked.

"I seen it up to Uncle George's," he replied; then she thought of Ben's account of his conduct the night that he returned from there.

"Do you know who the girl is?" she enquired.

"No;" he replied, "but I'd give a hull load of pumpkins to anybody that would tell me; I be darned if I wouldn't!"

"Cheer up, my son!" said Mrs. Danby, "I'll send for your uncle's wife to come down here, and we'll find out all about it."

Joe was quite encouraged by his mother's words, and started off whistling "Yankee Doodle."

The following day, about noon, the aunt made her appearance; both mother and son were full of hope.

At length they were all gathered around the dinner table, and the aunt, for the amusement of the company took a picture from her pocket and passed it around for inspection, telling them to "guess who it was."

Joe no doubt recognized the case, for he began to grow red. After the rest had commented upon it, it was handed to him; he gave it one nervous glance, then laid it on the platter of ham and eggs; and in his

embarrassment caught up the gravy dish and drank its contents.

"Can't any of you tell who the original of the likeness is?" asked the aunt, smiling.

They all acknowledged they could not.

"Why," said she, "it is my husband with my false curls, and bonnet and shawl on."

Astonishment prevailed.

Joe recovered.

SCENE ON A STEAMBOAT.

A steamboat was ploughing its road through the rough waves of Lake Ontario. Some of the passengers on board were gay, some insipid, others gloomy, thoughtful, stupid or sour. Among them was an old lady, poorly and thinly clad, though it was late in September, and the lake air was chilling, even to those who were warmly dressed. This person had attracted my attention early in the day; I felt an intuitive assurance that it was not poverty alone, that made her so gloomy; poverty could not have marked the deep lines in her forehead, or given rise to the sighs that would come involuntarily from an oppressed heart.

In a retired corner of the cabin, sat a plainly, though richly dressed person, whose appearance was that of a lady; she had been intently reading through the day, and seemed unconscious of the movements by which she was surrounded, until a silly, expensively dressed Miss commenced ridiculing the poor old lady for the amusement of that part of the company who were as silly as herself. The merriment which her senseless remarks and gestures caused, attracted the attention of the lady mentioned, whose name was Mrs. May. She dropped her book and sat observing, though unobserved by the gay company, while the subject of their ridicule seemed grieved rather than offended.

Mrs. May walked carelessly toward the sofa on which

Mrs. Henry (the old lady), was seated, made some commonplace remark, and sat down near her. There was a volume of love in the mild eye which looked so kindly on the lonely stranger.

After the younger person, whose very genteel and lady-like appearance commanded respect, joined the sedate one, on whose brow were the joint traces of sorrow and care, there was no more rude jests at her expense.

"I perceive that like myself, you are traveling alone," said Mrs. May, and if our paths should lie in the same direction we might perhaps be of some assistance to each other."

"I," replied Mrs. Henry, "am going to D——, though I have no friends there that I know of; yet I hope to find —," she did not finish the sentence, but pressed her withered hand over her eyes, and her new friend continued, "My home is at D——, and as you will be a stranger there, I think it would be well for you to accompany me home, and you will be welcome there as long as you remain in the city."

"I accept your kind invitation and am indeed thankful for it;" she replied, with more gratitude in her tearful eyes than words could have expressed.

Mrs. May arose and looked from the cabin window, then turning to her companion said, "we are near the landing; so we will put on our heavy shawls and be ready to leave the boat."

"I presume we shall require heavy shawls, as the air is very chilly," was the reply, "though I have none, except the one I have on."

Mrs. May looked surprised, for the one she wore was a flimsy crape. "My home," said she, "is quite a long way from the landing, and I fear you will be cold while riding—perhaps I can procure a shawl of one of those gentlemen who have overcoats and shawls both."

The two ladies stepped into the next apartment. Mrs. May went forward to where a number of gentlemen were congregated; they suspended conversation at her approach, and she said, "Kind sirs, there is a lady in company with me, who is quite unprepared for this cold evening, and if some one of you could part with your shawl, for which I would gladly pay, even more than its value, you would greatly oblige us both, as we will have to ride some distance in an open carriage, and she will be very much exposed to the night air."

As she ceased speaking, some of the group hugged their shawls affectionately, as if it was the only means by which they could retain them; while a tall, intelligent looking man of about thirty years of age, and one who seemed to be the centre of attraction, bowed politely to her, and said, "Madame, I shall be happy to accommodate you with mine, as my overcoat is sufficient for me."

She took the shawl and handed him a bank note, then asked, "May I know to whom I am indebted for this favor?"

"My name," said he, "is George Henry."

Mrs. Henry, who had been a silent auditor, now clasped her hands and exclaimed,

"George, my son!"

A moment later she was folded in his arms. "Thanks

be to God, for this unexpected meeting!" said the mother, as she beheld the noble man by her side.

His reply was, that he was just going to D——, in search of her.

"And I," said she "am just going there in search of our long lost Irene."

"Is it true that she is living?" he asked; "I heard before I sailed for the Indies, that she was dead."

"She may be;" sighed the parent, "but let us hope for the best."

"Can you not trace the features of Irene Henry, in the person before you?" asked Mrs. May, as she came forward pale and trembling with excitement.

"*My child!*" *My sister!*" came simultaneously from the lips of mother and brother.

There was another embrace more passionate than the first, by which every passenger on board must have been moved to tears.

"The sorrow of many years, fades into naught but a troubled dream, when covered with an unexpected joy like this!" exclaimed Mrs. Henry, as she pressed a hand of each child, who, though long lost, had been restored to her in the winter of her life.

The happy trio left the boat, with the assurance, that though many trials befall earthly children, God never forsakes them.

THE SNARL FAMILY.

Poor Snarl! He is as patient as Job, and as meek as Moses, which undoubtedly accounts for his imbecile appearance when in the presence of his wife. He does not know that he is in truth the *head* of his family; in fact, many circumstances conspire to give the unfortunate individual a very different view of himself—yet his life, like all others, is not entirely void of rays of sunshine. A few evenings since he obtained Mrs. Snarl's permission to "go out, and be gone *just an hour*."

Free'd from the thralldom of home for a time, he was quite happy, and was almost wicked enough to envy the men whose wives permitted them to go out every day to see and hear what was going on. On this occasion, however, he heard nothing talked of but the war; he was of course all attention and deeply interested in the welfare of his country. He is in heart and soul a *man*, though his home associations have been such as to nearly convert him into that species which constituted Balaam's limited menagerie.

Civil war was nothing new to him, on the contrary, when he left the stage of single blessedness, he had enlisted for life, with no hope of pension or honor, for dependence or reward in his old age; and now he sighed for change of air, even if it smelt of powder; he thought, too, that the roar of artillery would be more agreeable to

his ear then the unceasing orations on Mrs. Snarl's favorite topic; then lastly, he thought how honorable it would be to fall in battle (if it came to that), after he had for so many years been shut out from all intercourse with men.

"I will volunteer!" said he to a recruiting officer who had exerted a *spiritual* influence over him, and capped the climax by promising him a "commission" in the Mushroom Military Department. Then he imagined himself arrayed in an enviable style, and winked at the dazzle which his mental view of brass buttons, epaulettes and sword, so vividly brought to view. Suddenly he bethought himself, his hour had elapsed and he turned homeward.

He told his wife of his resolution, and she objected very decidedly; consequently his military glory was as short-lived as an ephemera, and by way of reconciling him to the sad disappointment she offered him a new pair of pantaloons. He accepted (as he knew he *might as well*), and taking an order which she wrote, went directly to the clothing store of Ring & Day, to make the purchase; he bought a pair that he fancied, and carried them home. Mrs. Snarl unrolled them, and disapproved his choice. He hung his head.

"Take them back *immediately*;" said his thoughtful spouse, "and tell Mr. Ring that *I* do not like them!"

Snarl made no objections, but started off like an obedient man.

"My wife don't like these pants;" said he meekly, as he laid the parcel on the counter.

"Your wife? Indeed!" said the shopkeeper bowing

politely, "I thought they were for *yourself*— I will send her another pair—I like to have my customers suited!"

Mr. Snarl was about to explain, when his watchful wife, who was on her way to the "Convention," rushed into the store to remind him that it was near milking time, and that he had better go after the cow; farthermore, as she wouldn't be at home before eleven, he must strain the milk, and give the cat the froth; then cover the pan and scald the strainer three times; and not forget to jog the cradle as often as once every five minutes!

The faithful husband's lip curled with disappointment at not having time to select another pair of pants; still with the obedience which always characterized him, directed his steps homeward. Mrs. Snarl continued her walk, and the shopkeeper being a stranger to the glories of "Woman's Rights," was left in a state of bewilderment.

LINDA FORREST.

A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

"These are my jewels," said a Roman dame,
And laid her hand upon her children's tresses;
Jewels! each mother's heart accepts the name,—
How priceless held her beaming eye expresses.

"The jewels of the queenly dame of Rome
Are not confined to ancient musty story,
But gems as bright in many a quiet home
Shed o'er its happiness a radiant glory."

B. P. Shillaber.

Linda Forrest had never known what it was to be the recipient of a parent's love; her mother died when but a few bright mornings had dawned upon her infant head, and her father sought a home on the mighty deep, before her lips had learned to lisp his name, and she was consigned to the care of her mother's relatives.

Though the people with whom she lived were the kindest of friends, there was a constant yearning in her heart for the love of one who would clasp her in their arms and call her daughter. Often she had wandered by the side of her mother's grave and planted annuals on the sacred mound; she had heard too, the sorry story of the White Plover going down at sea. Her father was mate on this vessel, and it was rumored that he was lost among the unfortunate crew.

Linda was a noble child, and as she grew up, every day seemed to crown her with new virtues. Her little hands were ever ready to assist older people in their tasks, and her soft palms were like a magic wand, when she watched by the sick bed of those she loved and bathed their throbbing temples; kind and affectionate words were ever falling from her lips, and they were sweeter to those around her, than the carol of the little bird, or soft, low music of a crystal brook.

When Linda was twelve years of age, she with her friends removed to a new home, and a short time after was placed in Mrs. Huntly's school for little girls. With all her amiable qualities, she soon made many friends in the school among the gay little misses who busied themselves in their play-houses, or with their swings or skipping-ropes at intermission. She loved them all very dearly, though by them one lonely child was forgotten, and her sad condition drew Linda toward her, for she was blind!

Poor Effie Creyton had not always been blind, but had loved to look upon the blue sky, and watch the bright stars as one by one they would shoot into the serene canopy of heaven; and they were the last objects her eyes rested upon before she lost her sight.

One night as she lay in her bed and gazed out of the window at the intense brightness of the beautiful stars, a sudden pain darted through her eyes; a bewildered state followed, and for many days she lay suffering with fever and pain, and frequently she would be delirious and talk of the bright planet upon which she was in-

tently gazing with admiration when the dark cloud dropped heavily upon her brow.

Her fever subsided and bodily strength was restored, yet the brightest day was to her dark as the darkest night.

Effie's father had slept in his grave for three long years, and the widowed mother took in work by which she earned the support of herself and child. She could not take her to the city where, by the aid of a skillful physician she might have gained her sight; she could only live in hope, praying for poor Effie hourly as Montgomery defines prayer; he says:

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

And that supplication of the mother's heart was answered through the kindness of Linda Forrest.

Effie was permitted to go and sit in Mrs. Huntly's school-room, where each day she would store away knowledge from the words which her ready ear would catch from the recitations of those to whom the glorious light of day was not denied. Linda was her companion, instructor and guide. Each day she would lead her to and from school with the kindness and care of a sister; and in the balmy summer twilight, they would sit together under the shade of some grand old tree, and Linda would read to her blind favorite and tell her how lovely the flowers looked, and twine a garland to place above her sightless eyes. One evening after she was

thus adorned, and with their arms entwined, they were returning home, Effie drew Linda more closely to her and said,

"Dear Linda, do you know I often think the bright star I was watching the night I lost my sight was you? O, it was such a lovely star! It shone brighter than any around it, just as you have shown me more kindness than any other girl in school."

"I have done nothing for you, dear Effie," she replied, "so please don't praise me, for it has made me very happy to stay with you."

"No other girl would leave the play-ground to keep the company of a poor blind girl—I know they wouldn't!" said Effie, "and I shall love you as long as I live—I love you next best after my dear good mamma, and I always shall!" she cried, throwing her arms around the neck of her companion who was weeping from the joint emotions of pity and love.

"O, I wish you could have one of my eyes!" exclaimed Linda, "I would be willing to give you one, and take one of yours, if I could only do so—wouldn't it be nice?"

"I would not take one of them if I could; it would be very wrong," she replied, "though perhaps some day I will have money enough to go to that great doctor who knows all about curing eyes; and if I could go, old Mrs. Smith says he would restore my sight in a short time."

"How much would it cost?" asked Linda anxiously.

"About thirty dollars, besides the expense of going

to the city and staying until the operation could be performed — but the great doctor is stopping here for a few days; and if we only had the money now, in a little while I might see the light of day again, but as it is, I must wait a long, long time, and try to be content in darkness."

Linda did not seem to hear the last remark, for her thoughts were in another direction.

"Where is this doctor stopping?" she asked thoughtfully.

"At the Mansion House," replied Effie, "I heard Mrs. Smith telling my mother about him."

"You are at home now," said the little guide, as she opened the gate to let her pass in, then gave her a "good night" kiss and was gone. Effie wondered why she had not stopped to read to her or tell stories as usual, but Linda had taken upon herself another responsibility.

That night, when her friends thought her sleeping, she sat with tearful eyes, resolving to make a sacrifice which would cost her much sorrow, but as it was in her power to bring so much happiness to the desolate home of the poor, blind orphan, she thought the bright angels would frown upon her if she did not do the good she might; and that Effie herself could no longer believe the beautiful star she so much loved to be a symbol of her goodness, if she did not do what she could to light her path of darkness.

Generous Linda! no wonder her tears came thick and fast, as she contemplated parting with her mother's wedding ring; only a few weeks had it been committed

to her charge, and with the assurance that it contained a valuable stone.

"Much as I prize the ring," reasoned the benevolent child, "it would be a sin for me to keep it just for my own gratification, when the price of it would bring sight back to poor Effie."

Her resolution was formed, and the following morning she led Effie to the Mansion House, and into the presence of the renowned oculist. After he had examined her eyes and pronounced them curable, Linda asked:

"Can you tell me, sir, what the expense of curing them would be?"

"Twenty-five dollars," he replied.

"And there will be no danger of injuring her?"

"None!"

"When could you attend to it?"

"Nothing prevents this morning."

"Then," said she, "if you will take this ring for your pay, it is the wish of us both that you should cure her eyes if you can. The ring is valued at fifty dollars, but I give it willingly, if you will accept it as your pay."

"Linda! Linda Forrest!" exclaimed the blind girl passionately, "I will not let you sell that ring for me, no, no! it was your mother's, and she has been dead so many years! Then more than all of that, your father who placed it upon her finger on their wedding day, is in an ocean grave, which makes it doubly dear to you; I know all this, and would on no account allow you to make such a sacrifice for me!"

The doctor who was not unmoved by Effie's appeal, took the ring from Linda's hand, and asked:

"This was your mother's, was it, my little lady?"

"Yes, sir; and she has been dead for a long time."

"Have you no father?"

"My father was lost on the White Plover — perhaps you remember when she was wrecked."

"I do, for I was on board at the time;" he replied.

"And was my father lost? O! was he lost?" she asked in excitement.

"No;" replied the doctor, "he was one of the few who were taken up by another ship, and thus saved from a watery grave."

"O! why don't he come to us? I wonder why he don't!" cried Linda.

"Because," said the gentleman, assuming an indifferent air, "he heard years ago that his little girl was dead, and after that, felt no inclination to return to his old home."

"Who could have made up such a story?" said she with horror; then exclaimed,

"I know how the story came about. Five years ago a little girl by the name of *Lena* Forrest, died not far from where we lived, before we came here — you see her name and mine were so near alike, that it was easy for the person who wrote him to make the mistake."

"Do you love that father, who is yet a stranger to you?"

"Yes, I love him very dearly, for my friends often talk to me of him, and of my mother too, though they know one to be dead, and suppose the other to be."

"And you would like to find your father?"

"Yes," cried Linda, "my arms ache to encircle his neck!"

"Then let them ache no longer?" exclaimed the doctor as he folded her in his arms; "I am your father, and I thank kind Providence that so good a child should prove to be mine! Through your kindness to this poor, blind girl, you have found your parent, and blessed him with a daughter of whom he is truly proud."

The ring found a permanent home on Linda's finger, and Dr. Forrest restored Effie's sight without pay, for the gentle influence of his little daughter was more to him than the glitter of gold.

And what shall we say of the joy of the widowed mother at the recovery of the sight of her child? she was indeed happy and thankful with her whole heart.

Now the residence of Dr. Forrest, the oculist, is a luxuriant home; and the mother of Effie is the step-mother of Linda, and mistress of that happy home where the sisters, as they rejoice in calling themselves, make the house resound with their merry laugh and song, while neither forgets that lesson of kindness, knowing that to it they owe their present happiness and a bright prospect of the future.

CONFIDENTIAL FRIENDS.

"Dear Mrs. Hynes, you who are always welcome, are doubly so to-day!"

"Why, Mrs. Rice! it distresses me to see you in such depressed spirits—some great care must be on your mind."

"It is indeed, my friend, a care which should weigh heavily upon the mind of any parent, and especially a loving mother's."

"Don't keep me in suspense; I know you refer to Madeline!"

"Yes; it is her, and her alone that occupies my thoughts to-day."

"She leaves school soon, I believe?"

"Yes, her studies are nearly completed, and she is soon to form an alliance with a worthy young man whose acquaintance she has formed while away—he is, I am led to suppose, a nephew of the principal."

"I do not wish to flatter you, Mrs. Rice, though I assure you I have long been of the opinion that Madeline would make an elegant woman."

"It does not flatter me in the least, Mrs. Hynes, as I have always been conscious of her charms and surpassing beauty, also the more than ordinary intellect with which she is blessed. Many mothers undervalue their children, yet I can not say that I ever considered you

a stupid parent, on the contrary, I have been delighted to observe your appreciation of Madeline."

"When I think of parting with the dear child, the deep fountain of maternal affection in my heart almost overflows!"

"It is hard for us dear friends to take our children by the hand and give them away; still even that is preferable to finding them on our hands after they are forsaken by Juventa."

"Certainly, and her heart is exuberant with love—what is it she says in her letter? Let me see;—well, the meaning she conveys is in my mind, but I can not get it into her language; here is the letter, you may read it aloud if you please—its comforting to a mother to know she has a child who is so capable:"

"Pozy Nook, May 8th, '61.

"Dere father and muther:—I am taking my last coarse of lesons, and I rejoyce in kommunikating to you and likewise the rest of my dere frends that I shall retern to my parentle ruf ear another munth. I do knot no as you will aprove the step I have took, but I shant keep nothing back from you that I think I had ought to revele without dela.

"My heart is no longer my own, and when you hear of the galent feet that my lover performed, you will no longer (if you do now), wonder why I aknolege Eafrim Wetherfield my king!

"It was a bamy moonlight night; the gentle zeffe swept over the face of nacher with a redolant hu, which even the vary owls kought up to melodate thier notes,

and chant it through the lofty pines. We girls (none to the teachers) went to spend a few ours with a nabor, and on our return we had got to clime a fence or cros a mud-puddle, so we choze to cros the mud; the other girls had got safe over; I was the last to go, and the stun that was under one end of the bord that lay acrost the rode slipped out when I was about half way in the middle of it, and the first thing I nu, I lay face down in the mud! The girls all see me in the are, but didn't no how I kum there, so they was skart and run. A momunt later I felt a hand each side of my waist, and I razed my hed, only to drop it on a white vest! I was borne from the puddle to a grasy mound not far from the place of the disaster. I no not how long I was in a swoon, but this much I do no; when I awoke to konshisness, my prezerver was rubbing my face and hands regardless of the mud that adheard to them, and in the most pathetic langueg was entreating me to *sho some sines of life*. I could not speek, but I remember that I had a pen-nife in my pocket; I took it out sawed of one of my kerls and pressed it into his hand; then I took of one of my rings and put it on his finger, I still felt that I had not dun anuf for one who had done so much for me. I saw a few straw-burry vines at my feet; I stooped, gathered up a handful and ofered them to him. He took them.

"'Their langueg,' sez I, 'is so apropryate to you' (for I felt that he was indede perfect), and now I ask, what other disinterested young man would at that time of night wade into a mud-puddle to resku a young lady from a premature decay?

"At length I told him I was anuf rekoveryed to go; he supported me to the gate, and as he was about to leave, he bent over me, and sez he, 'Madeline, fate has favored us so far, and I see no rezon or incongruity why we shouldn't unite our destinys.

"How could I have refuzed my prezerver? I sliped my hand in his, and sed, 'Eefrim, where thou goest, I will go!' this is all I sed, but he understood my meaning, gave me a betrothel kiss and was gone.

"I have rote more than I intended to when I comensed, but the hul afare has ben so romantik from begining to end, that I loose myself in thot when I kontemplate the past and fucher, and the many things connected with both.

"Give my love to all enkuiring frends,

"MADELINE RICE.

"P. S. You may have the kake baked and all things in redyness, for I shall wish to ishu the invetations immediately after I arive.

"Skool dismyses the 18th.

"Your affectionate dauter,

"M. R."

"THAT UGLY BOY!"

"Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;
 Footprints that perhaps another
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing shall take heart again.
 Let us then be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait."—*Longfellow.*

Mark Harding was a bound boy. He had been told so frequently that he was "ugly," that he began to believe it was true in every respect. Mr. Wyman, his master, was a stern, churlish man, and one whose greatest pleasure was in witnessing the distress of others, and especially when he had been instrumental in its infliction. His wife was a selfish, peevish woman, who manifested little kindness toward her own children, and none toward Mark.

The husband and wife, were ever at variance, and the children, though they did not in reality agree with either parent, usually endorsed their mother's assertions, whether they understood their import, or not, and when poor Mark was called upon for his opinion, he was sure

to incur the wrath of one or both parties, though his constant study was to avoid their displeasure. On one of these frequent occasions, he was reprimanded by the whole family in one voice, and finally with an oath, and a blow, was hurled into the street, at a late hour of the night, and the last words he heard when the door closed upon him, were "*that ugly boy!*"

What a picture he was then, as he wandered off alone with the night! yet the orphan was not without a guide, for One who notes even the fall of a sparrow, led him 'neath an angel's wing.

Yes, what a picture! he wore a brimless hat, kneeless pants and toeless boots; and was smarting from wounds inflicted by the lash, and shedding the bitter, bitter tears of friendless childhood. He sought a place to lie down until the dawn of day; then he must go forth and look for a new home.

"It will be no harm to go and lie down in Mr. Preston's garden," said he to himself, and looking around to see that the house was all dark, he crept slyly through the gate, and crossing the garden, entered the bower, then stretching himself on one of the benches was soon asleep.

He had slept unmolested for a short time, when he was awakened by a voice near him. Soft and low, some one was singing: how beautiful it sounded to the child, when the last voice that he had heard before was a fearful oath. The sound came nearer, and nearer still; and in a moment more, Mark beheld the son of Mr. Preston. He too entered the bower, but did not observe its occupant, for he was lying in the shade.

We did not suppose that a ragged little boy like Mark was capable of admiration; yet he did admire Edgar Preston, whose intelligent brow was made visible by the clear moonlight. He opened his books and began to peruse them, while his eye grew more radiant, and he seemed wrapt in enthusiasm. Mark wondered why his eyes were so often fixed upon the heavens.

"I know that Master Edgar is kind hearted," said the child to himself, "and I shall not fear to make known my presence, and tell him how I happen to be here."

"Master Edgar," said he, "do you care because I came here to sleep?"

"Who on earth are you?" he asked in surprise as he turned suddenly toward him.

"O, dear, I aint anybody!" said Mark, whose favorable opinion of himself diminished rapidly, now that he was in the presence of Master Edgar; yet from the following conversation between the student and outcast, ideas were formed by the latter, which gave rise to unwavering ambition in his youth, and finally in later years, was the talisman to lead him up to eminence.

"Why do you think that you are not anybody?" asked Edgar; and Mark replied:

"Because no one ever said I was."

"Then if I should tell you that you *are*, you would believe me, would you not?"

Mark looked into his face as if to say that he thought he had no intention of saying so.

"I am very bad;" said the child evasively.

"Perhaps," continued his friend, "you have never heard anything to make you good."

"I am nothing but a little bound boy, with neither father or mother, and I don't think that I deserve any, for I am *so ugly*!"

"What do you do that is so bad?"

"I don't know."

"Do you swear?"

"No."

"Do you steal?"

"O, no, no! I never stole in my life! not even when they whipped me, to make me steal peaches out of your father's orchard."

"Do you tell wrong stories?"

"Yes, very often—I have to."

"Why?"

"Because they compel me to—I can't help it!"

"I am very sorry to hear that; still I do not believe that you are as bad a boy as you think yourself."

"Well, I don't know what I should be, if I wasn't so dirty and ragged, and didn't get whipped every day; but I don't think I could ever be anybody anyway!"

"Take courage! some of our greatest men have been as destitute and despised as you are now."

"I guess none of your greatest men ever wore such dirty and ragged clothes as *these*!" said Mark, looking down upon his dilapidated garments.

"Certainly;" replied Edgar encouragingly, and he related something of the early life of Bunyan, and spoke of the name which he finally achieved.

"I wish I could be somebody when I grow up!" said Mark; and the idea seemed to be quite a new one.

"You *can* be, if you *will*;" was the reply.

"How?" was the next question.

"By perseverance and industry," replied Edgar. Then he told him of the extreme poverty of Dr. Johnson, when he was seeking distinction, and of the fame which he at length attained. He told him too, the stories of Webster and Franklin — of their struggles and of their undying repute. How strange these kind, cheering words were to Mark; and in after years, he remembered them as the first oasis in the desert of his orphan life. He was now a child of eleven years; his parents died before he was five, and he had from that time lived in the unhappy home of the Wymans. Much of the time he had been permitted to attend the district school; he had a taste for reading, and therefore had read many of the books in the school library; so when Edgar talked to him of great men, he understood who they were, as many of their names had become familiar to him. Yes, Mark was a poor friendless outcast, and now that Edgar had heard of his unhappy state, his warm heart was touched with sympathy.

"Keep still awhile;" said he to Mark, "and when I have done tracing constellations, we will go to the house, and in the morning I will see what can be done for you." At length the task was finished, and Edgar led the way to the spacious house of Mr. Preston, where he gave the wanderer a downy bed, and he soon forgot his troubles in slumber.

"So you have taken a protege, have you, my son?" said Mr. Preston to Edgar the following morning.

"That boy is the making of a man, and some one ought to help him."

"Whose child is he? I don't remember that I ever saw him until this morning."

"His name is Mark Harding; he is an orphan who has lived with the Wymans since he was five years old."

"Not a very good place for him I should judge — is he a bound boy?"

"Yes — or at least he was, until Wyman put him out of doors last night."

"Turned him off, eh?"

"Yes, and he came to the garden to sleep — there is where I found him."

"Where is he going now?"

"He wants to find a place to work, and I thought you would allow him to stay out at the farm."

"Well; we must not let him wander about in search of a home, when we have ample means to keep him, and a dozen more of the same sort, without the least inconvenience to ourselves;" replied Mr. Preston, and thus the matter was settled.

Night after night Mark accompanied Edgar to the garden, and was more apt in tracing constellations than the student himself. Though Edgar enjoyed the study of Astronomy, he saw that it was a branch in which he could never make much progress; he had many proofs that it was not his talent. It was quite different with Mark; the study was his delight, and the hours in which he gave his attention to the heavenly bodies, were the happiest of his life. He lived at Mr. Preston's farm, and worked and studied as he chose. Edgar

had given him many volumes, which seemed a fortune, and from what he learned therein, was fast preparing himself for usefulness.

Thus, years passed on; his golden moments were all improved, and before "stray threads of silver," mingled with his locks, his name was recognized far and wide, not only as an astronomer, but as a member of the bar and editor of a popular journal. In each, he displayed a strong mind and kind heart, which name and position did not blacken or harden.

Surely, few boys ever found themselves more friendless than this one whom we have called Mark Harding, and few who have been blessed with more advantages than he, ever left "footprints on the sands of time," that are destined to be more dearly cherished.

Edgar Preston found his sphere in the gospel ministry, where he was a faithful laborer in his Master's cause. It can not be said that Mr. Preston and Edgar were reduced to poverty, and that Mark became their banker, yet both father and son had their recompense in a richer sense of the word, than would be possible to express by pecuniary aid. They knew of his prosperity, and gave thanks to Him who guided them to kindness to the orphan outcast, that they had been instrumental in his welfare, and it caused a new vein of joy in their hearts.

'Verily I say unto you, you have your reward.'

THE MINISTERING ANGEL, AND HOW SHE MINISTERED.

"Well, doctor says I'm better, and I suppose its so. Let me see; what did he recommend? 'nourishment—something that will relish' then he asked me what 'set well on my stomach'—how on earth do I know, when all that has been on it for a month is blue pills and morphine? In this dilemma, I am inclined to ask with the poet,

'Where are the friends that to me were so dear?'

Have they left me?—no, I've left them, and here I am far away from them all. Not a female have I seen since I took my first dose of powder and crawled up these stairs.

"Our clergyman said this morning that his wife would call on me 'before long,' but no knowing when that will be. When she does come, she will fetch me something that I can 'relish;' that's one comfort—I am sure she will, for he hinted something about her never visiting the sick 'empty-handed'—here she comes while I am speaking of her; there is an old adage which says, that the evil one is always near by when you are talking of him, and I believe its as true of ministering angels. Come in!

"(Sets her basket on the stand—oh how my mouth waters! I know I shall feel better after partaking of the delicate food she has brought me; nothing, not even

an interest in Golconda's mines or Uncle Sam's mint, would be half as acceptable — wonder if its toast, jelly, and the breast of a chicken.)

"Yes mam, doctor says I'm past danger, and all I want is nourishment and quiet. I have plenty of the latter, thank you.

"(Oh, dear! I can't stand it much longer — what can she be thinking of not to hand me that basket? I'll reach and get a napkin, and spread it on my lap; perhaps *that* will bring her to her senses.

"Thank fortune! she has got onto her feet, and is going to — look out of the window! — will she ever? — yes, the dear creature has taken up the basket, and is coming this way!

"Ruins of Pompeii! what is she taking out?

"'The Young Man's Guide to Perfect Gentility;' and two Theological Essays!)

"Thought I would be lonely, and like to read, so you brought me these books — very kind, certainly; thank you. Good day!

"Think I am where I shall profit by the instructions in this 'Guide;' am where I shall display my genteel behavior to excellent advantage; have an appreciative audience — a rat, two spiders in their extensive web, a wasp, and several flies.

"Of what do the Essays treat, and by whom are they written?

"'A voice from Zion, by Rev. Enos Frouzzlehead.' His subject is:

'If your enemy hunger, feed him, and if he thirst, give him drink.'

"Very good, my dear sir; I only wish that *I* were some man's enemy, who feels the necessity of obeying the scriptural injunction.

"What is the other?

"'The Propriety of a Fast; by Rev. Tip Gall.' Extols the people of Nineveh, and holds them up as an example. There is another rap at the door. Come in!

"Do I 'want my boots blacked?' — no Sambo, but I should be greatly obliged to you if you would run down to Trip's saloon and get me half a dozen smoked herring; on your way back, stop at the bakery and buy a loaf of stale bread; meanwhile I will endeavor to look on the bright side of circumstances (?) and try to persuade myself that my ministering angel brought me the comforts which she thought I most needed."

NED MINER'S FORTUNES.

I resolved to make my fortune; I must do it, too, by my own exertions; for I had no wealthy relative with a free heart, to come forward and give me a "start" in the world.

I had studied medicine two years and had a nice library, maps, skeletons, and other requisites for the continuation of my studies.

September of 18—, found me in a conspicuous office on the principal street, in a village of some three or four thousand inhabitants, and a showy sign swung over my door.

Patrons crowded in, and I was becoming a noted man in the eyes of the worthy inhabitants of Riggletown. I was conscious of this, and as may be supposed it did not serve to humiliate me in the least; on the contrary, I felt great satisfaction in the attention which I received. Above all that elevated me in my own estimation, was that I had "wooed and won" the daughter of Esquire Pompous, the richest man in town.

Ellen Pompous was lovely as a Sylph, and many were the envious eyes bent upon me, as she was ever by my side in all the gay festivities of Riggletown. The knowledge of this, together with a firm belief that she loved me only as a gentle woman can love, filled my cup of happiness to the brim; in it I saw no dregs; at the font of love, I saw no rising cloud of incense.

Eva Allison was the most intimate friend of my betrothed, and I had met her frequently, not only at social gatherings, but at the home of my darling Ellen. I did not know at first but she was always so modest as to blush when addressed by the opposite sex; though I found it to be a circumstance which took place only as her eyes met mine (which by the way my lady-love had repeatedly assured me were beautiful and expressive). Then it was not so strange if Miss Allison did admire me; and sure I was that there was much in her manner that interested me more than I would have been willing to acknowledge to Miss Pompous. Both ladies were wealthy; each occupied a prominent station in Riggletown society. The greatest difference that I could then detect in the two, was Ellen was lovely; Eva was plain.

I was confident that each had a heart, that one beat only for me, and that the other beat *a little faster* at the sound of my voice, or sight of my winning countenance.

I knew that Eva Allison was falling in love with me, notwithstanding her knowledge of my engagement with Ellen. At first masculine delicacy (!) suggested the propriety of shunning her society altogether, and for a few times when I met her, I bowed with a rigid, reserved politeness, which I did not feel, and gave her an indifferent glance, which I intended would say to her, Ned Miner has made an assignment of his heart and hand — look in another direction for some object on whom to bestow your affections!

The holidays were over, and the next affair to create a sensation in Riggletown was to be our marriage — Ellen's and mine. The day was set. I had obtained a

"killing" suit of broadcloth; Ellen had sent to New York for her trousseau, which was to arrive on the same train with the wedding cake and confectionery.

It was the night before the day set for the marriage; I had driven out of town a few miles to see a patient, and on my return, to my dismay I heard the cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" and saw that the flames were coming direct from the neighborhood of my office; I soon reached the street where firemen were trying in vain to save the property of a few unfortunate men, among whom my own name was heard, while big thieves and little thieves were scudding here and there with the few articles which had been plundered from the burning buildings.

I had that day come in possession of documents which were of the greatest moment to me.

"I must save them!" I exclaimed frantically, and thought I could burst open the door, rush to my desk, procure the papers and get safely into the street again before the roof fell in.

In vain were the attempts of my friends to prevent the hazardous undertaking, which resulted in a broken arm, singed hair and no papers.

The following morning the eyes of the estimable people of Rigglestown were full of smoke, and their heads as full of wonder.

What would be done under such circumstances? that was the subject in debate.

I was assisted to the nearest hotel immediately after my misfortune which created quite a stir at first, but soon became a matter of indifference to most of my fast

friends, yet by the good landlady I was kindly, even tenderly treated.

Some of my old friends called to see me; one informed me of the arrival of Dr. Skillful immediately after the fire, and predicted that he would step into my professional shoes if I did not get out soon.

I had been confined to my room for several days, and darling Ellen Pompous had not once called to see me or even enquired after me, as I could learn. Esquire Pompous had called in once or twice. I did not enquire of him why she had not favored me with her sweet presence, for I felt confident that upon hearing of my injury she had fainted, fallen, been picked up and carried to her room, where she had since remained unconscious of everything save a high fever and hysterics.

I continued happy in the delusion until my old friend, Al Henderson, agreed to enlighten me on the subject.

"Do tell me, Al, is she dying for my sake?" I asked impatiently.

"I rather think she is," said he with mock gravity.

"Come, old boy, tell me the whole story right away!" I exclaimed still more impatiently.

"I called on Miss Pompous to-day;" said Al, eying me closely.

"And she is well?" I asked anxiously.

"She is well," he replied.

"And what does she say about me? did she say anything about our marriage that was to be?"

"Yes, she spoke of the disappointment, and I asked her if she thought you would be married as soon as you

recover," replied that young gentleman, still eying me as if to anatomize my heart.

"Did she say that she hoped that—that—I—what *did* she say?" I stammered, somewhat confused by the look which my friend had bent upon me.

"Shall I tell you, Ned?" he asked gravely.

"Yes, yes!" I cried, "tell me at once; I am dying to know why she so neglects me!"

"If you say *tell* I will do so," replied Al. "The heartless beauty informed me that she should never marry a 'singed, crippled, beggar!' I think those were her words."

"*'Singed, crippled beggar,'* indeed;" I repeated, and at the same time felt a cold sensation at my heart.

And this was my fortune! to have the little I had gained snatched from me in less than a night, to be disabled and at the mercy of strangers.

March winds were whistling through the chimneys, while sleet rattled against the windows of my room, which, combined with my bodily suffering, made me the most miserable relic of better days, that ever sat night after night, chin in hand, unmolested by anxious inquiries of friends. Thus I sat comparing substance and shadow; anticipation and reality. And well I might; for had I not attempted to cling to substance, and been left with even less than shadows; had I not anticipated a life of unalloyed happiness with one whom I thought free from guile; and had I not met a stinging, mortify-

ing reality which rankled at my heart? At times I almost doubted whether sincerity had ever found its home elsewhere than in the breasts of my own loyal sex!!

I was about forming a resolution that when I found myself convalescent, I would exert every means in my power to shield other innocent young men! from sending their hearts adrift to be ensnared by coquetry. In fact I came to the conclusion that I would establish an institution for the solace of forlorn old bachelors, and protection of unsuspecting young bachelors, which would be dedicated as "The Great Original Anti-toleration of Woman!" Ned Miner, M. D., of Riggletown, would be read of by future generations as the founder; and long after that renowned personage had gone to rest, many tears of gratitude would be daily shed, ever keeping fresh the memory of him.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century dwindled into insignificance, and Martin Luther stood in the background. In fancy I had reached the apex of my glory, when Al Henderson came in; and right glad was I to see him. We had settled down for a good chat, and I commenced communicating my new theory to him—it is useless to say that he was more amused with, than interested in the new idea; but before I had given him all my plans, my landlady tapped gently on my door, and announced the arrival of a Quakeress who requested to be admitted. Nothing but the fact of her being one of a sect of strictly pure principles, and—as my landlady assured me—somewhat advanced in years, induced me to consent. To me there was something very novel

in her garb and speech. The tone of her conversation was to encourage me in my affliction; and impress upon my mind that there is One who never forsakes us, and at His feet I would find a balm for every sorrow; that if I looked to Him in the right spirit, I would lose sight of the dross of earthly trials, only retaining from each that better part which would enable me to look onward and upward, from whence strength and peace would descend, making light my burdens, and casting a sweet halo of hope athwart my path. When she called me "friend," there was a thrilling accent in her voice which vibrated in my ear, and dropped its exhilarating influence on my heart.

I had become so much absorbed by her conversation that I did not observe Al, as he quietly withdrew, and for an hour at least, my gentle guest remained. At length she made a slight apology for the lengthy call, which I only hoped had been half as interesting to her as to me, that she might be induced to repeat it.

She arose to take her departure; I followed to the door, feeling that I was taking leave of a dear friend, which I should have greatly regretted had she not assured me that I would see her again at an early date. I closed the door, turned the key and sat down to reflect upon the strange, still kind, almost motherly visit, when my attention was attracted by a white paper lying on the table by which she sat. I picked it up, saw that it was a carelessly folded note, and from it dropped a doubloon. The note was so kindly and delicately penned, that I dare not resent the liberty which the fair Quakeress had taken in leaving it, and owing to circumstances, it was not an objectionable donation.

Time hung heavily on my hands, for I was gaining but slowly. Al Henderson was now my only visitor, and though he was very communicative on other subjects, was remarkably indifferent when I spoke of the Quakeress. Not over a week elapsed before my heart was again gladdened by her presence.

I had wheeled my arm chair under the camphene lamp which was suspended from the ceiling, to make some alteration in the light, and there it remained when she called. I gave her a hearty welcome, and motioned her to the sofa, though she did not seem to observe me, and sat down in the chair. We had conversed for some time, when the lamp exploded, pouring out its streaks of blaze which fell upon my visitor; in a moment she was enveloped in a sheet of flame, which caused her instantly to doff her long cloak, close bonnet and *mask*! Al, who is one of those rare specimens of mankind that are always present when wanted, and no other time, came in just at that critical moment, and with his great shawl and mine succeeded in smothering the fire. After it was conquered, which was only the work of a moment, I turned to enquire of the old lady if she had received any injury, and to my surprise stood face to face with Eva Allison, who was blushing and greatly confused.

"Dr. Miner," said she timidly, "I trust you will not consider this an intrusion, or rude artifice—" here the poor girl broke down, and her eyes filled with tears; then had I felt the slightest inclination to deem it a stratagem, associated with Paul Pry-motives the thought

would have fled immediately. Still, nothing of the sort had entered my mind, from the fact that as soon as her countenance was revealed to me, I recalled the many times I had met her in society, and the opinion which I had formed of the condition of her heart, while I was worshiping a bauble.

"Miss Allison," said I (taking her hand by way of giving force to my remark), "do not give yourself any uneasiness—I am only happy to know that there is one left among my newly formed acquaintances who does not at the approach of adversity turn scornfully away from me; one who thinks of me beyond a formal greeting. I trust too that we may ever be friends."

"This forbearance is truly very kind of you, Dr. Miner," said she, "though I feel it my duty to apologize for disguising myself before I dare manifest the friendship for you which I could not fully restrain—the truth is—"

"That she loves you, and has no reason to consider that affection reciprocated!" chimed in Al, coming forward to where we stood.

"Not reciprocated;" I repeated, looking into his face interrogatively, and at the same time intuitively feeling of the doubloon in my pocket.

I doubt the Vale of Avoca ever looking more beautiful to the delighted traveler, than Riggletown did to me on a bright May morning which was to change my condition from monotony, to a life which was my prayer, would

be consecrated to usefulness. In my short duration of prosperity, I had lost sight of the higher qualities which go to constitute the true man, and ennobled character. I had given too much thought to the frivolity of the world, and had not awakened to a conviction of this until one who was destined to be my companion and guide, had taught me to see trials as blessings, and feel that they came hand in hand from the fact that thus they would work together for my good. For several weeks I had been in a new office, and was favored with practice to which my first success held no comparison. Many of my old friends were free to manifest their pleasure at seeing me at my avocation again, and I was happy to find that many whom I regarded as careless of my welfare, had not willfully neglected me, but that each had meanwhile been met by sufficient cares to free him from the charge of selfishness and disregard which I had in my own mind lavished upon them.

There was no ostentation connected with our marriage. Eva, notwithstanding her plain features, looked like the angel that she was, standing by my side in her dress of snowy whiteness.

"Ned," said my friend Al, solemnly, drawing me aside shortly after the conclusion of the ceremony which declared me a "man," and Eva a "wife;" "whenever you require my assistance in establishing 'The Great-Original Anti-toleration of Woman;' I trust you will feel at liberty to call on me, as I shall be glad to render you any assistance in my power! You remember, old chap, eh?"

"The reformation which has taken place in Ned Miner's heart, makes it seem quite unnecessary to him to give further contemplation to the one to which you refer;" I replied, feeling a little mortified that I had ever put my "Prospectus," before the kind friend whose influence will ever be felt in my Fortunes.

PRACTICAL FRIENDSHIP.

"You have no *idea* how people are talking about you, Mrs. Jones!" exclaimed Mehitable Racer, as she sank into a seat, quite exhausted by her morning's gossip. "Of course, if I were in your place, I shouldn't *care* anything about it; and I would not tell you, only that I consider it my duty."

"Who talks?" oh no matter! but I find that your jewels and silks don't ward off remarks; neither does your husband's great fortune, or your travels in Europe!

"Only last evening, I heard some one who *pretends* to be your friend, say that since your return, you could talk of nothing but the wonders you had seen. It is no doubt envy that makes people go on in this way, and from that fact, it isn't worth noticing. But above all that has offended me lately, was a little incident which occurred last week at Mrs. Winker's reception. You remember, by request of your hostess, you favored the company with—what I considered—a delightful Italian song. I was glad for your sake, that you did not see the ironical smiles and knowing looks which were exchanged by the guests; and Mrs. Nell put her fan to her face, and whispered to her sister; then they both cast their eyes toward you, and laughed. I bent my head a little toward them to hear what was said, but couldn't catch a word; isn't it astonishing how ill-bred some people are?"

"I hadn't more than got over my first indignant feelings about *that*, when that wolfish-looking imp — Prof. Le Mont — displayed some sarcasm on account of your French pronunciation, while you and Madam Prim were conversing. You can never know how I ached to tell you how you were criticized that evening (which was no doubt on account of its being your first appearance in society since your return from the old world). As for what the Snigginses and Sniders and Twadles say, *I* shouldn't mind it; let them talk! the most they can do is to ridicule your dress and the foreign manner which you have necessarily acquired by associating with people of other nations.

"What galls me most of all, is, the story is current that your grandfather on your mother's side was a *mechanic*! and some strong hints are thrown out that your husband's father was a *farmer*!

"Of course your friends will dispute so disreputable a report, and your enemies would annoy you anyway; but as long as you have got one good friend to speak in your favor — though I did not intend to boast of doing so — you need not despond, for it will be the same until you are dead and in your grave, and I should not care much how soon that time come, after not only my vanity and general appearance, but my *character* was assailed! Don't sigh, and look so down-hearted, my dear Mrs. Jones; you can rely upon *my* friendship!"

Mehitable Racer concludes her remarks by assuring the weeping Mrs. Jones that she wishes her well, and would be very sorry to say anything to injure her feelings.

VIRGINIA.

School was dismissed, there was to be a vacation of several weeks; some of the happy ones were to return at the commencement of another term, some were to enter walks of gaiety, and others were to commence the cares of life; yet all seemed diverted by the change, and were flitting to and fro, taking their adieus of instructors and friends, smiling though tears glistened in their bright eyes, so pleasant were the many associations which the parting hour brought to mind. Leaving the larger portion of the school we will listen to the conversation of three young ladies who, dressed ready for their homeward journey, are standing in the hall waiting for the conveyances which are to bear them to their respective homes.

"It will be so lonely to return and not to find Margaret and yourself here!" said Albertine Morris, turning her loving blue eyes upon the favorite of teachers and scholars, Virginia Tombs.

"Yes, darling, lonely at first," she replied, throwing her arms around Albertine's waist and imprinting an affectionate kiss upon her lips, "but you must love those who are to be your companions in future, as well as those who have been for three years past, I surely hope you will find them no less worthy your confidence."

"O, certainly, I shall try to love them and shall, no doubt, succeed, still it is very hard to part with true

friends, those whom we have proved by years of social intercourse; those who have been our good angels when other friends were far away."

"Look on the bright side of this picture, think of the long letters we shall write, and what enjoyment there will be in that," replied Virginia.

"Letters! I had not once thought of letters," she said enthusiastically, "though we will write often and it will be very pleasant. You will write to me, too?" she continued turning toward Margaret.

"Certainly, pet;" said the beautiful girl smiling upon her artless young friend, then said to Virginia, "I believe it is understood that you and I are to correspond."

"Oh, yes! and I should be disappointed were the promise broken," were the friendly words in answer.

"Broken promises;" echoed Albertine, "how much we read of them, and are taught to call it fiction. Well surely I hope it is," she said solemnly, taking a hand of each companion, "and now let me ask you, dear girls, what would be most likely to break the promises which at different times have passed between us? For instance let us suppose a case as follows: Margaret marries a man of wealth and station; her social position is high as she could possibly desire; myriad fountains of joy are sending forth pleasures in her path, while Virginia's life is equally as fair. I might be poor, very poor, shut out from society and the many enjoyments of life which are unattainable under such circumstances; would I then be permitted to look upon you as friends, and would you willingly recognize me in the presence of your world-loving associates?"

"What suggested those ideas?" asked Margaret, without attempting to answer the question.

"I hardly know," said she, "still my thoughts have been very busy for a while past, and this subject has been predominant, therefore I insist upon an answer from you both; can I be indulged?"

"Certainly," was Margaret's response, "I think it a simple question, at least, one easily answered. As for myself, I am not so changeable in my sentiments as to love a person for their own goodness and banish the emotion if they should become unfortunate, as you have pictured; on the contrary, I am sure that my friendship would grow stronger should circumstances seem to demand it; my attachments would become firmer, if I saw you slighted by others."

"Now your sentiments, please;" continued Albertine, addressing Virginia, "would wealth and position leave you the same generous, loving girl?"

"I hope time would make no change in my heart only for the better; however, those who to all appearances are our best friends, are too often the first to seem unmindful of our misfortunes; and from that fact I dare not make a positive declaration, as I am susceptible to wrong influences as well as others, though I pray that both you and I may ever be guarded from them."

They were conversing earnestly, when a carriage dashed up to the door, a hasty good-bye was given, Albertine was handed in and hurried away, while Margaret and Virginia resumed the conversation. Margaret scorned the idea that any one who possessed any acquaintance with her should doubt her fidelity for a

moment, while Virginia only hoped that each would prove herself noble and true, ever guarding her heart from false pride and thoughtlessness.

Five years have passed since we saw those young ladies leaving school, to which Albertine returned while Virginia and Margaret were the idols of happy homes and admired stars in society. During these five years, they have paid each other several visits, each time renewing vows of eternal love and friendship. Margaret has married a wealthy tradesman, and is residing in a pleasant city in the Empire state. Albertine has given her impulsive, warm heart to a man who is well worthy of her, and resides in the same city, and but a short distance from her old schoolmate. Both ladies feel particularly favored that they are so situated as to meet whenever they choose, and that is very often, and quite as frequently as we see them together, we hear them speak affectionately of their old friend Virginia.

"Poor girl!" says Margaret, "how unfortunate that her father should have died insolvent. I wonder what she will do now; do you think she will teach?"

"She will be obliged to, I think, as she has no dependence," said Albertine with a sigh, "and I dare say it will be burdensome for her, as she has always been shielded from care of every kind."

"It will, no doubt," says Margaret.

"As I take a second thought of it," continued Albertine, "I hardly think she will be allowed to teach; she has a great many friends who will without doubt

come forward and manifest their kindness — of course they will!"

Yes, it was true, Virginia had a great many summer friends, she had thought them more when she was hostess to her father's guests, and from them received legions of flattering compliments. Among them was the possessor of her heart, who kept one eye on her and the other on her father's bank stock. Hon. Zeb Twist and Esquire Dray had offered her any assistance which lay in their power, both when her father lay on his death-bed, and immediately after he had gained his dreamless hours of rest. Mrs. Blonde and Mrs. Jenks, of the Genii persuasion, had also proffered their kindness without limit; they would do anything, no matter what, to alleviate her cares, and several others had actually wept for sheer sympathy.

Creditors and lawyers had satisfied themselves out of her father's estate, leaving her homeless; still she did not despond, for the thoughts of kind words which had been spoken to her gave her courage. Not until several weeks after her father's death, did she apply to those mundane saints, but necessity became a propelling power, and after reflecting upon their words and professed tenets, she resolved to call on them and solicit their influence to procure scholars for a small school; therefore she presented herself before Hon. Zeb Twist, looking like a mere shadow, in deep mourning attire; a sight which would really have touched his heart, providing that member of his physical organization had not through some unaccountable phenomenon, been omitted. The Honorable, upon her entering, looked over his spec-

tales, then under them, and at last took them off that that he might not see through a glass darkly, and thus be deceived in the sable figure before him. After he had thoroughly convinced himself of her identity, he took her hand very much as if his finger joints had become suddenly inactive; however Virginia did not seem to observe this, but sat down and broached the subject of her call.

"Mr. Twist," she began rather timidly, "you are no doubt aware of my father's circumstances at the time of his death?"

"My dear young lady, your father was taken away quite suddenly, quite — too bad."

As she was thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances connected with his death, she was rather astonished that he should deem it essential to "break the news" in this wise; she felt a little grieved too, and though her eyes were not quite dry, and her heart was beating quite too fast, she continued: "You are probably aware of the disposal of certain pieces of property which we had considered secure and as our own?"

The gentleman was suddenly seized with a violent fit of coughing, which prevented a reply for some time; at length however, he recovered himself, and with a ludicrous attempt at solemnity, delivered his logic thus:

"My dear young lady, you may be sure that your loss is your father's gain; yes, yes, your loss is his gain."

This flow of eloquence seemed to overcome the Honorable, and he allowed his head to drop into the back of his easy chair and his eyes to close, which at a short

distance gave his countenance very much the appearance of a libel on a green cheese.

Virginia wiped her eyes and continued: "Had my father been conscious that he was at all dangerous, he would undoubtedly have made some arrangement for my future, but as it is, I must find a way of supporting myself; present circumstances seem to demand that I should do so immediately."

"In the midst of life we are in death," said Hon. Zeb Twist, opening one eye a trifle to see if the original idea reached her in its full import.

"I think," continued the heart-sick girl, "if my father's friends will extend their kindness so far as to get a few scholars, I might teach a select school, and not disgrace their recommendation."

"All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away." He said this in an unnecessarily thoughtful manner, at the same time polishing his spectacles with his watch chain (which was made of his deceased wife's hair), and replaced them on his nose.

Virginia did not see the application of the remark, and proceeded with her request:

"Do you think I might be so fortunate? I should not dare hope for but a few, and as I shall necessarily live quite secluded, a small income will be quite sufficient."

"Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith," he mumbled this time, opening both eyes wide and rolling them over his spectacles to ascertain the effect of his soothing words.

Virginia did not see the point which he had intended to make intelligible, and said in a firmer voice than she had before found courage to use, "Mr. Twist, I called on you this morning for the express purpose of ascertaining if you will use your influence to procure a few scholars for me, from families of your acquaintance; if you would, sir, it would be a great kindness."

His cough came back with a violence which seemed very threatening, and vibrated through the room like a prolonged peal of thunder. At length, however, after much clearing of throat and flourishing of handkerchief, he said:

"My dear young lady, do you think you have a capacity for teaching?" to which she replied:

"I do not know, sir."

"What a pity!" continued Hon. Zeb Twist, after several expressive snuffs, "that your father could not have lived to see this day; *he* would have been just the man to advise you; yes, my dear young lady, just the man."

"'Twas too much for the poor weak nerves of the orphan girl, and she began to sob and cry as if her heart would break, when the following was addressed to her, either intended as a soother or a damper, I am unable to say which.

"My dear young lady, the Lord inflicts in mercy — yes, yes, he does."

"O, 'tis so hard!" she sobbed.

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away — yes, yes," added the Honorable, after collecting his scattered thoughts.

"O, where shall I find a friend?" cried the weeping

girl, more to herself than to the man in her presence, and the benevolent friend of happier days set the palms of his corpulent hands together, gazed at the ceiling, allowed his countenance to cramp into what was intended as a smile of aspiration and said in a trembling voice:

"On high, my dear young lady, on high — yes, yes."

She felt that his presence was not in the least elevating, and arose to withdraw. He arose also and followed her to the door, rubbing his hands meantime in a zealous manner and exclaiming:

"God bless you, my dear young lady, God bless you!" and he could well afford to say it for it cost him very little exertion, less time, and exposed no "portable property," not a farthing.

Virginia had not expected such indifferent treatment from her father's friend; she had always heard of his donating bountifully to the church; not a man in the parish paid more toward the minister's salary than he; no man of her acquaintance gave more freely to the Missionary Society. She thought of all this, and wondered why a change so remarkable should have taken place in him as he had ever since her recollection appeared to have the organs of conscientiousness and benevolence as fully developed as acquisitiveness and approbateness.

She directed her steps toward her temporary home, gave way to a flood of tears as most any woman would under such aggravating circumstances and it relieved her much. The fact that one man had proved false did not discourage her altogether, and a few hours after her interview with Hon. Zeb Twist, she was in the presence

of Esquire Dray. This man was thoroughly worldly and did not try to conceal it, he did not endeavor to veil mental scurvy with mock piety. Virginia liked the change.

"Business is driving just now," said he "but if I can render you any assistance I shall be glad to do so, though, I fear, my influence would be of little or no account; my children are yet too young to attend school, and as for my acquaintances, I will speak to them if the rush of business does not prevent my calling it to mind," he said this hurriedly, yet in a manner far from unkindness, and as he looked up at the clock, manifesting some uneasiness at being detained, his lady caller moved toward the door. It was becoming dark and he proposed to accompany her home. Her heart seemed heavier than the rest of her body as she walked through the busy thoroughfare, wondering, meanwhile, if any of the people she met, had half as many cares as herself. However, Esquire Dray seemed inclined to show more kindness than she had hoped, for as he bade her good night, he told her to accept the paper which he should send her the following day, and credit him with it in her father's name.

That night as she sat in her room reflecting upon the events of the day, she concluded that a slight improvement had taken place in her circumstances since morning, and she determined to look for goodness from some direction in future. Yet she could not refrain from indulging in some bitter thoughts of her old acquaintances, they had proved themselves so far from what she supposed them, and one in particular, the man whose ad-

dresses she had received with so much pleasure, the one whom she had considered dearer than all the rest. She remembered that he was her friend, when Mammon's gilded wings were glittering o'er her; when her life was cloudless as a bright May morning. She remembered how attentive he had been when beaux and belles thronged her flower-strewn path; when Pleasure's syren voice had intoxicated her, and eclipsed Reality in her homely garb. When adversity came like a simoon to suffocate her heart and heat her brain she did not find her house built upon a rock, it did not stand the test; she could not enter in and be shielded from the blasts which fell upon her as if driven thence by the four winds. When Fashion's smirking throng abandoned her, he did not remain with words of cheer. No, he took the lead of the retreating throng. She thought of this, and much more, over and over again, that night in the solitude of her chamber. Among other thoughts was that of writing to the preceptress of the school where she had received her education. Accordingly the lady was made acquainted with her circumstances, and the knowledge of her situation not only brought tears of sympathy to the old teacher's eyes, but drew forth a consoling reply, the offer of a situation as teacher in one of the primary departments of her school, also an urgent request to make it her home in her family until a more desirable one should be suggested. How refreshingly this kindness came to her, and she could appreciate it more readily from the fact that she had met stinging coldness and unmerited neglect. Virginia had just

learned her first lesson in real life, and with the belief that it would ever prove a useful one she turned to new associates and employment which bid fair to improve her mind as well as her purse. Truly a "new leaf" was turned over in her life, the hour that she entered the presence of the teacher of her prosperous days and friend of the darker ones.

"My dear friends, Margaret and Albertine—Three years have intervened between this and my last missive, but they have carried with them none of my love for you, though it may have seemed far from excusable in me to neglect answering your kind, sisterly letters, which came to me in the midst of my one great sorrow. I can only assure you by way of apology, that for weeks, even months after they reached me, my time was wholly absorbed, and my mind too deeply saddened to make anything that I should say interesting to you, and as month after month passed on, I found myself neglecting, though never forgetting you. Will you generously accept the excuse and believe me sincere as in former days? I have heard from you both frequently through a mutual friend, therefore, I do not ask if you remain in your pleasant homes where I saw you last, and hope to see you again quite soon, as it is my intention to visit you within a few weeks.

Truly and affectionately yours,

VIRGINIA LORIMER."

Margaret read this aloud and looked at Albertine interrogatively.

"How delightful it will be to receive a visit from our dear Virginia!" she exclaimed, still in her girlish enthusiasm. Margaret fingered the epistle rather nervously and did seem in the least inclined to agree with the sentiment. Her companion's face showed a shade of disappointment as she asked,

"Are you not delighted with the prospect?"

"I can not say that I am really," rejoined Margaret, tossing the harmless little messenger on the table, and dropping her eyes to the floor.

"What makes you look so thoughtful, Margaret?"

"Am I looking thoughtful?"

"Yes, very."

Albertine picked up the dainty sheet and read it over carefully to find the peculiarity which had so wrought upon the sensitiveness of her friend. She saw that there was nothing peculiar about it; 'twas only a neatly written note from Virginia, and had evidently come from "out west." She picked up the envelope to see if there was any stigma about that. It was simply a plain white one bearing the post-mark of "Appanoose." She looked intently at Margaret again to ascertain whether her countenance had become more intelligible or not, and in reply to her inquiring thus, she asked:

"Shall you really be glad to have her come?"

"Glad? certainly I shall; why not?"

There is more than one consideration in receiving a visit from an old acquaintance whom you have not seen or hardly heard of for two or three years."

"And more than one reason for anticipating pleasure too."

"If we could be sure that she would come in as good style as we would visit her (providing we were to visit her at all), it would be quite different!"

"The 'style' which she will or will not come in gives me no uneasiness, in fact, I have not once thought of it. I am only happy to learn that she is coming."

"Loyalty is very good when not at the expense of one's genteel appearance."

"I agree with you in saying that loyalty is good; I consider it admirable in any one, and the omission quite the reverse. However, I have no fears of her coming in such a style as to be in the least mortifying to us."

"You are aware that she is poor?"

"Yes, I admit she may be poor for aught we know; still, as far as I am concerned, it does not weigh as much as a grain of mustard seed."

"Suppose she should come looking *shabbily*?"

"No matter, so long as she brings Virginia's true loving heart in her bosom."

"Your theory would do very well, providing no one was to see her but ourselves."

These remarks passed back and forth quickly, slightly offending Margaret and deeply grieving Albertine, therefore a slight pause ensued. Albertine was the first to speak.

"You say Virginia is poor; perhaps that is a mistake."

"Have you heard to the contrary?" Margaret brightened.

"No; yet Mr. Lorimer's possessions may not be inferior to those of your husband or mine."

Margaret smiled with the sarcasm of Momus.

"I think were he a man to be proud of she would have mentioned his calling—he is no doubt a clodhopper!"

Mrs. Lorimer was indulging in a reverie. Her trunks were packed, and the following morning she was to leave her rich home that she might once more meet her old schoolmates. What new truths would the next few weeks reveal? Would it assure her of unchanging friendship in those for whom she cherished so much love? She saw old scenes and heard old voices which had greeted her before the stern realities of life had forced themselves upon her. She saw three young ladies leaving school and heard them talking earnestly. She saw sweet Albertine Morris turning from one to the other of her companions and heard her ask "what would be most likely to break the promises which had passed between us?" She heard her ask if her two friends would recognize her if she should be humbled in life, and saw the proud expression of the queenly Margaret as she replied, "As for myself I am not so changeable in my sentiments as to love a person for their own goodness and banish the emotion if they should become unfortunate. I am sure my friendship would grow stronger should circumstances seem to demand it." Virginia wondered if this was truly the character of the proud woman. One part of the picture before her was Hon. Zeb Twist with his looks of mock sanctimony, and

she heard his aggravating language. She saw the kindly beaming face and business air of Esquire Dray, and last of all she saw an orphan girl reading a generous letter which was a balm to her sick heart, and called her away from the home of her childhood.

A new thought came to her suddenly, which was suggested by the recollection of Margaret's declaration of fidelity. Therefore, she went again to her chamber to add a few articles to her toilet. However, they were not those of the latest style; enough of that stamp were already there. The addition was to be two or three of her ordinary dresses, a cloak a year out of date, and a bonnet to match. She thought it no harm to ascertain whether her friends would countenance such a bugbear as they would be in the presence of fashionable people. If they could stand such a test she would feel sure of their sincerity. There was still another object in view; she knew that this would give her an opportunity for another insight into human nature, and she liked the study.

A few weeks later Mrs. Lorimer had reached the end of her journey and stood arm in arm with the true-hearted Albertine, talking gayly and freely as in their schooldays. The kind-hearted young hostess did not seem to notice her visitor's old fashioned clothing, and if she noticed them at all thought the style of no consequence whatever. She was proud to introduce Virginia to her acquaintances, for her mind was richly stored, which made her a desirable as well as an agreeable associate.

"How fortunate that gentlemen do not observe a

lady's costume," so thought Virginia as she overheard Albertine's husband expressing his opinion that she was "the most intelligent, genteel looking and appearing lady he had met for a long time."

The first week of her visit was spent with Albertine. Of course, Margaret called on her, and greeted her with almost smothering warmth; her kisses were innumerable, though that was easily accounted for, as they are such cheap things, and such a quantity can be struck off in so short a time.

Margaret surveyed Virginia's clothing carefully, and the invitation to spend a week with her was given accordingly. It did not escape her observation, nor that of Albertine, who blushed crimson and seemed greatly annoyed. Virginia saw this, and thought to relieve her of the mortification she would inform her of her own circumstances, and acknowledge the slight stratagem she was playing. She had satisfied herself of her true friendship, for no hostess ever took more care that a guest should be delicately treated. She had divided the time between earnest private conversations, company in her own parlors, calling, attending the theatre, and every imaginable way to make the time pass pleasantly. Mrs. Lorimer had said very little about her husband, therefore the fastidious Margaret was more thoroughly convinced that he must be a "clod-hopper," as she had pronounced him upon receiving her letter.

"Come and sit down here, Albertine," said Virginia one morning, when they were alone, "I have something to tell you about my home affairs. What have you thought of my keeping so silent?"

"Simply that if you wished to tell me anything concerning your domestic affairs, you would do so; far be it from me to be inquisitive," she replied.

"I appreciate your goodness, and you can never know how highly I prize such unselfish friendship. Now I will tell you something about my life since we parted three years ago. Shortly after my father's death, I went into our old seminary to teach in one of the primary departments; I also made it my home with the kindest of all women, our old teacher. I had been there a year or more, when I met Mr. Lorimer. Six months ago we were married, and he took me west where he has lived for the last ten years, and where he owns a large amount of property. Do not consider me vain when I say that he is a highly educated and intellectual man; at least our people consider him so, for they have more than once elected him as their senator. We have one of the pleasantest homes in the whole west, which I hope I may have an opportunity of showing you before many months."

Albertine expressed her joy at hearing this, for it was a better fortune than she had supposed her guest could claim.

"Now," said Virginia, "let me tell you why I have not come nearer the prevalent style in my toilet since I came here. I will acknowledge that it was to delude my old acquaintances and lead them to suppose me unable to do otherwise; and I will also tell you why I took the liberty. It was in remembrance of a conversation which you introduced when Margaret, you and I were leaving school. Have you ever thought of it?"

Albertine had thought of it at different times, and particularly in conversing with Margaret when they were anticipating the present visit; and remembered the scorn of the proud lady when she asked, "what if she should come looking shabbily?" However she did not mention this, but answered "yes."

The week following was to be spent with Margaret, who remained entirely ignorant of the position of the woman who wore "a horror of an old fashion bonnet, and cloak!" She treated Virginia with a species of friendship which was at times patronizing. It was Margaret who affected indisposition as a plea for avoiding company. This state of feeling had continued so far during Virginia's visit, and her considerate hostess had kept her as carefully concealed as she would "an idiotic or deformed infant." It was evening, and the two ladies were in the family sitting-room, which was secure from the interference of Miss McFlimsey. One looked nervous and discontented, while in the eye of the other was a mischievous twinkle. Conversation lagged, and each was occupied with her own thoughts, until both were brought to a realizing sense of her own and silent companion's condition, by the entrance of Margaret's husband, accompanied by Albertine and Senator Lorimer. Upon the introduction, Margaret became another being suddenly. The chameleon had stumbled onto notoriety, and the effect was highly pleasing. She assured that functionary that it was an inexpressible joy to be favored by his wife's presence, though she had been quite indisposed since her arrival, but was sure she should gain her accustomed cheerfulness soon. He

must not think of taking *dear Mrs. Lorimer* away under two or three weeks *at least*, for their visit was hardly commenced. Senator Lorimer was really taken by storm and thought his wife's friend the most courteous and agreeable of all women in existence.

Virginia and Albertine heard his complimentary remarks with emotions which they would have found difficult to define. Then she complimented Mrs. Lorimer on the superior appearance of her husband, and the patronizing expression of her countenance actually gave way to admiration, while the lady who was shown so much more respect than the occasion required, thought of Dickens' Mr. Pumblechook manifesting his profound consideration for Pip in the first stage of his Expectations.

It was now Margaret who thought of this, that, and the other places of interest for Mr. Lorimer and lady to visit. It was she who planned rides and walks, and in short she was the first to propose all sorts of pastime (for Virginia had thrown aside her old fashioned attire). It was she who could not bear to have Mrs. Lorimer speak of returning home. It was the same affable person who asked the senator why he came for his wife so soon. It was she who several evenings afterward gave a party to her "select friends," and acknowledged Mrs. Senator Lorimer, her *dear friend* and old schoolmate the guest.

PLEASURES OF IRISH HELP.

Landlady.—"Peggy! you will find the goblets in the corner cupboard, and the napkins in the first drawer at your right hand as you go into the dining-room closet. Roll the napkins and put them in the goblets, and set one at each plate."

Peggy.—"Yes, Misses, I can do that asy." Goes about her work, singing:

"O! Saint Patrick was a gentleman,
And came from dacent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher,
His mother was a Brady,
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
First cousin to O'Grady.
O! success attend Saint Patrick's fist,
For he's a handsome Saint, O,
O! he—,"

Landlady.—(Entering the room.) "Peggy! Peggy! what on earth are you doing?"

Peggy.—(Very much surprised.) "Shure and wasn't yourself tellin' me to roll the napkins and put them within the goblins? And I was afther doin the thing as I was *bid*. I wiped the rolling-pin all off clean wid me apron before I touched it to the napkins atal; and

then when they were well laid down I thrust them into the tall glass cups as yourself tould me."

Landlady.—(Impatiently.) "Gather them up immediately and bring them to this side board." (She goes to the kitchen.)

Peggy.—(Indignantly.) "I did the thing jist as she tould me, and now I have to be doin it over agin to plase the pert Yankee's whims! In placin them side by side, I've broke one of them, but its not my fault atal, for I was liftin them as azy as iver I could and be hurryin' as I be. Shure and she might keep a chape gerl that don't understand work, to be liftin the dishes from one table to the other. Its not long that I'll stay wid'er howsoever!"

Landlady.—(To the chore-boy.) "Pat, go up to the second floor, and in the hall at the top of the stairs you will see some old curtains. Take them up to the attic and put them with those that you will see there."

Pat.—"Yes, your ladyship; I had just started to do it before you spoke." (Goes off and stays an unnecessary length of time.)

Landlady wonders at his long absence, and goes to the chamber, finds him in the best spirits, singing

"Och, love it is mur—der,
And I wish it fur—der,
For-faith-I'm-inclined-to-get-rid-of-me-life
I'm out of me senses
Besides —,"

Landlady.—(Surprises him.) "I should think you were out of your senses! Here you are taking down

curtains that I paid a man two dollars per day for hanging!"

Pat.—(Looking around in astonishment.) "And didn't yourself tell me to come up to the second flure, and take down the curtains and snug them away in the garret?"

Landlady.—(Discouraged.) "No. I told you to take those old ones that lay in the hall at the top of the stairs, and carry them away to the garret."

Pat.—(Scratching his head.) "Be'gorry, mam! I'm thinkin' that it's yourself that's in the right of it, but it's meself that'll re-place them."

Landlady hears her baby cry, and goes to the nursery. The child is not well and Molly Denny thinks if he could be persuaded to drink a cup of whey it would prove beneficial; is trying to force him to drink it, but he rebels. Molly pinches him to bring him to terms, still he does not comply. Landlady rescues her infant and orders Molly to leave the nursery.

Exit Molly making wry faces.

I AM A MISERABLE MAN.

Perhaps if I should tell how I came to be a miserable man, some evil disposed wretch would look upon me as a scare-crow, and avoid the sin for which a just retribution was sent upon me. I feel that it was just, though, to tell the truth, it was some time before I came to that conclusion. And now, as I tell this story, I see a pale calm face, growing thin and sad, until transplanted where a new light was brought to the eye, and an unfading bloom to the cheek.

I was twenty-five, good looking, unprincipled and vain when I first established myself in business in the prettiest of all towns, Milltown. This place was particularly noted for lovely girls, and as I liked such angels, it was the place above all others where I could feel at home and enjoy myself. I shall never forget the delightful boat rides, pic-nics and balls, which my first year there afforded me. I dare say it was more delightful to me than to many young men whose sweethearts had jilted them for my attention; and it is even possible that this fact added charms to the spot for me; however, I will go to my story. To use the common phrase, I had "had a flirtation" with every unmarried lady in town with one exception, and that one chagrined me, even more than all the rest had gratified the vanity of my miserly heart.

Maria Clayton was the only lady in our circle who seemed to disregard me, and I studied upon a plan by which to show the fair lady that she was mortal and I irresistible. And this I thought could be easily brought about were it not for her old lover, Hal Morgan, and I resolved to dispose of him. True, I had courted modest little Susie O'Keefe for several months. I had given her every reason to suppose that I loved her above all things earthly. I had promised with apparent honor that I would be her husband, and assured her in my most eloquent language that the height of my ambition was to call her my wife. I think too that I loved the girl as well as I was capable of loving any one, though my pride had nearly killed my affections, and I was anxious to conquer all hearts before me. Then there was another consideration in connection with Maria Clayton. She was of an excellent family, her father had the dimes, and if I could manage to slip the matrimonial noose over her neck it would be far from a disadvantage to one of us at least. I had thought this all over when I hit upon a plan to dispose of Hal Morgan, and in his absence I felt sure that I could win his prize. I approached him carefully to ascertain if he was tractable as I hoped. I determined to commence acting upon my plans as soon as an opportunity presented itself, and I did not have long to wait. Within a few days I proposed his accepting a situation which had been offered me down South, and was made attractable by the promise of a good salary. I should accept it, I told him, only that it would be something of a sacrifice for me to sell out in Milltown as I would be obliged to

on leaving. Hal looked thoughtful, and I knew full well how to account for it. He was thinking that only one circumstance prevented his offering to take the goods out of my hands, and give me the privilege of accepting the situation which I was recommending so highly. The barrier in his way was the lack of money, and I knew it; I knew too that there was just where I had the advantage of him. After talking indifferently on the subject a while I asked him in a careless manner if he would not like the situation, as it paid better than the one which he was in. If he liked I would recommend him and procure the place right away. I knew what he was thinking of this time, and that he might not mistrust my anxiety I began to whistle. He was thinking that he did not want to leave Maria Clayton; I was thinking that I had not the slightest objection. Finally he said that he should consider it very kind of me if I would speak a good word for him. I tried to look magnanimous and said: "Hal, my dear fellow, that will be doing very little for an old chum; I only wish it were in my power to do more." He seemed satisfied with the state of my mind, and went out of the store. After he had gone I congratulated myself on my success by treating No. 1 to a glass of ale and a 'Cubano.' A week more and Hal had left Milltown and was going South as fast as steam could carry him. I kept my room a whole day and devoted my time to laughing at my success, soaking my head in Macassar and making sundry arrangements for my future campaign.

A few days after Hal left us I received a letter from him, in which he sent some message to Maria Clayton.

Of course I could not refuse to call and deliver it; and after that care was off my mind, one word brought on another until the evening was far advanced, which had been pleasantly passed in the company of Miss Clayton and brother.

Two or three evenings after this, I called to inform her that I had replied to Hal, and just how I had worded that part of the communication which related to her. Shortly after I called to tell her that I expected to hear from him again within a few days; and not long after that I called to let her know that I had heard from him a second time. I was very particular to let her know when my letters came, though she undoubtedly heard from him twice as often as I did. However, she was discreet enough to keep this to herself.

Time passed on swiftly, and in my opinion I was really becoming a favorite with the Claytons. Meantime I had been a self-appointed deputy for Hal, so far as related to Maria. I had been attentive as he would have been himself.

I often met Susie O'Keefe; I noticed that her face was growing thin, white and sad; she was not the same rosy-cheeked, light-hearted Susie of a few short months ago. This annoyed me; and frequently I would meditate over Irving's words: "I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love." I thought with no small degree of sadness of his speaking more particularly of the affections of woman, and I feared his words too true. He says: "She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole

soul in the traffic of affection; and if ship-wrecked her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart." These words kept ringing in my ear, and somehow I could not refrain from wishing that such a man had never lived, or that the power of expressing his opinion on like subjects had been withheld from him, for this was woefully depressing to the mind of a coquet. I thought of Hal too, and pitied him from the inmost depths of my selfish heart, for I fancied that the heart which he had left was in my keeping. I was so well satisfied on this subject that I deemed it useless to defer the question another week which should settle the affair, and with but few doubts as to the success which awaited me, I told her of my love which was so ardent. She did not even blush or seem surprised at the declarations which I made, but replied in a voice free from agitation: "Mr. Vincent, if we love each other devotedly; and there are none who claim us by the right of previous promises; if no heart were to be saddened were we to take the responsibility of making each other's life happy, I know of no reason to discourage your attachment."

When she had said this, I felt that I was on sure ground; I understood it as an acceptance of my name, and that part of my heart which did not turn involuntarily toward Susie O'Keefe, though circumstances which followed convinced me that I had not taken her words in their true sense.

In the course of the evening, Maria told me how delicate little Susie, as she called her, had become, she

said her friends feared her in a quick consumption, and that the wisest of all the Milltown doctors had disputed them and called it heart disease.

What caused the uncomfortable feeling about my dickey, had it tightened? I could not tell; however, I knew this much. Notwithstanding I had heard the words from Maria's lips, which I had sought for a long while, and those which I thought would make me the happiest of men, I was more miserable than any convict in his cell. In this condition I left my affianced bride No. 2 (as I supposed), and in a miserable state of mind, sought my room which looked gloomy, and the very walls seemed to echo my guilt. I began to wish that I had not gone so far as to ask Maria Clayton to marry me; and when I tried to think of her bright eyes and sweet smile, a phantom appeared before me, wearing the gentle features of my abandoned Susie. I will read, I said to myself, and thus forget the rankling thought. I opened my favorite volume, and there were marks of Susie's pencil, enclosing these lines:

"Oh, bear me up

Against the unutterable tenderness

Of earthly love, my God! In the sick hour

Of dying human hope, forsake me not."

What evil spirit was there in the book, that it should open to this? I threw it down and declared that Mrs. Hemans was not a genius, else she would never have written anything so repulsive to the eye of a sensitive young man.

I took up another harmless volume, and was no less annoyed by Joanna Baillie,

"I will have vengeance!

I'll crush thy swelling pride! I'll still thy vaunting!"

And what made this doubly aggravating, Maria Clayton seemed looking over the lines from the opposite side of the paper, and regarding me with an expression of scorn which I had never seen on her mild face. I threw aside the second book which had so offended me, declared poets a humbug, and took up my last new novel, when out fell a beautifully wrought book mark; the work of poor Susie's hands. This was too much for my nerves; I could not stand such torture any longer, so I concluded to step into my dressing-gown and slippers, and have a smoke. My slippers! of whom did they remind me, when I saw the rich silk flowers so tastefully arranged? I wound my watch and went to put it away for the night, when I was again brought in contact with Susie's work. My watch-case was also the work of her hands. Oh, dear! I grew more and more miserable every moment, for let me turn which way I would, there was something to remind me of her.

What hard things Conscience said to me that night as I lay in my bed which seemed harder than Jacob's pillows. I saw an angel ascending through the blue sky, and thought her the counterpart of Susie.

Morning dawned at length, though its light brought no cheerfulness to my room; the pure air did not alleviate the burden at my heart. The beautiful goldfinches which sat beneath my window seemed humming a requiem, and I could not tell why they had so deviated from their rich, melodious notes. One resolve I had made, that was, that I would say nothing more to Maria

Clayton on the subject of our marriage, unless it should be to request her to give me up; I knew it would be hard, though I thought she might possibly carry her love back to Hal Morgan, and be quite happy. Yet it would be embarrassing for me to mention so delicate a subject, and would no doubt be a bitter disappointment to her. But the next question was, would she relinquish her claim on me if I acknowledged Susie's paramount?

I was aroused from these miserable thoughts by a quick knock on my door. I opened it and demanded to know what the urchin wanted.

"Miss Clayton sent you this 'ere," said he, handing me a note, and giggling as though it had been inflated with laughing gas, and he had breathed it for the last ten minutes.

I took the note and opened it. It contained these words:

"Mr. Vincent—I shall be at your place of business within half an hour, and I wish you to accompany me in a short morning walk."

This seemed worse than everything else that I had been called upon to endure; for it showed plainly that she considered me at her disposal, and felt that she had a right to direct my steps as she chose. Ah! how unlike my modest Susie, I thought to myself, and stood there as motionless as Lot's wife until the boy before me brought me to my senses by hitting me a punch, repeating "say old feller," and then looking into my face very much as a hungry dog would look at his master, only that the

boy grinned, and dogs are not endowed with that pleasing capacity.

"What's wanting now, you abominable monkey?" I asked.

"My pay," said he, twisting a button on his coat which seemed to moan that its "companions were twisted and gone;" while his movements were quite as expressive. "I'll not leave thee, thou lone one."

"Well! how much? what shall I give you?" I demanded sharply.

"A quarter, a pair of white kids what you don't want to wear no more, a jacket and a box of boot-black."

That! for carrying a small message the distance of about five minutes walk! I then formed and still retain the opinion that that boy was a descendant of Adam and Eve. I think it was a short half hour between the arrival of the boy and Maria Clayton; however, I was ready, and accompanied her. All this time I was endeavoring to strengthen my resolution and act upon it; but to tell the truth, I was not as heroic in her presence as in my own room, where I formed eloquent speeches which I felt confident would melt the heart of any young lady of refinement. Maria led the way, and I was surprised to see her direct her steps up one of the principal streets where the dust was flying and impudent men and boys were passing back and forth with arms akimbo, and many other circumstances combined to make it anything but a pleasant place for a morning walk. I wondered all the time why she did not choose to walk through the park or on the river bank. We soon turned a corner, and I began to tremble, and thought with

no small degree of anger that she was taking me past the residence of Susie O'Keefe, that she might triumph over her. This, said I to myself, is a wicked deed which human nature can not long endure.

How wretched I was then as we were within a few paces of the door! what would I have given to know that I would be annihilated within three seconds! When we came to the gate Maria stopped and admonished me of the propriety of opening it, which I did accordingly, and in my embarrassment passed in first. This movement I thought was carrying her vanity a little too far. Was it not enough that she had claims on me, without parading them before the dear angel, who I feared was so near the portals of her last home?

I rang, and we were admitted by a servant, and shown into a parlor. No one came in (on this account I have since thought that Maria and the ladies in the house had an understanding about the call), and Maria sat down rather nearer me than I cared to have her, so long as we were under the same roof with Susie, and began talking.

"Mr. Vincent," said she, "you have undoubtedly reflected upon our conversation of such an evening?" (mentioning the time.) I nodded my bewildered head, and wondered what had become of the appropriate speeches which I had prepared for my first interview with her.

"You asked me for my hand in marriage, and you have no doubt weighed the matter well?" she continued.

I nodded a second time, as it was the only answer I could make.

"Do you remember my reply?" she asked, looking at me as though I was a natural curiosity.

I ran my fingers through my hair, and did not answer.

She asked the same question over again.

"I do not remember your exact words," said I; "all I remember is, that you accepted me."

"Mr. Vincent," said she, eyeing me still more closely, "I remember the very words that I said to you, from the fact that I was very careful how I replied to that request, knowing of your engagement with Susie O'Keefe. I knew that you had won her affections, only to trample them under your prodigal feet, and that her innocent young heart was breaking for love of you; therefore I told you that if we loved each other devotedly, and there were none who claimed us by the right of previous promises; if no heart would be saddened were we to take the responsibility of making each other's life happy, I knew of no reason to discourage your attachment. Were not these my words?"

I could not deny those being the exact words which she had spoken on the occasion; therefore I acknowledged the superiority of her memory, and said:

"I think you are right, Miss Clayton."

"You will see poor Susie?" she asked, looking toward me solemnly.

"Where — how is she?" I stammered.

"On her death-bed!" replied Miss Clayton.

I started to my feet, and uttered a cry which I could not suppress.

"I will not try to allay your grief, sir;" said she, "for when you have seen the poor heart-broken sufferer, you can not but consider yourself her murderer."

I turned to look at the bitter woman once more, and in her countenance I read the words which I had read in a book the night before: "I will have vengeance! I'll crush thy swelling pride?"

"I will go to Susie's room," said she, "and when you have become calm, you can follow. I will send some one to accompany you up."

As Maria Clayton said this, she left the room, and I was glad to see her retreating figure, for I felt confident that she enjoyed my misery. Shortly after she left me, Hal Morgan came in and asked me up to Susie's room. I had no knowledge of his arrival at Milltown, therefore he seemed to start up at that moment just to torture me, and I really hated the sight of him, though I had not the slightest reason for doing so.

Up a flight of stairs, through a hall, and then in Susie's room. Oh! shall I ever forget the picture which met my sight? Shall I ever forget the peerless beauty of the dying girl, who was surrounded by mourning friends? A slight flush o'erspread her face as she recognized me. I went forward and took her hand. "Do you forgive me, dear Susie?" I asked, lowering my head to hers.

"Yes;" said she, and a sweet smile passed over her features; "I forgive you."

"And I am so miserable ;" I stammered, "I shall always be miserable without your love."

"I love you still;" she said faintly; and I felt a slight pressure of her clammy hand. And there in the solemn stillness of that sacred atmosphere, I slowly and tearfully repeated the words of Bulwer, which expressed my only desire:

"Oh leave me not! or know
Before thou goest, the heart that wronged thee so
But wrongs no more."

Could she but live, my life should be devoted to her happiness, and should she die — as I knew she must — my whole soul should be consecrated to her memory. These were my thoughts as I was kneeling by her bed, with her dear hand in mine. Surely I saw a picture of Washington Irving's sketching. "A bankruptcy of the heart." Several moments passed away in this holy silence, and they were to me the most wretched of my life. At length the clear blue eyes were slowly opened, her lips moved, and I lowered my head to catch their accents. She pressed my hand feebly, and whispered, "I am dying."

"No, dear Susie, it can not be," said I; "you must not die; I love you too well to let you go."

"A stronger will opposes; a wiser friend directs, and knowing that you love me, I die in peace."

These were her last words, and how they cut my heart. Though I heard her last words, saw her breathe out her last breath, and saw her committed to her silent

home, I can not think of her as dead. I am miserable without her; I am miserable in remembering my own destructive and wicked deeds. In my agony I vainly seek to drink of the waters of Lethe, but find myself chained to the broad land Memory, and there I read my crime. I see a broken heart, a pallid face. Darling Susie. I still feel the pressure of her clammy hand, her last short breath upon my cheek. No voice greets me with the soft, sweet tones of her I loved; I see the world a dense wilderness, and find no gentle Susie for my guide. Alas! I am a miserable man!

TIM BRASSPHIZ' REFLECTIONS OF A WEEK.

SATURDAY night has come at last. Rain comes down like a torrent. Don't care if it does; I'll go—no, I can't either, confound it! for I have lent my umbrella to Ben Little, who by the way, owns as little a soul as any man on earth. However, I will dismiss him from my mind, and sit here quietly and reflect upon the past week; perhaps 'twill be as well.

SUNDAY.—Attended church; heard an excellent sermon from—let me see—well, to tell the truth, I never could remember a text, any more than I can remember the rules for etiquette, which is an impossibility. Sunday was the first day that I wore my dandified new clothes. How uncomfortable they felt; still it paid richly, so long as it's the clothes that make the gentleman. Evening; shall I ever forget it? Shall I ever forget how old Levi invited me to leave his house, and not return again until I received a special invitation from *him*? Old curmudgeon! he looks as frightful as Medusa. Didn't I make up my mind to pay him off the first opportunity? didn't I do it, eh? may be not!

MONDAY.—Couldn't keep old Levi out of my mind any more than I could keep his pretty daughter out of my heart. Walked up and down street, stared into people's doors and windows; tripped up little beggar boys; put a bad story in circulation about one of my

acquaintances; frightened a baker's horse, and went home. Evening; made pewter quarters, and whipped little brother Will, for showing a disposition to be indolent, meddlesome and unprincipled.

TUESDAY.—Rode out into the country with no other companion than our sagacious Nero. How peaceful my mind was then, while charmed by the lovely panorama which nature spread before me. I had nearly forgotten dirty streets and churlish men, until I found myself in the neighborhood of deacon Levi's farm. I began to grow angry. Finally dogged his cattle and sheep; then returned home and redeemed my promise to write an article for the editor of the *Gleaner of Perfection*, subject: "Forbearance, Integrity and Humanity."

WEDNESDAY.—Lounged around the street until evening, then attended a donation party. Saw old Levi and his pretty daughter there. How the devoted parent watched her, as though he feared she would speak to me. Speak to me, indeed! why not? I should like to know if I ain't as good as anybody. Yes, old Levi was there. Wonder what *he* donated. A peck of rye, perhaps; nothing more, I'll be bound. Humph! before I'd be so penurious after stuffing my hide like a leech, the way that man did. It is pleasant to reflect that I did my duty, and if anybody has the curiosity to ask what *I* carried, I can have the pleasure of informing them that I gave the preacher's wife a pair of gloves (what if they were *cotton*, and only cost ten cents? I got my supper by the means, had a delightful visit with a quantity of blooming misses, and showed off my new clothes to much better advantage than I could in the

meeting-house). Heigho! these donation visits are profitable and amusing for everybody (but the parson).

THURSDAY.—Was abominable sleepy in the morning; waked up about noon and got to thinking about old Levi, so that I almost boiled over. "I must revenge myself on that man more than I have done, and how am I to do it? Were I only gifted, I would lampoon him as Shakspeare did Sir Thomas Lucy; but as I can't come that exactly, I'll just drop a line to Miss Levi and propose an elopement." So I said to myself on Thursday.

FRIDAY.—How my heart throbbed when Smithy brought me word from her. Shall I ever forget how angry I was when I opened the saucy scrawl. Polly Levi may go to the very — ends of the earth for all I care! I never thought anything of the girl, come to think it all over; she's anything but agreeable; just like her old adamantine-hearted father for all the world! Clovenhoof is a mechanic, and in my opinion he has a couple of patents there!

THREE STAGES OF LIFE.

COURTSHIP.—They met; 'twas in a ball-room. She was decked with splendor, and standing directly under the blaze of the chandelier, displaying a figure of matchless beauty, shoulders fit model for a sculpture, and a neck of alabaster whiteness, while her conversation flowed freely as a cataract, showing none of that reserve which indicates the existence of that portion of the head familiarly called brain. Who could behold her, the belle of that festive scene, and not exclaim from the fullness of his heart: "What is more beautiful than a modest and unassuming woman?" Seth Light-head was among the charmed of the charmer. She seemed the fulfillment of all his ardent dreams, hopes, fears; the inspirer of his unwavering love. He retired to his lodgings at a late hour and in low spirits, for he was soon to become miserable or happy at her will, and he resolved to ascertain his fate in the shortest period of time ever allotted to man for business of so great importance. Accordingly, with the bravery of Bonaparte, Marlborough or Turenne, he armed himself for the momentous conquest. His armor consisted of a plain gold ring and several feet of hemp substantially twisted. The former was to be referred to in case of victory, and the latter was intended as a means of self destruction if defeated. Having obtained a carriage of

no common appearance, unequaled in elasticity of spring and softness of cushion, he takes himself to the mansion which does itself the honor of sheltering his adorable Delia Ann. He goes up the graveled walk with a proud and determined step, and shortly after, returns with the sweet creature on his arm, hardly allowing her little feet to touch the path where he fears some vulgar servant has walked that very day. He lifts her tenderly into the carriage, sits beside her, gives the signal to the driver, and away they go, their equipage sparkling in the sun. 'Tis a lovely picture indeed which she presents; French flowers, laces, tissue silks are fluttering in the breeze, while the ardent, devoted and considerate Seth becomes jealous that it should dare to kiss her cheek!

MATRIMONY.—A buggy stands at the door. Mrs. Seth Lighthead is hurrying, for she knows "Seth wont wait," from the fact that he has roared "come on!" no less than ten times within as many minutes. At length she is ready, carries out little Seth and sets him by his gallant father, who "hauls in" his wife of three summers, and away they go, his whip flourishing in the air, her delane dress flopping in the wind.

BLISS.—Seth owns the horse and cart; his wife has long since abandoned her "high notions," and they live in tranquility; he drives up to the door, calls out that he is ready; she goes out and climbs in; little Seth has grown to be a fine active lad, and follows suit, then off they go, the smoke of the proprietor's pipe rising in the air, and his wife's calico dress dragging on the wheel.