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JULIETTE MOORE;

—OR—

PASSION AND REALITY.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

BY WILLIE WARE,

Author of "Driftwood," "Isella Graham," a \$500.00 prize story, "Pride and Passion," "Woman's Revenge," "The Choice," "Deep Waters,"
etc., etc., etc.

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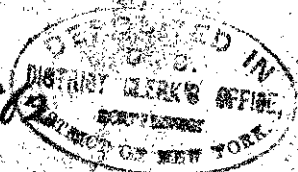
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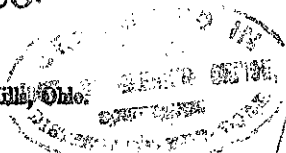
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THIS HUMBLE TALE
IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
AS
A TOKEN OF SINCERE REGARD,
TO
CHARLES HENRY DAY ESQ.,
OF
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
BY THE AUTHOR.

TO THE READER.

I am aware that the following story is one much unlike the popular novels of the day—I have failed to follow out the established rules of novelists, and may, by so doing incur the displeasure of some of those who admire only the sensation tales of the "flash story papers," now so popular. But, it has, at least, one merit, it contains more truth, than most stories of a similar character usually possess. The persons figuring in this humble tale are no ideal creations. They have all "played their parts" in the great drama of Life, and some of them are, even now, upon the "stage" of the World. With their permission, have I written out this narrative of actual events.

I have given fictitious names to the

different characters, and that is all. In no other way have I deviated from the path of fact, and those who follow me through the narrative of Juliette Moore's trials, and triumphs, will be ready to echo, "Fact, is indeed, stranger than fiction."

Perhaps some of my readers, those well versed in fashionable literature expect me to apologize for presenting these pages to the world. I will simply reply in the language of another—Shelley—"The spirits that I have raised haunt me until they are sent to the devil of a printer. All authors are anxious to breach their bantlings."

WILLIE WARE,

"Riverside,"

Monroe, Michigan,
June, 1861.

JULIETTE MOORE.

CHAPTER I.

The Arrival and Death bed Scene.

"Our God requireth the whole heart or none,
And yet, he will accept a broken one."

"Thou hast been call'd, O sleep, the friend of
woe,
But 'tis the happy who have named thee so."
—SOUTHWAY.

"Then, Death, why shouldst thou dreaded be,
And shunn'd as some great misery,
That curest our woes and strife?
Only because we're ill resolved,
And in dark error's clouds involved,
Think death the end of Life;
Which most untrue,
Each place we view
Gives testimonies rife.
—HAGTHORPE.

The sun was just sinking to his western home behind the hill tops of the little New England village of Tarrowdale, when the old stage coach rattled up to the village Inn. It contained but two passengers, one a lady in deep mourning, who remained inside—her destination was, probably, the next village. The other, a gentleman, bearing with him every appearance of wealth and distinction. After alighting from the coach, he sauntered leisurely up to the bar, and inquired of the pleasant faced landlord, the way to the cottage of the widow Moore. The man eyed him narrowly for a moment before replying in the following way—

"Wall, I guess you'll find the widder pretty badly off—she's been ailin these many months."

"I did not inquire after the lady's health, but desire to be directed to her dwelling," haughtily replied the stranger.

"Wall, you needn't get mad

about it; nor put on airs; nor talk to me with your head so high in the air, 'cause I'm Joe Wiggins the Inn keeper—justice of the peace—one of the biggest men in Tarrowdale, and my father fit in the Revolutionary war; I've often heard him tell how——"

"I do not care about hearing of your father's exploits at present, no doubt he was a very wonderful specimen of the human family. Mr. Wiggins will you have the kindness to direct me to the dwelling of Mrs. Moore?"

While the stranger spoke, the hard-settled look of haughtiness and gloom—which usually rested upon his handsome features, broke away, and an amused, almost cheerful look, took, for a time, its place.

"Yas, yas," replied Mr. Wiggins, as he advanced towards the open door, "do ye see that ar little white cottage, over on the hill, wal if ye do, that's jist where the widder Moore has lived these six years, and a better; a nicer woman I never knew."

"Thank you sir," was the rather cool rejoinder, and the elegant stranger stepped from the piazza, and walked briskly towards the white cottage on the hill.

Joe Wiggins stood in the door way looking after the gentleman, and as he shaded his eyes, with his sun burn'd hands, he said—

"I wonder who that ar gentleman can be; he must be some of her fine relations come to take care of little Juliette. I allers said Mrs. Moore was a born lady, and that little Juliette would some day

be the President's wife;" with these words he turned and re-entered the room, to attend to a customer, who, at that moment entered the bar-room.

Joe Wiggins had for many years been the proprietor of the Tarrowdale Inn, and was considered by the humble villagers as quite a grand personage. He owed his success and popularity in a great measure, to his genial, hearty disposition, and liberal hospitality.

Juliette Moore, sat by the window of the little white cottage, which her mother, and herself occupied. She sat there in the fading daylight, dreaming, she was a strange child. A sort of child woman, much given to day dreams was this heroine of ours, she would spend hour after hour, in imaginings, as if trying to lift from before the path of the future, the veil, which hides it from mortal gaze. Air castles without number she erected; at one time she would determine to write books, which should startle the world and make herself famous, at other she would decide to enter the list of candidates for histrionic fame, and through her instrumentality cause a new light to dawn upon that noble art, and again, she would make up her mind to paint pictures, and hear her name coupled with those of the old masters; at other times, music would be the pathway which should lead her footsteps to the pinnacle of Fame, a firm determination to win applauses from the world, for some thing she should perform, seemed, stamped upon her child heart.

At length the little rustic gate swung back upon its hinges, and the stranger from the Inn entered the garden, and slowly, and with stately tread, approached the cottage door.

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Juliette springing from her seat, "there is a stranger coming up the path, I feel sure that it is Uncle George,"—at that moment the hall bell sounded, and she tripped to the door, and opening it stood face to face, with the haughty stranger.

"You are my uncle George; are you not?" and the sunny, childish face was turned to meet the cold, calculating gaze of the man of the world. "Mama is very ill," she continued nothing daunted, "she has wished for your presence almost daily, we feared the letter we sent failed to reach you and that you were not coming."

"Where is your mother?"

"In this room; she is very, very sick, and you must please step softly," she replied and gently pushing the door open, she glided noiselessly to the bedside of the dying woman, and bending over the prostrate form whispered:

"Mama, dear mama, open your eyes, Uncle George is come."

The closed eyelids opened with a tremulous, unsteady motion. The thin and almost transparent hand was stretched forth and eagerly clasped within that of George Moore; raising it to his lips, he pressed one warm and passionate kiss upon it and then tenderly laid it back again upon the white spread.

"George," said the dying woman in an almost inaudible tone, "you have come, at last. Why did you delay so long? I feared that I would never see you again before going home to be at peace forever."

"Juliette, chide me not; it was not my own will that kept me from your side. As soon as your letter reached me, I prepared to come to you, but she

who has for years borne the name of my wife, was taken suddenly ill, and ere I left home, I saw her form laid to rest in the silent tomb. Poor Ettie, the loving but unloved wife is now at rest. Some say it was my constant coldness and austerity of manner that caused her to fill an early grave. They call me haughty, and heartless. I may appear to them so; but oh, God they know not of the anguish and remorse that is ever burning upon the hearth stone of my heart."

"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness," replied the invalid. "I have had many trials to bear, but Christ has been a friend to me, giving me sweet comfort for every trial. He will take me soon to his own bosom. You have come none too soon, for even now the chill of death is upon me. George Moore, I freely forgive you the great wrong you have done me;" pausing a moment, she glanced towards Juliette, who stood by the foot of her couch, and then added: "Juliette, my dear, leave us alone for a few moments." Her daughter left the room, immediately, and she resumed, "Yes, I freely, and heartily forgive you. God forbid that I should enter his presence with an unforgiving heart, for as I hope for mercy, at the throne of Divine Justice, so I forgive those who have wronged me. Promise me, that when a suitable time arrives, you will give to Juliette, the MSS. you find in that little box," pointing to a small, inlaid box, upon a stand, "with such additions as you feel called upon to make, and promise me that she shall be treated by you, as a father would treat his child. I want you to promise these things before I die."

"I promise," responded the stricken

man with much emotion.

"Swear it, swear it by High Heaven, by all that you hold dear on earth, by your hope of divine pardon, and happiness hereafter, swear it George Moore, before the unhappy, broken-hearted mother dies."

"I swear by all that's holy, good, and pure, that Juliette shall be nurtured as carefully and tenderly as I can nurture her,—that when a suitable time rolls around, the MSS. in your box shall be placed in her hands, accompanied by a few lines from my own pen."

"Tis enough, and yet I would ask you a question. Have you seen, or heard any thing of the whereabouts of my sister Helena?"

"No, not a word."

"Will you, after I am gone search for her, and if you find, you provide her with every comfort and luxury of life."

"I will."

"Call Juliette, for I am dying, I feel the death dews on me now."

He arose called Juliette, and the two approached the bedside.

Raising herself on her elbow the dying woman said:

"Juliette, my child, good bye, be a good and dutiful girl, endeavor to curb that terrible temper of yours, look to Heaven for help in time of need, put your trust in Him who turns not aside from those who truly repent, one who will give you strength to bear trials and crosses, uncomplainingly and with fortitude. Meet me in Heaven, and—oh! God! can this be death? So cold, so cold." She shivered, gazed from one of her companions to the other, made an unsuccessful effort to speak, raised her eyes imploringly towards Heaven, and sank back upon the pillow lifeless.

Poor, heart broken Juliette Montague was at rest. Her breast had stilled its beatings, her heart had ceased its aching, her hands had finished their earthly work, her life journey was done. Let us hope that her future life—her life in another world is one happiness and better than her existence here. Little Juliette was now motherless. How desolate the sound of the word motherless—no gentle hand to guide the footsteps in the path of duty, no soft low voice to whisper admonitions when in the wrong, no tender heart to give out its wealth of love. Poor Juliette, thou art to be pitied, thy life path will be uneven, but God will guide and protect thee through all.

CHAPTER II.

The New Home.—First Impression.

"I know a house, its open doors
Wide set to catch the scented breeze,
While, dimpling all the oaken floors,
Faint shadows of the swaying trees
Pass in and out like spectral things,
Dim creatures born of summer light,
Till through the deepening twilight springs
A paler radiance of the night."

Across the broad, unbroken glade,
Which girds this house on either hand;
The beech-clumps sprinkle showers of
shade:—

These out posts of the forest stand
And guard the kingdom of the deer,
The stillness of their charmed domain,
Where Spring chimes matin every year,
And Autumn leaves fall down like rain."

—MISS PARKES.

After the bustle and confusion attendant upon the funeral of Juliette's mother had, in a measure subsided, preparations were made for the sale of the cottage. A purchaser was readily found, and George Moore, accompanied by Juliette, started for his southern home. After a tedious journey of nearly two weeks duration they reached their destination.

The residence, called "Ashly Hall," stood some distance from the highway. It was a large stone mansion, with portico running entirely around it supported by massive pillars, up which, choice vines were tastefully trained. It stood upon a gentle rise of ground, commanding a fine view of the entire surrounding country.

"What a charming place, dear Uncle George," said Juliette leaning from the carriage window, as they drew up the winding graveled road. Her eyes wandered over the spacious, and beautiful grounds; to the stately and elegant dwelling which was to be her home, and a strange feeling of delight filled her being.

The carriage drove slowly up the road leading to the house, and as soon as they neared the dwelling, the shouts of welcome from the slaves filled the air. Juliette, terrified by this unexpected confusion, clung to Mr. Moore in affright and dismay.

The blacks had formed a line on either side of the path which lead to the house, and as George Moore passed through the double line, throwing here and there a small piece of silver, the noise was even greater than before, and the clear morning air was laden with their noisy greeting.

When they entered the house they were welcomed in a more quiet manner by the house servants. Taking Juliette by the hand, Mr. Moore led her to a young mulatto girl whom he called Cora, and said,

"Here, Cora, is the young mistress I promised to bring you. Obey her slightest order, and remember that she, and she alone, is your mistress henceforth. Delia will hereafter attend to

Miss Ianthe."

"Yes, massa, I will. I see sure she'll be a good missy, she looks so kinder putty like."

"There, there, Cora, do not flatter her, or you will make her vain, as vain as yourself," he added in a pleasant tone.

"I nebber flatters, massa knows I don't," said Cora, with the air of an injured person.

"Well, well, never mind that at present, show Miss Juliette to her room, and attend to her wants."

"Yes, Massa."

"And Cora, unpack her trunks, arrange her wardrobe, and see that she is suitably attired for lunch, and do not gossip too much."

Respectfully dropping a courtesy that would have done credit to a ball room belle, she took Juliette by the hand and led her up the broad flight of stairs to a room on the second floor.

"Oh, what a beautiful room this is," she said as she entered the apartment prepared for her use. It was a pretty room. The floor was covered with a light, delicate carpet, the pattern of which was composed of bunches of flowers that looked bright and natural enough, to have been gathered from the garden and thrown over a surface of pure white. The windows were draped with soft, flowing lace—richly embroidered—and lined with pale blue satin; the chairs and lounge were covered with the same delicate colored material, and the bed was draped in lace and satin like the windows. In one corner stood a small writing table with a desk upon it supplied with writing materials. In another corner, stood a work stand, the drawer of which was filled with materials for sewing, and an elegant dressing case

and stand occupied one side of the room. The walls were covered with elegant pictures hung in costly frames of gilt, and on little brackets fastened to the wall stood small, but valuable statues. After looking around for a few moments, Juliette continued:

"I know I shall be so happy here, if poor mama was only here with me, I could wish for nothing more."

"Dis be a berry fine room, missy, but war is your mammy?" returned Cora, her curiosity aroused by the remarks of Juliette. And never having been troubled with bashfulness, she hesitated not to question her new mistress.

"My mama is dead," replied Juliette sadly, "she died soon after the arrival of uncle George, at our cottage."

"Wal, she is better off now, dan if she was alive, for dis world am a world ob sorrow, and ob misery—full ob big ugly, wicked folks—only berry few good folks here at de present day, berry few, indeed," responded Cora, as if endeavoring to offer some consolation for the loss her young mistress had sustained.

"What makes you think the people are so wicked; are you vory unhappy? and do you long for your freedom?" asked Juliette.

"Me, onhappy, and long for my freedom; oh, no, I see one ob de happiest niggars in all de bressed south. What makes you tink I see onhappy? I tinks de people are bad 'cause de minister say so, and he is powerful learned, and he knows."

"Why, I thought all the slaves were unhappy, and desired to be free from the cruel bondage which chains them to their masters."

"Well, well, bress my soul, if dem narrund folks don't beat all possessed."

Why missy, ebberry niggar on dis ere plantation, is just as happy as he can be. Massa is good and kind to us; what do we want wid freedom? we are just as free as we can be. If we were free we'd have no good hum, no kind massy, no nuffin."

"Don't uncle George whip you, and make you all work very hard?"

"Wal now, I'll go right straight up; massy whip us? no I reckon he don't no how, no niggar on dis here plantation ebberry felt de weight ob a fedder on his back from massa, or any odder pusion; but Mrs. Simons, who libs on de next plantation, she lick her niggars awful; and way down South, dare dey make em work powerful hard, but here on dis ere place we're all happy as a cat wid two tails."

"I am glad my uncle is kind to you; I feared that all slaves were ill used, and cruelly treated, and am happy to know that some at least, are happy."

Juliette had read those over drawn pictures of southern life, written by men and women void of principle and truth. Giving the idea that the burning of slaves, and whipping them to death are things occurring almost daily. It is true that some instances of almost inhuman cruelty have been known, but where are there not such circumstances? Here, at the north, where all are free, we have heard of children being whipped to death by those they have served, and even by their brutal parents, but no one supposes that such things are common, and the majority of people feel indignant and in no mild terms condemn such a course. So at the South, when a man or woman treats a slave in an inhuman manner, every intelligent, high minded person, be they man or woman, slave-

holder or not, condemns such a course of conduct. I do not propose to enter into a discussion as to the rights and wrongs of Slavery; I am dealing with facts, and shall present them as they occur, with no intention to influence the opinions of my readers, in regard to that much discussed question, "Is Slavery right or wrong?" All who have visited in the South know that men of intelligence, as a general thing, treat their slave property with the same kindness and consideration that a northern man of refinement treats his animal property, and that coarse, brutal men, at the north or the south, are apt to treat every thing, be it their children, their cattle, or their slaves, with less consideration and often times with harshness and cruelty. George Moore, was a gentleman of education and refinement, and every thing around him possessing animal life was treated with kind consideration, and every want fully supplied. And it is a well known fact that a bound negro looks upon a free negro, as far inferior to him, and even considers the working class of white people as worthy of less respect than slaves, and all through the south they are called "the poor white trash." But to return to my story.

After the lapse of an hour or more, which time was spent in looking at the pictures and the furniture of the room, Juliette said:

"My Uncle's wife is dead, he told me, and he said that I would have some companions; how many children are they?"

"Dey is two; Misses Ianthe, Massa's daughter, and Massa Walter, who is poor dead Misses' son; but it is getting late chile, sit down till I fix your hair.

You have got to go down stairs to see your cousins before lunch, and I reckon dey'd be scared to def to see you look-in' dis way."

Under the skilful hands of Cora Juliette was enabled to make a very presentable appearance, though her wardrobe was plain, and scanty. After the finishing touch had been given to her toilet, she descended to the parlor, where Mr. Moore was waiting to introduce her to his step-son, and his daughter.—Walter Romeyn, was the son of his late wife, she being a widow with one child when he married her. It was through his marriage with this woman, who had died a few weeks before the mother of Juliette had been laid beneath the sod, that he obtained the immense property that now belonged to him. Her son, Walter, was fourteen years of age when Juliette became an inmate of "Ashly Hall." He was a handsome, dashing youth, with high, well shaped forehead, over which clustered curls of glossy jet. His eyes were large and full of expression. There was a haughty curve to his well turned lips, his walk was majestic, and his whole appearance was proud,—almost overbearing.

Ianthe Moore, his half sister, was ten years old, and beautiful as a poet's dream; but there was a something indescribable about her that repelled all with whom she came in contact; a something which caused one to admire, rather than love. There was nothing affectionate or winning in her manners; she appeared to be a heartless, soulless beauty, as passionless and incapable of emotion as an exquisit piece of statuary.

Juliette and Walter at once became sociable and friendly. Ianthe without

exhibiting any outward show of dislike, secretly, felt that Juliette was an intruder, an interloper, and exerted herself—but little to appear agreeable or amiable.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Morris the Governess.

"Hypocrisy is the necessary burthen of villainy."

Affectation the charm trappings of folly.
—JOHNSON.

"She was deceitful, and cunning.
Her heart was as hard as a stone;
Pity and love wore both strangers,
She laughed at a sigh or a moan."
—VAN NABES.

Soon after the arrival of Juliette at "Ashly Hall," Mr. Moore procured a governess to instruct the two girls.—Walter pursued his studies with Mr. Stephens, the pastor of the brick church near "Ashly Hall."

Miss Morris was a tall, spare, disagreeable looking woman on the shady side of thirty; although she firmly asserted that she was but twenty-five.—She was, in every respect a fair specimen of disappointed old maids, and she was a thorough Yankee. Ianthe made but little apposition to the rules laid down for their observance; but when Juliette saw Miss Morris, and was informed of the duties she would be expected to perform, she stamped her little foot, with rage, upon the floor, and declared to Walter, that she "would not mind that cross vinegar faced old maid."

Juliette had never been accustomed to obey stern commands—her mother, being an invalid, had allowed her to choose her own amusements, and perform what duties she pleased—living alone together in quiet seclusion, their lives had been interrupted by but few incidents. Juliette possessed a violent

temper, though, while her mother lived, few occasions had witnessed an outburst, as every thing around her was in accordance with her own desires, but now her wishes and her will were to be often crossed; and Miss Morris was by no means a proper person to govern such a disposition. And when Juliette would indulge her fiery temper, and allow herself to grow excited and passionate, Walter invariably encouraged, and upheld her, for he thought it quite bewitching in the little beauty. Thus encouraged she grew more violent each day, and her fits of passion continued to show themselves more frequently.—But her disposition was like an April day. One moment her face would be clouded with passion, and her eyes flash with the fire of rage. The next moment the clouds would pass over, and the sunshine illuminate her features, and from her lips break forth peals of merry laughter. Her disposition was one requiring much study, and careful management to develop her good qualities as they deserved. Her destiny was evidently a high one, though Fate would relentlessly strew thorns amid the flowers along her life path. Would cause her to pass through surging seas of Tribulation ere her destiny would be fulfilled. She seemed to feel, child that she was, that her destiny was a strange one; that Fate had many sorrows and many joys in store for her. The thirteen summers that had passed over her head, had left their foot-prints on her heart—she was at times, a woman, in thought and action, and again, her unnatural maturity was thrown aside, and she appeared the careless child she was. As a general thing, those youthful beings who can assume so

much of mature dignity of manners, and whose thoughts and ideas are worthy of older heads and hearts, are destined to pass through many shady paths, in the journey of life, and go down to the valley of death with a chain of many sorrows around their hearts.

Some are born for ease and pleasure,
Joys, and comforts without measure;
Others, Fate endows with pain,
Marks their brow with sorrow's stain.

After the lapse of a week, the school duties were farly begun. A room had been nicely fitted up, for study and recitation, and several hours every morning and afternoon the two girls, under Miss Morris' supervision, spent in study and recitation.

It was no difficult task for Juliette to commit her lessons to memory; she was an apt and willing pupil, anxious to learn, and under different tuition would have proved a studious and well behaved pupil; but she could not bring herself to obey commands. Requests made in an affectionate or polite way, she invariably respected, and complied with; but a command she spurned with indignation and haughty insolence.

Ianthe was quite different, her progress was slow—it was a difficult task for her to study; she preferred to spend her time in reading those light sentimental stories so popular now-a-days; and so long had she indulged her passion for light reading, it was hard to confine her attention to the dry and unromantic pages of Grammar, Rhetoric, Mathematics and French, and she witnessed the ease with which Juliette mastered her lessons with chagrin and almost hatred, and the fault-finders, and commands, administered so frequently by Miss Morris, she received

with sullen silence, and apparent indifference. What a glorious study, the dispositions of the two girls, would have been for a high minded, intelligent woman. To Miss Morris they appeared only as other children of the same age would have appeared; she made no effort to win their affections; to study their characters, or to train their thoughts and aspirations in a right channel. She gave them tasks to perform, and saw that they accomplished them, reprimanded them severely when they failed, and considered her duty performed.—Alas, that such women should be the ones chosen to mould the minds and form the characters of the young. Impressions received—prejudices inculcated and fostered by daily example of elders, when in early youth, are usually lasting; and when years have rolled their slow lengths along the lives of those young beings, those ideas and impressions received in earlier years remain with them and become strengthened by the lapse of time, unless some circumstance, unlooked for, so materially changes the life prospects, as to alter the views entertained before the change of events.

CHAPTER IV.

In which the Reader is Introduced to Some New Characters.

"Her eye's brilliant lustre, her hair in cluster,
O'er shading a forehead as white as the snow,
A form like a fairy, so joyous and airy,
A step just as light as the bound of a roe—
I gazed on with gladness; but soon came a sadness,
The deepest, the direst, my heart ever knew."

It was a pretty house—the home of Effie Graham. It was neither large, nor elegant, but the dwelling itself was a low, humble looking white cottage.—Across the front a wide piazza stretched,

and up the pillars vines were trained, and hung in graceful festoons. The garden in front was tastefully laid out, and well kept. Effie Graham was the favorite—the belle of the village of Mitford, and a prettier, sweeter girl never lived. She was in her twentieth year, at the time of her introduction to the reader; for some weeks she had been confined to her room, by a severe cold, which threatened to affect her lungs seriously, and hasten her to an early grave. Her mother was a widow, and she had but one brother—a youth two years her junior, who was a student at the college in the village of Mitford.

One day, after the physician had visited Effie, Mrs. Graham followed him to the front door, and as he stood upon the piazza, pulling on his gloves, she asked—

"How is Effie, to-day, Doctor?"

"She is no better, I fear that she will fall into a decline before many weeks."

"Can nothing be done to save her?" asked the anxious mother.

"A change of air, might prove beneficial. If she could spend a few months at the south, I think she would recover."

"I once had a cousin at the south—a woman of wealth, but she is dead now, and I am a stranger to her husband."

"Would it not be well for you to write to this man, and ask him to allow your daughter to spend a few weeks at his residence, for the benefit of her health—for the sake of the relationship you bore his late wife. If he possesses, the hospitality so characteristic of the southern people, he will heartily welcome Effie to his home. I know it is a delicate thing to ask a stranger to receive one of your family as a guest; and yet Mrs. Graham

for the sake of your daughter, you should be willing to lay aside your pride, and if necessary humble yourself even to a stranger."

"I am perfectly willing to write to this man, for my cousin wrote me that he was a gentleman in every sense of the word; but Effie cannot take such a long journey, in her present weak state alone, and I cannot afford to accompany her, however much I might wish to do so. It will embarrass me somewhat to allow Effie to go, and I cannot for a moment think of accompanying her."

"That is a matter of small importance; I know a lady and gentleman who are going south before long, and they will gladly take Effie under their charge, if you succeed in obtaining the permission of this man, for her to become an inmate of his house."

"I will write this afternoon; and am a thousand times obliged to you, Doctor, for your kindness."

"Not at all; I hope you will succeed; Good morning."

"Good morning." And the Doctor drove off, while Mrs. Graham re-entered the house, and immediately wrote a letter to George Moore, of "Ashley Hall," asking him, if the daughter of his wife's cousin would be welcome. She told him of her delicate health; of the advice of the physician; of their humble circumstances; and her reluctance to appeal to a stranger. It was just such a letter as an affectionate mother, anxious for the recovery of daughter would be expected to write.

She had hardly finished directing it, before the door opened and her son, Henry Graham, entered the room, and threw his books upon the table and sank into a chair.

"Henry, your head pains you again; you are studying too hard; you will kill yourself, my boy. Try to curb this ambitious disposition of yours; you are very young, and there is plenty of time for you to study; do not injure yourself by such incessant toil."

"Dear mother, you are too anxious about me. My head troubles me, it is true, but I do not study too much, and when I think how hard it is for you to pay my college expenses, I feel as if I ought to study even harder than I do. But how is Effie this afternoon."

"No better; the Doctor says she cannot recover unless she takes a trip south, and I have just written to my cousin Ettie's husband, asking him to allow her to visit "Ashly Hall" for a few weeks. Some friends of the Doctor's are going south and will take charge of her. However hard it will be for me to part with her in her present critical condition, I feel that it is my duty to let her go, providing Mr. Moore will extend to her the hospitality of his home."

"There is little doubt but that he will, and I hope the change will prove beneficial;—but I almost forgot to tell you Mr. De Haven is dead, and Carl De Haven that mysterious, quiet young man, in our college, of whom you have heard me speak, and whom every body supposed to be the son of Mr. De Haven, is, it seems, a foundling, or something of that sort. When Carl was but a few months old, a handsome young woman, evidently his mother—and deranged—came to the house of Mr. De Haven, he then lived in Hartford, and asked him to bring up the boy, and educate him—that she had been betrayed by a young man; and was unable to provide properly for her child. She also re-

quested him to tell the boy when he came of age, or if he should die before that time leave in black and white, the history of his birth, and how he came to be educated by Mr. De Haven. The papers were found with his will, and has caused quite a commotion in the college. The will leaves him nothing save a sufficient sum to finish his college course then he will be obliged to do for himself. All the vast possessions of Mr. De Haven are given to charitable institutions."

"Poor boy, he must feel dreadfully about the disgrace attached to his birth."

"No, I think not; I am but little acquainted with him, but those who know him well, say he is one of those silent, mysterious, and supremely selfish persons, who feel a blow of this kind, but little. He is much disappointed to know that his benefactor has left him penniless, and speaks of the excellent man, who has befriended him from infancy, in a most unbecoming manner."

"Then he deserves but little pity.—But, I had nearly forgotten my letter. Please take it to the office, that it may go by the evening mail."

Henry, arose, took the letter in his hand, and left the house, for the Post Office, thinking in the mean time of all the strange events which had transpired that day.

CHAPTER V.

The Declaration—The Invitation—The Midnight Flight for Freedom.

"What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But words once spoken can never be recalled."—ROSCOMMON.

"Depend upon your husbanding a moment.
The light lasting of a woman's will:
As if the Lord of nature should delight
To hang this ponderous globe upon a hair,
And bid it dance before a breath of wind."
—ROMAN.

One afternoon as Walter passed through the hall on his way to his own room, to change his habit, for he had been riding, he heard Mr. Moore call him; stopping to the library door he said—

"What is it sir? if you wish me, I will hasten to my room make my toilet and return."

"Never mind your riding habit; come in, I have something to say to you."

Walter entered the apartment and seated himself in one of the chairs.

"I have just received a letter," continued Mr. Moore, "which I wish to talk to you about. It is from a cousin of your mother's; a Mrs. Graham; a widow lady. Her daughter it appears, is in a delicate state of health, and being too poor to send her south to board—where the physician thinks she would regain her health—she has written to me, asking me to extend to her the hospitalities of "Ashly Hall," for the sake of my dead wife; her dear cousin."

"I have often heard my mother speak of this cousin at the north, in terms of the greatest endearment—he thought a great deal of her; and wished her to come to Ashly Hall to live when she was left a widow."

"I have never heard your mother speak of her. I thought I would inform you of the letter and leave it with you to decide whether or no, Miss Graham should come."

"Certainly, by all means invite her to come. Ashly Hall has always been a hospitable house—let it not be otherwise now."

"I agree with you, Walter; we have plenty of room; a large number of lazy slaves, and the company of this Miss Graham will relieve the monotony of our lives; and, doubtless prove a benefit to the girls."

And so it was decided that Effie Graham should be invited to spend some weeks at "Ashly Hall." George Moore penned the following polite letter to Mrs. Graham, in reply to her epistle.

MRS. GRAHAM:

Dear Madam,

Your letter, dated —18—, is before me, and I hasten to reply. Walter Romeyn, the son of your cousin, and myself, will be very happy to welcome Miss Graham to Ashly Hall, and we sincerely hope, the young lady will be pleased to make us a long visit. And return to her northern home fully recovered. We will, at any time, be glad to see, any member of your family. Your connection with my late wife will insure the friendship and respect of

Yours Truly,
George Moore."

The letter sealed, and in an hour, was on its way north.

Miss Morris was now less liked by Juliette and Walter, than when she first came to "Ashly Hall." The more they saw of her, the less they respected her. For a week or two back she had been in the habit of visiting the negro quarters after sundown. Walter was somewhat suspicious of her motives for so doing. She had come from one of the New England states, and was probably, prejudiced against slavery, though, while at "Ashly Hall," she had seen but the brightest and best side of it, but still a woman of her disposition Walter felt would do almost any thing, and he watched her movements closely, but was unable to ascertain anything to her disparagement.

The cabin of a young mulatto, named Ben, was her favorite resort. Ben was a married man, and had one child—a bright little fellow of some two years.—His cabin was one of the best in the

quarters, and he was a bright intelligent man—much loved by his master and fellow slaves. The other negroes had taken a dislike to Miss Morris, and did not show any disposition to welcome her visits and she confined her labors mostly to the cabin of Ben. Here, evening after evening she would sit, and tell the inmates how happy and independent the negroes were at the north, poisoning their minds, and sowing the seeds of discontent and rebellion in their hearts. Martha, the wife of Ben, would pay little attention to the stories of this unprincipled woman, but her words sank deep into the young mulatto's heart. Long after she had left the cabin he would ponder over her conversation, and at length become convinced, that if he could but reach the north—that land of freedom and of wealth, he could soon purchase his wife and child from slavery, and become a rich and independent man. Martha tried to convince him that his impressions were erroneous, and without foundation, but it was of little use. One night after Miss Morris had left the cabin, he told his wife that he had determined to run away—to fly to the north, and in a few months send for her and the child, and they would all be happy among the free and independent citizens of the north, where all, black and white were looked upon with equal favor. In vain Martha remonstrated and pleaded. Ben had made up his mind; he firmly believed all Miss Morris had told him and nothing could persuade him from his plan. He made his wife promise not to tell that Miss Morris had influenced him, and packing a few necessary articles in a large gayly colored kerchief, bade her and the child an affectionate fare-

well, and left the cabin where he had spent many happy days, to seek his freedom, and his fortune at the north.

The following morning when he was missed, Martha went to Mr. Moore and earnestly begged him to send out pursuers and bring her husband back; but he refused to do so saying—

"If Ben is dissatisfied and wants his freedom bad enough to steal it, let him go. If he becomes disappointed and succeeds not as well as he expects to, he will wish himself back to his comfortable cabin, and may return to his family. Cheer up Martha all will be well I doubt not; and Ben will probably write to you before long."

Poor Martha returned to her lonely cabin with a heavy heart. She felt that Ben had been deceived, and longed to tell her master that it was through the influence of Miss Morris he left his home to seek his freedom; but her promise to her absent husband must be kept, and she went about her daily duties with a sad heart and smileless face.

CHAPTER VI.

The School Room Battle.

"She was a little fury—
Her heart with anger burned,
Her flashing eyes, with scorn
Upon her tempter turned.
Her dainty feet she stamped
With passion, on the floor—
She stood in bold defiance,
Close by the open door."

—MAUD IRVING.

Miss Morris had been at "Ashly Hall" some months; we have already seen the effects of her influence, at the negro quarters. All, save Mr. Moore, thoroughly disliked her and the aversion Juliette and Walter felt, amounted to to the bitterest hatred. In the presence of her employer she usually appeared just, correct and proper, and he deemed her

a most efficient and excellent woman.—He was completely blinded to her moral defects, by her hypocrisy and suavity of manners; but the time was approaching when the mask she wore must be laid aside, and her dark deformity of character be brought to his gaze. "The wicked and unjust cannot always triumph," their sin will find them out, and the injured and persecuted will have justice.

One afternoon, the school room was made the scene of quite a little tragedy. Ianthe had accompanied her father on a drive to a distant part of the plantation, and Juliette was alone with Miss Morris in the school room. A difficult lesson had been assigned to Juliette, and after applying herself, for a half hour or more, closely to her task, she threw aside her book and pulled the bell rope.

"Why did you ring that bell?" inquired Miss Morris in no very pleasant tone of voice.

"Because I wish Cora," replied Juliette haughtily.

"You cannot engage in anything until you have applied yourself to your lesson a half hour longer.

"I know the lesson perfectly—it is useless for me to spend more time upon it; and I shall not do it."

At this moment Cora appeared at the open door way.

"You may go Cora, Miss Juliette has no need of your service at present," said Miss Morris in cold, measured tones.

"Stay, Cora, stay, I wish you," exclaimed Juliette, her brow flashing with anger. Cora stood for a moment irresolute, not knowing which to obey, but she remembered her master's words—"Remember she, and she alone is your mistress;" and acting on the impulse of

the moment she crossed the room and stood beside her young mistress.

"Did you hear my orders?" shouted Miss Morris, her face livid with passion.

"I belong to missy Juliette, and massa tells me to obey her and I see no right to do otherwise till he says so," replied Cora, with a broad grin.

"How dare you speak back to me, and disobey my orders, you contemptible nigger!" and catching a small cane from beside the black board, she inflicted a cutting blow over the shoulders of the faithful Cora, "there take that, and disobey me again if you deem it prudent—now leave the room this instant."

"She shall not stir," broke in Juliette. Her eyes dilated with passion, and her lips white and compressed with rage, "touch her again if you dare; you dried up, withered old maid, you mocking hypocrite, you dastardly coward, I'll kill you if you raise a finger against Cora, again," and she shook her little fist in the face of the infuriated woman.

"Out of the way, you insolent child," cried Miss Morris, raising her hand and bringing it down with considerable force, upon the cheek of Juliette. Quick as thought Juliette snatched a glass from the table, and with well directed aim, threw it at the head of the governess. It caused a deep flesh wound, from which the blood flowed freely.

"Now touch me again if you dare, or Cora either, and I'll tear the eyes out of your head, you ugly old demon. Never was there a hand raised against a slave on this plantation until your foot crossed the threshold of the Hall. You miserable northern Yankee—you who profess to believe the negro as good as the white man: You have been the first to ill-use a slave at Ashly Hall."

Go back to your own part of the country, talk of the sin of slavery, of the cruel manner slaves are treated. Give your money to buy the freedom of some infatuated nigger, and pray for the freedom of all bound people. But don't you stay here, with your heathenish abolition notions, to abuse our servants, and insult your superiors."

Miss Morris more enraged than ever gave her a push which sent her sprawling upon the floor, she quickly sprang to her feet and exclaimed—

"How dare you, you poor miserable dependent, little above a slave, how dare you touch me?" and drawing her little figure to its fullest height, she cast a look of unmitigated scorn upon her opponent.

"Your uncle shall be made aware of your shameful conduct, and the impudence of your nigger maid. You shall be made to humbly beg my pardon for the words you have uttered," said Miss Morris.

"Never, never, you human monster," turning to Cora she said, "Cora see if my uncle has returned from his ride, and if he is in the library, request him to come here immediately, that I may expose this base woman's conduct."—Cora left the room to obey the order of her mistress. For a few moments silence reigned unbroken. The apartment presented a strange appearance; it put one in mind of "a banquet hall deserted."

Several of the chairs were thrown over, the table-cloth lay upon the floor, pieces of the broken glass lay here and there. Miss Morris stood near the centre of the room pale as a corpse, and holding her handkerchief, almost saturated with blood, over the wound received from the glass Juliette had thrown.

Juliette stood near the door, her arms folded across her breast, her lips compressed, her eyes dilated, her curls hanging over her face and shoulders in tangled masses. Her whole appearance was one of defiance, and her look seemed to say, "I defy you." The silence was at length broken by the appearance of Mr. Moore, who said—

"What is all this confusion about? Cora informed me that there has been quite a battle fought. Miss Morris will you give me an explanation of the affair?"

"I will, sir; Juliette rang for Cora, when she should have been engaged with her studies, and when Cora appeared I dismissed her, Juliette bade her remain. I again bade her go, when she turned and showered upon me a volley of insolence; when I remonstrated with her in a kind and gentle manner, Juliette seized from the table a glass, and hurled it at me; it struck my head and inflicted, I fear, quite a serious wound. Not contented with this, she heaped upon me the most disgraceful insults, calling me a white slave, and other degrading names—words which I would blush to repeat, and dared me to reprimand Cora again, threatening to kill me, I did so. Really, the temper of that child is terrible, and I must insist upon a suitable apology from her, or I shall leave Ashly Hall."

"Liar! fiend!! serpent!!!" hissed Juliette through her closed teeth. "Uncle it is a base wicked lie she has told you Cora did not speak impudently to her, it was I, who was insolent; but she, the miserable tyrant, struck Cora with a cane, slapped my face and knocked me down, and I will not live in the same house with her—either she or I, must leave Ashly Hall."

"Do not give way to passion in such a manner, Juliette. I will, in the course of the afternoon, look into this matter. I cannot now attend to it, as matters of importance claim my attention. Juliette you may retire to your room, and there remain until I send for you," bowing coldly to the governess, he left the apartment, and repaired to his library, to attend to some business matters before giving his attention to this affair.

CHAPTER VII.

Reception of Mr. Moore's Letter. Arrangement for the Journey.

Life is but a day at most,
Springing from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour;
Fear not clouds will always lower."

—BURNES.

"Ægroto dum anima est, spes est."
CICERO.

A number of days had elapsed since Mrs. Graham had sent her letter to George Moore, and as each day passed she looked anxiously for an answer.—One came at last. Henry brought it to her one afternoon, when he returned from college, and after reading it, the widow communicated to her son and daughter the cordial invitation the latter had received to visit "Ashly Hall." The following morning the Doctor called, and when the good news had been told him, he said—

"You are more than fortunate, dear Mrs. Graham; the friends I spoke of as intending to start for the south soon, reside on the plantation adjoining that of Mr. Moore, and will see your daughter to the very door of Ashly Hall."

"Indeed I cannot be grateful enough to you for your kindness. When do these friends of yours start?" replied the widow.

"In a week; they have been north some weeks and are anxious to reach

home as soon as possible—they will delay but little along the way."

"I will have Effie ready in time; but you have not as yet told me the name of these kind people who have offered to take charge of Effie."

"Mr. and Mrs. Simons and daughter. Effie will find them intelligent, kind-hearted, and agreeable companions."

It was a busy week at the cottage of Mrs. Graham, and when every preparation for the visit was finished; when the new-made garments lay upon the floor, neatly folded, and Mrs. Graham knelt before an open trunk, packing away one article after another, her tears fell thick and fast, and silently she offered prayers to the Giver of all Good, that her darling child might return to her restored in health; and pure as she was now, no one can know, save a mother, how hard it was for her to send her invalid daughter among strangers, alone. No one save a mother can know how bitterly she wept, how earnestly she prayed. All was at length ready, and Effie waited patiently for word from Mrs. Simons, who was to meet her in New York, whither she was going in charge of the kind-hearted Doctor.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Interview. Walter's Promise—Juliette's Decision.

"Believe not each accusing tongue,
As most weak persons do;
But still believe that story wrong
Which ought not to be true."

—SHERIDAN.

"There surely is some guiding power,
Which rightly suffers wrong,
Gives vice to bloom its little hour,—
But virtue late and long."

"A secret it is well to keep."

When Juliette repaired to her apartment, after Mr. Moore had entered the

school room, and requested her to do so, she threw herself upon the bed and wept violently. A half hour or more passed when a gentle knock was heard at the door, and in answer to her gentle "Come in," Walter entered. She arose from the bed and approaching him, said—

"Dear Walter, is it you? Oh, I am so glad you have come; I have so much to tell you."

"I know it all, darling, I was on the veranda and heard, and saw all that transpired. That wicked, designing woman shall not injure you; I will be your protector," he said, passing his arm around the waist of the excited girl.—"You acted like a little heroine; by Heavens! you did look beautiful. Juliette, you should go upon the stage, you would make a fortune in no time."

"Oh, Walter how can you say so? I was very angry, I wish I could subdue this wicked temper of mine, but while that woman remains I cannot be good, I am always in a passion. I hate her—I know it is wrong, but I cannot help it."

"It is not wrong, dear Juliette," replied Walter, imprinting a kiss upon her burning brow. "Who could help hating that woman?"

"But mama used to tell me I should hate no one, and should try to love those who hate me."

"Yes, but no doubt your mother had but few trials, and knew not what it was to be wronged and misjudged."

"Oh, you are mistaken, mama had many trials; she used to tell me that her heart was broken by unkindness and wrong from one she loved more than life itself, and trusted as purely as she trusted Heaven."

"Then she was an angel," said Walter, "and you must not blame yourself for acting as you did, you were right, and I shall tell father just how matters were. Miss Morris shall not compel him to believe a lie."

"I fear Miss Morris will make him think that I am very, very wicked."

"No she shall not, I will go to him and explain the matter—expose Miss Morris' unprincipled course, and see that you receive justice."

"Do not, dear Walter, for my sake, do not. If Uncle George cannot take my word, I would disdain pardon tendered me, through the interference of another. He no doubt thinks Miss Morris perfect—if he chooses to believe her in preference to me, let it be, I am too proud to allow another, even you, to intercede for me, or to prove what I say; promise me that you will say nothing to him in regard to the matter."

"I cannot promise to say nothing about it, dear Juliette, but I will promise to keep silent for a time, and let matters take their own course, and see how far that woman will carry her diabolical plotting. She is evidently maneuvering to become the mistress of Ashly Hall, but never, if I can prevent it, shall she fill the place once occupied by my sainted mother."

"Oh, Walter, you do not, for a moment think that Uncle George would marry that awful creature, do you?"

"I do not know, he is a strange man; she has evidently secured his good opinion, and there is no telling what the result will be. One thing is certain, she is anxious to become his wife and will leave no stone unturned to accomplish her desire."

"What will become of us, if he does marry her?"

"I know not, but God will take care of us, and will not see us wronged.—The spirits of our dead mothers will watch over us, and keep us from misery."

At this moment Cora entered and informed Juliette that Mr. Moore wished her in his library immediately. She hastened to answer his summons, and as she entered the room, Mr. Moore silently motioned to her to take a seat.—She seated herself in an easy arm chair, and Mr. Moore said—

"I have been conversing with Miss Morris, and have endeavored to sift this matter to the bottom. I am both pained and surprised to learn of your disgraceful conduct, and sincerely hope that this will be the last time you allow yourself to get into such a passion, if the scene enacted in the school-room this afternoon, is repeated, I will take severe measures to curb this unhappy trait in your character. But what pained me more than all was the falsehoods, you uttered about Miss Morris—that lady's feelings are much hurt, by your ungrateful and improper conduct. And when you appear at the supper table I shall expect you to apologize to her in the most humble manner. You may now retire to your room."

While he had been speaking, the cheeks of Juliette had gradually flushed, her lips had become compressed, her eyes flashing, and when he ceased she arose from her seat stepped before him, and in a passionate manner, said—

"Do you suppose that I will calmly submit to such treatment; am I a slave that I should be condemned without a hearing? No sir, I am a responsible being, and will not bear insults from even you, I will never apologise to Miss Morris for what transpired this after-

nearly concealed the cot, presenting quite a romantic and pretty appearance. The murmur of the little stream lent another charm to the romance of the spot. Juliette had christened it "Brook-side," and a more appropriate name could hardly have been chosen.

She entered the hut and seated herself upon a rude bench, and gave herself up to thought. She wandered back through the dim aisles of Time, she lived over the days of her early childhood, she dreamed of her mother, and thus she mused.

"Oh, my mother, if thou wert only here to tell me how to act. I know not what to do, which way to turn—"

Why, oh, why was I left alone in the world, unloved, uncared for? no, not unloved, I would not wrong Walter, even in thought. I am sure he loves me, he is a dear kind brother. If I was only a woman grown, wouldn't I do something? I wish I did not hate Miss Morris; I know it is wrong, but I cannot help it," burying her face in her hands, she wept, wept bitterly.

Morning dawned at length; the glorious sun rose from behind the eastern hill-tops, and his beams strayed through the vines that shaded the cottage, and made even that dreary place look cheerful.

When the inmates of "Ashly Hall" awoke, they did not miss Juliette, for she often left the house to take a walk before the morning mist. Cora immediately prepared some tidbits, and putting them in a basket, started for the hut. The sun had traveled but a short distance up the blue sky when she put aside the basket that hung over the entrance and entered.

"Oh, missy," said she, "you dun no

how powerful glad I am to see you."

"You are a good girl, Cora, you have brought me something to eat, but I fear I shall have but little appetite this morning."

"Oh, missy, you must eat."

"I will try; have they missed me yet, at the Hall?"

"No, not yet; but when de breakfast bell ring and you no come down, I'll bet dere'll be a big fuss."

"Go back now, Cora, or they will miss you; remember, say nothing; come back to me to-night and tell me all that happens."

"Trust me missy, I says noddin to no one; by gar dis chile knows a ting or two, I believes; good-bye, missy, good-bye," and the honest hearted girl hastened back to the Hall.

The breakfast bell rang. Mr. Moore had determined to compel Juliette to offer an apology, to Miss Morris at the breakfast table, as she had failed to do so the evening previous. Before breakfast Cora had stopped at the door of Martha's lonely cabin and informed her that Juliette had run away, at which piece of intelligence Martha had manifested but little surprise, but quietly said—

"I can keep still no longer, I shall tell massa dis bressed day all about it," and after Cora had reached the Hall, she left her cabin, crossed the lawn, and took her place upon the veranda, underneath the windows of the breakfast room, so that she might hear all that transpired and be ready—if occasion required—to put her testimony with those who raised their voices against Miss Morris, if such a thing should happen.

The family were all seated at the

breakfast table save Juliette, her place was vacant. They waited a few moments, but she came not, then Mr. Moore said—

"Cora, where is Miss Juliette? why does she keep us waiting this morning? Go tell her that breakfast is upon the table, and we are waiting for her."

"Missy Juliette done gone, massa, she went off I specs in de night."

"Gone, gone, Juliette gone," exclaimed Walter springing to his feet, "where oh, where has she fled?"

"Gone, gone, what mean you, Cora?" added Mr. Moore turning pale.

"She say you tink her ongrateful; dat injustice hab been done her, and dat she can't lib wid dat unafarious critter," pointing to Miss Morris, "and I specs she's gone way off to lib," and Cora wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"And this—vile woman, is your work, I cannot sit in silence and see a poor, weak, innocent girl wronged. Your diabolical plotting has brought this calamity upon us; God grant that it may not be of long continuance. I was an unseen witness, to the scene in the school-room, and I wonder how you dare show your demon face after the infamous falsehoods you have uttered," said Walter turning to Miss Morris. Then addressing Mr. Moore, he continued—"Sir, you have been the dupe of this vile woman; what she has told you concerning that affair is a series of black untruths. Juliette did right, perfectly right, and if this fiend of darkness had not have been in the form of a woman, I would have chastised her myself for her inhuman conduct. The version of the affair, that Juliette gave, was the truth, and nothing but the truth." He

had hardly finished speaking, when Martha's yellow turban and black face, was poked through the window, and she said—

"Yes, Massa, she be a berry bad woman, it was she who coaxed Ben to run away, she told him as how de brack people at de north all got rich, and was jist as good as white; poor fellow he believed all her lies and went away from his wife and chile to get rich at de north."

"There sir," exclaimed Walter, "do you now believe that this woman is the person you have given her the credit of being?" and the excited youth rushed from the room. Mr. Moore rose from his seat, and without uttering one word followed him, leaving Miss Morris alone with Ianthe and Cora. Ianthe stepped out upon the veranda, not knowing what to make of the affair, as she was entirely ignorant of the school-room battle. She had been gone but a moment, when Cora said—

"I hate you, you ugly ole white nigger. You make all dis fuss, but massa aint blind, he aint, and he will see thro' a ladder afore long, by gar, and den I reckon you'll catch it; ah, golly wont dat be fun? I gess like to see you git what you desearve, it do my heart good; if I is brack I aint got a brack heart, by gar, dat's so," and Cora cast a spiteful glance upon the crest-fallen governess.

She felt convinced that her star was decidedly on the wane, and with feelings not the most agreeable, she left the room.

Ianthe did not question any one. She repaired to her own apartment and tried to study out the meaning of the outburst she had witnessed. She was

and that something had occurred, for she felt sure that Miss Morris would leave; but no one would have supposed that she felt pleased with the turn affairs had taken, judging by her countenance. She made no display outwardly of what was working within. She was a strange, mysterious child—an enigma to all around her.

CHAPTER X.

Aunt Dora's Cabin—Juliette Returns.

A woman's tongue is always busy.

—HARRIS.

*Well, do vanished frowns entrance
The charm of every brighten'd glance;
And dawning smiles each dawning smile,
For having lost its light awhile.*

—MOORE.

*A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
Peer to the friendless master of a world;
A world to purchase for a friend is gain.*

—YOUNG.

The negroes were nearly all of them congregated in aunt Dora's cabin. Aunt Dora was quite an "institution" among them; she was the cook, and considered herself the most important personage upon the plantation, she had served the late mistress of "Ashly Hall" from the time of her first marriage. She had tended Walter when he was a baby and had a full knowledge of all the changes and affairs of the place.

"An so missy Juliette, an run off," she said to Cora, who was seated on a rude bench near the door of the cabin.

"Yes, gone gone, by gar, an all dis trouble an brought about by dat ar govenness from de north, dat ar Miss Morris. Why when we were at de breakfast table Martha jist pokes her head in de window an tells massa an how dis ere woman ordered Ben to run away."

"Now tell, well, well dis an a funny world in which we niggers live, and it

be chuck full ob strange critters, but I no see how dat ar ugly ole hen could cum around massa in dat way; I jis hopes he don't tink ob making her our missy, for if he does, we are all poor critters, dat's so."

"No, no, massa wont do no sich ting," said Cora with indignation, and eyeing the crowd of black faces turned eagerly towards her, with an air of conscious superiority. "Massa Walter is opening his eyes for him mighty wide, dat's so, and dere will be some fun afore long. Miss Morris wont stay at dis place lorry long, I tinks, by gar."

"Well now, Cora, can't you tell any ting wid out saying, by gar, ebry two seconds. I doesn't like sich talk, I don't no how, it aint ginteele like."

"I jes reckon I knows as much ginteele talk as you does, and if I likes to say by gar, I does it, an its no common nigger's business," and Cora strutted off with an air of injured dignity.

Aunt Dora's cabin was the general resort of the negroes, for here all the gossip was retailed. Every noon, Cora came down from the Hall and related all that transpired there, to a large and curious audience, but never before had she related so startling a piece of intelligence as the flight of Juliette. All the blacks loved Juliette, she was in the habit of visiting them after working hours, she would speak a pleasant word to each one, pat the little children under the chin, and read aloud to the aged, thus endearing herself to them all. And many tears were shed by those honest negroes, when they heard that their young mistress had fled from the Hall, and bitterly they talked of Miss Morris, the cause of all this mischief.

During the day Mr. Moore and Walter

were engaged in a long and earnest conversation in the private library of the former. The result of this private conference was, that, after noon, soon after lunch Miss Morris received her dismissal from Ashly Hall; and Walter, after learning from Cora, where Juliette might be found, hastened to the spot to communicate the joyful intelligence to her. To tell her all was understood, that Miss Morris was no longer an occupant of Ashly Hall.

When he reached the hut Juliette was lying upon some straw in one corner of the room, wrapped in light slumber. He seated himself by her side to wait until she should awaken, being unwilling to disturb her. A half hour passed by before she awoke; then rubbing her eyes she gazed upon him in surprise, as if unable to realize that it was indeed himself. When she became fully convinced that she was not dreaming, she threw her arms around his neck and laying her head upon his bosom wept.

"Dearest, why did you not tell me, why did you leave the Hall, without one word to me? you cannot know how anxious I have been, and how much agony I have endured on your account," he said, gently smoothing her tangled hair.

"I could not tell you, Walter dear, you would have prevented me from leaving, and I could not stay at the Hall while she was there," she replied, sobbing.

"But she is there no longer, and your uncle is convinced that you were not to blame in the matter, and waits anxiously to welcome you, on your return to Ashly Hall. He has been very much excited and worried about you; but come let us hasten to return, I assured him that I would bring you back safely with-

in an hour, and it is now nearly two hours since I left the Hall."

"I will go in a few moments. First tell me how you knew where to find me, no one save Cora knew, and she promised—"

"Not to tell," he said, interrupting her, "but when she knew that your uncle was no longer angry with you, and that Miss Morris had been dismissed, I convinced her that her promise was no longer binding, and prevailed upon her to tell me where you had concealed yourself, and truly, I was somewhat astonished to discover that you had sufficient courage to venture into this haunted grove. Were you not afraid of the witch?"

"No, I have seen no witch and really doubt if there be such a being in this grove, and even if there is she has proved herself a harmless, quiet being."

"You are a brave girl Juliette, and one would suppose you to be much older than you are."

"You know a popular author says, 'age should not be reckoned by the flight of Time, but by heart throbs, my heart's calendar tells me that I am even now old.'"

"It shall tell you so no more, hereafter your life shall be happy, and the years shall glaze away freighted with only joys and happiness; but, come, we are losing time," and he turned her away through his own, and they started for the Hall.

If Juliette had failed to see the witch, she had not occupied the hut one night, and the greater part of the following day, without being observed. While she lay upon the straw sleeping sweetly, a wild, crazy looking woman, covered with ragged, dirty garments, and holding in her hand, a long, thin stick, with two prongs

at one end, bent over her and closely examined her features, and muttered to herself some unintelligible words. And even while Walter was conversing with Juliette, she lingered near the hut, concealed by a thick bush, which grew near the entrance in wild luxuriance, she listened to their conversation.

When Walter returned to the Hall accompanied by Juliette, Mr. Moore hastened to meet them, and taking Juliette by the hand, he imprinted a warm kiss upon her brow, and said—

"Dear child, I have wronged you, forgive me, and I hope hereafter no act nor word of mine will cause you an unhappy moment while you remain at Ashly Hall."

"Dear Uncle, forgive me for one moment cherishing a bitter thought against you, I was too hasty, my quick temper made me do more than I would in a moment of calmness. In future I will try to govern my temper and be more forgiving."

Peace was once more reigning at Ashly Hall. The evil genius which had caused shadows to luger where sunbeams should play had gone, and with her departed all gloominess and discord. It was about time for the arrival of Miss Graham, and a room was prepared upon the second floor for her occupancy. The Simons family, who occupied the plantation adjoining Ashly Hall, and with whom Miss Graham was connected, were comparative strangers to the occupants of Ashly Hall. They had purchased their plantation which they called Rock Glenn, about a year before the death of Mrs. Moore. She was at the time in a delicate state of health, and not being able to call upon her new neighbors, she had sent over her card

accompanied by a note of explanation. Mrs. Simons had called at Ashly Hall once, and that was all the acquaintance existing between the two families. Mr. Moore really hoped that the arrival of Miss Graham would bring the families more together, for the sake of the girls and Walter, who needed some society outside of the home circle, and Miss Simons was near the age of Juliette.

CHAPTER XI.

Arrival of Effie Graham—Death of Aunt Molly.

"Welcome, welcome, do I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring;
He that parteth from you never
Shall enjoy a spring forever."

Eternity, thou holdest in thy hand
The casket of all secrets!—Death the key!
—BALLET.

It was a beautiful morning, and Mr. Moore, Walter, and Juliette were seated upon the piazza enjoying the beauty of the scene. Ianthe, as usual, was in her own room, pouring over the pages of some sickly, sentimental story. "Oh, blessed morn! sweet hour of many prayers, of the deep worship of a million souls! The fair child lisping at its mother's knee its infant thankfulness; the maiden's vows of meek devotion to a Father—religion from the breast of the orphaned, swelling in silver accents to the hills, like the rich purplings of a bubbling stream; the voice of sober manhood, calling down the love of heaven on a fallen world; the rap, enthusiastic with beating heart, and lips that move not in solemn thoughts, worshipping in the temple of his love, and stretching out his soul's arms unto God!"

The scenery around Ashly Hall was wild and beautiful, and at early morn or at early evening looked lovelier than at any other hour of the day. On this

morning the family had arisen unusually early, as they expected Miss Graham, and they had taken seats upon the veranda to witness the sun rise.

The "God like sun! all life and light" arose from behind tops of the hills in the gorgeous East. His chariot mounted the skies, nectar like, many million hearts he filled with joy. Nature awoke from her slumber at his solemn tread. The grove throbbed with the music of the birds; the bright eyed flowerets of the vale seemed glad; the fountain out upon the lawn threw its water in the air, and as the sunbeams kissed the crystal drops, they seemed of burnished silver.

"What a lovely scene," exclaimed Juliette, "it seems almost as if this were a glimpse of Paradise."

"It is a lovely scene," replied Walter, "and after this I think we must rise early every morning and take a saddle ride before breakfast. Do you think you can do it, Juliette?"

"Yes, oh, yes, it would be delightful; but hark! I hear the gate opening, our guest is doubtless coming."

The three turned their eyes towards the gate, and sure enough, a large traveling carriage, drawn by two iron-gray horses slowly approached the house. When it reached the entrance the driver got down from his box and opened the door. Mr. Simons alighted and assisted a young lady, closely veiled to descend the steps, leading from the carriage door to the gravel path. Mr. Moore advanced and after shaking hands with Mr. Simons, offered his arm to Miss Graham, then half turning he said—

"Mr. Simons, will you not breakfast with us this morning?"

"Thank you," returned the gentleman, "my family will expect me to breakfast with them."

"While Miss Graham remains at Ashly Hall, we will be pleased to see you and your family often."

"And we will be pleased to accept your polite invitation, and will welcome yourself and family to Rock Glenn. The gentlemen bowed; Mr. Simons returned to the carriage, and Mr. Moore conducted Miss Graham into the house. One of the blacks was conveying her baggage to her room, and Cora stood in the hall waiting to show her to her room and attend to her wants. Juliette and Walter remained at one end of the piazza, not wishing to embarrass her by being introduced while she was yet in her traveling attire. Cora conducted her to her room, and assisted her to unpack and arrange her wardrobe, and then helped her make her toilet. When she descended to the parlor, Mr. Moore presented Juliette and Walter with due formality, and Ianthe was presented to the guest at the breakfast-table. All were pleased with her, for she was pleasant and entertaining. When the meal was finished Mr. Moore said—

"I hope you will make yourself perfectly at home while you remain with us, and as you are, no doubt, much fatigued with your journey you will prefer to remain in your own room until you have recovered from the excitement attendant upon your journey. If you prefer, your meals can be sent to your room until you become stronger."

"Oh, thank you, you are too kind; the journey here has already strengthened me, and I shall give you no unnecessary trouble," replied Effie.

A governess was not immediately procured to fill the place vacated by Miss Morris. The arrival of Effie Graham had put all thoughts of studies to flight.

and Walter had been acquainted with them
 for many years, and this was a much
 longer time than upon the day of her
 first meeting with them. In her
 heart she felt that the family only
 she knew. The women grew more
 and more kind each passing day, and
 she felt that she was growing happier and hap-
 pier as she lived. In vain
 she tried to win from Luthie some
 of the secrets of her several advances
 to the women, but they were made in the same
 unassuming manner, without the least
 consciousness of feeling. Such a case
 was made around Emily Hall, ever
 so much more cheerful and
 contented since the departure of Miss Mor-
 gan. The arrival of Edith Graham
 was a great joy, and she was to leave her
 home to go to college in the
 autumn. The girls were passing
 the time very pleasantly, and she
 was to go to the college before
 the year was over. The girls were
 very kind to her, and she was
 very much interested in her
 studies. The girls were very
 kind to her, and she was very
 much interested in her studies.

SECRET

she saw that nature's delinquencies were prepared and proper medical attendance required. More could not have been done for a poor patient of the Hall. But notwithstanding all the care which was given her, the physicians gave no hopes of her recovery, and day by day, hour by hour she failed. One day, the last aunt Molly spent on earth, Juliette sat by the bedside of the old negress, bathing her forehead with cold water, striving to cool the heated and throbbing temples. When aunt Molly said—

"Missy Julietta you da bin berry kind to de Aunt Molly; and my hours are now numbered, my days am coming to an end. I've seen much ob dis'arth and am a-tryin' to see shuntin' ob de odds' arth. Say up'n de sky. When I gets up'n de mornin' I be back nigger no more, becuz I am ob she color in de mornin' gress Kingdom. I've served many a white master wile, just as de good book tell me, to an now I be gwine to serve de Heavenly Master. Would you like to be good as to read a little from de blessed book?" Rising from her seat Julietta took the old, well-worn Bible from its accustomed place upon the shelf and in one day's silver voice began to read the Par' Psalm—

"I will praise thy name, O Lord, all day long."

"That's my religion," Jubah said, "and I'll be glad to hear you sing it."

"Thank you, Massa Jubah," she replied.

[illegible]

tures. As night approached on noiseless footsteps, aunt Molly grew worse, and Juliette refused to leave her bedside, and with Cora for an attendant she determined to watch by the couch of the aged sufferer until morning, but the poor creature failed so rapidly that before the morning dawn streaked the eastern horizon with yellow and gold, her spirit took its flight and soared to worlds where there is no sorrow, no weeping, no night, no repining, no grieving; where weary, world-sick hearts find everlasting rest, and where troubled souls are forevermore at peace.

CHAPTER XII.

The Funeral of Aunt Molly. How a Slave is Buried.

The storms of life with her are passed;
Stern memory leaves her soul at rest;
She finds a tranquil home at last,
Content with blessing, to be blessed.

MRS. ANN STEPHENS

When the blacks awoke the following morning, and learned that Aunt Molly had gone to her final rest, they were informed that no work was to be done during the day. The quarters were quiet; the children seemed to participate in the general sorrow—they seemed to feel the loss sustained, as keenly as their elders. All were arrayed in their Sunday garments, and collected here and there in groups, talking of the many estimable qualities possessed by the one now dead, and tears trickled down many an honest cheek.

Juliette went to the room of Ianthe to tell her that Aunt Molly had at last been relieved of her suffering by death. Something like a tear glistened in each eye, as she said—

"Ah, poor creature, she is now at rest, 'tis better, far better than living, longing, hoping, waiting for that which can never be realized. I wish my form,

was even now, resting cold and rigid in the embrace of death, beside her. The valley clod would cover the aching and paining of this sad heart, so deserted by love and friendship."

"Oh, Ianthé, how can you make such a wicked wish?" exclaimed Juliette in surprise.

"How can I!" repeated Ianthe sadly; "how can I wish otherwise? I know I am wicked, but it is so hard to be unloved, unappreciated, and I am unutterably wretched." Never had she before confessed so much, and Juliette hastened to say—

"No, no, Ianthe, not unloved, you wrong us. We all love you—love you dearly, and your coldness pains us much. You will not allow us to express our affection—you turn coldly from us. Even Miss Graham, our lovely guest, said the other evening while I sat in her room, that she loved you, and hoped to make you look upon the picture of life more hopefully, Ianthe she is an angel, so good, so sweet, so kind;" and Juliette wound her arms around the neck of the sad hearted girl and gently kissed her cheek; the sealed fountains were opened, and resting her head upon Juliette's shoulder, she wept long and passionately. At length she said—

"I have, indeed, wronged you; I have been selfish, very selfish. I have made myself disagreeable to all those around me, I never saw it before. Forgive me, dear cousin, and in future I will be more hopeful and cheerful."

Ianthe was *not* heartless, but she had brooded over her trivial sorrows in secret; she sought not sympathy, nor love, her mind had been poisoned by pernicious reading, and she deemed herself neglected, and misunderstood by all.

around her. A new and brighter future seemed dawning for her. If a mother's careful hand could have guided her course, she would doubtless become happy and useful, but one less watchful and tender could not search out the secret workings of her heart and meet them properly, she was still surrounded by those books which had, at first poisoned her mind, and while she clung to them there was little hope of a perfect reformation.

A nice mahogany coffin was procured and the remains of Aunt Molly, attired in her best suit of garments, was laid in the narrow bed, and placed in the dining hall. Invitations to the blacks upon the neighboring plantations to attend the funeral were sent out, and Mr. Stephens, the pastor of the brick church in the valley, and Walter's preceptor, was requested to perform the burial service. I do not pretend to assert that all slaves receive the same attention and kindness awarded to Aunt Molly, but I am sure that many do, and am confident that what I am writing is simple truth. The funeral took place in the afternoon; the dining hall and the main hall, of the mansion were crowded with blacks, dressed in Sunday attire. Many honest tears were shed for the departed, many prayers offered at the throne of divine grace, and the lifeless form of the faithful slave was consigned to the tomb. In a few days, all things resumed their wonted way. The absent one was sadly missed at the quarters, but time heals even the keenest pangs of sorrow, and ere many days, the blacks were nearly as lively and contented, as if death had not recently taken one of their number from their midst. Sunbeams always follow clouds, and to the happy hearted

grief lingers but a short time, and makes but little impression. Few shadows had ever settled over the negro quarters of Ashly Hall, and they had been quickly dispelled and sunshine had usurped their place.

CHAPTER XIII.

Quiet Days at Ashly Hall. The Simons Family more intimately introduced to the Reader.

Oh, Friendship! thou balm and sweetener of life,
Kind parents of ease, and composer of strife!
Without thee, alas! what are riches and power,
But empty delusions, the joy of an hour.
MRS. M. SMITH.

Some four weeks had glided by, since the arrival of Miss Graham, and so fast had she improved in health that she was able to mingle freely with the family and participate in all their amusements. She had written home of the encouraging change of her constitution, and of her enjoyment at Ashly Hall; and her letter gladdened the heart of her widowed mother. The Simons family—consisting of mother and father, and one daughter, Clara—had spent one evening at Ashly Hall. Mr. Simons was a genial, pleasant, well-informed, entertaining man. Mrs. Simons was directly his opposite; she was thoroughly a woman of the world, proud, haughty, ambitious, and chilling in manner. Clara was much like her father, open-hearted, impulsive, good-natured, and oftentimes almost reckless—the idol of her father, and the cause of constant anxiety to her mother. Her blunt, honest speeches often shocked the delicate sensibilities of her lady mother; and many a lecture on politeness, and lady-like conduct was she obliged to listen to, but she heeded them not. She was a simple hearted child of nature,—a little

too wild perhaps,—but nevertheless good and kind hearted, and contact with the world would never hurt her, or make her vain and foolish like her mother.

Effie Graham had completely won the heart and confidence of Juliette; together they read, sung and walked. Walter was very busy with his studies preparing to enter college, and spent much of his time with Mr. Stephens at the parsonage. In the mingled more with the family, but she still contrived to devour light reading, and that of the most pernicious kind, and gradually she sank back into her old habits and ways of conduct.

Effie Graham felt very grateful for the kindness she had received from the family at Ashly Hall, and was anxious in some way to make a small return for the attentions, so grateful to the heart of the stranger and invalid, but it seemed as if opportunity offered her no advantage. She discovered that Mr. Moore, was fond of having some one read to him, and after she ascertained this fact, she passed many hours each day in his library, reading aloud to him from the pages of his favorite authors. One day as she seated herself, preparatory to commencing her self-imposed task, he said—

"Miss Graham, lay aside the book you have in your hand, (it was a volume of poems, by Longfellow,) and read me something this morning, prose or poetry, which you particularly admire yourself. You have never chosen any particular work, or article yet, and I desire that you should do so this once."

"I will comply with your request; as I was looking over some papers the other day, I came across a perfect gem, and though I am generally no great ad-

mirer of newspaper poetry, this poem is certainly one of the most beautiful things I have ever read," she drew it from her pocket, "it is called—

"NOW AND THEN."

I.
"Away down into the shadowy depths of the Real I once lived,
I thought that to seem was to be.
But the waters of Marah were beautiful, yet they were bitter.
I waited, and hoped, and prayed,
Counting the heart-throbs and the tears that answered them.
Though my earnest pleadings for the True, I learned that the mildest mercy of life was a smiling sneer;
And that the business of the world was, to lash with vengeance all who dared to be what their God had made them.
Smother back tears to the red blood of the heart!
Crush out things called souls!
No room for them here!

II.
Now I gloss my pale face with laughter, and sail my voice on with the tide;
Decked in jewels and lace, I laugh beneath the gas-light's glare, and quaff the purple wine;
But the minor-keyed soul is standing naked and hungry upon one of Heaven's high hills of light,
Standing and waiting for the blood of the feast!
Starving for one poor word!
Waiting for God to launch out some beacon on the boundless shores of this night.
Shivering for the uprising of some soft wing under which it may creep, lizard-like, to warmth and rest.
Waiting! starving and shivering!

III.
Still I trim my white bosom with crimson roses, for none shall see the thorns.
I bind my aching brow with a jeweled crown, that none shall see the iron one beneath.
My silver-sandaled feet keep impatient time to the music, because I cannot be calm.
I laugh at earth's passion, fever of love; yet I know that God is near to the soul on the hill, and hears the ceaseless ebb and flow of a hopeless love through all my laughter.
But if I can cheat my heart with the old comfort that love can be forgotten, is it not better?
After all, living is but to play a part!
The poorest worm would be a jewel-headed snake, if she could!

IV.

All this grandeur of glare and glitter has its night-time,
The pallid eyelids must shut out smiles and daylight,
Then I fold my cold hands and look down at the restless rivers of a love that rushes out of my life,
Unseen and unknown they tide on over black rocks and chasms of death.
Oh, for one sweet word to bridge their terrible depths!
O jealous soul! why wilt thou crave and yearn for what thou canst not have?
And life is so long—so long!

V.

With the daylight comes the business of living,
The prayers that I sent trembling up the golden thread of hope all come back to me.
I look them close in my bosom, far under the velvet and roses of the world,
For I know that stranger than these torrents of passion, is the soul that hath lifted itself up to the hill.
What care I for his careless laugh?
I do not sigh; but I know that God hears the life blood dripping as I, too, laugh.
I would not be thought a foolish rose, that flaunts her red heart out to the sun;
Loving is not living!

VI.

Yet through all this I know that night will roll back from the still, gray, plain of Heaven, and that my triumph shall rise sweet with the dawn!
When these mortal mists shall unclot the world, then shall I be known as I am!
When I dare be dead and be buried behind a wall of wings, then shall he know me!
When his world shall fall like some old ghost, wrapped in the black skirts of the wind, down into the fashionless eternity of fire, then shall souls arise.
When God shall lift the frozen seal from struggling voices, then shall we speak!
When the purple and gold of our inner natures shall be lighted up in the Eternity of Truth, then will love be mine!

When she ceased reading, she glanced towards Mr. Moore, as if expecting him to say something, but he remained silent, and she said—

"How do you like it?"

"Very much, and not at all."

"Please, explain yourself. I cannot understand you."

"Well, in the first place, it seems to me that the author's genius is like an untamed horse, wild and passionate.—There is no regularity, no observance of standard rules, and yet there is a depth and beauty of thought, almost wonderful."

"I like the poem for its very reckless daring, its independence of rhyme, and its originality of construction. The brain that formed those thoughts is powerful and grand, the heart that echoed them, has suffered and is strong."

"I would admire it as extravagantly as you do, if the glorious thoughts in it were clothed in a more becoming dress."

"Indeed, if they were expressed in ordinary rhyme, and in perfect measure, they would lose one-half their force and beauty. I know but few admire this style of writing, but it is because they cannot understand it, they cannot take in the poet's meaning; but as we cannot agree on this point, let us agree to disagree. Shall I give you some music, or do you desire me to read something else—something more suited to your exacting taste?"

"By all means let me hear some music, play something low and sweet."

Effie arose and approached the open instrument. Moving her fingers lightly over the keys, she played with expression and good taste, that beautiful piece called "Flowers of Spring."

In this way morning after morning, afternoon after afternoon were whiled away at Ashly Hall, and if a ride, a walk, or company prevented these quiet readings and chats, Mr. Moore felt lonely and discontented, indeed. Effie Graham had won all hearts at Ashly Hall.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Visit to the Haunted Grove. D—par arc of Effie Graham for Home.

It was a bright and sunny day.
The sky was clear, the earth was gay.
And fields, and woods, and flowing streams,
Were brilliant in the sun's sweet beams.
The air was mild and fragrant too,
With odors from the orange groves,
Which in luxuriant beauty grew,
Where maids meet to tell their loves.

Farewell, it sounds too full of grief,
Too full of mourning for the past,
It breathes of joys that are too brief,
Of hopes that are too bright to last.
Too deeply o'er my troubled soul
It casts its strange and sad'ning spell,
It tells me all are doomed to part—
Yet I cannot say farewell.

—MRS. LAMBERT.

Days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, until Effie Graham had been at Ashly Hall nearly eight months. Her health was fully established and yet the time for her departure was put off from week to week, until a letter from her mother, urging her to return home, was received. She had not passed those months amid scenes of elegance and ease, and in a climate celebrated for its mildness and agreeableness, without learning to love them and feeling a pang of sorrow when she contemplated leaving them. She had not passed hours of pleasant intercourse with Mr. Moore in his library, without learning to feel a certain degree of interest in, and cherishing a certain amount of affection for him, and he, in turn, had learned to love the gentle being who had come to the inmates of Ashly Hall like an angel of light, compelling all to love her, and causing sunshine to linger in even the shadiest corners. And when he thought of her leaving the Hall to return to her northern home, he felt that the future would be all, dark and cheerless, and he asked her to become his wife, to remain at Ashly Hall as its

future mistress. And she told him that she loved him and would become his bride after the lapse of a year. Yes Effie Graham promised to be the wife of a widower—fill the place once occupied by the dead. And though it may appear unromantic, George Moore really loved this gentle being, with a pure and undivided affection.

One afternoon, a few days before the time appointed for her departure, Juliette proposed a stroll through the wood, and having heard of the "witch" Effie had a strong desire to see her, and hoping to meet this strange creature she accompanied Juliette. They wandered along the banks of the stream for more than an hour, and gradually neared the spot where the cottage of the witch stood. While they sat at the base of a large tree, watching the blue smoke curl from the old chimney, a woman approached them, dressed in tattered garments and with hair of silvery whiteness.

"That must be the witch," whispered Juliette. A moment more and she stood before them, and in a broken, tremulous voice she said—

"You are not afraid of me, everybody shuns me and flies from me when I approach, but you are not afraid!"

"No, my good woman, we are not afraid, we have never done you harm, and have nothing to fear; we know that you are unhappy, but cannot think that you would harm us."

"It is only the evil who flee before imaginary danger, and you are good—the stars tell me so."

"Then you are a fortune-teller," eagerly spoke Juliette.

"No, not a fortune-teller, but I sometimes lift the veil from before the future, and point out the destiny of those who

consult me. Give me your hand, and I will tell you what the future has in store for you."

Juliette held out her hand, and the old creature took it in her own, and looking intently at the lines upon the delicate palm said—

"You do not remember your father. Your mother never spoke of him, and you know nothing of him, but ere many years you will know all—more, much more than you will wish to know. Your future for a time will be bright, then clouds will gather, but if you are strong, and keep a determined will, and unflinching heart, you will be happy and joy will be yours, but if you should give way to sorrow and despondency, you will be wretched all your days.—There will be one heart which will love you and stand by you through every trial; cherish that heart, offend it not. Your destiny is a strange one."

"If I put faith in your words I would be very unhappy, for I would continually think of the misery in store for me, but I shall try to forget your words, and when trouble comes it will be time enough to mourn."

"You cannot forget what I have said, and you will often ponder on my words, and some day will see my predictions fulfilled," then turning to Effie, she said—

"Lady shall I tell you of your future?"

Effie had been much amused by the serious air assumed by the crazy creature, and without placing the least confidence in what she said, or for a moment thinking seriously of the matter, she placed her hand in that of the fortune-teller who at once commenced—

"You are away from home; you were ill when you come here, since your ar-

rival you have fallen in love and are engaged to be married, you will be married, your intended loves you, but you will not be perfectly happy, for he has a secret which he will not tell you, and at times he will seem cold and unloving. This secret is wearing his life away, and will eventually be the cause of his death, but do not try to discover it—its solution would make you wretched. There, go, I have said all I can, leave me instantly lest I forget myself and say more than I should, tell no one of your visit here, for if you do it will make you both wretched for life." Grasping her cane she hobbled off as rapidly as she could, towards the cottage, and Effie and Juliette returned to the Hall. They determined to tell no one of their interview with the witch, and notwithstanding the lenity with which they conversed of the event, they could not help pondering over the words of the strange, wild creature.

The day at length arrived, which was set for the departure of Effie Graham. Mr. Moore was to accompany her home, and at the same time procure an instructor for the girls. Amid tears and sobs Effie took her leave and the traveling carriage drove from the door bearing with it one loved by every living thing upon the plantation.

After her departure the house seemed lonely and almost deserted. Walter was home but little of the time, his studies occupied his time and attention. Ianthe was absorbed in the pages of exciting and thrilling novels, and Juliette was left almost to herself for amusement, and consequently an intimacy sprang up between her and Clara Simons, together they would roam the woods, and often times they would ride together,

many miles from home. Mrs. Simons was kept in a continual worry by these madcap girls, and whenever Clara returned from these exploits she was sure to receive a long lecture on propriety and lady-like conduct, but it seemed as if the more pains her mother took to convert her into a fashionable woman, the more reckless and daring she grew. Mr. Simons looked on and said nothing, but he was secretly, well pleased that his daughter spurned the trammels of fashionable society, and dared to enjoy herself.

CHAPTER XV.

A Long Lapse of Time.

"Time rolls on with rapid flight,
Nor stops in his career;
He sweeps our loved ones from our sight,
Nor spares our hopes most dear."

"Day follows day, year rolls on year;
They just begin, then disappear.
How quick, how rapid is their flight,
'Tis hardly day, when lo! 'tis night!
How swiftly do the seasons flow,
The summer's heat, the winter's snow,
The autumnal tinge, the vernal green,
There scarcely seems a space between."

A year passed swiftly away! A year, how long it is, and yet how swiftly it seems to pass away. When we look back through the dim vista of the past, a year ago, seems but as last week, or last month, at most, and yet how many changes often take place in a twelve month. The time of probation had expired, and Effie Graham was to be the wife of George Moore. At first her mother was reluctant to give her consent, but at length she yielded to the wishes of her only daughter, and every preparation was made for the approaching nuptials.

Mr. Moore had left Ashly Hall expecting to be absent a number of weeks. On his return Effie Graham would ac-

company him as his wife. The girls were left in charge of their tutor, Carl De Haven, who had conducted their studies for nearly a year, having returned with Mr. Moore from the north, when he accompanied Effie to her home.—Carl DeHaven would have attracted attention among a thousand. He was, at the time of his introduction into the family of Mr. Moore, about sixteen, though apparently much older, tall, slender, and by no means faultless figure—a habit of stooping made the defect more obvious. His face was full, but the features were irregular, and the mouth would have been pronounced sensual by a close observer. His hair was a deep black and so curly that it set at defiance all aid from comb and brush.—His complexion was dark and he had but little color, save when animated.—Juliette had disliked him from the first; she thought him unprincipled, but he was so quiet and unobtrusive that it was impossible to find fault with him. Ianthe seemed almost like a new being after his arrival; she applied herself closely to her studies and astonished even herself at the rapid progress she was making. As time passed on Juliette thought she discovered more than ordinary interest manifested in the demeanor of Carl De Haven towards Ianthe. Certainly he paused longer at her desk as he explained some difficult lesson, than he did at Juliette's, and he bent lower over her drawing, and spoke in a softer, sweeter tone to her. And several times Juliette had observed Ianthe reading fictitious works, in which young ladies represented as being unappreciated by their families had romantically eloped with their tutors, and at last reached the highest pinnacle of happiness and

worldly success. She felt sure that these books were placed in the hands of Ianthe by Carl De Haven, and he must have had some purpose in view. Mr. Moore was so much engaged with his approaching nuptials that he failed to notice the growing intimacy between his child and her tutor. Ianthe, naturally romantic and just budding into maidenhood, felt pleased and flattered by the attentions and compliments lavished upon her by her youthful instructor. She had seen nothing of the world, and deemed the hollow flattery and silly compliments that he poured into her ears, the sincere feelings of his heart, and she created an ideal, gave it his form, endowed it with attributes he never possessed, and she fondly dreamed that she loved him.

Great preparations were going on for the reception of the new mistress.—Additions and alterations had been made to the Hall; new furniture had taken the place of the old, and Aunt Dora was in her element, for cakes, pies, and pastry of every kind was to be made, and for a few days previous to the arrival of the bridal party, her cabin was the scene of the greatest confusion.—One would suppose, to have looked in and seen the rows of pies, cakes, and dishes of jellies, and sweetmeats, that she was making preparations for an extensive gathering, but no one could find out for what purpose she was making these nice things. When the inquisitive blacks would question her, she would reply—

"I know, I know for what I'm working, and I doesn't choose to let on about Missy's secrets. When de new Missy come you will see for what I am making all dis grand preparation."

And she went on with her duties day after day, without gratifying the curiosity of one. Walter was still pursuing his studies with the pastor. He was nearly ready to enter college, and was applying himself so closely, that he paid but little attention to the affairs at Ashly Hall.

CHAPTER XVI.

Arrival of the Bridal Party. The Grand Ball at Ashly Hall.

She stood like an angel just wandered from heaven,

A pilgrim benighted away from the skies,
And little we deemed that to mortals were given,

Such visions of beauty as come from her eyes.
—J. T. Fields.

Every wedding, says the proverb,
Makes another soon or late;
Never yet was any marriage
Entered in the book of Fate,
But the names were also written
Of the patient pair who wait.
—T. W. Parsons.

The day at length arrived on which Mr. Moore and his bride, accompanied by her mother and brother, were to return to Ashly Hall. Cards of invitation for a ball, had been issued, before their arrival, and every family for miles around were invited.

Since Juliette had resided at Ashly Hall but few visitors, save the Simons family, had frequented the place, and the idea of a ball was very pleasing to her. Ianthe also, expressed satisfaction at the announcement, but Walter, tho' he said nothing, did not like it. The day previous to the one set apart for the gathering, he sat in Juliette's room conversing, and said—

"Tis so short a time since my dear mother was laid to rest beneath the cold sod, that it seems to me wrong that the house in which she died should be made the place of festivity and rejoicing. I

wanted to hate the bride of George Moore, but when I discovered that it was sweet Effie Graham I could not, she is a kind, sweet woman, and be it far from me to do ought to make her pathway uneven. 'Tis true, I do not like to see her fill the place once occupied by my sainted mother, and I cannot take part in the festivities of to-morrow evening; I shall remain in my own room." As he ceased speaking the slight figure of Mrs. Moore darkened the doorway—as she entered, she said—

"Walter, I have heard the last words you uttered; I blame you not, and yet, it would give me much pleasure to see you in the parlors to-morrow evening. I hope that while I remain here as the mistress of Ashly Hall, my presence will cause you no feelings of pain, I would be to you both a mother—give to you a mother's love, young as I am. I cannot hope to fill the place of her, who is now sleeping in her grave, but I will be to you, all I can. Will you give me your confidence, your love? Will you look upon me as your friend?"

Juliette threw her arms around the neck of the beautiful bride, and Walter placed his hand in hers. What stronger assurance of their love and friendship did she require? The tears, grateful, happy tears filled her eyes, and after kissing them both she left them, not to seek her own room, but to make an effort to break down the barrier which seemed to exist between her and Ianthe, and nobly did she succeed. Ianthe, at first received her coldly, haughtily, but after a time she touched a tender chord in the young girl's heart, and won from her many an expression of endearment.

When Henry Graham saw his old, mysterious college friend, Carl De Haven

as the instructor in the family of his sister's husband, he was somewhat surprised, but said nothing about the mystery which hung over the childhood of the strange young man, but watched his movements closely, fearing lest in some way he would take advantage of his position, but Carl was cautious and Henry discovered nothing to cause him a moment's suspicion as to the tutor's integrity.

"Twas night, "a hundred lights gleamed from the windows of the old mansion, and rich music was wafted on the evening air." Within, all was gorgeous, enchanting, and bewildering, for it was the celebration of Mr. Moore's wedding. There never was a grander gathering of youth and beauty, wealth and fashion, in all the South. There were fair women whose eyes shamed the stars of evening, and on whose forms the youthful Da Vinci would have joyed to gaze. There were men in the first glorious flush of manhood with faces and forms of such fascination, that even that arch old coquette Queen Elizabeth would have looked on them with favoring eye. Some were floating through the mazes of the dance, to the sound of music so gloriously sweet that it made the eye brighter and the cheek glow; others strolled in the promenade, while here and there stood a group in earnest conversation.

The bride was arrayed in a robe of rich white satin, with a heavy veil of costly lace, confined by pure white orange-buds and blossoms; she looked as beautiful and pure as an angel. Juliette and Ianthe were becomingly arrayed in simple white muslins and pale blue sashes. Clara Simons, according to her mother's taste was dressed like a wax doll, in silk, laces, and flowers, but she

danced and romped, not caring whether she disarranged her toilet or not, and her mother followed her around, and was continually cautioning her about musing her french flower head-dress.— The blacks were all collected upon the piazza, and amused themselves by watching the scene of gaiety within. Walter was alone in his own room, alone with his thoughts. He had been pacing to and fro, and had at length seated himself by the open window, and as he watched the moon and stars in the blue vault of heaven, and the wind played with his long wavy hair, and tossed it from his high, pale brow, the sound of music and pattering feet, and merry laugh, come from the rooms below, but fell unheeded upon his ears. He was thinking of his mother. And as he thought a feeling of sadness stole over his being, and he leaned his head upon his hand and wept. A pair of soft, white arms stole lovingly around his neck, and a gentle voice whispered two words—“My brother!” He turned and beheld Ianthe. For a moment he was so completely overcome by surprise that he could say nothing, and she continued—“Am I then so unwelcome a visitor that you have no word of greeting for me? Well, I wonder not, I have so long been forgetful of my duty as a sister; selfishness has so long held sway over me that I wonder not that you look upon me as an intruder.”

“An intruder?” he repeated in trembling tones, as he gazed upon her lovely face and form; “oh no, dear Ianthe, you are no intruder, but this is so unexpected. I thought you were below enjoying the festivities.”

“I was, but became weary—I thought of you here alone, and I came to cheer

you; I am not the cold, the heartless being I have seemed. Our new mother has taught me my duty. Walter, she is an angel, too good and pure for this earth.”

“Aye, she is good, and I fear is destined to remain with us only a short time. The fatal disease, which carried our mother to an early grave, is, I fear, grasping her life within his icy clutches.”

“Oh, do not say so, the balmy air of our own sunny south land will ward off the approach of the destroyer.”

“God grant that it may, but Consumption is a guest hard to rid one’s self of, and she has been very near the grave, and cannot live many years.”

Thus they conversed for a long time. Walter was pleased with the change manifested in the deportment of Ianthe and hoped that it would prove lasting.

CHAPTER XVII.

Flight of Carl De Haven and Ianthe.—
Return of Ben—his Opinion of
Freedom.

“She left her home, her friends and all, and fled with one she deemed she loved. But oh, the passion that she felt was only fancy; Time surely proved.”

He returned from his wanderings wiser and better.—GRAY.

About three weeks after the ball, one evening, Juliette was walking in the garden alone; becoming wearied she seated herself upon a mossy bank at the foot of a large tree to rest. She had been there but a few moments, when she heard voices in the distance, and footsteps approaching, and in a short time, two figures, which she readily recognized, as Carl De Haven and Ianthe, passed her. They were so earnestly engaged in conversation that they failed to see her and passed on to a rustic sofa a few rods distant, where they seated them-

selves. Juliette saw that she was unserved and supposing that they would remain but a few moments, determined to remain where she was, unwilling to make them aware of her presence. The trunk of the tree hid her completely from view, though she could distinctly hear every word spoken by the guilty pair, and she was an unwilling listener to a portion of their conversation. Surprise and indignation took possession of her as she listened—

“Believe me, dearest Ianthe, since the first day I beheld your lovely face, I have loved you. In vain have I endeavored to quell this passion, and look upon you as one whom it is my duty to instruct and forget as soon as out of sight. Your hands have swept across the harp strings of my heart and wakened a sweet melody of love. I have even dared to hope that this wild love of mine has found a response in your own heart; oh, tell me, dearest, may I hope, is my love returned?” he passed his arm around her waist and took her unresisting hand within his own.

“I am so young,” plead Ianthe; “remember I am yet a mere child in years and cannot know my own heart, but I confess it is not unpleasant to know that I am loved, and yet, I dare not encourage you; my father would never consent to our marriage, he is proud and unyielding, and if he suspected that you loved me, he would at once dismiss you.”

“Love, true, ardent love, knows no laws, no rules. I feel that I have not loved in vain; you love me but will not say so; you have told it in your actions in a thousand ways; you have encouraged every overture I have made; you know it, you feel it.” “Tis true, your father would object, for money is, with

him, an all ruling power, and I have but little worldly wealth, but why, oh, why, must our lives be made wretched and unhappy, to gratify his selfish whims? If you love me with one-half the fervor that I feel, or even appreciated my passion as it deserves to be appreciated, you would not for a moment think of father, friends or home. I ask you to become my bride, to fly with me far from those who would make us wretched, and revel in the pure and holy atmosphere of affection. Say dearest Ianthe, my love, my life, will you be mine?”

Juliette heard no more, for as he ceased speaking, before Ianthe replied, she fainted and when she recovered herself the lovers had left the spot, and she hastened to the house, and alone in her own room debated upon what course to pursue. Mr. Moore and bride had gone over to Mr. Simmons’ to spend the evening; it would be late before they returned—she could not inform them that evening, so she resolved to tell Mr. Moore all that she had overheard, on the following morning, immediately after breakfast.

The morrow dawned, bright and beautiful. The family assembled at the breakfast table, all save Ianthe and Carl De Haven. Cora was sent to Ianthe’s room to ascertain the cause of the delay. In a few moments she returned, and in her hand she held a note—

“Missy Ianthe be not in her room, an de bed be not tumbled up a bit, dis ere biller lay right on de pillow an so I brings it along. I specs she’s done run off wid dat ar fine narrund tutor of her’n.—I’s had my eyes open dis long time.”

Mr. Moore took the note and read it, his brow contracted and handing it to Juliette, he turned and left the room.—

Glancing hastily over the note, she said:

"Alas, 'tis even worse than I feared."

"What is it? read the note, Juliette," exclaimed Mrs. Moore; and Juliette read as follows—

Dear Father,

Be not angry with your erring child; I have left your roof to become the wife of one I love. He is noble, good and true, and ere this reaches you, I will be bound to him by ties that only Heaven can sunder. Forgive me, and write to me, I will then be perfectly happy.

Your daughter

Ianthe De Haven,
St. Dennis Hotel,
Charleston, S. C.

"I knew that she loved him, but I hoped her sense of honor would keep her from taking such a step."

"I fear this is not the worst," said Henry Graham, "I knew this 'Carl De Haven' when he attended college; he is selfish and unprincipled; I do not believe he loves the poor girl; he has persuaded her to leave her father's roof and become his wife in hopes of gaining possession of the property that would rightly fall to Ianthe on her becoming of age. Mr. Moore will doubtless see through the scheme and disown her, and consequently she will be an unloved and neglected wife. Poor girl, what a fate, what a dark and tangled web she has woven about herself. Would that I could save her from the misery in store for her, but alas, I cannot, she has chosen her life path and now she must tread it. But I consider it my duty to tell her father all I know of her rascally husband."

"Poor Ianthe," murmured Juliette—Walter was away from home, and as she thought of him, she said, "I fear it will be a heavy blow to the proud heart of Walter."

Henry Graham left the room and sought the presence of Mr. Moore, to make known all that he knew in regard to the early history of Carl De Haven; as Mr. Moore listened the color forsook his face, and he said in a tone of deep agony—

"Oh, God, can it be? I never noticed the fatal resemblance before. If this be true, how heavily have my own sins been visited upon me."

These words were unintelligible to Henry, but he saw that some great misery fell upon the strong man before him, and he did not attempt to offer consolation. A few moments after, Mr. Moore arose and re-entered the breakfast room, his face was ghastly pale and his lips perfectly bloodless:

"The name of Ianthe De Haven must never be mentioned at Ashly Hall," he said in a stern commanding voice, "she has forgotten her duty as a child and henceforth she is as one dead;" he could say no more, his voice failed him, and he hurried from the apartment to hide his grief and wretchedness.

During the day, as he sat in his library, he heard a strange noise at the window, he turned, and standing at the open window, with her face through the casement, was the witch of the grove. As he looked at her a deathly chill stole over him; she stretched forth one bony hand, in which she held a paper—a moment it fluttered in the breeze and then loosening her hold it fell upon the carpet near his feet; without speaking a word she glided away as noiselessly as she came.

For a moment Mr. Moore sat motionless, staring wildly at the window, then he stooped and picked up the soiled paper and read the words traced thereon—they were written with blood and were as follows—

"Carl DeHaven is the child of Helena Montague. Ianthe Moore, the wealthy heiress, has married her half brother.—The betrayed and deserted Helena is now avenged." He groaned, and his head sank heavily upon his hands.—Truly his sins had caused this world to be to him a living hell. All day he remained in his library pacing up and down the floor, his head and heart almost burst with their weight of remorse and agony. He refused to appear at the supper table and though the family knew not the true cause of his wretchedness they manifested no surprise.

After the evening meal was finished, as the family were seated on the front piazza, a negro in tattered garments came up the graveled path, and pausing at the foot of the steps, took off his hat and said—

"Missy Juliette, you does not know me—I is Ben."

"What, can it be possible?" exclaimed Juliette. "Can this indeed be Ben?"

"Gar, Missy, I've been free niggar long enuff, and now I wants to come back and be a slave once more. I've been to de North, and I nebber works so hard in all my life, and I be most dead wid hunger."

"My Uncle is ill this evening, but there is no doubt but that he will be glad to take you back. Go to your cabin, your wife will be glad to see you, and you will doubtless receive a hearty welcome from all the blacks."

Poor Ben, he had been disappointed, he had entertained too high an opinion of freedom, and found that such a home as he possessed, even though he was a slave, was better than being free, and dependant upon his own exertions at the north. There were rejoicings and festivities at the quarters that night.—

Martha was half wild with joy at the return of Ben, and his boy capered and danced about his feet in ecstasy of delight. For days Ben entertained the blacks with stories of the North, and the incidents of his life while there. He had returned to his plantation home with a very poor opinion of free negroes and freedom, and earnestly advised all, who had comfortable homes, to stay there, and not run away as he did, to be worked to death at the North in order to obtain sufficient to eat and drink. He resumed the duties he had been accustomed to perform, and once more the cabin of Ben was the scene of domestic felicity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Changes at Ashly Hall.

"Near the cradle of each mortal,
Joy and Pain together glide;
Nurses are they at life's portal,
Ever after by his side.
On the right, if joy is glowing,
On the left, still beckons Pain;
Till the three, together flowing,
Vanish in Time's solemn mien.
"O! such is life. To come and go,
The sport of wave and wind;
To meet, to part for aye, nor know
Where certain rest to find;
To be beloved, forgotten be;
To love—sad heart, be still,
The evening glory blindeth me,
My eyes with tear drops fill."
—W. W. CALDWELL.

From the morning after the elopement of Ianthe, Mr. Moore had been a different man—for days together he would remain shut up in his library, and refuse to see any one, save Cora, who brought him his meals upon a small tea tray.—A smile never wreathed his lips, and he grew thinner and paler each passing day. The time had come when Walter was to enter an advanced class in College and Juliette was to enter a Seminary of learning to finish her education. It was arranged that while Walter was in MITFORD at College, he should board with

Mrs. Graham, and Henry and herself would accompany him North. Though Effie felt reluctant to part with her mother and brother she made no opposition to the proposed plans. During his stay at Ashly Hall, Henry had seen much of Clara Simons and ere he left for his home, he asked her father's permission to correspond with her, which request was readily granted, for Mr. Simons was a man of good sense, and saw that Henry was a young man of unexceptionable morals—which was quite a rarity in the South—and though Mrs. Simons was strongly opposed to the intimacy existing between the young people, it bid fair to ripen into love and matrimony. The week previous to the departure was a busy week at Ashly Hall. Dresses were to be made for Juliette, trunks packed, and a thousand little things kept all busy until the day set for the journey arrived. In the morning Juliette visited the quarters and bade each negro farewell, and as she left the cabins tears and blessings followed her. When the carriage drove away from the door, containing Mrs. Graham, Henry, Walter, and Juliette, Cora wept bitterly for she loved her young mistress much.

In the first place they were to see Juliette safely to the Seminary, and then proceed to Mitford, where the home of Mrs. Graham was located.

Standing near the outskirts of a beautiful town, in one of our Northern states, is a splendid dwelling, known as the "Woodlawn Seminary," an institution of learning for young ladies. The Seminary buildings are large—the main building is three stories in height, the wings running out from either side are two stories high. A broad piazza stretches across the entire front, making a delight-

ful promenade. The grounds around the building are beautifully laid out.—Winding paths leading to shaded retreats, miniature fountains and fish ponds, scattered here and there. A stranger passing the place would suppose it to be the residence of some wealthy and aristocratic gentleman. But "Woodlawn Seminary" was patronized only by the daughters of the wealthy—many a Southern and Metropolitan belle has received her education and been taught fashionable accomplishments at this Institute.

It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. Graham's traveling carriage drove up the long, winding road leading to the building. Several young ladies, richly attired in costumes more suitable for a summer watering place than a boarding school, were pacing up and down the piazza, and when Juliette assisted by Walter, alighted from the carriage, they eyed her narrowly from head to foot.

Ring the door-bell, they waited a few moments, and then were ushered into a sumptuously furnished parlor by a polite, colored waiter. Juliette was astonished at the magnificence which surrounded her, for Madame Kurth's parlors rivalled in elegance many metropolitan merchant's palaces, and she had always entertained the idea that boarding schools were dreary places.—After the lapse of a few moments Madame Kurth made her appearance. She was a large woman, with very black, glossy hair, which was combed from off her face, red cheeks and full form, probably somewhere in the neighborhood of forty.

She received her guests with great formality, and after arranging matters with Mrs. Graham, in regard to Juliette's

stay, she left the room for a few moments that her new pupil might bid her friends adieu, unembarrassed by the presence of a stranger. After Mrs. Graham's travelling carriage rolled away from the door Madame re-entered the room, and said—

"You are no doubt wearied with your long journey, and you may remain in your room this evening. To-morrow I will introduce you to the young ladies who will be your companions while you remain at Woodlawn. Do you wish to room alone, or would you prefer a room-mate?"

"I think it will be pleasanter to have a room-mate, providing I have one congenial," replied Juliette.

"I will, after you have in a measure recovered from the fatigue of your journey, and made your toilet bring to your room Miss Edith Ranar, a young lady about your own age, and if you are pleased with each other you can room together." A servant was then called to show Juliette to her room—whither her trunks had already been conveyed. She followed the servant up the broad flight of stairs, passed through the spacious hall to the farther end of the west wing and entered room No. 15, which she found to be comfortably—nay, even elegantly furnished. She closed the door, and sat down upon the edge of the bed—she felt a little homesick.—Alone among strangers, many miles from her home, who could wonder that she wept? But the weakness lasted for a few moments only; drying her tears, she arose and unlocked one of her trunks, and took therefrom a becoming robe and proceeded to make her toilet.

She had hardly completed her task, when she heard a gentle rap at her door. She stepped across the room and open-

ed it—before her stood a young girl, slight of figure, with light, curling hair and deep blue eyes.

"My name is Edith Ranar," she said, in a musical voice. "Madame was engaged and bade me come to your room and introduce myself," and she held out a dainty little hand, which Juliette grasped and pressed within her own as she replied—

"Thank you; walk in—my room is all in a confusion, I know nothing about order, and fear that I shall sadly miss my faithful maid, Cora, who always looked after my things. So you are Edith Ranar of whom Madame Kurth spoke. I am sure we will be warm friends, for I always like or dislike a person the first time I see them."

"And so do I. Something near my heart whispers to me, whether I shall be friend or foe to each new person I meet, and as I stood upon the piazza and watched you alight from the carriage, I felt that we were destined to be warm friends. We are to share this room, and I hope naught but peace and happiness will dwell with us while we remain together. But let me assist you in arranging your wardrobe—my things will be moved into this room to-morrow."

And the two young girls set about unpacking Juliette's trunks and arranging the articles in the roomy closet, and bureau drawers, and while their hands were thus busily employed, I assure you their tongues were not idle.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Lapse of Two Years.
The Future is a tangled path
Of mingled thorns and flowers—
The Future has in store for all,
Both sunshine bright and showers.
—GOLD.

"Time is ever on the wing."

Two years of mingled joy and sorrow had passed over the heads of the characters figuring in this story, and they brought with them many changes.

Mr. Moore had gradually declined until he became a confirmed invalid, feeble and nervous, his brow was marked with deep care-lines, his hair was almost white and his figure much bent. He looked full fifteen years older than he really was.

Walter Remeyn had finished his collegiate course and graduated with the honors of his class.

Not a word had been heard from, or, in regard to Ianthe. She was, indeed, as one dead to her family.

Juliette had finished her course of studies, and was preparing for the annual exhibition of the Woodlawn Seminary, when she would receive her diploma.

The evening previous to the one appointed for the closing exercises Juliette and her room-mate, Edith, sat in their room.

"To-morrow, I will see dear, dear Walter—only think Edith, it is two long years since we parted. I to pursue my studies, here, and he to enter the junior class at college. Since that time he has been winning laurels at Mitford College and to-morrow will come to me crowned with the highest honors of his class," said Juliette.

"Yes, and to-morrow I will meet my brother Harry, who, for the past five years has been travelling through foreign lands. Oh, what a glorious time I will have listening to his accounts of all he has seen and heard in those far off lands. I can hardly realize that to-morrow he will be here, and attend our closing exercises; I am glad that he will listen to your beautiful essay—I am confident you will take the prize."

"Be not too sure dear Edith, you know the young ladies have all exerted themselves in hopes of winning this prize, and I fear with so many skillful competitors in the field, I shall be one of the number who fail to win the reward."

"But you know, Juliette, you have always stood first in all the classes, and I heard Madame say this afternoon, that your essay would be a credit to the Institution."

"And you, darling, will win golden opinions from the audience for your matchless playing."

"Oh, dear, I tremble when I think of playing before a crowded audience."

Thus the two friends conversed until a late hour.

Early the next morning the expected guests began to arrive, and before the morning wore away, Walter and Mrs. Moore came—Mr. Moore was too feeble to leave home. After stopping at the hotel to change their dresses, they hastened to the Seminary to see Juliette before the exercises should commence.

When they reached the Seminary Juliette was in her room arranging her dress for the evening. A servant informed her that a lady and gentleman were in the parlor anxious to see her.—She threw down the garment she held in her hand and fairly flew down the broad stairs, and a moment after was folded to the breast of Walter, and after embracing him, she warmly welcomed Mrs. Moore. She could hardly realize that the tall, elegant looking man before her, with heavy moustache and whiskers, was her youthful playmate, Walter, and he in turn, was somewhat surprised to find that Juliette had merged into a tall, queenly, graceful, and dignified woman. Mrs. Moore had changed but

little, she was the same quiet, self-possessed woman; her face was, perhaps, a little more care-worn and thinner, but she was still Effie Graham, lovely and gentle. They remained with Juliette but a few moments, and as they parted she said—

"This evening, Walter, after the exercises are over we are to have a brilliant party, then I will introduce you to my room-mate, Edith Ranar, the loveliest, and most bewitching little fairy in the world."

"Indeed she must be all that is beautiful and good, if she be the intimate friend of one so noble and magnificent as yourself, and I will feel honored by an introduction," he replied gallantly.

"Ah, I see, that while at college, you have learned flattery, as well as Latin and Greek." After exchanging a few more words of friendly greeting they parted.

Long before the hour for commencing the exercises arrived, the Chapel was crowded to overflowing. Many were unable to obtain even standing room and reluctantly turned away.

At length, the young ladies, all arrayed in spotless white, took their seats upon the platform and the exercises began.

One after another of the graduating class came forward and read their compositions, or performed upon some musical instrument. After all save Juliette had "played their parts" Edith Ranar took her place at the piano, and running her fingers nimbly over the keys, played a short and sweet prelude, and then, unconscious of all around her, she entered fully into the feelings of the composer whose music she was playing, and performed with skill a difficult composition

of one of the greatest masters of music, Walter, as well as every one present, was charmed. He had a fine ear for music and Edith's execution was faultless. As soon as she resumed her place among the pupils, Juliette stepped forward to the extreme front of the platform and delivered an essay, brilliant and beautiful. She charmed every listener in that vast audience with her eloquence. After reading her essay, she turned first to her instructors, and with tears in her eyes, addressed them in a suitable and elegant manner, and then to her class-mates she bid an affectionate farewell. Amid shouts of applause and showers of bouquets she resumed her seat.

The exercises were closed by the presentation of diplomas to the graduates, and the conferring of the honors of the class upon Juliette Moore and Edith Ranar. After the exercises were over, the pupils and their friends adjourned to the spacious parlors of Woodlawn to pass the remainder of the evening in "merry dance and song."

Walter, devoted himself to sweet little Edith Ranar, and scarcely left her side for a half hour at a time.

Harry Ranar, the elegant and dignified, traveled gent, seemed fascinated with the queenly Juliette—his *petite sœur's* bosom friend—and made every possible effort to make himself agreeable. Before they parted for the night, it was arranged that Harry and Edith were to spend the following winter at "Ashly Hall," and in the meantime a friendly correspondence was to be kept up between them all.

Harry and Edith Ranar were orphans, early left without the protection of their natural guardians—they had learned

to love one another with even a deeper, more confiding affection than usually exists between brother and sister.—Harry had for some years been traveling through different portions of Europe and had now returned to prepare a home for his beautiful and accomplished sister. His father had left an ample fortune to be divided between them; and they were thus enabled to indulge every refined and delicate taste, and surround themselves with the elegancies and comforts of life.

CHAPTER XX.

Visitors at Ashly Hall.—Engagements Made.—Death.—Disclosures.

"Not ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To walk on flowers together."
—BERNARD BARTON.

"True love is as changeless as Heaven itself.
"Death comes to all."
—HARRIS.

Another lapse of time, six months have passed away, and are reckoned with the past. How rapidly time flies! Harry and Edith Ranar have been guests at Ashly Hall some weeks, and this evening, they are all out upon the piazza enjoying the cool, delightful air—it is Harry who is speaking—

"I blame myself for having searched for beauties of nature in foreign climes, and neglected, so long, to discover the beauties of my own land. This Southern climate is truly a land of poetry. I can almost imagine myself beneath the sunny skies of Italy. I wonder not, that you, Miss Juliette, have become so loyal a Southerner. I came here with Northern prejudices—came here expecting to find cruelty and inhumanity reigning with undisputed sway. By the perusal of books, written by men and

women with less heart and reverence for truth than brains, I was led to suppose that all slave holders, were slave drivers. So fascinating are their books, so intricate in plot that one is charmed by their perusal and easily led to adopt their views."

"I, though a mere child when I came South, entertained the same erroneous ideas, but since my residence here I have never seen a slave whipped but once, and then, by a northern abolitionist. I know there are cases of cruel treatment of slaves; but where can we go and find all good and just? Cruel and heartless men exist in every place—in every country, and will treat every thing under their control, be it man or brute, with severity. In portions of the South, where hard-hearted overseers are required to keep the slaves in order, those overseers are invariably from the New England states, and treat the blacks under their charge as no Southerner would treat a dog; and then we are blamed for it; our institutions are assailed, when it is simply these miserable hypocrites that are to blame." Juliette was a strong advocate for Southern rights, and looked upon the interference of the abolitionist with their institutions, with strong disapprobation and just indignation.

One evening, about a month after the arrival of Harry and Edith, Mr. Moore was called upon to bless a double betrothal. Walter had seen enough of the beautiful Edith to know that his life would be lonely without her and he had offered her his heart and name, which were unhesitatingly accepted. Mr. Moore had a private interview with Harry Ranar before consenting to the engagement between him and Juliette. Du-

ring that brief interview strange disclosures were made—disclosures that would have prevented many a man—less true and noble hearted—to resign his claim, but Harry Ranar was one of the noblest of his sex; he loved Juliette truly and purely, and what he heard from Mr. Moore in regard to her birth, and parentage made him even more anxious to protect her proud heart from sorrow and trouble, and make her life one of ease and contentment. Soon after their betrothal, Harry and Edith started for the North, promising to return to Ashly Hall ere many months. For a few weeks, every thing went on quietly and smoothly in the old mansion. Mr. Moore grew more sad and silent each passing day, and all realized that he was rapidly approaching the grave.

One day Juliette went into the library to arrange his papers, as she had always been accustomed to do, but as she commenced her task he said—

"Never mind them, darling, I shall not use my desk again, let the papers lie as they are; I know that I have but a few hours to live, and I must summon courage to confess a secret which has worn my life away by degrees. I must speak ere I am silenced by death.—Prop up these pillows for me, that I may lie easier, then send for my wife."

Juliette done as she was desired. Mrs. Moore entered the room and seated herself upon a low stool by her husband's side—Juliette drew an arm-chair near the lounge on which he reclined. A moment silence reigned unbroken in that elegant apartment, and then Mr. Moore said abruptly—

"Juliette, you have never heard of your father—have you never desired to know of him?"

"Often, so often," she replied in trembling tones. She felt that there was a mighty secret about to be disclosed, and something within her, told her that it would cast a heavy cloud over her young life.

"Have you never imagined who he was? has your mother never spoken of him to you?"

"I have never imagined who he was; my mother once said he did her a great wrong, but that she believed he repented of it, and then forbade me to speak of it again, and the subject was never more mentioned between us."

"She said she believed he repented of it—are sure she said this?"

"Yes sir."

"Thank Heaven for that!" He leaned forward, took a small box, which looked like a jewelry casket from a stand by his side, opened it and took from it a roll of MSS, handing it to Juliette he said—"Take this, go to your room and read it carefully, then return to me—remember I cannot live long, and I would say more to you before I go to meet my Judge before the bar of justice;" he covered his face with his hands, and his whole frame shook with agony.

Juliette took the package from his trembling hand and passed out of the room. She went to her own chamber, and after locking the door, she laid the MSS. upon a table and drew a chair up to its side and seating herself she untied the faded ribbon which bound it, and spreading it out before her read—

My child:

It is the history of your mother's wrongs and sufferings that you are about to read, and as you follow the tracings of her pen, remember the hand which guided that pen is now cold and

lifeless, and do not curse the one who gave you birth. Your erring mother's broken heart is now stilled and though you may never have been tempted and tried. God grant that over your heart the frost of prejudice has not hardened, that you may feel for her who failed to escape from temptation. My twin sister Helena Montague, and myself were left orphans at the age of seventeen—we were both called beautiful. We were placed under the guardianship of an Aunt, a lady of wealth living in a pleasant village. While living with this Aunt we became acquainted with a young student at law—a young man of prepossessing appearance, and agreeable manners. After an acquaintance of some months he won the affections of both my sister and myself, and unknown to each other made love to both of us, and under solemn promise of marriage seduced us. Soon after he left the village promising to return soon, but he never came back. I cannot describe the misery my sister and myself felt when we became aware of his perfidy. My Aunt cast us off, and Helena being more delicate and excitable than myself, became deranged and fled no one knew whither, to hide her shame. I being stronger in constitution determined to follow my seducer and compel him to repair the wrong he had done me. After you were born I started in search of him, for three long years I journeyed from place to place in pursuit of him, and at last I found him; but alas, he was then married to a woman of wealth and living in elegance and luxury. Almost crazed with despair and anguish I accepted the proposition he made me—not for my own sake—but for the sake of my child. He purchased a cottage—our home in

Tarrowdale—and settled upon me a sum sufficient to support myself and child in comfort, and I passed for a widow.—I believe he has heartily repented of his sin, and no doubt you are now under his care, and have always supposed him to be your Uncle. My betrayer, George Moore, is your father, Juliette, treat him kindly—if he has repented Heaven will forgive him as freely as I do; and may your heart soften towards him, when you think of the misery he has endured on account of his early straying from the path of duty. Do not utterly despise the memory of your heart-broken, repentant mother.

Juliette Montague.

One heart rendering moan escaped the white lips of the bent figure, and all was still. For a half hour or more, the proud, and beautiful Juliette remained seated by that table her head bowed upon her hands, then she arose, but ah! how changed, ten years seemed to have passed over her head, deep lines were engraven around the tightly compressed mouth, the eyes had a vacant, sullen stare, and her face was livid white. She put the MSS. carefully away and went down to the library. Her father was lying motionless upon the lounge, his wife was bitterly weeping by his side. Juliette approached him and laying her cold hand upon his brow said:

"My Father!"

"My child! oh, my child, tell me that you will not curse me, though I deserve your curses, tell me you forgive me as truly as *she* did, and as kindly as I believe Heaven has."

"My father, you have been kind, very kind to me; I am grateful to you for it. I have always loved you, and now freely forgive you the wrong you did my

mother and the curse you have caused to rest upon me."

"Thank God, I am forgiven! Juliette can you kiss your guilty father?"

She bent low over him and kissed his burning lips.

"O, God! your lips are cold as ice, I have crushed the life out of your young heart. Juliette—wife, forgive me, sympathize with, and love each other; tell Ianthe if you ever see her that I freely forgive her—after I am gone, Effie, tell her all; and now where is Walter, I am dying, call him ere I go." Walter was summoned, but when he appeared, George Moore could no longer speak—he raised himself, pointed to Heaven, made an effort to say something to those around him and fell back upon his pillow—dead!

CHAPTER XXI.

Juliette Discovers her Aunt.—Harry Betrayed: from his Engagement—how he Receives it.—Marriages.

"No more shall roam the haunted woods—
Her home is 'neath a splendid roof
And though her mind is wild and crazed,
Her heart is full of love and truth."
—THOMAS.

"He loved her truly, nobly well—
And naught could break love's magic spell."
—POWELL.

Another grave was added to the number already in the churchyard, and a marble slab at the head bore the following inscription:

"George Moore,

Aged 42 years and two months.

Death wipes all traces of sorrow from the brow, and sets the troubled soul at rest."

Beautiful, consoling thought! When we are called from this world to cross the turbid waters of death's stream, all

traces of our past sorrow will be wiped away; our troubled minds will find rest, rest from life's cares, from its sorrows, from its joys, its laurels, and its death. We will be alike, unconscious of praise or of blame—the breath of the slanderer, and the voice of the flatterer cannot disturb our repose.

After the funeral was over, Juliette wrote to Harry, telling him of the great sorrow which had blighted her young life and releasing him from his engagement. After sending this letter she felt happier and better—she was not one to give way to sorrow and misery, and waste her days in useless pining and regrets. She busied herself with her accustomed duties, and though her life was changed she gave but little time to brooding over her misery. Mrs. Moore, the gentle, trustful widow, was almost crushed by the blow which had fallen upon her. She had always looked up to her husband as one of the most exalted and perfect of her sex. And the full confession he had made of his crimes overwhelmed her with grief. She related to Juliette all that had remained unexplained; the mysterious visit of the old woman; the slip of paper on which was traced those terrible words in human blood; and the natural quickness of thought and observation, so characteristic of her nature, led her at once to suppose that the "witch" of the grove was her mother's twin sister, Helena, and she set out one day for the haunted woods, to find her Aunt, and when she returned the poor broken-hearted creature—who had for years been the terror of the neighborhood—was with her, and from that hour became an inmate of Ashly Hall. Proper medical attendance was summoned, but

her mind had so long been in a clouded state, that the physicians gave no hope of ever restoring her to sanity. Every attention, every kindness possible was lavished upon her, and she was as harmless and docile as a little child.

Three weeks passed away, and instead of writing a reply to Juliette's letter Harry came himself to Ashly Hall to assure the idol of his heart, that the late disclosures were not all unexpected by him, and that they made no difference with him—that he was unwilling to accept the release Juliette had granted him, and a quiet, peaceful happiness settled over the heart of the noble girl, when she fully realized that the great love she had so carefully nurtured was still to abide with her and make her life blessed.

Mrs. Graham and Henry, in accordance with Effie's request, came to Ashly Hall, and soon after their arrival, Henry was quietly united to Clara Simons, and they took up their residence in a small, tasteful cottage, erected for them by the happy bride's father.

In the spring a double wedding took place in the old brick church. Walter and Edith, Harry and Juliette were united at the same time, and Ashly Hall was once more the abode of peace and happiness.

Month after month passed by freighted with joy and gladness; then our country was plunged in the horrible vortex of civil war, and many of the Southern states, forgetting the loyalty of their forefathers, spurning the blood-bought Flag of Freedom, trampling upon the sacred laws of their Country, rose up in unholy rebellion; but Kentucky,

the fair, famous state, the rose which the South and the West wears on their breast, the home of the brave, the noble and true, spurned disunion and secession, and boldly held up the Stars and Stripes, and stood by the Constitution and laws. Walter and Harry proud of the state in which they lived, determined to shoulder their muskets and fight for the Union, and the glorious Red, White, and Blue. With the blessings of their patriotic wives they enlisted, and left the quiet and peacefulness of Ashly Hall for the battle field, determined to fight beneath the waves of their Country's flag, till the last drop of patriotic blood left their noble veins.

Soon after their departure, Juliette was one day informed that a poorly clad woman wished to see her. She hastened upon the piazza where a woman dressed in tattered garments stood. It was Lantie, she had returned to her early home to die; her story was the same old tale, her husband after finding that her father disowned her and would give her none of his wealth, left her alone in a strange city to battle unaided against poverty. She had struggled on until life was nearly gone and then she determined to return to her home, and crave the permission of her friends, there to die. Poor creature, her path had indeed been uneven and thorny!—She lingered but a few days, and then they laid her cold clay beside her father's lifeless form in the churchyard.

Harry and Walter are in their country's service. A large American Flag now floats from the roof of Ashly Hall and happiness dwells peacefully there.



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