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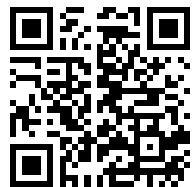


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**S K E T C H E S**  
**OF**  
**L I F E   A N D   C H A R A C T E R .**

**B Y   T .   S .   A R T H U R .**

**ILLUSTRATED WITH SIXTEEN ENGRAVINGS AND A  
PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.**

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**PHILADELPHIA:**  
**J. W. BRADLEY, 48 NORTH FOURTH STREET.**  
**1849.**

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THIS volume of Sketches and Stories, illustrative of Life and Character, is made up of articles which have already appeared in some of the Magazines and newspapers. Many of them were published anonymously, but are now reclaimed by the author and presented in a more permanent form.

In offering this volume to the public, the author believes that he is putting forth a book that all may read with profit, as well as with some degree of interest. In drawing pictures of life, he has, in no instance, knowingly exaggerated the truth in order to produce effect or startle the minds of his readers. He has endeavored to give nature as it is: and in exhibiting the evils, errors and weaknesses of humanity, has only done so in order to lead the mind to good. In the way he has chosen he is aware that the fame of a high literary excellence does not await him; that he will not be much esteemed by those who regard either startling effect, brilliancy, or artistic beauty, as the chief merit in an author. But, as he has never aimed at acquiring a reputation; nor sought to be known and admired as a writer, this idea brings no very unpleasant feeling. Authorship, as a profession, was not a matter of choice on his part. He wrote, at first, because it was a pleasure to write, and, afterwards, because circumstances made it necessary. His choice of subjects was from those that lay all around him in common life. He had but to open his eyes and see, and then to take up his pen and write of what he saw. From his own experience he has drawn largely, and much of the power he possesses lies in the fact that he has himself erred in judgment, committed mistakes in the ordinary affairs of life, given way to weaknesses of character, and suffered much from these causes. When a man feels, he speaks more earnestly, and, in writing, gives truer pictures of nature.

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In presenting this volume, the author has two ends in view; one to give a wider circulation, as well as a more enduring form, to certain illustrations of truth for the sake of good, than they have had in the ephemeral sources through which they first found their way to the public; and the other that he may secure, if possible, some better return for his labor than he has heretofore received, in order to have more freedom from that daily pressure of care for the future which frets the mind and takes from it half its power.

If, in a generous spirit of reciprocity, every one who acknowledges himself to have been strengthened in good purposes by the author, turns toward, instead of from him, when his book is presented, he will receive fresh encouragement to walk in the way that opens before him; will be able to write from the vigor of a new impulse. Unless natural life is adequately sustained, the higher life of the mind cannot come forth in its true power and usefulness.

*Philadelphia, Sept. 1, 1849.*

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## SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.



### THE METHODIST PREACHER :

OR,

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN THE LIFE OF AN ITINERANT.

CLOSE OF THE CONFERENCE YEAR.—So ends my labor in this quarter of the Lord's vineyard. A whole year has gone by, since my lot was cast among the people in this section. Have I been faithful to my trust? Alas, no! I am never as faithful as I should be. When will I cease to mourn over short-comings and neglected duties? How infirmity clings to us poor mortals! I find, on examination, that fifty souls have been added to the Church during the year. Thank God for even this number! But it ought to have been double; and, no doubt would, if I had been instant in season and out of season in the discharge of my duties.

My dear good wife seems more than usually depressed at the thought of leaving the many friends who have endeared themselves to her by kind offices during the year. Little Mary said to me this morning, "Pa, we ain't going away from this nice house, are we? I do n't want to go away and leave my little garden, and pussy, and the chickens, and my sweet pet lamb. Why don't we live here always? I'd rather live here. It's the best place we ever were in." My heart was so full that I could n't answer the dear child. But I took her up into my arms, and kissed her soft lips. "Mamma's been crying, and now you are crying too." A tear had stolen out in spite of all I could do to keep it back. "Do n't cry, Pa! I'll love you so, and never be naughty." The tears were already gushing from her bright eyes.

“ You are a good girl. You are not naughty,” said I, in a soothing voice, pressing her wet cheek to my own and drawing my lips tightly together as I swallowed rapidly to keep down a rising sob. How weak I am sometimes! As I grow older, I become more and more like a child. Instead of drying up the fountain of tears, time only brings an accumulation of waters.

It is hard enough for *me* to break the bands of love that a year's tender intercourse with the people has thrown around my heart. But this I could bear, if other and gentler hearts than mine were not made to suffer; if other and dearer ties than those I have formed had not to be broken. My wife is warm in her attachments. She loves companionship. On every new circuit where our changing lot is cast, she forms intimate friendships with those who are of a like spirit with herself, if such are to be found. Sometimes she meets none to whom she can open her heart of hearts—none who can sympathize with her. But here it has been different. She has found companions and friends—lovers of the good, the true, the beautiful, with whom she has often taken sweet counsel. To part with these, and go, where and among whom she cannot tell, is, indeed a hard trial. I passed through her room a little while ago, and saw her sitting by the bed, leaning her arm upon it, with her head upon her hand, and looking pensively out upon the beautiful landscape that stretches far away in varied woodland, meadow, glittering stream and distant mountain. There was a tear upon her cheek. This little messenger from within, telling of a sad heart, touched my feelings.

“ Mary,” said I, sitting down by her side, and taking her hand in one of mine, while with the other I pointed upward, “ HE will go with us, and HE is our best and kindest friend. If we would wear the crown, we must endure the cross. ‘ For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.’ We are only pilgrims and sojourners here; but our mission is a high and holy one—even to save the souls of our fellow-men. Think of that, Mary. Would you linger here when our Master calls us away to labor somewhere else in His vineyard. Think of the Lord when upon earth. Remember how He suffered for us. Hear Him say, ‘ The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head.’ And shall the servant be greater than his Master?”

“I know I am but a poor, weak, murmuring creature;” she said, laying her head back upon my bosom, and looking up into my face with overflowing eyes. “But I ask daily for grace to make me more resigned to His holy will. I do not wish to remain here when I know that it is the Lord who calls us away. Still, my weak heart cannot help feeling pain at the thought of parting from our dear little home and our good friends who have been so kind to us, and going, I know not whither. My woman’s heart is weak, while my faith is strong. And, after all,” she added, with a brightening face, and a more cheerful voice, “perhaps it may please Him that you may be appointed to a station instead of a circuit. You have been on circuits now for seven years!”

“Hush, Mary!” I said quickly, laying my fingers over her mouth. “These are temptations of the flesh. The Lord does not regard our external good, but our salvation, and the salvation of precious souls. If it is good for us, spiritually, and also for the good of others, that I receive a station, our lot will be cast in some town or city. But if otherwise, then I shall have to take another circuit. In either event, the Lord’s goodness must be praised by us, for his goodness and mercy have followed and will follow us to the end of life.”

“How weak I am,” was Mary’s reply; ;

‘Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Help, I every moment need.’

But in you I have one ever prompt to recall my thoughts back to duty. Why should I ever forget to pray in the words of a sweet hymn—

‘Let every murmuring thought, and vain,  
Expire, in sweet confusion lost;  
I cannot of my cross complain,  
I cannot of my goodness boast!’

Or,

‘Close by Thy side, O may I keep,  
Howe’r life’s various currents flow—  
With steadfast eye mark every step,  
And follow Thee where’er I go!’

“Yes, Mary, let us ever thus pray, and He will hide us in the cleft of the rock while the storm rages in the sky, so that it cannot harm us. The peace that passeth all understanding shall be ours, if we faint not by the way.”

“I know it—I know it! Be still my poor, weak heart!” she replied in a low murmur. “Thus far the Lord has been better

to me than all my fears. Why, then, should I hold back, and feel so reluctant to enter the path His wisdom points out? I know, if he were to lead me to prison or to death that it would be for my good. If He were to slay me, yet would I trust in Him. Still, while my spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. Pray for me that I may be endowed with more grace.”

Yes, Mary, you shall have, you always *do* have my poor prayers. Keep her, Heavenly Father, in the way! Make smooth for her the rough paths of peevish nature. Fold her as a tender lamb in thy bosom. Hide her beneath Thy wing. Be to her like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. And to thy servant grant grace, that he may feel no anxiety about the future. Though rough and thorny be the way in which it may be thy good pleasure to have me walk, ‘My strength proportion to my day.’

Day after to-morrow I must leave for P—— to attend the annual Conference. I have already found a purchaser for my horse.—How I regret to part with the patient, faithful animal, that has borne me so safely round and round my circuit for a year! But I think I have found him a good master, though the price obtained is not over two-thirds what he cost me, and this sum will be far from adequate, I fear, for the purchase of another horse when I get on my new circuit—a circuit, I suppose, it will be, for I have not talents popular enough for cities. I preach too plain and pointed. But no matter—some of us must go into the highways and byways to call sinners to repentance, and I am no better than my brethren. There! some one has just knocked at the door below. I must go down and see who it is.

It was one of the stewards. He has ridden about six miles this morning to bring me my quarterage. He is a kind-hearted man, and has always been my friend. He seemed to regret much that the sum was so small. Only fifty dollars, making, in all, just two hundred and twenty-five dollars in money during the year—and I with a wife and two little ones to support! But, then, many loads of wood, and bags of potatoes, and bushels of corn, and other substantial matters have been sent in just at the right moments. I did hope, very much, that the sum would have been seventy-five, or one hundred dollars, seeing that the other payments had been so small; for I owe several little bills about, which must be paid before I go away. There is the shoemaker’s bill, ten dollars—and the money for pasturing our cow



last winter is still to be settled. Besides, the doctor hasn't been paid. I don't know what his bill will amount to. We have had a good deal of sickness, and he has been very attentive. He doesn't belong to our church, and I don't know how he will feel. Then our maid's wages, for two months, are due, and there is a bill against me down at the store that I am almost afraid to ask for. All these will take away nearly the whole amount of quarterage I have received, and leave but little for the doctor; to say nothing of what it is going to cost us to get to Conference, a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have just been to the store and paid my bill. It was twenty dollars! How rapidly little things swell into formidable aggregates. I did not think the charges there could possibly have been above ten or twelve dollars—and yet, in looking over the items, I perceived that they were all correct; and, to my self-condemnation, recognized two or three charges for things not absolutely needed, and which, if I had been going to pay the cash, I would not have bought. This plan of running up bills at the store I have made resolutions against more than a dozen times in my life, as a bad system, and fraught with divers temptations. It is so easy to get a thing when you don't have to pay for it on the spot. But settling the bill is never such easy work. It is plain enough that, after paying all my other bills, there will be nothing left for the doctor. We sold our cow six weeks ago. She went dry, and we could not afford to keep so unprofitable a servant. The money she brought is all gone. The forty dollars paid me for my horse I must not touch, if I can possibly keep it.

That sum must be reserved for the purchase of another, when I get to my new appointment; for, a methodist preacher might as well be without his license as without his horse. Our two feather beds and bedding must not be sold. We shall want them wherever we go. I will write to brother S——, as soon as the appointments are known, to send the boxes in which we pack them and our parlor carpet, with a few other things that can be sent in that way, to our new place of abode. Besides these, there is not much in the parsonage that we can call our own. The bedsteads belong to it, and so do the chairs and tables, and the old bureau that stands in our chamber, with sundry other things. Perhaps I may get ten dollars for all remaining.

Another day has passed, and to-morrow we must take the stage for P——. Every body is paid but the doctor, and the whole of my last quarterage is gone. If I could only sell the few things we cannot take with us, I might be able to pay him a part of his bill. But nobody wants them. I must ask brother S—— to dispose of them in some way, as soon as he can, and pay over whatever he receives to the doctor. After all, I shall have to spend at least twenty dollars of my horse-money for stage hire for myself and family to P——, if not more. I have never been in so narrow a place before. \* \* \* \*

Well, I have just seen the doctor. May the Lord reward him, for I cannot! "For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward." I went over to the doctor's after dinner, feeling very badly indeed. For a whole year he had faithfully attended to the health of my family—coming in cold and heat, at night or day, in rain or shine, just as there was need—and I had nothing to give him. Was there any justice in this? I was a preacher of righteousness—a reprove of evil in all its forms,—and yet I had received this man's invaluable services for a whole year, and had nothing to pay him. Once I felt so badly that I stopped in the road, turned back, and walked a few paces, determined not to see him; but to go home and write him a wrong letter, explaining my situation. Conscience, that ready monitor, quickly chided me for this; and I again took my way towards his dwelling. Just then I heard the sound of wheels behind me, and turning, saw the doctor coming down the road in his gig. My heart beat heavily. In a little while he came up, and reigned in his horse as I stopped.

"Good morning, doctor," said I, in a half audible voice, for I could hardly compel my tongue to do its office.

"Ah, good morning! good morning!" he returned cheerfully, and with great apparent pleasure at seeing me. "How are you to-day?"

"Quite well, I thank you, doctor! I am just on my way to your house."

"Indeed! Then get up and take a seat in my gig, for I'm returning home."

I took a seat by the doctor's side, in silence, and tried to feel easy and assured; but couldn't.

"Some one told me to-day that you were going to leave us," said he, after a few moments.

"Yes," I returned. "This is my last day. I must start to-morrow for Conference."

"So early—indeed! Well, I must say that I am sorry to lose you so soon. I ought to have seen more of you during the year, but professional duties deprive me of much pleasant social intercourse. Where do you expect to go next?"

"We never know that, doctor," I replied. "We are servants of Conference, and go wherever it directs."

"You have no choice, then?"

"O, no. That wouldn't do. All would choose the good circuits, and none the bad ones."

"Very true. But are you always content with your appointments?"

"I try to be, doctor. But my weak flesh rebels sometimes."

"Pardon me,—but what do you usually get in a year?"

"Rarely over three hundred dollars," I said, a little hesitatingly, "and sometimes not more than half that amount. Many unmarried men do not get over thirty or forty dollars in money."

"Is it possible! How much, if I am not asking an improper question, have you received during the past year?"

"Just two hundred and twenty-five dollars. But then I have had many presents of wood, and potatoes, and meal, &c., which have helped me a good deal."

"Two hundred and twenty-five dollars a year," returned the doctor, in a musing tone. "And have you been able to keep out of debt?"

"I have paid off every bill but yours, and it is to get this that I am now on my way to your house."

My voice trembled as I said this, despite all I could do to appear calm. I did not wish to work upon the kind old man's sympathies by seeming concerned about his bill, and for this reason I tried hard to appear undisturbed in mind. He made no reply to this, and we rode on for the remaining distance in silence. The doctor was lost in thought about something; probably, I conjectured, as to the chances of his getting even a fifth part of his bill out of a man who had received only two hundred and twenty-five dollars in the year, and had already paid off all his little debts. At length we arrived at his beautiful cottage, around which the old trees clustered, and over which their limbs

depended gracefully and protectingly. He showed me into his library, and bade me be seated, in his kind manner. He then drew a chair near to me, and said—I shall not soon forget his words—

“I am not attached to any of the churches about here. My profession does not give me much chance of hearing preaching. Some call me an Episcopalian; and perhaps I have some preference for the external forms of that church.—But no matter. I read my Bible and believe it to be the Word of God. The leading article of my faith is, that the Natural should ever serve the Spiritual. That is, that worldly ends and worldly affections should always yield to, or serve Spiritual ends and Spiritual affections. That eternal things, and not mere temporal things, should be, primarily, regarded. By this rule I daily strive to regulate my actions—though often tempted to swerve from it. Will this serve Natural life or Spiritual life? I ask myself when about to do anything. And if the act I have proposed to myself is one that I would not like to see recorded in the book of my life when it is opened in the other world, I compel myself not to do it, no matter how strongly Natural life pleads for the indulgence of some selfish gratification. In all this, I am conscious that I do not conquer in my own strength—for I learn from the Bible that every good and perfect gift is from above; and the power to rise above the strong tendencies of Natural life, is indeed a good gift, and must, therefore, be from above. I therefore acknowledge the Lord as above all and in all, and the worker of all good that I am enabled to do. Ministers of the Gospel are His servants here in Spiritual things. They are dispensers of His health-giving principles to the soul, as I am of His health-giving principles to the body. While they minister in Spiritual things, I minister in Natural things, and both are alike His servants who in the end heal in the Natural or Spiritual bodies. Hence, too, I deem it a privilege to make the Natural serve the Spiritual. While, amid privations and self-denials, His ministers in Holy things are dispensing to all the healing waters of life, I deem it nothing but a duty as well as a pleasure, to dispense to them and their families the natural remedies that overcome bodily diseases. You owe me nothing, then, my dear sir! I would not touch a dollar of the poor compensation you and your fellow laborers receive, for worlds. I should not like that act written upon my book of life.”



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PARTING GLANCES.

I arose from my chair as he ceased speaking, and reaching out my hand, said, as I took his, and pressed it hard between both of mine—"Brother—yes, I must call you *brother*—I thank you from my heart of hearts! I came here with a reluctance that I cannot describe,—I had but little left, not even enough to take me to Conference, without breaking in upon money reserved from the sale of my horse, to buy another when I got to my next circuit. I had, therefore, no means of paying you, except a little furniture I leave behind, and which I have instructed brother S—— to sell for me. Whatever this might bring, I intended should go towards settling your bill. Ah, sir! you will have your reward! Spiritual life is far more blessed than Natural life."

"I have my reward," was the doctor's calm reply, returning the earnest pressure of my hand. "Think you that a few paltry dollars added to my store could give me the delight I this moment experience? No! No!"

Excellent man! I parted with him in tears. His real worth I discovered when about to be separated from him, perhaps forever.

After making all arrangements for leaving the parsonage early in the morning, and holding a little social prayer meeting with a few beloved brethren and sisters who came to bid us farewell, we retired for the night and slept soundly. At day-dawn we were up. Brother S—— came soon after and took charge of every thing we were leaving behind. He will do the best for us and render a faithful account.

When all were ready to start for the stage office, about a mile away, in brother S——'s dearborn, I missed my dear wife. I called at the foot of the stairs for her, but received no answer. I went up, and entered her chamber,—there she was by the bedside, upon her knees; her face buried in her hands, weeping and praying. It was hard to leave that pleasant chamber, endeared to her by so many sweet associations. I knelt down by her side, and in a low voice prayed that the Lord would give us both more grace. That he would make us faithful and obedient servants of his will. Then drawing my arm around her, I assisted her to rise, kissed her tearful face, and pointing upwards said—

"Our troubles and our trials here,  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home."

She laid her head upon my bosom, weeping bitterly; but recovered herself in a little while, and with a calmer face than I believed it possible for her to assume, descended and entered the wagon with the children. She did not venture to look back. Brother S—— drove us over to the stage office. The stage was at the door when we arrived. I went in to book my name, and asked for seats for myself, wife and children to P——.

“Yes, sir,” said the agent, “Your names are already entered.”

“O, no, you must be mistaken,” said I, “I have not been here before.”

“No matter. Your names are booked, and the passage paid,” he replied, handing me the way-bill upon which were entered our names, and twenty dollars, the price of passage, marked paid.

“Who has done this?” I asked, looking at the man in surprise.

“One who wished his name not to be told,” was the reply.

I stood for a moment in silent astonishment, and then turned away. I was seated in the stage, wondering in my own mind who could have done that generous act, when the agent came up to the window. After handing the way-bill to the driver, and telling him that his time was up, he said to me—

“As you are leaving these parts never again, perhaps, to return, I cannot let you go without a word. If I may not tell the man’s name, I may, I presume, his profession. He was a doctor.”

At that moment the driver’s whip cracked, and the horses sprang forward with the stage.

“The doctor!” I mentally ejaculated. “May the Lord reward him as he deserves!”

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CONFERENCE.—Appointments for the year are to be read out to-morrow. I endeavor not to feel any concern, but it is hard to be wholly given up to the Master’s will. My poor dear wife is nervously anxious, but tries hard not to let me perceive her real state of mind. We are with a good brother and sister who make our stay in P—— truly pleasant, as far as external things

are concerned. Brother H——, the Presiding Elder of —— District, asked me a good many questions yesterday about the increase of the Church on my circuit during the year, and other matters relative to my late charge. There are two or three Stations in his District, and all the circuits are pleasant and contain a good many wealthy members. I wonder why he seemed so interested in me? Last night I preached in —— Church. Brother H—— was there, and so was the Bishop. I tried to do my best, but failed signally. I never was so much in the dark with a subject in my life. The Bishop, I thought, seemed uneasy. But this may be only imagination. I don't wonder, however, that I couldn't get along; for I thought more of the approval of the Bishop and brother H——, than I did of saving sinners. Alas! Poor weak human nature!

Some of the brethren have come in sadly off indeed. Brother L——, who rode the —— circuit, told me that thirty-two dollars was all the money he received during the whole year. The members of the church in that quarter are mostly poor farmers who receive but little money. They trade their produce at the stores for what they need; or exchange with other farmers their surplus crops for stock, or anything else they may want. There is very little spiritual life among them. He said that he had a hard time indeed, and pities from his heart whoever may chance to be his successor. A married man on that circuit, he thinks, would stand a chance of starving.

Brother S——, who has had for the last two years excellent places, seems disposed to think that there is a good deal of favoritism used in making the appointments. Two or three young ministers, he said, whom he could name if he choose, had made themselves quite intimate with the Bishop, and especially with the Presiding Elders.—These would, of course, be well taken care of. They were young men of promising talents, destined to be ornaments to the church. It would not do to send them away off among the mountains or pine barrens, to hide their light under a bushel. They must be encouraged; or how can we expect to retain them in our connection?

These remarks of brother S—— grieved me very much. And especially was I grieved at the spirit he seemed to manifest. Our good Bishop, I am sure, could not be influenced by the considerations intimated. His position is certainly a trying one. I should not like to share his anxiety and responsibility. What-

ever be the disposition that is made of me, I feel satisfied, as I have always been, that it is the Lord who sends me forth,—for His providence, I surely believe, guides, governs, and over-rules all the appointments that are made.

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**LAST DAY OF CONFERENCE.**—A few hours will decide where I am to go. I wish I could feel no concern. Earnestly did I pray, this morning, that I might be endowed with a spirit of resignation. Mary never seemed so anxious before. Poor Mary! She ought never to have been a Minister's wife. Her mind is too shrinking and sensitive. And she has too largely developed, as the Phrenologists would say, the organ of inhabitativeness. It is for her sake that I feel more and more anxious every year. For her sake I would gladly receive an appointment to some Station, if it so pleased my Heavenly Master.

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**FOUR O'CLOCK.**—It is all over, and I have now a certainty to rest upon. I am appointed to — circuit among the mountains, two hundred miles away. Brother T——, who was sent there last year, gives rather a discouraging account of the people and the country. The former are poor, and the latter is wild and thinly settled. Many of the preaching places are fifteen to twenty miles apart. And worse than all, the country is very sickly in the fall. Plenty of game in the woods. But a minister doesn't like to be seen out shooting squirrels and wild turkeys.

"Well, Mary," said I, trying to smile with a cheerful air, as I met her on returning home, after Conference had adjourned; "our lot for this year has been settled. No Station, of course. I did not expect that." Her countenance fell. Dear soul! She had hoped, too fondly, that I would be stationed—mainly because, then, I would be at home all the time, instead of being absent three-fourths of the year.

“His will be done,” she murmured, looking upward. “The servant must not be greater than his Lord.”

“We go to — circuit,” I now said.

“O no, not there, surely!”

“Yes, Mary. There the Bishop has appointed me; and I cannot say no.”

The tears stole down her pale cheeks as she leaned her head against my shoulder, and murmured sadly:

“His will be done. He that tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb will go with us.”

“Yes, Mary,” said I, drawing my arm around her—“He that was with Daniel in the lion’s den, and walked with Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego in the furnace, and preserved them amid the flames, so that not even the smell of fire was upon their garments, will go with us. We were wrong to have permitted ourselves to feel so much concern about the future. Will not He who ruleth all things well, take care of us? How happy is our lot to that of the martyrs of old, who were persecuted from city to city, burned with fire, and hunted among the mountains like wild beasts! Truly, when I think of these faithful old servants of the cross, I am ready to put my hands upon my mouth, and my mouth in the dust and cry ‘guilty,’—for, compared to their lot, our lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places—we have a goodly heritage.”

“But I am most guilty,” returned my wife, trying to look cheerful. “You are always resigned and patient, and I am ever disposed to murmur. When will I learn the true secret of resignation to my Father’s will?”

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**LOOKING TOWARDS MY NEW APPOINTMENT.**—Up to the close of Conference, I have kept faithfully the forty dollars reserved for the purchase of a horse so soon as I should reach my new circuit. But, over and above that sum, I have not five dollars, and wife and children all want new shoes; and my boots have given way at the sides. They have been twice half-soled, but the uppers won’t stand it any longer. My only coat is thread-bare, and white at the seams. That, however, is no matter—it

will look well enough back in the woods—although it has rather a shabby appearance here among so many shining new black coats. But, besides the absolute want of shoes and boots, it will cost us all of thirty dollars to get to our new home. Where, then, is the horse to come from? Be still, desponding heart! The Lord will provide. You go forth in His cause, and He will take care to supply the armor, if you will always keep it bright and whole! Yes—yes—weak, timid, trembling soldier of the Cross! The Captain of your salvation will go before you, and lead you on to certain victory. Only be faithful; look not back for a moment; but press forward. \* \* \* \*

I have just had a talk with brother T——. He called in very kindly to give me all the advice, encouragement and instruction he could, in regard to my new appointment; and also to furnish me with a list of the names of some of the prominent brethren. There is no parsonage provided for the preacher's family. Nor do the people pay the rent of one. But a log cottage, he says, with a little patch of ground for a garden and pasturage, can be had for about twenty dollars a year. A cow will cost as much more. But where is the money to buy her to come from? Ah, me! If I had just about as much as it costs three or four of the sisters here for ribbons and laces, how rich I should be! The elegant dinner-set upon which our food is served here every day, the good sister told my wife cost eighty dollars. There was a plainer set for sixty; but the first set had a gold band, and she liked it best, and so gave twenty dollars more for the sake of the gold band. Now, just the price of that gold band on the dinner-set would buy me a cow. Ah me! These thoughts trouble me. But hush! hush! poor doubting, murmuring heart! "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's." If the good Master have prospered our brother and sister in their basket and store, I ought to be thankful to him on their account, that he has given them the good things of life with a liberal hand.

I met old father H——y this morning, with his cowhide shoes and leather strings, wool hat, coarse coat and shirt collar unbound with a neckcloth. It is two years since I last saw him. We talked for half an hour about matters and things. He is no happier than he used to be. Not so happy, I think. The luxurious living of our rich professors troubles his soul. He has lifted



his voice against it faithfully, and enforced his precepts of temperance and moderation by a rigid self-denying example, but it is all of no avail. There is no diminution of the evil he complains of. His own perverse heart, too, causes him great affliction. The bitter things which he is daily compelled to write against himself, humble his soul to the dust. He finds, he says, every day, lower and lower depths of evil in his own heart, the discovery of which fills his soul with the deepest anguish. Dear old man! His troubles and his trials *here*, will, I trust, make him richer *there*. I cannot, however, coincide with him in all his positions—I cannot follow him in all his examples. The bounties provided by nature—her delicious fruits—sweet flowers—honey from the rock—were not made in vain: nor, only for those who look not for good things beyond this world. They are all for us, if in our power to obtain them, and, to me, it seems a greater sin to put aside the blessings thus provided by our Father's hand, than to receive them, and use them with thankfulness.

But he is sincere, and the Lord looks at the heart. I wish more of us had a portion of his self-denying spirit. I am sure I need some of it to enable me to bear up more patiently than I do. I wish I could never feel troubled about any thing—that I could really say from the heart—“Thy will, not mine, be done.” I often say so with the lips—but, alas, it is, I fear, only from the teeth outwards.

I had written thus far in my journal, when wife came in, and holding a stout bundle in her hand said, with a pleasant, cheerful smile—

“What do you think this contains, dear?”

“I don't know, I'm sure,” replied I. “What does it contain?”

“You shall see,” was her answer, as she unrolled it. There were three pairs of shoes a-piece for the children, and three pairs for wife; enough to last them all the next year. Then there were four frocks a-piece for the little ones, and four new gowns for wife, besides various other matters, such as muslin for underclothes, and nice warm canton flannel, and stockings!

“Not all for us!” I exclaimed in astonishment, as Mary displayed these before my eyes.

“Yes, all for us. May the Lord reward sister A—— for her goodness,—we cannot.” Tears of thankfulness were in her eyes.

"Amen!" I responded fervently. In the next moment my heart smote me for what I had thought and written about the gold bands on the dinner-set. Several times since I have turned to the page of my journal where it lies recorded, and have taken up my pen to erase it. But I have as often determined to let it remain. It presents a true history of my feelings, and I cannot blot it out.

After supper that evening—the last we were to spend in this kind family, brother A—— began to ask about my new circuit, and how I expected to get along on it. I felt a little delicacy about replying to his questions—for I could not speak very encouragingly, and I never like to make a poor mouth. But he was in earnest, and cornered me so closely that I had to tell all the truth about the means the circuit afforded, and my own poor condition.

"And so you still have your 'horse money' safe?" said he, smiling, after he had got all out of me.

"Yes, that still remains untouched. But a part will have to go for stage hire. That can't be helped. Though I doubt not, something will turn up, and that I shall get a horse after I am there easily enough. Horses don't cost much in that section of the country, and then, to add to what is left after paying our fare, I hope to receive about ten dollars for the sale of some things at the old place, left in the care of a good brother. It will all come right, I know, brother A——. It always has come right"—

"No doubt," he said. "The Lord will provide."

Brother A—— seemed thoughtful after he had said this. After sitting for a little while, he said, rising,

"Come, brother B——."

I followed him up stairs, into his chamber. He closed the door, and then opened a large mahogany wardrobe, well stocked with clothes.

"You and I are about the same size," he said, taking down a black frock coat that was very little worn. "Try this and see how near it will come to fitting you. I have not worn it for some months, and it's a pity to let the moths get into it. There!" he continued, as I drew on the coat, "it fits you just as well as if it had been made for you, and scarcely shows the wear it has had. Let me see," he added, turning again to the wardrobe, what else have we here? Ah! This is just the thing for you!"

bringing out an overcoat, made of stout beaver cloth. "You will want just such a thing as this next winter. It will keep you as warm as a toast while riding among them snowy hills. I found it 'most too heavy for me last winter. But to ride in it will be the dandy."

He did not stop here. Two pairs of good pantaloons, as many vests, and a pair of excellent boots, were added to these. I tried to thank him, but my voice was so husky that I could not articulate distinctly. The remembrance, too, of what I had thought and written down about the gold bands on the dinner-set, with other reflections not clothed in words, choked me. He did not stop here. Next morning, as I shook hands with him, and bade him farewell, he left two gold coins in my hand, saying, as he did so, with a smile—

"Don't touch the 'horse-money,' brother B——. A minister can't walk around his circuit."

Excellent man! May the Lord reward him! As for me, I feel humbled before my Master for my want of faith. So many—many times has He brought me safely out of the wilderness into a clear place, and yet I am unwilling to trust Him.

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**MY NEW FIELD OF LABOR.**—Rather a "hard country" this, as brother T—— said, truly. After staging it night and day for nearly four days, over bad roads for more than half the distance, we arrived at M——, a small village included in the circuit. Several members of the church reside here. My wife was fatigued and almost sick when we got to this point. I left her and the children at the tavern, and went to look up some of the brethren. I had the names of two or three, and easily got their direction. Brother P—— was the first I called on. I found him in his saw mill, about half a mile from the village. He had not yet heard of the appointments. I showed them to him, and told him that I was the brother B—— whose duty it was to ride that circuit for the next conference year. He wanted to know if I had any family. When I said that I had, he replied that he was sorry. It was a hard circuit for even a single man: but he hoped it would do better for me than it had done for others. He

then returned with me to the village, and had my wife and children taken to his house. He is an unlettered man, and lives in a very rough way; but both himself and his wife were very kind to us. We staid with him two or three days, and I preached once and led the class meeting. Only six attended class, although there were twenty names on the class paper. Those present were all women, with a single exception. The meeting was very cold.

After learning all I could about the circuit, and the best place for me to settle down in, we left M——. Brother P—— was kind enough to take us in a wagon and drive us ten miles to another settlement, that was in the centre of the district of county through which I had to travel. Here he advised me to hire a small log house—there are but few of any other kind—and fix my family as comfortably as I could. It so happened that there was only one house that I could get. It was built of hewn logs, chinked in with mortar, and had a stick chimney and thatched roof. Within, there were two rooms on the ground floor, and the loft above. One of the rooms below was lathed and plastered. The other was not. Two acres of ground were fenced in around this poor tenement; neither plough nor spade had yet entered any portion of it. Poor Mary looked blank when we went into this house. I said nothing against it. It was our only chance. But none of our things had come yet, and could not possibly arrive for a couple of weeks, as I only wrote to brother S—— where to send them the day before we left P——.

In this settlement there are three Methodist families,—all poor. One consists of a widow, and two daughters nearly grown. Another of a man, his wife, and three little children; and the third of a man and his wife, both well advanced in years, and partly supported by the bounty of two sons who work on farms ten miles distant. The widow and her daughters kindly asked us to come and stay with them, until our things should arrive. We accepted the offer with thankfulness. Brother P—— then left us and returned home.

On the next day I found a man who had two horses to sell; for one he asked twenty dollars and for the other thirty. They had been pretty well worked, but seemed healthy. The lowest priced one was an old horse, rather slow, but to all appearance hardy. The other was a more spirited animal, and suited my fancy much better than the first one. I debated the matter for a

whole day, and finally concluded to buy the cheapest horse, although I had a presentiment that he would prove the dearest in the end. As my own saddle and bridle had been left to come on with our beds, etc., I borrowed a saddle and bridle from the man who sold me the horse, and after giving five dollars to the poor widow to help her out in providing for my wife and children, committed them to the care of Him who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, and started on a three weeks' ride through unknown ways about my new circuit. The first preaching place was ten miles off, and the day on which I started for it, was, I had been informed, the regular day for preaching. I arrived at the meeting-house at half-past ten o'clock; but found no one there. I hitched my horse and tried the door, but it was locked. I then waited for an hour, but no one came. By this time I began to feel lonely and dispirited.

At length, after giving up all hope of seeing any one, I mounted my horse and rode away. But what certain direction to take, I knew not. I was a perfect stranger there, and did not know the residence of a single member. I had depended on seeing some of them at the meeting-house, and also upon getting from them my route to the next preaching-place, with all other necessary information. My horse proved a very slow beast, and stumbled frequently. Turning his head in the direction opposite to that from which I had come, I rode in a state of uncertainty and despondency. The way was through dense woods, the tall forest trees, some at least a century old, throwing a dark shade over all below. Sometimes, after ascending a long hill, I would get a brief glance of a wide, wild extent of country, all as thickly wooded as that in which I was wandering I knew not whither. Then the road would dive down into a deep, sombre valley, and wind along for miles, before it again afforded any thing like an extended prospect to the eye. For full three hours I kept steadily onward, but not a human face nor a human habitation met my view. At length I came to a place where the road forked. Which should I take? There was no finger post; and if there had been, its indications would, doubtless, have been unintelligible to me. In my dilemma I looked up for direction, and then drew a lot as the only means of determining what to do. The *lot* was in favor of the right hand road, and so I took that. I had not gone far along this, before I perceived that it bent off until it took a course almost at

right angles with the road I had been travelling, and was, if possible, more lonely and dark than that. But I pressed onward, as fast as the weary animal under me could be made to go. Once, far away to the right, I saw, as I ascended a rising ground, a thin wreath of smoke curling up lazily from what appeared to be a break or clearing in the forest. But I did not attempt to gain it, for I dared not trust myself in the pathless wilderness that intervened.

At last the sun declined low towards the horizon. A deer, frightened by the sound of my horse's feet, started off, near me, and went bounding fleetly away, and was soon lost to my view amid the tangled underwood. The sight of this animal suggested to my mind a thought that made the blood grow cold about my heart. Night was coming on, and I might yet be miles and miles away from any human habitation. There were bears and wolves among these mountains! Just as this fear began to oppress me, I heard a rustling in the low bushes close by the road, and, turning quickly, perceived a movement among them. My breath was instantly suspended, and my heart ceased to beat. The head of some animal immediately after protruded through an opening, and its large bright eyes became fixed upon me. In the next moment, a fawn went leaping away, less frightened, perhaps, than myself. The perspiration, as I caught my breath and the pulsations of my trembling heart were renewed, stood upon my forehead in large drops. For half an hour afterwards, every bird that fluttered among the bushes, every timid rabbit that rustled the leaves as it suddenly sprung away from the road side, every dry stick that cracked beneath my horse's feet, caused an instant suspension of my breath, and a quick throb of my coward heart.

Onward I rode, weary, hungry and in alarm, lest I should be compelled to pass the night in the woods, exposed to imminent danger from wild beasts. At last the sun went down, and the dusky shadows of evening began to render four-fold more gloomy and dark my lonely way, which, the farther I progressed, showed less and less indications of having been much or lately travelled. The thought of turning back, whenever it arose, was instantly dispelled,—I had ridden since noon without having seen a human habitation, and now it was sundown. To press onward was my only hope. And onward I urged my poor beast, who held out far better than I at first dreamed he would, from the poor promise

of the first few hours' ride. Darkness at length came down—darkness rendered deep and almost impenetrable from the dense foliage of the heavy forest trees that overhung the road, through the openings of which I could now and then get glimpses of the stars, and sometimes the principal members of a constellation, as here the "bands of Orion," and there the Pleiades.—Sirius, bright and smiling as the evening star—and ruddy Aldebaran, the crown of the Hyades. I had ridden on for nearly an hour after the night had closed in, when suddenly there arose, seemingly but a few hundred yards from me, upon the still air, a clear wailing cry like that of a distressed child. The blood fairly curdled in my veins. I reined up my horse, suddenly. But every thing was as silent as death. I sat motionless for several minutes in my saddle and listened. But the cry was not repeated. Touching the loose rein with my hand, I urged my old horse onward. Just as he had taken a step or two, clear and distinct, and as it seemed, nearer, rose that strange cry again, thrilling every nerve in my body. Was it a child lost in the dreary wilderness? Was it some wild animal of which I had never heard? Or was it something supernatural? This thought, quickened by the repetition of the cry so strangely human, made the blood trickle through my veins and the hair rise upon my head. And yet I am not a superstitious man. I am no believer in supernatural appearances. But, under all the peculiarities of my situation, I could not control my feelings nor overcome the impression this last suggestion of my fears had made.

Without pausing again, I hurried onwards, that wailing cry coming after me every now and then most appealingly, yet growing fainter and fainter as I kept on my way. The feebler the sounds became, as they continued to reach my ear, the more severely did my heart reproach me for inhumanity, in thus disregarding the agonizing cries of what might be a poor child lost in the woods. At length such thoughts became so active, and nature began to plead so loudly for the little wanderer, if such indeed it was, that as the faint distant cry swelled upon the air again, I turned my horse's head quickly, determined to retrace my steps and recover the child. At this moment, my ear caught the distant barking of a dog. So cheering a sound I think I have never heard. My old horse distinguished it at the same moment, and turned his head resolutely in the direction from which it came. I laid the reins upon his shoulders, and prayed for gui-

dance and protection to the God of Jeshuren. The animal moved off at a quick pace, directly into the woods, and soon emerged into a clear space. A light shone cheerfully from what I soon saw to be a log house, standing in a portion of this clearing. A loud call brought an answering hallo from this lodge in the wilderness. It was the voice of a man! Blessed sound! How it thrilled my heart with joy!

In a few minutes I was at the door. As I dismounted, amid a group of two men, a woman, and what seemed a maid servant, three or four children and as many dogs, who all crowded around me, the woman, who held a candle high above her head, ejaculated—

“ Bless me! This must be our new preacher!”

“ And so I am, sister!” I returned with a leaping heart, reaching out and grasping her hand—“ God be thanked that I am among friends and brethren!”

“ Yes, God be thanked!” said the man, extending his hand, and shaking mine heartily, “ that you have reached our little clearing safely. A painter has been crying about all the evening—Hark! There! Don’t you hear him?”

At that moment, far off, but clear and distinct, arose the cry I had taken for that of a lost child.

“ It is a painter,” the man added. “ And he is not far from the road. If he had dropped down upon you, nothing could have saved you.”

“ Is that the cry of a panther?” said I, trembling at the bare imagination of the danger I had escaped. “ Why, I thought it was the cry of a lost child, and had just turned my horse’s head to go in search of it, when my ear caught the barking of one of your dogs.”

A warm and affectionate welcome, a good supper, and provender for my poor tired horse, whose faithful service upon this, our first acquaintance, had already warmed my heart towards him, compensated, in a good degree, for the disappointments, fears, and fatigues of the day. It appeared, that, after riding from about twelve o’clock, until nine at night, I was still only eight miles, direct course, from the preaching place. I had come one day too soon. The regular appointment being for the day after that upon which I had been informed it was fixed.

A good bed and a good night’s sleep restored my wasted power’s both of mind and body. Next morning we all started, soon



after breakfast, on horseback, for the meeting house, which had been built by the several denominations residing within a circle of ten miles, and was used by all in turn. We plunged immediately into the woods, and pursued our course along a bridle-path, which was so narrow most of the way, that we had to ride in single file. In about two hours we reached the meeting-house. A number of horses hitched around, gave indication that many of the brethren had already arrived. We found them standing about the door in groups, waiting for the preacher. They were no little surprised at seeing me come from the direction I did, and in company with the family of brother N—. This was briefly explained, and I received a good deal of sympathy. I found them all plain, rough farmers, but there was an honest kindness about them that pleased me much. I preached from the text "Take no thought for the morrow." They listened with deep attention. After preaching, I led the class. It was, to my soul, a refreshing season.

After all the services were concluded, I felt very much inclined to return home with brother N— and his excellent wife; but as going to their house would take me just eight miles out of my way, I accepted the invitation of a good brother and sister, who lived five miles distant, on my direct road. With them I spent two days, most kindly entertained, and then, with more correct information as to the time of my next appointment, and the places of residence of brethren on the road, I bade them an affectionate farewell, and pressed onward in my journey.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, I reached the house of a brother L—, and staid there until the next morning. There was not much attention paid to my comfort. I suppose, however, that they did the best they knew how. They appeared very poor, and were untidy in every thing. I could scarcely eat the food set upon the table, for it was not clean. They put me to sleep in the loft, where my bed was upon the floor. But I slept soundly. In the morning I started again on my lonely ride. My horse did not go as freely as on the day before—he seemed dull, and stumbled frequently. Once he fell on his knees and came near throwing me over his head. I suspected the cause to be scanty feed. I was satisfied of this when I saw how greedily he took his oats at a log tavern I reached about twelve o'clock, and where I stopped more on old Tom's account than my own. The tavern-keeper would take nothing for either

my horse's oats or my dinner. Said he never charged the preachers. I thanked him warmly, at the same time that I put up a silent prayer that the Lord might bring him into the knowledge and life of his pure truth.

That night I reached the house of brother M——, five miles from the preaching place for the next day. Was kindly received. Attended my appointment in the morning—brother M—— could not go, nor could any of his family. Had to ride alone. Preached to half a dozen men, and eight women. After service but three sisters remained to class. One of these was a widow. The husbands of the other two, non-professors, waited for them outside. It was a cold time. Found sixteen names on the class-paper. Shall have to enforce discipline, even if I offend some. The average attendance, I found, on examining the paper, had not been above eight for the whole year. No wonder so few attend preaching.

After class was over, I found that all the male members who had attended preaching had gone home. The two men, non-professors, who waited for their wives, took them, and departed likewise, and I was left alone with the poor old widow. She kindly invited me to go home and share with her the little she had; although she had nothing to give my horse. For my horse's sake I declined. Got from her the route to my next appointment, with the names of some brethren on the road, and bidding her farewell, moved onward. About four o'clock I reached a tavern and put up for the rest of the day and night. It was a vile place. The landlord was a drunken, swearing fellow, who paid not the least respect to my office as a preacher of righteousness. Several men came over at night, and staid until ten o'clock, drinking, swearing, and singing profane songs. My soul was exceedingly pained. The landlady was kind to me, and did all she could for my comfort. She seemed deeply mortified at the conduct of her husband, and I overheard her several times remonstrate with him, alluding to me at the same time. To this he always replied with an oath—

“—— the minister! What do I care for him? I'm as good as he is, or any of his tribe!”

In the morning I asked for my bill. The man was sober, and seemed ashamed of his brutal conduct the night before. He declined taking any thing, and said—

“I shall always be glad to see you when you come this way.

You musn't mind my rough way last night. I'm not exactly myself after I have been drinking."

"Wouldn't it be better not to drink any, then?" I ventured to say.

"Perhaps it would. But I've got in the way of it now, and can't well help it," was his reply, a little impatiently.

I did not urge the matter, for I did not deem it best. In bidding farewell to the kind mistress of the house, I slipped into her hand a tract on temperance.

"Don't give it to him, but leave it in his way, sometime, when he is perfectly sober. It may do some good."

She looked her gratitude; but did not speak. I saw the reason. Tears were ready to gush from her eyes. We parted in silence. Poor wife! Thus alone in this wild country, and with a drunken husband! What but the grace of God that she so much needs can sustain her? I must stop here on my next round and see the effect of my tract.

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HOME AGAIN.—During the last week of my three weeks' journey I felt anxious about my family. I had left them in a strange place, with a stranger. I was myself much worn down, and felt unwell. The circuit was a very large one, the roads bad, and very fatiguing for my horse. I had seen little to encourage me, either spiritually or naturally. At some of my appointments only three or four attended. What pained me, particularly, was a disposition in many to find fault with my predecessor. Some had one thing to say against him and some another. I did not encourage this spirit, and thereby, I think, offended several of the brethren and sisters. But I can't help this. I dare not give a moment's countenance to evil. The most prominent cause of complaint was his severe discipline. Some of his strong rebukes to professors were repeated to me. They were, alas! too just. There seems to be but little spiritual life among this people.

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Discouraged and depressed in spirits, and anxious about my

family and my temporal affairs, I urged my weary beast homewards, after filling my last appointment. I had met with several of the Stewards, in my rounds, but none of them said any thing about the amount of support I might expect to receive, nor tendered me any thing on account of my salary, whatever it might be. They did not seem to think that their preacher might need a little money to carry him through his first quarter. If the brethren generally, would only reflect upon the matter, they would certainly be more considerate. The preacher's salary rarely, if ever, leaves him more than enough to get to conference, and after that to his new appointment. If with a family, he has of course been compelled to sell off a great many of his things—and the very ones that he is obliged to replace as soon as he gets to his new home. In nine cases out of ten he begins the quarter out of money and out of nearly every thing necessary for the comfort and the sustenance of his family. And yet, he is too often made to wait until quarterly meeting day, before he gets anything at all. During all that time his mind cannot but be harassed—and worse than that, his family suffer many privations. Why don't the people think of these things?

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Home at last! Thanks to my Heavenly Father, all are well! My wife is much more cheerful than I expected her to be. She says the poor widow and her daughters have been very kind to her. Our things have come, and also a letter from brother S.—enclosing twenty dollars, obtained for the sale of the things I left. Twenty dollars! I feared lest not over ten dollars would be got for them. Take courage, poor doubter! He that feedeth the young lions will feed thee.

I have now thirty-eight dollars in money, after paying freight and charges on my things. This will go a good way here, but still, it is a sum very inadequate to the supply of our wants for three months; especially, as we shall have to buy a good many things absolutely necessary to house-keeping.

I talked this matter over with Mary, yesterday, which was the day after I had come back. Neither of us can see how we are to get along. The house we looked at when we first came can be had for twenty-five dollars a year. We have determined to take it, for we do not think it right to burden our kind sister any longer. We shall have to buy a bedstead, and some chairs and

kitchen things. Our crockery-ware was packed in with our bedding. So that will not have to be replaced. But we want so many things that I do not see that we will have any money to live on after we get fixed. But, doubtless, the Lord will provide. He has never yet forgotten us. "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

\* \* \* \* \*

Well! we are now in our new abode, and quite snugly fixed. Things look much more comfortable than I could have expected. And what is better, five dollars is all the money we have yet found it necessary to lay out. Mary frankly told Sister E——, at whose house we have been staying, just how we were situated. She at once saw the rest of our friends here, and the three families joined together and most generously loaned us all they could spare towards fitting up a house. It makes my heart run over with gratitude to see their noble emulation. From each family we had sent us two chairs, making six. These were all we needed. Then one brought us a pot, and another a pan, and so on, until we were supplied with nearly every article necessary for our comfort. A common pine table, costing a dollar and a quarter, was as good to us as a mahogany one that would cost ten dollars. A family in the settlement had a bedstead which they wished to part with. Three dollars and a half procured this. The children's bed for the present is made up on the floor. Sister E—— has a good cow, and more milk than she wants. She says, we musn't think of buying a cow at present. That we can have just as much milk as we need, if I will pay half what the cow's feed costs, and half the price of keeping her through the next winter; by which we will save just the cost of a cow, and just half the cost of keeping her! That settles the business of the cow, which has troubled my mind a great deal. I couldn't help again thinking of the twenty dollars it cost for the gold bands on Sister A——'s dinner set, and how I had allowed myself to covet the money she had thus expended, that I might be able to buy me a cow. But I have no need of one now—I am better without one, for, besides the price to be paid in her purchase, it would cost me just twice as much to keep her as it will now cost me for all the milk I want. True, there is the butter

she would have made us, which I shall have to buy. But we can easily do without that, if necessary. It is only a luxury.

\* \* \* \* \*

Brother D—— came over this morning. He says he shall have a few idle days during the next week, and will bring his horse and plough and break up my lot for me, and help me plant a part of it in potatoes. He has plenty of seed. He will also help me lay out a garden, and get every thing that is necessary into the ground. Could I ask more? May the good Lord sow many precious seeds in his heart, and water them with the dews of heavenly grace.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two weeks have passed, and I must again be absent from home. I shall leave my family very comfortable, and in the care of kind sisters who have already become much attached to my wife. She always makes friends. That mild, gentle face, and those earnest, sincere, yet unimpassioned tones, soon win their way to the heart. Sister E——'s oldest daughter will stay with her in my absence.

With what different feelings do I start out to ride around my circuit now! "Bless the Lord, Oh my soul! and forget not all his benefits." Poor doubter that I am! When I can see the bright sun and feel his warmth, I can believe that he is in the sky. But when clouds gather about his radiant face, and hide him from my view, I tremble lest he has vanished from the heavens, and will never again look smilingly down upon me. I often repeat to myself—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense—  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.  
His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour,  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower,"

and try, as I do so, to realize in my own heart the confidence those lines so sweetly express. While I feel their inspiring influence, I think I will never again have one distrustful thought. But, alas! No sooner does the sky become overcast, and the waters become troubled, then, like sinking Peter, I begin to cry out in despair. When shall I obtain the grace that will enable

me to honor my master by trusting in His sure word of promise, in sickness or in health, in prosperity or in adversity, in life or in death? For this degree of grace I daily pray.

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**FIRST QUARTERLY MEETING.**—Three months have passed away, and our first quarterly meeting has been held. I wish I could say that it has strengthened my hands. Attendance very thin. Only two Stewards present, and not over one third of the class leaders. I had little power in preaching, for the people seemed to have no faith. Warmed up in the love-feast. My own soul much refreshed. A few of the sisters were melted to tears.

Only received thirty-five dollars. Stewards sorry it wasn't more—but had done the best they could to make collections. The people were very poor. Some of them didn't see that much money in a whole year. Hoped I would be able to get along until next quarterly meeting, when a better collection would no doubt be made. Get along! Oh, yes, I shall get along. Have always got along, thanks be to Him who feedeth the ravens! True, all my money has been gone for some weeks, and I have been compelled to run up a bill at the store—how often have I resolved never to do that again—but the Lord will provide. He has never yet failed me. Potatoes don't cost much, and they make wholesome food. Wife is a good economist, and turns every thing to best account. But what could the people be thinking about? Only thirty-five dollars to keep me for six months—three months before, and three months after the payment—how do they think I can live? Suppose I had not, providentially, had about forty dollars in money when I came on the circuit, a thing unusual for a Methodist preacher? What would my poor wife and children have done? But hush! hush! unhappy doubter! *Providentially you had about forty dollars, and has not all things needful for you been provided?*

SECOND QUARTERLY MEETING.—Money out four weeks ago. Bill at the store again. Sister E——'s cow has gone dry! Haven't had any milk for children for several days. Little Mary said, this morning—"Pa, I don't like this hominy—I'd rather have mush and milk. Why don't you buy a cow? You used to have a cow." It hurt me a good deal.

"I think we'd better give up our coffee, dear," I said to wife after breakfast, "and instead of drinking coffee ourselves, buy milk for the children.

But wife said no. It was not for herself that she said this, but for me. She knew how almost indispensable to me was my cup of coffee. I urged the matter. But she remained resolute. We were yet debating the question, when sister D—— called in. She said she had just heard that sister E——'s cow had gone dry, and that, of course, we had been without milk for nearly a week. She brought over half a gallon, and said we could have a pint night and morning from her cow as well as not.

All in good time again! Thanks to Him who put the generous thought into the mind of sister D——.

Started next day for quarterly meeting. Brother G——, Presiding Elder, attended. Enquired how I had got along, and how much quarterage I had received. Couldn't give a very flattering account. Brother G—— preached. Was pretty severe on the people for their neglect of duties—especially in regard to their minister's temporal wants. Offended several. Got thirty dollars this time. Returned home much depressed in spirits. Found wife down with a fever, and out of her head. Went for the doctor—three miles. He didn't seem very willing to come, but couldn't refuse. Poor prospect of making much money out of the preacher. Some experience in that line, no doubt. Fever continued to rage for several days, and my heart to tremble for the result. But the Lord raised her up. Blessed be His holy name! Paid bill at the store; had eighteen dollars left for all expenses during next three months. But these will be lighter. A good crop of potatoes, corn and beans, with other vegetables, and our milk given to us, will go a good way towards supplying our wants. Wife don't care about meat, and I am away from home two-thirds of the time. Won't be much to buy. Clothes hold out very well, thanks to brother and sister A——, of conference memory! May they have golden bands around every thing—yea, about their very hearts!



Had to leave home while wife was still very feeble. Felt anxious. Gone three weeks,—met in some places with rather a cool reception. People didn't like brother G——'s home talk. It isn't every one that can bear to have his faults too plainly pointed out. As I drew near home again, began to be fearful. Thought—"Suppose wife has had a relapse and died?" The cold sweat oozed from every pore at this. I looked up and prayed for grace! Tried to have confidence in my Heavenly Father. But poor human nature pleaded too strongly. I could not think of losing my companion, and at the same time say from my heart—"Thy will be done."

After preaching at the last appointment, ten miles from home, I declined all invitations to dine and stay all night. Mounting my horse, I pushed him into a quick trot, and kept on at that speed all the way home. He made the distance in one hour and a half. When I came in sight of my house, I was in a fever of anxiety. As I drew near, I perceived the door to be shut and the window blinds down. No living creature was visible. This strengthened my worst fears. I soon gained the house, hitched my horse at the garden fence, and threw open the gate. I had made two or three rapid strides up the walk, when the door was quickly opened, and a dear and smiling face presented itself, upon which were no traces of illness! Crowding past their mother rushed out my two little ones, making the air resound with their glad voices. I took them in my arms—mother and children, and thanked God for all his mercies.

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THIRD QUARTERLY MEETING.—A very good time. Six probationers taken into full membership. One a farmer, well to do in the world. My old swearing tavern-keeper and his wife were present. She told me that the tract on temperance I had left with her, had awakened his mind to a sense of his real condition. It had been like a nail in a sure place. He had not taken a drop of liquor since. About a month ago he gave up tavern-keeping, and commenced farming—his old business. She seemed very happy. He was one of the best of men, she said, when he did not drink. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in

the evening withhold not thine hand ; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.”

Stewards seemed more cheerful. Paid me sixty dollars. This is better than I had expected. Could get along on sixty dollars a quarter well enough.

\* \* \* \* \*

Begin to look forward again to Conference ; three months more, and my labors will close here. Can't say that I feel much reluctance in going away. And yet, I have met with many good people on the circuit, whom I shall be sorry never to see again. As for the good I have done, very little is apparent. Last year, forty new members were added to the church on my circuit. I thought that a poor addition. Thus far only twelve have been taken on probation here, and two of them did not stand out their six months' trial. I have been, indeed, but an unprofitable servant, troubled more about my own temporal welfare than the salvation of souls.



FOURTH AND LAST QUARTERLY MEETING.—Thinly attended. Only three official members—two stewards and one leader—present. Could pay me but twenty-five dollars. Regretted it very much. But people didn't get much money, and let it go reluctantly. Twenty-five dollars! When I counted over this meagre sum I felt choked. I tried to express my thanks for the poor pittance, but the words stuck in my throat.

Twenty-five dollars! What shall I do? My bill at the store is nearly that. And the doctor, besides attending my wife through her illness with fever, has been called in several times to the children. I cannot expect *him* to doctor me for nothing. In two weeks we must leave for Conference, and pay stage hire for two hundred miles. Twenty-five dollars! And there is a quarter's rent to be paid—six dollars and a quarter. But idle despondency will not accomplish any thing. I must up and be doing.

My bill at the store was just twenty dollars. Not many charges against me for luxuries. Paid it, and took a receipt.

Enough money left to pay the rent. That has been settled. And now what is there left for the doctor? Nothing! Yes, there is the old horse. But what shall I do on my next circuit? I can't walk around it. And if I sell my horse to pay the doctor, where will the money come from to pay stage fare to Conference? Truly, I am in a great strait. But why should I feel troubled? All will come out right. The Captain of our salvation will not send his faithful soldier out to battle at his own charge. But have I been a faithful soldier? Alas! no. And there lies the ground of my want of confidence. If I had been as faithful as I should have been, I would not fear.

Well! I have been to see the doctor. I rode over, and walked home. He looked grave when he saw me. He knew my errand, and expected, no doubt, a poor mouth, if not a declaration that I had nothing to pay him. When I asked for his bill he took it from his desk, and handed it to me. It was already made out. He knew the conference year was up. How, I don't know, for he is not a member of our church. The bill was twelve dollars. Not a heavy nor unreasonable charge.

"I am going to sell my horse, Doctor," said I, after learning the amount due, "and will then settle your bill."

This did not seem to satisfy him. He sat with his eyes upon the floor for some minutes, and then said—

"How much do you expect to get for your horse?"

"I can't tell, Doctor," I replied. "I paid twenty dollars for him, and he has turned out better than I expected. I suppose he ought to bring the same that I gave for him."

"Let's look at him," he said, rising and going towards the door.

"Not much to brag of!" he remarked, half contemptuously, after eyeing my poor old horse for a little while.

I felt somewhat indignant, more at his manner than his words. I had become attached to my horse, and could not bear to hear him spoken of so lightly.

"He is a patient beast and can endure much fatigue," replied I.

"Has he no fault?" As the doctor asked this, he eyed me with a penetrating look, evidently to detect any thing like a falsehood in my reply. This for a moment made me feel an emotion of anger; but in the next I had forgiven him. Poor man! Did he think I would put my soul in jeopardy for a few dollars?

"He has but one serious fault," I returned. "He stumbles."

"He stumbles, does he? A dear bargain at any price, if he should break his owner's neck!"

"He has not broken my neck," said I.

"No—but he may do it before you get home with him. The pitcher that has been to the well ninety-nine times may be broken at the hundredth time."

"Very true. But I am in no concern on that account."

"Well, what do you expect to get for him?"

"I shall try and get as much as I gave for him."

"You'll not be able to do that. An old broken down hack like him don't bring good prices in these parts. You paid too much for him by five dollars."

"Do you think so?" I asked.

"Certainly I do. And more than that, I know so. I could have bought him for fifteen dollars the day before you gave twenty for him."

This information pained me a good deal; not on account of the five dollars I had overpaid, but because a man, who had given me every reason to think well of him since I had lived here, should have deliberately done so evil an act, as to charge me, a poor preacher, five dollars more for a horse than he had offered him for only the day before.

"If you choose," said the doctor, "I will take your horse at fifteen dollars, and pay you the difference between that sum and my bill. You will find it hard to make a sale of him, I am inclined to think."

This offer I had the decision of mind at once to decline. The doctor was not pleased at my refusal. And I thought there was something in his manner that said I didn't intend to pay him if I could help it. I felt this deeply. But my determination was fixed.

"If you choose to take him at twenty dollars, and pay me the difference, you can do so," replied I. "If not, I will make the effort to sell him elsewhere, and then settle your bill."

Seeing that I was in earnest, after grumbling a good deal, he finally paid me eight dollars in money, receipted my bill, and took my horse. I then walked home, a distance of some three miles, thankful that my doctor's bill was off my mind, and quite disposed to look up for aid.

On the next day met a man riding my old horse. Stopped

him, and asked what he had paid. Twenty-five dollars, said he. Doctor —— had asked thirty, but twenty-five was all he would give. Thought he had made a very good bargain. Told brother D—— what I had done, and what the doctor had said about the horse having been offered at fifteen dollars. Found that this was not so—that twenty-five had been asked for the animal before I came, and that the owner put the price to me at twenty, because I was a preacher. Doctor ——, he said, was a great lover of money, and had been known to sell a widow's cow more than once for his fee!

Unhappy man! If thy soul should be required of thee this night, whose would all these things be that thou art setting thy heart upon? How will all this read, when thy book of life is opened in the other world? Lord, touch his heart with the finger of thy love, and melt it down with emotions of human sympathy. "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

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In five days more we must start for P——. But how are we to get there? Only five dollars in money, and wife must have a new bonnet. She cannot go to conference in that old, soiled, misshapen thing, which has already been worn for two years. Her clothes are in a poor state. But there is no remedy for that. Shoes will have to be bought. Well, what is to be done? Sell our beds and bedding? What else can we do? I have no money to go to conference, and yet I must go there. Wife couldn't bear this thought. The beds had been given to her by her mother when we were married.

"We shall want beds just as much on our new circuit as on this," she said—

"True, Mary. But how are we to get there? And you know we can't stay here. This is no longer our home. Our only course is to go to conference, and trust to the Lord beyond that. He has taken care of us thus far, and will not leave us nor forsake us."

While we were yet talking, brother P—— came in. He had ridden over from M—— to tell me, that there was a school vacant, with an income of four hundred dollars, that could be had for me, if I had any wish to *locate*. I saw Mary's face brighten at this intelligence, particularly as brother P—— went on to describe the neat little cottage provided for the teacher, with its

garden, shrubbery, and fruit trees. How my poor heart fluttered! Here was an offer of ease and competence, with the blessed privilege of being always with my family. On the other hand, all was doubt and uncertainty. I was reduced to the lowest ebb. Yearly had my little means wasted away, and I was growing poorer and poorer. My horse was gone, and the money expended, and I must sell my bed and bedding in order to get the means whereby to reach conference. The temptation was strong.

I told brother P—— that I would decide the next day. He said he would come over again and learn my decision, urging me at the same time to accept the offer. As soon as he had left the house, I took Mary's hand, without speaking, and led her back into our bed room, and after closing the door, knelt down, with her by my side, and prayed most fervently to the Lord to guide us in this crisis, to the knowledge of his will. We then arose, and I said—"Mary, let us be on our guard. This may be only a temptation for the trial of our faithfulness. We have put our hands to the gospel plough. Let us be careful how we look back. Hitherto the Lord has helped us. We have had many fears, and have too often suffered ourselves to fall into doubt and distrust. But out of every trouble the Lord has brought us. He has often made our desert to blossom as the rose, and sent unto our thirsty land springs of water. And he will still do it. Are there no precious souls to save, no foes of the church to conquer, that we feel so willing to lay off the armor and put up the sword? Does the world lie no longer in the power of the Wicked One? Is the command, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach my gospel to every creature' no longer in force?"

I paused, Mary had already laid her head, as was her wont, when her spirit became oppressed with pain, or struggled violently in temptation, upon my bosom. The tears were flowing freely from her eyes. She made no reply—and I continued.

"Having started in the race, shall we look back? Once upon the house top, shall we descend to take any thing out of the house? Having tasted of heavenly manna, shall we turn back unto the flesh pots of Egypt? Soon will this toilsome strife be over—and then how sweet, how blessed will be the Master's voice—'Well done, good and faithful servants! enter ye in to the joy of your Lord.' Let us fall—when fall we do—with our loins girt about, and our feet shod; with our armor bright, and the sword of the spirit in our hands. A watchman on the walls

of Zion, with enemies of the church within and without, I feel that I dare not give up my place. A soldier of the cross with the battle yet to win and the legions of satan thronging to the contest, I dare not make an inglorious retreat. If fall I must, let it be with my face to the foe. Our blessed Lord endured even the death of the cross for us. And shall the servant be greater than his master? No—no. Let us patiently bear the cross and endure the pain—His word will support us. Every thing looks dark a-head. The sky is full of clouds—the thunder rolls heavily above—the waves are mountain high, and we seem just about to strike upon the foaming and roaring breakers. But why give way to childish fears?—*Our Captain's at the helm!* Will He not guide our frail bark safely over? He will, Mary, He will. Let us still trust Him!"

As I said this—my own spirit became re-assured—my own heart was warmed with reviving confidence. My wife lifted her head from my bosom and looked me in the face. A holy calm pervaded her countenance. There were no tears in her eyes, although they yet glistened upon her cheeks.

"I am ready to go with you to prison or to death!" she said, earnestly. "If we would wear the crown, we must endure the cross. Blessed be His holy name, that we did not fall in *that* temptation!"

For the rest of that day, my heart glowed with heavenly confidence. I was on a spiritual mountain, with the air around me untainted by any thing earthly. When brother P—— came to get my answer, I was enabled to say *no*, without a struggle.

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STARTING FOR CONFERENCE AGAIN.—We have had an auction, and sold off every thing but our clothes. But few attended the sale, and there was little competition in bidding. After paying for hand-bills giving notice of the sale, and the auctioneer's commission, I had thirty dollars. Five dollars of this sum have been spent in procuring some necessary things—among them a new bonnet for wife. We are now all ready and about starting, with money enough to take us to P——, and but little over. Well, it is my duty to go to Conference, and the Lord has provi-

ded the means to take me there. Beyond that let me trust Him. He will not forsake me.

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CONFERENCE.—I could not help feeling a wish to be assigned to the family of brother and sister A——. But it has been ordered otherwise. We are not so pleasantly situated, but have no cause of complaint. To meet once more with my brethren strengthens me much.

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LAST DAY.—Appointments have been read. I have prayed hard, during the whole season, that the Lord would keep me resigned to His will,—To send me any where that He might think best. Mary, too, has been patient, and willing to trust the Good Master.

“Well, dear,” she said, in a quiet voice, when I came in, while a placid smile was upon her face, “to what part of the Lord’s vineyard are we to go next!”

“To E——,” I said, as calmly as I could speak.

For that she was not prepared. The tears came into her eyes, that were instantly turned upwards. Then leaning her head against me, as I sat down by her side, she murmured—“He has been far better to us than all our fears. Weak, doubting, unfaithful servants that we have been! But—”

And as that *but* was uttered in a changed voice, in which the doubts she had just condemned were too plainly apparent, she lifted her head and looked at me with concern upon her face.

—“But how can we go to E——? On a *Station* the minister’s family must live in some kind of respectability, and we haven’t a dollar with which to buy furniture.”

“H-u-s-h!” replied I, laying my fingers upon her mouth. “The parsonage is furnished expressly for the preacher.”

Mary’s head again fell upon me—“Poor, weak, distrustful murmurer!” she half whispered. “When wilt thou learn thy lesson of confidence?”



## “ CONQUERING A PEACE. ”

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“ He shall do it ! ”

“ But he says he won't. ”

“ I'll show him a trick worth two of that—see if I don't ! ”

“ I told him just what you said, and he replied, quite angrily, that he would do no such thing. That if you expected to get any thing out of him by threat and bluster, you were mistaken. ”

“ Did he say that ? ”

“ He did. ”

“ Very well ! I'll show him that he's mistaken his man. I never did permit any one to do just as he pleased with me, and never will. Right is right, and I'll stand up to it while I've breath in my body. I'll spend my last dollar, before I'll suffer a man like him to do me an injury and then insult me when I ask for reparation. ”

“ He says there are two sides to this question. ”

“ Indeed ! So there are. A right side and a wrong side. Before he's done with the matter, he'll find who stands on the wrong side ; and that to his cost. Talk to me about bluster—indeed ! I'll show him something like bluster before we've done. ”

And thus Mr. Absalom Pendergast fumed away, because a pair of oxen belonging to his neighbor, Thomas Peters, had broken into his corn-field, just as the green blades were a foot high, and spent the night there, doing no small injury to the young crop. Most men would say he had cause for loss of temper, especially as Peters very coolly refused to pay the damages as assessed by Pendergast. But let us define clearly the position of the belligerents.

The fence around Mr. Pendergast's field was, certainly, not in the best condition in the world ; and as soon as Peters learned that his oxen had been making depredations on his neighbor's

young corn, he at once assumed that they must have entered through some broken panel. Still he felt grieved at what had occurred, and was about starting to see his neighbor, when he was surprised by the reception of a bill, after this tenor:—

“Thomas Peters, to A. Pendergast, Dr.

For damages done by oxen in corn-field, \$10.”

“Mr. Pendergast cannot, certainly, be in earnest in sending me this bill?” said the surprised farmer to the messenger who brought it.

“Yes sir; he is in earnest.”

“Very well; do you tell Mr. Pendergast from me, that I am very much astonished at his even dreaming I would pay such a bill. Tell him, that I say, if he wishes to grow corn he must keep good fences.”

The messenger departed, and gave the reply of Peters in even a warmer and more offensive manner than it was uttered. Of course, Pendergast fired up at this insulting language, and sent back the bill, with a threat of consequences if the offending neighbor did not immediately come to terms. Peters had grown no cooler by reflection. The more he thought about the demand which had been made upon him, the more it fretted him. When the bill came a second time, with some sharp words and threats that had grown sharper since they left the lips of Pendergast, he was angry, and made no effort to conceal what he felt.

Before the day had passed, Thomas Peters received a summons to appear before the magistrate in a neighboring village, to answer in a suit for trespass brought against him by Pendergast. The trial was fixed for that day one week.

As soon as this matter became noised about, the friends of the two antagonists were much surprised, and there was a good deal of talk and no small interest felt on the subject. Those to whom Pendergast talked, said that he was right in requiring his neighbor to pay damages; and those with whom Peters talked, said he was right in not paying them. Some who thus took sides were in earnest, while others, of the all-things-to-all-men class, favored the side of one or the other, as they happened to be with either the plaintiff or defendant, and fanned with a double breath the antagonist fires.

But all did not do this; there was one exception in Mr. Good-year, a true and faithful man in every thing that pertained to him. As soon as he heard what had occurred, his first desire

was to reconcile matters. He went to Mr. Pendergast and enquired the cause of his extreme proceeding against his neighbor.

“It is a plain case,” was the reply. “His oxen broke into my field and destroyed my corn; he refuses to pay the damage.—What am I to do? He has destroyed my property and will not pay for it. Must I calmly pocket the loss? No—Absalom Pendergast is not so meek a man as that. He never allows any one to ride rough shod over him in this fashion.”

“Did you represent the matter to him fairly, Mr. Pendergast? I have never found Peters a very unreasonable man.”

“I sent him a bill for damages.”

“Before seeing him?”

“Certainly. I had no wish to see him about the matter. I felt too much provoked at his allowing a pair of unruly oxen to forage about at night. He ought to have known that they would do damage somewhere.”

“Perhaps he did not know they were out.”

“He ought to have known it then. If he shouldn’t, how should I?”

“I think it would have been much better if you had seen Peters before you commenced a suit. I am certain he would have done what was right.”

“Not he!”

“Hasn’t he always borne the character of an upright man? Such I have always found him.”

“You never know a man until you try and prove him. I understand Thomas Peters now, very well, and he will understand me too, I am thinking, before we are done with each other. I shouldn’t have called in the law to aid in settling this matter, if he hadn’t sent me an insulting message, as well as refused to pay the bill.”

“And you are determined to go on with the matter?”

“Certainly; I am not a man to look back and hesitate after I have once taken my course. His oxen destroyed my corn and he refuses to pay the damage. Isn’t that a plain case? I think it is.”

“I am sure it would be better if you would see Mr. Peters, and talk over the case with him before going any farther.”

“And get insulted for my pains. No, no; I have too much respect for myself to run the risk of an insult to my face, from a man who sends me an insulting reply to a just demand.”

Finding he could do nothing with Pendergast, Mr. Goodyear called upon Mr. Peters. He found him quite as much incensed as the other, and alleging that he was perfectly well satisfied that Pendergast's rickety old fence must have been broken down, or his oxen would never have made their way into the corn-field. He had never known them to break into any enclosure, and did not believe they had in this instance. As to their having done ten dollars worth of damage, that was preposterous. Ten cents' worth of seed-corn would renew the hills, and that part of the crop would only come in three or four weeks later than the other, and be fully matured before frost. As to law, he could have that to his heart's content. Before he was done, he would find that the law could be used by one man as well as another.

Mr. Goodyear remonstrated against this retaliatory spirit, but it was of no use. The course pursued towards him had thrown Peters into a violent passion, and he could neither hear nor see reason.

When the trial came on, the two men stood confronting each other, scowling and muttering. Pendergast made a plain, brief statement of his case, which seemed very clear to the magistrate. He had witnesses to swear that they had seen the oxen of Peters in his corn-field, and had helped to drive them out. To this Peters opposed the statement that the fences of his neighbor were shamefully out of repair; and produced a witness who swore that in passing the field of Pendergast on the day previous to the damage being done, he noticed a rail out of the panel through which the oxen had broken.

This was to Pendergast unexpected testimony, and he met it with a hasty denial.

"Then you mean," said the magistrate, with some sternness, "to charge the witness with perjury?"

"Oh no—no, not that; but he must be mistaken."

"But I have sworn that I saw it," said the witness, with a flushed face, and a firm voice.

"A pair of oxen could not get in through a fence in which only one rail was out," urged Pendergast, turning to the magistrate.

"But to leave a small opening in a fence is only to induce an animal to make a larger one, especially if within the enclosure there be any thing to tempt his appetite. If a man's fences are not whole, who has he to blame for trespass but himself? If

three rails are enough for a fence, why do we have four and sometimes five? Or why do we have fences at all?” said Peters.

The magistrate did not see the case so clear, now, by any means. In fact, he felt rather puzzled by it. There had been a trespass; but who was most to blame there for it was hard to tell. If two or three rails had been out of the fence, or none at all, the case would have been clear enough for either the defendant or the plaintiff. But the one rail puzzled him. An ox could not get through a fence with only one rail out; but if the fence had been whole, there would have been no trespass. Pendergast was to blame for not keeping his fence in order, and Peters was to blame for letting his oxen run loose. After taking a day to consider about the matter, he concluded to dismiss the case by requiring Peters to pay costs; thus dividing the matter between the two litigants—the one suffering the loss of the corn, and the other bearing the cost of prosecution.

Of course this decision satisfied neither party. There was an appeal, and security given for costs. From kind and obliging neighbors, the two men now became bitter enemies, and determined to do each other as much injury as possible. A retaining fee of twenty dollars was paid by each, to secure the services of a lawyer, by whom he was assured that his case was perfectly clear, and that the court would decide in his favor without a moment's hesitation.

“Press the matter through with the least possible delay,” said Pendergast to his legal representative.

“You may trust me for that,” replied the lawyer, with a bland smile.

“Let there be no unnecessary delay. I wish the case tried at the first term,” Peters said to his lawyer, and received for reply that all should be as he desired.

It was nearly three months before the trial could come on. But, somehow or other it was put off for another term. Why, the clients could not clearly make out. Their respective lawyers stated to them the reason plainly enough, in legal phrase, but the meaning of what they said was about as apprehensible to them as Greek. One thing, however, was clearly understood, and that was the demand of ten dollars from each for costs that had to be paid in order to get the suit continued.

Meantime the belligerents showed their teeth at each other whenever they happened to meet.

It was a year before the case came fairly to trial, and then it was thrown out, and each party required to pay his own costs, the judge severely reprimanding both complainant and defendant for ever suffering a matter in which both had a share of blame, and which ought to have been settled amicably in five minutes, to come into court. The cost to each, including lawyer's fees, was just one hundred dollars.

This result by no means improved the state of feeling that had for a whole year existed between the parties. Pendergast had lost half as much as his whole field of corn would yield, and Peters more than his yoke of oxen were worth. Both were fretted, angry and unhappy, and made their families extremely uncomfortable.

A brief calm succeeded to this strife of passion, and then there was war again. Peters commenced a suit against Pendergast, to recover the hundred dollars costs and fees he had been compelled to pay. On the trial, he proved that the son of Pendergast, who had been sent by his father to his house on an errand, after dark on the same night the oxen destroyed the corn, had, in leaving his premises, left the gate open, through which his oxen had made their way out upon the public road, and afterwards through Pendergast's broken fence into his corn-field. The witness who proved this, was explicit in his testimony, and no cross-questioning of defendant's counsel could confuse him, nor cause him to waver in the least from his first distinctly-given evidence. All efforts to invalidate this unexpected testimony were vain. It had to be admitted.

Peters gained his cause, after a year of disturbing and unprofitable litigation. But Pendergast appealed. Another year of suspense, disquietude and angry excitement succeeded, and the higher court affirmed the decision. There was no help for Pendergast. The hundred dollars had to be paid, and also two hundred dollars of fees and costs besides.

Four hundred dollars spent in the effort to recover ten dollars, was rather a serious matter, and so it was felt by the original litigant. He was mortified, chagrined and angry beyond measure; and unhesitatingly declared that the witness who had sworn that his son had left Peters' gate open, had perjured himself. This charge came to the ears of the witness, who complained to Peters. That individual, irritated by three years of legal annoyances, and feeling, in the diminished productiveness

of his farm, the effects of a diverted mind, had no very kind feelings for the man who had occasioned him both trouble and loss.

"Sue him for defamation," said he to the witness. "I'll stand by you. Lay the damages at five thousand dollars."

This advice was taken. In about a week Pendergast was startled by the appearance of an officer with a writ, summoning him to answer, in a criminal prosecution, for defamation of character. This was a serious matter, and so he felt it to be. When he called upon his lawyer, that gentleman looked grave; but promised to defend him to the utmost of his ability. The loss of four hundred dollars in costs of suits and damages, and the loss of an equal amount from neglecting his farm, more or less, for some years, had made money matters rather close with Mr. Pendergast, who was not what a broker would call very "substantial." He was heartily sick of law, and wished, from the bottom of his heart, that he had not been the fool he was to get involved in its meshes, from which there now seemed no hope of extrication. A suit for defamation of character, with damages laid at five thousand dollars, especially when he was conscious that there were more than a dozen persons who could prove that he had charged the witness with perjury, was no joke. Damages of half the amount, if recovered, would utterly ruin him. In fact, without selling his farm, he could not raise five hundred dollars.

But all this fear availed not. He had excited the enmity of a man whose wrath was not easily appeased. The suit was regularly docketed for trial. By the aid of his lawyer, it was deferred for one or two terms; but there was a limit to this. The case at last came fairly before the court; witness after witness was examined; and the evidence produced, looked clear and unequivocal. It was plain that Pendergast would be found guilty.

The trial had occupied two days, and the prosecuting attorney and defendant's counsel had nearly brought their war of words to a conclusion. The court had adjourned the case over until the next morning, when the counsel of Pendergast was to make one more effort in his behalf, and then the case would go to the jury.

Two more anxious days the unhappy man who had conjured up all this trouble for himself, had never before spent. When night came, he returned home, deeply depressed in spirits, and

most sadly regretting his own folly in placing himself in such a desperate condition. Tea awaited him ; and soon after he came in, he sat down to the table with his wife and his four young children, for whose happiness he was devoting cheerfully, the best efforts of his life. Their home was a pleasant one, and in it and around it were gathered many comforts, the reward of years of patient labor. Here the first sweet moons of his happy wedded life had been spent ; here his children had been born ; and this spot he had fondly believed, would be to them, even in manhood, the homestead to which their eyes and hearts would turn. Alas ! now there hung upon only a slender thread the chance of its remaining in his possession. He looked around upon the bright young faces that circled his well-filled board, happily unconscious of the danger with which they were threatened, and his heart sunk within him. He looked into the troubled countenance of his wife, and his eyes filled with tears. A few mouthfuls of food were eaten merely for appearances sake ; but it passed along his palate without leaving a sign of its peculiar flavor. Never in his life had he felt so wretched. Now, clear as if lit by a sunbeam, was his own folly apparent to his mind. The imperative demand which he had made upon his neighbor for damages, he saw and felt to be an unjust demand, for he and his were far more to blame for the loss of his corn, trifling in reality, than Peters had been. So much for haste and passion ! But consciousness of error came too late. He had sapped the foundations of his own welfare, and now the ruins were about falling upon his head.

After tea Pendergast retired to a room, apart from the family, that he might be alone. The presence of his wife and children oppressed him. In about an hour his lawyer called to see him.

" Things look very dark ; do they not ? " Pendergast said.

" Rather. But I have thought of a way by which we may bring Peters to terms. "

" What is it ? " quickly asked the client, a light passing over his face.

" The prosecutor, is of course, only his tool. That's all understood. He furnishes the means for carrying on the suit. If he says to the prosecutor, ' The suit must be abandoned, ' all proceedings will of course stop. "

" Yes ; I understand that. It is a mere process of retaliation ; in fact, a part of a system of persecution, to which this man has determined to subject me. "



“Exactly; and there’s where we’ve got him. Since the court adjourned to day, I have found a man who is ready to swear that he heard Peters say, over and over again, that he meant to ruin you, and would do it before he was done; and that he was the prime mover in the present suit, and the prosecutor only his agent. He says, moreover, that he can point to at least three others who can swear to the same thing. In fact, this man called upon me and stated this, because, he said, it was a shame to see you driven to the wall in the malicious manner Peters was doing it. We must instantly have him indicted for a conspiracy to ruin you. I will see that the writs are served on him as early in the morning as possible, and also see his lawyer, and give him as clear a view of his client’s position as I am able. As I am to address the court in the morning, I will consume as much time as possible, in order that he may have full space for reflection; and then I will make an effort to keep the matter from the jury a day longer, by calling in these witnesses with their testimony, which will have great weight with the court in fixing low damages, if the trial should proceed, and the jury should find you guilty. But I am pretty well convinced, that by this move we shall ‘conquer a peace’ instanter. I don’t believe Peters will be willing to stand a suit in which, if cast, he runs a chance of six month’s or a year’s imprisonment, besides damages.”

All this did not produce much effect upon Pendergast. The light that had flitted over his countenance died away, and the old dark shadow fell upon it. He shook his head after his lawyer had ceased speaking, and said, half sadly, yet in a firm voice—

“No; I have had enough of law. ‘Better to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of.’ I am sick of antagonism—sick of the court-house—sick of law. Let the worst come if it will, I am passive. I will bow my head to the storm and stand still.”

“But, my dear sir,—”

Before the lawyer could finish his sentence another visitor was announced, and Mr. Goodyear entered. This gentleman had been watching the progress of the last suit between his neighbors, with much regret, and was pained to see that the issue was likely to prove most disastrous to Pendergast, whose hasty temper had involved him in a serious difficulty. He had called in, from the kindness of his heart, to talk over the matter with him,

and see if some mode of adjustment could not be suggested before the worst came to the worst. He was ready to do all in his power as a mediator. After a few allusions had been made to the state of affairs, the lawyer said,—

“There is one way of escape, and the only one, that I can see.” And then he remarked upon the position in which Peters was placed. “A suit for conspiracy,” he continued “would ‘conquer a peace’ instanter. There would be no more fighting unless we chose to go on, which, of course, we would not, if he came to terms. But my client seems apathetic on the subject. He is unwilling to make this move.”

“Why so?” asked Mr. Goodyear.

The lawyer looked at Pendergast, meaning thereby that he should answer for himself. And he did so, saying,—

“Because I have had enough of fighting, and want peace at any sacrifice. I was to blame at the first. My suit against Peters was an unjust one, although I thought I was right. But if I had kept cool, waited a little while, and heard reason, I should have acted very differently. But blind passion lead me on; and here is the result. As to ‘conquering a peace,’ as my counsel says, that is a much easier thing to talk about than to do. Pride, passion, and confidence of success, may lead your enemy to resist, month after month and year after year, and both at last be compelled to retire from the field, because unable any longer to contend. No—no; I have done fighting. Let the suit go on. Let my enemy glut his vengeance; and then, I trust, he will be satisfied. I deserve punishment for my folly, though hardly more than I have already received. But I suppose Peters thinks differently.”

“The case against Peters is certainly quite clear,” suggested Mr. Goodyear. “He has laid himself open to a prosecution.”

“No doubt of it. But I have no feeling of retaliation left in me. All desire to punish him is gone. Let him finish his work of revenge, and then, I trust, I shall have peace.”

“I will see you again this evening,” said Mr. Goodyear, rising suddenly, and leaving the room before Pendergast had time to oppose his hasty departure.

Not long after he stood at the door of Peters’ dwelling. He found the owner in the midst of his family. After sitting with him a short time, he asked to have some private conversation

with him, and they retired to another room. As soon as they were alone, he said—

"You must pardon my interference in a matter that you may think does not concern me. But your good, as well as the good of the man you are persecuting so bitterly, has led me to step forward, in the hope that you will accept of my mediation."

"You allude to Pendergast, I presume," said Peters, coldly.

"I do."

"I have nothing to do with him. He slandered a witness who testified against him, in one of the trials we had, and that individual is justly defending his character."

"You may not be aware," replied Mr. Goodyear, to this, "that it is not only well understood that you are the instigator in this matter, but that you furnish the means of carrying on the suit."

Peters looked surprised, and a little indignant, at this allegation.

"I have been informed to-night," resumed Mr. Goodyear, "that there are two or three men ready to come forward, and not only prove you to be the real prosecutor, but to prove that you have been heard to declare that you meant to ruin Pendergast totally before you were done with him. His lawyer has this matter clearly before him, and is now urging his client to commence a suit against you for conspiracy, which, you are aware, is a very serious matter."

"Let him do it. He'll not frighten me. He'll find that there is no back-out in Thomas Peters. I didn't commence the game; I was forced into it; and I'll fight till I die, rather than yield an inch. When he commenced this business he ought to have been more sure of the ground he stood upon; and he ought to have known his man better. His bill for trespass was an insult, and his suit to recover it, rank injustice."

"So he now acknowledges."

"What!"

Peters looked half-blank with astonishment, and elevated his eye-brows until they formed bold arches on his forehead.

"He says," continued Goodyear, "that it is now clear to him that he was wrong, although he thought he was right; but that he was blinded by passion to do what he has since a hundred times regretted having done. He thinks, and so do I, that he has been sufficiently punished for the error he committed, and

that to push him on to ruin, and his family to beggary, savors more of persecution than of justice."

"Why has he not said this to me?"

"You must make some allowance for a man's natural pride. Think how impossible it would be for you to go and make such an acknowledgment to an enemy who was persecuting you as you are now persecuting him?"

Peters did think, and he felt the force of this presentation of the case.

"When did you hear him say this?" he asked.

"To-night. His lawyer was urging him to commence a suit against you for conspiracy, saying that he had all the proof necessary to fix the charge upon you, and make conviction sure; but he said, 'No.'"

"Why?"

"He said he wanted peace, not war. That he had commenced the war unjustly, from an error of judgment and ignorance of facts since brought to his notice; and now he meant it should terminate, even though he were stricken to the earth never to rise again. He said he felt no resentment towards you. That had died in his bosom. He would rather do you good than harm. In fact, the poor man seems completely humbled and broken down in spirits, and no wonder. He has a young family to whom he is warmly attached. His wife you know to be one of the best of women. Every one acknowledges that. The prospect of having all these turned out of their pleasant home is enough to break any man down. It would break your spirits. It made my heart sad to look in his face, and hear the tone of his voice. The lawyer urged the suit against you as his only hope, but he said, 'No, no.' Ah! neighbor Peters, if you had seen him as I saw him, it would have touched your feelings as it touched mine. Be merciful then, and have this suit abandoned. I am sure he will make any just acknowledgment to the man who thinks his character injured."

As Mr. Goodyear ceased speaking, the farmer rose from his chair, and commenced walking the floor hurriedly. This was continued for the space of full five minutes. Evidently there was a powerful struggle going on in his mind. At length he came and sat down in a chair, which he drew up close to that of his visitor. The expression of his face was changed, and there was a rapid play of the muscles about his lips. He began speaking in a subdued, unsteady voice.

“ I don’t think, Mr. Goodyear,” said he, “ that I am a cruel-minded man. But I have been exasperated. Pendergast began to bluster in the outset, and sent me several very insolent messages. I was very naturally provoked ; for I can neither bear intimidation nor insult. I did not feel myself to blame. If he had come to me at first, and complained of the damages he had sustained from my oxen, I would have done all in my power to repair the injury. One of my men should have replanted the corn. But no ; he must make out a bill, and demand its payment in an insulting way. Then he calls in the aid of the law, and puts me to two or three years trouble, and considerable expense.”

“ But all that he has been required to pay back to you,” said Mr. Goodyear.

“ True. But the worry of mind, excitement, exasperation of feeling, and all that, he cannot atone for. The fact is, Mr. Goodyear, I have suffered in this thing severely, and without a cause.”

“ But he has suffered more than you have, ten-fold.—Certainly enough for his offence. Do not, therefore, put your foot upon his neck, and hold him to the earth, now that he is down. Let the pure spirit of forgiveness whisper its gentle words in your heart.”

“ Don’t misunderstand me, said Peters, quickly ; “ I do not say this as a reason for future action, but as an excuse for the past. I will forgive him. I will pause where I am. The suit shall be withdrawn to-morrow.”

Mr. Goodyear caught the hand of the farmer, and pressed it warmly.

“ May I say this to him to-night ?” he eagerly asked.

“ By all means. I would not prolong his wretchedness a moment.”

“ May I say it to him as from you ?”

“ Yes. Tell him that I, too, have been wrong in carrying things too far. That I ought to have been satisfied long ago. That I would most gladly bury the past in oblivion, if that could possibly be done. Alas ! into how much of wrong and suffering do our passions betray us ! If I had kept cool when he brought against me his peremptory demand for damages, and instead of treating the matter roughly, gone to him and showed him his error, all this might have been avoided, and we might still have

been warm friends instead of bitter enemies. I am afraid I am more to blame than I imagined ; that I have some of the responsibility of the incipency of this serious matter to bear as well as he has."

Mr. Goodyear did not linger long after the farmer had attained to so good a state of mind, but returned to the house of Pendergast. He found the lawyer still there, and urging his client to 'conquer a peace' by bringing a suit against Peters and his agent for conspiracy to ruin him. But Pendergast was firm. He had not changed his views in the least.

"Well," said the lawyer, rising to retire, a few moments after Mr. Goodyear came in, "I hope to find you in a better mind to-morrow ; for this, I fear, is your only hope."

As soon as he was gone, Goodyear said, "I am most happy to inform you, friend Pendergast, that I have succeeded in 'conquering a peace, for you on better principles than your lawyer proposed, and much more, I trust, to your satisfaction. I have just left Mr. Peters, to whom I freely related what I had heard you say to-night. It took him all by surprise, and deeply disturbed him. A little reflection enabled him to see that he was something to blame as well as you, and that he was carrying matters much too far. He wishes me to say, that all proceedings shall be immediately stopped ; that he sees he has been wrong in carrying things so far ; that he ought to have been satisfied long ago ; and that he would most gladly bury the past in oblivion, if it were possible."

Mr. Pendergast appeared to be stupified by intelligence so strange and unexpected. He looked, for some time, with a bewildered air, into the face of Mr. Goodyear.

At length, as all became clear to his mind, he covered his face with his hands to conceal his emotion, and sat silent for the space of many minutes. Then rising, he took the hand of his visitor, and said, with much feeling, yet with manly dignity :

"You have acted nobly, Mr. Goodyear. You have indeed 'conquered a peace' that can never again be broken. Ah ! sir, kind words are powerful. They effect more than opposition and passion. Would that I had learned this truth years ago,—how much of error and suffering it would have saved me !"

Many days did not pass before Mr. Goodyear managed to bring together the two men whom passion had severed for years ; and now the strife between them is a strife as to which shall most fully compensate the other for the wrong he has suffered at his hands.

## A RISE IN THE BUTTER MARKET.

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Between cause and effect, philosophers maintain that there exists a just relation—and this no one can doubt—yet, for all, we cannot help sometimes wondering at the extent of the effect when compared with the smallness of the cause—

“ Large streams from little fountains flow—  
Tall oaks from little acorns grow ! ”

And this apparent insignificance in the origin of things in the world of nature, has its counterpart in the world of mind. How lighter than a feather, in comparison, sometimes, is the cause which produces unhappiness ! How often is the comfort of a whole family abridged by some trifling circumstance, that ought not to have made a visible impression ! How often is the sky darkened by a cloud which, at first, was no larger than a man's hand !

Causes that, to one unaffected by them, seem the most ridiculous, are permitted, week after week and month after month, to come within the family sphere and keep it ever in a state of disturbance. Of these, perhaps the most fertile of domestic inquietude, are the fluctuations in the price of that necessary article of table comfort—**BUTTER**. Don't smile, grave reader, at this seeming fall in the dignity of our exordium. Even while you smile, you may leave unobliterated some furrow that would never have marred your countenance had butter not risen, at some period in your history, to the extraordinary price of thirty-five cents a pound ! Yes, our assertion is true, and we are prepared to prove what we affirm. We believe that, especially in our large cities, one of the most active causes of domestic infelicity lies in the fluctuant state of the butter market. How many an honest citizen, or worthy matronly head of a family, has gone to market in the most amiable mood possible, and after the absence of an hour, come home sadly changed in temper, to throw a shadow over the

pleasant household! And why? What cause has been potent enough to effect so sad a change? Butter has risen five cents in the pound! Yes, there is the explanation. It is no more nor no less. Butter has done it.

Flour may go up to ten dollars, beef to twenty cents, and even potatoes grow scarce at a dollar a bushel, without in the least abridging either the moral or physical comforts of Mr. and Mrs. Livewell, or affecting unpleasantly any member of their family; and these good things of life, "creature comforts," as they call them, may fall to the minimum market rate, and not produce a visible change in the thermometer of their feelings: but let there be a rise in butter, and down goes the mercury. The freezing point is thirty-seven and a half cents a pound, and "Zero" fifty! You may come within a few cents of the price at almost any time, by just looking into the face of Mr. or Mrs. Livewell, or any of the junior Livewells, from Tom, who has just been passed into the High School, to little Em, who has been elevated to the high chair, and who likes butter with her 'lasses. We verily believe, that if butter were never to go above a shilling a pound, the Livewells would be the happiest people in the city; and were it to keep at thirty-five, they would be the most miserable.

"Oh, dear! what are we coming to?" said Mrs. Livewell, in the midst of a few friends invited to spend a social evening not long since. "Butter is so terribly high! What do you think I paid for it?"

"Thirty-one?" inquired a lady present.

"Thirty-three!"

"Ah?"

"Yes, indeed! Why, did you get it for thirty-one?"

"Mrs. D—— told me that she paid thirty-one for excellent butter this morning," said the lady.

"Thirty-one? Then I was cheated; that's all! Did you get it for that?"

"I only paid twenty-five."

"Twenty-five!" Mrs. Livewell actually arose to her feet. "Twenty-five did you say?" There was a look of profound astonishment on her face. "Was it good butter?"

"I never tasted better. But I have it engaged," returned the lady.

"Engaged? Oh! For the whole season?"

"Yes. A man comes to the door every week, and serves me



at a uniform price, no matter whether the market be high or low."

Mrs. Livewell sat down again, and the expression of her face changed.

"I don't like that plan," said she. "I tried it once, but I don't like it. It does well enough when butter's high, but to be paying a quarter for all your butter when the market is glutted with the very first quality for twenty and twenty-two, and even as low as sixteen, is not so pleasant, as I have experienced."

"But," said the lady, "take the season through, and I believe it comes cheaper. Besides, it's a great convenience to have a good article served to you regularly. This running through the market twice a week, tasting butter at every tub, is a terrible annoyance."

"I'm sure," returned Mrs. Livewell, "it wasn't a cent cheaper to us. Indeed, I know it cost us a great deal more than when we took the rise and fall of the market. How much do you use a week?"

"Five pounds," replied the lady.

"It takes eight for our table every blessed week, besides three or four pounds for cooking. It's a terrible tax! When the price is down as low as twenty cents, I don't mind it; but to be paying thirty or thirty-three is dreadful! I really feel unhappy about it."

"A pound of butter," spoke up Mr. Livewell, at this part of the conversation, "is never worth over a quarter, and to charge more, is downright cheater. If I had any thing to do with law-making, I'd fix that as the highest limit."

"And a barrel of flour at six dollars," said the lady, who had joined in the conversation.

"Well, yes—or seven dollars, if you choose. But butter should never be suffered to go above twenty-five cents. That is the very maximum price."

"By the way," said Mr. Livewell, at this part of the conversation, drawing, as he spoke, a slip of paper from his pocket, "I met with something to-day that is quite *apropos* to the subject. The fact is, the public mind is getting awake to this great imposition, and there will be a salutary re-action before long. The time for reform is at no great distance."

Mr. Livewell then read an account of some experiments made in the production of butter from grass and hay by a direct chemical process.

"There's a better time coming, you see," remarked he, as he carefully refolded the slip of paper, a light playing over his face; "or, as the song has it—

'A good time coming, boys,  
Wait a little longer.'

At no very distant period we shall dispense with the agency of the cow in this important matter altogether. And think what a saving that will be! Men of intelligence and enterprise will then come into the business, and we shall have a true competition—not such as exists among plodding farmers and dairy-men, who keep on in the beaten track from generation to generation, as if there were no such thing as improvement. By this new method, you see that a large per centage more of butter is obtained from a ton of hay than when fed to cows. And this is no more than might be reasonably inferred, for it is plain that the animals must abstract a portion for their own subsistence."

"How soon," inquired Mrs. Livewell, seriously, "will this new method be adopted?"

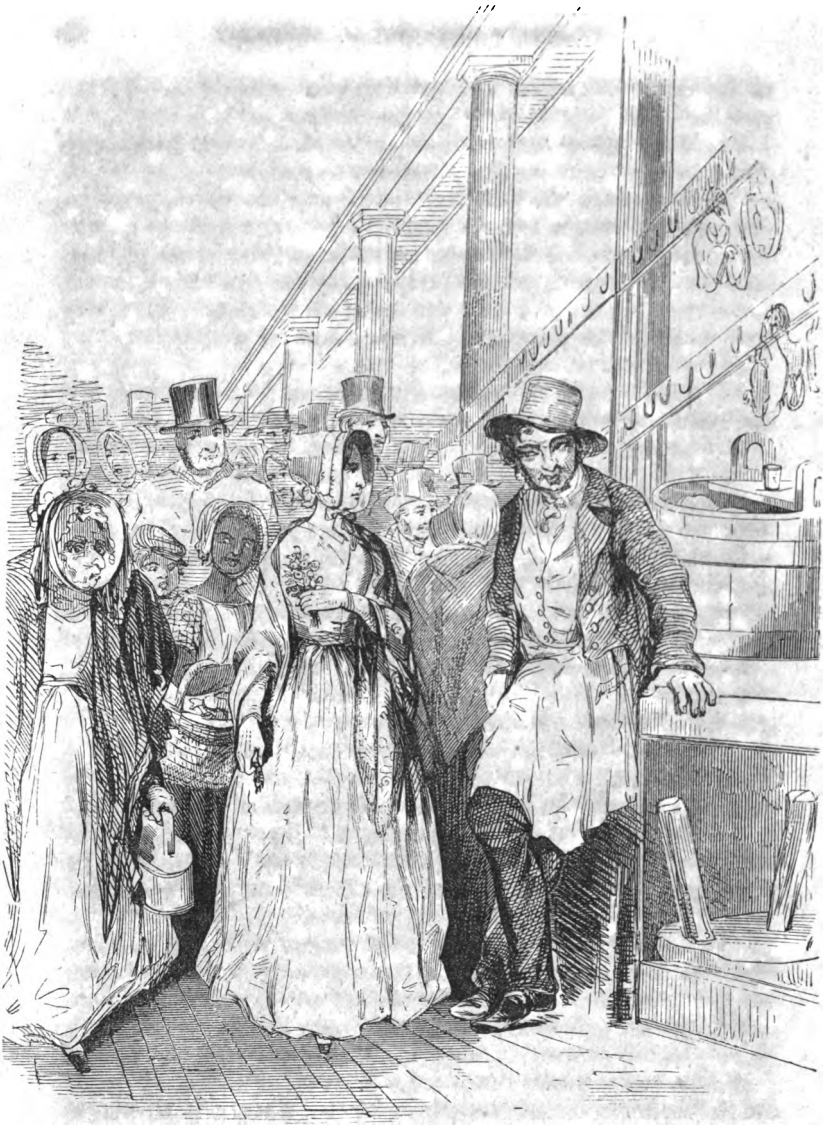
"Immediately, without doubt. The thing has been tried and proved. I shouldn't wonder if in six months we had a large establishment, capable of supplying the whole city with milk, butter and cream, at half the usual prices."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Livewell. "Oh, I wish it were to-morrow! How much we are indebted to science!"

The conversation was interrupted here by the entrance of refreshments in the inviting shape of a couple of pyramids of ice-cream and a basket of choice cakes. Instantly the price of butter was forgotten—at least by all except the Livewells—and conversation, by a natural impulse, took a new and more generally agreeable direction.

Now, the Livewells are not penurious people by any means. Five or six dollars were spent for these refreshments without a feeling of regret for the cost. In fact, money ever passed freely for all their wants or pleasures, except in the single instance we have adduced. Only when butter was named, did the usually open hand become affected by a sudden contraction. Canvas-backs at a dollar and a half a pair were often on their table; venison steaks smoked on their chafing-dish; and, indeed, the first and often dearest articles of the season were indulged in without a thought of the cost coming in to mar their enjoyment—unless, indeed, butter happened to be as high as thirty-three

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MRS. LIVEWELL AND THE FARMER.

at the time. Alas for a good digestion when this was the case!

Bright and early on the morning after Mrs. Livewell had been gladdened by the news of a great anticipated reform, by which cows and farmers could be dispensed with, that lady started for the market-house, in order to obtain her usual supply of butter. It did not escape her notice, as she came in the vicinity of Market street, that nearly all the bearers of butter-kettles who were wending their ways homeward, had sober faces. This was ominous of another rise, and caused a depression of at least two degrees in the thermometer of the lady's feelings.

"What's butter?" she asked, after entering the market-house and passing down a short distance to the stand of a Chester county farmer, who always sold an article of undoubted excellence.

"Thirty-seven and a half, ma'am," replied the farmer.

"What!" Mrs. Livewell drew herself up and looked seriously at the man. "I only paid you thirty-three on Saturday, and that was a shocking price."

"Butter's riz, ma'am," replied the farmer, with a comical leer. He could afford to be in a good humor, for he had nearly a hundred pounds in his tub, and knew, to a moral certainty, that it would go off whether Mrs. Livewell bought or not.

"Won't you take thirty-five for four pounds?"

"No ma'am, not for twenty. Butter is butter these times."

Mrs. Livewell was just on the point of startling the ears of the farmer by an annunciation of the important discovery that had been made, and which was to bring about a new order of things in the butter line, when she found herself surrounded by a jostling, eager crowd of butter-seekers, all nearly as much disturbed by the rise in the market as herself.

"I'll try farther," she murmured, disengaging herself from the little knot of people that were pressing upon her, and moving down the market. She knew all the good butter-tubs from Eighth street to Fourth, but, alas! there was no variation in price. There seemed to have been a combination among the dealers to extort money from the good citizens of Philadelphia, and in her heart she felt that the offence was as justly indictable as swindling. Three pounds, instead of four, the usual half-weekly supply, were purchased, after nearly three-quarters of an hour had been consumed in the search for good butter at thirty-five.

"Bless me, Kate! what has kept you so long?" was the grave salutation of Mr. Livewell, as his wife entered, half an hour after the usual breakfast time. "I was just going. It's too late for me to be away from business."

Mrs. Livewell's feelings were not in a condition to bear a much heavier pressure than they were already sustaining; and it is hardly, therefore, a matter of wonder, that she made a fretful reply, communicating, as she did so, the painful fact that butter had risen to thirty-seven and a half.

"Thirty-seven!" exclaimed Mr. Livewell, retreating a pace or two.

"Yes, thirty-seven. I didn't buy but three pounds, and that is as much as I intend to get until Saturday, so you may all make the most of it you can."

Mrs. Livewell threw aside her bonnet and shawl carelessly. The shawl was cast upon a table, where the nurse had spilled some milk while feeding the baby, and injured to an amount equal to four or five pounds of butter. Mrs. Livewell saw in a moment the damage that had been done. Lifting the shawl, she looked at it half indifferently, and then said, as she threw it again from her—

"Ruined! But it can't be helped now, and so there's no use in being unhappy about it."

As Mrs. Livewell descended to the breakfast-room, the serious fact of the rise in butter again took the uppermost place in her thoughts, and left her in no humor to bear the restlessness of the children, who were hungry and impatient from having had to wait nearly an hour beyond the usual breakfast time.

The table was already furnished with two plates of the fresh butter, each containing half a pound. One of them was peremptorily ordered off, and the other piece cut in two.

When the hot cakes arrived, they were pronounced "swimming in butter." Not one of the children, however, from Tom down to Em, were willing to believe this.

"See, ma," said Tom, "there isn't hardly any butter on my cakes."

"Take molasses, then. Butter is too dear to be used after your fashion."

"I don't like molasses," replied Tom, in a most interesting whine.

"Then don't eat it," said the mother, her voice expressing any thing but an amiable temper.

"Can't I have some more butter?"

"Not a particle more," was answered most positively.

Tom, at this, threw down his knife and looked sulky, whereupon his father ordered him to leave the table.

"I want some more butter," said little Em, unappalled by the fate of Tom.

"There's butter enough on your cakes," replied the mother.

"No there ain't. I want some more butter."

"Well, you can't have any more. Here's molasses."

"I don't want molasses. Give me more butter."

"No, not a particle more."

Em showed her disappointment by screaming to the extent of her vocal capacity.

"You may scream from now until Doomsday," said Mrs. Livewell, coolly, "but you'll get no more butter. I declare, I never saw the like; you all seem to think that butter was made to be eaten like so much meat!"

"I don't like these cakes," broke in Katy, next older than Em, who was still screaming madly. And the little lady pushed away her plate and leaned back in her chair.

"Why don't you like them? Will you hush, Em!"

The first sentence was a calm interrogation; the last an angry exclamation.

"I want more butter," said Katy.

"Well, you won't get any more. Your cakes are swimming now."

Katy began to whine, and Em continued her undiminished scream."

"If you don't hush, I'll——!" exclaimed Mr. Livewell, suddenly losing all patience and laying his hand heavily upon Em.

The threat of unuttered consequences did not in the least appal the little rebel, if the continuance of her ear-piercing screams gave any clue to the state of her feelings.

"I can't stand this?" fell, at length, from the over-tried father's lips, and rising up quickly, he seized Em with a determined grip, and in a wonderfully short space of time, landed her in the chamber above, where he left her to cry it out by herself. As he came down, his eyes rested for a moment or two upon his hat, which hung in the passage, and he felt strongly inclined to seize upon it and beat a hurried retreat; but he resisted the

temptation, and again entered the breakfast-room. Mrs. Livewell looked distressed, and the two remaining children wore a rebellious aspect. The latter, however, fully warned by the fate of Tom and Em, were silent, and eat, with an evident want of relish, the cakes said to be "swimming in butter." Upon this point, it is but fair to remark that there were two opinions.

Alas! what a tempest of unhappy feelings had the advance of four cents a pound in butter awakened in the breast of nearly every member of this family. The bouquet of flowers which Mrs. Livewell bought that morning in market, cost more than the whole advance on four pounds, the usual quantity purchased. This bouquet had been thrown on the mantelpiece carelessly, and while she was making her children miserable by stinting them in their allowance of butter, the baby was tearing the flowers to pieces and strewing the leaves upon the floor. The destruction caused only a passing murmur. Strange habitude of mind!

Yet Mrs. Livewell does not stand alone. She is the representative of a class, and that a very large one, with whom the price of butter throws brightness or gloom over the domestic circle.

Not loud, but deep were the anathemas uttered by Mr. Livewell against the shameful extortions of farmers and the dairymen, as he hurried towards his store. Hopefully and earnestly did he look forward to the time when a milk and butter laboratory would be established in Philadelphia, and the city be guaranteed a full supply of the latter article at a fair rate. On arriving at his store, he sat down to read his newspaper, and the first thing that met his eye was a glowing description of a new atmospheric churn, by which butter could be produced from either milk or cream in an incredibly short space of time. As the story went, every man could churn his own butter at the breakfast table while the toast was making or the tea drawing. Without waiting to read his letters, just brought in by one of his clerks, off started Mr. Livewell to see this wonderful churn. The man who had the articles for sale, gave the most extraordinary account of their performance, and succeeded, with but little trouble, in inducing his rather green customer to exchange a ten dollar bill for one of them.

"What in the name of wonder is this machine you sent home to-day?" inquired Mrs. Livewell of her husband on the appearance of the latter at dinner time.

"That's a newly-invented churn on the atmospheric principle," replied Mr. Livewell, his face all animation.



"A churn?"

"Yes, my dear; on a new principle altogether. It has just been discovered. Every housekeeper can now have his own butter at less trouble than it takes to go to market. Put in a gallon or two of cream, and you have pounds of fresh butter in five minutes!"

"Are you certain, Mr. Livewell?" inquired his wife, half incredulously.

"Oh, yes; it's no matter of speculation, but a fixed fact. Butter can be made from cream in five minutes, and from skim-milk in ten. Nothing to do but turn so, and the air rushes through these dashers, or whatever you call them, and the butter is there. It's the step between the chemical process we talked of last night and the ordinary mode. Isn't it grand?"

"If it will do."

"Do? It can't help doing. The principle is as plain as daylight. It must do. To-morrow morning we will get a gallon of cream from our milk-man, and have butter of our own churning for breakfast. Think what a saving it will be!"

"How much butter will a gallon of cream make?"

"About five pounds, the man told me."

"Indeed! Cream is eighty cents a gallon. That will bring the butter down to sixteen cents."

"And we'll have the butter-milk into the bargain. Capital, isn't it? I wonder people have never thought of this before. It doesn't take a great while for butter to come, even in the ordinary churn."

Full of this new idea, on the next morning their milkman was over persuaded to disappoint the remainder of his customers to let them have a gallon of cream for their new experiment. An effort had been made to keep the juveniles in ignorance of what was going on; but they had seen the churn, and with the wonderful instinct of children seemed at once to comprehend its mysteries, and to understand that it was to be used in the morning. So, when the experiment was to be tried, they were there, from Tom down to Em, notwithstanding they had been told a dozen times by their mother to go away up stairs and remain until called. Of course, each one felt desirous of assisting in the new and interesting work; and as all could not get hold of the handle of the churn at once, not a little pushing, scolding, quarreling and crying took place, in the midst of which Mr.

Livewell, who was a decided man when fairly aroused, turned the whole posse of them out of the room. Finally, the gallon of cream was poured into the churn, and Mr. Livewell commenced the operation of churning. Most faithfully did he work for five minutes, when the top was removed, and the heads of the husband and wife came together in rather a jarring contact, as each sought eagerly to see the four or five pound lumps of sweet butter, all ready for the table, swimming about in the novel machine. For a moment or two they saw only sparks, then a thick mass became visible, floating on the surface of the buttermilk.

"Try a little longer," said Mrs. Livewell.

"Five minutes he told me was ample. I don't believe the cream is good."

"Oh, yes, I know the cream is good," returned the wife. "You must churn longer."

And so the lid was put down, and the patent butter-maker again set in operation and worked for five minutes, during the whole of which time Em and Katy were pounding and calling on the outside of the door.

"Now I guess it's come," said Mr. Livewell, as he took out his pocket-handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, while Mrs. Livewell proceeded to inspect the contents of the churn. But alas! there was nothing within that was familiar to their eyes as butter. In its place was a thick, soft mass, that bore some slight resemblance to the article they sought. While pondering over this and wondering what it could mean, a gleam of light came into the mind of Mrs. Livewell. She remembered having heard some one say, that after butter was churned it had to be removed from the buttermilk, and all the watery particles forced out by some sort of kneading or compression. So she took out the buttery mass, which weighed some two pounds, and putting it in a dish, worked it with a spoon until it came to the consistence of good firm lard. A little salt was added, after which breakfast was served, and the children admitted. The pent-up curiosity of these young excitable overflowed towards the churn, and the reader will scarcely be surprised to hear that, in their scramble for its possession and the particular privilege of rotating the dasher, they managed to throw it over and deluge the floor with buttermilk.

A little scene followed, not necessary to describe—some of our fair readers may easily imagine it—and then the expectant family

gathered around the table. Butter was plenty, even though it had cost forty cents a pound, to say nothing of the labor, and price of the churn. But, somehow or other, it hadn't exactly a natural appearance nor taste. Mr. and Mrs. Livewell looked at each other gravely, and shook their heads. The children preferred molasses after a first trial of the butter, and finally, the waiter was directed to bring in some of the genuine article.

Of course, the atmospheric churn was voted a failure, and stowed away, to become acquainted with dust and cobwebs in the cellar, where it still reposes "solitary and alone." And, of course, as the butter laboratory has not yet been established, Mr. and Mrs. Livewell and their family are still victims to the constant fluctuations in the butter market, and there seems little chance of any happy turn of events in their favor. They are still looking forward with hope to the time when hay and grass will be converted, by a cheap, quick and simple process, into butter, without all the delay, expense and nonsense attendant upon cow-feeding and milking. But we are afraid they will grow faint with looking and longing for the good time they so earnestly desire. Their case is a melancholy one; but they have this consolation, if consolation it be—they are but the types of a class, and that a numerous one.



## DEACON SMITH AND HIS VIOLIN.



In his younger days, Deacon Smith was looked upon as a very carnal-minded young man. The father, old Deacon Smith, had many painful exercises about his son Abel, who, to use his own language, was "strangely disposed to follow after the man of this world;" and he did not hesitate, in season and out of season, to lecture him on the evil tendency of his ways.

And, in very truth, Abel did give promise of making a bad Christian, according to the standard set up by his father; for Abel, blessed with good health, good spirits and a light body, would, in the face of warning, entreaty and ghostly admonition, indulge in the sinful practises of dancing, singing carnal songs, and playing upon that most profane of all musical instruments, the violin.

How a son of his could ever go so far astray, was a matter of serious wonder to old Deacon Smith. To him it seemed, and so he often said, when mourning over the sad declension of Abel, that Satan had especially desired to have him from a boy, for, from his earliest youth, Abel had shown a strange fondness for sinful pleasures, as will be seen in what we will here relate.

There was a lad named Thomas, whose father, in the common estimation of the religious community around him, neither "feared God nor regarded man." That is, he saw nothing sinful in natural pleasures, if indulged lawfully and without excess, and lived in the practice of his faith on this subject. The lad, his son, had obtained a Jew's-harp, and learned to play upon it the profane airs of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "St. Patrick's Day," and "Auld Lang Syne." As he lived near neighbor to Deacon Smith, he was in the habit of meeting Abel almost every day, although the parents of the latter made many efforts to keep the children apart, and often punished their little boy for disobedience on this score. But, there was something about this son of a sinful father that attracted Abel, spite of interdiction and punishment, and caused him to seek his company whenever an opportunity of meeting him occurred.

One of the chief attractions possessed by Thomas was his Jew's-harp, and his ability to play upon it. Music was Abel's leading passion, and by the time he was four years old, he could catch a tune almost the first time he heard it, and was constantly distressing the ears of his parents, and receiving sharp rebukes for indulging in a strain of "Yankee Doodle," or "Scots wha ha'," either vocally or instrumentally—the instrumental part consisting generally of a solo on a tin cup with his little fist, or else performed with a stick on the wall, window sill, or any other article from which he could elicit a sound.

One day Abel was so fortunate as to receive the present of a sixpence. With this he started off at full speed on a visit to

his interesting friend Thomas, and met him with a proposition to buy his Jew's-harp, for which he offered the aforesaid sixpence. Upon this simple instrument, under the instruction of Thomas, he had already learned to play one or two airs so well, that no one could possibly mistake them. The proposed exchange of property was readily effected.

On the morning when this occurrence took place, Rev. Jedediah Cantwell, the minister, had called in to see Deacon Smith, and have some conversation with him, touching the things of the spirit. As they sat together, in earnest conference, their solemn states were suddenly disturbed by the sound of music in the next room; and, shocking to relate, it came from a Jew's-harp, whose little tongue was vibrating most energetically to the tune of "Yankee Doodle!" In a moment after, the door was thrown open, and Abel came stamping into the room, with his teeth closed tightly upon the iron bow, and his finger touching with unwonted skill the musical tongue of his prize. His head was set back so far, and his eyes so nearly closed that he made the circuit of the room twice, before discovering the august presence of the minister and his angry father; nor was it until a sharp word from the latter fell upon his ear, that he became aware that there was an audience as well as performer.

"Give me that, sir!" said the stern father, with brows drawn down, and eyes glancing forth birch rods by the dozen.

Abel's reluctance to part with his Jew's-harp, was easy to be seen looking out from the sudden alarm with which this unexpected encounter had inspired him.

"Now go out of the room, sir! I will see you after awhile."

As Deacon Smith said this, he broke the tongue of the innocent instrument, and twisted the symmetrical bow into a misshapen form. Poor Abel, when he saw this hopeless ruin, burst into tears and ran out of the room; finding his mother he hid his face in her lap and sobbed wildly for many minutes.

"Deacon Smith," said the minister, in a voice of solemn warning, as soon as the child had retired, "unless you watch over that boy of yours more carefully and prayerfully, he will be lost. It is dreadful to think that so young a child, and the son of one of our oldest Deacons, should so early go astray from the testimonies of the righteous! There must be some fault at home—it is my duty to speak plain, Deacon, and I will speak plain to all, even though my words cut like a knife, and divide in sunder

the bones and the marrow—yes, some fault at home! Search it out, Deacon; and apply the correction, as you value the soul of your child!”

Deacon Smith bowed his head, and received meekly, and without reply, this reproof of Mr. Cantwell. He felt deeply humbled as well as deeply grieved. That he was to blame, somehow or other, because his son loved music and had learned to play upon the Jew's-harp, he sadly owned, but exactly how he was to blame, and how he could have prevented the evil that had occurred, was not so clear to his mind.

As for Abel, to the loss of his Jew's-harp were added sundry experimental punishments, more or less severe, according as affection for the child, or a stern sense of duty, preponderated in the father's mind. How far these were salutary in effecting that for which they were designed, will appear from the fact, that Abel bought from his friend Thomas, within a week, for gingerbread that he denied himself the gratification of tasting, another Jew's-harp. This he took good care never to play within the hearing of any one at home. It sounded in distant fence corners, in the old barn where the air was sweet with newly gathered hay, and in the house of his friend Thomas, into whose company he would go, spite of punishment—but it was never heard at home, where all was cold and unmusical, and where a laugh never echoed along the ceilings with heart-warming cheerfulness.

Here was the beginning of Abel's wanderings away from the right path. As he grew older, his passion for music increased. This his parents attempted to guide, if they could not restrain, by having him instructed, as soon as he was old enough to learn, in psalmody. But Abel had a strange love for instrumental music, and often showed more interest in blowing the teacher's pitch pipe, or ringing his tuning fork, than in his *sol fa mi*.

As a school-boy, Abel was known as a famous maker of corn-stalk fiddles, “locusts,” &c., and generally had his pockets searched at least once a week at home, and almost every day at school, for Jew's-harps, not a small number of which, at one time and another, suffered confiscation. But, the love of music was a part of his soul and could not be extinguished. The sound of a drum and fife almost set him crazy, and the music of a well played violin touched him so deeply that his heart often answered to it with tears.

At the age of eighteen, Abel went into a store in the village, that lay a few miles from the homestead, in order to qualify himself for doing business. Freedom from the oppressive restraints of home, he felt to be, indeed, a blessed relief. About the first use he made of it, was to buy from an itinerant vender of all sorts of notions, an old violin that he happened to have for sale, worth, really, four times what was asked for it. From the time Abel came into possession of this instrument, for months, every moment of leisure and retirement was spent in learning to play. This fact some friend communicated to the old Deacon, who brought all the influence he possessed to bear upon his son, but without effect. The violin was too dearly prized to be given up.

This love of music and playing on the violin, were the means of introducing Abel into a new circle of acquaintance. A few months after he came to the village he met, regularly, every week, half a dozen young men, who were, like himself, learners; some on the violin, some on the flute, and some on other instruments. From music to dancing, and going to see shows where music, such as it was, always formed an attraction, was an easy transition. Abel added to his other vices that of tripping it on the light fantastic toe, which, when the fact became known to his father, caused him most bitter grief of spirit. But all he could say produced no effect upon Abel, who made the matter much worse in the eyes of the old Deacon by declaring that he saw no harm in dancing. If he had owned to its being evil, and confessed to the inordinate carnal desire that led him into sin, there would have been some hope; but to "see no harm in dancing!"—that made the perversion of his son almost hopeless.

It was a great scandal to Deacon Smith, this worldly-mindedness and sad declension. He felt, daily, that his own standing was compromised by the conduct of his son; for people would say, and he was very certain did say, that there must have been some fault at home, or Abel never would have wandered so soon from the straight and narrow path. What that fault was, he could not tell. He was certain that he had tried faithfully to restrain the perverse tendencies of his fallen nature, although he had tried in vain.

The attainment of his majority did not cause Abel to love the things of the church any more nor the things of this world any less. He entered into all the social amusements that came in his way, dancing, and even joining a game of whist, if cards

happened to be introduced. But in nothing did he take so much delight as in his violin, in performing upon which he attained great skill.

When Abel was twenty-three years of age, he saw, during one of his visits at home, a maiden who greatly pleased his fancy. He had met her frequently before, but then she was only a sprightly little girl, and he a boy just leaving school. The pleasant girl had become a lovely maiden, and Abel's heart turned towards her as the flower to the sun. Old Deacon Smith was quick to see the impression made by Abby Howard upon the mind of his son, and he was wonderfully pleased thereat, for Abby was the oldest daughter of the good Deacon Howard, and was herself a church member, and pious. He had more hope for his son now, than he had felt for years.

Well, Abel's next visit was in six weeks, instead of in three months, as formerly, and what was a little notable, during the few days he remained at home, he took occasion to call at Deacon Howard's and ask for Abby. This was known all over the neighborhood in less than twenty-four hours.

At his next return home, which was in even a shorter period than six weeks, he visited Abby twice. Things now looked serious, and Deacon Howard called in to see Deacon Smith to ask him about his son. He had heard, he frankly acknowledged, many strange stories about Abel, who was generally accounted a worldly-minded and profane young man, while Abby was a member of the church and very pious. Abel had visited her already three or four times, and it was too evident that Abby had received his visits with pleasure. This being the posture of affairs, Deacon Howard wished to know what he could say in favor of his son.

This was a trial for the stern old Deacon to pass through. He loved his boy more and more as he grew older, for Abel, notwithstanding his evil ways in the eyes of his father, was always kind, attentive and affectionate towards his parents; and even though rebuked, sometimes, with unbecoming harshness, ever returned gentle and soothing words.

"There is something good in that boy, for all," the father could not help often saying to his wife, after parting with Abel at the end of his regular visits at home. If I could only see him hopefully pious, my heart would be at rest."

Even the most rigid will pardon Deacon Smith for putting the



best possible face upon the matter, as he did to Deacon Howard, between whom and himself, it was finally agreed that the young couple should be left to follow out their own inclinations. These drew them into a nearer intimacy, and ended in a declaration of love on the part of Abel, who was referred by the blushing maiden to her father.

To Deacon Howard the young man went with some reluctance and many misgivings. His application for the hand of Abby was treated with much gravity, and he had to stand many searching questions, and sundry severe remarks upon his past life, for which, much to the Deacon's satisfaction, he expressed sincere regret, and hoped that he might in the future be a better man. He was told that Abby was a member of the church and pious, and that if he thought of becoming her husband, and the head of a family, he should make up his mind to come out from the sinful world and prepare himself, by joining the church, for the important duties that would necessarily devolve upon him.

This was a grave matter, but his love for Abby made Abel weigh what was said to him with due seriousness; and he finally began to think that, perhaps, he had been rather too worldly-minded; and, also, that as Abby was a pious young woman and a member of the church, it would not do for him, as her husband, to do just as he had done.

The next thing was an objection urged by Abby's mother to her going away. To meet this, came an offer on the part of Deacon Smith to Deacon Howard of this tenor;—if he would join him in the purchase of a neat little farm, close by, that had just been offered for sale, they would buy it and make it a present to the young couple as a marriage portion, provided Abel was willing to give up storekeeping and turn farmer. Abel did not object, seriously.

The marriage was solemnized on next Thanksgiving day, and in the following spring Abel Smith commenced his new occupation of farmer. In the course of a year he joined the church, and there was a fair promise of his becoming a worthy member of the same.

Abel's first trial after marriage, was the serious objection made by Abby to his violin, the very sound of which caused her heart to shrink, and filled her with alarm lest some one should be passing near. The idea of its being said ~~that~~ a violin had been heard in her house, was a shocking thought. The hus-

band's love for his wife and regard for her feelings, even though he believed her prejudiced, triumphed over his affection for the favorite violin, and it was soon laid aside in some dark corner.

Even though seated beside his sweet young bride, the evenings often passed away heavily without a strain of music from the dear old instrument. He read pious books to Abby, sung with her the sacred songs of the church, talked over their duties in life, recounted their present pleasures and the hosts that crowded the blessed future; but all did not compensate, fully, for what he had lost, and there were times when he would have made almost any sacrifice to hear again the pure strains of a violin.

Ten years after he had seen his son married, become a church member, and give up his carnal delights, old Deacon Smith paid the debt of nature. His last days he always called his best days.

Abel, by this time, had a snug little family about him, and was doing very well on his farm. On Sundays he attended church regularly with his wife and children. The death of old Deacon Smith left a vacancy in the secular part of the particular church militant of which he had while living been a member, and this vacancy was filled by an election of his son to the office. Abel tried to refuse the honor thus unexpectedly conferred upon him, but it was no use. He had been made a deacon, and a deacon he must remain.

The oldest son of Deacon Smith, as Abel was now every where called, had quite as strong a passion for Jew's-harps, corn-stalk fiddles and the like, as had been manifested by his father when of his age. The Deacon, as became him, looked grave whenever he came suddenly upon the young Abel engaged in his musical recreations; but he never positively interdicted the Jew's-harp, nor broke out its eloquent little tongue, as his father had done before him. No—no. He could not have done that! There was something in the sound of the little instrument that made his heart beat quicker, Deacon of the Church as he was! Nor did little Abel alone show a fondness for music; every child he had was so full of harmony that he almost cried in tune.

As the children grew up, they were early taught music; that is, psalmody. But, notwithstanding no songs but sacred songs were heard from the lips of their parents; and profane songs, as they were called, were spoken against in the church, the voice of Ruth, the oldest girl, was often heard lingering sweetly on

“Come to the Sunset Tree,” “Oft in the Stilly Night,” or “The Last Rose of Summer,” which she had learned from her young companions.

Although Deacon Smith had never asked his daughter to sing one of these songs, yet he always listened to her when she warbled them to herself, and thought she never sung so sweetly. Abel often struck in with his mellow bass, giving a double effect to the music. Against this the mother often complained, and frequently rebuked the children for singing these profane songs, but her husband always said, when they were alone—

“I don’t know that we ought to feel very much troubled about it, Abby; they might do a great deal worse.”

After Abel Smith had been Deacon for about ten years, old Mr. Cantwell, the minister, died, well advanced in age; and a new minister was chosen. He was a man about thirty years of age, well educated, and far less austere in his manner than his predecessor. Deacon Smith liked him much better, although, from some cause or other, he never became very intimate in his intercourse with him.

As the children grew up, and their love of music grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength, their knowledge of profane songs increased. Ruth had two or three young friends, whose advantages were far above hers, as they had pianos, and all the “new and fashionable music.” From these young ladies, Ruth used frequently to borrow songs and learn them at home. At length, Deacon Smith so far broke through the ice of rigid church conventionality, as to ask Ruth, sometimes, to sing him some of the songs he most loved to hear—“Come to the Sunset Tree,” or “The Irish Emigrant’s Lament.” At last, when the children were singing any thing that pleased him, he would join in, much to the surprise of his wife, who began really to fear that her husband was “falling away” from his spiritual integrity.

“A Deacon singing songs! What will be said?”—

This remark of Abby’s made the Deacon feel a little curious, and half ashamed of himself. But when the “Lament,” or “Oft in the Stilly Night,” or “Woodman Spare that Tree” was sung by Ruth and joined in by her two brothers, the Deacon’s voice would, somehow or other, without his intending it, blend in with them, and give character and depth to the music. He felt that there was something wanting, and that his voice would

just supply it, and then his voice broke in. There was little or no intention in this. It was from a kind of impulse.

Thus things went on for a few years until Abby ceased to object, and until, in fact, she came to feel a heart-interest in the "Lament," "The May Queen," and many other profane songs. Almost every evening there was a little concert in the Deacon's family, which usually ended by way of a conscience-clearer, with a hymn or a psalm.

One day, it was when Ruth was about sixteen, and Abel, his oldest boy, in his fourteenth year, the Deacon, in passing his barn, stopped in sudden surprise, at hearing the music of a violin issuing from the repository of grain and hay. The performer he soon ascertained to be no very great proficient in the art he was endeavoring to practice, although he made a tolerably fair attempt at "Yankee Doodle." Drawing silently near, and gaining a position that made him an unobserved observer, the Deacon was not a little surprised to see his son Abel, sawing away upon his old violin, the existence of which he had fully believed to be a matter of entire ignorance to his children; as well as the fact that he had himself ever handled the bow.

As quietly as he had approached, did Deacon Smith withdraw, feeling rather strangely. The sound of that old violin had awakened a thousand musical echoes in his heart, and he felt a most intense desire to get it once more into his hands, and draw from it the deep melodies that lay hidden in its strings.

That evening, the Deacon said to Abel, as the children got out their music, and after selecting the "Lament," were preparing to sing it—

"Go up stairs, my son, and bring down my violin."

Abel started, and looked half frightened for a moment, Ruth turned her eyes quickly upon her father's face, and the mother said, in a deprecating voice—

"What do you want with that, father?"

Abel only paused an instant, and then flew up stairs for the violin. He happened to know more about his father's early love for the instrument than the Deacon suspected.

The violin was brought and placed in the hands of Deacon Smith, who looked at it with a glance of affection that he could not conceal. He found that it had been newly stringed. After tuning it, he said to the children,—

“ Now begin, and let me see if I can't accompany you.”

Ruth and her brothers arranged themselves and began the song, while the Deacon drew his bow with a skill and taste that surprised and delighted his children.

While in the midst of this performance, an auditor presented himself at the door opening into the passage, towards which their backs were turned, and this no less a personage than the minister, who, as the reader may suppose, was “ immensely ” surprised at what he heard and saw. A deacon of his church playing on the violin and singing with his children a profane song ! He felt, for the moment, a strong emotion of pious anger. But he restrained himself and stood still, unobserved, but all observing.

As the song progressed, sung as it was with exquisite taste and overpowering pathos, for the hearts of all were in what they were doing, the minister's feelings began to soften. He felt, too, that there could be no evil in a poor bereaved heart thus pouring itself out in expressive words nor any in singing those words, and feeling intense sympathy for him who was supposed first to have uttered them. Once or twice the minister felt a choking sensation in his throat, but he swallowed it down with an effort. At last, accompanied by a low wailing strain from the violin, their voices trembled on the words—

‘ And I laid you, darling down to sleep,  
With your baby on your breast.’

This was more than the minister could bear. Ere the next strain could be taken up, the little party of musicians were startled by a deep fluttering sob, and turning quickly in the direction from which it came, they saw their minister in the door, striving in vain to hide the tears that were falling over his face. The man—the true man's heart in him had been touched.

Deacon Smith understood, in a moment, the exact position of affairs. He did not attempt to push his violin out of sight, but laid it in full view upon a table. As soon as all was settled, and a good tone of feeling had been acquired, he said—

“ You are, no doubt, surprised to find a Deacon of your church playing on the violin, and his children singing songs. But, I need not tell you, who know so well, that it is the end for which a thing, not evil in itself, is done, that makes it good or bad to him who does it. It might be evil for some to do what we have been doing, but not for us. We feel it not only to be innocent,

but good thus to mingle our hearts and voices in sympathy with our fellows. We have two duties in life,—to love God and regard man. If we do not properly regard man, we cannot truly love God. The great mistake that is made by the religious world, I have long felt to be, the withdrawal of itself from the natural world and its natural pleasures, instead of flowing into it and giving a true vitality to these pleasures. It is not religion to live above the world, nor out of it, but to live in it and fill all its uses and innocent pleasures with a vital and spiritual principle. Good songs, expressive of human sympathies and good will one towards another, are as necessary for the perfection of what is natural, as spiritual songs and devotional exercises are for the perfection of what is spiritual.”

The minister did not attempt to controvert what the Deacon said, although, in connection with a violin, the doctrine seemed a little heretical. But, as he had been betrayed into the natural weakness of shedding tears at the mere singing of a song, he felt that it was best for him to say as little as possible.

After that, Deacon Smith indulged in the luxury of violin playing whenever he felt inclined that way. This luxury, however, was not enjoyed without sundry drawbacks. Exceptions were taken by members of the church to a secular officer thereof being guilty of such a violation of religious decorum as playing upon a fiddle, which was characterized by some as the Devil's instrument. The Deacon's mind at last became balanced between the questions of giving up his violin, or resigning his office in the church. His desire to be free to do what he believed to be right, and his love for the old, mellow toned instrument, decided him to give up the deaconcy, and he is now plain Abel Smith, though quite as good a Christian at heart as many of his more scrupulous brethren.

# THE KNIGHT, THE HERMIT, AND THE MAN

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## THE KNIGHT.

Sir Guy de Montfort was as brave a knight as ever laid lance in rest, or swung his glittering battle-axe. He possessed many noble and generous qualities, but they were obscured, alas! by the strange thirst for human blood that marked the age in which he lived—an age, when “love your friends, and *hate* your enemies,” had taken the place of “But I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.”

Ten knights as brave as Sir Guy, and possessing as many noble and generous qualities, had fallen beneath his superior strength and skill in arms; and for this, the bright eyes of beauty looked admiringly upon him—fair lips smiled when he appeared—and minstrels sang of his prowess in ladies’ bower and festive hall.

At a great tournament given in honor of the marriage of the king’s daughter, Sir Guy sent forth his challenge to single and deadly combat; but, for two days no one accepted this challenge, although it was three times proclaimed by the herald. On the third day, a young and strange knight rode, with vizor down, into the lists, and accepted the challenge. His slender form, his carriage, and all that appertained to him, showed him to be no match for Guy de Montfort—and so it proved. They met—and Sir Guy’s lance, at the first tilt, penetrated the corslet of the brave young knight and entered his heart. As he rolled

upon the ground, his casque flew off, and a shower of sunny curls fell over his fair young face and neck.

Soon the strange news went thrilling from heart to heart, that the youthful knight who had kissed the dust beneath the sharp steel of De Montfort, was a maiden! and none other than the beautiful, high-spirited Agnes St. Bertrand, whose father Sir Guy had killed, but a few months before, in a combat to which he had challenged him.

By order of the king the tournament was suspended, and rampant knights and ladies gay went back to their homes in soberer mood than when they came forth.

Alone in his castle, with the grim faces of his ancestors looking down upon him from the wall, Sir Guy paced to and fro with hurried steps. The Angel of Mercy was nearer to him than she had been for years, and her whispers were distinctly heard. Glory and fame were forgotten by the knight—for self was forgotten. The question—a strange question for him—“What good?” arose in his mind. He had killed St. Bertrand—but why? To add another leaf to his laurels as a brave knight. But, was this leaf worth its cost—the broken heart of the fairest and loveliest maiden in the land? nay, more—the life-drops from that broken heart?

For the first time the flush of triumph was chilled by a remembrance of what the triumph had cost him. Then came a shudder, as he thought of the lovely widow who drooped in Arto Castle—of the wild pang that snapped the heart-strings of De Cressy’s bride, when she saw the battle axe go crashing into her husband’s brain—of the beautiful betrothed of Sir Gilbert de Marion, now a shrieking maniac—of Agnes St. Bertrand!

As these sad images came up before the knight, his pace grew more rapid, and his brows, upon which large beads of sweat were standing, were clasped between his hands with a gesture of agony.

“And what for all this?” he murmured. “What for all this? Am I braver or better for such bloody work?”

Through the long night he paced the hall of his castle; but with day dawn he rode forth alone. The sun arose and set; the seasons came and went; years passed; but the knight returned not.



## THE HERMIT.

Far from the busy scenes of life dwelt a pious recluse, who, in prayer, fasting, and various forms of penance, sought to find repose for his troubled conscience. His food was pulse, and his drink the pure water that went sparkling in the sunlight past his hermit-cell in the wilderness. Now and then a traveler who had lost his way, or an eager hunter in pursuit of game, met this lonely man in his deep seclusion. To such he spoke eloquently of the vanities of life, and of the wisdom of those who, renouncing these vanities, devote themselves to God; and they left him, believing the hermit to be a wise and happy man.

But they erred. Neither prayer nor penance filled the aching void that was in his bosom. If he were happy, it was a happiness for which none need have felt an envious wish; if he were wise, his wisdom partook more of the selfishness of this world than of the holy benevolence of the next.

The days came and went; the seasons changed; years passed; and still the hermit's prayers went up at morning, and the setting sun looked upon his kneeling form. His body was bent, though not with age; his long hair whitened, but not with the snows of many winters. Yet all availed not. The solitary one found not in prayer and penance that peace which passeth all understanding.

One night he dreamed in his cell that the Angel of Mercy came to him, and said:

"It is in vain—all in vain! Art thou not a man, to whom power has been given to do good to thy fellow-man? Is the bird on the tree, the beast in his lair, the worm that crawls upon the earth thy fellow? Not by prayer, not by meditation, not by penance, is man purified; not for these are his iniquities washed out. 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' These are the divine words thou hast not yet learned. Thou callest thyself God's servant; but were is thy work? I see it not. Where are the hungry thou hast fed?—the naked thou hast clothed?—the sick and the prisoner who have been visited by thee. They are not here in the wilderness!"

The angel departed, and the hermit awoke. It was midnight. From the bending heavens beamed down myriads of beautiful stars. The dark and solemn woods were still as death, and there was no sound on the air save the clear music of the

singing rill as it went on, happily, with its work, even in the darkness.

"Where is *my* work?" murmured the hermit, as he stood with his hot brow uncovered in the cool air. "The stars are moving in their courses; the trees are spreading forth their branches and rising to heaven; and the stream flows on to the ocean; but I, superior to all these—I, gifted with a will, an understanding and active energies—am doing no work! 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Those blessed words cannot be said of me."

Morning came, and the hermit saw the bee at its labor, the bird building its nest and the worm spinning its silken thread.

"And is there no work for *me*, the noblest of all created things?" said he.

The hermit knelt in prayer, but found no utterance. Where was his work? He had none to bring but evil work. He had harmed his fellow men—but where was the good he had done? Prayers and penitential deeds wiped away no tear from the eye of sorrow—fed not the hungry—clothed not the naked.

"De Montfort!—it is in vain! there must be charity as well as piety!"

Thus murmured the hermit, as he arose from his prostrate attitude.

When night came, the hermit's cell, far away in the deep, untrodden forest, was tenantless.

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## THE MAN.

A fearful plague raged in a great city. In the narrow streets where the poor were crowded together, the hot breath of the pestilence withered up hundreds in a day. Those not stricken down, fled, and left the suffering and the dying to their fate. Terror extinguished all human sympathies.

In the midst of these dreadful scenes, a man clad in plain garments—a stranger—approached the plague-stricken city. The flying inhabitants warned him of the peril he was about encountering, but he heeded them not. He entered within the walls, and took his way with a firm step to the most infected regions.

In the first house that he entered he found a young maiden alone and almost in the agonies of death; and her feeble cry was for something to slake her burning thirst. He placed to her lips a cool draught, of which she drank eagerly; then he sat down to watch by her side. In a little while the hot fever began to abate, and the sufferer slept. Then he lifted her in his arms and bore her beyond the city walls, where the air was purer and where were those appointed to receive and minister to the sick who were brought forth.

Again he went into the deadly atmosphere and among the sick and the dying; and soon he returned once more, with a sleeping infant that he had removed from the enfolding arms of its dead mother. There was a calm and holy smile upon the stranger's lips as he looked into the sweet face of the innocent child ere he resigned it to others; and those who saw that smile, said in their hearts,—“Verily, he hath his reward.”

For weeks the plague hovered, with its black wings, over that devoted city—and, during the whole time, this stranger to all the inhabitants passed from house to house, supporting a dying head here, giving drink to such as were almost mad with thirst there, and bearing forth in his arms those for whom there was any hope of life. But, when “the pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon day,” had left the city, he was no where to be found.

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For years the Castle of De Montfort was without a lord. Its knightly owner had departed, though to what far country no one knew. At last he returned—not on mailed charger, with corslet, casque and spear—a boastful knight, with hands crimsoned by his brother's blood,—not as a pious devotee from his cloister; but, as a *man*, from the city where he had done good deeds amid the dying and the dead. He came to take possession of his stately castle and his broad lands once more—not as a knight, but as a man—not to glory once more in his proud elevation, but to use the gifts with which God had endowed him, in making wiser, better and happier, his fellow-men.

He had work to do, and he was faithful in its performance. He was no longer a knight-errant, seeking for adventure wherever brute courage promised to give him renown; he was no

longer an idle hermit, shrinking from his work in the great harvest-fields of life ; but he was a *man*, doing valiantly among his fellow-men, truly noble deeds—not deeds of blood, but deeds of moral daring, in an age when the real uses of life were despised by the titled few.

There was the bold Knight, the pious Hermit, and the Man ; but the MAN was best and greatest of all.

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## HAPPY ON A LITTLE.

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“ What is your income ? ”

The young man to whom this question was addressed, hesitated to answer, while the flush already on his brow assumed a deeper hue.

“ Can you support a wife ? ”

“ Yes sir.”

“ What is your salary ? ”

“ Three hundred dollars.”

“ Three hundred ! ”

“ Yes sir.”

“ And do you expect to maintain a wife as well as yourself on that sum ? ”

“ Fanny knows what I earn, and she is willing to marry me. We have talked it all over, and she is ready to conform to my circumstances. We are not proud. We don't care for the world's opinion. We can be happy on a little.”

“ On a little ! How long have you been receiving your present salary ? ”

“ Three years.”

“ How much have you saved ? ”

“ Nothing.”

"Nothing! How comes that? If two can live on three hundred dollars, one ought to live on a hundred and fifty."

"My personal expenses are higher as a single man than they would be if I were married. I pay, for instance, three dollars a week for boarding. It wouldn't cost us both more than that for food."

"You know nothing about it, my young friend. It is far more likely to cost you double."

"Oh! As to that, we don't expect to live in the style that you do; nor to keep so good a table. We shall conform to our means."

"With all of which you think Fanny is going to be delighted."

"If she love me, she will not desire any thing beyond what my means will procure."

"My young friend! If you and Fanny are feeding your fancies upon this delusion, you are both fated to endure severe disappointments. Better wait for a couple of years until you are in a condition to support a wife. This being happy on a little, is all romance. It won't do, no how."

The young man was silent, but not convinced that he was in error. He was over head and ears in love with Mr. Alexander's pretty niece Fanny, and Fanny was just as deeply in love with him. Being in love with each other, the next thing to be thought of was marriage; and they had agreed between themselves that, as no serious obstacles were in the way of their union, it must be consummated. So Philip Harper, the young lover, approached Fanny's uncle on the subject and asked his consent to the proposed union.

Mr. Alexander was a plain matter-of-fact kind of a man, with little enthusiasm, few weaknesses and no romance in his character. Of course, he objected, as has been seen, and with good reason. Harper still tried to reason the matter, but Mr. Alexander closed the question, by saying that, until the young man's income was at least five hundred dollars per annum, he would not consent to the marriage. The lover went away disappointed, and offended at some plain speeches that the uncle took it upon himself to make upon the occasion.

At the first convenient opportunity that offered, after the lover retired, Mr. Alexander took his niece aside and talked to her seriously about the folly she proposed to commit.

"The young man's character is fair enough," said he; "at least so far as I know. But he is not in a condition to support you."

"I am ready to conform to his circumstances," replied Fanny, blushing as she spoke. "I ask nothing beyond what his income will afford. We will be happy on a little."

"But his income will not afford you the plainest style of living."

"He gets three hundred dollars a year."

"I pay more than that for house rent."

"Oh! but we don't expect to live in a house as large as this. Our ideas are more moderate."

"Silly girl!" exclaimed Mr. Alexander, impatiently. "You don't know what you are talking about!"

Fanny burst into tears, and her uncle, after the utterance of two or three angry expressions, left her alone.

Another effort was made by young Harper to obtain the consent of Mr. Alexander, failing in which, an elopement was decided upon, which event took place without the occurrence of any very romantic incident.

When the fact was announced to Mr. Alexander he did not manifest any excitement, but merely said in his cool way—

"Very well! Miss Fanny has made her bed, and she must lie in it."

As for Miss Fanny, or, rather, Mrs. Frances Harper, she was content to meet the consequences of her act, which she did not in the least doubt would bring her all the happiness she desired. After the marriage ceremony had been performed, Harper removed his bride to his boarding house, where he had provided for her temporary reception until he could make other arrangements. The note that was immediately despatched by Fanny to her uncle and aunt, announcing what she had done, remained unanswered for a week; and this silence gave to her cup of joy its first drops of bitterness. Since she was four years old, they had been to her all that her own parents, had they lived, could have been; and at no period of her life had she before acted in deliberate opposition to their wishes. To feel that she had offended them—that they were angry with her—gave her great pain, and sobered her feelings ere the wreath of orange flowers that decked her hair had faded. At the end of a week, she could bear the suspense no longer, and so went

humbly to her old home and sought forgiveness. She was not repulsed, but her reception was cold; and this hurt her almost as badly. The shadow of a dark wing was already upon the heart of the young creature who had not yet seen her nineteenth birthday.

There was something pleasant in the atmosphere of the old home; and when she turned from it, to go back among uncongenial strangers, there was a tinge of sadness in her feelings. But she did not repent of what she had done. Oh, no! She was a bride, and would go any where and endure any thing to be with her husband, whom she loved better than life itself.

The income of Philip Harper was six dollars a week; and just six dollars was the price he had to pay for boarding himself and his wife, and this not in a house of the better class. But, he was well enough acquainted with the rule of simple subtraction, to know, that if six be taken from six, nothing remains. It was not, therefore, his intention to stay where he was. They must keep house, that was understood from the first. As the exact style of the proposed house keeping, neither of them had thought much. It was to be plain as a matter of course; and they were to live very frugally.

As Harper had saved nothing from his salary, and, therefore, had nothing ahead—not even so much as a ten dollar bill—the finely balanced equality between his income and the cost of boarding soon admonished him that a change must speedily be made. So the subject of immediate house keeping came up for consideration.

“We will only want a couple of rooms, a parlor and bed-chamber,” said Philip, whose ideas on the subject were not very far out of the way.

“Only two rooms!” returned Fanny, evidently taken by surprise, at this suggestion.

“Cannot we live as happily in two comfortable rooms as if we were in a whole house?” enquired the young man.

“Oh yes, I suppose so,” said Fanny. “But I never thought of that.”

“We are not able to rent a whole house. A very small one would cost us a hundred and fifty dollars; and you know that our income is but three hundred. A couple of very good rooms can be had for fifty or sixty dollars; and in them we may be as happy as if we occupied a palace.”

"But where is the cooking to be done? And where will the servant sleep?" enquired Fanny.

These were questions that the young man felt himself puzzled to answer. As for a servant, he had not taken that family appendage into the account of expenses. Fanny understood, before they were married, that his income was small, and that they would have to live humbly and frugally. He worked hard all day with his hands as well as with his thoughts; and he had taken it for granted, without much reflection, that in working at home, in her little household, Fanny would find a dear delight, especially as to make him happy would be the end of her toil. What would they want with a servant? Philip Harper had something yet to learn!

"No doubt," he replied, with less ardor in his tone of voice, "that we could easily arrange for a servant's bed in the garret, and for the privilege of using the kitchen."

"Such an arrangement would make endless trouble with our servant and the domestics of the other family. We would be continually in hot water."

Harper felt hurt at this throwing of his plans back upon him, after he had thought them all out.

"But it is out of the question," he replied, a little coldly, "to think of renting an entire house, unless we take some little box, in a narrow court, among the poorest class of people. In no way can we be so genteel and comfortable as in a part of a house in a good neighborhood."

Fanny was not unreasonable. A little reflection caused her to see that her husband was right, although she could not help showing the disappointment she felt at the thought of living in two rooms.

After searching for a couple of weeks, rooms in a good neighborhood were found, for which, with the privilege of the kitchen and a bed for the servant, a rent of seventy-five dollars was asked. Fanny liked the rooms, and so they were engaged. But, the next thing was to furnish them. There was only one way in which this could be done; and that was in the way of credit. This being the only horn of the dilemma, Harper took hold of it. A friend kept a furnishing warehouse, and readily supplied him with all he wanted on liberal time. But a debt of two hundred dollars due, according to agreement, in nine months, added nothing to the comfort of the young man's new home; more



particularly, as he soon discovered that Fanny's ideas about economy and humble life were altogether vague, and that it took every cent of his six dollars a week to meet the expense of the family, exclusive of rent and clothing. Talking to Fanny and trying to make her comprehend the embarrassing nature of his position, and the necessity for a more careful system of expenditure, had no good effect, but only clouded her mind and made her unhappy. In a month after taking possession of their new home, the young man was so troubled at the prospect before him, as to be really miserable, and this state of mind, reacting upon his young and inexperienced wife, made her as wretched as himself.

A few months caused the error that had been committed to become apparent to both parties. Unhappily, neither Harper nor his wife had ever passed through any serious mental discipline, nor had they, previous to marriage, been called upon to practise the virtues of self-denial, patience and forbearance. Young and inexperienced, they had taken upon themselves new duties and assumed new relations, without fairly counting the cost.

Try as he would, Harper could not induce Fanny to practice that rigid economy called for by imperious necessity. She would spend money for this and that little thing, and when he looked serious about it, she would be hurt. The fact was, she did about as well as she knew how. Of domestic economy she was thoroughly ignorant, and knew as little about managing in household matters as she did at twelve years of age.

As little debts accumulated here and there, and the time at which the payment of the furniture was to be made, drew nearer and nearer, Harper became more and more restless, impatient and cold towards his bride. He was on the rack, and it was not to be supposed that he could be cheerful, loving and considerate as at first. Poor Fanny felt all this. Her husband was strangely altered. Instead of being affectionately deferential to her as he had been, he was captious, fault-finding and moody. And her feelings, too, were soured. To *think* of enduring privations with and for one we love, is all very beautiful; the charm of romance is in the idea. But, the reality is something so different from the fancy, that they do not at all agree together, and affect the mind in a different way. The eagerness with which Fanny sprung to meet her husband when she heard his step, was, already, a thing of other days. To her he was so

changed, that his presence was felt as a pressure upon her spirits. All, too, was so different from what she had anticipated. It was so cheerless, this being shut up all alone in a single room; and she took no pleasure in walking out. Self-denial, too, had to be practiced in almost every thing. The simplest want, beyond mere food, could not be supplied; or, if she ventured upon the experiment of doing so, her purchase was rather frowned upon than approved.

Unhappy Harper! He did not mean to be unkind to his wife, but the pressure that was upon all sides distressed and bewildered him.—It happened one day, just as he was about leaving the store in which he was employed, to return home to dinner, that a man to whom he owed five dollars for a pair of boots, called with his bill; and as he had called several times before without getting his money, he took it upon himself, on the present occasion, to speak out his mind pretty plainly, to the no small annoyance of his unhappy debtor. With the smart of this interview still fresh upon his feelings, Harper came home. As he walked along, and thought over his affairs, he became more thoroughly disheartened than he had yet been. It was a little over six months since the important step of providing for himself a wife had been taken, and in counting up the little bills of one kind and another which had been run up here and there, since that time, he found himself in debt, including the amount due for furniture, about three hundred dollars. Twenty-five dollars of this sum was for rent. Frugally as he had tried to live, and rigid as had been his self-denial, it had cost him, in six months, throwing out the price of his furniture, just one hundred dollars more than his income. As all this came up before his mind, it distressed him deeply. In this state he came home. Fanny had been out in company with a young friend who was on a shopping expedition. She had seen the pattern of a dress that pleased her fancy much, and as she had not bought a single new dress since her marriage, nor indeed, scarcely an article of clothing in all that time, it did not appear unreasonable for her to want to buy this one. So, as soon as her husband had entered the room, and before taking time to observe the aspect of his face, she said, with a good deal of animation—

“Oh Phillip! I saw such a beauty of a dress in Market street to-day, and I must have it. It will only cost three dollars. Don't you think you can spare me that much this week?”

“Don’t talk to me of dresses!” replied Harper, fretfully, as he disengaged himself rudely from Fanny, who had drawn her arm within his.

The instant the young man had said this, he regretted the hasty and impatient speech; Fanny had shrunk from him as quickly as if with his hand he had pushed her away, and sinking into a chair she burst into tears. As the young wife sat weeping, Harper stood with contracted brow and compressed lips, justifying himself for what he had done, by mentally charging Fanny with a selfish disregard for him in the troubles with which he was encompassed, and as having deceived him in her promise to conform in all things to his humble condition. Thus, in permitting himself to write bitter things against his young and inexperienced wife, he suffered an estrangement towards her, and became imbued with a harsh and unsympathising spirit.

For nearly a quarter of an hour Harper waited for his wife to join him at the table where he had seated himself. But, with her face buried in her hands, she sat immovable. He spoke to her twice, but she did not answer. This provoked him—so rising up without having tasted food, he put on his hat and left the house, not even uttering a word as he did so.

The young man did not feel very comfortable during the afternoon, as may well be supposed. His sky was troubled enough before—now it wore a darker aspect. At least an hour earlier than usual he was on his way home. On entering his sitting-room, he found no one there. He went into the chamber—that also was tenantless. A feeling of loneliness came over him. What if Fanny, wounded by his unkindness, had deserted him and gone back to her friends? The thought, coming suddenly, caused the blood to tingle in the very ends of his fingers. He called the servant and inquired for his wife. The servant knew nothing more than that she had gone out some hours before. The night came down, but Fanny was still away. Harper began to feel very anxious. That her absence was in some way connected with his unkindness towards her, he did not doubt; but the question was, where had she gone?

A few hours before, as the aunt of Fanny sat alone in her room, the door was suddenly thrown open and the latter entered.

“Oh aunt! let me come home again,” she sobbed, as she sank down by her side, and hid her face in her lap, “I am so unhappy!”

"Unhappy, child! Why should you be unhappy?" enquired Mrs. Alexander, endeavoring to raise her weeping niece. "Is not Phillip kind to you?"

"He is so changed, aunt Mary!—and he grows colder and more indifferent towards me every day."

"Calm yourself, my child; you are too much excited," said Mrs. Alexander, kindly. "Come, get up and take off your things, and when you are more composed we will talk this matter over."

The aunt soon understood pretty clearly the nature of the difficulty. Much more clearly than Fanny understood it herself. Soothing her as best she could, but without offering any advice, Mrs. Alexander waited until her husband came home. On learning the state of affairs between the young couple, Mr. Alexander said, without looking very serious or showing much surprise—

"It's just as I expected. Poverty has come in at the door and love flown out of the window."

"Oh no! not so bad as that I hope," returned Mrs. Alexander, "love has'nt flown; she is only under a cloud."

"She seems to have flown from Phillip's dwelling to ours at least. Though I presume she will be glad to get back again before to-morrow morning, if not before ten o'clock to-night."

"I think you make too light of this matter entirely," said Mrs. Alexander seriously. "The poor child is wretched."

"Oh no, not at all! The whole affair is not much better than a farce. I looked for something of this kind to take place, though I must own it has come rather early. So much for getting married on three hundred dollars a year!—but what else is to be expected of children?"

"It is rather serious child's play."

"No doubt they have found it so. But I suppose they are sufficiently punished, and we must try if we cannot help love back again through the window, by assisting to drive poverty out at the door."

Harper was sitting half beside himself, in his little parlor, an hour after nightfall, listening eagerly to every passing footstep. Each moment seemed an age of suspense. Where could Fanny have gone? What was the meaning of her strange absence? Unable longer to endure the doubts and fears that were pressing on his mind, he had started up, and was preparing to go out in

search of her, when some one rang the bell. He paused to listen, and stood with his head bent in order to catch the first sound of Fanny's voice, or the echo of her well known tread along the passage. The door was opened; he bent more eagerly forward to listen. It was a man's voice that he heard! With a feeling of faintness he sunk upon a chair. Ere he had recovered himself, there was a knock at his own door. "Come in," he cried, in a low voice. His heart was beating in heavy, suffocating pulsations.

Mr. Alexander entered. It was the first time he had unbent himself from his dignified reserve and assumed indifference enough to visit the humble abode into which his niece had retired. As he came in, Harper arose and advanced a step or two; but though he tried to speak he did not succeed in giving utterance to a word.

"What's the matter with you and Fanny?" said Mr. Alexander abruptly, helping himself to a chair as he spoke.

Harper stammered out something in a confused manner, but his words were unintelligible.

"So it seems," Mr. Alexander went on, "that you can't afford your little wife as much spending money as she wants, and the consequence is, she goes off in a pet. Humph! I thought this would be the upshot of the matter."

Although there was nothing offensive in the way this was said, the words to which Mr. Alexander had given utterance, smarted on the young man's feelings, and he replied with more independence and firmness than had been expected.

"Come, come!" was Mr. Alexander's good natured response to this. "We won't quarrel here all to ourselves—I did'nt come for that purpose. Fanny is at our house in a world of trouble, and I suppose you are equally afflicted. I want to see if something can't be done to make all right again. And, in the first place, may I ask if you have had any increase of salary?"

"None," replied the young man.

"Then you are in debt of course?"

Harper was silent.

"And in trouble also?"

The whole air and expression of the young man answered that question.

"How much have you gone behind hand?"

"I owe about a hundred dollars in little bills."

And for this furniture besides?"

"Yes."

"Nothing more than I expected. But it's no use talking about that now. Won't Mr. Peters raise your salary?"

"No—I've asked him."

"Well, Edwards left me to-day, and I reckon I can't do better than take you in his place, if you will come for what I paid him—five hundred dollars."

A sudden brightness came into the young man's face.

"Will you come?"

"I will; and from my heart I thank you for the offer," replied Harper with much feeling.

"Very well, that's settled."

"I am sorry;" the young man's voice faltered and he looked confused and troubled; "that I spoke so harshly to Fanny. But if you only knew how unhappy I was when I came home—"

"Oh never mind about that! Better men than you have done worse things than speak a little impatiently to their wives. Fanny's forgiven it all. But if we don't go to her soon she will cry her eyes out for grief at having so wickedly deserted your bed and board. So put on your hat and come home with me, and if you and Fanny behave like good children, perhaps we won't let you go back again."

The young couple were permitted, on the arrival of Harper with Mr. Alexander, to meet alone. How they wept in each others arms and exchanged kisses of forgiveness need not be told. When Fanny learned the good fortune that had come just at their darkest time, and also that she was to live "at home" again, she was half wild with delight. Scarcely less pleased were the uncle and aunt, who had never felt happy since her face was missed in their dwelling. As for the little lady, it was a lucky thing for her as well as for her husband that she had an uncle and aunt to fall back upon when their path became hedged up with difficulties. A large number who try a similar experiment are far from being as fortunate. This being *Happy on a little* is well enough to talk about.

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**THE VILLAGE HORSEBLOCK.**



## THE VILLAGE HORSE-BLOCK.

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The village horse-block! How do the words bring pleasing yet sad recollections! The shrinking hand you grasped, and the timid, blushing face into which you looked so often, at the village horse-block, where are they? The sister you loved so tenderly, does she yet live? and is she happy? And the gentle friend to whom you confided your first love-secret, and of whom you took counsel, how fares it with her? Once every week, at the hour when the Sabbath bell rung, you stood by the old horse-block, and there was a pressure of hands even more earnest than the simple occasion required. But many years have passed since then, and you have gone out from the unambitious village or pleasant rural districts, into the busy, struggling, selfish world; and it may be a long time since your thoughts have gone back realizingly to the old place. Look, now, upon that primitive horse-block, the sturdy relic of some old oak that has braved the tempests of a century, and let the dear images of the past, that have only been covered by the dust of time, once more stand out in full relief on memory's tablet. Have you been true to the pledges of that early time? Is your heart as pure as when you left the pleasant homestead and turned your face, in the vigor of young, hopeful manhood, towards the great cities where life comes into its most absorbing activities? Ah! we fear that, to all, such a reminiscence will not bring happy feelings; for how few, in going up through the temptations of early manhood, retain the innocency of life's first estate.

Many years ago, there lived, near the pleasant village of Greenwood, a blue-eyed maiden. Her name was Lucy Arden. She was beautiful, and those who knew her best, said that she was as good as she was beautiful. More than one rustic lover sought to win the heart of Lucy, but she remained cold to all

save Martin Herbert, and he was the least ardent of any. Yet whenever he spoke to Lucy, or looked into her face, or touched her hand, the voice, the look, the touch went electrically to her heart. Herbert was ever present to the mind of Lucy. Daily her thoughts went forth to seek for him, and nightly he came to her in pleasant dreams. Yet they saw each other only once in each week, and then but for a few brief moments. Lucy lived a mile away from the village church, to which she came every Sabbath on horseback, accompanied by her father and mother in the old "gig," and as she rode up to the horse-block to dismount, Herbert was always there to take her hand and gently assist her from the saddle. And she always waited until he had tied her horse under the shade of a tree, and returned to walk to the door by her side. He never entered with her, and rarely had any thing to say beyond a passing remark on the weather, or an inquiry if she had been well since their last meeting. After Lucy had taken her seat by the side of her parents, Herbert would come in and sit down near the door; and when the sermon was over, and the congregation had been dismissed, he would lead up her horse to the block, and after assisting her into the saddle, bid her a smiling yet half distant good-bye.

And thus it went on for months, without his approaching nearer, or breathing in the maiden's ear a whisper of what was in his heart.

Lucy was young. Only nineteen years had passed since her blue eyes first reflected the laughing light. And Herbert was but twenty-two. He was the son of a wealthy farmer, whose beautiful estate lay a few miles from the more humble home that was made glad by the presence of the gentle maiden. He had never visited her father's house, nor had he thought seriously of becoming a lover. She had presented herself like a sweet wild-flower by the wayside, and he could but pause to inhale, as it were, the pleasant odor that filled the air around her. He saw her beauty and felt the sphere of her goodness; and these were the powers that drew him to her side. Sabbath after Sabbath, scarcely reflecting upon the ultimate consequences likely to flow from the act, he pressed forward to assist Lucy to dismount on her arrival at the little church, and held her hand as he did so in a more earnest grasp than the real state of his feelings warranted. To him it was a passing pleasure, while upon her the act made an ineffaceable impression.

A year after this strange kind of intimacy began, young Martin Herbert left home for a residence in one of the Atlantic cities, where, after serving a short probation as a clerk in a mercantile house, he entered into business. Twelve months elapsed without his seeing Lucy. He had been home once or twice, but only remaining two or three days each time, he had not happened to visit the old country church, and had not, therefore, met with Lucy. Still he often thought of her, and as he mingled with the more showy and attractive city belles, frequently drew contrasts between her and them, sometimes favorable and sometimes unfavorable.

Gradually the simplicity of Herbert's character changed. As he came into a more cultivated, refined and artificial state of society, he grew like those with whom he associated, and saw and felt as they did. If, now, he thought sometimes of the gentle girl whose hand had every Sabbath lingered in his by the old village horse-block, it was with different feelings towards her from those he had once entertained. Never having visited Lucy at her father's house, never having whispered in her ear a tender sentiment, never having, by any overt and unequivocal act, declared himself a lover, he did not feel pledged to her in any way. Yet, for all this, when the sweet face of Lucy would come up at times before him, his heart would move towards her with a deeply grounded feeling of pleasure. But even these states of mind became of less and less frequent occurrence.

The first meeting with Lucy, after his removal from Greenwood to the city, took place after the lapse of a year. Herbert had come home to spend a week, and a Sunday intervening, he went with the family to church. It was in the green and fragrant month of June. As he rode along the old familiar way, the soft airs melted, caressingly, as in former times, upon his forehead; the birds sang among the trees as they had sung for him ever since he was a boy; and the atmosphere was loaded with the perfume of sweet shrubs and flowers, as it had always been in the early summer time. He rode along in silence; but his thoughts were busy, and old emotions were stealing back into his heart. Presently, through an opening in the trees, he saw the white spire of the village church; and, just then, the mellow tones of the bell came faintly to his ears. How all the past arose before him!

In a little while they were at the church. Many familiar faces

were there in the little groups that gathered around to exchange friendly greetings before the service began. Herbert stood talking with a few old friends, when, just as it had been in former times, Lucy came riding up. As she drew in her horse at the block, he stepped forward quickly, and in advance of a young man who stood near, to assist her to alight. The act was instinctive.

"Why, Lucy!" he said, as he took her hand and grasped it tightly. "How glad I am to see you!"

A warm flush came over the face of the young girl, and her eyes looked into his with a tender expression.

"Have you been very well?" he inquired, in a voice of real interest, as they passed through the little gate and lingered on the path that led to the church door.

Lucy did not trust herself to utter a reply, lest she should too fully betray the trembling joy of her heart at seeing him once more, and hearing his voice in the kind words and tones of old.

"How every thing reminds me of other days!" said Herbert, bending forward and gazing into Lucy's face.

No other word was said, for they were at the church door, and the half-bewildered maiden passed in to take her place amid the worshippers. If Lucy sung that day with the rest, when the voice of the congregation took up the hymn of praise, it was not with the "spirit and the understanding;" if she breathed a prayer when the people knelt, it was only lip-service; and if she heard the words of holy instruction from the minister, they came but to her external ear. She saw only the form of Herbert—heard only his voice—thought only of him.

When the service ended, Lucy found Herbert, as of old, ready to assist her at the horse-block. After she was in the saddle, and he had placed the rein in her hand, she paused a moment with her eyes upon his face.

"Good-by, Lucy," said the young man, waving his hand with a polite air. He then turned to some friends, and Lucy, with her heart trembling down sadly in her bosom, moved slowly away. The tone in which the "good-bye" was spoken, told her but too plainly that Herbert was really indifferent, and that she had cherished a hopeless passion. To the young man who rode by her side, as she passed homeward, she had little to say, although he strove hard to interest and draw her into conversation

It was a year before Lucy and Herbert met again; and as in former times, so now, it was at the village horse-block. She rode up at the moment when Herbert was lifting from her horse a young city bride, and saw him pass with her down the little pathway to the church, while she, to whom the news of his marriage had come a few weeks before, remained half unconsciously gazing after them. As she sat thus, a young man who had long sought her favor, stepped forward and gave her his hand.

She slightly started as he spoke, for she had almost forgotten where she was. Then thanking him in a kinder tone than usual, for she had always treated him with reserve, she permitted him to assist her to step from her horse.

Perhaps even less of the services of the morning came into the perception of Lucy's mind than on the occasion of her last meeting with Herbert. As for her eyes, they were no where but upon the richly dressed bride. Once, when the latter turned partly round, and Lucy saw her face, she sighed deeply. The thought of her heart was—

“I could have loved him more tenderly than she.” And it may be that she was right.

A little while, and, the benediction said, those who had come up to worship separated. As Herbert was moving down the aisle, his eyes suddenly rested upon the countenance of Lucy. She was looking at him. It was a long time ere he forgot the expression of her pale face, or, ere he ceased to regret having offered the maiden those slight attentions which, it was too evident, had won her heart.

After this, Lucy Arden became less cold towards one who had continued to seek her favor through a long and discouraging period. At the end of another year she gave him her hand, and all of her heart that it remained in her power to bestow. Sometimes, even after she had made her solemn vows at the altar, her thoughts would go back to the time when her hand lay passive in the warm grasp of Herbert; but quickly expelling these thoughts, and stifling the feelings that accompanied them, she turned herself towards one who was best entitled to, and worthy of all her regard. She was happy—happier, it may be, than if she had become the wife of Herbert. Yet she was more thoughtful and subdued in spirit than she would have been had not the form of Herbert been present in her earliest dream of love.

They did not meet again for ten years. As before, it was at the village horse-block. Both were changed—both had seen sorrow. Herbert had failed in his mercantile pursuits, and lost the mother of his three young children. He had come back to his old home, disappointed, subdued, and humbled in spirit. He had come back to devote himself to agricultural pursuits on the old homestead, sick of excitement and the false hopes that lure so many on to the bitterest disappointments. Nor had Lucy's life been free from shadows. The one to whom she had given her hand, had, years before, fallen away from her, and the only dear child that blessed their union was sleeping with him in the grave. Father and mother too, had died, and she was literally alone.

Thus it was with them when they met again at the old horse-block, in the "leafy month of June," with the birds singing around them, and the Sabbath bell ringing in their ears. It is not strange that old emotions were stirred, nor strange that ere many months passed, Lucy had become the tender guardian of Herbert's children, and the wife of his bosom.



## THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.



"Beautiful!" said Kate, as she paused, leaning upon the arm of her cousin, to look at a tasteful cottage, built in the olden style, a full view of which opened upon them through a deep valley.

"It is, indeed, very beautiful," replied her companion. "That is the fairest object to look upon in this picturesque region of country. Wealth has been lavished upon and around it with no sparing hand. Beautiful as it is to look upon in the distance, it

is even more so when viewed, as we might say, at home. The grounds are laid out with exquisite taste, and covered with the choicest shrubbery. There is the lawn, the flower-garden, the fish-pond, the rockery, and shaded walks leading to quiet places, where you may retire, with no companions but the birds and bees, and the air rich with mingled perfumes from a thousand flowers."

"A paradise!" said Kate, leaning toward her cousin, while a glow of admiration passed over her face. Her eyes remained fixed upon the lovely spot. "An earthly paradise!" she resumed. "How happy must be the hearts that beat within its peaceful boundaries! While looking upon a scene like this, we almost forget that there is such a thing in the world as wretchedness. Over so bright a place how pleasant it is to think that no cloud gathers—no storm breaks."

The cousin made no reply, and Kate went on.

"Could any thing look more like a fairy dwelling-place? How embracingly do those magnificent elm trees bend toward each other above the white walled cottage, as if they were its natural guardians—half concealing it, and by the concealment making all more beautiful and fairy-like?"

"You are an enthusiastic admirer of nature, Kate."

"But more so of nature made lovelier by art. Can we not get a nearer view of the sweet spot we are now looking upon?"

"Oh, yes," replied the cousin. "Come! We will descend into the valley by the path that winds along by that old mill, and crossing the narrow bridge you see thrown over the stream, find our way to the very door of the 'fairy dwelling,' as it seems in your eyes."

Kate did not linger for a second invitation, but bounded lightly along the path beside her cousin, humming a pleasant air, and in a little while had crossed the bridge and was ascending the hill beyond.

"Now we have a nearer view," said her cousin, pausing as they gained the summit of the hill, "without any loss of the enchantment that distance lends."

"The very spirit of loveliness reigns here!" exclaimed Kate. "Could any thing be more charming! If I dared indulge an envious spirit, I would envy the happy possessors the good gift they have received and doubtless enjoy. There! I see two ladies moving amid the shrubbery. One is a sylph-like girl,"

and the other has the air and step of maturer years. Mother and daughter, are they not?"

"Yes."

"A happy mother and a happy daughter! How full of all gentle and sweet affections must be the heart of that fair young creature; nursed, as she has been among the flowers, and every sense filled from childhood with lovely and delightful things. Do you know her, cousin?"

"I do. We have been friends for years."

"Indeed! How I should love to meet her! How I should love to visit every sweet spot where her light feet have lingered."

"We will call and see her, Kate," said the cousin. "But do not expect to find every thing according to your own beautiful ideal. Wherever there are human hearts there are human passions, human weakness and human suffering."

Those words were uttered in a serious voice. Kate was startled and surprised. She looked into her cousin's face for some moments, doubtingly, but made no reply. What she had said came over her spirits like a cloud over a sunny prospect.

The cousins moved from the place where they had been standing, side by side, and walked in silence for some distance. Kate felt like weeping. Full in sight was the cottage and all its tasteful improvements, but the charm of their loveliness was gone. The thought of "human passion, human weakness and human suffering," had come in to mar the beauty of the whole.

In a little while they entered the grounds attached to the cottage, and passed along a smoothly graveled walk, that was lined with flowering shrubs. All was harmonious and beautiful, beyond even what Kate had imagined; but her eyes did not rest upon any thing with delight. "Human passions, human weakness, human suffering." The words had dispelled the sweet illusion with which she had first looked upon the charming prospect.

As they drew near to the house, the ladies they had seen advanced to meet them. A single glance at the face of the elder of the two, revealed to Kate the sad truth that sorrow, guilt or passion, had left indelible marks thereon. Nor was the face of the young and beautiful girl who stood by her side, a happy face, notwithstanding the cordial smile that lit up every feature as she greeted her cousin, and welcomed her with pleasant words.



For half an hour they strolled over the lovely place, and then, after taking refreshments in the tastefully arranged and well-furnished library, returned home. Kate did not appear to enjoy any thing she saw, and was silent and thoughtful as they walked along the wild-wood path by which they had come. At length they paused upon the spot where Kate had first looked upon the charming prospect which had so delighted her.

"How has the fine gold become dim!" said she, with something mournful in her voice, as her eyes again fell upon the white cottage, half hid by its warder elms. "To think that sorrow should be there! To think that tears have flowed and still flow there! Ah! Bessie, it makes me sad to think of it. How fair all looks! How full of beauty! Who could think, gazing as we now do, 'of human passions, human weakness, human suffering?' Come, let us sit down here, and do you tell me the history of the mother and daughter we have just met. I will listen to it while I gaze upon their lovely home."

"Why here, Kate?" asked her cousin.

"It is my humor, Bessie; and that, I need not tell you, is sometimes wayward. I have received a lesson, and I wish to let it sink deeply into my memory. So tell me about the Listons. I feel a strong interest in them."

"Their story is soon told," replied Bessie. "Mrs. Liston is a woman of a proud and haughty temper. Her husband, a man of wealth, education and taste, bore with her imperiousness until, with him, forbearance was no longer considered a virtue. A year ago he separated himself from her, and has since resided in New York. Such is the story that is told, and I have reason to believe that it is true. I know that Mr. Liston has not been here for at least twelve months, and that his absence is a source of affliction to his family. Pride, no doubt, keeps them asunder, and may keep them asunder for years; but the breach will be healed in time. Once healed, though a scar may remain, the wound will never, I think, open afresh. The remembrance of the pain they now suffer, will be sufficient to prevent another rupture."

"Poor Clara! How miserable she must be!" said Kate. "If I were in her place, I should be wretched beyond what I can now conceive. Oh, it is dreadful to think about!"

"Clara cannot be very happy. That would be impossible. And yet, I believe she is not so wretched as you imagine. Be-

tween the real and the ideal, Kate, there is a wide difference. In the ideal we neither see nor feel what might be called the conservative ; that is what is real."

"But how can she be less than miserable, Bessie? It would kill me!"

"No. Even in the keenest affliction, dear Kate, there is always something to sustain the mind. In thinking about an afflicting circumstance, we look only at the distressing fact. We cannot see what mitigation would come to give relief in actual suffering. Clara Liston feels deeply the painful estrangement that has taken place between her father and mother, and her separation from a parent whom she tenderly loves. But in the earnest hope that a re-union will soon take place, and in the efforts that she daily makes to sustain her mother in the deep depression she suffers, her own mind is kept from sinking into inaction and gloom. Upon what is merely external in our condition, Kate, we are not really dependent for happiness. Happiness is an internal state, and must come from internal causes. Do you see that hovel, as you would doubtless call it, just peeping out from the thick mass of forest trees?"

Bessie pointed with her finger to the object she named.

"I do," replied Kate. "And a wretched looking hovel it is."

"You would not expect to find much happiness there?"

"No. Happiness and such an external condition are incompatible."

"And yet, let me tell you, cousin, that there is more of the blessing you speak of in that lowly hut, than in the elegant and tasteful dwelling we have just visited. In our affections, Kate, lies the good or evil of our lives; not in the circumstances with which we are surrounded."

"Thank you, dear Bessie, for the lesson you have taught me," said Kate with warmth, after she had remained thoughtful for some moments. "I see the difference between the real and the ideal, of which we conversed this morning. I shall, hereafter, put a rein upon my young imagination, and not suffer myself, as I have too often done, to look from the present, the near, the real, away to the future, the distant, the ideal."

"Then you will be a true philosopher," replied Bessie, smiling. "And a wiser one than the majority of those around you. Still, in the ideal there is something elevating and refining to the spirit, for in it comes our sweet dreams of perfection that we so

strive to realize, though we never shall, fully, in this life. To look upon the beautiful place now lying before us, and think of it as occupied by those whose hearts are in sweet accordance with the loveliness that surrounds them, is natural and right, if it do not make us dissatisfied with our own condition. The imaginative faculty of our minds is, while kept in order, a great blessing; but when it falls into disorder, it is a great evil."

The cousins walked back to the home of Bessie, arm in arm, their minds still following the train of thought that had been suggested. Kate had received a lesson that she did not soon forget.



## THE BELLE OF THE BALL ROOM.



"Did you ever see such a wild, frolicsome creature?"

"Never."

"I don't believe a sober thought crosses her mind from one year's end to another."

"A human butterfly."

"Just look at her, now."

"Ah, me! To see such frivolity in our young girls, is really sad. What can they be thinking about? Life is too serious a thing to be trifled with in this way."

"Indeed it is."

Such was the tenor of a conversation that passed between two ladies who had come to a ball rather as spectators than participants in the exhilarating pleasures of the evening.—What business they had in such a place, it is not our business to know. We only mention the fact. The maiden who had called forth the above remarks, was named Anna Freeland. She was young,

beautiful, and full of life. In company you would find her the gayest of the gay; herself the wildest spirit of all. On the occasion at present referred to, Anna entered into the exciting pleasures of the evening with her usual heartiness. She had come for enjoyment, and she did not mean to be disappointed.

Mrs. Marrast, one of the ladies we have introduced, could not, from some cause or other, keep either her eyes or her thoughts away from Anna. To her, the light-hearted young girl was a living embodiment of frivolity. A very butterfly, as she had called her, fluttering in the sunshine of fashion.

"Poor child!" she said to the friend who sat by her side; "this cannot last forever. Life is not all a fairy scene."

"What can her friends be thinking about?" remarked the other. "Do they not know that sober duties come to all? That, taken in any way, it is a serious thing to live?"

"They ought to know all this. But, I am told that her father worships her, and will not permit her to do any thing useful."

"Can he consent to her running this round of folly? Can he really be a party to her destruction, both soul and body? I speak plainly."

"Not more plainly than truth warrants," said Mrs. Marrast. "Ah, me! Mothers and fathers of the present generation will have much to answer for."

Just then Anna Freeland, who had finished dancing, came lightly tripping across the room, and took a seat beside Mrs. Marrast, saying, as she did so, in a light, playful way—

"Why, how grave you are! Has no one asked you to dance to-night? I must find you a partner."

"I don't dance," replied Mrs. Marrast. This was said with a smile. It would hardly have been good manners to have looked serious.

"You don't mean that your dancing days are over," laughed Anna.

"Yes. I think they're over with me."

"Oh, dear! I mean to dance when I'm sixty."

"Sixty! You don't expect to live to that age?" And Mrs. Marrast glanced at the slender form of the young girl, which looked as if a summer breeze would blow it away.

"Indeed, then, I do! Why not?"

"And you expect to enjoy yourself for the whole time?"

"Oh, certainly! I always have enjoyed myself, and always expect to do so."

The ladies shook their heads.

"People don't enjoy themselves in this world half so much as they would if they only took the pleasure that is offered," said Anna. "I'm sure you'd be as happy again, to-night, as you are, if, like me, you accepted all that the occasion offered, and danced and laughed with the merriest."

"You're a wild, thoughtless girl, Anna," replied Mrs. Marrast, half smiling, half-serious.

"Oh, no," returned Anna. "Not thoughtless, by any means: though I own to being a little wild. I'm a philosopher."

"Though of the Epicurian school, I would say."

"Just as please. 'Live while you live,' is my motto, and I mean to hold to it through life."

Before either of the ladies could reply, Anna had accepted an invitation to dance in another cotillion, and in a little while was moving gracefully in the mazy circles that were wreathing their many forms to the sound of inspiring music.

"Gay, thoughtless creature!" sighed Mrs. Marrast, as the light form of the beautiful girl moved before her.

"And you might add, heartless," murmured the companion, in a tone of severity. "What does she care for the wants and sufferings of others? She would dance through the world in search of pleasure, and let bleeding humanity die at the way side, unthought of and uncared for."

"Without human sympathies," returned Mrs. Marrast, "I see nothing attractive or lovely in youth, wit or beauty. And here lies my whole objection to fashionable society. It is all selfishness. To gain an hour of pleasure, a girl like Anna would disregard every consideration that involved merely the comfort or happiness of another. A sick sister, a grief-stricken friend, or a lonely mother, would never keep her back from the ball room or opera."

"No, I presume not. Pleasure claims the entire devotion of her worshippers. She accepts no divided service."

"And if ever she had a faithful worshipper, that one is Anna Freeland."

"A truer word I have not heard spoken. But pleasure's day is a brief, though bright one; and Anna will, ere long, find herself encompassed by darkness and storms."

This was said with an expression, which, to the ears of a listener, would have sounded very much as if the prophecy of evil sprung from a secret wish to see clouds and darkness gather around the form of the happy girl.

An hour afterwards, and while the company were passing towards the refreshment rooms, Mrs. Marrast heard some one near her, ask—

“Where is that lovely young creature who moved about so like a fairy?”

“Anna Freeland, you mean?”

“Yes. I’ve missed her during the last twenty minutes.”

“So have I. Can she have left?”

“She may have been taken ill.”

“Oh, no! She looked too beautiful and happy ever to be sick. I will not believe that.”

Mrs. Marrast heard no more. She searched every where with her eyes, both while at the supper table and after returning to the drawing rooms, to find Anna, but nothing more was seen of the lovely girl, who, while present, had indeed been the Belle of the Ball room.

About the time when the gay company were gathering around the supper tables, which were loaded with every luxury, the family carriage of Mr. Freeland drove up to that gentleman’s door, and as the driver threw down the steps Anna tripped lightly out. On being admitted, she said to the waiter, in an earnest voice—

“How is little Eddy?”

“He isn’t any worse,” replied the servant.

Anna sprung along the hall and up the stairs, almost as noiselessly as a spirit. At one of the chambers she paused for a moment, and then opening the door, glided in. A dim light burned in the room, and near a crib, in which lay a sleeping child, sat the young girl’s father and mother.

“Why, Anna, dear! What has brought you home so early?” said the latter, speaking almost in a whisper.

“How’s Eddy?” enquired Anna, without answering her mother’s question.

“He’s slept all the evening. We hope he is better. But how came you to return so early?”

“I told Thomas to be sure and come for me at eleven o’clock. And now, mother, you must go to bed. You were up nearly all of last night. I will watch with Eddy.”

"I don't feel in the least sleepy, dear!" returned Mrs. Freeland, in an affectionate tone. "I'm sorry you deprived yourself of the pleasure you anticipated."

"It will give me greater pleasure to sit by the side of dear little Eddy, and know that you are getting the rest you need, than I would have received had I remained where I was. So now, mother, you must go to bed; and if you are not sleepy, you soon will be. I am going up stairs to change my dress, and will be down in a moment or two."

"Dear child!" said Mr. Freeland, the moment Anna left the room. "How little of selfishness finds a place in her heart!"

"Little—very little. But, we must not leave her to sit up alone with Eddy."

"You were up last night, and need rest; and I do not feel well enough to lose my sleep. Can't nurse remain with her?"

"Nurse is herself sick. She has taken a violent cold, and complains of head-ache and a pain and tightness in her breast. I sent her to bed an hour ago."

While they were yet talking, Anna came softly in again. She had changed her ball dress for a muslin wrapper.

"I can't think of your sitting up alone, dear," said Mrs. Freeland, tenderly.

"I shall not be alone. You and pa sleep in the next chamber, and Eddy will be with me here. Oh, I shall not feel at all lonesome!"

It was no use arguing with her. She was so much in earnest, that Mr. and Mrs. Freeland saw that opposition would be unavailing. So they consented to retire and leave the sick child in her care.

Wakeful and patient from that time until the morning rays came stealing in at the window, did Anna, who a few hours before was the light-hearted belle of the ball room, sit by the side of her little sick brother, or hold him tenderly against her bosom when he grew restless and tossed himself about from fever and pain.

As Mrs. Marrast, the lady who saw, in Anna, only a living image of folly, was descending, after supper, to the ball room, her husband, who had been called down a short time before, met her, and said—

"They have sent for us to come home. Henry is worse."

"Worse! Who says so?"

Thomas is at the door. He says the nurse is very much frightened, and wants us to come home."

"I don't believe in his being any worse," said the lady petulantly. "I'm sure he was a great deal better when we left home. But it's just like nurse. She's always frightened at shadows."

"We'd better go home," said Mr. Marrast in a serious voice.

"Oh, yes, of course. If it's only for appearance sake. It will be known that we were sent for."

And with a very bad grace the lady withdrew to the dressing room.

On reaching home, it was found that the child was really worse; so much so, as to fully justify, at least in Mr. Marrast's opinion, the nurse in sending for them. But Mrs. Marrast had permitted herself to get excited in her disappointment at being summoned to return earlier than she wished, and excitement always obscures the senses. She could not see that Henry was so very ill.

Twenty minutes after her return, the mother had reason to change her opinion, for the little sick boy, who was moaning when she came in, and moving his head on his pillow from one side to the other in a way that the nurse said was strange, suddenly went off into violent spasms, which continued for two hours, when they subsided, and the sufferer fell off into a quiet sleep.

For three nights the nurse had been up with the little invalid nearly the whole of each night, and she was now worn out and almost sick. Yet, when the spasms at last subsided and the child slept, Mrs. Marrast did not tell her to go to bed and get a little rest. That luxury the mother wished to enjoy herself; and, after telling the nurse to call her if there was any alarming change, she sought her pillow, and was soon locked in profound slumber. Over-wearied, the nurse leaned her head back in her chair, and ere long was also in the world of dreams. Fortunately, there was no change in the sick child. He slept also, until daylight aroused the startled watcher.

It was, perhaps, a month after this occurrence, that a pale young girl, with a slender, delicate form, that was slightly bent, came into the room where Mrs. Marrast sat reading. She had a bundle in her hand.



"Ah, Fanny," said the lady, "I expected you last week."

"I hoped to get your work done several days ago," replied the girl, in a slow, feeble voice. "But the pain in my side has been so bad, that I couldn't sit half my time; and now I'm obliged to bring in two of the shirts unmade."

"Not made!" Mrs. Marrast's voice expressed surprise.

"No, ma'am; and I'm sorry for it. If I could have finished them in any good time, I would have kept them. But, I'm so poorly that the doctor says I must stop work for awhile, or his medicine will do me no good."

"Stop work?" said Mrs. Marrast. "Why, what will you do?"

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am." Fanny's voice was husky as she made this reply.

"Well, I'm sorry you didn't get them shirts all done. Mr. Marrast wants them badly," said the lady, without evincing the slightest sympathy for the girl, or even asking her to sit down, although she leaned heavily, from weakness, with her hand upon the sofa, on which Mrs. Marrast was sitting. "I think, if you were to make an effort, you could finish them for me."

But the sick girl shook her head languidly.

"You know best," remarked Mrs. Marrast, coldly. Rising, she added, "How much do I owe you?"

"Three dollars, ma'am."

"For what?"

"For the three shirts I have made."

"A dollar apiece! Is that what you charge?"

"Yes, ma'am; I always receive that."

"It's higher than I generally pay. Eighty-seven and a half cents I think enough, and, in fact, too much for a shirt."

Mrs. Marrast looked sternly at the shrinking girl, who, feeling in her friendless condition that good-will was even more to her than money, poor as she was, said—

"If you think so, ma'am, I will be satisfied."

"Well, I do think so."

Fanny said no more. Mrs. Marrast paid her two dollars and five eighths, instead of three dollars, and she took the money without a word and turned away.

When the poor sewing girl left the house of Mrs. Marrast, she still had in her possession a small bundle of work. With this she called at Mrs. Freeland's. Anna was sitting by her

mother when Fanny came in; and the first thing she noticed was her pale face and feeble step. With instinctive kindness she arose and handed her a chair, saying, as she did so—

“Take a seat Fanny. Why, how poorly you look! Have you been sick?”

“I hav’nt been well for some time,” replied Fanny, forcing a smile.

“Indeed! I’m sorry to hear that,” said Mrs. Freeland; “I was afraid you were not so well as usual; for, when you were here last you seemed hardly able to be about. What has been the matter with you?”

“I have such a pain in my side that I cannot sit and sew without becoming faint; and I seem to be growing weaker every day. I hope you won’t feel hurt at me, Mrs. Freeland, but I’ve not been able to get your work done. I didn’t think it right to keep it any longer, and so I have brought it home. If I felt that I could do it in any reasonable time, I would not give it up; but the doctor says, that if I don’t quit work, it will be no use for him to give me medicine.”

“What does he say is the matter with you?”

“He doesn’t say, ma’am; but he scolds whenever he sees me at work, and tells me I will kill myself.”

“It would be of service to you if you were to go to the country for a few months,” remarked Mrs. Freeland.

“So the doctor says.”

“Are you going?”

The poor girl smiled faintly, and shook her head.

“Why not, Fanny? If the doctor believes it will do you good, you ought to go.”

Fanny only replied by another faint smile. A few more questions were asked and answered, and then the girl retired, with a slow step, and her form slightly bent.

As soon as she was gone, Anna, who had scarcely taken her eyes from her face a moment while she remained, said, with a long-drawn sigh—

“Poor girl! I wonder if she have friends in the city?”

“I’m afraid not,” replied her mother. “I believe she has not a single relative here.”

“What is she going to do?”

“That is more than I can tell. She ought to go into the country and spend the summer. This would do her more

good than medicine. But I suppose she has no means of going."

"If she can't work, how is she to live, even in the city?"

"Dear knows!"

Mrs. Freeland was called out at the moment, and Anna went up to her room with the drooping form of the young sewing girl so distinctly before her mind, that she could neither see nor think of any thing else. All the sympathies of her kind heart were awakened, and her thoughts were busy in seeking for a plan of relief.

"I can't think of any thing but poor Fanny," said she to her mother when they again met. "What is she going to do? Wouldn't it be dreadful if they were to send her to the Alms House?"

Mrs. Freeland sighed. She, too, had been unable to shut out from her mind the image of Fanny, whose meek, pale, sad face was making to her heart a silent but strong appeal.

"I've been thinking," said Anna, "that she would be just the one to travel with Mrs. Ellis this summer. You know she always takes some one with her as a kind of waiting maid and companion."

"With Mrs. Ellis? Let me see!" And Mrs. Freeland looked thoughtful for some moments. "Yes, I think that might do. Fanny is very neat in her person; is a girl of good principles, good manners, and has some education.—Yes, yes—I think that will do, provided she is strong enough to bear the fatigue of travel. All she will have to do cannot hurt her."

"Oh, I'm sure it would be just the thing," said Anna, with earnestness and enthusiasm. "The travel and change of air will be more than medicine to her; and you know that Mrs. Ellis, who is a perfect lady, will be so kind and considerate."

"No doubt of that. Still we must not be too sanguine. Mrs. Ellis may already have some one engaged."

Anna's countenance fell as she replied—

"True, true enough. But," and she arose as she spoke, "I will soon know all about that."

"Where are you going?"

"To see Mrs. Ellis, and talk to her myself. I shall not be able to rest until something is done for Fanny. It would be inhuman to let her waste away and die, when a little effort might save her."

"You say truly, my daughter. Providence has placed her in our way, and it is our duty to care for her. You can mention me to Mrs. Ellis, and say that I fully approve of the step you have taken."

When Fanny left the house of Mrs. Freeland, it was with a drooping heart. In giving up her unfinished work, she had severed her last known claim upon the world for an independent support. This act had been one of deep necessity. Three times during the preceding week had she sunk, fainting, from her chair, overcome with pain and exhaustion; and many hours of utter physical prostration had followed these attacks. When this became known to the doctor, who had been giving her medicine, occasionally, he so positively forbade her continuing her murderous employment, that she felt as if it would be wrong in the sight of Heaven any longer to go on in the old way. What she was to do, she knew not, for she had no friends to provide for her in sickness. But, with a resigned and trusting spirit, she proceeded to give up her work. And though her heart trembled and sunk in her bosom while she was doing what she believed to be right, yet a feeling of confidence in Him who is a father to the fatherless sustained her.

On returning home, Fanny went to her little chamber, and after closing and locking the door, sunk sobbing, on her knees beside her bed, and buried her face in a pillow. She remained thus for many minutes. When she arose, her countenance wore a calm expression and there was a light in her eyes.

It was not with a view of abandoning all efforts to sustain herself by her own labor that Fanny took the step just mentioned. Satisfied that it was wrong to go on in the way she had been going, she paused and stood still to see if Providence would open a new path for her feet. Doubting and trembling she thus stood—yet in her doubt and fear there was something confiding and hopeful. After remaining in her chamber for half an hour, thinking earnestly all the while, she went to the room where the woman with whom she boarded sat sewing. She held in her hand the money she had received from Mrs. Marrast. It was her little all.

"Here are two dollars and sixty-two cents, Mrs. Green," said she, holding out the money. Mrs. Marrast wouldn't pay me but eighty-seven cents for making the shirts; or else

I would have given you the three dollars that are due to-day."

"Is it possible that woman cheated you out of a shilling on each shirt?" exclaimed Mrs. Green, sharply.

"She said she never paid a dollar for shirts."

"Though she'd pay twice as much for satin slippers, and not think the money wasted. If these people can grind a cent out of the poor, they think it so much gained. But their day of reckoning will come, thank heaven!"

With this bitter spirit Fanny did not sympathize. After waiting a few moments, until Mrs. Green's excitement could a little subside, she said—

"The doctor told me, yesterday, that if I didn't give up sewing, I would not live six months. He positively forbids my making another garment."

"It is easy enough for the doctor to do all that," replied Mrs. Green, coldly. "But, how are you going to live without work?"

"I don't expect to do that."

"How do you think of earning a living?"

When Fanny came down stairs, there was a feeling of confidence in her heart. But this now subsided.

"I thought," said she, hesitating, "that, perhaps, as you had no help, you would give me my board for what I could do about the house for the next six months, until I picked up a little."

"Bless you, child!" returned Mrs. Green, looking at Fanny with unfeigned surprise, "I don't want any help in the house!"

Fanny choked up, and stammered—

"Well—I only thought—may be—that you might want some help."

"Oh, no, indeed. I can't afford to have help."

Mrs. Green bent over her work, and her hand moved faster. A silence followed that was oppressive to both. Without saying a word more, Fanny withdrew and went up again to her own room. As she closed the door behind her, the tears came stealing over her cheeks. Quietly she sat down, but without making any effort to compose herself; and so her tears flowed on for some time, unrestrained. Then she grew calm again, and tried to look up with confidence.

"Perhaps I had better go and get back the work," she

murmured, at length. I don't see any thing else that I can do."

But the thought of needle work made her conscious of a dull pain in her side, that she knew would grow too severe to be borne, if she went back to the old employment. And so, sighing, she turned her thoughts away.

While the poor girl yet remained sad and irresolute, there came a light tap at the door. On opening it, she was surprised to find that the visiter was Miss Freeland.

Her pale cheek flushed, and she experienced a momentary embarrassment; but Anna spoke so kindly and stepped in with such a familiar air, that she regained at once her self-possession.

"Fanny," said the visiter, as soon as she was seated, "how would you like to travel with Mrs. Ellis for two or three months?"

"Oh! I should like it very much," replied Fanny. "But, I'm afraid I am not strong enough to do for her all that she might require."

"She wants some one to be with her more than for any thing else. All you would have to do, would be to take charge of her clothes and assist in dressing her. You will be strong enough for that, I am sure. Besides, change of air and exercise will increase your strength."

"If I will suit her, I will accept the place thankfully."

"I know you will. I have been to see her since you were at our house, and she says if you like to go with her, she will pay you ten dollars a month."

Fanny's lips trembled, as she replied—"You are very good, Miss Freeland. Nothing could have suited me better. Oh! but for this, I know not what I should have done!"

And in the fervor of the moment, she took Anna's hand and kissed it.

How sweet is the reward of kindness and benevolence!—Anna had never felt happier in her life. On the evening that followed that day, she attended a fashionable party, and was the gayest-hearted maiden in the assemblage. Mrs. Marrast was there, also; and, as before, wondered at the thoughtlessness and frivolity of the young girl, and kept back all true enjoyment from her own heart by indulging in censoriousness towards others. How little did she know of the pure spring from which flowed the happy spirits of the joyous girl!

Six months afterwards she met Fanny.

"Fanny! Is it possible" she exclaimed. "How well you look! Really, I thought you were in your grave months ago."

"And so I should have been but for Miss Freeland."

"For Miss Freeland! Anna Freeland?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why, what did she do?"

Fanny related all the disinterested, voluntary kindness of Anna in procuring her a place with Mrs. Ellis, where she had ever since been, and said much in favor of her goodness of heart.

"I would not have believed it," returned Mrs. Marrast, as she turned away, adding as she did so:—"Good morning, Fanny."

Mrs. Marrast found herself puzzled. She could not understand the meaning of what she had just heard. Like thousands of others, she had been so foolish as to imagine, that, because a young lady entered heartily into the pleasures of a gay assemblage, she could not, therefore, have any heart—could not possess human sympathies, nor love to do any thing that was useful and benevolent. As she erred, the thousands who are like her, err. The Belle of the Ball Room is not always a mere butterfly in the sun of fashion. The homes and social sphere of hundreds of our beautiful and accomplished young ladies will fully attest this; and the homes and social sphere of hundreds like Mrs. Marrast, will show, that the carping and censorious, are usually those who have least of the milk of human kindness in their bosoms.

## THE DAGUERREOTYPIST.

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If our children and children's children to the third and fourth generations are not in possession of portraits of their ancestors, it will be no fault of the Daguerreotypists of the present day ; for, verily, they are limning faces at a rate that promises soon to make every man's house a Daguerrean Gallery. From little Bess, the baby, up to great-grandpa', all must now have their likenesses ; and even the sober Friend, who heretofore rejected all the vanities of portrait-taking, is tempted to sit in the operator's chair, and quick as thought, his features are caught and fixed by a sunbeam. In our great cities, a Daguerreotypist is to be found in almost every square ; and there is scarcely a county in any state that has not one or more of these industrious individuals busy at work in catching "the shadow" ere the "substance fade." A few years ago it was not every man who could afford a likeness of himself, his wife or his children ; these were luxuries known to those only who had money to spare ; now it is hard to find the man who has not gone through the "operator's" hands from one to half-a-dozen times, or who has not the shadowy faces of his wife and children done up in purple morocco and velvet, together or singly, among his household treasures. Truly, the sunbeam art is a most wonderful one, and the public feel it is a great benefit !

If a painter's studio is a place in which to get glimpses of human nature, how much more so the Daguerreotypist's operating-room, where dozens come daily, and are finished off in a sitting of half a minute. Scenes ludicrous, amusing or pathetic, are constantly occurring. People come for their portraits who have never seen the operation, and who have not the most distant conception of how the thing is done. Some, in taking their places in the chair, get so nervous that they tremble like aspens ;



and others, in the vain attempt to keep their features composed, distort them so much that they are frightened at their own image when it is placed in their hands.

Some months ago, a well-conditioned farmer from the interior of the state, arrived in Philadelphia, and after selling his produce and making sundry purchases, recollected that he had promised, on leaving home, that he would bring back his Daguerreotype. It was all a piece of nonsense, he had argued; but his argument was of no avail, for wife and daughters said that he must do as they wished, and so he had yielded an easy compliance. On inquiry, he was told that Root was the man for him; so one bright morning he took his way down Chestnut street to the gallery of the far-famed Daguerreotypist. Mr. Root was at home, of course, and ready to accommodate the farmer, who, after looking at sundry portraits, asking prices and making his own remarks on all he saw, was invited to walk up into the operating-room.

“Where?” inquired the farmer, looking curious.

“Into the operating-room,” replied Mr. Root, as he moved towards the door.

The farmer was not yet sure that he had heard correctly, but he did not like to ask again, so he followed on; but it sounded in his ears very much as if Mr. Root had said “operating”-room, and the only idea he had of “operations” was the cutting off of legs and arms. However, up stairs he went, with his dog close behind him, and was soon introduced into a room in the third story.

“Now, sir,” said Mr. Root—smiling, as the farmer thought, a little strangely—“we will see what we can do for you. Take a seat in that chair.”

The farmer sat down, feeling a little uneasy, for he did not much like the appearance of things. Besides Mr. Root, there was another man in the room, and he felt that if any unfair play were attempted, they would prove too much for him. This idea, as it clearly presented itself, seemed so ridiculous that he tried to thrust it away, but he could not. There was a mysterious ticking in the room, for which he could not account. It was like the sound of a clock, and yet not like it. He glanced around, but could not perceive the source from whence it came. At one moment it seemed to be under the floor near his feet, then in the ceiling, and next in a far corner of the room.

As he took his place in the chair that had been pointed out, Mr. Root drew a singular-looking apparatus into the middle of the floor, and directed towards him the muzzle of what seemed a small brass cannon. At the same time, the other man placed his hand upon his head and drew it back into an iron clamp, the cold touch of which made the blood in his veins curdle to his very heart.

The farmer was a man who both took and read the newspapers, and through these he had become acquainted with many cases of "mysterious disappearance." Men with a few hundred dollars in their pockets—such was then his own case—had been inveigled among robbers and murderers, and he might now be in one of their dens of iniquity. This fear once excited, every movement of the two men, who were acting in concert, but confirmed his suspicions. Their mysterious signs, their evident preparation to act together at a particular moment, all helped to excite still further his alarm. It was more than human nature—at least the farmer's human nature—could stand; for, springing suddenly from the chair, he caught up his hat, and, escaping from the room, dashed down stairs as if a legion of evil spirits were after him, to the no small amusement of the two "operators," who, though they lost a customer, had a good joke to laugh over for a month.

The different impressions made upon sitters is curious enough. The most common is the illusion that the instrument exercises a kind of magnetic attraction, and many good ladies actually feel their eyes "drawn" towards the lens while the operation is in progress! Others perceive an impression as if a draft of cold air were blowing on their faces, and a few are affected with a pricking sensation, while the perspiration starts from every pore. A sense of suffocation is a common feeling among persons of delicate nerves and lively fancies, who find it next to impossible to sit still; and on leaving the chair they catch their breath and pant as if they had been in a vacuum. No wonder so many Daguerreotypes have a strange, surprised look, or an air as if the original were ill at ease in his or her mind. Of course, these various impressions are all the result of an excited imagination and an *effort* to sit perfectly still and look composed. Forced ease is actual constraint and must appear so. In Daguerreotype portraits this is particularly apparent.

Among Friends, it is well known that there has existed a pre-



SITTING FOR A DAGUERREOTYPE

LIBRARY  
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justice against having portraits taken. To some extent this is wearing off, and very many prominent members of this Society have, of late years, consented to sit for their likenesses, and in Daguerrean Galleries a goodly number of plain coats and caps may be seen among the specimens. But large numbers still hold out, and will not be tempted to enter a painter's studio or a Daguerreotypist's room. Some, firm enough in their resolution not to sit themselves, are at times induced to go with friends or children who intend having Daguerreotypes taken, and are, through a little stratagem, brought within range of the lens, when, before they dream of danger, their faces are caught and fixed! Not long ago, a young lady, whose father was a Friend, induced him to go with her to Root's. For a long time, while there, she urged him to have his likeness taken, but the old man was as immovable as a rock. No inducement she could offer had the least effect. When her turn came to go up into the operating-room, the old gentleman went along. The iron head-rest troubled the young lady.

"Can't you take me without this machine?" said she.

"Oh, yes," replied the operator; "but you will not be able to sit perfectly still, and the least movement will cause the picture to be defective."

There was a bright thought in the little lady's head, which was the real cause of its feeling so unpleasant about the innocent rest. She leaned it back once more, but ere the camera could be opened, she was in motion again, and said that it was no use, she couldn't sit in that way; it made her feel so nervous.

"I wish, father," said she, "you would stand at the back of my chair, and let me lean my head against you; I can sit much better."

"Certainly," replied the old gentleman, doing as he was desired.

"Oh, that will do exactly!" cried the daughter, with ill-concealed delight, giving the operator, as she spoke, a look so full of meaning that it was instantly comprehended. In half a minute the work was done, and the old man and his daughter went down stairs to wait in the gallery until the finished picture should be brought to them. The surprise of the former may well be imagined when, on receiving the Daguerreotype, he saw, not only the face and form of his daughter, but the likeness of himself standing up behind her!

On another occasion a member of the Society of Friends accompanied an acquaintance to the rooms of one of our Daguerreotypists, where they were politely shown the operator's instrument, and had the whole process explained to them. The Friend was one of those who had steadily refused to sit for a likeness, and this the Daguerreotypist knew very well; so, slipping a prepared plate into the instrument, he asked the Quaker's friend to sit down in a chair, look steadily at the lens, and mark the curious effect produced. The friend could see nothing.

"Let me look," said the Quaker, and down he sat in the chair; but, like his friend, he could see nothing worthy of notice. On the next day, however, he saw his own likeness, in a handsome morocco case, which he received with the compliments of the dexterous operator.

Not long since, a very beautiful young lady was rather surprised to learn that a certain gentleman, a professed admirer, had her Daguerreotype. The discovery was accidentally made, and puzzled her a good deal. She had never had her likeness taken but once, and then only a single picture was produced, which was in her own possession. The Daguerreotypist had taken two sittings, but in the first sitting, from some unknown cause, as was alleged, the impression on the plate proved to be bad, and was rejected. It was shown to her, but so very imperfect was it that only a part of the drapery could be seen. Had this rejected picture been even a tolerable one, the lady would have at once supposed that the Daguerreotypist had framed the plate as a specimen of his art, and thus brought it in the way of her admirer; but not a feature of the face being visible, this supposition was not entertained.

The fact that the young man was so much enamored of the lady as to secure her picture, operated favorably upon her mind. The mystery of the thing, too, had its effect. How had he obtained it? That was the ever-recurring question. When next she met the gentleman, she felt a new interest in him. He was particularly attentive and looked at her in such a way as to make her feel some rather indescribable sensations about the heart. But the mystery of the Daguerreotype was not explained until after she had given him her hand. One day, soon after this event, she said to him—"You've got my Daguerreotype."

"Me!" The young husband looked surprised.

“ Yes, you. And what is more, you’ve had it these six months.”

The gentleman seemed a little confused at this unexpected accusation, but owned to the fact, and forthwith produced a very handsome picture of the lady, who looked at it for some moments. That it was not the rejected portrait was plainly enough to be seen, for it was even a more perfect picture than the one she already possessed.

“ How did you get this ?” interrogated the lady.

“ You wouldn’t guess for a month,” replied the husband ; “ so I suppose I must tell you. I learned by accident that you were going to a certain well-known Daguerreotypist to sit for your picture. Happening to know the gentleman very well, I told him to secure a likeness for me at the same time, which he did. That’s the simple explanation of the whole mystery.”

“ He didn’t take but two, and one of them he spoiled,” said the lady.

“ One of them you *thought* was spoiled, but in that you were deceived. The plate shown to you had never received an impression from your form or features. The real plate was dextrously laid aside.”

The bride declared that the whole thing was an outrage ; but while her pretty lips uttered the harsh word, a hearty forgiveness of all parties concerned in the matter beamed from her loving eyes. Not a few likenesses of gentlemen as well as ladies have been secured in this way.

Incidents more pathetic and painful in their character than those which are here related, are of frequent occurrence. Not a great while ago, one of our Daguerreotypists observed in his rooms an old lady in deep mourning. She was a stranger, and was looking with evident eagerness along the walls at the various portraits that were exhibited as specimens of the art. All at once she uttered a low exclamation, and then sunk, half fainting, upon a sofa. Water was brought to her, and after a little while she was restored to self-possession. She then stated, that news of the death of her only daughter, a resident in the west, had been received by her a few days before. Remembering that a likeness had been taken a short time previous to her going to the west, the faint hope had crossed her mind that there might be a duplicate in the rooms of the Daguerreotypist. She had found it, and gazed once more into the almost speaking face of her child !

Another incident, quite as touching, occurred at the same establishment. A mother came with her first and only child, a bright little boy of four years, to sit for her likeness. The father was along, and, at his instance, the child was placed on the mother's lap. The image of the little boy was beautiful, but the mother's picture was not good. It was then decided that the mother should sit alone, and that they would have the child taken when he was a few years older. As they were going away, the operator tried to persuade them to take the other picture also, the likeness of the child being such an admirable one. They hesitated, but finally concluded not to do so, saying that after he was a little older they would get his portrait taken; and so they went away. Three months afterwards the mother came again. She was in deep mourning. Her boy was dead! She had come, hoping that the picture of the child might still be in existence. But alas! it was not so. Search was made among old and rejected plates in the hope that it might not have been rubbed out, but after looking for a day or two, the mother coming frequently during the time, the search was abandoned as fruitless. The shadow, fixed in a wonderful and mysterious manner by a ray of light, had faded also, and the only image of the child that remained for the mother was on the tablet of her memory.

It is often a matter of surprise to some that two portraits of the same person by different Daguerreotypists should appear so unlike, it being supposed, at first thought, that nothing more than mechanical skill was required in the individual managing the instrument, and that it was only necessary for the image of the face to enter the lens and impress itself upon the chemically-prepared plate, to have a correct likeness; but this is an error. Unless the Daguerreotypist be an artist, or have the educated eye of an artist, he cannot take good pictures, except by the merest accident; for, unless the sitter be so placed as to throw the shadows on his face in a certain relation to his prominent features, a distortion will appear, and the picture therefore, fail to give satisfaction. The painter can soften the shadows on the face of his sitter, so as to make them only serve the purpose for which he uses them, but the Daguerreotype exercises no discrimination, and reflects the sitter just as he presents himself. It was owing to bad positions and bad management of light that the earlier Daguerreotypists made such strange-looking pictures



of faces, one side of which would be a dark shadow and the other a white surface, in which features were scarcely distinguishable. But great improvements have taken place, and some establishments are turning out pictures of remarkable beauty and excellence.

In order to obtain a good picture, it is necessary to go to a Daguerreotypist who has the eye and taste of an artist, or who employs such a person in his establishment; and it is also necessary to dress in colors that do not reflect too much light. For a lady, a good dress is of some dark or figured material. White, pink, or light blue must be avoided. Lace work, or a scarf or shawl, sometimes adds much to the beauty of the picture. A gentleman should wear a dark vest and cravat. For children, a plaid or dark-striped or figured dress is preferred by most Daguerreotypists. Light dresses are in all cases to be avoided.

The strong shadows that appear in Daguerreotype portraits are a sad annoyance to many who, like Queen Elizabeth, see no such blemish on their faces when they consult their mirrors. "Can't you take me a likeness without these dark places?" asks a lady who sees, with surprise, a dirty mark under her nose, around her eyes, under her chin, or on the side of her cheek. "There is nothing like this on my face." "Why is my neck so black?" asks another; while another would like her picture well enough if the face were "not so smutty." A lady with a fair skin, upon which the sun has left some minute brown marks, which are almost hidden by the warm flush of health, is startled to find them faithfully recorded in her picture, and made so dark as to appear like serious blemishes. "What are these? There is nothing like them on my face?" she inquires, with a look of disappointment. The artist cannot tell her that her face is "freckled," and so makes some evasive excuse, and tries the experiment again; but with no better success, for the all-discovering light will make no discrimination—the little black specks are still there, and the lady goes away with a poor conceit of the Daguerreotypist, who, though he could make the light work for him, could not force it to record any thing but the truth.

It is curious to hear the various little suggestions, by way of improvement that certain persons will make when about sitting for a likeness. A stout, fat lady would like to be made a little smaller, as she is more "fleshy than common;" while a lean

one, with a low-necked dress and bare arms, desires a full, handsome bust and round plump arms, as she is just now rather "thinner than common." Delicate hands are particularly desired, and these the artist who attends the instrument can give, by placing them so as to receive the light in a certain way. And, in fact, nearly all peculiarities of person that tend towards deformity may be modified by a skillful artist in the arrangement of his sitter—though he cannot help cross eyes nor make a homely person beautiful—while one who does not understand his business will, in all probability, distort and render them more unpleasant to look upon.

This wonderful art is yet in its infancy, and those engaged in it are so busily employed as to have little leisure for experiment and improvement; but ere long we shall, doubtless, have a higher and more perfect order of pictures than have yet been given. The art of preparing the plates, which is by depositing silver by galvanism on a thin copper plate and then polishing it so exquisitely as to look almost like a mirror, has attained great perfection; but even here there is room for improvements that will be made. Still more artistic skill is needed by those who manage the instrument and arrange the sitter's position, for no matter how good the plate may be, nor how perfect all the manipulations, if the sitter be placed in a bad relation to the light, the picture cannot be good. All this is now understood by our best Daguerreotypists; and those who give most attention to the improvement of their art will, in the end, reap the richest reward.

## SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

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*"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."*

Mr. Wiley, a lawyer of some ability, was sitting in his office one day, when an elderly gentleman came in and asked to have a few words of conference with him. The stranger was politely handed a chair, and asked his business.

"You hold claims against Porterfield?" said the old gentleman, as he seated himself.

"I do," replied Wiley, whose manner instantly changed—his brow contracting and his eye becoming stern.

"Are you aware that there have been several meetings of creditors, and that there is a strong disposition manifested to give Porterfield a chance to recover himself?"

"I never attend meetings of creditors."

"But, now that you are aware of the fact I state, are you not willing to join with the rest of us in helping an unfortunate man upon his feet again?"

"No. I have my own interests to look after, not other people's."

"It is your intention, then, to push through the suits you have commenced?"

"Certainly. I am not a man of half-way measures."

"Notwithstanding you sacrifice the interests of others by what you do?"

"Let others take care of themselves. I have enough to do to take care of my own concerns, without meddling with the concerns of others."

"If you go on, there will be no hope for the unfortunate debtor."

"That is his look out, not mine," was coldly replied.

"Pardon me for suggesting, that an act like this concerns you as much, almost, as it concerns him. No man ever deliberately does injury to another without himself suffering therefrom, at some future day, as much as the party he has injured; although it may be after a different fashion."

"I'll trust to all that, sir. Mr. Porterfield is in my power, and I mean to make him feel it."

"What object can you have in view, Mr. Wiley, in seeking to destroy a man in this way?"

"I do not know that you have any right to inquire into reasons for my conduct. I am at least sure that I never gave you any such right," replied Wiley.

"I claim no right but the common right of humanity," said the old gentleman. "If you do not acknowledge that, my interference in this matter can only be viewed as impertinent."

It is certainly not authorized by any relation existing between us, and therefore I cannot view it in any other light than the one you have intimated," was the haughty answer.

The old gentleman bowed and arose from his chair; but, before leaving the office of the lawyer, he said, with marked force of expression:

"Mr. Wiley, I am an old man. Nearly seventy years I have borne the burdens of life; and in that time I have gained some experience. Like the rest, I have erred in many things, and for every error there has been an after visitation. Life has its seed time and its harvest. The one must follow the other. If the seed be good the fruit will be good; but if the seed be evil seed, harvest time will bring a plentiful supply of bitter fruits. It cannot be otherwise. Beware, then, of all acts inspired by malice, revenge, or selfish cupidities; for, rest assured, that at some late period—it may be when your head is bowed with age and your heart yearning for peace and repose—the harvest of this seed time will be ready, and the sickle have to be taken in hand to reap it. The haunting ghosts of wrong and passion that come in old age, Mr. Wiley, when the mind most needs repose and a clear conscience, are the hardest to lay of any that disturb us in the whole journey of life."

The contemptuous expression that rested on the lawyer's countenance, showed too plainly to the visitor, that his words had failed to make any impression. He therefore turned and walked away. As he left the office, Wiley muttered to himself—

“Oh, yes. The lashed cur can whine now; but his whine will rise into a cry ere long, or I am mistaken.”

The cause of this evil determination on the part of Wiley arose as well from unfeeling cupidity, as from a settled dislike which he entertained for the individual now completely in his power. Some years before, Porterfield, who was a merchant, wounded the self love of the lawyer, who ever after felt towards him as an enemy. Time did not soothe the irritation he at first experienced, for the merchant, who was successful in business, built himself an elegant house immediately opposite the more humble residence of the lawyer, and did it, Wiley was weak enough to think, by way of making him feel his inferiority in point of worldly wealth. Year after year the handsome dwelling of the merchant stood smiling in the warm sunshine, but was never looked upon by Wiley without his seeing in every part of it, from cornice to pavement, a leer of triumph. The face of Porterfield, too, when he bowed to him, had the same expression, and it was always an effort for him to return the bow with any thing more than the coldest civility.

At last Wiley began, as the saying is, to feel his feet under him. He had talents and shrewdness, combined with perseverance and industry, and these gradually obtained him business. From yielding an income barely sufficient for the ordinary wants of social life, his practice gave him something over, and he began to accumulate. As soon as he had a few thousand dollars to invest, he looked around him for the means of making the sum productive. With the mere interest of his little capital he had no thought of being content. He expected it to yield a great deal more than that. So he became a gambler in the stock market, and through the aid and instruction of one of the knowing and secretly operating ones, a successful gambler. He rarely lost, and, not unfrequently, doubled his investments. In this school he learned utterly to disregard the interests of others, and to grasp at money as common property, to be obtained by the shrewdest and held by the strongest. If his neighbor had ten thousand dollars, and he could get them transferred into his own pocket by means of some sharp operation in the money market, he never stopped to trouble himself about the matter of equivalent. When, therefore, he once got a fair start in the race for wealth, he advanced with rapid strides. By associating with himself, in his profession, a young lawyer of equal industry but

less grasping cupidity, Wiley managed not to have any part of his business suffer on account of the attention he had necessarily to pay to the stock market and his operations therein.

In the meantime the large family of Porterfield was beginning to make heavy demands upon his income. His son had to be sent to college and his daughters to expensive boarding schools. Added to this came a long pressure in the money market, producing disturbances in trade, and sweeping hundreds of unsubstantial merchants from the arena of business. Like almost every one else who had any thing to lose, Porterfield was a sufferer at various points. The loss of a few hundreds of dollars here, and a few thousands there, repeated with alarming frequency, loosened the foundations upon which his prosperity had been resting and threatened to overwhelm him in ruin.

With the coolness of a man who prepares himself for the worst, Porterfield withdrew his son from college ere he had half completed his education—and his daughters from their expensive schools. The former was placed in a store, and received a salary sufficient to furnish his wardrobe. But preparations for the threatened storm did not stop here. His elegant residence was sold, and the amount realized thereon thrown into his business, in order to give it relief; the family retiring into a smaller house, and diminishing all their expenses.

“With our sails reefed and our vessel lightened, I think we shall outride the storm,” the merchant said to his wife, after they were snugly settled in their new home. “Our expenses have been four thousand dollars a year; now they will range within fifteen hundred. Twenty-five hundred dollars saved here will be no small sum in my business.”

“And we shall be as contented in our present as we were in our former style of living,” said Mrs. Porterfield, who was a strong-minded woman, and just the one to stand up bravely beside a man in the battle of life.

“I don’t know,” returned the merchant. “I’m afraid not. What most concerns me is the fact that our children are deprived of those educational advantages I so much desired to give them.—It troubles me, whenever it crosses my mind, to think that Edward had to be taken from college just as his more important studies commenced. These can never be resumed, for, ere I recover myself, he will be a man.”

“There are always two things presented to us,” replied Mrs.

Porterfield—"what we desire, and what is. What we desire, we always think best; but what is, is of Providence, and therefore, undoubtedly best. Thus I reason, and endeavor to feel satisfied with what is."

"And you are right," returned her husband. "But I cannot come into your better state of mind. I wish that I could."

"Think less about what you cannot help, and more about present daily duties, and you will come into this better state of mind much more easily than you suppose."

"No doubt you are right in that," said Mr. Porterfield, smiling. "The receipt is of the simplest kind, and I will try to use it."

Notwithstanding the reefed sails and lightened hull, the storm, when its violence increased, threatened to drive the vessel in which Porterfield's earthly goods were all ventured, beneath the waves. In order to keep afloat, if possible, resort was had to that most doubtful and desperate financial operation, the making of notes that do not represent a mercantile transaction, and throwing them into the market to be "shaved."

This manufactured paper, was, through the aid of friends, issued pretty extensively. But it availed not. Porterfield's barque went under, after he had diminished his actual property some thousands of dollars in the payment of enormous discounts.

"Have you heard the news?" asked a broker of Mr. Wiley, one morning.

"What is it? Who has failed now?"

"Porterfield."

"Good! I expected that," returned the lawyer. "Is it a bad failure?"

"I don't know. Some say it is, and some say it is not. His paper was dishonored yesterday, and there is plenty in the market."

"Ah! have you any of it?"

"Yes. About a thousand dollars, that I was fool enough to shave, when I saw by the face of it that it was only *made* paper."

"What do you expect to get for it?"

"I'll tell you what I'll take?"

"What?"

"Fifty cents in the dollar."

"How long has it to run?"

"Five hundred are due to-day; and five hundred will mature in a week."

"Has a meeting of creditors been called?"

"I believe so."

"Do you know any of them?"

"Yes. And the broker named over half a dozen who were creditors.

The lawyer thought a moment, and then said,

"I'll buy your claim at fifty cents.

"Very well. So much saved at any rate."

"And I should like to have four or five thousand more at the same price, provided the paper has already matured, or will fall due in the course of a week."

"You can be accommodated, without doubt," said the broker.

"Will you try to get it for me?"

"I will."

On the next day, notes amounting to four thousand dollars were brought to the lawyer, who bought them at half the sum they demanded.

Such of these as were not already under protest for non-payment, were noted on the days they fell due, and immediately sued out. Wiley was rejoiced to find that his writs were the first issued, and that his judgments against the debtor's property would therefore take the precedence.

"Safe enough!" he said to himself, with much apparent pleasure, when clearly satisfied of this fact. "I shall make twenty-five hundred by that operation and put Porterfield just where he ought to be."

At the third meeting of creditors which convened for the purpose of final action, looking to the relief of the debtor by a liberal extension of time and abatement of claims, the fact that suits for five thousand dollars had been commenced was unexpectedly announced, and changed the whole aspect of things. One of the creditors, an old merchant of liberal feelings, who was respected and esteemed by all who knew him, undertook the task of ascertaining from Wiley, who was known to be the suing party, as to his intentions; and if they were directly adverse to the proposed measure of relief, to endeavor to change them. How fruitless was this effort, has been seen. It was then proposed to pay off his claim, but to this the majority of



creditors objected. It ended in the debtor's making an assignment of his property for the benefit of all. Wiley, at the final dividend, got fifty-five cents in the dollar, thus making about ten per cent. instead of a hundred per cent. as he had expected. But he was satisfied. He had not lost any thing, and Porterfield was broken up, root and branch, and his family reduced to great extremity.

This took place when Porterfield was forty-five years of age and Wiley forty.

Three or four months after the final breaking up took place, the lawyer met his victim in the street. It was the first time he had seen him since he had so heartlessly destroyed his business. The ruined merchant was walking slowly along, with his eyes upon the pavement, and his whole air one of deep dejection. So deep that even the cold and selfish heart of Wiley was touched.

For days the lawyer tried to thrust from his mind the image of his victim, but in vain. It was ever rising up and rebuking him, with its bowed head and aspect of deep despondency.

"I wish I'd had nothing to do in the matter," he said to himself, as he sat alone in his office one night, with this image distinctly before him. "It may be that I went too far. But it can't be helped now, and I'm a fool to trouble myself about it."

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, the door of his office opened and a young man, who seemed heated by passion or drink, advanced into the room, confronting him with a stern and angry countenance.

"Your name is Wiley, I believe?" said the young man.

"It is," replied the lawyer, rising to his feet as he spoke.

"I have just learned," said the visitor, with something of fierceness in his manner, "that when my father's business became embarrassed, you stepped in and bought up claims against him at a discount of one-half, sued them out, thus preventing an amicable arrangement with his creditors and utterly destroying his business. And that when an appeal was made to you by one of the creditors deputed for the purpose, you heartlessly, and with an expression of ill will towards my father, avowed your determination to ruin him. Am I rightly informed, sir?"

"Leave my office instantly!" exclaimed Wiley, his face red with anger.

"Not yet, sir," returned the young man, more coolly, and with an air of resolution. "I came for a certain purpose; when that is accomplished, I will retire. Not before."

"I give you one minute. If you are not out of this room at the expiration of that time, upon your own head be the consequence."

"Answer my question!" said the intruder, sternly.

There was a deep silence.

"Base, heartless vil——"

The minute had expired, and ere the young man could finish his sentence, or assume an attitude of defence, the lawyer seized and threw him with great violence into the street; his head striking the curb stone. The young man lay perfectly motionless. It was dark, and no one happened to be passing at the moment. Wiley, with instinctive alarm, retired within his office, closed and locked the door, and extinguished his lamp. But a short time passed before voices were heard without. He listened with trembling anxiety. Then there came the sound of many feet and many voices. A small crowd had collected.

"Is he dead?"

"What's the matter?"

"Who did it?"

"The man is dead!"

These were the words, among a multitude of sounds, that fell upon his anxiously, listening ear. After awhile, the crowd moved away; and, it was plain, had taken the injured man, dead or alive, away also.

Hours passed before Wiley ventured to steal forth from his office and go home to his family, rendered anxious by his long absence. They were hours into which were crowded many bitter reflections; and many self-condemning thoughts arose spontaneously in his mind. The seed he had sown, was already springing from the ground with a rich promise of an abundant yield.

On the next morning, when he came in sight of his office, he found a small crowd assembled before it. His heart sunk in his bosom, and it was with difficulty that he could force himself to advance. When he arrived at the door, he saw that there were many marks of blood upon the pavement and curb stones. With an effort he composed himself.

"There's been sad work here," said a legal friend who was standing by.

"So it seems," Wiley merely answered.

"I'm told the young man is dead."

"Indeed!" the lawyer with difficulty repressed his feelings.

"Yes. It must be a sad affliction to his family: It seems as if troubles never come alone. Heaven knows, Porterfield has had enough to bear, without adding this, the death of his only son!"

"How did it happen?" asked a third person coming up at the moment."

"No one can tell," was replied. "It is said that the young man was found lying upon the pavement, about nine o'clock last evening, with a frightful wound upon his head made by falling upon the curb. On examination, after he was removed, the skull proved to be badly fractured. Life appeared to be extinct when he was taken up."

"He may have fallen in a fit," suggested. Wiley, greatly relieved by learning the fact that young Porterfield had been taken up insensible. There was, consequently, no evidence of his action in the matter, and it was possible that even a suspicion might never rest upon him.

"I am rather inclined to doubt that," was answered. "The simple fall of a man by his own gravitation, is hardly sufficient to fracture his skull. There must have been some violence in the case. What time did you leave your office, Mr. Wiley?"

"Early in the evening," replied the lawyer, promptly.

"Then, if there had been a rencontre just here, you would not have heard it?"

"No."

Relieved in mind, Mr. Wiley went into his office, but he was able to attend to very little business during the day. The dread that, in some way, suspicion would rest upon him, haunted him every moment.

A coroner's jury was called and an inquest held over the body of the young man early in the morning. The verdict rendered, was "Death from violence by the hands of some person or persons unknown." When the tenor of this verdict reached the lawyer's ears, it, in no degree, added to his happiness. But time passed, and not the slightest whisper of a suspicion against him was breathed upon the air; nor could be breathed, for young Porterfield had mentioned to no one his design of calling upon Wiley. He had stepped into an eating house and called

for oysters and some brandy punch. While eating the oysters and drinking his punch, he overheard the broker, who had bought up his father's paper for Wiley, relating the circumstance to some one in an adjoining box, and commenting upon the cold-hearted manner in which Mr. Porterfield had been ruined. Inflamed by this intelligence, as well as by the strong glass of liquor he had taken, the young man instantly retired from the cellar, and went direct to the lawyer's office. The result is known.

The violent and mysterious death of his son, was a dreadful affliction to Mr. Porterfield, and bowed him for a time, almost to the earth. But he recovered himself, forced into activity by the pressing wants of his family. After he was broken up, he made several attempts to get into business again; but as heavy claims still rested against him, he found it impossible to get credit even from his best business friends. No attempt was made to get a full release from his creditors, because it was deemed fruitless to make the effort, in consequence of the balance still unpaid to Wiley and some two or three others, from whom, after what had passed, he could not hope for any favor. The best thing that offered was the collection of small accounts for a newspaper establishment, which he undertook to do. He found it extremely fatiguing and the returns small; in fact, inadequate to the maintainance of his family, with which he had retired into a very humble abode, dismissing all his servants and limiting every thing to the simple necessities of life.

Things presenting this aspect of affairs, Mrs. Porterfield, who, as has already been intimated, was a woman of decided character, represented to her two oldest daughters the necessity that existed for their seeking to maintain themselves, and thus relieving their father. Their education being defective, they could not undertake the teaching of any thing. All that was left for them was to acquire some skill, by the exercise of which money could be earned. The apparent cheerfulness with which Mrs. Porterfield bore their sadly altered circumstances, and the wise words she uttered in relation thereto, gave strength and patience to the minds of her daughters. They applied themselves, diligently, to the duties they had assumed, and, in the course of a few months, were ready to go out into families to sew, one as a tailoress and the other as a dress-maker, and to earn regularly their three dollars each a week, which, added to what their fa-

ther received for collecting, made the income of the family approximate more nearly to its wants. Cast down from the world's high places, and afflicted as they had been, the family of Mr. Porterfield were better contented and more cheerful than was imagined by those of their old friends, who occasionally thought of them. After a year or two the collection of accounts paid better, and enabled Mr. Porterfield to supply his home with more comforts, though it yielded nothing over a support. But as he had given up all hope of ever recovering himself and getting once more ahead in the world, he felt thankful and contented.

"It is not the external condition so much as the internal state, that makes our happiness," he remarked to his wife, after all things around them had assumed the aspect of permanence. "I don't know but we are as happy now as we were when we had our thousands at command."

"We may be quite as happy; for we have enough to give us contentment, and it is truly said, that a contented mind is a continual feast."

"It grieves me sometimes to see our daughters reduced to the necessity of earning a support by daily labor. It is so different from what they were raised to expect. I cannot but feel that to them it must be irksome and disheartening."

"They think and feel right on the subject," replied Mrs. Porterfield. "It is their duty, and they enter upon and perform it cheerfully. They do not appear to be unhappy."

"No."

"And they are not unhappy."

This conversation took place about a year after the daughters of Mr. Porterfield had commenced going out into families to sew.

On the same day Mr. Wiley said to his wife,

"That is a very lady-like and interesting young girl you have sewing for you."

"She certainly is," replied Mrs. Wiley. "I saw her at work at Mrs. Todd's and liked her so well, that I engaged her to come and sew for me a couple of weeks."

"Do you know who she is?"

"Her name is Miss Porterfield."

"Not the daughter of Porterfield, the merchant, who failed a few years ago?"

"The same. Mrs. Todd was telling me about her. She

says that her father was broken up in consequence of one of his creditors refusing to give him any time, and driving him into a general assignment and abandonment of business. Since that time they have been very poor, and the daughters, who were raised amid fashion and elegance, have been compelled to learn trades and go out into families to sew for their support. Doesn't it seem hard? If that unfeeling creditor knows of all this, what must be his reflections? I would not have them for the world."

Wiley turned his head so far away that his wife could not see his face. He had that day seen Porterfield, his clothes worn threadbare, hurrying along the streets, with a tired and anxious look. He knew his business, for he had collected more than one small account even from him. In paying them he had not ventured to look the ruined merchant in the face.

The lawyer said nothing more to his wife about Miss Porterfield. For two weeks he met her daily at his table, and felt her presence as a smiting rebuke. In that time he noticed that her temper was gentle and sweet, her deportment modest, yet easy and lady-like, and her whole character one of unusual excellence. When she left the house on completing her engagement, Wiley felt a strong sense of relief, and he prayed that she might never cross his threshold again. But, year after year she came, at the desire of his wife, and year after year her presence was felt as a stern rebuke. She was worthy to fill a higher sphere, and probably would have filled it but for him.

Time passed. Porterfield continued to pursue the business of a collector, and Wiley grew richer from his practice and his speculations. The heads of both gradually lost their jetty hue, but that of Porterfield whitened most rapidly. The two younger daughters of the latter grew up and were married to worthy young men in the humbler walks of life, but the two eldest remained single, and year after year patiently walked in the paths that opened before them.

Old age at length bent the forms and made feebler the frames of the two men. Wiley was rich and gave up his practice to his son, and himself lived at ease; but Porterfield still traversed the streets in heat and cold, and earned the bread that he eat, daily, by the sweat of his brow. From his window, where the retired attorney sat in his easy chair, he daily saw the bent form of the victim of his malice and cupidity go by, his step seem-

ing to grow feebler and feebler, and his body to bend lower and lower towards the earth into which it must in a few years sink. After awhile Porterfield moved into a small and, to Wiley, it seemed most comfortless house that stood opposite his own, and he had him in still more direct aspect, and saw him from a nearer point of view. It seemed to him as if Porterfield had moved there with the intention of disturbing his peace. In the day time he saw him come in and go out, bending beneath his burden of years and care, and at night he dreamed of him, and of the son whom, in a moment of ungovernable anger, he had killed.

The haunting ghosts of wrong and passion had indeed arisen in his old age, and he had no power to lay them.

At last his unhappiness became so great as to force from his selfish heart a consent to make restitution of some kind, and he sent for Porterfield. The old man came and sat down in the luxurious mansion of the lawyer. He sat firm and composed, while the lawyer felt a strong internal agitation; and could not look steadily in the face of the man he had wronged.

"Mr. Porterfield," said Wiley, speaking with as much composure as he could assume. "Do you remember—it is now at least forty years ago—our meeting in New York at a hotel in Broadway, whither we had both gone on business?"

Porterfield bent his head and thought for a moment.

"Yes, very well," he replied.

"I was then a young lawyer, just commencing the world, and you a merchant who could already count your thousands."

"Well?" Porterfield looked wonderingly at the attorney, whose disturbance of mind was too great to be concealed.

"As a man of influence and some wealth, who could aid me in the world. I desired to make your more intimate acquaintance, and thought this a most fitting opportunity. I, therefore, immediately on your arrival at the hotel, where I had been for some days, met you with more than usual frankness of manner, but was coldly repulsed. I thought, perhaps, that you might have been in an absent or pre-occupied state of mind, at my first approach, and tried it again, but was met in the same frigid manner."

"Was I rude to you?" asked Porterfield.

"I will not say that. You were distantly polite. I could not resent your manner, but I felt it as a deep personal insult."

The old man bowed his head and sighed.

"That insult," returned the attorney, "I neither forgot nor forgave. When I came home I met you, as you well know, often. You were to me as you had been before I saw you in New York, polite and affable when we happened to meet. But I shunned you and hated you. When you built the elegant house opposite to where I lived, I could not divest myself of the idea that you had chosen that particular site in order that your wealth and my poverty, so to speak, might be contrasted. It seemed to me that those who went by, made the contrast. But my time for retaliation came at last, and I was wicked enough to obtain and use power over you. When you failed, I purchased your paper at a discount, and placed myself in the way of an amicable arrangement with your creditors. You were broken up, and I had my triumph at your downfall. But I have never been happy about it since."

"You hated me?" said Porterfield, looking calmly into the disturbed face of his enemy, as the latter ceased speaking.

"I did."

"You hated me without a cause. I well remember my visit to New York on the occasion to which you refer. If I had met my brother, at the time, I should have treated him as I treated you. The nature of my business I will not now state. It will be sufficient to say that it was one causing great affliction of mind. If I was cold and reserved towards you, I was so towards my best friends."

A deep silence followed this declaration. The lawyer had no words in which to respond. In a few moments Porterfield said—

"A gentleman called upon you a few days after my arrival in New York to engage you to attend to some business in Philadelphia?"

"Yes."

"Did he say by whom he had been recommended to you?"

"He did not. He merely said that he had been advised to employ me in the case by a friend from Philadelphia who happened to know that I was in the city."

"Did it never occur to you that I might be the person to whom he referred?"

"You? Never!"

"I was."



A half-suppressed groan struggled up from the breast of the attorney as he bowed his head, and, with hands clasped tightly together, sat rebuked before the man he had so deeply injured. He thought of the murdered son and shuddered. That deepest of all wrongs he could not confess. The maddening secret must still lie in his heart, hidden like a gnawing worm.

"Mr. Porterfield," he at length said, "how shall I repair the injury I have done you?"

"It is too late now," returned the collector calmly. "The past is forever past. The pages of our Book of Life are nearly full and cannot be written over again. God overrules all for good. To Him I look as I draw near my end, and patiently await my change. I have suffered much in the wearisome journey I have come; but suffering has taught me many lessons of wisdom. I do not complain."

"But you are poor. Your children are poor. You are all doomed to labor early and late for food and raiment."

"We labor cheerfully. Adversity has taught us contentment and trust in Providence. We know that our bread will be given and that our water is sure."

"I will repair, in some small degree, the wrong I have done," said Wiley, after a few moments of thoughtful silence. "Your last days shall be made more comfortable. I will immediately settle upon you a life annuity of a thousand dollars a year."

A bright spot glowed on the old man's cheek as he replied—

"No, Mr. Wiley, I cannot accept of it. I have still health and a portion of strength sufficient for my daily duties. These yield me all I require. I ask for no more. If you have done evil in any part of your life, repent before God. It all lies now between Him and you; for what you took from me, He restored as I had need."

It was in vain that the attorney urged; Porterfield was firm. He would have touched fire sooner than he would have touched his money.

In the humble dwelling that stood opposite the splendid mansion of Wiley, there was more happiness than he had supposed. The bent form of the old collector was not so pressed down with the heavy burdens of labor and care as he had thought. But still, as he daily saw him going forth in all weath-

ers, steady as a clock to his appointed duties, while he sat in his easy chair, in his elegantly attired parlors, his heart would smite him, and he would turn his eyes away to shut out the sight. But the tighter he closed his organs of bodily vision the more distinct before him was the stooping figure and long, thin, gray locks of the old man opposite.

Thus the time wore on, and Wiley was reaping the harvest he had sown years before. He had scattered the seed with a reckless hand; but the principal of life was in it, and while he thought not of what he had planted, was putting down its small fibres into the ground, and shooting up its green leaves to gather strength in the warm sunshine.

Wearily passed the months and years, and at last the old attorney went down to his grave. The sun of his life did not go smilingly behind the cloudless hills of time, but set in darkness and mental gloom. There was a codicil to his will, dated after his interview with the old collector, in which was a bequest of five thousand dollars to each of Porterfield's daughters. No reason for the bequest was assigned. The heirs were surprised and displeased at it. But the executor of the will paid over the sums bequeathed.

To all there is a seed time and a harvest, and whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap—reap here as well as hereafter.

In old age, when the mind needs quiet and repose, who would be troubled by the haunting ghosts of wrong and passion?

“God forbid that I should!” must be the involuntary prayer of every one.

# THE HISTORY OF A DAY AND A LIFE.

## A SKETCH FOR HUSBANDS.

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Mrs. Lundy had been up for half an hour, busy about one thing and another, when Mr. Lundy rubbed his eyes open, and concluded, after thinking over the matter for some five or ten minutes, that it was time for him to be getting ready for breakfast. So he crept out of bed and commenced dressing himself.

"I wish you would get me some hot water, Aggy," said he to his wife. "I must shave myself this morning."

Mrs. Lundy was busily engaged in dressing a little resisting urchin.

"Yes, dear," she replied; "in a moment." And kept on with her work, intending to finish dressing the child before she went down stairs for the hot water.

Mr. Lundy waited about a minute, and then said, a little impatiently,

"I wish you would get it for me now, Agnes. I can't finish dressing myself until I shave."

The wife put down the child and went for the hot water, while her husband seated himself and waited for her return. On receiving what he had asked for, Mr. Lundy commenced shaving himself. When about half done, he turned to his wife, who was leaving the room, and said,

"I wish you would tell Bill to clean the old pair of boots. My new ones hurt me."

After shaving and dressing himself, Mr. Lundy went down stairs to read his newspaper until breakfast time. Eight o'clock

was the hour, although the fact and the time did not always agree together, a circumstance that fretted Mr. Lundy, who was a very punctual man.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lundy had herself and five children to get ready for the morning meal, and she was working diligently in order to accomplish her task. But Maggy's hair was stubborn, and took twice as long as usual to come into proper order, and Will's temper was in a worse condition than Maggy's hair, and worried the mother a great deal more. And then, to help the matter, the baby wouldn't sit quietly with the nurse, but cried all the time.

"There! I've broken my shoe string!" says Will, as the tie at which he had been jerking, gives way with a snap.

"Give me a pin, mother," calls out Mary, who is dressing herself.

Five minutes are consumed in rummaging drawers and boxes for a shoe string, which must be had, as, immediately after breakfast, the children have to start for school, and there will be no time then to look for shoe strings.

At last, after an exciting scene of about three quarters of an hour, in which Mrs. Lundy is worried almost to death, the children are put in order to meet their father at the breakfast table. And now, Mrs. Lundy, in momentary expectation of hearing the bell, commences putting herself in right trim. Her hair is to comb and a more tidy dress to be put on, for her husband cannot bear to see his wife at the breakfast table in dishabille. Her hair is all over her face, when *ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling-ling* sounds the bell up the stair way. For full ten minutes she has heard her husband's heavy tread, as he paces the parlor floor, to her the unmistakable evidence that the cook is behind her time. With nervous haste she drives the comb into her long hair. Crack! It has broken.

"Good heavens, Agnes! Ain't you dressed yet!" exclaims her husband, coming to the chamber door, with his watch in his hand. "It is ten minutes past eight now. I've been ready and waiting for more than half an hour."

"I'll be along in a minute. I've only got my hair to put up and a dress to slip on," replies Mrs. Lundy.

"A minute! Yes, I know what your minutes are. I'm sure you've been up long enough to have dressed for breakfast a dozen times over."

"You forget that I had all the children to get ready," says Mrs. Lundy.

Silenced, but not convinced, the husband goes grumbling down stairs and recommences walking the floor, with a heavier and more rapid tread.

"Go up and see if your mother isn't most ready. I'm in a great hurry this morning," Mr. Lundy says to one of the children, after the lapse of two minutes, which seems to the impatient man at least five.

"I'm coming," he hears, on the stairs, from his wife."

"I'm glad of it," he rather gruffly responds. "I knew your minute wouldn't be much less than half an hour. I wish you would try to be more punctual; this ever being behind time annoys me terribly."

There are some meek words said about the time it takes to dress and see after so many children; but they make no impression whatever upon the mind of Mr. Lundy. They are uttered as a kind of excuse, and he regards them as of no more account.

"These sausages are done to death," said Mr. Lundy.

The wife remained silent, but looked worried.

"Mere dish-water!" Mr. Lundy set his saucer down with an expression of disgust on his face. The coffee was not to his liking.

"I wish, Agnes, you would look a little after Sarah in the morning. We haven't had any thing fit to eat at breakfast time for a month."

"I don't know how I can do more than I now do, Mr. Lundy. I'm sure I've not had a moment to breathe since I got up."

"Still, I think you might spare a moment or two to see if things were going on right in the kitchen. Comfortable meals are half the comfort a man has at home."

Mrs. Lundy sighed, but answered nothing to this ungenerous remark.

"Your head looks like a perfect mop, Agnes," said the husband, as he leaned back to pick his teeth, after having finished his breakfast and made a more careful observation of his wife's appearance. "You are getting downright careless about your person."

Mr. Lundy did not expect any reply to this; and he was not disappointed.

Four children to wait upon at the table kept Mrs. Lundy too

busy to eat more than a mouthful or two herself. It was time to get the three oldest ready for school, when they had finished their meal, and she left the table, where she had been a mere waiter and not a participant in the good cheer, to put on Maggy's gloves and bonnet, to hunt up Will's books and cap, and to change Mary's dress, she having spilled a cup of coffee on it at the table.

"The children will be late to school," calls out the punctual Mr. Lundy, who has gone back into the parlor to finish perusing an article his impatience about breakfast had not permitted him to read through.

Just then his boots are brought in.

"Why didn't you black the old pair, as I said?" he asks of the boy, impatiently.

"I didn't know you wanted the old pair," replies the boy.

"Didn't Mrs. Lundy tell you that I wished them?"

"No sir."

"Well, I do. Go and brush them as quickly as you can. I ought to have been at the store long ago."

Mrs. Lundy, who is coming down stairs with the children, at last ready for school, hears what has been said to the boy, and is thereby reminded of her neglect in not having informed him that her husband wanted his old boots.

"I declare, Mr. Lundy, I forgot to tell John," she says. "I have so much to think about and see after."

"No matter—I'll attend to it myself next time. If you want a good servant, serve yourself," coldly replies Mr. Lundy.

The children off to school, Mr. Lundy about taking himself off also, says, as he stands with his hand upon the door:

"I wish, Agnes, you would see that Sarah has dinner in time. You know how it annoys me to wait."

"I will try to have it ready," replies the wife, an expression of pain and lassitude passing over her face.

"Are you not well, Agnes?" Mr. Lundy asks.

"No," she replies, "I've been suffering with a dreadful tooth ache all the morning, and I feel as if every nerve in my head were alive."

"Why don't you have that tooth out? I would not suffer as you do, if I had to have every tooth in my head extracted."

Mrs. Lundy turns away with a feeling of discouragement. She is heavily burdened, and has no true sympathy.

Mr. Lundy walks towards his store, health in every vein and vigor in every muscle; and his wife goes wearily up to her chamber, half mad with pain and every nerve excited and quivering.

Arrived at his store, Mr. Lundy smiles and chats with a customer, makes a few entries in his day book, fills up three or four checks and pays two or three bills. These acts, with a general supervision of what is going on, make up the sum of his doings, and bring him, with a good appetite, to the dinner hour, when he sets off for home, allowing himself just the number of minutes required to walk there, and expecting to hear the dinner bell tinkle as he opens the street door of his house.

After Mr. Lundy left for his store, his wife took the baby and carefully washed and dressed it, during all the time of which operation its loud, piercing screams rang wildly through her head, and caused both tooth and head to throb as if beaten with a hammer. After that she had to dress herself and go to market. Walking in the open air made her tooth worse, instead of causing the pain to abate. When she came home, she was so completely exhausted as to be compelled to lie down for an hour. This brought twelve o'clock, when Maggy, Willie and Mary came bounding in from school, hungry and impatient, and the mother had to see about getting them their dinners, and attending to their numberless little wants until it was time for them to go to school again.

Half-past one came, and two was the regular dinner hour. Remembering her husband's last words about punctuality, Mrs. Lundy went into the kitchen to see what progress the cook was making. She found Sarah paring the potatoes, and looking as unconcerned as if it were yet two hours to dinner time.

"Your dinner will be late again," said Mrs. Lundy. "Why is it that you keep things back in this way, when I have told you over and over again, that we wish dinner punctually at two o'clock?"

"My fire got down," replied Sarah, indifferently.

"Why did you let it get down?"

"It got down, ma'am," Sarah answered, with a toss of her head.

Well satisfied from former experience, that dinner would only be retarded by any efforts she might make to hurry Sarah, Mrs. Lundy retired, and waited with a kind of nervous dread the re-

turn of her husband, her tooth and head meantime aching with a dull, boring, fretting pain.

Punctually at two she heard the street door open, and Mr. Lundy's decided step along the passage.

"Is it possible! Too bad! Too bad!" She heard him say as he paused, on his way up stairs, at the dining-room door and saw that even the table was not set. "I wonder what good it is for a man to have a house of his own, if he can't have things as he pleases."

"I declare, Agnes! I'm out of all patience," said he, entering her chamber a few moments afterwards. "I told you when I went away this morning, that I wished dinner at the hour, and there isn't even the sign of its being ready. It really looks as if it were done on purpose."

"If I had the cooking to do, you should never wait a minute. But I can't always make servants do as I please," replied Mrs. Lundy.

"That's all nonsense. I don't believe a word of it. I wonder how I'd get along in my business if I were to let my clerks do as they liked. I have a certain order in my business, and every subordinate has his duties and knows that they must be done. Reduce all your household matters to a like order, and keep everyone strictly to their duty, and you'll have things right, but not without."

Mrs. Lundy feared her husband; or, rather, dreaded and shrunk under his displeasure. If she had been more independent and spirited, she would have silenced instead of borne his selfish complainings. But she was a meek, patient, suffering woman, who rarely spoke of what she felt, or resented an indignity. She did not reply to her husband's dogmatic and dictatorial words any further than to say, in a subdued manner—

"If you had ignorant, careless, self-willed Irish girls to deal with, instead of intelligent clerks, you might find it sa difficult as I do to have all things in order."

"Send them away if they don't do as you wish. I'd never keep a girl in the house an hour, if she didn't do every thing as I directed."

"You don't know any thing about it, Mr. Lundy. It is easy to say, send off your cook if she is ten or twenty minutes late with a meal, or serves it up badly, or does any thing that is disorderly or objectionable. But it is worse to have no cook



than a bad one ; and as to good ones, they are hard to be found."

Mr. Lundy met this with one of his sweeping specimens of argumentation, and completely silenced his wife.

"But," he said, impatiently, "I can't wait your cook's movements. My business has to be attended to."

And away he flounced from the house. In ten minutes the bell rung.

"Tell Sarah that Mr. Lundy couldn't wait, and that I don't want any dinner," said Mrs. Lundy to the waiter.

As for the very punctual and amiable husband, he went to his store and sat through the entire afternoon, without putting hand or thought to business. A little patience would have lost him nothing, and made both himself and his wife happier.

After Mr. Lundy left the house, his wife tried to do some plain sewing for her children, that was very much needed. But, what with the blinding pain in her head and face, and the blinding tears in her eyes, she found it impossible to take a stitch correctly. So she laid aside her work and took the baby, thinking to nurse her if she could do nothing else. But baby, wide awake and full of life, was not content to sit quietly in her lap, but must be dancing and jumping every moment. Patiently, for nearly an hour, did the mother bear the jar and shock of the child's quick motions, until a sensation of faintness overcame her, and she was very near falling from her chair. After resigning the baby, Mrs. Lundy went into her chamber and laid herself upon her bed. She had taken little or no food that day ; had been suffering from severe pain ; had been worried and excited with the children ; and more than all, her husband's unsympathizing and unfeeling conduct had made her feel wretched. Is it any wonder that she felt ill ? or that, when Mr. Lundy returned in the evening, he should find her in a condition requiring medical treatment ?

The doctor was called in. He did not understand her case. How could he ? The medicine he gave created a strong revulsion in her system, and did her actually more harm than good. She was confined two weeks to her chamber, and then went forth again into her household, weaker and more nervously sensitive than before, to direct, control and minister to the wants of her ever wanting, ever active children, and to wait upon her husband, consult his tastes, and hear his complaints whenever any

thing that went wrong in the household abridged his comfort in the smallest degree.

Not less than three or four times in a year was Mrs. Lundy made sick in the way described. When she was bending under the burden that was too heavy for her, her husband, instead of lightening, as he might easily have done, the load, or given her strength to bear it, laid on the additional weight that crushed her to the earth.

But no one suspected this; not even Mr. Lundy himself. The idea that he was murdering his wife by a slow and cruel death, would have shocked him; and he would have felt the intimation of such a thing as an unpardonable outrage. And yet such was really the fact. He was murdering her!

Year after year her duties and her toil increased. The history of a day that we have given, was an epitomized history of her life. Mr. Lundy, wrapped up in his schemes of gain and rigid in his notions of order, punctuality and formal proprieties, had no real sympathy for his wife, and was ever complaining of the little irregularities incident to his household, and ever adding to, instead of relieving the oppressive, wearying and ever recurring duties that were bearing her down. It was a common thing for him, robust and in high health, to sit in his easy chair, with dressing-gown and slippers, and ask his tired wife, who could scarcely move without feeling pain, to hand him this, that or the other thing; to ring the bell for the servant, or even to go up to their chamber and bring him something from a drawer, to which he was not willing that a domestic should go.

Meeker, more patient, more loving in her character, grew Mrs. Lundy. By suffering she was purified. It made the heart ache to see her moving by the side of her erect, florid, elastic-treading husband, more like a pale, shadowy form, than a real substance; and to feel assured, that in a very little while, the places that knew her, and the children and friends who loved her, would know her and love her no more.

At last she died, and six little ones were left without the affectionate care of a mother. If her husband, who wept so bitterly over her too early grave, did not murder her, we know not the meaning of the word murder. When it was too late, he could remember her long suffering, her patience, her wrongs received at his hands; but while she lived, he was too selfish to appreciate or properly care for her.

Every where, in books of domestic economy, in tales, essays, newspaper paragraphs, and in current conversation do we hear iterated and reiterated the lesson of a woman's duties to her husband and in her household. She must have every thing in order, and study the art of pleasing her lord as sedulously as if he were the most captious tyrant in the world. And, verily, in his small way, he too often is a miserable tyrant. A woman is expected to be perfect in every thing, and to do every thing. No allowance is made for the ill-health consequent upon her maternal duties; nor for the peculiar, wearying, and all-engrossing nature of the cares attendant thereon. But who writes and talks of the husband's duties? Who teaches him lessons of forbearance, patience, and kind consideration for his over-tasked wife? Little is said on this score; the world goes on; and hundreds, like Mrs. Lundy, go down to the grave years before their time, and no one dreams that their husbands are accessories to their death. But, it is even so. Not in maternal duties alone lies the cause of the wife's pale face and drooping form—but in the over tasks of her peculiar position. She is worked too hard—harder than a slave in the cotton field. Too often, she is nurse and sempstress for half a dozen children, and superintendent of her household besides. She will bend over her needle, night after night, in pain or suffering from lassitude, while her husband sits enjoying his volume by her side, not dreaming that it is his duty, in order to save his wife from toil beyond her strength, to prolong his labors, if that be necessary, in order to afford her the assistance required in meeting the thousand wants of her children and household. If there are any extra tasks to perform—any extra exertions to make, the husband is the one who should perform or make them, not the wife, for he has superior strength.

We hear a great deal about the husband coming home, wearied, from his store, his counting-room, his office or his workshop; and the wife is repeatedly enjoined to regard him on this account, and to provide comfort, quietude and repose for him at home. This is all well enough, and she should do so as far as lies in her power. But we doubt if as many men come home overwearied with toil to their wives, as come home to wives who are themselves overwearied.

Husbands! If you love your wives, think of these things. Don't say that the story suits Mr. So-and-So, admirably. Look narrowly into your own sayings and doings at home, and see if it doesn't suit you in more than one particular.

## NEVER TOO LATE.

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"Ah! that I could be heard by all oppressed, dejected souls! I would say to them—'Lift up your heads and confide in the future, and believe that it is never too late.'"—Miss BREMER.

"Have faith in time, dear sister! Time is the great restorer—the healer of wounds—the dryer of tears. It is never too late to be happy, Edith."

"Time may encrust our feelings. Time may throw over them the pall of insensibility. But is such a state to be desired? Do you call that happiness? Rather let my heart pulsate in agony until its last convulsive throes. I ask not this letheon."

"Time has a higher mission than that, Edith. Time has a true healing power."

"But it is merely external, Agnes. Deep wounds of the spirit are not to be healed in time nor by time."

"They must be healed in time, sister, if ever healed at all. And this healing does not proceed from external to internal; but in true order, from intimate principles, by means of the most ultimate, even until health reigns throughout the entire empire of the mind, proceeding, first, from what is interior, and filling all, even to what is lowest and exterior. Lift up, then, your head, dear sister! and have faith in time. Believe me, it is never too late."

Thus spoke Agnes May to her younger sister, who was passing through deep waters. Agnes, who was older by many years, uttered no idle words in what she said. She had, herself, been a sufferer, and had come out from the glowing crucible, purified by affliction. She, therefore, could have faith in time. She knew that it was never too late to be happy. That time was the healer of wounds, the dryer of tears, the great restorer.

But Edith, poor suffering Edith! could not believe that time had power to dry her tears. Their fountain was in her heart, and she felt that the spring was unfailling.

Agnes was older than her sister by more than ten years. They had been separated early in life, in consequence of the death of their parents. Agnes found a home with a widowed aunt in moderate circumstances, and Edith, who was a beautiful child, was adopted by her uncle, on the father's side, and raised by him with affectionate care.

During the ten or fifteen years that first elapsed after the death of their parents, Agnes and Edith met but seldom. They moved in different circles—one, as she emerged into womanhood, amid the gay scenes of fashionable life; the other in a quiet, unobtrusive, humble sphere. Each had her peculiar experiences.

The aunt with whom Agnes found a home, had passed through many troubles; but out of them all she had come, better and wiser for her trials. Many lessons of wisdom were imparted to her neice, and, by example as well as precept, she led the opening and maturing mind of Agnes to perceive the true beauty and excellence of a patient, hopeful spirit, even under the darkest aspect of human affairs.

At the age of twenty-three, Agnes met with the severest trial a young heart ever endures, in the faithlessness of one into whose keeping she had entrusted her first and best affections. Many days of darkness succeeded, and she had little hope of ever seeing the clouds that hung over her so thickly disperse. A few years later, and while there was still a deep shadow upon her spirit, the best friend she had known since her mother's death, was removed by a like affliction. Her aunt changed her earthly for a Heavenly existence, and left her friendless, so far as all the means of support were concerned. Her uncle, Mr. Greenleaf, with whom Edith had found a home, instead of taking any interest in Agnes, had always felt a prejudice against her, and discouraged all intercourse between the sisters. The consequence was, they seldom met. When her aunt died, no notice was taken of her by Mr. Greenleaf. Edith visited her for a few times, and sincerely condoled with her in her affliction. But there was little sympathy between the sisters—and their intercourse soon became as formal as before. It was a matter of self-respect on the part of Agnes, and had been so for some years, not to visit at her uncle's house. She, therefore, never saw Edith, unless

by special visit from the latter ; and as these visits were never very frequent, and always characterized by reserve, they rather separated from each other than drew together.

In order to sustain herself, Agnes, who had received from her aunt the advantages of a good education, sought employment as a music teacher.—Her taste and ability soon procured her many scholars, and introduced her into families of wealth and fashion.

This fact soon became known to Edith, greatly to her astonishment and mortification.

She had called, one morning, upon a fashionable acquaintance, and was sitting in the parlor, waiting for her to come down, when Agnes came into the room, accompanied by two young ladies, sisters of her friend. They proceeded to the piano, Agnes not noticing the presence of her sister. Her business there was soon no problem to the mind of Edith. It was the first intimation she had received of the fact that Agnes had become a music teacher, and her chagrin at finding her in the family of one of her fashionable acquaintances, may well be imagined.

In a little while Edith was joined by her friend. They withdrew into the next parlor, and closed the folding doors, the friend remarking, as they did so—

“The girls are taking their music lessons this morning, so we will go in here and be by ourselves.”

There was nothing in the way this was said, which left Edith to infer that Agnes was known as her sister. But that the fact would become known, she felt to be inevitable. She did not stay long, and when she left the house of her friend, returned immediately home, and made known the mortifying fact she had encountered.

“Impossible!” said Mr. Greenleaf.

“Impossible?” echoed the aunt.

“It is too true. I saw her with my own eyes,” returned Edith, weeping with mortification.

“It must not be permitted,” said Mr. Greenleaf. “You must go and see her, Edith, and tell her that if she is under the necessity of doing this for a support, I will pay her boarding.”

“I am afraid it will be of no use, uncle,” returned Edith. “Agnes is proud, spirited, and independent. She will not accept your kindness.”

“Not accept it!”

“I fear not.”

“Yes she will. Giving music lessons cannot be so very pleasant an occupation that she will prefer it to ease and comfort at home. See her at any rate.”

“I will, and use my best efforts to induce her to abandon what she is doing.”

Edith called upon her sister, and made known the object of her visit, with her uncle's proposition.

“Tell Uncle Greenleaf,” Agnes replied, promptly, yet with great composure, “that I am obliged to him for his offer, but cannot accept it.”

He will be much displeased if you do not,” said Edith.

“Why should he? He has no claim upon me for obedience.”

“But, something is due from you to his social standing. How will it look for you, his niece, to be employed as music teacher, in families where we visit on terms of intimacy? Think of that, Agnes?”

The sister looked into the fair young face of Edith, at first with a rising emotion of anger. But this she quickly stifled; and, in a low, quiet, yet firm voice, replied—

“Tell your uncle to forget that he has a niece named Agnes.”

“Agnes——”

“Sister! let me once, and for all, tell you that I am not to be influenced by any considerations that you or Uncle Greenleaf can offer. I do not wish to trouble you in any way, and will not do so, intentionally. But it is my duty to use the ability I have for my own support.”

“But uncle offers to——”

“I will not accept his offer!” Agnes replied, with an expression of indignant impatience that she could not suppress. “What claim have I upon him? Shall I sit down, meanly, and fold my hands, an idle pensioner upon his pride? It is useless to talk to me in this way, Edith. I am not to be moved from the doing of what my conscience tells me is right.”

Edith went back and reported the result of her interview, much to the chagrin of Mr. Greenleaf, who felt angry at the independent girl. No further attempt was made to influence her; but she was never recognized by her sister when they chanced to meet at the houses of her fashionable acquaintances, among

whom it happened that most of her lessons were given. Her relationship to Edith, however, was generally well known, and the fact made varied impressions, according to the modes of thinking and feeling of those who heard it.

It was something of a trial for Agnes to meet her sister and be passed by her as a stranger; but her mind, rising by the pain it had suffered, was coming into a clear region, and she was able to excuse, to some extent, the conduct of one who had been nurtured in a sickly atmosphere, and among those who had false views of life.

In the course of a year or two, the more than common ability possessed by Agnes procured her extensive employment in her profession, and gave her an income that exceeded her wants. But this did not cause her to relax her efforts. She had seen more of life during that time than she had ever before seen, and had learned to think in a higher and clearer region of the mind. The necessity to do something for a subsistence, forced her out into the world to use the skill and knowledge she possessed, at a time when she was sinking, half-paralyzed by affliction, and suffering keenly the pangs of a wounded spirit. In doing what she felt to be her duty, her mind had been sustained to a degree that filled her with surprise when she reflected upon it. Her thoughts flowed in a healthier channel, and her heart beat with a more even and calmer motion. There were many who pitied her lonely condition, and sympathized with her in the necessity that required her to devote herself so steadily to her profession; but, in most cases, she was happier than those who felt commiseration for her lot. Thus, as time progressed, the mind of Agnes became elevated, purified and filled with a religious trust.

Scarcely had the heart of Edith unfolded itself in the warm spring time of young womanhood, ere her sky became overcast. The worldly affairs of her uncle fell into disorder, and his family were compelled to take a lower place in society than the one they had occupied. This was a sad trial to the selfish pride of Edith. But a deeper grief awaited her.

The beauty of Edith, as well as her position, attracted many to her side, who sought to inspire her heart with more than a sentiment of friendship. Among the most favored of these, were a young man named Carson, and one named Percival. Both were unremitting in their attentions, but Carson first made her an offer of marriage, which was highly approved by her uncle



and aunt. Had all the influences acting upon the young girl been equally balanced, Percival would have been the object of her choice. He was not so highly connected as Carson, nor were his external conditions and prospects in life so good. But there was a more manly impression in his character, and Edith felt that there was a more genuine warmth about his heart. But, the ardor with which Carson pressed forward, secured him the maiden's consent to become his wife. A few weeks afterwards, Percival, unaware of what had taken place, declared the love that was in his heart, and received for answer that it was too late.

For some time after Edith had become advised of the fact that Percival was also a lover, she felt more than a passing regret that he had not told his love before. But, in a little while, this feeling subsided. The closer intercourse which a betrothment warranted, soon hid the impression Percival had made upon her heart.

Two months before the time appointed for the marriage to take place, Mr. Greenleaf's embarrassments became known in business circles. None was more astonished than Carson. None was more disturbed by the event than he. Edith was the adopted child of Mr. Greenleaf, and Mr. Greenleaf had been thought by every one to be a man of very considerable wealth. His niece would come in, eventually, for a large share of this, and he, as the husband of the niece, would be the real possessor of all that she might receive.

Carson was hardly aware that such thoughts had passed through his mind, or in any way influenced his feelings for Edith, until the news of the wreck of Mr. Greenleaf's affairs reached his ears. Then his real motives were so clearly apparent to himself, that he felt a momentary disgust at his own cupidity. But the new circumstance that had transpired, altered so materially the whole aspect of affairs, that the question of fulfilling his engagement with Edith came up immediately for serious discussion. Long was the debate continued. The love he really felt for her, seconded by shame and pride, argued long for justice and right, but the voice of other and inordinately selfish considerations, was louder, and in the end, it was deliberately determined to break the solemn contract that had been made. Pity for Edith was for a time felt; but that he called a weakness which must be overcome.

Very soon after the change in her uncle's circumstances had taken place, Edith noticed, with a thrill of alarm, that her lover's visits were fewer, and that his manner was not the same. She was not long kept in doubt; for, within a month of the time fixed for the wedding, Carson, under some pretence, not at all satisfactory to the mind of his betrothed, asked to have the marriage postponed.

Too well did Edith understand the meaning of this; for the very manner of her lover betrayed what was in his heart. Wounded pride inspired her with a momentary indignation, and enabled her to say, with a quivering lip, but flashing eye—

“Mr. Carson! You are free!”

The young man arose, bowed low, and hastily retired. They never met afterwards, except as strangers!

The reverses that had overtaken Mr. Greenleaf proved to be utterly disastrous. Within a year he was reduced to great extremity and died, leaving his wife and niece penniless and friendless.

Poor Edith! Into what a great deep of misery had she suddenly gone down. Two years had elapsed since her last meeting with her sister, towards whom she had never felt any real sympathy. Now her thoughts turned towards her from a kind of natural impulse, and she felt as if it would be some relief to her wildly throbbing heart if she could lay her head upon her bosom, feel her hand upon her forehead, and hear her voice speaking some words of comfort. But, in her sunny days she had turned coldly from that sister, and she could not go to her now. But Agnes, so soon as she heard of her uncle's death, hastened to visit Edith. She found her mind in a sad state of depression. The defection of her lover had almost broken her heart, and rendered her desperate and impious in her afflictions.

“Have faith in time, dear sister!” she said, as soon as she could begin to assume the office of comforter. “Time is the great restorer—the healer of wounds—the dryer of tears. It is never too late to be happy, Edith.”

The answer of the poor sufferer to this has already been given. Edith could not confide in the future—she could not believe that “It is never too late.” But, at each interview, Agnes steadily sought to inspire her with confidence in the future.

“Our life,” she would sometimes say, “is not made up of disjointed, unharmonious portions. An affliction is not a thing

isolated as it were from every thing else, and having no bearing upon the whole development and perfection of our characters. Far from it, my sister! There is no circumstance of our lives that is not one in a chain of circumstances all looking to our purification and consequent happiness. We must wait patiently, taking care to do our duty in the present, for the final result. Believe me, sister, that this is true, and take hope. I have passed through deep waters, as deep, perhaps, as those through which you are now passing; but they did not overwhelm my fainting, coward spirit."

The circumstances in which the death of Mr. Greenleaf left his widow and niece, were most trying. Already had they been reduced to extremity, and only subsisted upon a light salary which he was able to get as a clerk. His death cut off all income. Added to affliction, came, therefore, the appalling sense of destitution.

"What are we to do? How are we to live?" were the ever recurring questions.

"You have health and ability, Edith," said Agnes to her one day. "The one will enable you to exercise the other. For you to sit idle, now, is wrong, and only increases your unhappiness. You love your aunt, to whom you are indebted for all the affection and care of a mother. Does not this love prompt you to do something in return for all you have received? Does not the education for which you are indebted to her and your uncle furnish you the means of supplying all your wants? It does, Edith."

These words of her sister caused the unhappy girl to burst into tears. They gave her to see clearly her duty, while she felt a most bitter reluctance to enter upon that duty. The bare thought of it caused a cold shiver to pass through her frame.

"What can I do?" she forced herself to ask.

"What have I done, Edith? What am I now doing?"

Edith's only reply was another gush of tears. To expose herself in families where she had once been on terms of equality and intimacy as a music teacher! No! No! She could not endure the thought for a moment. Agnes saw what was in her mind, and asked—

"Is there any thing wrong in learning music, drawing, or the languages?"

"Certainly not," replied Edith, in a tone expressive of surprise at the question.

"If none in learning, what makes the wrong in teaching them, sister?"

"I did not say there was any thing wrong in teaching them, Agnes."

"Why, then, should you feel so distressed at the thought of becoming a teacher, when, thereby, you may have the means of supporting your aunt and yourself comfortably? Should not the bare suggestion of the thing fill you rather with joy than grief?"

Edith laid her head down upon the breast of her sister and abandoned herself to a fresh burst of feeling. After this had subsided, she lifted herself up, and looking earnestly in the face of Agnes, said—

"I cannot do it! Indeed I cannot!"

"Do not say that, Edith," returned Agnes, in a cheerful voice, smiling as she spoke. "Do not say that you cannot do what your own heart tells you is right."

Edith remained silent.

"There is only one way to be happy in this life, sister," said Agnes. "Only one way to rise above the depressive power of grief—and that is in doing something. The old monk who said, 'Work is worship,' might also have said—'work is happiness'—for, it is certain, that without some kind of labor, either of the body or mind, resulting in benefit to others, no one can be happy. This is a truth that every one receives with reluctance, and yet it is one that nearly all have to practice either of choice or necessity. By a dispensation of Providence your aunt, who has been to you as a mother, is thrown upon your hands, deeply afflicted, for support. Can there be a question as to what it is your duty to do? Surely not! Can you hesitate under the false suggestions of pride! My sister has certainly not reflected. Be brave, be true-hearted, Edith. Look to what is right and do it, and you will be sustained. Can you for a moment regard the opinions of those who knew you no longer after fortune ceased to smile?—who cared not for your personal quality, but only for your external condition? Look not back, sister. Let the past, with its history, be sealed up. But look forward in hope. Ask yourself, earnestly, what it is your duty to do, and that duty enter upon with a resolute spirit. Think of this, sister, and when I next see you, let me find you prepared to go forward, with a firm step, in the way that is now made plain before you."

What Agnes said, could not fail to have an effect upon the mind of her sister; seconded as it was by the peculiar nature of the circumstances by which she was surrounded. When Agnes called to see her again, she was better prepared to listen to her suggestions; and now the question as to what she could and ought to do, came up for consideration.

"I do not think I could give lessons in music with any success," she said.

"Good French teachers can always find employment. How are you in French?"

"I have been told, by natives of France, that I speak it with great purity."

"Do you think you could teach it?"

"Yes."

"Very well. You need no longer despair. If a situation as French teacher in some school cannot be obtained, private classes may be formed."

But Edith could not see how this was to be done. She had arrived at the point of willingness to teach, if she could obtain employment. But how to get the employment passed her ability to comprehend. In Agnes, however, she had a ready prompter. Through her suggestions and influence, she was able to get the situation of French teacher in a newly established seminary for young ladies, with a salary of four hundred dollars a year. This was better for her than giving lessons in private families; and was not so great a trial to her feelings as that would have been.

The purely disinterested conduct of Agnes opened the eyes of Mrs. Greenleaf to the genuine excellence of her character, and she could not help expressing to her what she felt, and regretting that she had not, long before, rightly appreciated her. This expression touched the heart of Agnes in turn. Since the death of her aunt, she had felt the want of some one in whom she could confide—some one upon whom, in states of recurring weakness of spirit, she could lean. It did not take long for them all to understand each other better, and to draw closer together with reviving affection, the more intimate this knowledge became. In a little while, one home contained them all—and Agnes contributed as freely of her earnings, for the sustenance and comfort of that home, as her sister.

"I said it was never too late, Edith," Agnes remarked to her,

some months after an arrangement, so agreeable to all had been entered upon. This was said in the pause of a more than usually cheerful conversation. "Time works wonders."

"It does. I never could have believed it possible for me to feel as I have felt for some weeks past. I cannot say that I am happy. I never expect that. But I am not unhappy. And how great a gain this is, I need not say."

"It is never too late to be happy, Edith," replied Agnes; "and this I hope to live to see you prove. Happiness, as I have often before said to you, comes from no external condition—but is the result of an internal, gradually progressing change, by which our minds, from disorder, are restored to order. The use of afflicting and disturbing circumstances, is to break up false and selfish states of mind, to the end that newer and better ones may be formed. It is but fair, then, to infer, that in the progress of time, external circumstances will conspire with internal changes, to give the spirit a higher degree of happiness than it ever did, or ever could know in former and more selfish states."

"I can understand you better than I did before, for I have a type of what you mean in the changes I have already experienced."

At the end of a year, Edith could speak with composure of the false-hearted Carson, and feel thankful that she had been saved from the miseries of a union with one who did not love her for herself alone. Time united the hearts of the three afflicted ones more and more closely together, and they ceased to think of bereavement and affliction.

"It is true as you said, Agnes. Time is the great restorer—the healer of wounds—the dryer of tears. I have been feeling and seeing this more and more clearly for a long time."

"And yet clearer and clearer will be its manifestations to your heart, Edith, I trust. The sudden storms that come in the spring-time of life, soon pass away. The darkening heavens fill us with alarm, and the fierce wind and rain sometimes destroy the opening blossoms of hope and love. But the warmer airs of summer, and the gentle rains and refreshing dews bring forth other blossoms, from which fruit comes in the calm and peaceful autumn."

"It is never too late," responded Edith, with a placid smile.

"No, sister, never too late!" And Agnes kissed, with some emotion, the fair young cheek of Edith.

A few days subsequent to this, Edith started to come home from the seminary where she was employed as a teacher, later than usual. The evening twilight had begun to fall. She had gone about half the distance, when a man accosted her rudely. She walked on more rapidly, and he followed close by her side. Frightened and confused, she started to run, when he caught her hand and held it tightly. An involuntary cry for help escaped her lips. At this instant a gentleman on the opposite side of the street, who had noticed the rudeness, came quickly over. At his approach the villain took to his heels and ran off.

"Miss May! Is it possible!" he exclaimed, so soon as he saw that it was Edith.

The frightened girl was panting so that she could not, for a few moments, articulate. As soon as she was able to speak, she said, in a trembling voice,

"Accept my thanks, Mr. Percival, for your protection."

"The scoundrel! If I could have got my hands on him!"

The young man spoke with a suddenly aroused indignation.

"Let me see you safely home," he added, offering an arm, which Edith took. He could feel her light hand tremble. For a short distance they walked along in silence.

"You are out rather late," the young man then remarked. He felt that it was necessary to say something.

"Yes," she replied, "later than usual. The days are short, and my class is large."

"You are teaching, then?"

"Yes. I give French lessons in Madame Million's Seminary." Edith spoke without embarrassment.

"Indeed!"

For a short distance farther they again walked on in silence.

"Did your uncle leave nothing to his family when he died?" asked Percival.

"Nothing," replied Edith.

"And you are compelled to teach French for your own support?"

"And that of my aunt."

"Is it possible? I did not know this."

After another pause, the young man said—

"Do you not find your duties very fatiguing and irksome?"

"Not now."

"They were at first?"

"Yes. But I perform them cheerfully now."

"How is your aunt, Mrs. Greenleaf?"

"She is well."

"And cheerful as you are?"

"Yes. We have all learned the happy art of being content with our lot."

"Then you have learned more than is ordinarily learned in a whole lifetime."

As Percival said this, Edith paused. They stood before a small but neat house.

"This is our home," said she. "For your timely protection and kindness in accompanying me, I sincerely thank you."

Percival took the maiden's hand in his as they were about separating. His ear had detected a slight quivering of her voice as she uttered the last sentence; and now he perceived a low tremor in her hand that he still held in his own, while his eyes were fixed upon her face, but dimly seen in the deepening twilight. A few moments passed, and then the door of Edith's home closed between them, and Percival walked slowly away with his eyes cast upon the pavement.

The sleep of Edith that night was not so quiet and dreamless as it had been for months. In the morning she came down with a slightly flushed cheek. Through the day she found it almost impossible to fix her mind upon the lessons it was her duty to impart, and when evening came, she felt a sense of relief in escaping from the crowded rooms. She was walking slowly towards home, with her eyes upon the ground, when she started suddenly at hearing her name pronounced by a well-remembered voice. She looked up, and met the eyes of Percival fixed earnestly upon her. A deep crimson suffused her face, and to his kind salutation she could not command her voice sufficiently to reply. The young man turned and walked by her side for some distance. He then said,—

"It is now more than two years, Edith, since I ventured to tell you what was in my heart, when I learned, much to my grief and disappointment, that I had preferred my suit too late. No, let me not say too late, but too soon. There have been changes since then, Edith, but I have remained the same; and this hour my regard for you is higher and my love intenser than it was then, for I find that the fire through which you have passed has tried and proved you. I now renew the offer I then made—can you, will you accept it?"



Taken thus by surprise, the bewildered but happy girl, scarcely knew how to reply. Though her face was partly turned away, Percival perceived that her bosom was heaving rapidly. Hurriedly, yet clearly as she could think, did Edith reflect upon her position, and seek to determine how she ought to speak and act. At length, with a tremulous voice, she said—

“You have spoken with so little disguise to me, that I feel bound to speak, in return, as freely to you. Had your first offer been made before I accepted another, or had I known of your intentions earlier, the result would have been different.”

“Then you do not reject my suit now?”

“I would be false to my own heart were I to do so,” was the maiden’s frank reply.

A few months only elapsed before Edith was the happy mistress of the true heart and elegant home of her husband, Edgar Percival, and took her place once more in the higher social circles, with a companion equally worthy of the elevation in Agnes.

“It is never too late,” significantly remarked Agnes, as she sat holding the hand of her sister, on the day succeeding her marriage.

“No, never too late. Time is the great restorer,” answered Edith, while the tears of joy sprung to her eyes.

The virtues, accomplishments and great moral worth of Agnes May, could not remain hidden in the more conspicuous place which she now occupied as the companion of her sister. One who could appreciate and love the qualities she possessed, because they corresponded to the excellencies of his own character, sought and won her regard.

“It is never too late,” Edith said in turn, as she sat by the side of Agnes, half an hour after her sister had made her solemn marriage vow.

“No, never,” was the calmly spoken answer.

## THE SLEIGH RIDE.

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“Well, I never!” said Aunt Rachel, retiring from the window, where she had been sitting for half an hour in mute astonishment. “The like o’ this beats all! I thought I’d seen sleighing in my time.”

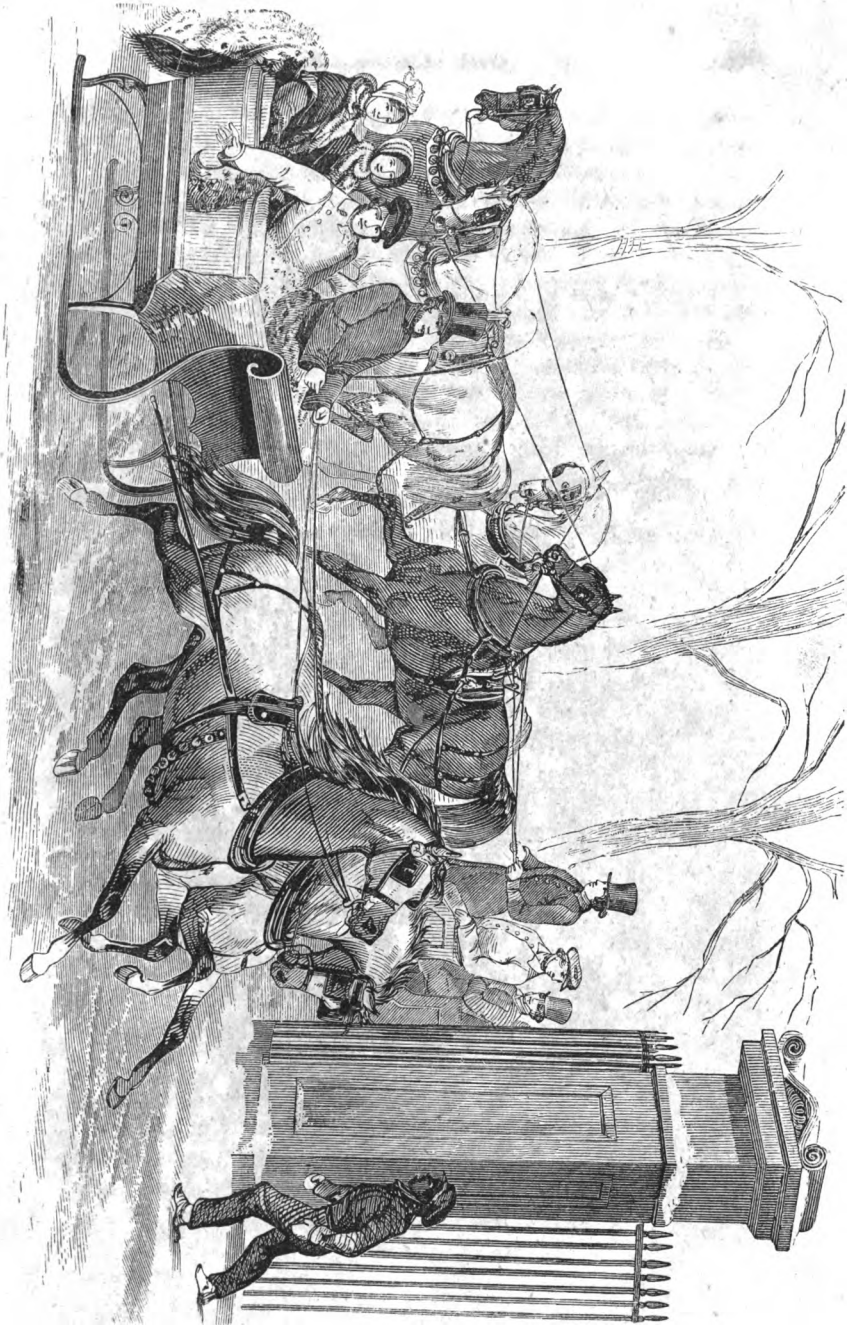
There had been a cold snap in January, lasting for six or seven days, after which it slightly moderated, and signs of “falling weather” became apparent. About sunset the snow began to fall in broad flakes, that came down with a light and graceful motion, clothing, ere the twilight had found its darkest shadows, all things in a mantle of white.

A few weeks previous to this time, Aunt Rachel had come on a visit to New York, a city which had grown, in thirty years, entirely out of her recollection. A denizen of a quiet New England village, her ideas were formed on the model of things around her. She had seen New York once before in her life, but her memory of the place embraced little more than images of houses and streets thrown together without order or beauty. All, therefore, was new, and as strange as new. Broadway was a perfect wonder to her. She sat at her window and looked out upon it for hours, and yet, in the great moving panorama beneath her, new objects of interest were every moment appearing.

“It is like a dream!” would fall from the old lady’s lips a dozen times through the day. But she had seen New York only in a single phase, so to speak, and but half perceived the tokens of wild and vigorous life panting in every vein for action.

“We’re going to have sleighing,” said one of her nephews, as he came in on the night of the storm; “there are three inches of snow on the ground now.”

THE SLEIGH RIDE.



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"Are we? Oh, I'm so glad!" cried a sister. "Wouldn't you like to have a sleigh ride, Aunt Rachel?"

"Well, yes; I wouldn't mind it," returned the old lady.

"Then you shall have one, Aunt Rachel," said the nephew, promptly; "a first-rate New York sleigh ride. And you'll find that an improvement on any thing you've ever seen."

The old lady smiled, and replied that she believed she'd seen a little sleigh riding in her time, and some of it equal to any thing New York could show.

"Wait until to-morrow, Aunt Rachel," said the young people; "and if it have snowed all night as it is snowing now, you'll change your opinion before the day is half over."

"Don't be so certain of that," was the confident answer. "Why, I've seen snow on the ground for three months at a time; here if you have it three days, you are thankful."

"No matter. In three days we'll do more sleighing than you ever saw in your whole life."

The old lady smiled incredulously. New York went ahead in nearly every thing, but it was nonsense to talk about its beating snowy New England in matters of this kind.

While they yet talked, the jingle of bells was heard in the street.

"There's the beginning!" exclaimed one.

They all listened for a few moments.

"Yes, there's the beginning."

"And to-morrow you'll see the end," said Aunt Rachel. "I wouldn't give a pinch of snuff for sleighing like that! It isn't worth the name."

"Wait and see, Aunt Rachel—wait and see!" was laughingly replied to the old lady's expressions of incredulity.

On the next morning, full six inches of snow lay upon the ground, and white flakes were still whirling about in the air. By daylight the sound of bells was heard, and by the time the old lady's nephews had taken breakfast and were ready to go out, Broadway presented a pretty lively appearance.

"What do you think of that, Aunt Rachel?" said one and another, as the sleighing indications became more and more apparent.

But the old lady said nothing. The scene that was presented rather bewildered than impressed her mind intelligibly. The snow was still falling so thickly as almost to obscure the air, and

through this medium she saw but half distinctly the rush and whirl of life below her.

About twelve o'clock the storm cleared off. Occasionally, up to this time, Aunt Rachel had taken her place by the window, and gazed down curiously upon the ever-varying scene. Now a wilder sound of bells attracted her ears, and she looked forth again. Aunt Rachel had not seen New York before—that is, New York fairly awake and mad with excitement. It was some time ere she could separate things so as to view them distinctly, and let their peculiar features become impressed on her mind. The first clearly defined object was a magnificent sleigh, drawn by sixteen horses, gorgeously attired, and crowded to overflowing with passengers, at sixpence a head, on their way down to the great business section of the city; and sweeping down beside this, like a small bird passing an eagle, was a petite, swan-built affair, light almost as a feather, and drawn by a blood horse of exquisite symmetry, whose feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground. Close behind the great passenger sleigh, came an establishment contrasting as widely as possible with the other two. An hour before, its various constituents lay quietly reposing in cellar, yard or lumber-room, as innocent of excitement or excess as a toad in its rocky bed. It was formed of two rude poles for runners, upon which had been nailed an old crate. To this a car-horse had been attached, and off down Broadway dashed its owner, keeping pace with the swiftest, and as proud of the figure he cut as any. Then followed a less ambitious party, consisting of a staid citizen, with his wife and two daughters, in a good substantial sleigh, drawn by good substantial horses, whose orderly feelings and habits were not to be destroyed even by the contagious madness of a Broadway sleighing season. Darting by so swiftly as to leave room for scarcely a moment's observation, passed a gayer party of laughing girls; and close beside them, lashing his piece of gaunt, lean horse-flesh, from whose neck depended an old cow bell, into a strange but swift gait, came an Irishman, with his car body already on runners, determined not to be beaten by any thing between Niblo's and the Park. Now a dozen sleighs, of all imaginable forms and in the strangest contrast with each other, were under the old lady's eyes; and now they were swept away, like men on a chess-board dashed by some angry hand in all directions. In the next instant, in some newer and more grotesquely beauti-

ful combination, they were there again. It was like a great kaleidoscope, in which horses and sleighs were forever blending in new forms.

For half an hour Aunt Rachel looked upon this exciting spectacle. To her it was almost like enchantment. She had heard of fairyland, and there were moments when she felt that she was in that magic region. At last, exhausted by her own wonder, she turned away, murmuring in a low voice—

“Well, I never! The like o’ this beats all! I thought I’d seen sleighing in my time!”

No one could have been more completely taken by surprise than Aunt Rachel. She *had* seen sleighing in her time. Of that there was no doubt. She had seen months go by without a sight of the bare ground, and had been familiar with the jingle of sleigh-bells from December to March during a period of nearly sixty years. Yes, she *had* seen sleighing in her time, and the recollection of many a wild frolic was fresh in her memory—but she had seen nothing like this. Again and again she returned to the window, to look and wonder. Every instant she expected to see the mad animals that swept along with race-horse speed, dash into each other, or looked for an immense omnibus sleigh to run down some light and graceful thing that seemed as if it would fall to pieces by its own weight. But no such catastrophe happened under her eyes. None appeared in the least to check the wild speed at which they were going, no matter how closely they came together, nor how thickly the street was crowded. A few lines were enough for the passage, and a miss was considered as good as a mile. Such driving, Aunt Rachel had never beheld, and yet it was not to be denied that she had seen good driving in her time. She knew that, and therefore her wonder was the greater.

A low temperature succeeding to the fall of snow, fixed, for a few hours, the earth’s white covering, and therefore, steadily through the day increased the wild excitement of the street, until, beneath the wondering eyes of Aunt Rachel, every horse seemed mad, and every sleighing party a company of bacchanals.

“And now we are to have our time,” said one of her nephews, coming in as the day began to fade. “The sleigh will be at the door by seven o’clock. So all get yourselves ready.”

Aunt Rachel demurred. She thought she was a little too old to trust herself in such a mad scrape as a New York sleigh-riding party. But the young people would listen to no objections, and pledged themselves to be responsible for all damages. As to their responsibility on the score of damages, the old lady did not feel very confident. How were they to make good a broken leg or neck? But their hundred times repeated assurances that there was no danger in the world, at length overruled all opposition, and Aunt Rachel yielded herself, with a kind of passive necessity, into the hands of her young relatives, expecting nothing less than to be the subject of some sad catastrophe.

Seven o'clock came, and punctual to the hour drove up before the door an immense sleigh, drawn by six white horses. It was already filled, apparently to overflowing, with as wild a party of lads and lasses as New York could furnish; but there was still room for Aunt Rachel and her party, who crowded in, and after sundry adjustments and re-adjustments of the whole body of inmates, got finally settled for the ride. There were exactly twenty in all. Three loud huzzas were then given, and off down Broadway they swept, at little less than railroad speed. The moon was two hour high, and poured down upon the street a flood of light, making every thing clear as day.

While Aunt Rachel looked from her window, a cold spectator of the scene below, her mind was filled with wonder. Often it was difficult for her to feel that it was indeed a reality, and not a strange illusion; but now, in the midst of the excitement, her feelings rose with the occasion, and she not only felt that it was real, but experienced a sensation of delight as she swept along, a figure in the great living panorama. During the day, it seemed to her that it would be impossible to add to the number and variety, arabesque and grotesque, of sleighing establishments that filled the street, without collision, and a consequent destruction of the wonderful concert of movement that, strangely enough, distinguished the whole scene; but now, to every sleigh, at least three had been added, and for one variety, a dozen had taken its place. The average speed had received, also, a proportionate increase, and yet the harmony of the whole, if it may be so expressed, remained undisturbed. The little one horse fancy affair, that looked more fitted for a toy shop than the street, glided past the ponderous machine drawn by six, eight or ten horses, a touch from which would have dissolved it like so much



frost-work, and passed unharmed. The rudest and most original contrivances moved along side by side with the most costly and elegant, and ever and anon "one of the b'hoys' came dashing past in his own peculiar way, proud of the thought that the snow spray from his horse's hoofs was scattered freely over the French broadcloth, furs and satins of the now unprivileged "Upper Ten."

Down Broadway, amid this enchanted scene, the creation, as it were, of an hour, and as quickly to pass away, dashed along the party of Aunt Rachel, their spirits rising every moment. Their destination was Jamaica, and their purpose as mad a frolic as could well be executed within certain wide limits of propriety. It seemed as if half the Broadway revelers were of the same mind, to judge from the number of sleighs that crossed the ferry with them, and went jingling through quiet Brooklyn. Once out upon the broad smooth road, word was passed to the driver to let nothing go by. Aunt Rachel heard the order, and it warmed into life something of the spirit of her younger days. Like most people, she had a horror of racing, except when herself a party to a little affair of the kind, and then she had no idea of being beaten. This was a weakness in the old lady's character—but she was human.

Scarcely had the word been given, when a couple of bloods drove up beside our party with the intention of going by. A shout to the driver, in which the voice of Aunt Rachel was heard distinctly—at least so her nieces declare to this day—warned him of the movement. Instantly his long whip cracked like a pistol in the air, and speaking to his team, he quickened them into a gallop, and kept side by side with the single fleet horse of the city blades. For a mile the trial of speed was sustained without much advantage to either, when over went the small sleigh, and ahead swept the triumphant party like an arrow, shouting and laughing until the air was filled with their voices. They had no time to stop and inquire as to the damages that had been sustained. At least fifty sleighs had been passed during the race, and to the inmates of any of these that were humane enough, was left the task of binding up the wounds of the discomfited pair, if they had been so unfortunate as to get hurt in their sudden catastrophe.

A merry ride of four or five miles brought them to a tavern, before which they all alighted to get "something warm," and to

see what was to be seen. The sound of music and the calling of figures from within, announced that a party had possession of the ball-room. To this scene of merriment the young folks repaired, and when they were sought by the rest half an hour afterwards, were found whirling in the dance with partners never seen before, and, in all probability, never to be met again. It took another half hour to get them away, and then off they went, more boisterous and frolicsome than ever, racing with every thing on the road, and singing, shouting or laughing till the sleeping echoes awoke, just as fancy or impulse directed.

About eleven o'clock they drew up at a tavern, twelve miles from the city, and called for supper.

"Can't get it ready for an hour," said the landlord. "Three parties have ordered supper before you."

"Can't wait that long—must have it now," returned the most eager and impulsive.

"Sorry, indeed—but first come first served, you know."

"Whose supper is this you are serving now?"

"It is for the company in the ball room—twenty in number."

"Our mark, exactly! Now landlord, you're a clever fellow—we know you of old—just push on the music up there, while we eat the turkeys and oysters, and there'll be five dollars added to your bill. D'ye understand? Oh, yes, I see you comprehend clearly. Set all hands and the cook by the ears to get another supper, and no one will ever know the difference."

Here was a temptation for mine host. He scratched his head, pouted out and drew in his lips, rubbed his hands, and indulged in sundry other little movements and grimaces, pertinent to the occasion, all of which finally ended with an intimation that if the party in treaty for another party's supper were to take possession of the dining-room and eat the aforesaid supper, he couldn't help it; that was all.

"Oh, no! of course not—no one can blame you," replied his young tempters. "Only see that the fiddler don't get tired until we are fairly at work."

So the dancing was permitted to go on, though more than one of those engaged in the pastime wondered if supper were not soon to be announced.

Just as our merry friends had fairly cleared the table, down came the hungry dancers, impatient of long delay. As they entered the dining-room at one door, Aunt Rachel and her party

retired through another, and hastily paying their bill, tumbled, pell-mell, into their sleigh, and left Boniface to settle the matter with his first customers as best he could.

The return to the city was in every way as full of riot and fun as the outward journey. It was two o'clock when they reached home, all safe and sound, much to the wonder of the good old lady for whose more particular benefit and instruction the whole affair was gotten up.

It was past nine on the next morning, when Aunt Rachel, who had dreamed of nothing all night but sleighs flying in every direction, in numbers almost equal to the sands on the sea-shore, came down from her chamber. Almost instinctively she went to a window that overlooked the street.

"Bless me!" she exclaimed, striking her hands together.

"What's the matter, Aunt Rachel?" inquired one of her young nieces, coming quickly to her side.

"Oh, nothing," returned the old lady, retiring from the window, yet looking entirely bewildered.

"Nothing? Did you say 'Bless me!' for nothing, aunty?"

"No, not exactly for nothing, child. But—but—"

"But what, Aunt Rachel?"

There was a silence of some moments before Aunt Rachel replied—

"Oh, nothing much, child—only I had a dream last night. And it was so much like reality that I thought it true."

"A dream! And what was it about, aunty?"

There was another pause. Aunt Rachel was still in doubt.

"It was a dream of a sleigh ride. I thought there had been a snow, and that all Broadway was alive, as by magic. It was such a sight!"

The merry girl to whom this was said laughed aloud.

"A dream," said she, "a dream, Aunt Rachel? Nothing more than a dream?"

"What else could it have been? There is no snow."

"But there has been."

Aunt Rachel shook her head and turned again to the window. It was raining fast, and Broadway, covered from curb to curb with its usual depth of black mud, was filled with omnibuses, cars, cabs and chaises, just as she had seen it every day since her arrival in New York. Not a vestige of the late white visitant could be seen in the street or on the house-top.

"Snow? I don't see a spoonful!"

"But it lay upon the ground five or six inches deep a few hours ago. When we came home last night it was thawing fast, and now it is almost as warm as summer time. A heavy rain has done the rest."

Still Aunt Rachel was bewildered, and unable to separate the dreamy from the real; and to this day there are times when her mind feels the impression of a doubt. Back again into her quiet home she has gone, with the recollection of her New York sleigh ride haunting her like a vision from fairyland; and try as she will, she cannot separate what she really saw, from what her dreaming imagination pictured in the few hours she slept on the night of her return from Long Island.



## CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.



Mrs. Piersall was not one of your narrow-minded people. Her charity never staid at home, but was ever going abroad and extending itself even as far as the trackless desert, the gloomy forest, and the far-off island of the sea. In the heathen she took especial interest, and more than once in her life was heard to express regret that her good husband, instead of devoting himself to business, and thus providing the means of education and support for a large family of children with which his benevolent wife had blessed him, had not been more piously inclined; in fact, had not been a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, to the Oregon Indians, or to one of the delightful Eastern stations where the "spicy breezes blow soft," etc., etc.

Mrs. Piersall had a large family of children, as has just been intimated,—no less than five sons and three daughters; and it

was the opinion of some people, who had happened to drop in while Mrs. P. was abroad on some benevolent expedition, that they needed a missionary about as badly as the Hindoos or Hottentots. But this was merely a private opinion, and may have been the dictate of some particular prejudice.

One day Mrs. Piersall dropped in upon a lady of her acquaintance, a member of the same church, named Mrs. Clearfield.

"Not very busy, I hope, this morning, Mrs. Clearfield," said she.

"About the same as usual," replied the lady addressed. "I always have as much as I can attend to."

"Oh, as for that matter, we all have plenty to do; but then we must spare a little time for benevolent purposes, you know. Now, I have undertaken to raise five hundred dollars for the purpose of paying for the education of five Indian children in the Kickapoo mission, and I want you to go round with me to-day for the purpose of presenting the subscription paper. To-morrow I will get Mrs. P—— to go with me, and the next day, Mrs. Q——, and the next day, Mrs. R——, and so on, until the amount is raised. You see I am willing to give ten days to one that I ask of you, or any one else. So put on your things, right quickly, Mrs. Clearfield, and let us begin the good work."

"I must beg to be excused," said Mrs. Clearfield, with a brief smile, that died away into a grave expression of face. "I have my hands full with my own young Kickapoos. It is as much, and a little more than I can do, to attend to their education. My doctrine is that charity begins at home."

"It isn't possible that you act from such narrow-minded views!" returned Mrs. Piersall, in surprise. "Charity begins at home! Why, that is the very doctrine of selfishness."

"Not when rightly understood," was quietly replied.

"I can see but one way that you can understand it. Doesn't our minister tell us that a man's family is his neighbor in the lowest sense; that his country is his neighbor in a higher sense, and the whole world his neighbor in the highest sense?"

"Oh, yes, I have often heard him say so."

"And don't you believe it?"

"I have no doubt that what he says is true, when rightly understood."

"That 'rightly understood' of yours, Mrs. Clearfield, is a very convenient way you have of getting around any thing you

don't happen to like exactly. Pardon me for speaking so plainly! But, for my part, I can only understand things in one way—just as they are plainly intended to be understood. But, pray, how do you understand what our minister says about the neighbor?"

"Simply, that we are to regard the good of the whole more than we regard the good of any particular part, as a nation, a family, or an individual."

"Exactly! That is just as I understand him."

"And yet—pardon me for speaking so plainly, Mrs. Piersall!—and yet, for the sake of five imaginary Kickapoo children, you are neglecting eight real Christian children, who have been baptized into the Christian faith, and who need all, and more than all the care and attention you can possibly bestow upon them."

"Excuse me for saying," returned Mrs. Piersall to this, "that you are not speaking to the point. I wished to know what you understood our minister to mean by its being our duty to regard the whole world as more our neighbor than a part—as the whole world more than a nation, and nations more than a particular community—a community more than a family, and a family more than an individual."

"As to the main proposition," replied Mrs. Clearfield, "I suppose we don't differ materially. Where the difference lies, is in our appreciation of the means to be used in attaining the good of the whole. I think that charity begins at home, in the smallest circle, and thence, widening gradually, diffuses its blessings through larger and still larger circles, until it fills the whole earth; and you believe that it is our duty to begin at the circumference, as it were, and to work inwardly toward the smaller centres. While you would spend your time, or at least a considerable portion of it, in gaining the means of education for a few Kickapoo children—of whose capabilities to receive an education, and of their means of using it for good purposes when attained, you know nothing—I deem it my duty to devote all my time and energies to the children that God has given me, in order to prepare them to act usefully and efficiently in the larger spheres to which they will be called as men and women. It is thus that I seek the good of the whole. From the little circle of home, where charity first began, they will go out into larger circles, and spread, I humbly trust, the good principles I now

seek to implant in their minds through the community in which they live—throughout their country, and I would fain hope, in some degree, throughout the world, as a blessing to all mankind.”

“And neglect entirely the heathen who are perishing for want of light?” said Mrs. Piersall, gravely compressing her lips, and assuming a look of dignity and importance.

“As to their perishing for want of light,” returned Mrs. Clearfield, “I am perfectly satisfied with the reasonableness of what Paul has said in regard to these heathens, or Gentiles.”

“What is that, pray?”

“That they who have no law ‘are a law unto themselves.’ That is, if any one, heathen or not, does right according to the light he has, he will be saved.”

“Without the Gospel, all must be lost! Millions of heathen are annually dying and sinking into the blackness of darkness forever,” said Mrs. Piersall, with enthusiasm.

“And yet Paul says, returned Mrs. Clearfield—“‘For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, those having not the law are a law unto themselves,’ and throughout the whole chapter, where he thus speaks, clearly shows that if the Gentiles do what is right according to this law, written upon their hearts, they will be accepted.”

“Then, according to your belief, there is no use in sending out missionaries to the heathen at all,” said Mrs. Piersall.

“Not much, I fear, while the worse heathens of Christendom follow so quickly in the footsteps of these pious men and show to the Gentiles what they must naturally believe to be the direful and corrupting effects of the new doctrines that are preached to them. It is not to be denied that people are worse in Christendom than in heathen lands. My own belief is, that there is more evil of a soul-destroying character committed in London in one year, than in Hindostan in ten years. And that London, Paris and New York stand more in need of missionaries than all heathendom.”

“I don’t know what Mr. Judson and Mr. Parker would say if they were to hear you talk in this manner,” said Mrs. Piersall, raising her eyes and hands in astonishment.

“If they were to spend as much time in some parts of Christendom as they have spent in heathen lands, I doubt not that

they would fully agree with me, that charity begins at home," was replied to this. "But it matters not what they may or might think. I must act according to the light I have, and so must they. I think my duty is at home, and they think theirs is abroad."

"And I fully sympathize with those noble-minded, self-sacrificing men. I only wish that my husband had a portion of their spirit. I would soon be among the perishing heathen, as eager as any to pluck them as brands from eternal burning. But I must not waste my time here. I have given myself ten days for completing my subscription of five hundred dollars, and I must be up and doing. Good morning, Mrs. Clearfield! I am sorry you are not willing to share in so excellent a work."

"Good morning, Mrs. Piersall! I am sorry you cannot see how true charity always begins at home," said Mrs. Clearfield.

The two ladies parted, one to get subscriptions for the purpose of educating Kickapoo children, and the other to attend to the wants, temporal, intellectual, moral and spiritual, of the little ones who had been committed to her care by Heaven.

Mrs. Clearfield had five children. Three were sons and two were daughters. To these she directed her best energies. Her charity to the world she believed to consist in rightly training up these children, and sending them forth with sound minds in sound bodies, to act their parts as men and women, honestly, honorably and efficiently. This, according to her view, was the true way for her to regard the good of the whole.

"It is but little," she would sometimes say, "that I could do with my hands and mind toward regenerating the world, if I were to go out of my home; but in rightly educating my children I know that I can do much, for their influence, when they become men and women, will be five times greater than mine for good—it may be fifty times greater. But the little good I might do would be sadly counterbalanced if, through any neglect of them in doing it, one of my children were to be drawn off into evil courses, and become a curse instead of a blessing to the world. Others may do as they like, but as for me, my charity to the world is in doing well at home."

The two ladies continued to act as they had begun. Mrs. Piersall was foremost in every public charity, and always ready



to leave her children to the charge of servants, or to take care of themselves, that she might do all in her power for the salvation of the heathen, who were, especially, the objects of her deepest sympathy; while Mrs. Clearfield permitted her charity to remain at home in act, while it far more truly regarded the good of the whole, as an end.

Let it not be supposed that Mrs. Clearfield shut herself up at home, like a hermit, and never passed into the social circle, for this was not the case. But when she did go abroad, it was at times when she could withdraw, briefly, from her home duties without a neglect of them. In the social circle, as in her family, her charity began at the centre, but in an unselfish and expansive spirit. While Mrs. Piersall talked of little else but the great "world-movements," as she was fond of calling them, Mrs. Clearfield spoke rather of the daily life-duties that came first at hand, and inspired all around her with a desire to engage diligently in their performance.

Year after year went by, and the two ladies continued to act from the impulses and principles that governed them in early life. The elder of Mrs. Piersall's five sons and three daughters passed up from childhood, through youth, and attained the state of men and women; not, however, without causing both their father and mother sundry heart-aches and many sad forebodings of evil. Left, as young children, a large part of their time to themselves, their active impulses unchecked and undirected to good, they naturally, in the pursuit of their desires, constantly interfered with each other, and were ever jarring and quarreling among themselves. The consequence was, that, as they grew older, they sought companions away from home, and estranged themselves from each other. Too much interested in providing the means for continuing the education of her five young Kickapoos, who were actually receiving instruction in one of the Western missions, and had been for several years, Mrs. Piersall found little time and less inclination to see after the moral training of her children, and wisely guard them from evil in their perilous entrance upon life. From her delusive, self-satisfied and vain glorious dream she was at length awakened by the elopement of her oldest daughter with a young man who had been in the city but a few months, and had only met the young girl three or four weeks previous to the time of her running away with him. The worst feature of the case was, that there was no

evidence of their having been married. From that time, the Kickapoos, Hindoos and Hottentots were all forgotten, but her thoughts and interests in the young heathens who were clustered around, or rather now turning away from her own cheerless fire-side, came too late. The yielding twig, that might once have been gently inclined to good, was now a bent, gnarled and inflexible tree, that, if moved at all by the pressure of external influences, came back instantly and firmly to its fixed position.

The great desire of Mrs. Piersall, as expressed at home and abroad for hundreds of times, was, that her oldest son, Heber Piersall, should become a missionary; and it was one of her fond imaginations to picture him surrounded by the grateful inhabitants of some spicy Indian island, and herself there, also, to share in his delightful emotions. Alas! she had not guarded vigilantly the fold of his mind, and the wolf had overleaped the barriers and destroyed the innocent lambs that drew to him, in his guileless infancy, loving, angel-companions. Alas! alas! Heber Piersall was a scoffer at religion, and a vile companion of the vile. The mother had rested with too much delight in pleasant fancies, to think of the means to be used for the attainment of so desirable a consummation of her hopes.

At the age of twenty-three, this young man, who had been out twice before as supercargo, sailed in that capacity again, with a small adventure of his own on board. The voyage was to be a long one. The cargo was assorted, and the vessel cleared for Valparaiso, "and a market." After having disposed of this cargo, Piersall was directed to proceed to Canton for silks and teas, and thence to return home.

Nearly twelve months had elapsed since the sailing of the vessel, during which time the family had received two brief letters from the young man, one from Rio de Janeiro, where the vessel touched, and the other at Callao.

One afternoon, about this time, a new number of the "Missionary Herald" was handed in, and Mrs. Piersall, at sight of it, could not resist the temptation she felt to lay every thing aside for the perusal of its pages. The first thing that met her eye was a letter from one of the missionaries at the Sandwich Islands. Into this she dipped immediately; but she had only read about half a page when the pamphlet dropped from her hands, and she bowed her head until it rested upon the table by which she was sitting, at the same time that a moan of anguish

arose from her bosom. The intelligence that produced the painful effect was what is contained in the following paragraph, a portion of the letter she was reading :

“ Our influence over this people is constantly interfered with by the vile, dishonest or dishonorable conduct of those who come here from Christian nations for purposes of trade. You are aware that, through our efforts, we have prevailed upon the King to prohibit the landing or selling of intoxicating liquors upon the islands, and that he is very rigid in enforcing his decree. Notwithstanding this, however, spirits are smuggled ashore from almost every ship that arrives—the high price obtained for a small quantity being a great temptation to those whose lust of gain would lead them, if all law-penalties were abolished, to commit murder for its gratification. A man of this class, named Heber Piersall, supercargo on board the American ship *Este*, attempted, a few days since, to land, in the night, ten casks of brandy on, it is said, his own private account ; this liquid poison being his adventure for the voyage. Fortunately, the base effort was discovered ; the brandy seized, and, by order of the King, the heads dashed out, and the liquor mingled with the briny waters of the ocean. This was done on the morning after the landing was effected, and full in sight of the vessel and her exasperated supercargo, who, it is said, exhibited the most diabolical yet impotent rage, at seeing his cherished hopes of great gain scattered like chaff before the wind. The *Este* sailed in an hour afterward. May she never return, unless in better hands ! As for the young man, we trust, for decency’s sake, that he will at least change his name—‘ *Heber* !’ How can the good old bishop sleep in his grave ? ”

This proved to Mrs. Piersall a dreadful blow, and one from which she never fully recovered. How could she ? But over her oldest son’s evil conduct, and the sad ruin of her daughter, who returned in a few months from the time when she left home, after being abandoned by the heartless wretch who had withdrawn her from virtue, she did not grieve alone. There were six other children, in but few of whom she found any thing to give her pleasure. She had neglected them so long, and had suffered weeds to spring up in such variety and luxuriance, suffocating all the good products of their mental earth, that vain seemed all efforts she might make to remove what was evil, and encourage the growth of good.

Still, some good resulted from the many and earnest attempts she made to give right precepts to her younger children, and to guard them from the dangers that had drawn aside from a love of virtue and high moral principles those who had first stepped forth, in freedom and maturity, upon the world's arena. The great grief and affliction of mind which the conduct of the oldest son and daughter occasioned to Mrs. Piersall, softened and subdued her whole temper, and changed her manner toward her children so perceptibly that they were much more easily influenced by her than before; but she had found out, too late in life, that true charity begins at home. Though she could still do much toward correcting the evil in her younger children, and leading them to good, she found so many bad habits confirmed in them, that she often despaired of any result from her anxious labors.

While Mrs. Piersall was thus reaping the bitter fruits of her early neglect of home duties, in seeking for objects of charity abroad, Mrs. Clearfield was gathering in a pleasant harvest of delight in seeing her children rising into useful and honorable members of society. Of her three sons, one became a minister, eminent for his inflexible love of truth and virtue, and for his earnest devotion to the best interests of mankind. The other two chose mercantile pursuits, and, as merchants, were distinguished for the strictest integrity. In society they were ever foremost in all that tended to elevate, improve and humanize the great mass of the people. The influence of these three men, as they advanced in years, and their characters became better known, and they attained more weight in the community, was of the most salutary kind; they were universally acknowledged to be, as they really were, public benefactors in the true sense of the word.

The two daughters of Mrs. Clearfield, on attaining the age of womanhood, became wives who could appreciate and love virtue. With a thankful and happy spirit did she yield them up, praying that they might be loving and truthful wives, as they had ever been loving and truthful children.

As one after another of Mrs. Piersall's children attained mature age, and took their places in society, they gave but little promise of filling their spheres in life to any very good purpose. They were exceedingly selfish and narrow in their views, and not one of them had any kind of regard for religion, although

their mother was still as ardent as ever in all things pertaining to the church.

Mrs. Clearfield still remained in the number of her friends, and truly sympathized with her in her grief and disappointment.

"Ah, my good friend," said Mrs. Piersall to her one day, after she had been alluding to her children, "I can now see that you were right and I was wrong—though, alas! I see it too late—*True charity must begin at home.*"



## DYED IN THE WOOL.



An acute disciple of Blackstone, in one of our Atlantic cities that shall be nameless, had, by a course of active pettifogging, succeeded in filling his pockets. Full pockets enabled him to assume an imposing style of living, and the reputation of having gotten rich by practice at the bar, very naturally increased the number of his clients, and swelled the amount of his fees. S—— soon stood, "A, Number One" among his legal brethren.

If any one had a pretty hard case for litigation, S—— was his man; for if any body could gain it for him, he could. He not only understood all the quirks and turns in the law, but was fertile in original expedients. The goodness or badness of a cause was nothing to him; his business was to gain it for his client by any means he could use, fair or foul.

At the age of forty-five, from some cause or other, not clearly ascertained, S—— became religiously disposed, and joined the Church. An influential man like him was not long suffered to remain inactive in the secularities of the Church. At the first fitting opportunity he was made a vestryman.

S—— had always been looked upon in the community as a "pretty hard case," and the reputation by no means belied the truth. The gaining of one like him over to the cause of religion, was, therefore, a source of no little congratulation to those who regarded things spiritual—and was looked upon as quite a triumph over the enemy of souls. There were some, however, who shrugged their shoulders, and professed to have just about as much confidence in him now as ever they had, and to regard his religion, to use one of their elegant expressions, as "all in my eye."

Matters professional went on pretty much in the old way. Religion, in the eyes of S——, was too sacred a thing to bring down into the world, where it must suffer violence, and be, in consequence, brought into disrepute. He, therefore, kept his religion nicely laid up in lavender, for Sunday, when it was brought forth unspotted from the world.

About two years after S—— joined the Church, it was thought by those who had affairs in charge, that they ought to have a new and more imposing edifice than the one they worshipped in, which was, to say the truth, rather an ancient affair, and by no means such as the wealth of the congregation entitled them to have. S—— was prominent in the matter—in fact, he was the prime mover, and headed a subscription list with a thousand dollars.

In due time the Church was finished, and an elegant edifice it was. When the building was projected and plans called for, sixty thousand dollars was to be the maximum of cost. But the building committee and the architect managed to run the cost up to a hundred thousand dollars, and the Church in debt about seventy thousand. This caused all concerned to feel, as might be supposed, rather serious on the subject. A debt of seventy thousand dollars was rather a grave affair, viewed in any light.

The first thing to be done was to have a sale of the pews. This proceeded rather slowly, and the prices at which they sold were by no means as large as had been anticipated. From this source only twenty thousand dollars came. An extra subscription was then tried, but only ten thousand dollars could be raised.

In this aspect of affairs, S——, who was chairman of the building committee, and to whom was mainly chargeable the excess of cost over the first estimate made for the Church,

felt called upon to devise some means of liquidating the heavy debt.

"It could be done easily enough, if those who are able would come forward and buy pews at fair prices, instead of renting them," he said to a fellow vestryman.

It was freely admitted that this would certainly change the aspect of affairs. But, if members preferred renting to buying, nothing could be done.

"They ought to be made to buy," said S——, warmly. "There is Preston, worth thirty or forty thousand dollars at least, who, instead of paying a couple of thousand dollars for the pew his family occupies, is very well content to get it at a yearly rent of a hundred dollars. It is too bad! I would not give much for his interest in religion, if he have no better way of showing it."

"He certainly ought to buy," was unhesitatingly replied.

"He shall buy!" said S——, snapping his fingers, as a sudden thought struck him.

"Do you think you can make him?"

"Yes."

"How? What means will you use?"

"Never mind about that. But, mark my words for it, next Sunday, Preston will be the owner instead of the mere tenant of his pew."

"I hope so."

"You shall not hope in vain."

The lawyer went to his office and sat down to think. After about half an hour's cogitation, he said, aloud,

"Yes, he's the man."

And immediately writing a note, despatched it by his office messenger. In twenty minutes a well dressed man entered, and bowed to the lawyer with a respectful, or rather, deferential air.

"Take a chair, Jones—I want to talk to you," said S——.

The man seated himself.

"You know we've managed to get confoundedly in debt with our new Church."

"Yes; so it seems," was the assenting reply.

"And some how or other, we must manage to get out of debt."

"If we can."

• “Well, I think we can, if the thing is done rightly. I believe I have hit upon the mode.”

“Ah! Well, you are fortunate. Nobody else could have done it.”

“So I flatter myself. But my trade makes me a little sharper than common people, you know. There are too many pews rented. If all who are able to buy would purchase instead of renting, the debt would be paid off in a week.”

“No doubt of that.”

“Very well. That is admitted. Now my plan is to make them buy.”

“If you can.”

“And I can, with a good fellow like you to aid me. And I think your affection for the Church is strong enough to induce you to lend a willing hand to the work. Debt is a terrible thing.”

“Indeed it is? But how can I aid?”

“Are you willing?”

“Oh, certainly.”

“Very well. Then, without any body’s knowing what we are about, or suspecting any concert between us, we can make some forty or fifty pew renters become purchasers, and thus pay the whole debt.”

“How? How? I am curious to know that.”

“Very well, I will inform you. There is Preston, to begin with. His pew is a very eligible one, and if he gives it up, he can’t possibly get another without going far down the aisle; for every good pew in the church is either rented or sold. Now, his pew is worth at least two thousand dollars.”

“Yes, and he ought to pay that for it. He is able enough.”

“So I think. Very well. Now I will place two thousand dollars in your hands, and do you go to the Treasurer, who has charge of the matter, and offer to buy the pew, saying that you are ready to pay that price down for it, cash. He will, of course, tell you that he must see Preston first, and give him the option of buying it. And Preston, rather than let you have the pew, will buy. D’ye see?”

“Capital! It’s the very thing!”

“Isn’t it?”

“If you ain’t a lawyer, dyed in the wool, there’s no mistake,” said the man, leaning back in his chair, and giving vent to a hearty burst of laughter.



"I consider myself hard to beat in any thing," returned S———. "But will you join me in the matter?"

"Certainly. I'm ready to serve the Church in any way that a humble individual like myself can do it."

On the next Sabbath, Preston sat in his own pew, sure enough; and the treasury of the Church was in a better condition by just the sum of two thousand dollars. S——— was delighted at the success of his scheme, and tried it on two other pew renters, who were entire strangers to each other, during the week, and with the desired result. Jones got some private abuse for his part of the business, and was told that he had better pay his honest debts before he undertook to buy a high-priced pew; but he put it all quietly in his pocket and went ahead.

"You are determined to have somebody's pew, I see, remarked the Treasurer, when Jones appeared the fourth time.

"I wish a good pew, and am willing to pay a good price for it," he replied. "I don't covet any body's pew. But I believe no one has a right to the property he merely rents."

"Oh, no. You have a right to purchase any unsold pew in the Church."

"So I supposed."

But Jones didn't get the pew for which he had offered a liberal price. The occupant preferred the alternative of buying to being turned out.

And thus the thing went quietly on, no one suspecting the agency at work, until pews enough were actually sold to pay off the forty thousand dollars debt that had remained after the first sale of pews and subsequent extra subscription.

"Didn't I tell you that I would make Preston buy his pew?" said S——— to the vestryman to whom he had first hinted his intention of putting some unknown scheme into operation.

"Yes. But who made thirty or forty others buy pews? Preston's case is but a drop in the bucket."

"I did."

"You?"

"Certainly I did. The Church owes me a service of plate for paying off its debt, and I believe I will claim it."

"And you are entitled to it, if the thing has been done fairly."

"You shall judge of that yourself."

And S——, whose notions of right and wrong were founded upon rather extraordinary models, related the trick he had played upon the pew renters, and ended by saying—

“Now, wasn't that capital?”

“I believe what people say of you is correct,” returned the vestryman, with unexpected sobriety.

“And what is that, pray?”

“Why, that you are a lawyer dyed in the wool, and proof against all spiritual bleaching salts.—Good morning!”

S—— was profoundly astonished for the moment. But he shrugged his shoulders and muttered to himself—

“Nettled because his dull brains were not bright enough for such a scheme.”

That there was a stir in the Church when it became known what work the lawyer had been engaged in, may well be supposed. Some were angry, some laughed at the trick, but all were more or less satisfied with being out of debt. The reputation of S——, as a professional man, did not suffer; though we believe, on the score of his piety, there were some doubts entertained in the minds of a few, who considered him a lawyer dyed in the wool, and therefore a hopeless case.

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THE PIC NIC.

## THE PIC-NIC; OR THE YOUNG LADY WHO WAS NOT PUNCTUAL.

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"I will call at eight o'clock precisely," said a young man, as he stood in the door of a house in Spruce street, with the hand of a gentle girl in his. He had taken it as he said "good-bye," and held it longer than usual.

"Very well, I shall be all ready," returned the maiden.

"The cars start at a quarter past eight, precisely.—We must not leave here a minute later than eight o'clock."

"Not if we expect to join the party at ——'s Grove."

"Good night, Anna."

"Good night."

As the maiden responded to her lover's good night, her hand that lay in his, was gently pressed. That pressure sent a thrill of joy to her heart. Henry Alton had not yet openly declared his love for Anna Milnor, but little tokens of its existence were not wanting. Anna had few doubts or fears on this subject. She felt for him a deep tenderness, and questioned not the fact of its return.

On the next morning Alton was at the house precisely as the clock struck eight. He asked for Anna.—The servant went up stairs, and returned, saying that she would be ready in a moment. One, two, three, four, five minutes passed, and she did not appear. The young man, who was thoroughly punctual in every thing, both from principle and habit, became impatient. The cars left the depot at a quarter past eight o'clock, precisely, and it would take at least five minutes to walk there.

It was seven minutes past eight, when Anna at length made her appearance.

"I am really sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Alton,"

said she. "But I couldn't help it. We have plenty of time to get to the cars, I hope."

"As much as the bargain," returned the young man. "It is now seven minutes past eight."

"Oh! there! I have forgotten my parasol. I will get it in a moment." And away sprung Anna. In about a minute her little feet were heard pattering down the stairs.

"I'm ready now," said she, when half way down. "No! I declare! I've dropped one of my gloves in my chamber." And back she turned.

Very punctual men are usually impatient of delay.

"Too bad!" muttered Alton. "We shall be left as sure as the world. Why will people be so thoughtless?"

Just at ten minutes past eight o'clock they left the house. To reach the depot in time would require rapid walking. Of course Mr. Alton would have to appear in a hurry in the street with a young lady by his side, a thing that annoyed him excessively. But there was no alternative. They proceeded at a quick step, in silence. The bell was ringing as they entered the car yard.

"One moment, driver," said Mr. Alton, hurriedly, as he passed that individual, who was just in the act of speaking to the horses.

"Be quick then," returned the driver, impatiently,—muttering something in addition about certain kind of people always coming at the last minute, which Alton only half heard.

The excitement and hurry of the two young people caused several thoughtless persons a good deal of merriment, which was rather loudly expressed. Alton's cheek burned, and his lip quivered, when he seated himself with Anna on the sunny side of the car. The moment he set his foot on the platform, the cars commenced moving.

"Like to have been left, Alton! Why, what in the world made you so late?" said a young man, one of the pleasure party that was going out on a pic-nic to — Grove. "We've all been here for at least ten minutes."

"It was all my fault," spoke up Anna, whose face was glowing from excitement and rapid walking. "I had no idea that the morning was passing away so swiftly. I might have been ready in good time, but didn't think eight o'clock came so soon."

Alton said nothing. He was worried, and didn't care to let his tone of voice reflect his feelings.

In a little while they were gliding rapidly away from the crowded city. The puffing locomotive was soon substituted for horses. Half an hour more, and the gay party, consisting of about forty young ladies and gentlemen, left the cars, and proceeded to a fine grove, about a quarter of a mile from the track of the railroad, where they proposed to spend the day.

Pleasant company and a pleasant ride dispelled from the mind of Alton the effect produced by Anna Milnor's want of punctuality. The excitement attendant upon starting had given an unusual brightness to her countenance, and quickened her flow of spirits. She was the life of the company. Every time the young man's eyes rested upon her through the day, it was in admiration, and every time her tones reached his ear, they came with a sweeter music than before.

"She is, indeed, a lovely creature!" he more than once said to himself. The impression made by the unpleasant occurrence in the morning had worn off, so charmed was he by all that Anna said and did through the day.

Time wore on, and the sun ranged low in the horizon. The cars were to go by at about half-past six o'clock, when the party must be at the stopping place, or have the pleasure of walking home, a distance of nearly ten miles. About half-past five, notice was given by some of the more thoughtful ones, that it was time to be making preparations for leaving the ground.

"Oh, it's plenty of time yet," said some. "It's only a little step over to the railroad."

"But it will take at least half an hour to make all our arrangements for getting away," was replied.—"Better be an hour too soon than a minute too late for the cars."

"So say I," chimed in Alton and some others, who took upon themselves the task of getting every thing, as fast as they could, in readiness to leave the ground.

"There's plenty of time," said Anna Milnor gaily to Alton. "Come! you must be my partner in this cotillon."

"I should'nt like to walk ten miles to-night," was his reply.

"Nor I. But there's time enough. We can walk to the railroad in ten minutes."

Alton could not refuse Anna's request, and so he joined,

though reluctantly, the cotillon. Time sped quickly. When the music ceased it was six o'clock.

All was now hurry and bustle among the greater part of the company. But Anna still insisted that there was plenty of time, and actually induced a small number to commence another cotillon. Several remonstrated, and urged the necessity of immediate departure. But they were only laughed at for their impatience. Alton bit his lip with vexation at such thoughtlessness. He saw that Anna was the ruling spirit in this opposition to the prudent desire of the majority to be at the stopping-place of the cars in good time; and this worried him. It brought too vividly before his mind the incidents of the morning.

At last, even she felt that the time had come for making a speedy departure. The little group that had been seemingly governed by her, separated, and commenced hasty preparations for leaving the spot. This took longer than had been anticipated. Last of all to get away was Anna Milnor. By the time she left, some had nearly reached the track of the railroad.

"There! as I live," she exclaimed, after she had started with Alton, and had gone a couple of hundred yards, "I have lost my bracelet!"

As she said this, she turned and ran back at full speed. Alton called after her that they would certainly be left behind by the cars. But she did not heed him. His only alternative was to run back, also, and help her to search for her bracelet.

"I've got it!" she cried, in a moment after reaching the ground, and then came bounding back to meet her vexed and excited lover.

"We shall certainly be left behind," he said.

"Come, run then, quick," Anna returned, and sprung away like a young fawn. There was not a single member of the party in sight. All had hastened on to the stopping-place of the cars, the most indifferent now feeling alarm lest they should be too late.

"It is nearly half-past six," Alton remarked, glancing at his watch, as he came up to the side of the hurrying maiden.

"We'll soon be there," was her encouraging reply.

"There's not a moment to spare. Hah!—the engine bell, as sure as I'm alive! We are too late!"

"Perhaps not. Some of the party are there, and the conductor will certainly wait for us."

The rest of the distance was traversed with swift feet, and



in silence. Fortunately, they reached the stopping-place just in time to get into the cars, but excited, over-heated, and panting from exertion.

"Just saved your distance," said the conductor, smiling.

"My shawl! where is it?" exclaimed one of the ladies of the party, looking around her in alarm, soon after the cars were in motion.

"I don't know, Have you lost it?" asked a companion.

"It was on my arm when we started. But I was so afraid of being left behind that I didn't notice where or when I dropped it."

Quietly seated in the cars, all had leisure now to think whether they had lost or left any thing behind. It was soon discovered that one was short of a handkerchief, another of a bag, a third of a collar, and a fourth of a bracelet, and so on. But for these losses there was no remedy. Every moment the swift-speeding engine was bearing them farther and farther away from the spot where they had spent the day so pleasantly.

"Well," remarked Alton, in a half-laughing, half-serious voice, "I hope this will be a lesson on punctuality for all of us. If we had quietly made our arrangements for leaving the ground an hour ago, there would have been none of these losses to regret. We should have been at the railroad track at least half an hour before the cars came along, so that there would have been time enough to have returned for any thing then missing."

"You needn't say any thing," spoke up one, "you were the last to reach the cars, both coming and going. A lecturer on punctuality should be punctual himself."

"This was said jestingly, but it touched Alton in a tender place.

"No—no—it's not fair to blame him," Anna spoke up. "It was all my fault."

"I wish it hadn't been," was Alton's mental reply.

When he retired to bed that night, the young man did not feel happy. His mind was disturbed. Why? He knew of only one cause. Anna Milnor's conduct had not pleased him. There was a defect in her character, with which, let it exist where it would, he had no kind of patience. It was so easy to be punctual, and so wrong not to be particular on this head, that he could find no excuse for it, even in the girl he loved.

It was a week before Alton could feel just in the frame of

mind to visit Anna Milnor. Five minutes passed in her presence was sufficient to dispel all unpleasant impressions that her conduct had produced.—There was a charm in her person, mind and manners, that thoroughly captivated him. He was again a constant visitor.

As for Anna, she waited only a declaration from her lover. Her heart was fully his. But he was not quite ready to make that declaration. Alton had a cool head as well as a warm heart. He was orderly in his habits, and regulated his conduct in life upon fixed principles. In choosing a wife he would not permit himself to be governed entirely by his feelings. He saw that Anna had defects of character—and one defect that, in his estimation, would have a very important bearing upon his future happiness. Before advancing a step farther he determined to see how deeply seated this defect lay, and whether there was any hope of its being corrected.

“I will call for you next Sunday morning,” said he to her one day, “and walk with you to church.”

“I shall be very happy to have your company,” was the reply.

“I will now see,” he said to himself, “how deeply seated lies this want of punctuality. Surely, she will regard the orderly observance of external worship too highly to permit herself to be a moment too late.—Anna Milnor could not be guilty of disturbing a worshipping assembly by entering church after the services have begun.”

Half-past ten was the hour for service to commence.

“Do, Anna,” said Mrs. Milnor, as the family arose from the breakfast-table on the next Sabbath morning, “try and get ready in time to go with your father and myself to church. I am really tried at your want of punctuality in this matter.”

“Oh, never fear,” returned the daughter, “I shall be ready. There is plenty of time.”

“So you always say. Go, and begin to dress now.”

“Dress now! Why it’s only eight o’clock. I can get ready in half an hour at farthest. You won’t start before ten.”

Saying this, Anna took her little brother in her arms and commenced sporting with him. An hour after, Mrs. Milnor heard her voice in the parlor.

“Anna, dear, do begin to dress for church,” she called down to her.

"It's only nine o'clock, mother. There is plenty of time. I'll be ready as soon as you are."

"I declare, it's half past nine o'clock, and that thoughtless girl hasn't gone up to her chamber yet," the mother said, as she heard the clock strike the half hour.—"Anna, do go up and dress yourself. I am out of all patience with you."

"I'll be ready now, before you will," the daughter replied, as she bounded up stairs. A new dress had come on the evening before. It was not to be worn that day. But as she had not yet tried it on she felt a desire to do so, and ascertain its fit. There was plenty of time to dress for church. So she tried on the dress. There was some defect about it. Certain folds, somewhere, did not lie just to her taste. These she adjusted and re-adjusted over and over again. But they were incorrigible. While thus engaged, she was aroused by the voice of her mother.

"Anna, come, it is just ten, and we are all ready to start."

"Don't wait for me, mother. I will be along in a little while. Mr. Alton is going to call for me," returned the daughter, startled to find that it was so late, and hurriedly taking off the new dress.

In about ten minutes afterward Mr. Alton rung the bell.

"Tell him I'll be along in a few moments," was sent down by the servant who brought her word of his arrival.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, but the young lady had not yet appeared.

"I am really grieved," murmured the young man to himself. "It seems hardly possible that any one can be so thoughtless. I met her father and mother some distance on their way to church as I came along."

Just then Anna came hurrying down stairs. It lacked four minutes to church time; and the walk was one of full ten minutes.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," said Anna. "But really I had no idea that it was so late. I scarcely notice the flight of time."

"We shall be late," was Alton's only reply to this.

"I know we will. But we must walk fast. O! I have left my handkerchief."

She glided up stairs, and did not come down again for two or three minutes. They seemed as long a period as ten minutes to the mind of Alton.

When the young couple entered the church, the minister was reading a portion of the service. All was silence—profound and deep attention. Their coming in evidently disturbed the congregation. This was felt acutely by Alton, who never enjoyed public worship so little in his life.

After all was over, he returned with Anna to her home. But he said little on the way. He could not. His mind was too much disturbed. His abstraction of manner was so marked that even Anna could not help noticing it. She never remembered to have seen him so dull. At the door of her father's house he bowed formally, and retired.

"How could you do so, Anna?" said her mother, as soon as she entered the house.

"Do what, mother?"

"Come so late to church, after all I said to you this morning. And, worse than all, to keep Mr. Alton waiting for you until after the service had commenced. It was plain that he was greatly annoyed."

"I didn't see that he was," Anna returned with a slight expression of surprise. But she now remembered that he said very little while either going or coming. It might be that her mother's suggestion was too near the truth. Anna was not happy during the rest of the day.

"It's no use disguising the fact," said Alton to himself, as he walked slowly homeward. "She will not suit me. I should be worried out of my life by her want of punctuality. Three times has she already subjected me to annoyance and mortification. How would it be if I were subjected to such things every day of my life? It would kill me outright! No—no—Anna Milnor!—you are a sweet, fascinating creature. I love you more than I dare confess to myself. But I cannot make you my wife. That would be risking too much."

Thus reason urged. But feeling was not so easily subdued. It pleaded long for the charming girl—but it pleaded in vain. Alton was a young man of decided character. He never permitted himself to take a step that his judgment clearly condemned.

"I havn't seen you with Anna Milnor, lately," said a friend to him a few months afterwards.

"No."

"How is that?"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"You used to be very particular in your attentions in that quarter."

"Perhaps I was, but I am not now."

"She's a lovely girl."

"Yes."

"Just the one for you."

"No."

"I think she is."

"While I, the party most interested, think otherwise."

"What is your objection?"

"She comes too late to church."

"What?"

"She is not punctual."

"You are jesting."

"No; don't you remember the pic-nic?"

"Yes; and how you and she were late, both in going and returning."

"All her fault. I don't want a wife who has not a regard for punctuality. It would annoy me to death."

"But, surely, that is not your only objection?"

"I have no other."

"You are foolish."

"Perhaps so. But I can't help it. My wife must be punctual, and no mistake."

Alton showed himself to be in earnest. Much as it cost him, he steadily resisted the inclination that was constantly urging him to renew his attentions to Anna Milnor. As for the young lady, she was unhappy for several months. Then she was consoled by a new and less fastidious lover. She paid as little regard to punctuality as ever, but this was only a defect of minor importance in the eyes of the young man who had made up his mind to offer her his hand.

Alton was invited to her wedding about a year after the date of his unpleasant pic-nic adventure. A large and brilliant party who assembled to witness the nuptials, that were to take place at eight o'clock precisely. At eight, all the company were waiting, with the minister, the descent of the bridal party. But time passed on, and many began to feel impatient. Mr. Milnor, the father of Anna, came into the parlor frequently, and then went out, evidently worried at the delay, the cause of which Alton

shrewdly guessed to lie in the fact that the bride was not ready.

"I believe the girl will be too late for death," he heard the old gentleman say, in a fretful undertone, to some one in the passage, close to the door near by which he was sitting.

"Thank heaven for my escape," murmured Alton to himself, as the party came in about half-past nine, after having kept the company waiting an hour and a half. "Too late on her wedding night! She would have killed me!"

If this shoe should happen to pinch any lady, whether married or single, we beg of her not to think for a moment that it was made for her foot.



## WE ONLY KNOW WHAT WE HAVE LIVED.



'We only *know* what we have *lived*.' Many years ago we were struck by this remark, made by a writer of close observation. At the time, we but partially understood its meaning. It seemed to us, that we knew a great deal which had not been acquired by actual experience; that by virtue of the imaginative faculty of the mind, we could fully realize the states through which many had passed, notwithstanding we had not felt in our own heart the actual suffering. In proof of this, we appealed to poetry, and the appeal seemed at first, triumphant. But we learned, as time went on, that there was often, in poetic portraiture, more of the artist's skill than of exact truth to nature; that it was one thing to imagine a certain set of circumstances and feel in them, and quite another thing to encounter the circumstances themselves.

An illustration of what is here set forth, will be seen in the following sketch, the main features of which are taken from life.

A preacher named W—, of rather a quiet and reserved turn of mind, had the misfortune to lose his wife, with whom he had lived for the space of twenty-five years. No one but himself knew the greatness of the loss, for no one knew so well the heart that had grown cold in death. She had been to him a second self; and there was a short period, after the freed spirit had gone home, during which it seemed to him as if the chords that bound them together would not unloose themselves. But W— knew in whom he had trusted; and even with the tears upon his cheeks, blessed the hand by which he had been chastened.

It happened, a few days after the dust of the dear departed one had been consigned to its kindred dust, that a young preacher named D—, who knew W— very well, came into the town where he was stationed.

"How is brother W—?" he asked of the sister at whose house he was sojourning, soon after his arrival.

"As well as could be expected," was replied. "You have heard of his loss?"

"No!"

"Sister W— is dead."

"Sister W—!" exclaimed the young preacher.

"Yes. She was buried only three days ago. Ah me! It is a sad loss to poor brother W—. I cannot tell how my heart aches for him."

"Sister W— dead!" And as the preacher said this, in a tone of deep commiseration, he arose, adding as he did so, "I must go at once and see brother W—."

"Yes, do see him," returned the lady, "and say what you can in the way of comfort. You may be sure he needs it. I am glad you have come. No one can talk to him as you can."

The preacher, full of kind intentions, called upon his afflicted brother. He found him engaged in writing. As he looked up and recognized him, brother D— saw that over his usually grave face was thrown a deeper shade of sobriety, and that his thoughtful eye had a dreamier aspect.

"Brother W—!" said he, in a tone of sympathy, grasping his hand with more than his wonted earnestness.

"I am glad to see you, brother D—," returned the other,

in a slightly quivering voice ; and he squeezed firmly and steadily the hand of his spiritual brother.

“ And I am both glad and sorry,” said D——. “ Glad to meet you, but grieved at heart for the deep affliction you have suffered.”

The eyes of W—— fell to the floor. There was a pause, in which he said, “ Sit down, brother D——.”

Both seated themselves. As they did so, D—— went on :

“ But I need not tell *you* that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I need not tell *you* that in this deep darkness God will bring a light ; and in the silence of your unutterable grief his voice will be heard in words of comfort.”

The eyes of W—— remained cast down. He did not speak, nor even show a sign.

“ Ah, my brother !” continued D——, “ I know the bitterness of this cup you have been called to drink. I know that you have been called to pass through the darkest place in the valley of affliction. I know that the floods have arisen on your soul, and threaten to overwhelm you. But fear not, the bitter portion shall be sweet ; light will break upon you ; the waters will be staid. God is purifying you, my brother. He sits as the refiner of silver. He is proving you in the furnace of affliction.”

W—— seemed to listen attentively, and the young preacher, warming with his theme, continued :

“ I know, my dear brother, how dreadfully your heart has been riven. To lose her, who has been your pleasant companion for so many years, is, indeed, a terrible affliction. But I know that your heart will find consolation in the sweet reflection that she has gone home first—that she has passed the stormy Jordan, and is safe on the other side—

‘ Her languishing head is at rest,  
Its aching and thinking are o’er ;  
Her quiet, immovable breast  
Is heaved by affliction no more.’

Consoling thought ! Oh ! let it sink deep, like a healing balm, into your heart. A few years, and your work will be done. A few years more of labor and toil in your Master’s vineyard, and you, too, will be called home. What a blessed meeting is in store for you !”

Still there was no response. W—— sat, as at first, with his



eyes upon the floor, his brow knit, and his lips compressed. D— paused to reflect a moment, and then began again.

“I know—”

“*You don't know any thing about it!*” replied W—, in a quick, sharp voice; and rising as he spoke, he strode from the room. Shutting the door after him, he left the young preacher fairly aghast with astonishment.

For full fifteen minutes was heard the heavy, measured tread of W— on the floor above, and for the whole of that time D— sat below, feeling deeply hurt, and wondering at the strange spirit displayed by his brother. He was about rising to retire, when he heard W— descending the stairs. In a moment after he opened the door and re-entered. As he did so, he extended his hand, and said in a humble voice:

“Forgive me, brother! Poor human nature is weak, and it suffers, sometimes, too deep for even sympathy. The day may come when you will understand me; though I pray Heaven, in mercy, to spare you that knowledge!”

D— went away, still wondering. He could not comprehend, fully, the strange scene he had witnessed. Nature had spoken so strongly in brother W—, that the voice rather stunned his ears than came to him with an intelligible sound. But he said nothing to any one of what had occurred, partly because he did not wish to expose his brother's weakness, and partly in consequence of a certain light flowing into his mind, which gave him to see that he had been, perhaps, too forward and wordy in his efforts to bring consolation to an afflicted heart.

Years passed. But D— never lost a vivid recollection of the scene between him and brother W—. As he grew older, and something of the ardor and presumptuousness of youth and early manhood receded, he saw more and more clearly the mistake he had made in brother W—'s case, and comprehended more and more clearly the state of mind he had produced, and which manifested itself in such an abrupt and startling manner. But, “we only know what we have lived;” and this truth D— fully realized in the end.

Not long after W—'s painful bereavement, D— took to himself a wife, with whom he lived in the tenderest conjugal relation for many years. Children were born to them—goodly sons and daughters—and they grew up and gathered around like pleasant olive branches. Then, as they attained, one after

another, the estate of men and women, they passed forth into the world, and left the watchful guardians and supporters of their youth to stand once more alone. As if conscious of weakness, the old couple drew closer together, and leaned more heavily against each other for mutual support.

A few years more, and the wife of D—— began to decline. For a time she drooped; but scarcely had her husband awakened with a trembling fear to the danger that was hovering over his head, ere the summons for her departure came. Dying in the sweet hope of a blessed immortality, Mrs. D—— tenderly conjured her husband to take up his cross and bear it in patient hope a little longer. Pointing upward, she said, almost with her latest breath—

“ To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.”

Though nearly sixty years had laid their burdens upon him, D—— was still actively engaged in the duties of his ministerial office, when this heaviest blow he had yet received fell upon him. For a time he staggered under the concussion. But he trusted not in human strength; he looked to the strong for aid; and when his weak heart gave way, he felt that the arms of Divine love were thrown around to sustain him.

None but he who has himself passed through the trial knows what is suffered by one who looks for the last time upon the face of her who has lain for years in his bosom. None but he can have any realizing sense of that hopeless chill which goes electrically to the heart, when the lips are pressed for the last time upon the marble forehead of the beloved departed. With forced composure, and with something of Christian stoicism, so to speak, D—— gave to the death-veiled face of her he had so loved in life, a last look, and touched her forehead with his lips, feeling, as he did so, as if an icy finger were laid upon his heart. A moment his eyes lingered, but the tears blinded them, and hid the face forever. Those who were looking at him saw his knees tremble. But there escaped no moan from his suffering spirit—no sob from his oppressed bosom. Slowly he moved in the little company that followed a beloved sister to the spot where her earthly remains were given to repose; and slowly he returned to the place from whence they had borne her, after the clods of the valley had been thrown upon her sounding coffin. And in

all this time, no one ventured to speak to him of his loss, or to offer a word of consolation ; for all felt that words would be but a mockery of his woe.

The first night that D—— passed alone after the grave had received its tenant—ah ! who that has passed such a night can ever forget it?—was spent in humble, tearful prayer for strength to bear his affliction. Morning found him sleeping calmly, and with a smile upon his face. He was dreaming of Heaven. He saw the departed one in the midst of an angelic company, and she beckoned him away. But, when the vision faded, and he awoke to the sad consciousness of his bereavement, his stricken heart sunk trembling and faint in his bosom. But D—— knew in whom he had trusted, and he looked up and received strength.

The day following was the Sabbath. He had an appointment to preach, and he kept it. In the faithful discharge of his duty, he knew would come sustaining power ; and he walked on in the path that was before him, without pausing or turning to the right or the left. But ah ! how lonely and desolate he felt at all times. Every where he missed the old, familiar, loving face—every where he listened for the voice that had grown silent—every where he waited for the ministering hand that had been so quick to anticipate his wants. None but himself knew the loss he had sustained, for none knew or could know what the absent one had been to him.

Weeks and months went by, and the old minister, though he never missed an appointment, nor lingered when duty called, was evidently failing. His head whitened more rapidly ; his form drooped, and there was an absent, abstracted air about him, that was noticed particularly by his old friends.

One day a young preacher, who had heard of his bereavement, but who had not met him since the painful event, happened to be passing through the town where D—— was stationed. He called upon him as a thing of course, and, on meeting him, deemed it but a part of his duty to refer to the afflictive dispensation, and improve it to the spiritual edification and comfort of his aged brother. His reference to the subject was very much after the style that had been adopted by D—— himself on the occasion we have noticed ; and it brought to the latter a most vivid recollection of that circumstance.

The words of the well-meaning young preacher, that flowed

from no accurate appreciation of his state of mind, jarred harshly on the feelings of D——. Instead of bringing comfort, they fretted him. Nothing was said that his own mind had not over and over again suggested; yet much of it was conveyed in a manner, and by language, that made what was uttered painful rather than consoling.

At last D—— could bear it no longer. Laying his hand upon the arm of the young man, and interrupting him in the midst of a sentence, he said,

“Do you remember old brother W——?”

“Very well,” replied the young preacher. “He often staid at my father’s house when I was a boy.”

“I was but little older than you are now,” added D——, “when brother W—— lost his wife. They had lived together for twenty-five years, and during all that time there had been no discord between them. I felt deeply for brother W—— in his loss, and thought I could do no less than offer him some words of consolation. So I went and talked to him, and he seemed to listen with much attention. This encouraged me to go on. But all at once he started up, with the words, ‘You don’t know any thing about it!’ and left the room. And, my young brother, he was right. I didn’t know any thing about it.”

D—— said no more. There was an embarrassing pause, and the young preacher changed the subject.

“We only know what we have lived.”

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THE CHILD-STEALER.

# THE CHILD STEALER.

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## CHAPTER I.

“WANTED, a white girl, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, as child’s nurse. One who can give satisfactory references as to character and disposition, will hear of a good place by calling at No. — Second Street.”

This advertisement was sent to one of the New York morning papers by a lady named Mrs. Milford. The first applicant for the situation was a tall, slender girl, with a pale face, deep blue eyes, and hair of a light chesnut brown. She was well dressed, and had something prepossessing in her appearance.

“Did you advertise for a child’s nurse?” she asked, with a modest, half-timid air, on being shown into the room where Mrs. Milford was sitting.

“I did,” was replied. “Have you ever had the care of a baby?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“In this city, I suppose?”

“Yes ma’am. I nursed a baby at No. — Chambers street, for Mrs. Williams?”

“Why did you leave there?” inquired the lady.

“The baby died.”

Both affection and regret appeared blended in the tones of the young girl’s voice.

“You say that the lady for whom you nursed this babe lives in Chambers street?”

“Yes ma’am; at No. —.”

“You are willing that I should call there, and make some inquiries about you, I suppose?”

"Certainly, ma'am."

"What is your name?"

"Mary Smith."

"Very well, Mary. If you will call at four o'clock this afternoon, I will give you an answer."

"How old is the baby?" asked the girl.

"She is three months old. You say Mrs. Williams's babe died?"

"Yes ma'am."

"What was its age?"

"It was six months old."

"Was it sick long?"

"No, ma'am. It was sick only a week. It died of scarlet fever."

"Indeed. How long has it been dead?"

"Nearly a year."

"So long! Well, Mary, you can call in again this afternoon. In the meantime, I will see Mrs. Williams. How much wages do you expect to receive?"

"I had twelve shillings a week at Mrs. Williams's."

"Very well. Come this afternoon at four o'clock."

The girl courtied and retired. There were many more answers to the advertisement, but none of those who applied for the situation pleased the lady so well as the girl who called herself Mary Smith. She put them all off until the next day.

Towards noon Mrs. Milford went out and called at No. — Chambers street. She found Mrs. Williams a very pleasant and lady-like woman.

"How long was Mary with you?" inquired Mrs Milford.

"Nearly a year," replied Mrs. Williams.

"And she gave you every satisfaction?"

"Yes. A kinder, more capable or more thoughtful girl for her age I have never seen. Indeed, I look upon her as one among a thousand. You may trust your babe in her hands without a fear. I will warrant it good treatment."

Testimony like this was entirely satisfactory to Mrs. Milford, and after thanking the lady for her politeness, she returned home with her mind at ease on the subject of a nurse.

"What success?" inquired Mr. Milford, the lady's husband, when he came home at dinner time. "I suppose you have been run down with applications?"



"There have been only thirty, thus far."

"Oh, dear!"

"But among these, and she was the first who applied, was a nice, genteel, modest looking young girl, who referred me to a Mrs. Williams, in Chambers street, for her character. I called upon the lady, and she speaks of her in the highest terms."

"Has she ever taken care of a baby?"

"Yes. She was child's nurse at Mrs. Williams's."

"Why did she leave there?"

"The child died of scarlet fever."

"Oh!"

"She appears like an excellent girl; and, from the way in which the lady spoke of her, she must be one in a thousand."

"You are really fortunate, Clara," said Mr. Milford.

"So I think. Dear little Blanche! I would not have any one unkind to her for the world. How much a nurse has it in her power to add to or take from the comfort of a child. A mother cannot be too careful about the character and disposition of the person who shares with her the pleasing task of ministering to the wants of her babe."

At four o'clock the girl came.

"Have you seen Mrs. Williams?" she asked with a slight unsteadiness of voice, her eyes sinking to the floor as she spoke.

"I have," replied Mrs. Milford. "And I am pleased to say that the result is satisfactory."

There was a glow on the girl's cheeks as she raised her eyes from the floor and looked at the lady.

"You will take me, then," said she.

"Certainly I will."

"When do you wish me to come?"

"At once. To-day, if you are at liberty."

"Very well, ma'am. My box is at my aunt's in Hudson street. I will go for it and come back by dark."

"That will do, Mary. Are your parents living?"

"My mother is living."

"Does she reside in the city?"

"No ma'am. She resides at Norwalk."

"In Connecticut?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Her name is Smith?"

"No, ma'am. Her name is Talbot. She was married after my father died."

Nothing more passed between the lady and the young girl. The latter went away, but came back as she had promised, about dark.

"There's something peculiar about that girl," said Mr. Milford to his wife, that evening, as they sat alone.

"So it strikes me," replied Mrs. Milford. "Her face is far from being an ordinary one."

"Very far. Does she seem like a girl who has received any advantages of education?"

"I should think she has been well raised. Her language is good, and there is an air about her that inspires you with a feeling of respect."

"It's a great thing to get a person in the house who has feelings, habits and manners superior to the common mass of vulgar, ignorant domestics."

"Indeed it is. And especially desirable is it to have such a one as the nurse and companion of the younger members of a family. It is hardly to be wondered that children so often have low and vulgar habits, when we reflect upon the company into which they are thrown."

"The lady upon whom you called to-day, spoke approvingly of this girl?"

"Oh, yes! She could not have given her a much higher character."

Mr. Milford said no more, but fell into a reverie. For all that his wife alleged in favor of Mary, there was something about her which, to him, seemed hidden. Something that caused an involuntary holding back of confidence. He tried to feel differently, but the effort, opposing, as it did, the instinctive perceptions of his mind, gave him a sense of disturbance and uneasiness that was not at all pleasant. But he said nothing of what he felt and thought, although he did not respond as warmly as at first to his wife's repeated expressions of pleasure at having secured so good a nurse for little Blanche.

On the next morning, while Mr. and Mrs. Milford were at the breakfast table, and Mary, the nurse, sat holding the babe, the former regarded her with an earnestness that attracted the attention of his wife. When he was leaving to go to his store, she accompanied him into the passage, and as they paused there, said—

"I thought you looked strangely at Mary while you were at the table this morning.—Don't you like her appearance?"

"There is, to me, I must own, something peculiar in her face, and about her whole air and manner," remarked Mr. Milford, without directly replying to the question of his wife.

"She is not one of the ordinary class of domestics, certainly," said the wife. "Misfortunes, have, probably, reduced her family from comfortable to indigent circumstances."

"That may be."

Without remarking further upon the subject, Mr. Milford left the house and went to his store. His closer observation of the stranger that morning had not in the least weakened the impressions of the previous evening. There was, to his eye, something of mystery about her; and a half formed doubt in regard to the safety of the babe while in her hands, intruded itself upon his mind. But he strove to rise above this feeling, as absurd. The young girl had come well recommended, and it was hardly fair to meet her with an unfounded suspicion.

When Mr. Milford came home at dinner time, he again observed Mary Smith closely. She appeared to be aware of this, for she occasionally directed her eyes toward him, and when they met his steady gaze they would drop quickly, while a deeper color mantled her cheeks.

"How do you like your nurse?" he asked of his wife.

"Oh, very much. She handles the babe even more tenderly, if possible, than I do myself, and with equal skill. She says she loves children; and that she is sure Mrs. Williams herself could not have grieved more deeply over the death of her child than she did."

Mr. Milford felt that it would be wrong to put his undefined doubts in opposition to his wife's observation, and therefore said nothing. But he did not feel any the less inwardly disturbed. An instinctive impression that there was danger near his child haunted him continually. In a few days, however, this began gradually to wear off, and, by the end of a week, troubled him no longer. Whatever peculiarities there were about the girl became familiar to his eyes, and ceased, in consequence, to appear strange. Her uniform kindness and attention to the babe, it was evident, sprung from a genuine love of children, and a consequent desire to do them good.

## CHAPTER II.

It was early in May when Mary Smith entered the family of Mr. Milford. She had been attending upon little Blanche for, perhaps, three weeks, when the mother of the babe said to her, one warm and sunny morning :

“I wish, Mary, you would put on your things and take the baby out for an hour. I am sure the fresh air will do her good. I will wrap her up warmly, so that she cannot possibly take cold.”

“Certainly, ma’am,” said the young girl with a cheerful manner, and left the room to prepare herself to go out.

When Mary came down from her room, the child was ready. After kissing it with eager fondness, Mrs. Milford placed her darling in the arms of its nurse, who drew it closely and tenderly to her bosom, and, without looking into the face of its mother, turned away with the precious burden, and was soon out in the bland and sunny air.

“Dear angel!” said Mrs. Milford, with the tears of love dimming her eyes. “How precious and priceless a gift is an innocent babe!”

After Mary had gone out with Blanche, the house had a desolate and lonely feeling. The mother sat down with her sewing in her hands, but, in a little while laid it aside, and, going to the window, stood and looked out upon the street and upon those who were passing, with a kind of vague expectation of seeing Mary and the babe, although she had told the nurse that she might walk in the air for an hour. From the window she went back to her sewing, but could do nothing. She then took up a book, but after reading a page over three or four times without comprehending a sentence, she laid that aside, and went up into her chamber and occupied herself with arranging her drawers until the clock struck one, about which time Mary was to be back. She listened, while still engaged at her drawers, for the bell, every moment expecting to hear it ring. Thus went by a full half an hour.

“That girl is staying out too long,” she at length said, a conviction of this fact coming forcibly to her mind. Closing her

drawers, she went down stairs, and stood for ten or fifteen minutes at one of the parlor windows, looking out, and every instant expecting to see Mary appear with Blanche. Then she went to the door, and looked up and down the street earnestly. But she could not distinguish the form she sought.

When the clock at last struck two, the blow fell heavily upon her heart, and caused a slight shudder to disturb her frame.

"What can keep her away so long?" she said aloud. "If any thing should have happened to her!"

This thought and its audible expression thrilled her with a feeling of alarm.

The street door bell rung at the instant.

"There they are now!" she exclaimed, striking her hands together, and standing almost on tiptoe with expectation, while a servant went to the door.

The mother sunk into a chair, weak and trembling, as she heard the rough voice of a man, asking if some article he had for sale was wanted.

The very pulsations of the clock upon the mantel were felt on the heart of Mrs. Milford, as she waited and watched for her babe's return for another long and anxious hour, at the expiration of which time her husband came home.

"In the name of Heaven, Clara! what's the matter?" asked Mr. Milford, in alarm, the moment he met his wife.

The mother's lips quivered so, and her voice was so dry and choking, that it was some moments before she could say—

"I am uneasy about little Blanche!"

"Why? Is she sick?" eagerly asked Mr. Milford, in a concerned voice.

"Oh, no!" replied his wife—"but I let Mary take her out to get a little fresh air, three hours ago, and she has not yet returned."

"Indeed! Did you tell her not to stay out long?"

"I particularly charged her not to be gone over an hour."

"And she has been gone three hours?"

"Yes. It was just twelve o'clock when she went away. I am afraid something has happened. She may have been knocked down by a vehicle, while crossing the street, and the child killed."

And as the mother uttered this suggestion, the tears stole forth, and followed each other slowly over her cheeks.

"Oh, no!" returned Mr. Milford. "It is much more probable that she has gone to the house of some acquaintance, and overstaid her time."

"She asked me if she might call at the house of Mrs. Williams and let her see Blanche."

"Did you give her permission to do so?"

"Yes."

"Where does Mrs. Williams live?"

"At number — Chambers street."

"She couldn't go down there and back in less than an hour; if even in that time."

"But it's three hours since she went out."

Mr. Milford reflected for a short time and then said—

"It's clear she ought to have been home long before this."

"Oh, yes, I have never been away from Blanche for so long a time since she was born. She must be fretting with hunger."

"I will go and see the lady of whom you speak, and learn at what time Mary was there," said Mr. Milford, moving away.

"Don't stay a moment longer than you can help," urged the wife, with a look and tone of entreaty, as her husband turned to go.

An empty cab was passing just as Mr. Milford descended to the street. Into this he sprang, and ordered the driver to take him with all possible speed to the house of the lady he wished to see.

"Did a young girl named Mary Smith, call here this morning?" he asked, after a hurried apology for his intrusion as a stranger.

"No sir," replied the lady.

"You know the girl I mean?"

"Oh yes, sir. A lady called upon me a few weeks ago to enquire her character."

"It was my wife, ma'am; and upon your recommendation she took her to help nurse an infant a few months old. To-day she took the child out to give it the fresh air. She went away at twelve o'clock, and has not yet returned."

"Indeed!"

"Before leaving, she asked my wife if she were willing for her to call and let you see the babe; and was told that she might do so."

"She has not been here," said the lady.

"Strange!" mused Mr. Milford. "I am afraid some accident has happened."

"I hope not,—Mary is a very careful girl. She often used to go out with our babe."

"She did?"

"Oh, yes; frequently."

"Where do her friends live?"

"She has an aunt living somewhere in Grand street, near the market. She may have gone there."

"What is the name of her aunt?"

"Smith."

"You don't know the number?"

"No, sir. But it's close by the market. Almost any one there, I presume, can direct you aright."

"I will return home first, and if she is not there, will go immediately to the place you mention," said Mr. Milford. Apologizing again for his abrupt intrusion, he left the house and returned to his own residence, to see if Mary had appeared.

"Have you found them?" was the eager question of Mrs. Milford, as she met her husband.

"No, dear. Mary has not been at Mrs. William's to-day."

"Some accident has surely happened to them!" And the mother wept and wrung her hands in an agony of suspense and fear.

"Her aunt lives in Grand street, so Mrs. Williams told me. I will ride over there, and—"

"Not in Grand street," quickly interposed Mrs. Milford. "She told me, several times, that her aunt lived in Hudson street."

"She did?"

"Yes. I remember this distinctly."

"She must have two aunts, then, for Mrs. Williams said her aunt lived in Grand street, near the market."

"Perhaps she has moved to Hudson street," suggested Mrs. Milford.

"That may be. In what part of Hudson street did she say her aunt lived?"

"Somewhere above Canal street, but I never enquired particularly."

"Did you ask the aunt's name?"

"No."

"Smith is the name of the one that lived in Grand street Perhaps I had better go there first."

"Go quickly, then, Edward, or this suspense will kill me. You don't know how strangely I feel."

"Let your mind be as composed as possible, Clara," said her husband, although his trembling voice and pale countenance betrayed his own agitation. "If any accident had happened, we should have received intelligence in regard to it long before this time."

"Then, *what* can keep her away?"

"Heaven only knows!" fell anxiously from the father's lips, as he turned and left the house. Hurried directions were given to the driver, and then the half-distracted man threw himself into the vehicle, and was whirled with rapid speed across the city. Arrived in the neighborhood where the aunt of Mary was supposed to live, he left the cab, and going into a small grocery, enquired if the keeper could tell him where he would find a Mrs. Smith.

"Is she a lone woman?" asked the man.

"That is more than I can tell. But she has a niece named Mary."

The man thought awhile, and then shook his head.

"Perhaps," said he, "Mr. Jones, over at the corner, can tell you. But I don't know any Mrs. Smith about here."

Mrs. Jones was called upon, and she pointed to a house two blocks off, and said she believed it was there. On enquiring at the house, Mr. Milford received a satisfactory answer.

"Can I see Mrs. Smith?" he asked, of a little girl who came to the door.

"Yes sir. Walk in," said the child.

Mr. Milford was shown into a little parlor, where he sat for a few minutes, when a woman of very respectable appearance entered.

"You have a niece, I believe, named Mary Smith, who lives out?" said Mr. Milford, not waiting for any preliminaries.

"I have," replied the woman.

"She is living with my wife."

The woman slightly bent her head in acknowledgement of the fact.

"Has she been here to-day?"



"No sir."

"She went out with our babe, to give it the benefit of a little fresh air, at twelve o'clock, and had not returned at four, when I left home to come here. My wife is almost distracted with fear, lest some accident has happened to them."

"Strange!" said the aunt, looking serious.

"She asked my wife if she might take the child to Mrs. Williams' where she formerly lived, and she told her that she might do so. But Mrs. Williams says she has not been there."

The aunt's expression of surprise changed to one of alarm and uneasiness.

"It is four hours since she went out?"

"Yes. And my wife charged her to be back in an hour."

"I cannot understand it," said the woman.

"Has she another aunt living in Hudson street?"

"No. I am the only relative she has in the city."

"My wife says says she told her that she had an aunt living in Hudson street."

"Your lady misunderstood her. She said Grand street."

"Do you know of any friends, where she might probably have gone?"

"Indeed I do not. Mary has very few acquaintances; and, to me, it seems very unlikely that she would go any where but to the place she mentioned. It looks very strange, sir. I do not at all understand it."

"Some accident must have happened to her in the street," said Mr. Milford.

"I cannot tell. But something is wrong."

Nothing was left for Mr. Milford but to go home again, under the faint hope that Mary might have returned during his absence. But he met the white face of his wife as he entered the door, and that told, without the aid of words, how vain had been the hope. To his hurried explanation, Mrs. Milford answered only by falling heavily against him. He caught her in his arms, and called her name anxiously. But her ears were deaf to his voice. Suspense and fear had proved too much for the mother's heart, and nature had given her a temporary relief from pain, in unconsciousness.

## CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Smith, the aunt of Mary, felt greatly troubled at what she had heard. Soon after Mr. Milford left, she put on her things, and went to three or four places, where she thought it possible her niece might have called ; but to none of them had she been. She then proceeded to the place where she had been living, in the hope that she might have returned, or that some intelligence had been received from her.

"Has Mary come home yet?" she asked of the waiter who came to the door.

"Yes. She came in half an hour ago."

"Indeed! Where had she been?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I didn't ask her."

"Did she come home alone?"

"I believe so. I let her in, and didn't notice that any one was with her but the baby."

"Had it been sick? Or had any thing happened to it?"

"Not that I heard. Will you walk in? You will find Mary up in the nursery."

Mrs. Smith entered the house, and went quickly up stairs.

"Why, Mary!" she said, on meeting her niece. "Where have you been?"

"I haven't been to any place in particular," replied the young girl, looking into the face of her relative in surprise at her strange manner and strange interrogation. "What is the matter? You look as if you had been frightened?"

"And so I have?"

"What about?" enquired Mary.

"Why, about you."

"About me! That's strange. Why have you been frightened about me?"

"Mr. Thompson was over to see me about half an hour ago, and said that you had been out with the baby since twelve o'clock, and that Mrs. Thompson was distressed to death for fear that some accident had happened."

The young girl looked confounded.

"Where were you child for so long a time?" asked her aunt still looking concerned.

"Mr. Thompson! Why, he hasn't been out of the house for a week."

"It was somebody, then, who said that you lived with his wife, and that you had been out with the baby since twelve o'clock."

"I didn't go out until after three, and was not gone an hour," said Mary. "There is some mistake."

"The man said that you had asked permission of his wife to take the baby down to Mrs. Williams's while you were out."

"There is some mistake, aunt. I received no such permission, and didn't go there. But I will ask Mrs. Thompson to come up into the nursery, and you can see her about it."

Mrs. Thompson corroborated, as a matter of course, all that Mary had said. But the strange story of the aunt excited no little surprise all around. None of the parties could understand it. Mr. Thompson had been confined to the house from sickness for more than a week, and it was, therefore, clear, that he was not the individual who had called upon Mrs. Smith. But the allusion to Mrs. Williams could not be understood; though the fact that Hudson street had been mentioned as the residence of the aunt, made it it evident that some other Mary Smith was meant.

The aunt returned home with a lighter heart than when she left it, though wondering at the strange visit she had received.

Until his wife recovered consciousness and reason, Mr. Milford dared not resume his efforts to find the nurse and child, and it was fully an hour before these came back. He then left her in care of the family physician, who had been called in, and started out again. By the aid of many friends, and the assistance of the police, the whole city was searched over; but, at twelve o'clock at night, not the first clue had been discovered, and the wretched father returned home to his more wretched wife, to pass, in sleepless anguish of mind, the hours of darkness that remained ere the light of another day broke upon the world.

It is hard to imagine the amount of suffering that was crowded into those few hours of terrible fear and suspense. The anguish of the mother's mind had become too deep for tears; and to her husband's anxiety for his lost babe, was added a painful dread lest his wife's reason should yield under the dreadful

calamity. And he had cause of alarm, The affliction was greater than she had strength to bear, and a gradual relief, through the overshadowing of her mind, was stealing almost imperceptibly upon her. When morning dawned, and the all-revealing light of day came broadly into their chamber, Mr. Milford saw, in the restless eyes and strange expression of his wife's face, startling evidences of a wandering intellect; and perceived, in her questions and remarks, too much that but gave strength to his fears.

Serious indications of illness became apparent soon after daylight, and Mr. Milford deemed it best to call in their physician, whose sober expression of face and thoughtful air alarmed the husband still more for his wife's safety. She had been up throughout the whole night but was now compelled to go to bed.

As early as he deemed it right to leave his wife, Mr. Milford prepared to renew his search for the absent nurse and child. He was just going out, when informed that there was a lady and a young girl in the parlor, who wished to see either himself or Mrs. Milford. He attended them immediately.

"Mrs. Williams!" he exclaimed, on entering the parlor.

"This is the young girl that I supposed I was recommending to Mrs. Milford, when she called to enquire about Mary Smith," said the lady, without any preliminary remark.

Mr. Milford turned his eyes quickly upon the girl. She had a full, round, pleasant face, dark eyes and dark hair; and was not so tall by two or three inches as the one who had been in his family, and called herself Mary Smith.

"But I find," added the visiter, "that she has never been in your family."

"I never saw her before," said Mr. Milford.

"Who, then, is the person that has assumed to be the Mary Smith who lived in my family as nurse? What was her appearance?"

"She was taller, and more lightly made than this girl. Her face was thin and pale, her eyes of a deep blue, and her hair brown. I always thought there was something peculiar about her, and did not for some time feel satisfied. But your strong recommendation caused me to let my instinctive perceptions and vague fears go to sleep. Have you any idea of who she is from my description?"

"Not the slightest," replied the lady.

"Have you?" addressing the real Mary Smith.

The girl shook her head.

"Strange!" murmured Mr. Milford.

"You advertised for a nurse, I believe?" said Mrs. Williams.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And this girl applied for the situation?"

"She was the first who came."

"I am almost afraid to utter what is in my mind," remarked Mrs. Williams, after musing for some moments. "But it seems so like the truth that I feel it my duty to express it."

"Keep nothing back. It is the truth that is now wanted above all things."

"It is plain that this girl, whoever she may be, is an imposter."

"Plain as any thing in the world."

"And the only object she could have had in view, in introducing herself in your family must have been to get possession of your child."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Mr. Milford, shuddering. "What could she want with my child, a helpless babe at its mother's breast?"

"As an object to create sympathy, perhaps. As a means by which to extort money from weak and credulous people."

The miserable father clasped his hands together across his forehead, and groaned aloud.

"Then she has, doubtless, left the city ere this?" he said, after he had slightly recovered himself.

"I fear as much. How the wretch learned my name, or the name of the girl who lived in my family, is more than I can comprehend."

"Are you sure that you cannot identify her from my description?"

"I have been trying to do so, but find myself completely at fault."

"Nor you?" addressing the girl.

"I cannot," was replied.

"It will kill my wife!" exclaimed Mr. Milford, losing control of himself, and exhibiting great agitation. "Already her mind is beginning to sink. Our child stolen! Gracious Heaven! I must be dreaming!"

"I fear that my suggestion is but too true," remarked the lady, who was a good deal affected. "Be that, however, as it may, it will be wisest, I am sure, to act as if it were so, and immediately call public attention to what has occurred, by advertisements in all the newspapers. By this means the wretch who has been guilty of the dreadful act, may be discovered before she has an opportunity to get away from the city."

Upon this suggestion Mr. Milford acted without a moment's delay. The newspapers of that afternoon and the next morning contained the startling announcement that a child had been stolen from its parents, accompanied by such particulars as were deemed necessary, and an accurate description of the girl who was supposed to be guilty of the deed.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

While waiting for the public announcements to do their work, Mr. Milford, was not idle. Independent of the police, as many individuals, friends and others, as could be brought into the service, were engaged, night and day, in searching every nook and corner of the city where the least hope of finding the fugitive tempted them to go. But days came and went, and weeks passed, without a glimmer of intelligence.

In the meantime, the mother's distress became so great as to deprive her of reason. The loss of her babe, and the terrible anguish that followed, were more than she had strength to endure, and her mind sunk under them.

How suddenly had clouds gathered in the sunny sky! The morning opened in smiles; the day advanced with its rosy hours; all was bright with golden promise. But, in an instant, darkness gathered around; and there was no where a glimmer of light.

It was just one week from the day on which his child had disappeared, that Mr. Milford received a letter from Albany, informing him that there was a stranger at one of the hotels, who had in her possession an infant, and that something in her con-

duct had attracted attention, as being either mysterious, or inconsistent with the story she told about herself. The condition of Mrs. Milford had by this time become really alarming. Her body had yielded as well as her mind, and the family physician could give to the anxious inquiries of her friends but few answers of encouragement. Still, it was necessary to leave her and seek to recover the infant; and on that evening Mr. Milford left for Albany. Arrived in that city, he called, soon after daylight, upon the individual who had written to him. After introducing himself, he enquired, anxiously, in regard to the suspected person.

"Where is she?" was among his first questions.

"At the City Hotel."

"Is she a very young woman?"

"No. From what I could learn—I have not seen her myself—I should suppose that she was between forty and fifty."

Mr. Milford sighed heavily and shook his head.

"The girl who had my child, and who we have every reason to believe carried her off, was not over fifteen years of age," said he.

"But she may have an accomplice, you know," suggested the individual.

"True. Very true." And the face of Mr. Milford brightened. "And now, sir, will you tell me all you know about this woman, and why you were led to suppose that the child she has with her is not her own?"

To this the man answered,

"I am a member of the Church. About a week ago I had occasion to call upon our minister, when he stated that he had, but an hour before, been visited by a woman, whose story of distress had affected him deeply. She was the recent widow, he said, of an old friend, to whom he had been strongly attached, and of whose death, up to that moment, he had not been apprised. He had corresponded with this friend for years, and the friend had often mentioned his excellent wife, although it so happened that our minister had never met her. The woman who represented herself as being this person, a fact that was not at the time doubted, had with her quite a young infant. She spoke of herself as being on her way home to her friends in Bangor, Maine, and stated that the expense of travelling had been so much greater than she had anticipated, as to entirely exhaust her supply of money, and put her to the painful and ex-

ceedingly disagreeable necessity of applying to the old friend of her husband for some trifling aid. Mr. —— is a man of ready sympathies, and but little perception of character and knowledge of the world. To his friend, as I said, he was warmly attached; and the appearance of his widow, with a helpless babe in her arms, melted his heart in an instant. He did not think of questioning the truth of the woman's story. Every word was implicitly believed. From his own slender purse he supplied ten dollars, and interested numbers of his parishoners in her cause. In all I do not think he obtained less than fifty dollars, which were placed in her hands. At the first interview he held with the woman, he desired her to remain in his house, during her brief sojourn in Albany. But she excused herself by saying that, as she was at the hotel, and only intended staying for a very short time, she preferred not making any change, especially as her doing so must put his family to some inconvenience. He would not listen to this, at first, but found himself unable to induce her to come into his family.

“Instead of pushing on eastward, the moment she obtained a supply of money, the woman still lingered, and after she had got all out of Mr. —— that she was likely to get, commenced experimenting on the sympathies of another minister, living in another part of the town, and belonging to a different denomination. To this person she did not come with so plausible a story, nor was he a man so likely to be deceived. In a word, he suspected that she was an impostor, and questioned her so closely that she was glad to get out of his way as soon as possible. The babe in her arms, he noticed, lay in a deep slumber. The thought, why he did not know, glanced through his mind that this sleep was not natural; and he questioned her closely on this head, and even went so far as to try to awaken the child. But the slight efforts made produced no effect, and she was careful not to let him repeat them. His firm impression is, that the infant she carried in her arms, and spoke of as her own, was lying in a stupor occasioned by the administration of some narcotic drug. He spoke freely of the occurrence to members of his Church, and one of them mentioned the circumstance to me. On the day after, I saw an account of the loss of your child in one of the newspapers, and it occurred to me that possibly this woman had it in her possession, and I therefore wrote to you.”



"Is she still at the City Hotel?" enquired Mr. Milford.

"She was there yesterday."

"Did you learn by what name she passed?"

"Yes. It was Green."

After expressing, warmly, his thanks, and promising to call and let the man know the result of his inquiries in regard to the woman, Mr. Milford went to the City Hotel. After looking into the parlors, he repaired to the bar and put the question.

"Is there a Mrs. Green here?"

"She left for Buffalo, yesterday," was the answer he received.

Mr. Milford leaned heavily against the bar, for the reply caused his knees to tremble.

"For Buffalo!" said he, in an agitated voice.

"Yes, sir," simply answered the bar-tender.

"Had she a child with her?"

"She had."

"Of what age?"

"It was very young. Only a few months old."

"Do you think it was her own child?"

"I never thought otherwise."

"Was there a young girl with her?"

"No, sir."

"Did you notice any thing that seemed strange about the woman?"

"Well, as to that, I must confess that I did. She came, she said, from Boston. But a man who, on the same day, arrived here from New York, mentioned her as a fellow passenger from that city. I said nothing, but jotted the fact down. Other things that I have heard, satisfy me that she is a kind of begging impostor. But I never imagined that the child she had was not her own. Has any one lost a young infant?"

"Yes. One has been stolen from me."

"From you!"

"Were you led to suppose that the woman ill-treated the child she had? Did you ever hear it crying?"

"No, sir. It was always sleeping when I saw her with it."

"Did she go out frequently?"

"Yes; often. She seemed to have a good deal of business on hand."

"And always took the child with her?"

"Always."

"Did she feed it, or nurse it herself? Or, don't you know?"

"She was supplied with milk every day; no doubt for the child."

"She left for Buffalo yesterday, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I must follow after her in the next train," said Mr. Milford, turning away, and leaving the house. He walked unsteadily, like a man half intoxicated. He had hoped to find the woman at the hotel, and end all suspense in regard to his child, as far as she was concerned. But she had flown, and was a day in advance of him on her way westward, and might elude all his efforts to find her.

With the next train of cars, Mr. Milford, after writing back to his friends in New York, started for Buffalo. On the way he enquired of conductors, agents, and all others likely to have noticed the woman, if she had been seen, but no one remembered having observed her. In Buffalo, where he remained for two days, he could get no intelligence whatever of the individual he sought; and at last, with a sick heart, he turned his face homeward, lingering a day at almost every town on the line between Buffalo and Albany, but nowhere finding a trace of the woman.

After an absence of three weeks, Mr. Milford returned to New York, looking so worn and pale that his friends met him with expressions of concern at the sad change in his appearance. He found his wife, as he had previously learned from letters that awaited him at Albany, partially recovered from her attack of illness, but with a mind weak and wandering. She comprehended, to some extent, the reason of his absence, and when the fruitless result was given in answer to her inquiries, she wept freely, but the grief did not penetrate deeply.

There was now a double weight on the mind of Mr. Milford; a weight that at times he could hardly bear

## CHAPTER V.

One morning, two or three days after Mr. Milford's return, and before he had been able to determine in what direction next to go in search of his child, a gentleman came into his place of business and said, with some excitement of manner,

"As I came down Broadway just now, I saw a wretched looking woman sitting on the steps of the Society Library Buildings, with a young babe in her arms. I am sure, from its appearance, that it was not her own. It had a pure white skin, and lay dead asleep in her arms, looking more like a beautiful wax figure than a living babe. After asking a few questions, I gave her a shilling as an inducement to remain, in hope of exciting the pity of others, and then hurried off to see you."

Mr. Milford stopped neither to thank the individual who brought him the information, nor waited to hear more, but starting up, rushed rather than walked from his store. He waited for no omnibus—that mode of conveyance was too slow—but sprang away at a rapid speed. The woman was still sitting where the person who brought the information had seen her. A single glance at the babe in her arms was enough. It was not his child; for it was older by at least three months.

Satisfied on this point, Mr. Milford asked no questions, but passed on with a faintness at his heart. A downward stage conveyed him back to his store; and soon after his return there the friend who had brought information about the woman and child came in.

"Did you see them?" he asked with earnestness.

"Yes. But it isn't my child," replied Mr. Milford, in a sad voice, and with a mournful shake of the head.

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes. Too sure! Could I be mistaken in my own babe?"

"Even if it be not your child, I am certain that it does not belong to the woman who has it in possession."

"And so am I," said Mr. Milford, arousing as he spoke from the lethargy into which his mind had fallen. "We must see to this. As I would have others do in regard to my lost one, so

will I do by this child under the supposition that it has been stolen away from its parents. The woman must be taken up and rigidly questioned by the police. Every woman who sits begging with a babe in her possession, ought to be arrested and made to prove that it is her own, or the horrible crime of child stealing will be encouraged and spread with fearful rapidity."

"You are right," replied the friend. "In this I agree with you, and will join you in urging a rigid scrutiny into the pretensions of this woman. Who knows to what it may lead, or what revelations it may bring forth?"

"True! True!" said Mr. Milford, quickly, catching with eagerness at this suggestion. "There may be a gang of these wretches, and if so, the arrest of one will probably throw light upon the doings of all."

Information against the woman as resting under the suspicion of child stealing, being laid before one of the police magistrates, an order was made out for her apprehension, and she was brought up by an officer. She seemed much alarmed at first, but gradually gained self-possession and boldness. Mr. Milford was present at her examination.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

"Mrs. Mallon," was replied, without hesitation.

"Is that your child?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old is it?"

"Five months."

"Do you belong to this city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"I'm stopping now away up in Second Avenue."

"You are certain that this is your own child?"

"Indeed, and I am."

"There has been a doubt expressed on the subject."

"I think I ought to know better than any one else," said the woman boldly.

"I must have evidence of the fact," said the magistrate.

"Can you produce such evidence?"

"Certainly I can." The woman did not speak so confidently as at first.

"Very well. Let me have the name of some one that can be summoned to give testimony in proof of what you assert."

After some hesitation, and not until a threat of commitment was uttered by the magistrate, the woman gave the name of a person, for whom a summons was made out and given to an officer. That official did not have to go to Second Avenue. The witness lived close by and was soon produced. She proved to be a girl not over fourteen, who looked pale and frightened when she was brought in. The woman threw upon her an earnest and meaning look as she entered.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

"Jane Grant," replied the girl, in a low, unsteady voice.

The book was handed to her and a solemn oath administered.

"Jane," said the magistrate, "I now want you to understand, that whatever testimony you give here, must be the truth, and only the truth. You have taken an oath on the holy Word of God that you will give correct evidence, and your failing to do so will be perjury, a crime punished by years of imprisonment."

He then looked at the person who had been arrested, and said,—

"Do you know this woman?"

"Yes," was replied.

"Where does she live?"

"In Pearl street."

"Is that her child?"

The girl was silent.

"Answer me!" said the magistrate, sternly. "Is that her child?"

"No."

"Whose child is it?"

"I don't know."

"Where did she get it?"

"She brought it home one day last week. But I don't know where she got it from."

"Are you a relative of this woman?"

"She is my aunt."

"Do you live with her?"

"Yes, sir."

"What employment do you follow?"

"Sometimes I take out the baby, and sometimes I stay at home."

- “ Did your aunt ever have a baby to beg with before this one ?”
- “ Yes.”
- “ Was it her own ?”
- “ No, sir.”
- “ Where did she get it from ?”
- “ From a woman in Hartford, where we lived.”
- “ Was it the woman’s baby ?”
- “ No, sir.”
- “ Whose was it ?”
- “ It belonged, I think, to some rich family there, that didn’t want to own it, and got the woman to take it away.”
- “ And she gave it to your aunt ?”
- “ Yes, sir.”
- “ Where is it now ?”
- “ It died last month.”
- “ Was it sick long ?”
- “ It was sick most all the time we had it.”
- “ Did your aunt give it medicine ?”
- “ Sometimes.”
- “ What did she give it ?”
- “ Sometimes paregoric.”
- “ Anything else ?”
- “ Godfrey’s cordial.”
- “ Well, what besides ?”
- “ A little carminative.”
- “ And laudanum, too, I suppose ?”
- “ Yes, sir.”
- “ And it died ?”
- “ Yes, sir.”
- “ No wonder,” said the magistrate, taking a long, sighing breath.
- “ And this child, also,” he resumed, “ takes laudanum and paregoric ?”
- “ Yes, sir, it’s the only way to keep it from crying.”
- “ Did it have laudanum this morning ?”
- “ Yes.”
- “ How many drops ?”
- “ I don’t know.”
- “ Did you see it given ?”
- “ Yes.”
- The child was now taken from the arms of the woman by the

magistrate, and found to be in a heavy sleep, or rather torpor. It was a fair and beautiful babe, with high forehead, well formed head, and fine countenance. On examining its clothing, one or two articles were observed to be of the finest material, and tastefully made.

"Had it this on when your aunt brought it home?" asked the magistrate, pointing to one of these articles.

"Yes sir," replied the girl.

"Woman!" said the magistrate, sternly, "tell me!—to whom does this child belong?"

The wretch, who was by this time thoroughly frightened, stammered out some incoherent reply.

"There has been falsehood enough," said the magistrate—"let there be no equivocation now; answer my question, or I will commit you to prison. To whom does this child belong?"

"I do not know?"

"Where did you get it?"

"From a woman in Sullivan street."

"It was not her child?"

"No."

"What is her name?"

"Dixon."

"In what part of Sullivan street does she live?"

The woman did not reply to this question.

"Why do you not answer? I want the number of the house in which the woman from whom you obtained this child lives."

"I don't know the number."

"Near what street is it?"

"I can't remember the name of the street."

"Can you go to the house?"

"I suppose so."

"Very well. Jackson, call a cab; we must see the end of this matter."

While the officer was gone for a cab, the magistrate filled up a summons for Mrs. Dixon. On his return he said, as he handed him the paper—

"Take that woman in the cab, and let her show you where the person lives for whom this summons is made out."

The officer took the woman by the arm, led her out to the cab, and thrusting her in, entered after her. The driver was ordered to take them to Sullivan street.

Nearly an hour elapsed before the officer returned, an hour of anxious suspense to Mr. Milford, whose mind was clinging to the hope that some facts would be elicited during the course of this investigation, throwing light upon his own loss, or giving some clue by which to discover and reclaim his child. A further examination of the girl was made during the absence of the officer, by which it was ascertained that her aunt had only been in New York a short time, whither she came from Philadelphia, on the death of the child obtained in Hartford. This child, it appeared, had been sickly from the first, and gradually pined away until death took it kindly by the hand, and lifted it from a world of suffering into one of comfort and peace.

"How many infants has your aunt obtained and used in begging?" asked the magistrate.

"Four," replied the girl.

"Did they all die?"

"No, sir."

"How many died?"

"Only one."

"Where are the others?"

"One was taken from her in Worcester."

"By whom?"

"By the Guardians of the Poor, I think aunt said they were."

"What became of the other?"

The girl did not reply.

"What became of the other?" said the magistrate, in a tone of authority.

"It was sold," answered the girl, in a hesitating voice.

"Sold! To whom?"

"To a woman in Boston."

"Why was it sold?"

"The woman had just lost her baby. Aunt went to her house, begging, and the women offered to take the child and raise it as her own. But aunt said she wouldn't part with it. It was a nice, pretty baby, and the woman wanted it very badly, and so she offered twenty dollars for it. Aunt thought she could get more, and she did. The woman at last gave her forty dollars, and took the child. I was sorry when we parted with it, for I loved that baby."

"Whose child was it?"



"It belonged to a poor woman who lived over in South Boston. She gave it to aunt."

"Why did she do that?"

"She wasn't a good woman. She drank liquor and swore. I never saw such a wicked woman."

"Where did your aunt get the other child? The one that was taken from her in Worcester?"

"From the almshouse?"

"Of New York?"

"Yes, sir."

"How?"

"She went there, one day, in a carriage, all dressed up in black mourning, like a lady, and said that she wanted to get an infant to adopt, as her own. She told them that her name was S——, and that she lived in Broadway, mentioning the number at which Mrs. S——, a rich lady lives. They told her to come on the next day, and she went, and they let her take a baby.

"Was your aunt kind to these poor little creatures?"

"Yes,—I suppose so. I loved them all, and nursed them, and took all the care I could of them."

In the midst of these questions and answers, the officer returned, bringing with him the person for whom he had the summons; but the other woman had managed to spring from the cab, as he left it to go the door of the house where they stopped, and make her escape.

Mrs. Dixon, who accompanied the officer, was a well-dressed woman, rather past the middle age. She came hurriedly into the office, and was evidently under strong agitation. Without noticing the magistrate, she looked quickly and eagerly around, and darted toward the child the instant her eyes rested upon it. She regarded it only for an instant, when, satisfied with the result, she uttered a cry of joy, and snatching it from the arms of the girl, clasped it with a wild gesture to her bosom, where she held it in a long, eager embrace. Then her heart melted, and tears of joy and thankfulness gushed over her cheeks. After she was more composed, the magistrate said—

"Your name is Mrs. Dixon, I suppose?"

"It is," replied the woman.

"Is that your child?"

"No, sir."

“Whose is it?”

“It’s a child given me to nurse. Its mother is dead, and its father placed it in my hands to raise it for him. Last week my little girl was sitting in the passage, holding it in her arms. The street door was open. A strange woman stopped and talked to her about the baby. Then she took it up and played with it, and while doing so, asked my daughter to call me, as she wanted to see me. I happened to be up-stairs. My little girl came, and said there was a woman down stairs who wanted me. ‘Where’s the baby?’ I asked. ‘The woman has it,’ she said. I went down quickly, but there was no one there. I ran to the front door, but could see no one in the street with the child. I felt wild. I went back into the house, and looked again in the parlors. The woman was not there. Then I rushed into the street, and ran around the whole block, and up one street and down another, like a mad woman. But it was no use. The babe was gone! Oh, sir! I thought I would have died. Since then, I have hunted every where, but to no purpose. I dared not tell the father. The babe was his idol; and the blow would have been terrible. Day after day I lived in hope of finding the lost one, and in dread lest the father should come. Thank Heaven! He knows nothing of what has occurred, and I have recovered his treasure. Oh, I cannot be sufficiently thankful!”

And the woman wept and sobbed half hysterically.

“What is the name of the child’s father?” asked the magistrate.

The woman mentioned the name. He was a stranger to all present. After fully satisfying himself that the statement made was true, the magistrate permitted the woman to take the child away. But the girl was retained in custody for the present. By her own confession she had been a party to a most flagrant outrage upon the rights of society, and the accomplice of a woman who had been guilty of the dreadful crime of child-stealing, and the magistrate did not feel at liberty to let her at once go free, although she did not appear to be either vicious or confirmed in evil ways.

## CHAPTER VI.

After the girl was committed to prison, Mr. Milford visited her and asked her many questions, in the hope of eliciting something that would enable him to get upon the track of his lost child. But no longer on oath before a legal functionary, she maintained a rigid silence. At length Mr. Milford said to her—

“I have had an infant stolen, and the loss has bereft its mother of reason and driven me almost mad. Do you know where it is? Can you help me to find it? If you can, I will procure your release from this place, and reward you with hundreds of dollars.”

The girl listened with an interest not before manifested.

“Speak!” he said eagerly. “Do you know any thing about my child?”

The prisoner shook her head.

“How long since you lost it?” she inquired.

“It is now four weeks. A girl about your age hired herself to my wife as a nurse, and the first time she was sent out with the child, carried it away.”

“What was her name?” asked the prisoner, evincing some interest.

“She called herself Mary Smith.”

“Was she a tall girl?”

“Yes.”

“And slender?”

“Yes—yes,” quickly replied Mr. Milford. “And had a thin, pale face, and deep blue eyes. Do you know her?”

“She was good-looking?”

“Quite so.”

“Yes, sir, I think I know who you mean.”

“Do you know where she is?”

The girl shook her head.

“When did you see her last?”

“I have n't seen her for nearly a year. But I heard, yesterday, that she was in Albany a few days ago.”

Mr. Milford struck his hands together, and exclaimed—

"Then it was my child! Oh, why was I but a day too late!"

"Who told you that she was in Albany?" inquired Mr. Milford, as soon as had thus given expression to his feelings.

"A woman who had just come down from there."

"Where is that woman?"

"She went on to Philadelphia this morning."

"What did she say about the girl?"

"Nothing particular; only she happened to see her in the street."

"Is she, too, a child stealer?" said Mr. Milford, with much severity of tone.

The girl appeared to shrink from him, and made no reply.

"Who is the person that was with her?" asked Mr. Milford, in a more conciliatory manner.

Still the girl was silent, and there appeared to be a consciousness about her of having already said too much.

"Jane," said Mr. Milford, speaking much more kindly than before,— "I do not think you a hardened, cruel-minded girl, although you have been a party, to some extent, with your aunt, who has escaped, in a most wicked and cruel business. You are in prison and without friends, and I can serve you. On the other hand, my infant has been stolen from me, and you can aid me in its recovery. Will you not do so? I can easily procure your release from this place. A word will do it. The work in which I wish you to engage, is one of mercy. I ask you to aid me in restoring a lost child to its mother's arms. As to the reward, let it be anything you choose to claim, so that it is within the compass of my ability."

The girl fixed her eyes upon Mr. Milford and looked at him steadily while he thus spoke, but she did not make any answer.

"Who is the woman in company with her?" Mr. Milford now repeated this question.

"Her mother," said Jane.

"Her mother?"

"The woman who raised her. Not her real mother I believe."

"What is her name?"

"I don't know her real name."

"By what name does she go?"

"By the name of Mrs. Green sometimes, and sometimes by the name of Mrs. Black."

"Mrs. Green! The very name she assumed in Albany," said Mr. Milford, moving about the narrow apartment in which the girl was confined, in much agitation.

"You know her when you see her?"

"Oh, yes. Very well."

"Where do you think she now is? Or, in what direction do you think she has gone?"

The girl shook her head.

"Jane," said Mr. Milford, again endeavoring to reach her by some appeal. "Jane; do you remember how sorry you were to part with the baby your aunt sold to the woman in Boston?"

The girl did not reply in words; she only looked an assent.

"You loved that baby did you not?"

She slightly inclined her head, and appeared disturbed.

"But you had to part with it. Still you knew it passed into good hands, and would be cared for much more tenderly than it was by your aunt. Now, suppose Jane, when you parted with that baby you had known that those who took it would treat it cruelly; would neglect it, and let its innocent, helpless life be one of suffering. How would you now feel?"

Quick flushes passed over the girl's face. There was a glow of indignant feeling, followed by an expression of pain.

"Think then," pursued Mr. Milford, "what agony the mother of a babe only a few months old must suffer, when that babe has been stolen from her, and its fate, from the hour it disappeared, all in darkness. What you have felt is nothing. It is pleasure compared to the anguish of that mother's heart! Pity the mother thus bereaved. Let the dreadful agony and suspense she is suffering plead for her. Your heart cannot be made of stone. You are too young to have extinguished all human sympathies. Jane!—"

But, before he could utter another word the unhappy girl let her face sink into her outspread hands, and burst into an irrepressible fit of weeping. This was a good omen, and hopefully did Mr. Milford wait until the wild excitement of her feeling had subsided. He then said, in a low voice, meant to inspire confidence, and secure the answers he wanted.

"Do you think, Jane, they will ill-treat our babe?"

"I would not trust that woman—she is a bad woman—" replied Jane, with some warmth. "But Anne will be kind to it. She loves little babes, and will not let them be ill-used."

"You are certain of that?"

"Oh, yes. I know Anne will be good to the child."

"The woman may ill-use it in spite of her."

"No; I am sure she will not."

"But Anne was not with the woman in Albany. I asked if there had been any one in company with her at the hotel, and they said no."

"She was there. I am certain of it. Indeed, I know they always go together, though, sometimes, they do not appear to know each other, and stay at separate places. You may be sure she was there and is with her now, wherever she is."

"The woman left Albany for Buffalo."

"She said she was going there, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Then she didn't go."

"Why do you affirm this?"

"She wished to put any one who might follow her—you for instance—upon the wrong track."

"Where do you think she has gone?"

"I am sure I cannot tell. She may have gone to Springfield, or to Boston; or she may have come down the river, passing you as you went up, and may now be in Philadelphia or Baltimore."

"Then you have no particular information to give me?"

"No, sir; none at all."

Mr. Milford was seriously disappointed at this answer. He had expected to elicit information that would enable him to get upon the track of the fugitive nurse, and discover her almost immediately. But this hope was dashed to the earth. From the manner of the reply, he was satisfied she spoke the truth, and that she did not really know any thing more of the persons he wished to find that what she had alleged.

"If you were in search of this woman, in which direction would you first go?" asked Mr. Milford, as soon as the disturbed state of his mind, produced by the girl's last reply had, in a measure, subsided.

To this question Jane made no answer for some time. Mr. Milford repeated it. She then said—

"It is more than probable that she has gone to Philadelphia."

"Why do you think so?" asked Mr. Milford.

"Because she is not so well known there as she is in Boston and the towns on to the East. She has, I know, been twice taken up in Boston for wrong acts, and is so well known to the police in that city, that I am sure she has not gone there with the baby."

"Then you think it more than probable that she is in Philadelphia?"

"I should, if I were in search of her, go first to that city."

"Will you not go with me and help me to find her?" said Mr. Milford.

There was an evident struggle in the girl's mind, but of what precise nature Mr. Milford was not able to determine. She sat with her eyes upon the floor, while rapid and strongly marked changes passed over her face—a face not coarse and sensual, but delicate in outline, and marked with lineaments of more than common interest. As Mr. Milford looked earnestly into her young countenance, he could not but observe the finely pencilled eyebrows; the long dark lashes that drooped upon her cheeks; the soft, flexible mouth, so finely feminine in its expression; nor help feeling that the girl was, by circumstances, in a relation to the world entirely at variance with her true character.

"Will you not go with me?" he repeated, "and use your best efforts to restore to us our lost child. Place us under this great obligation, and you will make faster friends than you have yet known."

"What can I do?" said the girl, in a low, and, to the ears of Mr. Milford, a sad voice.

"You can go with me and recognize the woman when we meet her."

There still seemed to be a strong conflict going on in the mind of the girl. This continued for some time.

"I will do what I can," she at length said, with the air of one who had forced herself to do right against strong opposition.

"I will see you again in a very little while," returned Mr. Milford, moving away as he spoke, and hurrying from the room in which the young girl was confined.

## CHAPTER VII.

It was three months from the time the child of Mr Milford had disappeared, that the scene we are about to describe occurred in a small town in Pennsylvania.

By the stage from the West, on the afternoon of a sultry day, a middle aged woman with an infant in her arms, accompanied by a young girl, arrived at one of the public houses in the village just alluded to, and requested a room, as it was her intention to stay there for a few days, until the babe, that was ill, should become better. As soon as they were alone in the chamber assigned to them, the younger of the two females took the child, and after removing its cap and taking off a little coat that it had worn during their ride in the stage, poured some cool water in a basin and bathed its face and neck. The child was in a deep sleep, from which even the cold water did not arouse it. It was pale and much emaciated; and there was a transparency about its pinched up nose and white lips that gave them more the appearance of alabaster than living flesh.

While the girl was thus engaged, the woman was changing her clothes and preparing herself to go out. After the former had done all that she could to make the infant comfortable, she laid it gently upon the bed and stood for some time looking upon it with a sad and pitying face. While thus engaged the woman came up, with her bonnet on, having entirely changed her dress, and said,

“How does she seem now, Anne?”

The girl looked up, and now, for the first time, saw that her companion had prepared herself to go out.

“She’s very sick,” was answered—“very sick. It won’t do to drag her about any more until she is better. It will kill her.”

“Oh, there’s no danger of that. She’s in a sound sleep now, and will remain so for the next four or five hours at least. She’ll be just as comfortable in my arms as she will be upon the bed here.”

“I don’t think so,” replied the girl firmly. “There’s no need of being in such a hurry. It’s just as easy to stay here a week as two or three days.”



"We can't remain here longer than day after to-morrow," said the woman in answer. "Besides, Judge B—— is at home to-day, and I must see him. To-morrow he may be gone to L—— where the court is about sitting."

"Let Judge B—— go then," returned the girl. "But as for taking the child out to-day, it must not be done."

And as she said this, she bent down over it so low as almost to touch its body with her bosom.

"Don't act silly!" said the woman angrily. "I am tired of all this. The child is only stupid from the over dose of laudanum that I gave it to-day. There's nothing else the matter."

"If it recovers from the effects of that dose I shall be glad."

"Why do you say that?"

"Doesn't it look like a dead child now?"

"It's only in a deep sleep—nothing more. But what is all this nonsense about?" The girl's voice, as she last spoke, fell off into a sob, and now the tears were dropping from her eyes upon the face of the infant. "Here, let me have the child. I must see Judge B—— this afternoon." And she shook the girl by the shoulders, and attempted to push her aside. But Anne moved not; or, rather bent nearer to her charge, saying, at the same time, in a very decided way,

"It's no use; the child shall not be murdered! Heaven knows it has suffered enough already! I would give worlds if it were only back again safe on its mother's bosom."

"Are you mad?" exclaimed the woman, strongly excited.

"I was mad when I consented to do so great a wrong to this innocent babe as to take it from its mother—an act of which I have repented a thousand times."

"Anne! I will not have you cross me in this way!"

"In what way?" said the girl, rising up quickly, and confronting the woman, while the tears that had been in her eyes seemed to be consumed instantly by the fiery flash with which they were lighted.

"By interfering with my movements at this most important point."

"Mother!" exclaimed the girl, manifesting strong excitement; "I have yielded much and sacrificed much to your wishes. For years I have acted with violence to my own feelings, and done wrong, conscious all the while of the wrong. But this cannot be much longer. There is something owed to

myself and something owed to humanity. I grow daily and hourly more conscious of this. Do not press me now too closely, or you may snap the tie that binds us together and throw me from you. This child is ill—too ill to be disturbed. She needs a physician, and must have one. Instead of going to Judge B——’s you ought to go for a doctor.”

“You talk like a simpleton, Anne! Haven’t I said that the child is only stupified from laudanum.”

“You can say what you please, mother,” returned the girl, in a resolute tone; “but when you say this child is not sick, your words make no impression on me. I know that it *is* sick, and, I fear, dangerously so.”

“Anne! I have no time to parley with you,” was the woman’s reply to this. “I think I know what I am about, and claim to have rather more to say in this matter than you have. So to end this, just step aside and let me have the child. I’ll be responsible for all the consequences.”

She putting her hand upon Anne’s shoulder as she thus spoke, and endeavored to thrust her aside. The girl did not resist. But as the woman was taking up the child, she said, in a most determined manner,

“Mother! The moment you pass the door with that baby in your arms, all the ties that bind us together are broken! I will immediately give information to the proper officers in the town, which will cause both your arrest and mine, and the restoration of the child to its parents. I am past the fear of consequences to myself; if you can say the same, go on; but, if you wish to keep out of the hands of the law, let that child remain where it is. I will not see it murdered!”

After the girl had said this, she sunk down, almost nerveless, into a chair, and awaited the effect of her words on her evil-minded companion. The latter looked surprised and startled. Had an officer of the law entered the door and laid his hand upon her, she could not have been more astonished; nor, perhaps, more dismayed, for there was a stern and determined spirit about the girl which she felt that it would be dangerous to brave.

“Don’t speak to *me* in that way, Anne,” said she, while a bright spot burned on either cheek. “You know that I am not a woman to brook a threat, nor to bend myself before one like you. Give me the child’s cap and cloak!”

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**THE CHILD-STEALER FOILED.**

But the girl moved not from the chair on which she had fallen rather than seated herself, nor showed the smallest sign of compliance.

Seeing this, the woman took from the bed the articles of dress she had named, and very deliberately commenced putting them upon the babe, that was lying across her arm with every muscle of its body so relaxed that it seemed more like a flexible effigy of a child, than a creature of flesh and blood in which still remained the breath of life. Having completed these arrangements, she rose up and was passing from the room, when Anne sprung with the quickness of thought before her.

"If you do take that child out," said she, in an impassioned manner, while her eyes, that had been drooping and almost rayless for a short time, now burned again with an intense light—"I solemnly declare that I will seek instantly a magistrate, and give information against both you and myself. I cannot, I will not see it murdered outright!"

"Stand aside!" returned the woman, in an angry voice, and was about passing on, when the appearance of a lady in the passage near their chamber admonished her of the danger of further contention with Anne, while there was the probability of a third person becoming cognizant of the matter in dispute between them. Stepping back, she closed the door, and then tossing the child upon the bed with as little feeling as if it had been but a garment thrown from her hand, she turned towards Anne with a low but fiercely uttered imprecation, and grasping her by the shoulders shook her violently, and in the wild insanity of her anger, threatened to take her life. All this did not seem in the least to move the girl, who, as quickly as she could disengage herself from the woman's grasp, went to the bed upon which the infant had been thrown, and lifting it tenderly in her arms, took off once more its cap and coat.

"Mother! will you go for a doctor?" she said, firmly.

The woman was thrown by this cool, defiant question, into a perfect rage; but the fury of her passions did not in the least turn the girl from the purpose of her mind—a purpose formed in the agony of her fear lest the babe should die.

"Where are you going?" said the woman, a minute or two afterwards, as Anne, with the babe in her arms was leaving the room. Anne did not reply, but going down stairs asked to see the landlord.

"We have a very sick child," said she to the landlord, when that person appeared. "Will you be kind enough to call in for us a good doctor?"

"Certainly," returned the man, and immediately despatched a servant for a physician, who lived close at hand.

"Poor little thing! It does look ill," the landlord said, as his eyes fell upon the thin, white face of the dear babe, unconscious, in its drugged sleep, of its wants and sufferings. "What ails it?"

"I do not know," replied Anne, drawing the child closer, and hiding its face against her bosom.

"Has it been sick long?" asked the man.

"Two or three months." And she turned away as she said this, and went back to the room where she had left her mother, who did not appear to notice her entrance. Anne sat down with the child still held closely to her bosom, and the woman remaining near a window, looking out upon the street. Neither of them spoke, nor changed her position for the space of ten minutes, when there a loud rap upon the door.

"Come in," said Anne, in a composed voice, while her mother started to her feet, and turned a look of alarmed inquiry upon the man who, obeying the answer to his application for admittance, entered the chamber.

"You have a sick child, I believe, madam," said he, looking rather curiously at the elder of the two females, whose manner could not but strike him as singular.

"Yes, sir; a very sick child," replied Anne. "You are a doctor, I presume?"

"I am. You desired one called?"

"We did," said the elder, her manner quickly changing, as, with the quickness of thought, she comprehended the meaning of what was passing, and advanced towards the physician. "My babe is exceeding ill," she went on, "and we have been compelled to suspend our journey in order to get medical advice and attention."

A deep and apparently natural concern was in the tones of the woman's voice, and her countenance expressed great anxiety.

The physician drew a chair to the side of Anne, and bending over the child looked at it attentively for some time.

"How long has it been sick?" he asked.

"For several weeks," replied the woman.

"What is its age?"

"It is about six months old.

"Does it nurse?"

"No, sir. I have had to raise it by hand."

A long silence followed, during which the physician continued attentively examining his little patient.

"You have given it laudanum," he at length said.

"I gave it a few drops about mid-day to relieve it from pain. No doctor could be had, and it was screaming as if it would go into convulsions."

"How many drops did you give it?"

"Only three."

"How long ago?"

"About four hours."

The doctor took the babe in his arms, and continued to look at it with earnest attention.

"Do you think it very ill, doctor?" inquired the woman, with well counterfeited anxiety.

To this the physician did not, at first, reply. But, being urged, he said—

"I do, dangerously ill. I am afraid you have made some mistake, and given the child a much larger dose of laudanum than you say. Three drops would not produce a sleep like this.

"Will it die?" asked Anne, lifting eagerly her eyes, almost blinded with tears, to the face of the doctor. "Oh, sir! Do you think it will die?"

"While there is life there is always hope," replied the doctor, evasively.

"But you think the hope feeble," said Anne.

"I certainly do. Still, nature may rally, assisted by such remedies as I can give, and throw off the effects of the drug, under the influence of which the babe is now suffering. That done, I will be better able to determine the nature of the disease with which it is afflicted. But, candor compels me to say, that I do not entertain sanguine hopes of seeing it recover. There may be some deeply seated and steadily wasting disease, beyond the power of medicine to reach, that will set at naught all my efforts. It has been recently under the care of some physician, I presume?"

No immediate answer was made to this question. At length, the woman said :

"No, sir. We have travelled from Galena by way of St. Louis and Pittsburg, and have not considered the child so very ill as it appears to have been, until within a day or two. It has never been very healthy since it was born. To-day it is much worse than ever."

A good many more, and as the woman evidently felt, rather searching questions were asked by the doctor, who finally left some medicine, and prescribed a certain mode of treatment designed to assist nature in throwing off the effects of the powerful anodyne the child had taken. When he went away, he said he would call again in the evening.

"A great piece of folly!" muttered the woman, as soon as the physician had retired. "I wonder what right you had to send for a doctor without my consent! I have a mind to throw his medicine out of the window. There's nothing so very particular the matter, except the over-dose of laudanum, and she will be better of that very soon."

"The doctor thinks differently, and so do I," was the firm answer.

"And who are you, pray, to set yourself up, all at once, to cross me? Girl! I would advise you to take care. I thought by this time you knew me better than to suppose I would, for a moment, permit you to cross me as you are now doing. There! I will let you see whose will is to govern here?"

And as the woman said this, she stepped hastily to the mantel-piece where the doctor had placed some medicine, and taking up the paper in which it was contained, tore it open, and threw the contents from the window. Then striding towards Anne she caught at the babe, but the girl drew it tightly to her bosom and bent over it in such a way as entirely to shield it. In that position, she resisted all the efforts that were made for its removal, which enraged her mother beyond all bounds. Anne received one blow on the side of the face from the hand of the furious woman, but before another fell she had sprung away, and with the fleetness of wind disappeared through the door, still holding the unconscious babe in her arms. The first impulse of the woman was to follow, but recollecting that such an act would only result in an exposure, of all things to be avoided, she restrained herself, and waited with no little anxiety, for ten



or fifteen minutes, in expectation of Anne's return. But she waited in vain.

By this time, the angry excitement of the woman had subsided, and given place to anxiety. The threat of Anne, as she recalled the manner in which it was uttered, filled her with alarm. The girl had suddenly changed and turned upon her in a spirit of defiance, as unexpected as it was portentous of coming trouble.

At the expiration of half an hour, Anne not returning, the woman went down stairs and asked if her daughter had been seen.

"I saw her come down and go into the bar-room and speak to my husband," replied the wife of the landlord of whom the inquiry had been made.

"Will you ask him if she went out?"

The wife of the landlord stepped to the bar-room door and called to her husband. He came into the passage where the two women were standing.

"Did my daughter go out any where?" was asked with ill-concealed anxiety.

"Only over to the doctor's," replied the landlord.

"Where does the doctor live?"

"In the white house you see away down the street with the two tall poplars standing in front."

"She ought to be back soon, now," remarked the woman, forcing herself to assume a calmer exterior than she had exhibited when she came down.

"Yes; it is time she was back, I think. Was the child worse after the doctor went away?"

"Yes; much worse; and besides, the wind blew the medicine he left out of the window, and my daughter has gone for more."

"Ah! I'm sorry. What appears to be the matter with your child?"

"I don't know. She has been sick a good while, and I am afraid will hardly recover."

The manner in which this was said, had the desired effect of creating sympathy and allaying suspicion.

"If she is not back soon, I must go over to the doctor's myself. Does another stage go on East to-night?"

"No, not until to-morrow about noon."

"At what hour does the Western stage go through?"

"At ten to-night."

The woman went back to her room, where she spent fifteen or twenty minutes in great uncertainty and much trepidation. The purpose of Anne might go no further than an application to the doctor for medicine for the sick child; or, it might involve the exposure she had threatened to make. Would she return to her? That was another serious question. Think as she would, the shadow of near approaching trouble was upon her mind, and she felt oppressed and alarmed. Long and anxiously did she look from the window, in the direction in which Anne had gone, but the slender form of the girl was no where to be seen. Finally, she put on her bonnet, and opening her trunk, took therefrom a purse of money, which she placed in her bosom. She then went down stairs, and, remarking to the landlady as she met her in the passage, that she believed she would go over to the doctor's, passed out of the house, and went off in the direction she had said she would take. Four times she passed the physician's house, and, at last, ventured in.

"Is the doctor at home?" she asked of a servant who answered her knock.

"No, ma'am."

"How long has he been out?"

"About half an hour."

"Was there a girl here with a sick child, say an hour ago?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did the doctor see her?"

"Yes."

"Is she here now?"

"No, ma'am, she has gone away."

"Did you see which way she went?"

The servant did not reply. On the question being repeated, she said, as if offended with the interrogatories of the woman,

"I've something to do besides watching which way the doctor's patients go when they leave the office."

"But I have a particular reason for desiring to have my question answered," said the woman, curbing the anger excited by the girl's rude words. "If you saw the direction which the person I have inquired about, took, after leaving here, you will not only confer a favor, but deeply oblige me by answering the question I have asked."

"Come when the doctor is in. He can tell you, perhaps."

"But did you see her leave here?"

"Well, if you must know, I did," replied the girl, knitting her heavy brows, and putting on a look of defiance.

"Then be kind enough to answer the simple question I have asked."

"Indeed, ma'am, and I shall do no such thing."

"You won't! And pray, why not?"

"Because I won't; that's all."

"Girl! Do you know me?" said the woman, in a stern, yet excited voice, while her face grew dark from struggling emotions.

"No, ma'am, I don't."

"Do you know the person whose movements you seem so strangely desirous of concealing?"

"I know that she wants to get away from somebody—you, no doubt—that, I suppose, ill-treats her and the child; and I'm not the one to tell tales on her.

"Answer me one question," said the woman, her whole manner changing, and her voice falling into a lower and softer tone.—"Did she leave here in company with the doctor?"

"Yes, ma'am, she did, if that will be any good to you. But, take my advice, and don't attempt to come across Doctor L——; for, you see, nobody gets ahead of him."

The woman staid to hear no more. Turning from the girl, she left the doctor's office, and kept on her way down the street, leaving the hotel from which she had just emerged, farther and farther behind her at every step.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

The loss of Mr. Milford's child, caused a thrill of pain to go through the heart of almost every one. It was an incident appealing so directly to the quickest sensibilities of the mind, that all spoke of it as a most distressing circumstance, and felt more than they found words to express. Among those who sympathized more deeply than others with the distracted parents were

a Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, from whom, many years before, a babe had been stolen, and never recovered. They were living in a Western city at the time, but more recently removed to New York, where they had resided ever since. Their nurse had taken the child out, and, while on the street, became suddenly so ill as to faint. When she recovered her reason, the babe that was in her charge was nowhere to be found. To her eager inquiries, all that she could learn was, that a woman, who was passing at the time, had taken the child in her arms and carried it into a house near by. On going to that house, this statement was confirmed; and she further learned that this woman had declared herself a relative of the babe, and had had taken it away with her.

On arriving at home, and giving information of what had occurred, instant search was made for the lost babe, but it was never found, and not the least intelligence in regard to it, had, from that period, come to the knowledge of the almost heart-broken parents. It was their first and only child, and for long years they had mourned it—but whether as dead or alive they had no certain knowledge.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were well acquainted with Mr. Milford and his wife; and, on the first intelligence of the loss they had sustained, came forward with offers of sympathy on the part of the one, and aid in searching for the lost one on the part of the other, although in doing so, wounds long since received, and only partially healed over, began to bleed afresh.

As Mrs. Lewis drew close to the side of the heart-crushed and mind-wandering mother, there came to her bitter remembrances of her own long night of agony. She went back again to that time, when the first terrible news came that her babe was lost, and felt something of the wild anguish that almost maddened her, when sad confirmations of the truth fell, one after another, like strokes from a hammer upon her brain. But, in her efforts to sustain her friend, these memories of her own loss gradually faded away. Yet, what power was there in words to comfort a mother whose babe had been stolen from her arms! Would a reference to the fact, that, years before, another mother had sustained a similar loss, and *never regained the dear one thus rent from her*, afford any consolation?

Alas!—with all the generous sympathy felt by Mrs. Lewis, she too well understood, that there was no sustaining power in

any words that she could utter; and therefore she offered nothing to the sufferer but her presence and her tears; and these were given freely.

Mrs. Lewis had few household cares and duties of her own, and she had, therefore, leisure to follow the bent of her own feelings, and they led her to be many hours each day with Mrs. Milford, towards whom she began to feel a regard somewhat resembling that which is felt by a mother for an imbecile child, and to watch, with similar emotions, for the light of clearer reason to dawn upon the mind. It was natural that the latter should be affected by the kindness with which she was regarded, and manifest her sense of it by shrinking close to the friend who had drawn nigh in the season of darkness and affliction. So necessary, at length, became the presence of Mrs. Lewis, that it was only when she was with her that Mrs. Milford's mind came into any thing resembling tranquillity or repose. At other times she would wander uneasily over the house, asking questions about the lost Blanche of each domestic she happened to meet; or, she would sit in her room, or lie in bed, and weep for hours.

Mr. Lewis manifested his sympathy with the distressed parents by efforts to find the lost child nearly as active and untiring as those used by Mr. Milford himself. He seemed almost to be living over again a long passed period of his life, with all the interest, though not the keen suffering, appertaining to that period. He went journeys, investigated circumstances that seemed to offer a clue to the dreadful mystery that hung over the absence of the babe, and talked and thought about the matter almost as constantly and attentively as if he were himself the bereaved father.

And there were many others who came forward and tendered to the unhappy parents their sympathy and aid; and hundreds who desired to do the same, but feared lest their proffered interest might be felt as an intrusion. In fact, the chord which had been struck, vibrated through thousands of hearts; the story of the bereavement, as it passed from lip to lip, paled thousands of cheeks. Mothers, to whom the thought of such a loss had never come, now held their babes more tightly to their bosoms, and were far more careful about those into whose hands they temporarily entrusted them. A sense of fear and insecurity was widespread, and oppressive to the maternal bosom.

## CHAPTER IX.

When Mr. Milford returned to the place where the girl was held a prisoner, bearing in his hand an order for her release, he found her in a state of mind not at all satisfactory. She had become moody, and answered evasively and with ill-concealed reluctance, all his questions. By appeals and promises, however, he succeeded in bringing her back to something like her former apparent willingness to go with him and do all in her power towards recovering his child.

"In what direction do you think we had better go?" asked Mr. Milford, after this more favorable change had taken place.

"Most likely they have gone to Philadelphia," replied the girl.

"To remain there for any time?"

"No, sir. That woman has been so often in the hands of the police, that she doesn't much fancy cities, where officers are always watching about and interfering with every body."

"From Philadelphia, where do you think she will be likely to go?"

"To some of the country towns, where people are more easily deceived by a good story, and where there are no police officers prying about and meddling with every one's business."

"You have been in Philadelphia?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any idea of the place at which this woman, who has my child, will stay while in that city?"

"I think I have."

"That is important!—We will go there by the latest train of cars to-day. Who knows but that we may still find them in the city. Come!—let us go from here."

The girl, who had been informed by an officer that she was free to leave the place of her imprisonment, if she went with Mr. Milford, followed that gentleman into the street, where a carriage was in waiting.

In the afternoon train of cars they were on their way to Philadelphia, where they arrived about ten o'clock. For both himself and companion Mr. Milford took lodgings at the United

States Hotel. Jane had been in her own room about a quarter of an hour, when a servant came to the door and said that the gentleman with whom she had come wished to see her in the parlor. She went down to him without any delay.

"Jane," said Mr. Milford,—“you know, as well as I do, that every moment is of importance. To-night my child may be here; but by to-morrow morning she may be gone. Will you go with me to the place where you think that woman is likely to be found, if in this city? There is an officer ready to accompany us.”

At the word officer, the girl turned slightly pale. It doubtless awoke in her mind some unpleasant association. But whatever hesitation she felt, was only momentary, for she said, as she turned from Mr. Milford—

“I will get myself ready and come down in a moment.”

“Very well. I will wait for you here,” replied Mr. Milford.

For five, ten, fifteen minutes the anxious man walked backward and forward through the large room; yet Jane did not appear.

“Strange!” he murmured to himself, on looking at his watch, and finding how long she had been preparing herself to go out. Immediately stepping to the bar, he directed a servant to be sent up in order to ascertain the reason of her long delay. In a little while the servant came back and said there was no one in the girl’s room. Mr. Milford sprang away at this intelligence, and went quickly up stairs to see for himself. It was too true. The girl had flown. On inquiry, one of the chambermaids said that she had seen her come quietly from her room, dressed to go out, nearly a quarter of an hour before, and glide down stairs, swiftly, but noiselessly.

The wretched father received this intelligence with a groan of irrepressible pain. His hopes had been raised to a high pitch; but they were suddenly dashed to the earth. He did not long remain supine, however. After consulting with the officer, whose aid had been called in, it was determined to notify, immediately, the whole police of the city, as far as it could be done, and have men at every avenue of departure by public conveyance in the morning and for the next three or four days. By this means the woman who had the child, if still in Philadelphia, might be arrested, if she attempted to go away. To decide upon this as the best course, and to commission the officer to set the

required machinery in operation immediately, was all Mr. Milford could do on the night of his arrival in Philadelphia, and he retired to his room about twelve o'clock, feeling depressed in spirits, and almost hopeless in regard to his child. In the ability of Jane to ferret out the wretch who had his babe, he had the fullest confidence. But she had failed him at the very moment when aid was most needed.

In the morning, Mr. Milford waited anxiously from daylight until seven o'clock for the appearance of the officer who had been directed to carry out the plan of having one or two members of the police stationed at every steamboat landing, railroad depot, and stage office, in order to prevent the departure of any one suspected of being concerned in stealing his child. That person at length appeared, and reported that all the contemplated arrangements had been made, and that he might rely upon the woman's arrest if she were still in the city. After a good deal of conversation, in which various things were suggested, the officer and Mr. Milford separated, with an understanding that they were to meet at ten o'clock, for the purpose of going to the Mayor, and laying the whole matter before him. The latter was sitting in a thoughtful mood, when a servant came up to him and said that a lady in the parlor wished to see him.

"A lady! Who is it?"

"She did not give her name."

"Is any one with her?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Milford asked no more questions, but went directly to the ladies' parlor.

"Jane!" he exclaimed, in surprise, as he entered,—“where have you been?"

"In search of your babe," replied the girl calmly.

"Well!" Mr. Milford spoke quickly, while his breath came almost panting through his lips.

"The woman has been here," replied Jane.

"Are you sure?"

"I know it. I have been at the house where she staid, and learn that she left two days ago."

"Left?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what place?"

"For Lancaster."



"Is there no mistake about this? Have you not been deceived?"

"No, sir."

"But why did you go away last evening in such a strange manner?" inquired Mr. Milford.

"Because," replied the girl, "it was better for me to go alone. Had I appeared with you or an officer, nothing would have been learned."

"True—true—you are no doubt right there, Jane," said Mr. Milford, after thinking for a few moments. "And she has gone to Lancaster? Are you sure there is no mistake?"

"I believe not."

"But, don't you remember that this woman gave out, when she left Albany, that she was going to Buffalo; but, instead, came off South?"

"Yes. But she had no reason for making an incorrect statement here."

"She was with friends then!"

"She was with those who knew all about her; and who would not have answered a question, if you or an officer had been with me."

"We must go immediately to Lancaster," said Mr. Milford, after he had stood in a thoughtful attitude for some moments. "How long do you think it probable that she will remain there?"

"A week, perhaps."

"Very well. We will go up in the next train of cars. You can return to your room. I will send for you after awhile and let you know at what time the cars leave."

When Mr. Milford met the officer with whom he had an appointment at ten o'clock, and related what had occurred since he saw him in the morning, that individual shook his head and remarked—

"I can't say that I like this. We should know where that girl has been and who are the accomplices in an affair like this."

"That ought to be known, I admit. But at present, the recovery of my child is the only end in view, and I cannot stop to investigate what is questionable in the manner by which any intelligence in regard to her comes. To do so, might prove a most fatal mistake and defeat all."

"It might be so. Still, I do not like the aspect in which the affair now presents itself. However, as you say, the first object is to regain your child; and if this can be most certainly done by accepting the information you now have, and acting upon it promptly, it is no doubt wisest to do as you propose. It will be time enough after your return from Lancaster, should your visit there be successful, to take up the other matter."

After arranging with the officer for the arrest of the girl or their return to the city, in order to get information from her, if possible, as to the parties in Philadelphia who were interested in the movements of the woman who had possession of the child, Mr. Milford started for Lancaster in company with Jane. On their arrival the girl proposed going out alone and ascertaining if the individual in search of whom they had come were there. But Mr. Milford objected to this. They then went, in company, to every hotel and boarding-house in the place, but no one, such as they described, had been seen.

"She is not here," was the sad and disappointed expression of Mr. Milford, when they returned together to the house at which they were staying. "You have been misinformed."

"She must be here," replied the girl, confidently. "Let me go out alone for a single hour, and I am sure I can find her."

"Go, then, in Heaven's name!" said the wretched man, in an excited voice. "Go! and be quick."

Jane did not linger a moment. The words were scarcely uttered by Mr. Milford, before he found himself alone. But the girl did not return in an hour, as she had promised to do. It was nearly four hours ere she came back; but then she brought good news.

"I have found them!" she said, in a joyous voice, as she entered the room where Mr. Milford awaited her. The latter became so excited at these words, that he was unable, for some moments, to stand.

"Where are they? Quick! Tell me!" he exclaimed eagerly.

"They are at the house of Mr. L——, a minister, who lives three miles from here."

"Have you been there?"

"Yes; I knew the woman was here, and I knew I could find her if you would let me have my own way."

"Did you see her?"

"Yes."

"And the child! How is that?" The father's voice trembled.

"Well." The girl turned her face partly away, as she thus briefly replied to the last anxious question.

"Thank God!" burst from the lips of the excited man.

After he had a little recovered himself, and had made a good many more inquiries, Mr. Milford rang the bell, and when a servant appeared, gave orders for a vehicle to be brought to the door as quickly as possible. The time that passed before this came, was spent in asking a variety of questions; but little could be elicited from the girl beyond the fact that she had discovered the fugitives, and that they were to be found at the house of the Rev. Mr. L——.

"Is her daughter with her; she that stole my child?" asked Mr. Milford.

"Yes, sir," returned Jane.

"Did you see her?"

"I did. She was nursing the baby."

"Did you see the baby's face? How did it look? Did you hear it cry?"

"It was lying asleep in Anne's arms."

"Did she seem kind to it?"

"Oh, yes. Anne will be good to it. She loves little babies."

"Did you see Mr. L——?"

"No."

"Or any of his family?"

"I saw his lady, I suppose."

"What excuse did you make for calling?"

"I asked to see Mrs. Green, and when I was taken into the room where she was sitting, I inquired of her about my mother—if she knew where she was?"

"Your presence must have made her feel uneasy."

"No."

"Do you think she has any suspicion of your errand here?"

"None at all. Why should she?"

A buggy wagon stopped before the window near which they were sitting, and an attendant came in with information that it was the one which had been ordered.

"Come," said Mr. Milford, rising, "we must not linger a moment."

"Are you not going to take an officer along?" inquired the

girl, as she glanced from the window, and saw that there were only seats for two persons.

"Do you think I had better do so?"

"That is just as you like. If you merely intend to get the child, and let the woman and her daughter go, there is no need of your taking any one with you."

"But I don't mean to let them escape! No! no!" Mr. Milford spoke with much feeling.

"Then you had better take an officer."

"But that wagon won't hold more than two persons. If I take an officer there will be no room for you."

"No matter. I can wait here until your return. And besides, I would rather not be present when they are taken up."

Mr. Milford stood and mused for some time.

"Can we find the place without you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. It is on the turnpike, in that direction, (pointing with her finger) just three miles from here. Any one will tell you where Mr. L——, the minister, lives. The officer will know."

After a little more reflection, Mr. Milford determined to do as Jane suggested. He had no idea of letting the wretches who had possession of his child, escape. Ascertaining the place at which an officer properly qualified to make an arrest might be found, he called and explained the business for which he wanted him.

"Do you know this Mr. L——?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes. Very well."

"And can you go direct to his house?"

"Certainly."

"Then let us proceed thither without a moment's delay."

After satisfying himself that it was all as Mr. Milford said, the officer jumped into the wagon, and they drove towards the residence of Mr. L—— at a rapid speed. In twenty-five minutes they drew up at a neat little cottage, standing back from the road, around which grew the choicest variety of flowers and clambering vines. In the neat little porch sat a woman holding a babe in her arms, and within the door was a girl some fourteen or fifteen years of age. The reins dropped from the hands of Mr. Milford, ere the horse, upon whose mouth he had drawn hard and quick, had time to more than half check his speed, and springing from the vehicle, he darted through the little gate, and

ran eagerly up to the woman, who arose, with a look of alarm, as he approached, and hugging the babe she held, tightly to her bosom, turned to go into the house.

"Stop! stop!" cried the excited man, in the wildness of his suspense; and he bounded into the porch and caught hold of the woman's arm, who now screamed in terror and struggled to escape from him. The officer, who had followed as quickly as possible, was now by the side of Mr. Milford, and taking firm hold of him, drew him back, and said—

"There, there, sir! Let Mrs. L—— go. You must not act in this way."

Mr. L—— by this time appeared at the door, and asked, with some sternness, the meaning of all this.

"I must see the face of that child!" said Mr. Milford, but in a more subdued voice; at the same time he bent over so as to get a view of the babe's features. At this, Mrs. L—— turned the child so that its little face could be seen by all.

"The other child! Where is it?" eagerly exclaimed the excited man, and he made a movement to pass into the house.

"What other child?" asked Mr. L——. "There is no other child here."

"Where is the woman that came here some days ago?"

"No woman came here," said the minister, in a decided voice.

"What!" Mr. Milford leaned against the door. "Is there not a strange woman and a babe here?"

"No, sir."

"Is your name Mr. L——?" asked Mr. Milford, his face beginning to grow pale and his lips to quiver.

"It is," was replied.

"The Rev. Mr. L——?"

"Yes, sir."

"And has there not been a strange woman and child in your house for some days past?"

"No, sir."

"Was there a strange young girl here to-day?"

"I don't remember. Was there?" Mr. L—— turned to his wife.

"Yes," replied the woman. "A girl called at the door this morning, and asked if I would let her sit down and rest for a little while. She said she had walked out from Lancaster and was a good deal fatigued."

"Deceived! deceived! deceived!" groaned the unhappy father, clasping his hands together, and sinking down upon a chair that stood in the porch.

The officer explained, in a few words, to Mr. L—— and his wife, the object of their visit. They were, as might well be supposed, profoundly astonished; at the same time that all their sympathies were awakened for the unhappy individual who had come to their quiet home in the confident hope of finding the dear babe he had lost.

The whole story of the girl was a fabrication, evidently intended to mislead. But what her object could be in so basely trifling with his feelings, Mr. Milford could not imagine, and so he expressed himself.

"Let us go back immediately," said the officer. "I will take this girl before the Mayor, and wrest from her the truth. In all probability, the parties you seek are somewhere in the neighborhood. She has, doubtless, fallen in with them, and they have induced her to play a false part towards you."

At the death of one hope, another sprung up.

"Yes—yes. This is no doubt true," replied Mr. Milford, starting to his feet. "Come! Let us return quickly. The girl will no doubt make an effort to escape, but we must prevent that."

After a hurried apology for their intrusion into the quiet family of the minister, Mr. Milford and the officer drove off for the city at a speed even greater than that at which they had come out. On arriving at the hotel, inquiries were made for the girl.

"She left in the cars that started for Philadelphia a few moments ago," was the reply of the landlord.

Mr. Milford uttered no word. He felt a dead weight at his heart. The hope of finding his child through the aid of Jane was gone, and without her aid the hope of finding it at all burned with only a feeble, flickering light. He had been deceived—cruelly deceived.

"Do not give up," urged the officer. "The object of your search may be here; and, if so, we shall be able to find her."

But Mr. Milford shook his head.

"No—" he replied. "She is not here. It was all a ruse to get me out of Philadelphia, and abate the vigilance of the police until the woman escaped. Doubtless she was there when I left the city. But she is gone now, and there is no way by which we may tell the direction she has taken."

So well was Mr. Milford satisfied of this fact, that he made no further inquiries in Lancaster, but waited, impatiently, for the next train of cars, and then started for Philadelphia. In that city, all efforts to gain any intelligence whatever of the fugitives proved utterly vain. Baltimore was then visited; also Washington City, Annapolis, Frederick, York, Harrisburg, and various places besides in Maryland and Pennsylvania, but without obtaining a word of information.

Sick in body and mind—disappointed and almost helpless—Mr. Milford went back to New York, after an absence of nearly two months. His wife had, by this time, to some extent recovered her reason, and was awaiting his return with an anxiety that may well be conceived. But he had no good news to bring. No intelligence that brought to her mind a gleam of hope.

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## CHAPTER X.

When Anne escaped with the child from the infuriated woman, whose anger she had braved in defence of the babe, she ran as fast as her feet would carry her to the residence of the physician before mentioned. He was in his office when she entered. Her face was flushed with excitement, and she exhibited strong agitation. The physician knew her the moment she came in.

“Is the child worse?” he inquired, as the girl stood panting before him.

“No,” she said, trying to speak with a composure that she did not feel, at the same time glancing with a look of anxiety from the window. “No, it is not worse than when you saw it; but the medicine has been spilled.”

“Before any of it was given to the child?”

“Yes.”

The physician without asking any further questions made another preparation of medicine, which was poured down the throat of the insensible babe. After this had been done, he said to Anne,

“You are the sister of this child I presume?”

Anne shook her head and simply replied, in an evasive manner, "No."

"You called the woman with whom you were in company, 'Mother.'"

"Yes."

"This is her child?"

Anne remained silent; but it was plain that a powerful struggle was going on in her mind. She bent her face to the floor in order to conceal its expression. When she looked up, which was in a few moments, her countenance had a composed aspect, and she then said,

"No. It is not her child."

"What then is she doing with it?" asked the doctor, upon whose mind vague suspicions were intruding themselves.

"That is of no consequence now to know," was answered. "Enough that I have fled from her to save its life; and that I intend restoring it to those who have the best right to have it, let the consequences to me be what they may. With this end in view I now seek your aid and protection. As a physician, you can see that there is something wrong about the child, and the nature of this you will understand when I tell you that for three months it has been under the constant influence of paregoric and laudanum."

An exclamation of painful surprise escaped the physician's lips, as he reached out his hands and said—

"Let me see the child."

After looking at it and examining it for a good while, he reached it back to the girl, remarking, with a slow shake of the head—

"Bad—bad—bad."

"Do you think it dangerously ill, doctor?" asked Anne, with a real anxiety in her manner, that gave the physician confidence in her good intentions and right feelings towards the child.

"I can tell little about it, as I said to your mother not long ago," he replied, "until the effects of the laudanum it has taken has passed off. That will not be for some hours yet."

"For some hours!" These words were uttered with a look of distress, and the girl glanced hurriedly from the window as she spoke.

"Did I understand you to say?" inquired the doctor, "that you had come to me seeking aid and protection for this child?"



"That is what I said." The girl looked earnestly into his face.

"What protection can I afford you?" asked the doctor.

"Conceal me from my mother in your house, or any where else, until the child is better, so that I can take it back to its friends, which I am now resolved to do."

"Who are its friends?"

The girl shook her head.

"Where do they live?"

"Ask me nothing more now. Believe that what I have told you is true, and let humanity lead you to grant my request."

The physician mused for some time in doubt what course to pursue.

"Wait a few moments," he at length said, and turning from the girl, went back into his house to hold a short consultation with one or two members of his family. When he came back into the office, he was accompanied by his wife, who, in her turn, asked many questions of Anne. But the girl, while she fully admitted that the child did not belong to her mother, and had been drugged, almost daily, for two or three months, was yet exceedingly cautious in her replies, from which nothing certain touching the real friends of the babe could be elicited. Her manner, however, left no doubt upon the minds of the physician and his wife that her story about the child was true, and her intention to restore it to its friends earnest and sincere. After some conference on the subject, it was determined to place her, for the present, in the family of a poor but kind-hearted woman who lived close by. To subdue the disease that was preying upon the little sufferer, was the first work to be done. After that was accomplished, if the thing were possible, it would be time enough to look further into the strange case.

Acting upon this view, the physician took Anne and the babe to the house of the woman mentioned, which stood a little back from the main street, and near to where he lived.

Nourishing food and tender care proved to be every thing to the child, and in the course of ten days she was so far recovered that Anne expressed a wish to continue her journey.

From the time she became an inmate of the family where the doctor had kindly placed her, Anne had maintained as much reserve as was possible. Many questions were asked that she could not decline answering altogether; but in replying, she had

said as little as possible, and that had always been vague and unsatisfactory to her auditors. When she mentioned to the woman with whom she was staying, her wish to go, that person said, in reply—

“Anne, you must not be surprised at what I am going to say. From your own admission, it is plain that you have no right to the possession of this child. You have obtained it by improper means, and it ought immediately to be restored to its friends—or to its parents, if they are living.”

“Just what I am most anxious to do,” replied Anne, interrupting the woman. “It is for this purpose that I wish to leave here as soon as the child can be safely removed.”

“But I am sure the doctor will object to your going.”

“Why should he?” asked Anne, with a troubled look.

“He will consider it his duty to detain you until he can communicate with the friends of the child.”

“Has he said this?” inquired the girl, in a firm voice.

“He has.”

Anne bent her head to the floor, and sat musing for a good while.

“The doctor could not act otherwise,” said the woman, breaking in upon her abstraction. “There was a great deal of excitement a few months ago about an infant having been stolen from its parents in New York under distressing circumstances, and this naturally puts all on their guard. How do we know that the child you have is not this very one?”

The woman did not see the deep flush that covered the face of Anne, which was now, besides being bent down, turned partly away.

“Then I am to understand,” said she, firmly, after sitting silent for awhile, looking up as she spoke, “that the doctor does not intend to let me go away?”

“Not yet, Anne. It would be wrong for him, under the circumstances, to permit it. If you really desire to restore this babe to its friends, inform the doctor who they are. He will immediately write to them, and they will come themselves and receive it from your hands.”

The girl merely compressed her lips firmly, and slightly shook her head. The woman continued to talk, but she maintained a perfect silence, and never after, while she remained in the house, did she, either to the woman or the doctor, give the slightest re-

sponse to any question or proposal touching the child. On that subject, she continued to observe the most perfect silence.

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## CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Milford had partly recovered from the paralyzing effects of his late severe disappointment, and his mind was beginning to mature new plans of operation looking to the recovery of his child, when he one morning received by post the following letter from a small town in Pennsylvania.

“DEAR SIR:—After some effort, I have succeeded in finding a copy of the ‘New York Evening Post,’ published a few months back, in which I saw a notice that you had lost a child, and I write to you immediately to say, that a woman and a young girl came to our village two weeks ago, having in their possession an infant about six months old, which, by the acknowledgment of the girl to me, did not rightfully belong to either of them. The child being ill, I, as a physician, was called in. I saw, at once, that something was wrong; for the child was in a heavy, drugged sleep, and the reason given for having administered a dose so powerful, did not satisfy me. After leaving a prescription, I went away, promising to call a few hours later and examine the child more carefully after the effects of the laudanum had passed off.

“It appears that, soon after I left, the woman and her daughter had a serious quarrel; and that, while it was progressing, the former threw the medicine out of the window, and made some threat against the child; what, I have not been able to learn. The effect of this was, to cause the girl to escape from her, and throw herself upon my protection. Her only thought and anxiety appeared to be for the child; which was indeed very ill, and her avowed purpose was to restore it to its parents. No mother could have regarded a babe with more earnest and affectionate solicitude than she did this one. We could scarcely get it from her arms, and she never once lay down, nor closed her eyes in sleep, until I pronounced it out of danger.

“Soon after this girl came to my house I gave such informa-

tion to the proper authorities as would lead to the detention of her mother. But when inquiry was made for her at the tavern, she was not to be found, and has not since been seen in the neighborhood.

“From the first, I sought, diligently, to obtain from the girl such information as would enable me to ascertain who were the real friends of the child, that I might communicate with them. But, on this subject, nothing intelligible could be learned. She admitted that the child had been taken away from its parents, and she at the same time avowed it as her purpose to restore it to their possession as soon as it was well enough to be removed. As in duty bound, however, I objected to her going away alone, and earnestly besought her to let me know who were the babe’s friends, that I might write to them. But she continued to maintain the most entire reserve on this point. In the meantime, I was making every effort to find the newspaper in which I had seen a notice of the loss you had sustained. Not until yesterday did I succeed in obtaining the information so much desired; but, alas! it was just too late, for some time in the middle of the night previous, the girl escaped with the infant, and has thus far baffled all efforts to discover her.

“It is probable—very probable—that her intention is to restore the child to its parents immediately; and, if it is yours, I sincerely hope that soon after this reaches you, it will be safely lodged on its mother’s bosom.

“The girl of whom I speak is a little above the medium height, with a fair, delicate, interesting face, deep blue eyes, and brown hair. She is retiring, and seems, most of the time, to be in a state of absent-mindedness. Her manners are easy, and her address good. I could not help feeling prepossessed in her favor, being satisfied that the false position she held to society was exceedingly repugnant to her. All natural regard for the woman she called her mother appears to be extinguished in her mind; and it is evidently her wish that the separation now existing shall be permanent.

“Of one thing, my dear sir, be assured; if this is your child, it will receive the kindest treatment at her hands. No mother could have evinced more tenderness and anxiety; and if it is not already restored, I am sure it will be right speedily. Do not deal with the unhappy girl too harshly, if she does come in person and present you your child. Some intention

like this seemed to be in her mind, and I do earnestly hope that it will have been acted upon by the time this reaches you. There is good in the girl, however her associations and the warping nature of circumstances may have bent her character from its natural upright form, and if it leads her to make restitution for evil, it ought not to be extinguished by visiting upon her head, to the fullest extent, the legal consequences of her conduct.

“Yours, &c.,

J—— L——.”

Again was the whole mind of Mr. Milford aroused to the highest pitch of anxiety and hope. His hands, with both of which he had grasped the letter, trembled so after he had read the first line, that it was with difficulty he could make out the words and connect them into sentences. As soon, however, as he understood clearly the contents of the letter, he left his store and hurried home to read it to his wife, whose mind was gradually attaining clearness of perception, and, with it, strength to bear the exquisite pain it brought. He found her kind friend Mrs. Lewis with her.

“News of our child!” he said, with much agitation of manner as he came, hurriedly, into the room where they were sitting, holding the letter he had received, in his hand.

Mrs. Milford became instantly pale, while the expression of her face was painful in its blended eagerness and hope. Her husband read the letter he had received aloud, yet in an agitated manner. When he had concluded, Mrs. Milford was weeping violently, and Mrs. Lewis was by her side with earnestly uttered words of encouragement.

Before the first excitement produced by this intelligence had subsided, and while the tears were still glistening on the sad face of the unhappy mother, a slight confusion of voices was heard in the hall below, followed by the sound of light feet quickly ascending the stairs. A moment more and the door of the room in which they were sitting opened, and Mary Smith, as she had called herself, or rather Anne, entered with the lost babe in her arms. This sudden appearance completely paralyzed the mother, and she sat, almost motionless, with staring eyes and cheeks blanched to ashy paleness. But Mrs. Lewis sprang forward, and taking the child from the girl, laid it in her arms and against her bosom. Oh! what a wild thrill of delight passed electrically through the mother’s frame, as she felt her

babe once more upon her breast. Her mind, that was just sinking beneath the excitement of joy at the recovery of her child, as it had before sunk under its loss, rallied with the thrilling touch, and she clasped the babe tightly to her bosom, while murmured thanks to Heaven for its restoration, fervently breathed, fell from her quivering lips.

Mr. Milford was so overcome that he was unable to stand, and he grasped tightly the chair into which he had almost fallen in order to support himself. For a time no one thought of or spoke to Anne, who remained standing near, a silent but by no means indifferent spectator of what was passing. When Mrs. Lewis, recollecting herself, turned her eyes and thoughts upon the girl, she saw that tears were glistening beneath her drooping lashes, and that upon her young and really beautiful face, was a profound expression of sadness. In spite of the unfavorable opinion which she had necessarily formed of her, Mrs. Lewis could not help feeling a strange interest in the girl, and an instant desire to save her from the serious consequences likely to fall upon her if she were delivered over to the tender mercies of the law, charged with the dreadful crime of child-stealing. Rising, she advanced to where she was standing, and looking her in the face, said,

“Come.”

The girl turned and followed her into another room.

“Sit down here,” said Mrs. Lewis, when they were alone, pointing to a chair beside one that she had taken.

Anne obeyed in silence, but with her large, earnest eyes fixed intently upon the face of Mrs. Lewis.

There was a pause of some moments.

“Your name is not Mary Smith?” said Mrs. Lewis, merely to break ground between them.

The girl shook her head.

“It is Anne,” resumed Mrs. Lewis.

A quick flush of surprise went over her face.

“We learned as much,” continued Mrs. Lewis, thinking it best to approach the girl in this way, “from a letter just received from Doctor L——, giving information of the fact that you were in the town where he resided.”

The girl, at this remark, became strongly agitated.

“Did he say I was kind to the babe?” she asked, in a low, tremulous, earnest voice.

“He did,” replied Mrs. Lewis; “as kind as a mother could have been.”

“I am glad of that!—glad of that!” said the girl, with much apparent emotion. “Bad as I am, I never was unkind to a babe.”

“But why, Anne—why did you take it from its mother? That was not only unkind, but cruel!”

A slight tremor went through the girl’s frame. But she did not reply.

“Yes,” resumed Mrs. Lewis, “that was a cruel thing. To rob a mother of her babe as you did. Oh! it was a most wicked act. No language can picture the suffering you occasioned. The death of the child would have been nothing in comparison. How, how could you find it in your heart to commit such a dreadful wrong?”

The slight tremor which had been observed in Anne’s frame, deepened into strong agitation; and the excitement of her mind at length expended itself in a wild paroxysm of tears. Mrs. Lewis waited until she had grown calm, her interest in the girl increasing every moment. She then said—

“I cannot think you are all bad—that you are wicked and cruel by nature. And yet, Anne, this act of deceiving a mother so deliberately, that you might rob her of her babe, is of such a dreadful character, that, when I think of it, I can hardly imagine the person who could be guilty of the deed to possess a single redeeming quality of mind. What—what could have tempted you to engage in such cruel work?”

Anne, who had by this time recovered her self-command, raised her eyes to the face of Mrs. Lewis, and looked at her for some moments.

“I can hardly hope,” she murmured, in a sad voice, “to make any one believe, after having done so wicked, so cruel a thing, that I have a single good quality in me. But I have not come here to ask you to think well of me; nor with the hope of mercy. I could have left the babe where its parents could have got it again, and escaped myself. But, I do not care to do that. I wished to atone for my crime as far as I could, by safely delivering the babe into its home, leaving all consequences to myself out of the question entirely. Indeed, in the state of mind to which I have been reduced, I think little about consequences. I know of none more to be dreaded than the life I have led for

the last few years. Heaven knows I would rather die than pass over it again!"

"But why did you consent to lead such a life?" inquired Mrs. Lewis.

"Why? Ask the child why it obeys its parent!" returned Anne, with a flushing cheek.

"Then what you did was repugnant to your feelings?"

"Oh, madam!" said Anne, looking into the face of Mrs. Lewis with an expression that appealed at once to her heart; "If you could only know how my heart has ached while I obeyed my mother, you would pity me. If you could only know how the struggle I have had for years between duty and affection for my mother, and my own awakening sense of right, you would not think so badly of me as you now do. Mine has been a dreadful life; but the worst evil of it is at last over. Imprisonment will be nothing to the past. Shut up in a quiet cell, I would be safe from those who would drag me along evil ways, and have time to repent and pray."

The lips of the girl again quivered, and her voice choked and sunk into a low sob. The feelings of Mrs. Lewis were deeply touched.

"For what end did your mother get possession of this babe?" she asked.

"It was a means of creating sympathy in the minds of kind-hearted but weak people, from whom money could be obtained."

"Was that the sole purpose in view?"

"It was. A mother, with a young babe in her arms, and in destitute circumstances, does not often ask for aid in vain, if she be careful to make her appeals in the right way and to the right persons."

"Did your mother get much money in this way?"

"Oh, yes. A good deal more than we ever spent. She has money laid up in the Savings' Bank here, also in Boston, and at two or three other places."

"In what name?"

"Do not ask me that!" said the girl, quickly. "Is she not my mother?"

There was a touching pathos in the way this was said.

"If no effort is made to detain you here, will you go back to your mother?" asked Mrs. Lewis.



"Never!" was most emphatically replied. "While a child I might be obedient to her and not sin; but that time is past. We can never be as mother and daughter again. I have already done too much violence to my own clear sense of right."

"If at liberty now to retire, free of all consequences, where would you go?—or what would you do?"

"I know not where I would go, nor what I would do," she returned sadly.

"Have you money?"

Anne shook her head.

"How did you get here?"

"I had just enough to pay my way to New York."

"All is not evil," said Mrs. Lewis to herself. "Heinous as her offence has been, it may not be well to visit upon her its severest consequence. She has not been a free agent in this matter. Now that she has asserted her freedom, and acts from her own native impulses, she turns to good, and makes restitution as far as in her lies."

"Anne," and the lady again addressed the girl,—“if I can prevail upon these people to spare you, will you come into my family for a short time? If your repentance prove sincere, I will obtain for you some useful employment in which you will be freed from the temptations of your past unhappy life.”

"Do with me as you will," returned Anne, exhibiting a certain abandonment of manner, that indicated a humbled, almost broken spirit. "I have little to hope for in life now. From the one I should love, I have turned away; and we can never again be to each other what we once were. There is no one now for me to look to; no one whom I can call my friend."

"A new life will bring new friends, Anne," returned Mrs. Lewis, who, every moment felt herself growing more and more interested in the young girl, about whom there was an intelligence and a moral sense far beyond what she had at first supposed to exist. "Let us hope for the best. And now, do you remain here for a little while. I will see Mr. and Mrs. Milford, and say all I can in your favor."

When Mrs. Lewis returned to the overjoyed parents, and related what had passed between her and Anne, coming as it did upon the favorable impression produced by the letter of Doctor L——, and added to the fact, that the girl had voluntarily come back under circumstances of sacrifice and pain to herself,

she found no difficulty in prevailing upon them to yield to her wishes.

"You are to go with me, if you will," said Mrs. Lewis, on returning to the room where she had left Anne.

A light glanced fitfully across the girl's countenance, as these words fell upon her ears. She did not reply, but there was a look of gratitude upon her suffering face as she arose to accompany the lady. They were near the street door, when she paused and said, in a hesitating voice—

"May I not see the baby before I go?"

"Oh, yes."

And they turned and went up stairs again.

"Anne wishes to see the baby before she goes," said Mrs. Lewis, as they entered the room where Mrs. Milford sat beside her husband, with her babe still drawn tightly to her bosom.

Mr. Milford slightly frowned, and Mrs. Milford was disturbed by the request. But no objection was made. Anne came forward timidly. As the mother let her arm fall, and thus turned the face of little Blanche outwards, Anne stooped down and kissed her tenderly. When she rose up quickly and turned away, there was a tear on the fair brow of the unconscious babe.

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## CHAPTER XII.

Anne had not been long in the family of Mrs. Lewis, before that lady, in spite of many arguments held with herself, formed an attachment for her; and Mr. Lewis, though his prejudice was at first instinctive and strong, found it gradually wearing away, until it changed to a sentiment kindred with that of his wife.

Though raised by such a mother, the girl had not been entirely neglected. For several years she had been at school in the vicinity of Boston, and having, naturally, an intelligent mind, had, during the time, acquired a tolerably good education. There was an air of refinement, too, in her manners, and a na-

tive grace in her carriage, that no one could help observing. Month after month she remained with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, but in entire seclusion, winning upon their hearts every day; and every day feeling more and more drawn to them. Gradually the reserve she manifested at first wore off, and she related many sad particulars of her wandering life. But, touching the woman whom she called her mother, she was careful to give no information of a kind likely to result in arrest and punishment. The girl who had accompanied Mr. Milford to Philadelphia and Lancaster, she said she knew very well; and mentioned that she had come to her mother shortly after the child was taken, and while they were in Philadelphia, and informed her that Mr. Milford was in the city, and in search of her. It was then agreed that Jane should give him such information as would lead him to go to Lancaster, while they escaped from the city in another direction.

“But, against all this lying and wrong,” said Anne, “my heart rebelled more and more every day. I went to Mrs. Milford and told a story that had been put into my mouth by my mother; but I told it with painful reluctance, and my heart was sad in view of the great evil I was about to commit. No one knows but myself the struggle it cost me to take away that dear babe from its mother, nor the anguish of mind I suffered after it was done. Not a very long time passed before the thought of restoring it entered my mind; but whenever this was done, I was well satisfied that there would occur an angry separation between myself and my mother. I could not make up my mind at first to meet this consequence; but at last, so clearly did I see what it was right for me to do, that I hesitated no longer; and I have ceased not since to be thankful that I had strength to carry out the resolution I had made.”

Once more in her mother's arms, little Blanche soon recovered from the effects of the sad treatment she had received while in the possession of the wretched woman who had obtained and used her as a means of extorting money from the simple-minded and credulous. Anne had a yearning desire to see the child she had watched over for months with more than a common interest; but she did not ask for permission to look upon its sweet young face. She knew that in the dwelling of Mr. Milford, her presence would be thought an intrusion and her breath upon the babe, a blight. Since she had been in the house of Mr. and

Mrs. Lewis, and more especially since an attachment towards her had become apparent, the parents of Blanche had shown some coldness towards their old friends. The two families visited far less frequently; for the common bond of sympathy no longer existed. While the babe was away, a mutual bereavement awoke a kindred and uniting sentiment. But Mr. and Mrs. Milford no longer mourned a lost child; and could now easily find reasons for not feeling as much interest, or seeing as much to like, in Mr. and Mrs. Lewis as before.

The interest awakened in the mind of Mrs. Lewis for a girl like Anne, presenting herself before her as she did, under such revolting circumstances, may have arisen, and probably did, to some extent, from a hope that through her connexion with a woman, professedly a child stealer, she might be able to give her some information that would throw a gleam of light, at least, on the dark cloud that hung over the fate of her own lost one. Many and various were the questions she asked of Anne on this subject, but nothing upon which her mind could rest with any degree of confidence was elicited.

One day, it was nearly a year after Anne had become an inmate of the family, Mrs. Lewis received a note, written on a soiled piece of paper, desiring her to come immediately to a certain house in the lower part of the city, the number of which was given, as there was a person there, near to death, who had something of importance to communicate. The first thought of Mrs. Lewis was of her lost child. She obeyed the summons instantly. The house at which she called proved to be a boarding house, of rather common description. On making the necessary inquiries, she was shown into a small room in the third story in which were two persons.—One a woman, evidently very ill and near to her end; and the other probably a nurse or attendant.

“My name is Mrs. Lewis,” said the visitor, as she approached the bed. “Did you send for me?”

With a motion of the hand, the sick woman indicated her wish that the person who was with her should leave the room. The attendant arose and retired.

“Madam,” said the stranger, partly rising up and speaking in a hoarse whisper and with an effort, though without the betrayal of much feeling—“Madam! sixteen years ago I did you a great wrong!”

“My child!” exclaimed Mrs. Lewis, in the eager excitement

of her feelings, and unable to control herself. "Does she yet live?"

"She is yet alive," said the dying woman.

"Thank God! Thank God! But oh! where is she? Quick! Tell me! Where will I find my child?"

The woman made an effort to reply, but, though her lips moved, no sound escaped, and she sunk back upon the pillow from which she had arisen.

"Quick! Quick! Oh! speak the word! Where is my child?"

And Mrs. Lewis bent her ear close to the lips of the dying woman.

"In your own house! Her name is Anne!" came thrilling upon her ears in a deeply breathed whisper.

Ten minutes from that exciting moment, Mrs. Lewis came hurriedly into the room where Anne sat reading.

"Anne!" she exclaimed wildly—"Anne! I have found my long lost child!"

The girl clasped her hands together and looked up with surprise and wonder. When the words,

"Where is she?" fell from her lips, she was in the arms of Mrs. Lewis, and the answer was—

"Here! Here, with her head against her mother's breast! Dear Anne! *you* are my long lost child! Heaven has been good to me! The gloomy night is past, and the sun has risen again. Oh! I will be thankful! I will be thankful!"

Again and again was the bewildered, excited and weeping girl clasped to her mother's bosom. Her cheeks were hot with kisses, and her sunny hair wet with tears of joy.

If a doubt intruded upon the mother it was quickly dispelled. Her eyes, that had been dim, were now open, and she saw in the face of Anne the features of her own sister; and the father, when the glad news came to him, saw in his recovered child, the likeness of her mother, and wondered that he had not seen it before.

On the day after, Anne went with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis to see the mortal remains of the woman, who, in dying, had owned to her real parentage. She proved to be the one she had known from infancy, as her mother. In her trunk was found a will, in which about a thousand dollars, deposited in a savings bank, was bequeathed to Anne Lewis, daughter of James and Marga-

ret Lewis of New York. Attached to the will was a paper sworn to before a magistrate, which made all clear as to who Anne Lewis was. There were points in the succinct history it gave which the parents of Anne clearly recognized, and they knew, from these, that the main fact stated, if there had been no other evidence satisfactory to them, must be true.

## LOVE TESTS OF HALLOWEEN.

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The eve of All-Saint's Day is memorable in Scotland as a time when the fairies hold a grand anniversary, and when witches and evil beings are abroad on errands of mischief. This superstition, modified in various ways, finds a place, also, among the peasantry of other nations. In the United States, Halloween used to be observed by country maidens as a time for trying sweethearts, and gaining such an intelligible peep into futurity as would enable them to find out whether they would be married or not; and if that happy event was to crown their lives, who would be the men of their choice. And even at this time, "Hollow-Eve," as it is called, is not suffered to come and go without the effort of some loving maidens to penetrate the mystery of their future. The modes of trying sweethearts, and the various love tests applied, are curious enough. Burning nuts, the love candles, eating an apple before the looking glass at midnight, the salt egg, and dropping melted lead through a key into a basin of water are a few of them, and all must be accompanied by particular ceremonies, or incantations, in order that they may have the desired power to lift the veil of futurity.

A few years ago, we spent Halloween in the family of a friend who resides fifty miles away from any large town, in the interior of Pennsylvania. He had three marriageable daughters, who, it may be presumed, felt as much interest in the great question of matrimony, as is usual in girls of their ages; and, on the occasion referred to, something of what they thought and felt was clearly enough displayed. One member of the family was an old aunt, whose kind, gentle character and cheerful disposition, made her a favorite with all. She was a widow. Twen-

ty years had gone by since the grass became green over the grave of her husband. She often referred to the past, but not in a spirit of sadness or regret. And when she spoke of her husband the allusion seemed more to one who was living than dead. And living, in fact, he was to her. The deep affection that was in her heart, made him ever present to her thoughts, and she lived in full confidence of a re-union, when she, too, should lay off the mortal robes that enveloped her spirit, and rise into a true and substantial life.

To be with Aunt Edith for half an hour, was to feel towards her as towards an old friend. In less than that time, on our first meeting, I was as much at home with her as if we had been acquainted for years. For her young nieces aunt Edith entertained the warmest affection. It is doubtful if she could have loved her own children more tenderly. She was ever ready to take an interest in what interested them; and entered into all their pleasures with a heartiness that made them her own. On the evening to which I have referred, as we sat pleasantly conversing before a bright fire in the parlor, almost the first of the season, Aunt Edith said, as if the thought had just occurred to her, addressing, as she spoke, the oldest of her nieces—

“Why, Maggy, dear! this is Hollow-Eve. Have you forgotten?”

“So it is!” cried Maggy, in return, clapping her hands together with girlish enthusiasm.

“Hollow-Eve!” chimed in Kate, the youngest of the three.

“Oh! we must try sweethearts to-night.”

“Sweethearts!” said Mr. Wilmot, the father of the girls, in a grave voice. “Nonsense! Nonsense! child! What do you want to know about sweethearts?”

Kate slightly blushed; but her smile was so radiant that it quickly extinguished the deep hue that had come over her bright young countenance. She did not, however, reply to her father’s question, but looked into the face of aunt Edith for encouragement.

“Wait awhile, dear,” said aunt Edith. “Your father don’t understand these matters. But I was a young girl once, and know all about them.”

“Trying sweethearts! Why, I thought that custom was peculiar only to the Scotch and Irish peasantry.”

Aunt Edith looked at me and smiled.



"In cities," she replied, "these customs are hardly known; but here, they have always prevailed among portions of the people. Halloween, though not kept with the formality attending the occasion in the rural districts of Ireland or Scotland, is yet remembered by hundreds of young maidens, who live far away from the great towns, and who improve the occasion to get, if possible, a peep into futurity, and read therein an answer to their hearts' eager questions."

"Can it really be," said I, in return, "that superstition like this prevails in an age and among a people so enlightened. Fortune tellers would find a rich harvest in these regions."

"Not richer, I presume," returned aunt Edith, "than among your more enlightened dwellers in cities."

"True; we have fortune-tellers and astrologers in abundance, and they appear to find enough silly people to encourage and support them. But what is the nature of these love tests that so many of your country maidens apply on Hollow-Eve?"

Aunt Edith smiled as she answered—

"They are of various kinds. Among the most common is burning nuts on the hearth. A young maiden will take two nuts, and naming one for the man who is, or whom she would like to have for, her sweetheart, and the other for herself, she puts them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, will be the future relation borne towards each other by the lad and lassie! Don't you remember these verses in Burn's 'Halloween'?"

The auld gudewife's well hoarded nits  
 Are round an' round divided,  
 An' monie lads an' lasses' fates  
 Are there that night decided;  
 Some kindle couthie\*, side by side,  
 And burn thegither trimly;  
 Some start awa' with saucy pride,  
 And jump out ower the chimlie  
 Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twain wi' tentie e'e,†  
 What 'twas she wad na tell;  
 But this is *Jock* and this is *me*,  
 She says it to hersel;  
 He bleez'd ower her and she ower him,  
 As they wad ne'er more part!

\* Lovingly.

† Watchful eye.

"Till fuff,\* he started up the lum,†  
 An' Jean had e'en a sair heart  
 To see't that night."

The girls were all listening with fixed attention, and even Mr. Wilmot was interested.

"This, as I remarked," continued aunt Edith, "is one of the commonest modes of trying sweethearts. There are many others, and some of them involve ordeals that would make the stoutest nerves quiver."

"Did you ever try any of them?" I enquired, half forgetting myself in asking so pointed a question.

"Perhaps I have," replied aunt Edith, smilingly. "A young maiden will go through a great deal in order to get some kind of an answer to a question that so deeply involves her happiness. But you musn't expect me to make any confessions."

"Oh no, we won't ask that," said I, "but you will not object to relating some experiments of this kind that you have known others make?"

"Certainly not. When I was a young girl, a great deal more attention was paid to the Eve of All-Saint's Day than at present, and love-stricken lasses would look forward for months for its arrival in order to try their sweethearts. You remember Lizzie Wells, afterwards Mrs. Jackson?"

"Oh, very well," replied Mr. Wilmot, to whom the question was addressed.

"I shall never forget one of her attempts to raise the spirit of her future spouse. Poor girl! It turned out rather a serious matter for the time. She was a timid, bashful thing, and was particularly sensitive when any one jested with her about a sweetheart. It is usually the case, that love-charms are tried by at least two, and sometimes three or four, girls, in order that they may brace up each others' courage. But Lizzie had no sister as a confidante, and there was no maiden of her acquaintance to whom she would betray the anxiety she felt on the momentous subject of love. So, on Hallow-Eve, she must try her sweetheart all alone, or still remain in doubt. But doubt had pressed upon her bosom, until it could be borne no longer. As the day that closed the month of October began to fade into twilight, Lizzie's resolution in regard to a certain experiment, which

\* With a puff, or bounce.

† Chimney.

had been strong when the bright sun looked down from the sky, began to waver. Clouds had heaved themselves up in the west, and the cold autumn wind began to moan among the old forest trees. The young girl felt a creeping shudder pass through her frame, as her imagination pictured the wierd hour of midnight, and herself, alone, seeking by strange rites to conjure up the spirit of her lover. But, the thought of one who, of all others she had yet seen, embodied in her eyes the highest human perfections, and the uncertainty that accompanied this thought, brought her mind back again to its first resolution. To have some sure knowledge on this subject was worth almost any trial, and the strong desire she felt for its possession, nerved her heart again for the task she had laid upon herself.

"As night closed in, the air became tempestuous. The wind rushed and moaned through the trees that were near and around her father's dwelling. Every window rattled; and the shutters and gates seemed as if moved by some spirit-hands, for they were still scarcely a moment at a time. Lizzie saw in all this disturbance of the elements, a sign that weired ones were abroad, and you may well suppose that her heart trembled when she thought of the experiment she was about to make. When Hallow-Eve occurred just one year before, she had tried one of the ordinary love-charms; but its indications were not satisfactory to her mind."

"What was it?" asked Kate.

"The salt egg," replied aunt Edith.

"Oh!"

"The salt egg! What is that?" I enquired.

"One or two, or more young girls, as the case may happen to be," said aunt Edith, "sit up until the witching hour of midnight; then in the ashes they roast each an egg, from which, after it is done, the hard yolk is taken, and the cavity made in the egg by this removal filled with salt. Precisely at twelve o'clock at night, the white of the egg is to be eaten with this salt, and then, without drinking, the parties go to bed. Of course they get very dry in the night, and dream of water, and it is averred, that, in the dream, the spirit of the lover presents a cup of water. If the damsel dream that she takes the water and drinks it, the one by whom it is presented will be her future husband; but if she refuse to take it, she will not marry the man, and there are chances in favor of her dying a maid."

"Did you ever try the salt egg, aunty?" enquired Kate, with an arch look.

"Nonsense, child! Don't ask your aunt such a question," said Mr. Wilmot, laughing.

"Yes, dear!" was the good humored reply. "I've tried that charm."

"And how did it come out?" asked Maggy and Jane, both at once.

"All right," returned Aunt Edith, while a beautiful smile played about her features. "Well," she continued, "as I was saying, Lizzie had tried the salt egg, but it had not proved so satisfactory as she had desired, and she resolved to work out a deeper charm, and to interrogate the future by a more earnest rite. What this should be, had for many days been a subject of debate in her mind. The most certain spell was that of the south running spring or rivulet. But, not within half a mile was there such a stream in the right location. To make this trial of sweethearts a sure one, the person must go, after dark, to a stream running south, and just where three estates meet, dip the left sleeve in the water. She must then sleep in a room where there is a fire, and on going to bed, hang up the garment with the wet sleeve to dry. Of course she must lie awake until midnight, at which time the spirit of the future husband will enter the room, go up to the fire, turn the sleeve as if to dry the other side, and then go away again. But, as I said, this ceremony was out of the question, for Lizzie, even if her nerves would have been strong enough for the trial, there being no southward running spring within a convenient distance. Other plans were next debated, and the final conclusion was to eat an apple before a looking-glass, just as the clock struck twelve, in the hope of seeing the apparition of her spouse to be looking at her, over her shoulder. At first thought this may seem but a little matter; but let any one try it, and she will find her courage put to a severe test.

"A dozen times, as the lonely evening passed away, and Lizzie hearkened to the troubled roar of the storm without—for the rain had begun to fall—did her heart fail her. But the intense desire she felt to know something certain in regard to her lover, brought back her wavering resolution. There was no one at home but her father and mother, and they retired to bed, as was their usual custom, about nine o'clock. Three

hours yet remained before the all-potent love test could be tried, and there was full time for Lizzie's already weakened nerves to become sensitive to the utmost degree. In order to make the time pass less wearily, she took up some work and tried to sew. But her hand was so tremulous that she could not hold the needle, and, after a few trials, she was forced to abandon the attempt. She next tried to read, but with no better success. Her eyes passed from word to word over the open page, but there was not the slightest connection between the words in the book and the ideas that were passing through her mind. Half an hour was spent in this way, and then, startled by a noise as of some one trying to open the outside door, she looked up and listened intensely, while her heart throbbed so heavily that she could distinctly hear every pulsation, and feel them as strokes upon her bosom. As she listened, other sounds became apparent. There was the noise as of feet walking around the house; voices were heard in the moaning wind, and cries from the distant forest. Now there seemed to be a knocking at the window pane, and she half turned herself to look, her heart shrinking lest some fearful apparition should meet her eyes. Even in the room, the deep silence was broken by strange sounds—something rustled in one corner, and rattled in another; and even the fire blazed on the hearth with an unearthly murmur; while the sparks flew suddenly out, and darted across the room, as if instinct with some living purpose.

“ Thus it was that the hours crept slowly on. But, still firm to her purpose, Lizzie, though her heart was almost paralyzed with superstitious fear, kept her lonely vigil. At length the clock, which had ticked with a louder and louder noise as time wore on towards midnight, pointed to the minute mark before twelve. Up to this time, the storm without had been steadily increasing. But now there came a sudden lull in the tempest, and the roar of the wind sunk into a low, sobbing moan, that sounded strangely human.

“ The hour had come. Upon the table by which Lizzie sat, stood the candle, and near it the apple which must be eaten as a part of the spell that was to raise the spirit of her lover. Strongly tempted was Lizzie, at this crisis, to rush from the room, and abandon the bold experiment. Both hands of the clock would be on the point that marked the close of Halloween in a few seconds, and, if she did not act now, the secret she so ardently

desired to penetrate would still be hidden from her eyes. She felt awful in that moment of deep suspense. Her heart ceased for an instant to beat, and then bounded on again in troubled throbbings. Then, with a kind of desperate energy she caught up the candle and apple, and turned to the glass that hung against the wall. As she did so, the brief lull in the tempest expired, and the wind, as if it had gained new power, rushed past with a wilder sound, and shook the house to its very foundation.

"One glance into the mirror, as the hammer of the clock began to fall, sufficed. A wild scream, thrilling through the house, accompanied by a noise, as of some one falling heavily, aroused the sleeping parents. When they descended to the room below, they found Lizzie prostrate on the floor, in a state of total insensibility."

"Why aunt!" exclaimed Kate, in a husky voice.

"What did she see?" asked Maggy, who had been listening with breathless attention.

"It was many hours before the frightened girl came back to consciousness," said aunt Edith. "I saw her on the day afterwards, and she looked as if she had been sick for a month. We were intimate, and on my asking her some questions, she told me what she had done, and avowed, that, as she looked into the glass, she distinctly saw the face of a man peering over her shoulder."

"But you didn't believe her," said Mr. Wilmot.

"Did she know the person whom she saw?" asked Maggy.

"Yes. She told me who it was, and they were afterwards married."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Wilmot. "I'm really surprized at you sister! You will turn these silly girls' heads. You surely don't believe that she saw any face in the glass besides her own?"

"In imagination she did, without doubt. The fact of her fainting from alarm shows that."

"But you say, aunt Edith, that she afterwards married the person she saw?"

"Yes, dear. But that is no very strange part of the story. Young ladies are not famous for keeping secrets, you know. I told a young friend, in confidence of course, what Lizzie had told me. She, though bound to secrecy, very naturally confided



THE APPLE CHARM.

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the story to her particular friend and confidante; and so it went, until the young man came to hear of it. It so happened, that both he and Lizzie were rather modest sort of young people, and though mutually in love with each other, shrunk from letting any sign thereof become manifest. At a distance, the young man worshipped, scarcely hoping that he would ever be, in the eyes of the maiden, more than a friend or acquaintance. But, when he heard of the love test, and was told that his face had appeared to the maiden, he took courage. The next time he met Lizzie he drew to her side as naturally as iron draws to the magnet; and as he looked into her mild, blue eyes, he saw that they were full of tenderness. The course of true love ran smoothly enough after that. On next Halloween they were made one, in the very room where, a year before, the never-to-be-forgotten love charm was tried.

On the next morning, neither of the sisters were very bright. Maggy was pale; Jane did not make her appearance at the breakfast table, and Kate looked so thoughtful, as she sipped her coffee with a spoon and only pretended to eat, that her mother enquired seriously as to the cause.

Kate blushed and seemed a little confused, but said nothing was the matter.

"I hope you hav'nt been so silly as to try sweethearts," remarked Mr. Wilmot.

Instantly the tell-tale blood mounted to the brow of Kate. Maggy, likewise, found her color, and rather more of it than her cheeks were wont to bear.

"Why, girls!" exclaimed the father, who had spoken more in jest than in earnest, "can it be possible—"

But, before he could finish the sentence, both Kate and Maggy had risen from the table—their faces like scarlet—and were hastily leaving the room.

"Really!" said Mr. Wilmot, "I thought better of them girls! What nonsense! This is all your fault, sister. I shouldn't at all wonder if you were up with them, trying *your* sweetheart."

Aunt Edith smiled, in her quiet, self-possessed way, as she replied—

"I hardly think, brother, you will find it any thing more serious than eating a salt egg on going to bed, or some trifling affair like that; for which I can readily excuse a young maiden."

"To think they should be so weak as to believe in nonsense of this kind," said the father. "I hoped that my daughters had better sense."

"Don't take the matter so seriously, brother," replied aunt Edith to this. "It has only been a little frolic."

"It has been rather a serious one, I should think, to judge from the effects produced. Jane, I presume, is too much indisposed to get up, and I am sure both Maggy and Kate look as if they had been sick for a week."

"They'll all come out bright enough before noon. Don't fear for that."

The girls however, were not themselves again during the whole day. Jane's absence from the breakfast table was in consequence of a nervous headache, from which she suffered nearly all day. And Kate and Maggy continued to look thoughtful, and to keep as much away from the rest of the family as possible.

It came out, before night, that each of the girls, on retiring at twelve o'clock, had eaten a "salt egg." The consequence to Jane was a sick headache, and the others did not feel much better. As to their dreams, they wisely kept their own counsel. That these had some effect upon their spirits, was, no doubt, correctly inferred.

"That a young girl, after sitting up until twelve o'clock at night, thinking of a certain nice young man, and then eating half a cupfull of salt, should dream that she was thirsty, and that this certain young man came and offered her water to drink is not a very wonderful occurrence; and might be accounted for on very very natural principles."

"Of course," replied aunt Edith, to whom the remark was made, as we sat, all but the girls conversing before the parlor fire on the evening of that day. "And yet, I have known of cases where the dreams that came, were singularly prophetic. As for instance:—a young friend of mine, when I was a girl, tried, though under engagement of marriage, this experiment. She dreamed that her lover came and offered her water, and that she declined taking it, which is considered an unfavorable omen. In a month afterwards, although the time for the wedding was fixed, the young man deserted for another."

"All that may have occurred," said Mr. Wilmot, "without there being any connection between the dream and the after event."

"Oh, certainly. Yet, you must own that the coincidence was a little singular," returned aunt Edith.

"There are hundreds of coincidences, occurring daily, that are far more remarkable."

"Very true. But will you say, positively, that indications of things about to occur are never given? That no shadow of a coming event, is ever projected upon our pathway, as we move through life?"

"As I do not *know*, positively, any thing on the subject, I will assert nothing. But, as a general principle, we are aware that Providence wisely withholds from us a knowledge of the future, in order that we may remain in perfect freedom. If the knowledge of future events was given, our freedom would be destroyed, for the certainty of approaching calamity, or favorable fortune, would destroy our ability to act efficiently in the present. And as, for so good a reason, our Creator draws a veil over the future, I think it wrong for us to use any means for the removal of that veil."

"To any one," replied aunt Edith, "whose mind is as clear on this subject as yours, all seeking after future knowledge would be wrong. But, all are not so enlightened. All have not the intelligence nor ability to think wisely on Providence, and its operations with men. To such, in their weakness, the kind Providence that withholds, as a general good, may grant particular glimpses into the future, as the result of certain forms which may determine spiritual influences; as was the case in ancient times, when oracles gave their mysterious answers."

"I'm afraid, sister, said Mr. Wilmot, "that you have a vein of superstition in your character."

"No," returned aunt Edith. "I believe I am as free from superstition as one need wish to be. But I look upon the operations of Providence with man as designed for his spiritual good, and as coming down to meet him even in his lowest and most ignorant state, in order to elevate him. There may be a condition of the human mind that needs, for its aid, some sign from the world of spirits, and wherever that state exists, such signs will be given. In the barbarous times of any nation, we find a belief in supernatural agencies, in signs, tokens and oracles, a prominent characteristic. This is not so much an accidental circumstance, as a providential arrangement, by which to keep alive in the mind the idea of a spiritual world. The same is

true among the unenlightened classes at the present day; and the reason is of a similar character. To people who know no better than to seek, by certain forms, to penetrate the future, true answers may be permitted, sometimes, to their enquiries, and this for a higher good than the one they are seeking.

At this point in the conversation, the young ladies came into the room and the subject was changed. During the evening, allusion was again made to the topic upon which so much had already been said, when, in an answer to some question asked of aunt Edith, she related the following—

“Before I was married,” said she, “there was a certain young man who paid me many attentions, but whom, from some cause or other, I did not particularly fancy. He was an excellent young man, of a good family, and as sober and industrious as any in the neighborhood. Still, for all this, I felt more like repulsing than giving him encouragement. He saw that I avoided him when I could do so without appearing rude, and this made him more distant, yet I could see that his mind was on me. I would often meet his eyes when we were in company, and he would come to my side whenever he could do so without appearing to be intrusive. His many excellent qualities, and the manliness of character for which he was distinguished, prevented me from treating him otherwise than respectfully. As a friend I liked him, but when he approached, as was evidently the case, in the character of a lover, I could not be otherwise than cold and reserved. There were two or three other young men, who appeared fond of my company, any one of whom I would have accepted, had he offered himself, in preference to this one.”

“Such was the state of my love affairs when Halloween came round. A cousin—a young girl about my own age—was spending a few weeks in our family, and she and I talked over the matter of trying sweethearts. After looking at the subject in its various lights and shades, we finally determined to summon up the requisite courage, and burn a “love candle.” So, after all the family were in bed, which was not until after eleven o’clock, we began to make preparations for this ceremony. Burning the “love candle” is done in this way. A table is set with bread, cakes and fruit, or any other articles of food that may be selected. Plates for as many guests as are expected are also put upon the table, but no knives nor forks, lest the guests should,

by any accident, harm themselves. A little before midnight, a candle, in which a row of nine new pins have been placed, just below the wick, is lighted and set upon the table. The distance between the row of pins and the burning end of the candle must not be greater than will melt away by the time the hour of twelve strikes. When the candle burns down to the pins they drop, one after the other, and just as the last one falls, the apparitions of the future husbands of those who try the charm will enter, it is said, sit down to the table and eat, and then rise up and go away.

“ Well, Lydia and I determined that we would try this love charm ; so we arranged our table, placed upon it the candle in which were stuck the row of nine new pins, and sat down to wait the arrival of the hour that was to open for us a page of the future. I shall never forget the death-like stillness that reigned for a time through the room, nor how I started when the old house dog suddenly raised, almost under the window, a long, low, melancholy howl. My heart seemed to beat all over my body, and I could feel the hair rising on my head. After a quarter of an hour had elapsed, we lit the candle, and returned to our seats on the opposite side of the room to that in which the table was standing, almost crouching down in our chairs. As we did so, one of the shutters, which was merely drawn to without being fastened, flew open suddenly, and was slammed back against the side of the house, at the same time the wind began rushing and moaning through the trees. I felt awful. Spirits seemed all around me, and I looked, every moment, for some fearful apparition to blast our sight with its presence.

“ Steadily the hand passed from point to point, and from figure to figure, on the dial of the clock, my feelings becoming more and more excited every moment. At last came the warning that is given just before the striking of the hour, and the minute hand had but a point or two to pass before it was on the sign of twelve. My very breath was suspended. A few moments more, and then the hammer of the clock fell, and each stroke appeared as if made upon my heart. Suddenly there came a rush of wind past the house, and strange, wild, mournful tones it made ; then the door swung open, and in came the apparition of a man, I saw, in an instant, that it was the one of whom I have spoken. His face had a fixed, dreamy, and, it seemed to me, troubled expression. He went up slowly to the table,

and sitting down at the plate, took some fruit. For the space of nearly a minute it seemed to me, he remained there, motionless, but did not eat. Then rising, he turned away, and left the room. During the brief period he remained, he manifested not the slightest consciousness of our presence. You may be sure we did not remain long after he had retired, but went trembling up stairs, half frightened out of our wits, and buried ourselves beneath the clothes, without stopping to remove our garments, where we lay and shivered as if both of us had ague fits.

"Well, sure enough," continued aunt Edith, "it turned out as the sign had indicated. I was married to the young man, and my cousin died an old maid. It was all folly, I thought, to struggle against my fate, and so, from that memorable Hal-low-Eve, I received my lover's attentions with favor."

"And were you so weak as to believe that any one did really come in," said Mr. Wilmot.

"I was," returned aunt Edith.

"It was all your imagination," said the brother, positively.

"No, I believe not; I don't think it was possible for both of our eyes to be deceived."

"Then your cousin saw it too?"

"So she would have averred, had you asked her the day before her death."

Mr. Wilmot shook his head, while the girls looked credulous, and I noticed that Kate glanced slightly around, every now and then half fearfully.

"One day," resumed aunt Edith, "about two years after our marriage, something favoring an allusion to the subject, I said to my husband: 'There is one thing, that I never could bring myself to mention, and I hardly like to do it now.' 'What is that?' he asked. I then related to him minutely, all that I have told you this evening. He looked grave, and was thoughtful for some time. Then he said—'And there is also one thing, about which I have never felt free to speak to you. I remember that night well, and shall have cause to remember it as long as I live.' 'Were you conscious of any thing?' I asked eagerly. 'Yes, of a great deal,' he replied: 'I saw, in fact, all that passed.' 'In a dream?' said I. 'No, while awake—as fully awake as at this time. To throw off all disguise, and speak without mystery, I happened, on that night, to be going home at a late hour, and in passing your house, I saw a light stream-



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ing through a small opening in the shutter. It instantly occurred to me that you might be up, and engaged in some love experiments, as it was Hallow-Eve, so, stealing up softly, and peeping in, I saw that I was not in error. No very long time was spent in determining what to do. My decision I marked by suddenly jerking the shutter back and slamming it loudly against the house. Concealed by the darkness, I perceived the effect of this. It was what I had anticipated. You did not in the least suspect the truth. As plainly as if I had been in the room I could now see all that was passing; and, as I understood the particular charm you were trying, I knew precisely what part I was to act in the ceremony. So, as I had all along believed myself to be the favored one, although you, somehow or other, appeared to think differently, I took the liberty of walking in just as the clock struck twelve.”

At this part of aunt Edith's story, she was interrupted by a burst of laughter from all in the room.

“And so that was the explanation of the great mystery,” said Mr. Wilmot. “The troubled spirit was a real flesh and blood visiter, after all.”

“Yes. And in my heart I forgave him for the trick he played off upon me so adroitly.”

“Why, aunt Edith!” exclaimed Maggy, taking a long breath, “How you frightened me! I really thought it was a spirit that had entered.”

“No, child. Spirits, I believe, are not apt to walk about and visit love-sick maidens, even on Halloween, for all that may be said to the contrary. The instance given you, is the best authenticated I have known.”

This relation furnished abundant food for merriment, as well as for some sage reflections, during the evening, and even Maggy, Jane and Kate saw reason to join with the rest in laughing at the folly of love tests at Halloween.

## LIVING IT DOWN.

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“I'll live it down, sir!”

Mr. Coleman drew himself up with a dignified air.

“That you will be able, no doubt, to do. All your friends know it to be a base slander. Still, Mr. Coleman, if you would call for an investigation, and give unequivocal proofs of your integrity, the whole matter could be settled at once, and the busy tongue of detraction silenced.

“No, sir! I will not stoop to humiliating explanations. I am innocent; that is sufficient for my own peace of mind, and before I die my innocence will be seen. I can wait patiently. Sooner or later the truth will appear. Words cannot hurt me.”

“I think you are wrong, Mr. Coleman. I think it is due to the cause of truth for you to come forward and justify yourself in this matter. You can do it with the greatest ease in the world.”

“I know it. But it is not in me to reply to false accusations. I feel that it would be a degradation. To me it is of consequence what I am; not what people happen to think that I am. I am willing to wait, if it be twenty years. All will be seen in its true light in the end. Better suffer for well doing than evil doing. As for an investigation, let those call for it who question my integrity. I shall certainly not do so.”

“Think how your usefulness may be abridged,” said the friend.

“Let those who falsely accuse me, answer for that,” replied Mr. Coleman, firmly. “All I have to do is to live the slander down, and I will take care that it is done.”

Other friends urged him to take the proper steps, which were in his power, to clear his character, but Mr. Coleman, who was

a proud man, as well as a man of stern integrity refused to do so.

"I will live it down!" was his reply. "That is the way to neutralize detraction. All the explanations I can make will not alter the opinions of those who wish to think evil of me. Time and a blameless life, only, can change the current of a false estimation in which my name is held."

And so, Mr. Coleman proceeded to live down, as he called it, the slander that had been put in circulation against him.

The nature of the charge was this. He had been constituted executor of a deceased brother's estate, and guardian of his only child, a daughter ten years of age. The brother was engaged in doing a large business, and was the owner of considerable real estate. In the estimation of the public he was a wealthy man, and his daughter was looked upon as an heiress.

But, in the settlement of the estate, Mr. Coleman found that his brother had been doing business on a large scale, without possessing the amount of capital he was generally supposed to possess. All his real estate was heavily mortgaged, and his current business debts and bank accommodations were very large. The terms of the executorship gave him plenary powers in the settlement of the estate, and these he made use of to their full extent, as if the estate and business were his own. With the means which the estate afforded, Mr. Coleman found that it would be impossible to meet at maturity all its liabilities, and that bankruptcy must inevitably ensue. In order to prevent this, he used his own means, as far as he could safely do it, in meeting the almost daily maturing obligations of his brother's estate, at the same time that he with all diligence made collections and disposed of property for the same purpose. In all this, Mr. Coleman sought to do his duty to the orphan who had been committed to his charge. The final result was an entire settlement of the estate in the course of two years, leaving a surplus of fifteen thousand dollars, which was immediately invested safely and profitably. At the time the brother died, out of ten persons who had been asked what they considered him worth, nine would have replied, "A hundred thousand dollars."

The result greatly disappointed Mr. Coleman. He had hoped to realize at least forty thousand dollars out of the estate for his niece. Of the result he said nothing. It was not a matter with which the public had any thing to do, and he was not the

man to intrude private concerns within limits where they did not legitimately belong.

As Anna Coleman emerged from girlhood into womanhood, and entered society, she was looked upon by almost every one as an heiress of no small pretensions to wealth. The amount of this was variously estimated, none set it down lower than sixty or seventy thousand dollars. Of course she had plenty of suitors. The favored one was a Mr. Charles Grossman, who had quite as strong a love for the hundred thousand dollars he believed her to possess as he had for the maiden herself. His disappointment on finding, after the marriage had taken place, that his wife's fortune was only fifteen thousand dollars, may be imagined. Immediately he put in circulation a report that Mr. Coleman had wronged his niece in the settlement of her father's estate, a report that very many accredited when they heard how small a sum had been saved from his apparently large possessions.

It was the effect of this serious allegation that Mr. Coleman, in the pride of his integrity, was going to live down, instead of at once proving his innocence by laying open to a carefully chosen committee of friends, as well as of those who doubted his integrity, the exact condition of his brother's property when he died, which could easily have been done to the entire satisfaction of all—thus at once silencing detraction and leaving his social influence unimpaired. But this did not harmonize with Mr. Coleman's views and feelings. He preferred, rather, to wrap himself up in conscious integrity and live the base slander down. Proudly, and erect, he walked among his fellow men, undisturbed at the coldness of one, or the sidelong, meaning glance of another.

A few months after the report unfavorable to the integrity of Mr. Coleman had obtained a free circulation, a gentleman named Bassford called upon an attorney, between whom and himself the following conversation took place.

“What do you think of this report about Coleman?” asked Bassford.

“It sounds rather strangely. Don't you think so?”

“Very strangely. But do you, in the least, credit it?”

“I am afraid there is something wrong. It is said that all he accounted for to the daughter, out of his brother's large estate, was fifteen thousand dollars.”

"Yes. Fifteen thousand. I had it from Grossman, who married Anna Coleman."

"It may be," said the lawyer, "that he has settled the estate honestly, and that fifteen thousand dollars is all that was realized. But I have my doubts."

"Mr. Coleman has always stood high as a man of integrity."

"Yes. But the highest are sometimes liable to fall."

"Then you really have doubts of his integrity?"

"This circumstance is enough to make any man doubt."

"That is certainly true. You are aware that I have named him as my executor?"

"I am."

"To talk about that is my business with you this morning. I do not feel easy in mind, in prospect of leaving my property and the interests of my wife and children in his hands, in the event of my death."

"Nor should I. You ought, by all means, to name another executor."

"So it strikes me. I have been thinking of Anderson."

"You couldn't find a better man in my opinion. I esteem him very highly."

"So do I."

"I would certainly make the change. It is enough that a suspicion rests against the integrity of Coleman."

"That is what I think. And as your opinion of Anderson so fully coincides with my own, I will decide the matter at once, and get you to make the required alteration in my will, which is still in your possession."

"Very well, Mr. Bassford. I will have the change made as you desire. Your course is, without doubt, a prudent one."

So the name of Mr. Anderson was substituted for that of Mr. Coleman, as executor to the last will and testament of Mr. Bassford.

Five years elapsed, during which the wrongly judged merchant persevered in his course of living down the false charge that had been made against him. The manly uprightness of his character, impressing itself constantly upon those who were brought into close contact with him, gradually restored to the minds of many, who had doubted his integrity, their former good opinion. Some, who could approach him nearer than others, inquired as to the facts of the case, and received the information

they sought. Time, too, developed traits of character in Grossman, who had married his niece, that destroyed the weight of his testimony in the case.

"I told you I would live it down," said Mr. Coleman to a friend, as an entire change in public opinion became clearly apparent. "And I *have* lived it down."

"At what cost you may never know," returned the friend gravely.

"My character has suffered severely, I am aware."

"I did not mean that," said the friend. "How much injury others may have sustained through your inability to serve them during the time public opinion was against you, will never, perhaps, be known."

"With that I have nothing to do," replied Mr. Coleman.

The friend did not say what was in his mind. But he thought that if Coleman had used the proper means to correct public opinion, as he ought to have done, instead of wrapping himself up in his dignity and proudly "living down" the charge of dishonest appropriation that had been made against him, he would have acted a wiser part, and retained that influence for good in the community to which the community was justly entitled.

A few days subsequently, Mr. Coleman, just as he was about rising from the table, after dining, was informed that a lady had called and desired to see him. She was in the parlor. On entering the room the merchant found a lady in deep mourning. She drew aside her veil, and exhibited the face of a stranger, past the prime of life.

"I hope to be pardoned," said she, "for intruding upon you; but the nature of my business with you is such, that even in your eyes I am sure it will excuse the liberty I am taking. My name is Mrs. Bassford."

"Widow of the late Herman Bassford?" inquired Mr. Coleman, speaking quickly, and evincing a sudden interest.

"Yes sir," replied the woman, in a low voice, while her eyes dropped to the floor.

"I knew your husband well, and highly esteemed him," said Mr. Coleman. "He was one of our best men. If there is any thing in which I can serve you, I shall be most happy to do so. Pray feel perfectly free to command my services."

"For your kindness I feel truly grateful," returned the widow.

"I need a clear and strong minded adviser, and have come to you as such. You are aware, I presume, that Mr. Anderson was named in my husband's will as executor to his estate. I had understood from him that you were to be his executor. Why he changed his mind I cannot tell. But that avails nothing now. From Mr. Anderson I have never been able to get money, except in small sums. The amount thus far received, has been really inadequate to the support of my family since my husband's death. Yesterday I asked him for two hundred dollars, and he told me that I could not have it. I asked when he could give me money, and received an evasive answer. I am afraid something is wrong. Will you advise me what to do?"

"Is it possible that Mr. Anderson treats you in this way?" said Mr. Coleman in surprise. "It is very wrong. How much have you received from him since the death of Mr. Bassford?"

"A little over two thousand dollars."

"Is that all?"

"Yes sir, every dollar."

"I think Mr. Elliotson was your husband's legal adviser?"

"I believe he was."

"Have you seen him?"

"No sir. I have not spoken a word on the subject before, to any one. My business in calling upon you, is to ask your advice as to what is best to be done. The only apology I have to offer for troubling you, is the confidence I have in your integrity. I need a discreet, intelligent and energetic adviser, and such I believe you will be if you consent to aid me."

"That I will most cheerfully do, as well for the sake of your husband as for the sake of what is just. Perhaps it would be best for me to consult Mr. Elliotson at the outset."

"Perhaps it would. But I will leave all that to your better judgment."

On that very day Mr. Coleman waited upon the lawyer, and after stating the case of Mrs. Bassford, desired to know what were the steps necessary to take in order to make the executor pay over the money he had received, more freely, into the hands of the widow. Mr. Elliotson, who had written out the will, and understood, precisely, the duties and responsibilities of the executor, expressed great surprise at what he heard, and said, that by the requirements of the will, it was the duty of Mr. Anderson to close up the business of the testator immediately, collect in

all the debts, and as fast as it could safely be done, invest what was received in good real estate in the name of the widow, and hand her over the title deeds.

"Nothing of this kind has been done," said Mr. Coleman.

"And yet the testator has been dead more than sixteen months. There is something wrong there, depend upon it."

"I'm afraid there is. But, whether there is or not, immediate steps must be taken to protect the widow in her rights, and I wish you, therefore, to commence the required proceedings against the executor."

"I will do so. First, however, I will write Mr. Anderson a note, setting forth the complaint of the widow, and desiring him to call upon me."

A day or two afterward Mr. Coleman learned from the lawyer that the executor refused to give any satisfaction, or to answer any questions, and that he had been cited to appear before the Judges of the Orphan's Court to show cause why he had not fulfilled the provisions of the instrument under which he was acting.

"I regret very much," remarked the lawyer, "that Mr. Bassford selected this man as the executor of his will. You, sir, were his first choice, and your name remained in the instrument for some years. But, circumstances occurred that led him to substitute the name of Mr. Anderson."

"Ah? I was not aware of this. That base slander against my character, set on foot by the husband of my niece, was, doubtless, the cause of this change of views on the part of Mr. Bassford."

"Yes sir. I happen to know that that was the reason."

"Thank God! I have lived that slander down. I said I would do so, and I have." Mr. Coleman spoke proudly.

"But it took too much time, unfortunately, Mr. Coleman. While you were living it down, great wrong has been done. Your character has come out clear, but what can compensate for the loss of an honest man's influence in society even for the space of a few years?"

"What else could I have done? I gave no cause for the base detraction. Those who originated it must answer for the consequences."

"Living a slander down, Mr. Coleman, is not always the right course for us to take," replied the lawyer. "It would do



very well were we alone concerned ; but while we are engaged in living it down, our usefulness in society is abridged, and others are liable to sustain injury, as in the present case."

"What then would you have a man do, situated as I was?"

"I would have him not only live right, for that is the duty of every man ; but I would have him make use of all the means in his power to disabuse men's minds of the errors under which they are laboring. In your hands were ample means for this purpose. It would have been an easy matter for you to have called together a certain number of well known and influential individuals, and laid before them a full statement of your executorship, by which act your integrity in their minds would have been fully established."

"Humble myself in that way, Mr. Elliotson! No—never!"

"I do not see that there is any thing humiliating about it. Every man's opinion is made up from evidence, and how there can be any thing humiliating in our furnishing to the minds of our fellow men the evidence by which a false judgment may be corrected, is beyond my comprehension."

"What right had they to make a false judgment of my acts?"

"Because one who was presumed to know, alleged that you had committed a wrong ; and to sustain his allegation were very plausible appearances. Every body believed that your brother had left a large estate in your hands for his daughter, and when but fifteen or twenty thousand dollars appeared, were naturally very much astonished. I own that I was ; and also, that I was led to doubt your integrity, and to concur with Mr. Bassford in substituting Mr. Anderson for you as executor. Since then, the true facts of the case have come to my knowledge from a particular friend of yours, to whom you submitted a full examination, with substantiating documents, of the whole affair. So, after all, Mr. Coleman, you have not so much lived down the slander, as corrected public opinion by giving it the proper evidence for arriving at a just conclusion. At least it was so in my case, and I believe it has been so in every other case. I know very well that all whom I have heard speak of having changed their sentiments are in possession of the facts of the case. What your subsequent life has been is not taken into the account at all. Men's minds, Mr. Coleman, must have some evidence by which to correct a false judgment, and if we with-

hold this, we do a wrong to society by robbing it of our influence. Pardon me for speaking so plainly. The peculiar nature of the circumstances that have occurred, have impressed the truth I have uttered so strongly upon my mind, that I could not help declaring it."

Mr. Coleman was silent. He saw as well as felt that what Mr. Elliotson had said was true, and that he had been wrapping himself up in false pride and the dignity of mere self, and suffering wrong to be done, which a little properly directed effort on his part would have prevented. He left the lawyer's office a wiser man, at least, though not as self-complacent and happy as when he entered it.

A week after, and it was announced in business circles that Mr. Anderson had failed for a heavy amount. It did not take long to ascertain that the property of the widow and orphan had been used in his business, and that all was involved in the failure.

Spurred on by a consciousness of the error he had committed, Mr. Coleman instituted vigorous measures, through Mr. Elliotson, for the maintenance of the widow's interests. Unfortunately, the security given by Mr. Anderson proved to be merely nominal. Nothing was to be expected, except from the estate of the failing executor. At the final settlement of this, forty-five cents on the dollar was the whole sum realized, which left Mrs. Bassford and her children the possessors of just thirty thousand dollars instead of more than double that sum. There was no one who did not believe that Mr. Anderson had embezzled the widow's property. He continued to live in his usual style, although out of business. But nothing like property could be found and identified as his.

Results of a like character with this, though varying in their external features, always follow, when men seek, in the pride of conscious integrity, to "live down" a serious charge that is made against them, instead of at once furnishing evidence to prove their innocence. We hear a great deal said about this "living down" detraction; but we have something besides mere living right to do—that is every man's duty without reference to things external—we must give men the ability to form just estimates of our characters whenever we have it in our power. If we do not, we are responsible for any injury that society may sustain in consequence of our influence for good being lost.

## THE CHOWDER PARTY.

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It is pleasant, sometimes, to lay aside the dignity of social intercourse, and let our natural impulses come into their true activity—in a word, to be free from the staid conventionality of an artificial world, where every man regulates the expression of his face, the motions of his head, the cut of his coat, and the carriage of his whole body, with a view to impressing his neighbor with an idea of his importance; and where ladies talk mincingly, walk daintily, and fear to step on any thing harder than Saxony or Brussels, lest the act should impress others with an idea of something vulgar and unrefined.

This lacing up of the natural impulses in a social straight-jacket, like the damming of waters, makes their overflow the more tumultuous when restrictions are withdrawn. This is seen every day. Remove the pressure; turn away the public eye, and how quickly do the feet, that moved so delicately and daintily along the crowded avenue or carpeted floor, spring with a wild, yet graceful activity! How loudly rings the echoing voice that, a moment before, scarcely rose above a musical whisper!

“I shall never forget,” said a friend, recently, “the different impressions made upon me by the same individual under different circumstances. I was spending a few days in Boston, with leisure to see the lions, when I stepped into the court-room to hear an argument from one of the profoundest, most dignified, and eloquent lawyers of the day. The case he was pleading involved not only important interests, but principles of the highest moment to the well-being of society. I do not remember ever to have been so strongly impressed with the majesty and power of a great mind as I was on that occasion. The advocate stood

above the common level, to me a kind of personification of the noble truths to which he was giving utterance. That he could have a human weakness; could ever descend to the plane of other men, seemed impossible. A jest from his lips would be little less than a profanity. So I felt. A week later, and I met him under other and different circumstances. I was invited to go with a party of a dozen to eat a chowder on Plum Island. You may be sure that I felt as if we should not have much of that free and easy enjoyment so peculiar to a chowder party, when I saw the great man I have mentioned step on board our little schooner, with his grave face and majestic tread. It was not long, however, before I was undeceived. W——'s calm lips and solemn eyes were soon wreathing in smiles and dancing in merry light; and the group that gathered around him to listen, were, ere long, convulsed with laughter. How strangely, at first, sounded a tale of humor from lips which had so recently uttered sentiments of the profoundest wisdom! But I soon ceased to wonder in the pleasure I found in listening. As before, I hung upon his words, for he was great even in little things. His wit was not coarse, nor his stories low; but, while full of humor, evincing an acute observation and a keen sense of the ridiculous. While he sported with the freedom of a careless boy, it was with something of the movement of a giant. You felt that, if you ventured upon an encounter of wits, you would soon be pierced through and through with a hundred arrows. I don't know when I enjoyed a sail so well as that one in Boston harbor. But I had yet to see more of the great man unbent from his dignity. After casting our hooks on the fishing banks, and taking a couple of fine cod, we sailed quietly back to Plum Island, where the feast was to come off. W——, I found, the most active man in the party, in all that pertained to the chowder. It was he who drove down the stakes, on which to rest the pole that was to support the great iron pot over the drift-wood fire. It was he that carefully placed the alternate layers of fish, salt pork, potatoes and pilot bread, with a due proportion of pepper and salt, in said iron pot, for no man in Boston knew better how to make a chowder; and it was he that superintended the whole cooking process, from the time the savory mess began to simmer, until it was bubbling, seething, and revolving, a perfect salmagundi, sending forth clouds of steam that came with a tempting odor to our sharpened appe-

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THE CHOWDER PARTY.

tites. And it was he who manufactured the first clam-shell spoon, its handle a split stick, and served up the first plate-full of our delicious repast. I see him now, sitting beside me on the green grass, with the great iron pot bubbling and boiling in our midst, and will ever see the picture. The great man had come down to the common level; but my respect for him was not in the least diminished. I think of him as one gifted with great abilities to serve the common good, and yet with a heart full of human sympathies; ready to lay aside the dignity of office and station, and mingle with his fellow-men in all the just relations of business or pleasure. His bow is the more vigorous, because it is sometimes unbent."

And not alone does a chowder party show you the truly great in some strong contrasts of character—the little great are alike presented. We never had the pleasure of eating a chowder with the distinguished W——, of whom of our friend speaks, but we have eaten chowder, and seen a little of the unbending to which we have alluded. A chowder party, to be a frolic of the first order, must not be confined to the masculine gender. Some of the better halves of this smiling world must be of the number, in order to make the pleasure more earnest, spicy and real.

Fine ladies in a parlor, a ball-room, or opera-house, have certainly a more dignified appearance, and an air of greater elegance, than the same ladies gathered on the narrow quarter-deck, or stowed away in the narrower cabin of a jaunty little schooner. Different circumstances produce different impressions on the mind, and, of course, prompt to different actions. We never had occasion to notice so striking an exemplification of this as in the case of two young ladies, the Misses G——, whom we met on a visit to Boston. They were the pinks of propriety in every thing—whether of thought, word or action. There was a daintiness, so to speak, in their conversation, that caused you to notice them above others, and to feel constraint while in their presence. Before visiting them, you would be certain to look at yourself in the glass at least half a dozen times; you would examine your nails as often to see if they were pared by geometrical rules; and inspect your boots with critical care, lest there should be on them an unpolished spot as large as a fly's wing.

When we heard Miss Hetty and Miss Meeta G—— xpress

a slight degree of vulgar enthusiasm at the proposition to get up a chowder party, we must own to being rather surprised. We were more surprised at the sequel. When we next met them, it was on board a trig little schooner, on the deck of which were assembled about two dozen young men and women all ripe for a day of freedom and enjoyment. Bodies were moving about, and tongues running with an uneasiness and good humored impatience that marked the range of the thermometer of anticipation. Among the most restless and talkative were our two young ladies; and we noted, not without surprise, that in their gestures and modes of expression, they had entirely sunk the drawing-room.

As to the costume of the party, it was not particularly distinguished for elegance. The ladies were not burdened with useless ornaments in the way of jewelry, ribbons, laces, silk shawls, or satin slippers; and some of them looked as if they had borrowed their untidily fitting calico frocks from the five-year unopened clothes-presses of their grandmothers. As for the men, duck trowsers, roundabouts, and tarpaulins, constituted the prevailing fashion; while each one was equipped with lines, bob and sinker, and a plentiful supply of hooks—not forgetting a few silver ones, in case the steel hooks should fail.

After we had cast off and were gliding down the bay, borne along by a stiff breeze, we took a glance into the cuddy, or little cabin, under a hint from one of the party, to look at the stores. Here is the inventory, as nearly as can be recollected: two frying-pans, each as large round as a half-bushel; a big iron pot, "that would hold the full of two milk-pails;" tea-kettles and tea-pots; soup dishes, pewter spoons, knives and forks, cups, bowls and tumblers. A gallon pitcher was in the midst of the tumblers, and both were in close contact with a demijohn of old Jamaica, and a tower of best white loaf—these last were provided as an "antifogmatic." In close proximity was a hamper of Irish potatoes, a basket of pilot bread, and a layer of fat salt pork, four inches in thickness. We were moving along under a stiff breeze, and in about two hours landed the fairer and merrier portion of our company at Long Island Head, to pick raspberries, hunt for sea-cockles, and make preparations for dinner, while we sailed away to the fishing banks, to provide the main stay of our intended chowder. In due time we returned; but whether we had caught the fine cod we pro-



duced with steel or silver hook, was more than we acknowledged to the ladies, notwithstanding they made pretty shrewd guesses as to the truth, and bantered us not a little on the subject.

Wilder romps than Hetty and Meeta G—— I never remember to have seen ; and they romped as gracefully and naturally as if they had been used to it all their lives. With their check aprons—or rather their mother's—tied around them with tape strings, they were, in all the work to be done, the busiest and the handiest. They were most forward in cutting up the fish, and placing the alternate layers of pork, cod, potatoes and bread in the great iron pot ; in making the tea and browning the “ smaller fry ;” in arranging the plates on the green grass tablecloth ; in lading out the savory stew ; and last, not least, in using the clam-shell spoons, after we had all doubled our nether limbs under us on the sward, arranged in a circle around the afore-mentioned iron pot.

Exercise, the sea air, and seven hours' abstinence, gave us keen appetites. Grateful to the palate as was the rich mess that had been cooked on the beach, and which we were eating after so primitive a fashion, I could not help pausing now and then to look at some of the fine young ladies of our party, as they almost shoveled in plate-full after plate-full. Even with, if not a little ahead of the rest, were Misses Meeta and Hetty. The quantity they managed to dispose of was surprising. Some of it must be sticking to their ribs yet !

An hour of repose followed this climax of the day's doings ; and then, after the dish-washing was performed, “ as handy as could be,” by the ladies of the party, we embarked for the city, in a quieter mood than when we came out. The business of the day was over, and the mind rested from its excitement. Anticipation gave place to revery. Darkness threw a kindly veil over our rude, disordered toilet when we landed, and satisfied with the chowdering, we all sought our homes and our beds. Strange to say, the sleep of one, at least, was free from nightmare ; exercise, a fine, bracing sea air, good company and good spirits, had given tone to a rather delicate stomach, and carried off a chowder as if it had been a whip syllabub.

When we next met the young ladies, they were as of old. It seemed almost impossible, as we sat conversing with and looking at them, that they ever could have prepared, much less eaten, a chowder at Long Island Head—could ever have made a fro-

icsome portion of one of the most free and easy parties it has been our fortune to enjoy. But thus it is that circumstances bring out what is within, and exhibit character in new and often strange aspects.



## A DREAM OF CITY LIFE.



Near the quiet village of Greenbank, lived Fanny Lee. Her mother was a widow, and had two children besides Fanny. A little cottage and a homestead of a few acres, made up the widow's possessions. The one gave shelter to her little family, and from the other she obtained food to nourish their bodies and something with which to buy the few articles they needed beyond what the farm produced.

As the eldest, Fanny knew what it was to be busy. She was up with the dawn, and often, when the daylight closed, her tasks remained unfinished. But for all that, Fanny's heart was as light as the heart of a bird. She was always to be found singing at her work.

More than a hundred miles away, in one of the great Atlantic cities, lived Mary Milton, a cousin of Fanny Lee's. Two or three times Mary had come up, in the summer season, to spend a week with her aunt and cousins. On these occasions, Fanny had numerous enquiries to make about the city; and Mary, very naturally sketched, for such an auditor, many glowing pictures.

One summer, Mary came up to Greenbank and staid nearly three weeks. She was pale, looked sickly, and had but little appetite when she arrived. But in the brief time she was with

her cousin, she changed greatly. The color warmed in her cheek, her appetite was restored, and she could walk miles without experiencing fatigue. Yet, for all this change, Mary grew tired of the country, and by the end of three weeks was sighing to get back among her gayer city friends. During this visit, Fanny's ears were filled, as before, with accounts of what was to be seen and enjoyed in the city.

"Oh! I should die in this dull place," said Mary one day, near the close of her visit. "How in the world do you manage to live through the year?"

Fanny smiled, but did not reply.

"I wish you would go to the city with me, Coz."

"What could I do there?" asked Fanny.

"Why, learn a trade, or get a place in some store. I know plenty of girls who receive five dollars a week."

"Indeed! So much?" said Fanny, struck with the mention of so large a sum.

"Certainly," replied Mary.

"It would take me a long time to learn a trade."

"Oh, no. Many girls learn in six months. You could get boarding in some family, that wanted a little help, for what you could do about the house in the morning and evenings."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it."

"What trade is a good one?" asked Fanny.

"You might learn the dress making, or millinery business."

"Could I make five dollars a week as a dress-maker?"

"No. But you would be certain to earn three dollars a week; and that's a good deal!"

"I would be very well satisfied with three dollars a week. I hardly see as much money in a year, now."

"And then," said Mary, "there is so much to be enjoyed in the city. I go to a dozen balls and parties every winter; and to such delightful pic nics in the summer time."

"I'm afraid I should get tired of sewing from morning till night."

"You might at first. But you'd soon get used to it," replied Mary. "What is sewing to your slavish work out here in the country. "I've seen you cutting wood with the axe; and even digging in the garden; to say nothing of washing and ironing every week. and cooking and scrubbing every day. Oh

dear! Such kind of work would kill me. Sewing is nothing to it."

It did strike Fanny, that, all these things mentioned by Mary, were hard tasks—harder than was meet for a young girl to perform, and the faint desire for a city life, already experienced, grew stronger.

"I've been persuading Fanny to go the city with me," said Mary to Mrs. Lee, a day or two before she was to return home.

"To the city! Nonsense! What would Fanny do in the city?" returned Mrs. Lee in a tone of disapprobation.

"Do as we do. She can learn a trade and support herself handsomely."

"And die of consumption, or something worse, in less than five years," said Mrs. Lee.

"Do I look as if I were going to die of consumption?" asked Mary.

"No, not now; thanks to our country air! But, when you came up, you looked as if you might drop off in less than a twelve-month."

"Why, Aunt Fanny!" exclaimed Mary.

"It's true, child! I noticed it, and spoke of it."

"I'm sure I was perfectly well, Aunt."

"And I am just as sure that you were not. Why, you could'nt eat a piece of bread as big as my hand for breakfast, nor walk a quarter of a mile without sitting down to rest. Now, I wouldn't give much for a loaf after your appetite was satisfied; and you can run a mile with more ease than you could walk a fourth of the distance."

Mary laughed, and demurred to all this. But Mrs. Lee reaffirmed it, and said that she had just as lief see Fanny laid in the little village church yard, as go away and be buried up in a great city. So positively did the mother speak, that both Fanny and Mary felt that it was useless to say any thing more on the subject. But they talked it over to themselves, daily, while Mary remained, and when the cousins at length parted, it was with a promise from Fanny that she would come to the city if she could possibly do so with her mother's approbation.

After Mary had gone back, Fanny's mind remained filled, almost to the exclusion of every thing else, with thoughts of a city life. Her daily tasks became irksome, and her voice, which

had carolled from morning until night, like the voice of a bird, rarely broke forth in song; and when it did so, but half its melody remained.

Fanny had a lover. He was a smart lad, who worked on a farm near by her mother's cottage. Fanny had been much pleased with the attentions of Peter Wilkins—that was his name—up to the period of her cousin's last visit. But Mary laughed at him so unmercifully, and called him so often a "country bumpkin," that Fanny, from first feeling a little ashamed of him, was led to treat him with indifference. Peter was hurt at this conduct, and returned it with equal coolness. After Mary's return, Peter, who rightly attributed the change in Fanny to the influence of her sprightly cousin, approached his sweetheart with something of his old familiarity. But Fanny's thoughts were still away in the city, and her country lover, with all else pertaining to the country, had but few attractions for her eyes. And so she treated him with even greater indifference; an indifference, in fact, that Peter felt to be almost insulting. He was, in consequence, offended, and turned himself, in painful disappointment, from one whose presence had always been like a ray of sunshine across his path. Fanny felt this change, and it helped to make her more unhappy and discontented.

One day, not many weeks after Mary had gone back to the city, Mrs. Lee, seeing the change in Fanny, took occasion to have a long conversation with her. In this conversation, Fanny had a great deal to say against the country; while she drew glowing pictures of city life and its advantages. Though she would not admit that there was force in any thing urged in opposition by her mother, yet some of the statements that were made fixed themselves in her memory, and she could not help thinking of them after the excitement of the interview had passed away.

On the next afternoon Fanny was left alone. Her mother, having occasion to go into the neighboring village, took the two younger children with her. While Fanny sat sewing on a garment for her brother, her thoughts wandered off, as usual, to the city; and so absorbed did she become in the pictures that came before her imagination, that, in a little while, her hands were lying idly in her lap, and her eyes fixed in dreamy vacancy. Arousing herself with an effort, she lifted her work, and went on with it again; but, in a little while, her hands were still, and

her eyes half closed in revery. Thus it continued for some time, when she saw her mother enter the little garden gate, and approach the door. It was at least two hours earlier than she had expected her to return, and she came unaccompanied by the children. But these circumstances occasioned in the mind of Fanny no surprise.

"I have a letter from your cousin Mary," said Mrs. Lee on coming into the house, "and she says that she has obtained for you a good place in a store, for which you will be paid four dollars a week. You must leave for the city to-morrow morning."

Fanny's heart bounded with delight at this intelligence. Her work was thrown aside, and instant preparations for the journey were commenced. It seemed scarcely an hour ere the night was past, and the time of separation had arrived. But so elated was the mind of Fanny with the prospect before her, that she could hardly go through the decent forms of parting. Though her cheek was wet with her mother's tears as the stage drove off, there was a smile upon her lip, and a warm emotion of pleasure at her heart.—It was a day's journey to the city. Night had fallen ere the cars by which Fanny had come over sixty miles of the distance, arrived at the depot. Mary was there to meet and to welcome her; but, somehow, the welcoming was not so cordial as she had expected to receive. Mary said that she was overjoyed to see her; but there was nothing in the tone of her voice, nor in the expression of her face that agreed with the words she uttered.

"You must go home with me to-night," said Mary, "and to-morrow we will find you a boarding house."

And such a home as Mary's proved to be! It was in a narrow court, and the room she occupied was a poorly furnished attic, the stifled air of which, to one who had lived all her life among the sweet mountain breezes, could scarcely be inhaled without a feeling of suffocation. Since morning, Fanny had taken no food; but Mary did not ask her if she had been to supper, and she would not speak of it herself. So, hungry and faint though she felt, she received no refreshment.

"I have to go out to-night, Fanny," said her cousin, soon after she came in. "So you must make yourself at home here until I return."

"At home!" How the words sent back the thoughts of Fanny to her own home, and the loving mother from whom she had

parted. In a little while she was alone, in the great, strange city, hid away, as it were, in a garret, and not a face to look upon. There was a murmur of voices below; but they were the voices of strangers, and made her loneliness the more oppressive. It was not long before she was in tears. Sad, lonely, heart-sick she was, already, although the earth had not performed one revolution since she turned her face away from her pleasant home. Hours went by; yet Mary did not return. Overwearied, at last, with weeping and thinking, Fanny threw herself upon the bed. When next conscious, it was daylight. Mary had come home, and was sleeping by her side.

At breakfast time, Fanny joined the family with whom her cousin boarded. The faces she met were repulsive, and the conversation that passed had much in it that shocked her ears. As for the food that was set before her, it looked and tasted so differently from what she had been used to at home, that it was with difficulty she could swallow it. And then, there was something so offensive to her in the atmosphere of the small, close room where the badly cooked meal was served, that it made her feel sick.

After breakfast, Mary took her cousin to a dry goods store, where a stern looking man asked her many questions touching her ability to act in the capacity of a saleswoman. Of course, she was utterly ignorant of the business.

"I'm afraid, Miss, you won't suit me," he said, indifferently.

"Oh, yes, sir, she will. I know she will," spoke up Mary.—  
"Only give her a trial."

"How much wages does she expect to receive?" asked the man.

"You wrote four dollars a week," said Fanny, turning to her cousin.

"Four dollars a week!" spoke up the man, in a half sneer.—  
"The best girl in my store only gets that. I'll give you a dollar-and-a-half to begin with. And if you learn quickly, and make yourself useful, I'll increase your wages after a few months."

"It will cost her two dollars a week for board," said Mary.

"I don't care any thing about that," returned the man abruptly. "What I've said, I've said. If she likes to come for a dollar-and-a-half a week, why, she can come. And if not, not."

Fanny looked at Mary. Her heart and eyes were both full, and she did not venture to speak.

"You'd better try it, Fanny," said her cousin. "I don't know of any other place; and, perhaps, you can get board for a dollar-and-a-half."

Fanny did not oppose this, and her cousin left her. Poor child! So overcome was she by the strangeness and perplexity of her situation, that she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"Come! come!" said the shop-keeper, sternly. "I want none of this nonsense! If you intend accepting the situation, say so; if not, you can retire."

Fanny composed herself with a strong effort, and looking up, said that she would take his offer, and do the best she could.— Though it was early in the day, customers had already been in, for a part of one of the counters was piled with goods. To roll these up and replace them upon the shelves was the first work assigned to Fanny. Long before she had accomplished the task, other customers had called, and other goods had been thrown upon the counter. For hours and hours she worked on, and still the end was as far off as when she began. Her limbs ached with standing, and her back and shoulders from the labor of rolling and lifting the many pieces of goods she was required to handle. Thus through the day she toiled on, and when night came, she found her way back, as best she could, to the uninviting home of Mary, so weary and faint that she could hardly stand. The woman with whom Mary boarded, after some persuasion, agreed to take Fanny at a dollar-and-a-half a week, the full amount of the wages she was to receive, if she would share the room and bed of her cousin. After this arrangement was agreed to, Fanny shrunk away into the little garret, where she spent the evening in weeping. After tea, a young man called to take Mary to some place of amusement, thus leaving Fanny again alone with her own sad thoughts. And sad enough they were.

At the end of a week, the shop-keeper paid Fanny her dollar-and-a-half, but, at the same time, told her that she was "too awkward and countrified" to suit him, and that she needn't come back any more.

"What shall I do?" she enquired of Mary, when she met her cousin in the evening, wringing her hands as she spoke.



"I'm sure I don't know," returned Mary; "unless you go and learn a trade."

"But I'll not receive wages while learning a trade."

"No."

"How, then, can I pay my board?"

"You will have to go into some body's work room, and stay a year for your board and the chance of learning."

"And get no clothes?"

"No."

The utterance of Fanny became so choked that she did not venture to speak out her thoughts for the moment. No clothes for a year! It was impossible for her to go a year without some additions to her wardrobe. Even now she needed to have an entire set of new dresses, for those she had brought with her from the country were in so strange a fashion, that her appearance had caused remarks that were extremely annoying. The necessity for new clothes was felt still more strongly on the next day, which was the Sabbath. Mary dressed herself gaily, and said she was going to church.

"But *you* mus'n't think of going, Fanny," she said, "in your outlandish looking clothes. They were, surely, made in the year one!"

A thoughtless laugh followed this speech. Mary, after arraying herself in all the finery she had been able to accumulate, danced gaily before the glass, and then courtesying and smirking to Fanny, wished her a pleasant day, and went tripping down stairs.

A sadder day Fanny had never spent in her whole life. Alone from the time her cousin left, until near midnight, for it was almost twelve o'clock when Mary returned, she did little else but think of the happy home she had left, and weep. She tasted no food during the day.

On Monday morning, one of the girls who boarded in the house, told Fanny that she could get a place at a dollar a week to learn book-folding. In a little while, she said, two dollars might be earned, and then she could pay up the deficiency in her boarding which would take place in the mean time. Fanny went with the girl after breakfast, and was introduced by her into a large room or loft in the third story of an immense warehouse, where about a dozen young women and as many men were all busy at work. Here a place was assigned her at a long

table, and she was directed to fold some printed sheets of paper in a certain manner. Diligently she worked at this for a couple of hours, when the owner of the bindery came along and examined what she had done. Her heart beat anxiously, but he relieved her oppressed feelings by saying that she was getting along very well. Then he put on his hat and went away. The moment the door closed after him, there was a hum of voices throughout the room. Laughter and merry jesting followed; then work was abandoned and a game at romps began. As Fanny leaned over with her folder in her hand, trying to perform aright what she was engaged in doing, some one drew her head back suddenly and kissed her. Startled and alarmed at such a freedom, she sprung from her chair, and while the room echoed with laughter, darted away. In a few moments she was in the street, hurrying she knew not whither. What would she not have given, at that moment, to have been safely back in the home she had so foolishly left! As she moved along the street that was crowded with strangers, she met the man in whose store she had been for a week.

"Ah, Fanny!" said he, with a smile, stopping and familiarly offering his hand. "Have you got a place yet?"

Before Fanny could answer, he added—

"Why, what's the matter, child? You're trembling all over like a leaf."

Fanny, in answer to this question, related what had just occurred, upon which the man appeared very angry.

"Come with me," said he, "and I will find you a good home and plenty of work."

Fanny's heart bounded when the man said this. Trustingly she went with him. He took her through many streets, and at last entered a house where a pleasant lady received her with kind words, and told her that she would give her a home and every advantage she desired. Then taking her to a beautifully furnished chamber, she said, with a sweet smile—

"This, my dear, is your room. Rest and compose yourself. You have been unkindly used; but that is past now. A pleasant life is before you."

Saying this, the lady retired and left Fanny to the cheerful thoughts that began to flit through her mind. She looked around the chamber, and was surprised at the elegance and beauty of every thing. A rich carpet was on the floor; broad mirrors

glittered on the walls; and every article of furniture was costly and beautiful beyond what she had ever beheld.

Suddenly, while Fanny was yet gazing around her in wonder, a wild scream thrilled upon her ears; and at the same moment her door flew open and a beautiful young girl rushed in, crying as she did so—

“Oh, fly! fly! fly from this dreadful place! Fly for your life!”

She said no more, for the lady who had but a few moments previously left the room, came rushing in, accompanied by the man who had brought Fanny to the house. Her face was dark with anger; and she seized the lovely young creature who had just uttered her frantic warning, and was dragging her away by her long dark hair, when Fanny, half convulsed with terror, screamed aloud.

Instantly all was changed. She was sitting in her mother's cottage, and her hands rested idly in her lap. The sun was shining down upon the little green lawn that lay in front of the door, and making brighter the flowers, planted by her own hands, that graced the garden borders just beyond. And from these flowers the breeze bore in to her most exquisite and refreshing odors. Nearly a minute elapsed before the bewildered girl could realize that the present was indeed reality, and the painful scenes through which she had just seemed to pass, but the vagaries of a dream. When she fully realized the truth, she clasped her hands across her bosom, and lifted her eyes, that were now full of tears, in thankfulness to Heaven.

Half an hour afterwards, and while Fanny was yet alone, a short bark from Lion, the house dog, warned her that some one was approaching. Before she had time to reach the door, Peter Wilkins presented himself. He looked grave, and Fanny well understood the cause.

“Is your mother at home?” enquired Peter.

“No. She has gone over to Greenbank,” replied Fanny. “But I expect her home very soon now. Do you want to see her?”

“Yes. I came on an errand from Mr. Carson.”

“Won't you walk in and sit down a little while? It can't be long ere mother is here.” This was said in such a kind way, and with such a look out of Fanny's eyes! Peter felt that the sunshine had come again. He did not wait for a se-

cond invitation. It was nearly an hour before Mrs. Lee returned from Greenbank. Long ere that time, the lovers were in the best possible state of good will towards each other.

When Mary Milton came up, during the next summer, to spend a short time with her aunt and cousin, Fanny whispered in her ear that she was soon to become a bride. Mary had the same pleasant news to communicate, touching herself. She was to be married to a young mechanic on the coming New-Year's day.

How different looked the two young girls! Fanny's cheeks were full and blooming; and her steps as light as those of a young deer. While Mary's face was thin and almost colorless; her form slightly bent; and all her movements languid. The one was a hardy flower that had received the sunshine and the rain into its bosom, and stood unhurt, while it gained strength, in the storm; the other was but a puny plant, which had grown up white and slender in the sickly atmosphere and feeble light of a great city. Fanny saw and felt the difference. Her troubled dream was all the experience she asked of city life; and she turned from it with a thankful heart, and blessed the pure, bracing airs and freedom of her country home.

Not for ten years did the cousins meet again. Mary came up to Greenbank once more. Alas! How sadly she was changed! Prematurely old, she presented but the wreck of a woman, around whom gathered three puny children, who looked as if the sun had never shone upon them. As many more, Mary said, with dim eyes, had passed to a better world. As for herself and all that pertained to her, she had but a poor account to give. Her husband's health had never been very good, and he had been failing sensibly for two or three years. Since their marriage, the average of all his earnings had not been over six dollars a week, for he had lost a good deal of time from sickness. In order to increase their income, Mary, besides doing all the work of the family, had taken in sewing, and thus worked herself down, until she was little more than a skeleton. As for the future, all looked gloomy. Their little family was growing more expensive, and the health of both Mary and her husband was becoming worse and worse every day.

How different was it with Fanny! She had become the wife of Peter Wilkins, about the time Mary was married. Wilkins was then working on a farm as a hired man, which situation he

held for four years longer. After this, he took a farm on shares, and managed it so well, that in the course of four years more he was able to buy it, and pay down half the purchase money in cash. Both he and Fanny worked hard, during this time; but, it was at healthy work, in pure bracing air, and with light and cheerful hearts. Five as healthy and happy children as were ever seen, made glad their dwelling; and death had not once thrown his shadow across their threshold. Thus it was when Mary came up to visit them. If Fanny needed any further assurance of her former error in wishing for a city life, she had it now; and deeply thankful was she that her lot had been cast among the pleasant vales and breezy hills of quiet Greenbank.



## CAN'T GET ALONG.



"I don't know how it is," said Felix Hall, "that some people can get along so comfortably on a thousand dollars a year. We can't do it."

"I'm sure I try to economize all I can," returned Mrs. Hall, sadly, for she felt that her husband's remark was more than half intended as a reflection upon her. "I only keep one girl, and do nearly all my own sewing."

"I don't blame you, Harriet," said Mr. Hall. "I am sure I don't. I know you work hard—too hard. I often wish it were easier for you. But what can I do? My salary is only a thousand dollars. And yet that is all Hawkins receives, and he seems to get along so smoothly, and even lays by, he tells me, a hundred dollars a year."

"I don't know how they do it," replied Mrs. Hall. "I know that Mrs. Hawkins doesn't work half as hard as I do, though her house always looks in better order than mine. They have better furniture than we have, and I am sure Mrs. Hawkins' clothes cost double what mine do. I don't think it's my fault."

"I don't say it is, Harriet. I believe you do your part the best you know how. But, something must be wrong, somewhere. Other people can live very well on a thousand dollars, while we are always owing bills to this, that, and the other one. Here is the quarter's bill for groceries, amounting to sixty-five dollars, and I owe seventy to my tailor besides. Then there is an unsettled bill at the provision store, of fifteen or twenty dollars, besides the rent, bread bill, the milk bill, and I don't know how many other bills."

"I wish these bills were not allowed to run on," remarked Mrs. Hall: "I'm sure it would be a great deal better to pay for every thing as we go along."

"So it would, but we haven't the money to do it with. It takes nearly my whole quarter's salary, regularly, to pay off the bills of three months; and then there is no way to live but go on trust for almost every thing for three months longer. It's a bad system, I know, but there appears to be no help for it just now."

And in the full conviction that there was no help for it, Mr. Hall drew his quarter's salary of two hundred and fifty dollars, and went and paid off bills, and borrowed money-debts, amounting to two hundred dollars. Then giving his wife ten dollars to get little things with, he started, under a feeling of discouragement, on a new quarter, with but forty dollars in his pocket. Although he had paid two hundred dollars of debts, there was almost an equal amount still hanging over him.

Mr. Hall was a clerk in a bank, where he was engaged regularly, from eight o'clock in the morning until about four o'clock and sometimes five in the afternoon. He lived in a house for which he paid two hundred dollars a year, and paid his tailor from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars annually.—He carried a gold lever watch that had cost eighty dollars, and wore a chain for which he had paid forty. He also indulged in one or two expensive breastpins, and before his family had become as large as at present, had spent a good deal of money on jewelry for his wife. But the dropping in of one child after another

er, until the number grew to five, interfered with these little indulgences very materially, and called so loudly for self-denial that the appeal could not be entirely disregarded. But the self-denial was practised more by Mrs. Hall—much more, than by her husband. She denied herself almost every thing, even sufficient rest for her overworn body, while he went on, in most things, about the same as he did when he and his wife paid eight dollars a week for their boarding, and had just the same income they had at present. But let us look more closely into his way of doing things, and see if it is not possible to discover what appeared so great a mystery to him.

On the day after Mr. Hall had spoken to his wife so despondingly, he spent for tobacco and cigars eighteen and three-quarter cents; for a luncheon and a glass of wine-sangaree, twelve and a half cents more; and in toys for the children, fifty cents. He also bought a bottle of wine, for which he paid seventy-five cents. These items amounted to one dollar and fifty-six and a quarter cents, in a single day. On the next day, he paid his barber's bill for three months, which was three dollars and a half; and his boot black's bill, which was two dollars.—Luncheon, and some cakes and candies for the children, cost twenty-five cents; and a very pretty paper-folder that struck his fancy, the trifle of twenty-five cents more. Here were six dollars for the second day, nearly all of which might have been saved if he had shaved himself and brushed his own boots, to do either of which would have been far more honorable, genteel and praiseworthy, than to indulge in the luxury of a barber and a boot-black, and let his wife work herself half to death. On the third day he hired a chaise and rode out with his family after he had left bank in the afternoon. The chaise hire was two dollars, and toll-gates and refreshments for all, fifty cents more. Already, in luncheon, cigars, and one or two little matters, a half-dollar had been expended by Mr. Hall in the forepart of the day, so that, on the third day of the week, three dollars were expended unnecessarily. During this time, for marketing, shoes for one or two of the children, and sundry expenses incident to a large family, six dollars melted from his hands.

On the evening after the ride, Mr. Hall took out his pocket-book and counted his money. To his utter astonishment, and almost dismay, he found that he had only twenty-three dollars and a half. He counted it over and over again, but could not

make it a cent more. Three days before he had forty dollars. Where could sixteen and a half have flown to? He had never spent it; that, to his mind, was perfectly clear.

"Have you taken any money out of my pocket-book?" he asked of his wife.

"No," was replied.

"Well, something's gone with about ten dollars. I have but twenty-three and a half, and I had forty two or three days ago. Of course, I haven't spent sixteen dollars and over in three days."

"Certainly not. But where can it have gone? Have you counted right?"

"Oh, yes!" And Mr. Hall went over the money again to see if there were no mistake.

"It's too true. I have but twenty-three dollars and a half."

"Are you sure you haven't spent it for something?" suggested Mrs. Hall. "How else could it have gone?"

"Some one must have given me wrong change. I gave the carriage-driver a five dollar bill. Let me see. What change did he give me? It was a note, and I took it for three dollars.

Mr. Hall ran over the money in his pocket-book.

"Yes, here's a three dollar bill. He gave me the right change."

Mr. Hall's mind was in great perplexity. His income was small enough compared to his expenses; and, therefore, to lose eight or ten dollars, he felt to be no trifling matter.

"Suppose you count up what you have spent?" suggested Mrs. Hall, "and see how much it is, exactly. Perhaps you have laid out more than you think for."

"I've not laid out half of sixteen dollars. But we will count up."

In the first place the spendings for marketing, shoes, and the sundries that went into the family, were recalled with some effort, and the sum of six dollars finally made out.

"That's only six dollars you see," remarked Mr. Hall, "leaving a deficiency of ten dollars and a half."

"But you forget the carriage hire.

"True. That was two dollars—making eight dollars."

"And you know you bought milk and cakes for the children, and paid the toll-keeper."

"So I did. Let me see how much I paid exactly. Just fifty cents to a fraction."



"Then we have eight dollars and fifty cents accounted for, which leaves eight dollars deficient.—Think, now, what you spent for yourself, yesterday and the day before."

"Not eight dollars nor eighty cents. But let me see. There is my luncheon every day, for three days—just thirty-seven and a half cents. True! And there is the bottle of wine; I'd forgotten that—seventy-five cents. Yes, and now I remember I paid half a dollar for the toys I bought the children."

"So much?"

"Yes. I had to buy for all of them, and even cheap toys, where you have to get so many of them, count up. But, we must indulge the children, sometimes. I have spent, also, for cigars and tobacco, the trifle of thirty-one cents, and for a paper folder a quarter. And in cakes and candies for the children I have spent, may be, a shilling. Let me see how much all these amount to."

The items were soon summed up, and the product was two dollars and nearly a half.

"That, you see, reduces it to five dollars and a half," said Mrs. Hall.

"So it does," remarked the husband. "How money does slip through one's fingers! I would'nt have believed it. But where is the balance? Where are the five dollars and a half? Even that is too much to loose. Let me see."

Mr. Hall thought for a moment, and then his thumb and finger gave a sharp crack, and he exclaimed—

"Yes! That's it! I paid my barber's and my boot black's bills, which added together make just five dollars and a half. Well, I declare! It is astonishing! Would any one have thought it? How money does go! I wish I could never see a dollar! Money melts out of my pockets like snow before the fire. I wish, in my heart, you would take it and see if you can make it go any farther than I do."

Mrs. Hall did not reply for some moments, and then she said—

"I will do so, provided you let me manage things in my own way for a year; and, also, provided that you will be content with five dollars a quarter for your tobacco and segars; also provided, that you will shave yourself and black your own boots or let me do it for you; and also take your luncheon from home instead of buying it; by all of which about sixty dollars a year can be saved."

“Sixty dollars! It don’t cost half of that sum, Harriet.”

“Count it up for yourself, Felix. Why, a shilling a day for lunch amounts to thirty-seven dollars a year.”

“So it does? How little things do count up. Well, wife, if you’ll take hold in good earnest, I’ll do just as you say for one year, and if you bring down the cost of living as much as a hundred dollars, I will let you manage money matters ever after.”

“If I don’t bring it down three hundred dollars, I am mistaken,” replied Mrs. Hall, in a confident tone; for light had suddenly broken into her mind. The account which her husband had given of three days’ dispensation of money, under his system, showed her where the leak was.

“Here are twenty dollars to begin with, all that I have left from my last quarter’s salary, after keeping three dollars and a half for my tobacco and segars during the next three months. When it is gone, I will borrow as much as you want to carry you on until I can draw more money.”

At the rate Hill was going on, it would have taken little over a week to have entirely emptied his pocket-book; but it was a month before his wife asked for a fresh supply.

One of Mrs. Hall’s first acts was to buy blacking and brushes, and discharge the boot-black. For a week she brushed her husband’s boots, every morning, before he discovered that the boot-black had been dismissed; then he accidentally caught her in the act of brightening his leather understandings, very greatly to his surprise. After that, he shaved himself and blacked his own boots without feeling himself in the least degraded thereby.

Five dollars a quarter for tobacco, cigars, and other little nicknackeries, Mr. Hall found to be rather a limited income; but, as he had agreed to meet his extra expenses with this sum, he felt some pride in doing so. In order to accomplish it, however, he had to abate many glasses of wine and mineral water, and limit himself to a certain number of segars daily.

At the end of the first quarter, Mrs. Hall received one hundred and seventy dollars from her husband. Eighty dollars she had received before, and as this had been borrowed by her husband, he kept that amount from his three months’ salary in order to pay it back.

By extra exertions, and a system of almost pinching economy,

Mrs. Hall managed to pay the rent and a few small bills, and get through without asking her husband for a cent more ; so that when the salary became due again she had a much larger sum to start with. From that time not even a baker's bill was permitted to accumulate ; and her milk bill was settled once a week.

Mr. Hall sometimes complained a little at his wife's "short commons," as he called them, and at being cut off from all pleasure-taking, but she consoled him by telling him, good humoredly, to wait awhile ; that there was a good time coming.

The year for which Mrs. Hall had undertaken to manage affairs at last came to a close, and one evening she said to her husband—

"Here are my accounts for the year. They are not very neatly kept, but I presume you will find all correct."

"Accounts! Have you kept accounts?" asked Mr. Hall.

"Oh, yes ; to a penny."

"Well, how stands the balance?"

"Something in our favor, I think. There isn't a cent owed any where, except the balance of your tailor's bill, and you know I had over a hundred and fifty dollars to pay when I took the management of things."

"Possible!" said Mr. Hall, opening his eyes.

"Yes ; and, what is better, I have about fifty dollars on hand."

"Incredible!"

"It is true."

"But how in the world did you do it?"

"Not by starving you all, you will admit."

"No, certainly,—we have had plenty of good, wholesome food to eat ; though I must own to thinking, sometimes, that you indulged us in little seasonable delicacies rather sparingly."

"It had to be done, or else I couldn't have got along on the reduced income of this year—reduced by the necessity of paying off so many old bills."

"But how have you done it, Harriet? You haven't given me the affirmative yet."

"By following this simple rule, Felix ; never to buy any thing that was not wanted, and being very careful, when a want presented itself, *to see whether it were real or imaginary*. Hereafter I hope you will follow the same rule, and if you do, you can keep the family on as little as I have done."

“Thank you, Harriet!” returned Mr. Hall, smiling; “but I believe I won’t supersede your administration of affairs; although I shall insist upon one thing; and it is that you get a stout girl of thirteen or fourteen to assist you. You are working too hard.”

“Wait until next year.”

“No. It must be done now. We can afford it. But, if you think we can’t, I will give up my tobacco and segars in order to help meet the extra expense.”

“Oh, no. I won’t ask that of you,” said Mrs. Hall.

“Then you must get the extra help.”

“Very well, if you insist so strongly upon it, I suppose it must be done.”

And it was done. Three or four years have passed. Mr. Hall is quite as well dressed as before, and his wife much better. Several articles of new furniture have been added to their house. Mrs. Hall keeps a cook and a girl to help about, and has a much more cheerful and less broken-down appearance. She doesn’t work over half as hard as she did. Add to all this the fact that there is not a cent owed any where, and from one to two hundred dollars always lying by, and the reader will agree with Mr. Hall, who has quite changed his mind on the subject, that a man CAN get along on a thousand dollars; that is, if he have the right kind of a wife, and is willing to let her manage things with prudence and economy.

## A STAGE-COACH ADVENTURE.

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Henry Bedford, a young merchant, residing in one of the Western cities, came on to the East, as usual, in the summer of 183—, to purchase his fall and winter supply of goods. A few days after his domestication at the American Hotel, in New York, he observed a young lady in one of the parlors who particularly struck his fancy. On inquiry, he learned that she came from Ohio, and was the daughter of Judge T——, who had gone to Washington on some business with the Government, and expected to remain at the capital for a week or ten days. So pleased was Bedford with Miss Cordelia T—— that he could not rest until he had managed to obtain an introduction.

The young lady proved even more attractive than Bedford, in his imagination, had pictured her to be, when she first moved before him as a lovely stranger. So much pleased with her was he, that before he had basked in the light of her sunny countenance an hour, he was decidedly in love; and his evident admiration of the fair young creature made serious inroads upon the tender regions about her heart. What particularly pleased Bedford was the style of the lady. She was not attired gaudily, nor at all overloaded with ornament; but, still, there was something peculiar, not to say unique and striking, in her mode of dress. Her hair, of which she had a profusion, was as smooth and glossy as brush could make it; and, about her sweet young face, and on her graceful, snowy neck, it fell with a voluptuous freedom that was absolutely bewitching. With each movement of her head, these silken curls seemed to catch the smile that ever lit up her face with a beautiful radiance. It is hardly a matter of wonder that Henry Bedford lost his heart.

A few days only could the young man spend with this charming creature. Business called him to Boston, and he had to leave her. Absence invested Cordelia T—— with new charms, and made him more than ever in love with her. To a fellow-townsmen and young merchant whom he met in Boston on business, he spoke of Cordelia with all the enthusiasm of a lover, and said that, take her all in all, she was the sweetest girl it had so far, been his fortune to meet.

“Did you ever see her father?” inquired the young man.

“No.”

“He’s a hard old christian.”

“A rough exterior often covers a generous nature.”

“True.”

“I cannot believe that the father of so lovely a girl can have a bad heart.”

“Oh! As to having a *bad* heart, I wouldn’t say that. But I doubt if he possesses many kind impulses, or gentle feelings. He is known to all as a hard character, and his face does not, in the least, belie the reputation.”

“Well, all I have to say is, that let Judge T—— be what he may, he has a charming daughter, and no mistake; and I am going to get away from here just as quickly as possible, in order to spend a day or two with her in New York before leaving for the West; and, if I do not lay my heart at her feet before we separate, it will be because I change my mind very much from what it is at present.”

“You are smitten, sure enough!”

“And so would you have been if you had met this lovely girl.”

“May be so; though I rather doubt your conclusion. I am not usually won by every pretty face that comes along.”

“Nor I. This, let me tell you, is no mere pretty face. The whole air, manner, and style of the girl, to say nothing of her accomplishments, make up a whole of beauty and grace that charm irresistibly.”

“Of all that I will judge for myself when I meet the young lady in New York, if she is there when I pass through, or at your residence when she becomes Mrs. Bedford.”

“Which, jesting aside, is an event most likely to occur.”

“Ha! ha!” laughed the young friend of Bedford. “You are fairly caught, sure enough! I only hope the meshes may prove strong enough to hold you.”

As soon as Bedford could arrange his business in Boston, he went back to New York, eager to meet the young lady who had robbed him of his heart. But the bird had flown. Judge T—— had arrived at the American the day after Bedford left New York, and was now, so the young man learned, on his way home to the West, in company with his beautiful daughter. Had it not been that his business made it absolutely necessary for him to remain in New York several days longer, Bedford would have started for Philadelphia by the first line, and made an effort to overtake the lady ; but business was imperative and could not be neglected ; and so he had nothing to do but submit, with the best possible grace, to what could not be helped.

It was nearly a week after Judge T—— and his daughter left New York, before Bedford turned his face homeward. At Baltimore he took his passage for Wheeling. The railroad was then only completed a distance of sixty miles, and had its terminus at Fredericktown, where the line of stages began. The cars started at six o'clock in the evening, and were drawn by horses. It was two o'clock in the morning when the passengers arrived at Fredericktown, where they crowded into coaches and pushed on for Hagerstown, which they reached in time for breakfast. Bedford's traveling companion was the young merchant he had met in Boston.

Nothing worthy of note occurred during the first day's ride. Cumberland was reached on the morning of the second day, the travelers not much improved either in their looks or feelings by two nights' loss of rest. After washing the dust from their faces, and eating with no very alarming appetites the breakfast that was prepared for them, they were again packed into the narrow coaches, and indulged with an airing among the mountains. By the succeeding night, Bedford felt as if he did not care for any body or any thing. He had put on, when he left Baltimore, a suit of old clothes that were not to be injured either by rubbing or dust, and these had gained nothing in appearance by the journey. One of the elbows of his coat was out, and his pantaloons looked as if they had done service in hod-carrying, or some other work equally trying to a pair of inexpressibles. As for his beard, it had not known the presence of a razor for two days, and his hair looked as if it had never been acquainted with a comb. His soiled shirt collar was concealed beneath a rusty black silk handkerchief, that was twisted about his neck more

like a rag than a cravat. Take him all in all, he looked the vagabond so completely that his friend could not help jesting with him on his appearance.

"I declare, Harry!" said the latter, as they left the coach, and entered the bar-room of a tavern where they were to take supper—"you do cut a shocking figure. You're hardly fit for decent company."

"The man's a man for a' that," replied Bedford, laughing. "I'm as good as if I were dressed in a new suit of French broad-cloth."

"The beautiful Miss T—— might not think so, were she to get a peep at you just now."

"Oh, dear!" And Bedford shrugged his shoulders. "But, thank fortune! there is no danger of that. She's far beyond these regions."

The ting-a-ling-a-ling of the supper bell at this moment announced the fact that their host of the stage house was ready with his good cheer, and they obeyed the summons without ceremony. By the time the hungry passengers had laid in a sufficient supply of coffee, toast and "chicken fixins," the driver's horn was heard, and they once more contracted their bodies within the riding machine where they were to spend the night, but not in gentle sleep. Two of the passengers were not going farther than Brownsville, and their fellow-travelers were congratulating themselves on the relief all would experience when there were but seven instead of nine inside. It was midnight when this point in the journey was reached. After waiting for change of horses, the seven passengers, who were to continue on as far as Wheeling, spread themselves out in the stage-coach, and gave utterance to sundry expressions of pleasure at the prospect of not being so much crowded as they had been since leaving Fredericktown. But, alas for the uncertainty of all human anticipations! Just as the drivers of the four coaches that were running on the line were about mounting their boxes, the stage agent announced that there were two passengers in the house who must go on.

"No room here!" was instantly heard issuing from each of the coaches.

"There is room somewhere," returned the agent, "for two passengers have stopped at Brownsville."

Just at this moment a man and a woman emerged from the house.



“Go ahead, driver! No room in this coach,” cried Bedford, in a petulant voice, leaning out of the window. “We’re crowded to death now.”

But the agent was not to be outwitted after that fashion. “How many inside here?” he asked, opening a coach door.

“All full. Nine inside,” was answered.

“Three—six—nine. All right here. Go ahead, driver!” The driver’s long whip cracked like a pistol in the still night air, and away his horse dashed at full speed.

The next coach, and then the next were in like manner examined, and sent on their journey. The last coach was the one in which Bedford was a passenger.

“All full here,” said several voices, as the agent came to the door; and the inmates spread themselves out as wide as possible. But the eyes of that functionary could not be deceived; even though it were night.

“Three—five—only seven,” said he, in a decided, matter-of-fact voice. “Come, here’s room.”

Bedford, with two others, occupied the back seat.

“Will one of the gentlemen on the back seat change, and give the lady a place there?” said the agent.

“I shall not move,” said Bedford, who sat next the door, and in a voice loud enough to be plainly heard.

The other two men said nothing, but kept their places firmly. The lady was, by this time, half way in the coach, but as neither of the occupants of the back seat showed any disposition to abdicate in her favor, she was obliged to content herself on the middle seat, which was, in reality, if she had known it, by far the most comfortable. The man came in after her, grumbling, or rather, growling, in a low, defiant, bull-dog sort of way.

“No room!” he muttered, as he settled himself down on the front seat, and pressed out his elbows against the two passengers who had compelled him to take the place between them—“There’s hardly room enough in the world for some people.”

The lady did not seem in a more amiable mood than her companion. Particularly was she displeased at the want of courtesy shown in not giving her the back seat, and, in answer to some reference made to it by the agent, before he closed the coach door, she said in a tone distinct enough to be heard, that she presumed they—meaning the occupants of the seat she had

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expected to obtain—were foreigners, as she had never known Americans to treat a lady with discourtesy or want of attention. Bedford felt chafed at this, and he could with difficulty restrain himself from uttering some retort involving a rebuke of American ladies for the selfish and exacting spirit they too often manifest toward gentlemen.

“I wish you a pleasant ride to Wheeling,” said the agent, as he closed the door.

“Thank you,” returned the lady. “No doubt it will be as pleasant as could be expected under the circumstances.”

Particular emphasis was thrown on the last part of the sentence.

“As pleasant as you deserve,” grumbled her companion on the front seat. “Wouldn’t have been much sorry if the stage had been full of Hottentots or Blackfeet Indians. It’ll teach you a lesson on the subject of giving up a good place in a coach for a mere trifle. After waiting two days for a chance to get on, you might put up with a seat on the box and think yourself well off.”

“A sick headache is no trifle,” returned the lady, fretfully.

“Though no killing matter. I’ve ridden a hundred miles with a broken leg. But women are women all the world over. That’s my experience.”

“Would you have them men?” inquired the lady, pertly.

“No, Miss Saucebox!” was quickly retorted. “But I’d have them show at least a small portion of reason and fortitude.”

This rather free speech hurt the lady a little. The tone in which it was given clearly enough showed the relation of the parties to be that of father and daughter. An indistinct reply from the latter closed the conversation, for, just at that moment, the baggage of the two intruders having been securely buckled up in the boot, the driver cracked his whip, and the passengers, dissatisfied with themselves and each other, rolled away on their midnight journey.

The lady had her seat immediately in front of Bedford, who felt towards her a strong repugnance. For this there were two reasons; he had failed to treat her with courtesy, and she had, plainly enough, resented his conduct. He was, therefore, dissatisfied with himself and offended with her—causes fully sufficient to produce a feeling of dislike.

“A fine specimen of a lady!” was his mental exclamation,

as he sunk back in his seat, drew his cap over his eyes, and prepared to get a little semi-oblivion, if not positive sleep. For a quarter of an hour he could think of nothing but the lady before him; and, most heartily did he wish her at the North Pole, or any where else so that she was not in his immediate vicinity. At last his mental impressions became less and less distinct, and he was beginning to have something like pleasant, half waking dreams, when he was aroused by the sweeping of something across his face; which proved to be the barege veil of the lady before him. Said lady's veil had been thrown loosely over the crown of her bonnet; and as the lady had forgotten her troubles in a little doze, and there being nothing to support her head, that member of her body, as the stage made a jolt, had been suddenly jerked backward, and the veil flung into the face of the young merchant.

"Ugh! what's that?" fell from Bedford's lips, as, only half conscious touching the cause of annoyance, he pushed the veil from his face, and, without intending to do so, gave the head and bonnet that had inclined themselves rather nearer than was exactly agreeable, considering who was their owner, something of a rude repulse.

What the lady said in resenting this rough treatment Bedford's ears did not distinguish. Judging from the tone of her voice, he naturally enough concluded that it was nothing very complimentary. Of course, he felt for her a still stronger dislike—for he had acted toward her again in an ungentlemanly manner, and she had resented it.

No farther acts of antagonism occurred during the night. When the gray light of morning began to steal slowly in at the coach windows, it found all the passengers in a state of half-conscious, uncomfortable repose. Bedford was crouched down in a corner of the vehicle, with his face upon his bosom, and the lady before him sat with her head thrown so far back that it was almost a wonder that it did not break off with each heavy jerk of the coach, as it dashed down the rough hill side road. To add to the graceful ease of her position, her mouth had fallen open; and, to give an appropriate effect to the whole picture, certain sounds were issuing from her throat and nostrils that did not exactly remind Bedford, whom daylight first aroused, of the warblings of Mrs. Wood, whom he had heard in *Sonnambula* and *Cindrella* only a week before.

The particular view which the young man first obtained of his fair traveling companion, was not a very flattering one. Whether she were young or old, it was rather difficult to make out. That she was not particularly beautiful, was readily concluded at the first glance. As to her style of person and habilaments, as far as these could be seen, they indicated to the young man a vulgar mind. She had on a nankin riding-dress, which looked soiled and disordered. Her bonnet was of straw, broken in several places, and a faded green veil was drawn over it, apparently as much to conceal defects as to shield the countenance of the owner. Masses of uncombed hair lay about her face in any thing but graceful luxuriance. For at least a quarter of an hour the lady did not change her position. Long before that time expired, Bedford had turned his eyes from her with a feeling of disgust, and was observing the bold and romantic scenery which the newly risen sun revealed to his eyes.

While most of the passengers still slept, the driver reined up his horses at the regular changing place, and as the coach stopped, a man put his head in at the window, and called out in a quick voice—

“Breakfast here, gentlemen!”

Upon this announcement there was a general movement inside, and in as short a period of time as it could well be done, the hungry passengers tumbled themselves out, each so intent on stretching his cramped limbs, on reaching the ground, as scarcely to notice his companions in suffering. When Bedford thought of the lady who had come in at Brownsville, and looked up in order to take an unobstructed observation, she was not to be seen, having passed into the house.

Hurried ablutions were performed by the travelers preparatory to going into the breakfast-room. No brushes nor combs being supplied, those who did not possess either of these necessary articles of the toilet, had to leave their hair in the rough, and rough enough was the state in which some heads remained. Among these, that of Bedford was conspicuous. His was not naturally a soft and silky poll—and some recent *barberous* operations having brought it down to about the length of a hog's bristles, it presented a somewhat similar appearance, with only this difference.—While a hog's bristles lie all in one direction, his, to use rather an obscure vulgarism, “stood seven ways for Sunday.”

"Well, you are a beauty!" said Bedford's companion, as the two young men stood in the bar-room, awaiting the breakfast bell.

"What's the matter?" inquired Bedford, affecting surprise.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the other. "The matter? Why, you look like the very Old Boy! Just take a glance at yourself in that glass."

"No, thank you! I'm afraid that, like a certain mythological notable, I might fall in love with myself."

The sudden ringing of a bell caused both to turn toward the door leading into the passage by which they were to reach the breakfast room. As they were going through the door, the man who had got in at Brownsville went by with the lady on his arm.

"Are those our traveling companions?" asked the young man, with some earnestness of manner.

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Are you certain?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bedford. "I shall never forget that bonnet and that hair!"

"The man is Judge T——!"

"Oh, never!"

"I tell you it is so! No one who has seen that nose, mouth and chin can ever forget them."

"Judge T——?"

"Yes; and no mistake! And the lady is, of course, the charming daughter about whom you have had so much to say."

By this time the two young men were in the breakfast room. As they were last to enter they had no choice of seats. Bedford saw but one vacant place and that was beside Judge T——, who, with his daughter, occupied the end of the table. To retreat was of no avail. So he forced himself up to the lady's presence with an effort not unlike that which a soldier makes in marching up to a cannon. She looked at him as he sat down; but it was not wonderful that she did not recognize, in the soiled and disordered fellow before her, who looked more like a vagabond than any thing else, the fine young gentleman she had met at the American House in New York, and who had been present to her fancy ever since. When Bedford ventured to lift his eyes to her face, after taking his place at the table, he saw that she did not recollect him, and had he not been ap-

prized of the fact that the individual with whom she was in company was Judge T——, he would hardly have discovered, in the slovenly figure and peevish face of the lady, the delightful and fascinating young creature who had won his heart at first sight.

That Judge T—— was a "hard old christian," as his friend had said, Bedford was ready enough to admit before leaving the breakfast-table; for, some remark led him into a little controversy with the Judge, whom he found about as rough as a polar bear. As for Cordelia, she made sundry little exhibitions of herself that did not add to the young man's estimation of her character for sweetness and amiability; and when he arose from the table and left the breakfast-room, every charm with which his warm imagination had invested her was gone.

"When I fall in love again," said Bedford, to his friend, as they walked out of the bar-room after settling the landlord's bill, "I'll put off the declaration until I can meet the lady in a stage-coach after two days travel."

"When both of you will be cured, I fancy, if you prove as amiable and accommodating as you were last night, and cut as fine a figure as you do this morning."

The near approach of Cordelia and her father prevented farther remark on that subject. It was the intention of Bedford to yield his place to the lady; but she did not wait for the courtesy. Pressing forward, she clambered into the coach, and took possession of the back seat; and Judge T—— getting in after her, coolly appropriated a place by her side. Being the last to approach the door of the vehicle, Bedford found that his only chance was to crowd past the lady, and do penance between her and her father from thence to Wheeling. If any love, by the merest chance remained, it was all gone by the time they reached the banks of the Ohio.

Six months afterwards Bedford and Miss T—— met in Cincinnati at a fashionable party. The young lady was as attractive, as beautiful, and as fascinating as before; but her former lover could not forget the stage-coach adventure, nor force himself into any thing beyond a reserved politeness. It happened that the friend of Bedford, who had returned with him from the East, was also present. He had become very well acquainted with Cordelia since that time, having entered into business in the town where she lived, and been a frequent visiter at her



MEETING AT BREAKFAST.

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father's house. To him she said, a few days after the meeting in Cincinnati—

“How greatly Mr. Bedford is changed. When I saw him, for the first time, last summer in New York, he was the most attentive, affable, polite young man one could wish to meet; but the other evening he was so cold, distant and reserved, that it fairly chilled me to come near him.”

The young man, as the lady said this, thought of the stage-coach adventure, and the ludicrous ideas it created caused him to laugh outright.

“What are you laughing about?” inquired she.

“Have you never met Bedford since you saw him in New York?”

“Not until now.”

“Are you certain?” The young man felt that he could not keep his secret, let the effect of its betrayal be what it might.

“Oh, yes. He left New York for Boston on business, and I started for home before he returned.”

“And, on the way, stopped for a short time at Brownsville.”

“What!” The young lady evinced surprise.

“Isn't it so?”

“Yes.”

“And resumed your journey one morning about two o'clock.”

“How do you know?”

“You see that I do know.”

“Were you a passenger at the time?”

“Yes, and so was Bedford.”

“Bedford!” The blood mantled to the brow of Cordelia.

“He rode between you and your father from the first stopping place after leaving Brownsville, until you reached Wheeling.”

The young lady looked confounded.

“You are only jesting with me,” said she, at length, her face brightening.

“No, I'm in earnest.”

“Why, the man who rode between us was such a miserable looking wretch, that I couldn't even be civil to him; and I well remember, that he was at no pains to be civil to me.”

“That man was Bedford.”

“Impossible!”

"I do assure you that it is so. I was myself along, and knew your father by sight very well."

"Did he know me?"

"Not until I pointed out your father, as we were entering the breakfast room at the tavern on the morning after leaving the place where you had been detained for a couple of days."

The young lady very naturally became thoughtful, as memory went back to the time that was referred to. An image of herself, as she must have appeared in the eyes of Bedford, was soon distinctly before her mind, and sundry little facts and incidents appertaining to her entrance into the stage at Brownsville, and the ride to Wheeling, came one after another to her recollection. It was no cause of wonder that the crimson did not fade quickly from her brow. The young man more than half regretted having permitted himself to refer to the subject.

"Don't take it so much to heart," said he, laughing. "I only told you as a good joke."

But it was too severe a joke; and, in spite of all he could do, he failed to bring back her mind into a cheerful tone. The relation, however, had one good effect, it completely extinguished all tender emotions when an image of the handsome and attentive young merchant arose in her thoughts; for the transformation to the ragged, uncombed, unshaven, disagreeable, uncourteous stage-companion was almost instantaneous.

More than fifteen years have passed since that time. Cordelia T—— was married to the friend of Bedford, and is now the mother of half a dozen children. Bedford is also married, and the two families live in the same town and are intimate. The stage-coach adventure is often referred to as a capital joke, and a good lesson for travelers who are never certain about the company into which they may happen to fall.

## HALF-LENGTHS IN OUTLINE.

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### MR. CARPER.

“No doubt of it!” And Mr. Carper tossed his head half contemptuously.

“I never saw such a man as you are. You don’t admit that there is good in any one.”

“Oh, yes, I do, my dear. But such disinterested acts of benevolence are not to be met with every day. You may depend upon it, the Allisons know what they are about. It will appear before long. I’ve seen a good deal of the world in my time; and I know that all men and all women, too, are selfish. I’m selfish myself, and don’t pretend to deny it—and he’s a hypocrite that does. Don’t tell me it was pure benevolence in the Allisons, for I won’t believe it.”

“What object could they have in view, Mr. Carper? Mary is poor, and hasn’t a friend in the world.”

“Dear knows! But you’ll find out one of these days. The cloven foot can’t always be hid. Depend upon it, there is an axe to grind.”

“I don’t believe it. I know Mrs. Allison well, and I know that she is altogether unselfish. In this act she has proved it to the world.”

But Mr. Carper shook his head. “It can’t be, my dear. Every body is selfish. You and I, and every one else. It’s our nature. A poor compliment to human nature, I own; but nevertheless, it’s just as I say.”

"I won't admit that all are as selfish as you would make it appear. I know it is not so. Look at the money that is given every day, in thousands, for charitable purposes."

"Given to be seen of men," returned Mr. Carper. I know!"

"Look at the self-sacrificing Sister of Charity. What end can she have in view that is not purely benevolent?"

"She thinks to earn heaven. It is selfishness that inspires her."

"Look at the Missionary."

"He seeks to be honored of men for a virtue he does not possess."

"I don't believe it, Mr. Carper."

"It's true. All men are selfish, and every motive that inspires to action is some form of selfishness. I know!"

"Is there selfishness in a mother's love?"

"Yes. She loves herself in her child. If her love be unselfish, why doesn't she love other children, equally helpless and innocent, as well as she loves her own? Human nature is human nature my dear—bad at the best; and all this show of good in some people is sheer hypocrisy. I know!"

"Well, Mr. Carper, all I have to say is, that I should be sorry to think as badly of mankind as you do—very sorry. I believe there is a great deal of good in the world, and am very happy to think so."

Mr. Carper, as the reader may readily infer from the manner in which he has just expressed his opinions, was a man who never gave any body credit for acting from a disinterested motive. He had never done so himself, and did not believe that it was possible for any one else to do it. Notwithstanding this, his settled opinion of mankind, it was a little remarkable that he was always finding fault with this, that, and the other one, for not exhibiting, in their conduct, the very qualities he denied them. If any one acted generously, he attributed it to a selfish motive; and if another acted selfishly, he expressed a due portion of surprise and indignation at his conduct, especially if he happened to be affected by it. Do as you would, Mr. Carper always saw something to censure.

The Allisons, whose motives for a kind act he had been questioning, were a family consisting of Mr. John Allison a merchant, Mrs. Allison his wife, a sister, and two daughters. The latter were nearly grown. In this family, a young girl had oc-

asionally been employed as seamstress. She gained her livelihood by going out and sewing when she could get work to do. She had no relatives. There was something about this friendless girl that excited the sympathy of Mrs. Allison. She was young, retiring and modest, and seemed always to be conscious of her lonely condition; and yet, withal, she was of a cheerful temper. Her name was Mary.

Mrs. Allison had engaged her to come and sew for her in the Spring, and Mrs. Carper had done the same. She was to go to Mrs. Carper's for three weeks, and then come to Mrs. Allison's.

Mary had taken a severe cold during the winter, which had fastened upon her a hollow, concussive cough, that was exceedingly troublesome. While at Mr. Carper's she took fresh cold, and became so unwell that she had to give up work, and go home to the room she rented from a poor widow. She took to her bed and was quite sick. Not coming to Mrs. Allison's at the time she had appointed, that lady called to know if she were not ready to begin her engagement, and found Mary extremely ill. She had little or no attention from the woman of whom she rented, who was about having her taken to the Alms House. In the kindness of her heart, and from no inspiration but that of true benevolence, Mrs. Allison proposed to her husband and sister that they should have Mary brought to their house and properly taken care of. This suggestion was fully approved, and Mary was accordingly removed, and every attention bestowed upon her—as much so as if she had been a near relative of the family.

This was the act that Mr. Carper contended had its origin in selfishness. The Allison's, he was very sure, had some ultimately expected good in their minds, which they believed would result from this pretended act of genuine benevolence.

Mary, poor girl, never left her room after she was kindly taken into the family of Mrs. Allison. She lingered on for some months, and then died.

"I reckon that didn't pay," said Mr. Carper to his wife, when she mentioned to him the fact that Mary was dead.

"I presume Mrs. Allison received all the pay she ever expected. She told me, when I was there this morning, that she never thought the girl would live, from the moment she saw how ill she was; and that she could not bear to think of her going to the Alms House and dying there."

Mr. Carper shook his head, and pursed up his lips.

"Tell that to the marines."

"If you had seen how really grieved she was at Mary's death you would not talk so."

"I've not the least doubt of her grief. But—

"But what?"

"No wonder. She lost a very useful girl who would have been bound to her by gratitude. Depend upon it, if Mary had lived, we should never have had her services again."

"It's abominable, Mr. Carper! I'm ashamed of you! If I thought as badly of the world as you do, I'd go out of it."

"I'm not so sure that you would better yourself much," Mr. Carper said, a little sarcastically; but with a twinkle of humor in his eyes.

Some months after this, three of Mr. Carper's children were taken dangerously ill, and, as the disease progressed towards a crisis, it became necessary that some one should sit up with them every night. This watching had continued so long, that the family was completely worn out. It was known among their friends that they had prolonged and serious illness in the house. Some dropped in now and then to ask how the children were getting—some sent their servants daily to make enquiries. Among those who called were Mrs. Allison and her sister, and their expression of interest and concern was so real, that even Mr. Carper doubted whether it were not genuine. As to all the rest, he set down their enquiries and calls as mere form, done for the sake of appearances.

Just at the right moment, when all were so fatigued with watching as to be more than half sick, Mrs. Allison came and offered to sit up with the children. The kind overture was accepted. Even Mr. Carper was touched by it, and felt that it was not a purely selfish act. On the night after, the sister of Mrs. Allison came, and then, on the two succeeding nights, the daughters. The children were so ill, that two persons were now required to with them, both day and night. For more than two weeks, some member of Mr. Allison's family sat up regularly with them. This was a service, the value of which was not to be estimated. And it was done so cheerfully and affectionately, and with such a tender interest in the little sufferers, that Mr. Carper was more than once moved to tears by its unstudied and almost unconscious exhibition. When the dark

shadow from the wing of death, that had rested for so long a period over the household treasures of Mr. Carper, had lifted itself up, and let in a beam from the sun of hope, the pleasure of Mrs. Allison and her family was so natural and genuine that Mr. Carper felt and acknowledged in his heart that it could only come from an unselfish source.

But, strange perversity of the heart ; it was not many weeks after light and music were again restored to his dwelling, before the oft repeated praise of the Allisons that fell from the lips of his wife, was coldly received by Mr. Carper ; then with a shrug ; and finally with an unblushing declaration of his opinion that the Allisons knew what they were about, and it would be seen one of these days. Human nature was human nature, and it was no use to try to make him believe that people acted from an unselfish regard for others. He knew !

And thus Mr. Carper goes on. Occasionally, something like the kind attentions of the Allisons to his children, staggers him for a time, and drives back the bitter waters of his captious spirit ; but they soon resume again their steady flow, and he sees in others' acts only a reflection of his own selfish ends and impulses.

“Don't talk to me,” he will say, “about the goodness of the human heart, genuine benevolence, and all that. I've lived too long in the world, and seen too much in my time. There isn't a bit of it. The serpent hides among all these flowers, so beautiful to the eye. But you can't deceive me. I know !”

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### MR. NIGHTSHADE.

“It's the scarlet fever, Jane, I'm sure of it,” said Mr. Nightshade, with a troubled look and anxious voice, as he stood with his wife beside the bed on which their little boy lay sick. He had been quite well in the morning, but after dinner drooped about, and fell asleep towards the middle of the afternoon. When Mr. Nightshade came home at dusk, Harry was moaning in his sleep, that had been prolonged to an unusual period, and

had considerable fever. There was a good deal of Scarletina about, and several children had died with it in the immediate neighborhood. This was enough to fill the heart of the nervous Mr. Nightshade with alarm.

"It's scarlet fever, Jane. There is no doubt of it. Have you sent for the doctor?"

"Not yet. I thought I would wait until you came home. I didn't feel at all alarmed. Children, you know, are often attacked with slight fevers like this, which go off in a few hours."

"This is no slight fever," returned Mr. Nightshade, the shadows gathering still more deeply over his face. "I will go at once for the doctor."

"Hadn't you better wait until after tea?"

"Oh, no! I don't want any tea. It would strangle me!"

"You really give yourself unnecessary alarm, Mr. Nightshade. I don't think it any thing serious."

"Isn't scarlet fever something serious, ha?"

"But we're not sure it's scarlet fever."

"I am just as sure of it as I ever was of any thing in my life. Isn't it all around us, and the air full of it? How could he help contracting the disease?"

And Mr. Nightshade hurried off for the doctor. When this individual, so welcome in sickness, but greeted with a cold shoulderishness when health bounds lightly through the veins, came, after an hour's delay, which seemed a week to the anxious Mr. Nightshade, the father watched every expression of his face, and every motion, while he examined the symptoms of little Harry.

"Well, doctor," said Mr. Nightshade, breathing thickly, "What do you think of him?"

"He has some fever," replied Esculapius.

"Do you think it scarlet fever?" anxiously enquired the father.

"I hope not."

"But hasn't he every symptom?"

"In ephemeral as well as more serious febrile affections, the first symptoms very nearly resemble each other. It is always impossible to tell in its incipency what the course of a fever is going to be. I hope this will not prove at all alarming. I will call around in the morning, when I trust I shall find your little boy better." The doctor gave a light prescription, more for the



purpose of satisfying the parents than any thing else, and then went away.

Mr. Nightshade walked the floor until twelve o'clock, and it was not until long after little Harry's skin was cool and moist, that he would take off his clothes and retire to rest.

When the doctor came on the next morning, Harry was playing about and singing to himself, as lively as a cricket.

"I was sure it was nothing serious," said Mrs. Nightshade to her husband. "But you are so easily frightened."

"Better be scared than hurt," returned Mr. Nightshade, a little put out with himself for having made another exhibition of his weak side. "I'd rather be frightened fifty times at scarlet fever, than have it in the house once."

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"Yes, sir; there will be a war with England before three months. It's inevitable."

"I hope not, Mr. Nightshade. I think better of the good sense of both countries."

"It's more than I do, then. Yes, sir, there will be war! Look at the articles in the Times! Look at Sir Robert Peel's emphatic language; and then look at the articles in the Government organ at Washington! Neither country will yield an inch, sir! I saw that from the first. We shall all be overwhelmed in ruin. I shouldn't be surprised if there were half a dozen war steamers on our coast in ten days from this. The President's message has done the business for us completely. In less than three months from this time, you will hear of more failures than have occurred since thirty-five and six. It's just what I expected."

"But the commercial interests of the two countries are so intimately blended. There is too much at stake on both sides."

"What do politicians care about mercantile or manufacturing interests? Not the snap of a finger! They have no stake in business. No, no, sir." All they care about, is plunging the country into a war, and, in the elementary disorder and ebullitions that must follow, secure their own selfish and ambitious ends."

"I won't believe it, Mr. Nightshade. I will still look upon the bright side, and hope for the best."

“Yes, that is just the way,” muttered Mr. Nightshade to himself, as he walked along with his eyes cast gloomily upon the pavement. “Just the way—no body is afraid—no body expects any evil—all look upon the bright side. But it will come in spite of all this, and then we’ll see who’ll make the loudest outcry. People may stick their heads under the sand like ostriches; but it won’t save ’em. We shall see who’s right before three months roll around!”

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“I don’t believe the boy will ever make any thing, Jane. I’m out of all heart with him.”

“Don’t be impatient, Mr. Nightshade. Don’t look for the worst. All we can do, is to prepare the earth and sow the seed. We mustn’t get discouraged if it doesn’t spring up as quickly as we could wish, nor endanger its growth by digging down to see if it is beginning to germinate. I haven’t much fear for the ultimate result.”

“I have, then. I don’t believe he’ll turn out worth a farthing. Here he is, twelve years of age, as dull, ungainly, unpolished, and rude a cub as ever was licked by a bear. I’m ashamed of him. He’s got no pride, nor ambition, nor industry, nor any thing that is good, worth naming.”

“For mercy’s sake, Mr. Nightshade, don’t talk so about the boy! Don’t exaggerate his defects. Harry has many good qualities, and, in a little while, they will begin to preponderate in his character. Think of his excellencies, Mr. Nightshade, and you will see much to encourage you.”

“Excellencies, indeed! I should like to find some.”

“Did you ever know him to tell a lie; or even to evade the truth on any pretence?”

“No.”

“That’s something. Harry is a truthful, honest boy. Here is good ground into which to sow good seed. Is he not generous and kind to his brothers and sisters?”

“Yes, he’s kind enough.”

“And unselfish?”

“Yes; there’s nothing greedy about him—but—”

“His teacher has never complained of his dullness, has he?”

"No. But just look at him now. Did you ever see such an awkward position, or such a stupid face?"

"He's rather awkward, I know; but he can't well help that now. He'll get over it. As to his having such a stupid face, I must differ with you, Mr. Nightshade."

But Mr. Nightshade was out of all heart with the boy, and didn't believe he would ever come to any thing.

A few years later, Harry took three or four of the highest prizes at school, in succession.

"All very well," said Mr. Nightshade, "Thankful for so much. But he has no address. He'll never get along in the world. He'll never make a man. I know it. I see it plainly enough."

At twenty-one, Harry stepped upon the world's arena, well educated, intelligent, manly in his deportment, and with address enough to carry him any where. There was no fears for him.

"I wouldn't have believed it," said Mr. Nightshade. "It seems hardly credible. I'm thankful; that's all I can say. I certainly never expected it."

"But you always look upon the dark side, Mr. Nightshade."

"So you are forever saying, Mrs. Nightshade, "but I don't admit it, and never did. I can see a bright side as well as any one. But when it thunders I don't leave my umbrella at home, thinking it won't rain. Not I. I take heed to what is passing around me, and, foreseeing the evil as a wise man should, hide myself; not, like a fool in the dark, dash blindly ahead and knock my brains out against a wall."

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## MR. BRAY.

Mr. Bray is a man who would at any time rather prick his nose against a thistle than smell at a flower. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to call himself a "wide liker"—we believe it was Sir Joshua—but Mr. Bray is another sort of person altogether.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Bray!" said a friend, not long since, meeting him on Chestnut street.

"Good morning, sir; how are you?"

"Very well. I've just been looking at something new and beautiful in Robinson's windows."

"Painting?"

"Yes. Have you seen it?"

"I have." Mr. Bray spoke indifferently.

"It's a splendid piece of work. Don't you think so?"

"A bad sky—very bad! Cold as winter."

"But the whole effect of the picture is grand. Did you ever see such an atmosphere? And such a foliage? You can almost see the leaves fluttering in the wind."

"The trunk of a tree on the right looks as stiff and formal as a sign-post. It spoils the whole picture."

"You don't like it then, Mr. Bray?"

"There are some good points in it; but it's full of faults."

"I must confess I did not notice any, I was so pleased with the whole composition."

"Oh, yes! It is full of them. The artist has some merit, and his picture some fine points. As a whole, the effect is passable, but the detail is bad. There isn't a single part that is not amenable to criticism."

The friend, on separating from Mr. Bray, entertained a high regard for his taste, and quite a poor opinion of his own that could perceive beauty in a composition so full of defects.

"Mr. B—— is a fine speaker," remarked an acquaintance, on leaving the church, after having listened to a very eloquent discourse from a minister of some celebrity.

"Yes, but he has his faults."

"I was so much interested that I did not notice his faults. Didn't you think that passage, in which he compared the close of a man's life to a beautiful sunset, a most exquisite piece of painting?"

"It contained two false metaphors," returned Mr. Bray, with a slight expression of contempt in his manner. "I was completely astonished to hear a man of his reputation make such blunders. Depend upon it, he is overrated."

"But, Mr. Bray, didn't you think the whole description a masterly performance?"

"I thought it rather common-place. The idea is as old as

the hills. Every poet and preacher that has written or spoken in the last fifty years, has made use of it."

"What did you think of his argument to prove that man's soul is immortal?"

"It contained some fine language, but not an original idea. All that I have heard, over and over again."

"Then the sermon was a perfect failure in your estimation?"

"No, not altogether. Mr. B—— doubtless has talents, and is quite a fine speaker, though evidently much overrated. You remember his comparison between Shakspeare and Milton?"

"Very well."

"That was certainly very fine—very fine indeed! And if original, sufficient to redeem the whole performance. But it strikes me that I have heard or seen it before. I must try if I cannot find it in Hazlitt. I think it is there."

"You are a close critic, Mr. Bray."

"Oh, no! Not at all. I enjoy beauties as well as any one; but cannot bear to see them marred by so many glaring defects."



"A beautiful creature! See how lightly she moves through the cotillon, a very sylph for airy grace. A rare and sweet flower that, Mr. Bray. No wonder her father is proud of her."

"I cannot say that I altogether admire her beauty," returned Mr. Bray, a little coldly. "I never could bear that eternal smirk. I like to see a countenance sink into repose, and only light up with expression when there is something to express. But Flora's face is forever a wreath of smiles."

"Oh, no, not always."

"Look at her now."

"But she is dancing, and all her happiest feelings are excited. It would be strange if her face were not lit up now."

"It's always so," returned Mr. Bray, positively. "I never saw her in my life that she was not grinning. To me such faces are intolerable. And more than that, she can't sit still a minute; she is forever fidgeting about."

"I think her very beautiful."

"I know she is called beautiful. But I must own I never was much attracted by her style of beauty. She wears her hair abominably."

"It curls naturally. I like to see a young girl's neck a mass of glossy curls. You certainly don't dislike curls, Mr. Bray?"

"Oh, no. On the contrary, I admire curls. But not in little cork-screws such as Flora wears. I like to see three or four large ones on each side of the face."

"Like shavings from under a plane."

"Yes, if you will; but not like shaving-matches or cork-screws."

"She certainly has a form of exquisite proportions, Mr. Bray?"

"There I must again differ with you. I never like to see a woman vary in the least from the standard of just proportions given in the Venus de Medici. Flora is too tall and lathy, to use a vulgarism. This takes from the gracefulness of her motions."

"Then it seems you differ from the general estimation in which Flora is held?"

"Yes—to some extent. She is not ugly. I don't mean that. I will even admit her beauty; but it is by no means perfect."

Mr. Bray had a daughter who, by actual measurement against the wall, proved to be, to a line, the height of the Venus de Medici. But that did not make her a paragon of grace and beauty, by any means. No one ever felt like complaining of her eternal smirk; and as to curls, spite of pipe stems and paper, her hair displayed a remarkable antipathy to ringlets.

Show Mr. Bray a fancy portrait that to you is faultless, and he will detect a slight obliquity in one of the eyes, or discover that the nose is a little out of drawing. He was once asked his opinion of a fine model of the Venus de Medici, his beau ideal of beauty, which he was told was an attempt at a Venus by a young sculptor of great promise. After looking at it from every possible position, sometimes with one eye shut, sometimes with both open, he gravely pronounced the figure to be "rather dumpy," and, upon the whole, "an entire failure!" And then the amused friend was edified by a particular criticism upon the entire performance. After this had been pronounced quite oracularly, and just in the nick of time, another person came in, and after making a few remarks on the statue, spoke of it as a

most admirable copy of the Medician Venus. To this Mr. Bray at once objected.

"Oh, yes," returned the stranger, politely, "it is a copy, made in Florence, by a young American sculptor, and is said to be exact."

Mr. Bray, when he had once pronounced his opinion on any subject was as immovable as a donkey, and could understand reasons and perceive the force of arguments about as well.

"The Venus de Medici," he said, drawing himself up with an air of importance, and speaking oracularly, "is at least an inch and a half higher, and more delicate in all its proportions. I have seen two exquisite copies in London."

The owner of the statue was now referred to. He was called in from an adjoining room.

"What Venus is this?" asked Mr. Bray, eagerly, and with anticipated triumph in his voice.

"It is the Venus de Medici," was replied, with a bow and a smile.

"Oh, no. That cannot be," returned Mr. Bray, gravely. "The Medician Venus is at least an inch taller, and far more delicate in all its proportions."

"I believe this to be true to the original," quietly returned the owner. "At least it ought to be. It is the work of an artist of remarkable ability, who, while cutting it, had daily access to the Florentine gallery. But I think I have the proportions of the original here."

The owner turned to a table, and opened a work on art, filled with exquisitely engraved specimens of some of the noblest existing compositions. It contained an admirable drawing of the Venus de Medici, and also a full description, with accurately marked proportions. The application of a rule, soon satisfied Mr. Bray that, in height and breadth between the shoulders, the copy was accurate to a line.

The dogmatic connoisseur was considerably dashed at this; but he contended, stoutly, that there was something about the statue that marked it as a very defective piece of work, and declared, finally, when bated to the last extreme, that it was more like an Indian Squaw than the Medician Venus! And left his tormentors in a huff.

He had been caught in a trap, but he never forgot nor forgave those who had laid it for him. He is rather more careful how

he talks before men who are likely to know something about matters and things in discussion. But with women, of whose intellect he has a very poor opinion, he still shows off grandly.

Who does not know Mr. Bray?

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### MR. CARKER.

“Ah, me! Things look dark ahead. How *are* we to get along? I’m sure I can’t see. It is just as much as we can do to make both ends meet now.”

This was said by Mr. Reuben Carker, on the occasion of one of those interesting family occurrences, the advent of a baby. Instead of receiving the gift of beauty and innocence with a thankful heart, as he ought to have done, Mr. Carker must sit down and brood over the fact of increased expense, and wonder what he was to do to meet it. He did not reason in the cool, confident way that his wife did, on the subject. She took it for granted, that He who sent babies would send something for them to eat and wear; and after this tenor she replied to the above remark.

But her words made very little impression on Mr. Carker. Faith in Providence was something too intangible for him to rest upon. It might do for some people; but not for him. If he held the note of a rich merchant, falling due at the expiration of three, six, or nine months, he felt that he had something upon which to base a calculation for the future. But trusting in Providence was too uncertain a thing for him. All might come out right, but he had no security—no honor or mercantile character pledged—no sign manual—no bond and mortgage to rely upon.

“Don’t worry yourself, Mr. Carker,” his wife would say, when her husband fell into these desponding humors. “We shall get along well enough. We have always had sufficient.”

“Yes,” he would reply, half impatiently—“but our expenses have been small compared to what they will be. If we had no increase of family and there was to be no increase of expenses, I should have no fears. But as to living on our present income, in a year or two that is out of the question.”





**MR. CARKER.**

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"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. That is my motto. We have enough now, let us enjoy it, Mr. Carker, and be thankful. Our care should not go beyond the ways and means of living right in the present, and doing all that lies in our power for the future."

"It is very easy talking!" was generally the remark with which Reuben Carker silenced his wife on these occasions. It put him out of patience whenever any one attempted to give him confidence and make him feel more comfortable. He was a determined doubter in regard to the future, and, to all appearance, wished to enjoy, in his peculiar way, the benefit of his doubts.

When Mr. Carker married, he was doing moderately well in business. Not really well enough, however, to justify, in his own mind, clearly, the step he was taking. But love is a strong reasoner, and often overrules our better judgment and causes us to act with a strange inconsistency. The honey-moon had not passed, before Mr. Carker began to feel anxious about the future. If he had only been able to keep fairly afloat as a single man, what right had he to expect that his head would remain above water as a married one? This was a form of interrogatory not easily answered. The "how?" was the puzzling question.

When the baby came, the "Ah, me! how *are* we to get along?" came with it, to throw a shadow around the innocent creature God had sent to bless him.

But the days came and went, and each one brought its rain or its sunshine. The grass grew, the buds swelled, the blossoms opened, and, from seed time to harvest, there was a regular progression and a perfection of all things as there had been since the creation of the world. The business of Mr. Carker still proved adequate for the supply of all demands, increased though they were; but he still doubted, and feared, and worried himself about the future. He was sure that want would visit him in the end; that, when his family had increased to three or four children, he would get in debt, be broken up in his business, and those he loved be reduced to great suffering. This was his daily thought. This was his nightly dream. Care—anxious, doubting care—was the skeleton in his house that ever, with hollow eyes, stared grim and ghastly upon him. It was in vain that Mrs. Carker combatted this unhappy disposition; her words of confidence and hope were met by impatient queries as to **What there was to depend upon?**

"Others," he would say, "have been driven to the wall. Others have been reduced to the lowest point, and what security is there for us? None at all. It is easy to hope, and talk about all coming out right in the end; but that isn't going to keep starvation out of your house. I strive harder in my business than ever I did, and, at the utmost, I can only barely meet our expenses."

"And yet," his wife would not fail to urge, "our expenses are at least one-third more than they were. So you see, with increased demands, Providence has sent you an increased income."

"I don't see that Providence has much to do with it," returned Mr. Carker. "I have my own increased efforts more than any thing else to thank for all increased income. But having increased these efforts until every nerve is strained, I think I may fairly conclude, that when a still further increase of expenses take place, there will be nothing to meet it. Ah, me! I don't know what is to become of us."

Ten years after his marriage, we find Mr. Carker still in business, still clear from debt, and in a larger house with a larger family. He has four children. But Mr. Carker is unchanged. His face wears the same unhappy expression, and his heart is filled with the same unhappy doubts. All is dark before him. Providence has given him no note of hand; no security for future income, guaranteed by bond and mortgage. He sees before him a dark boundary, beyond which he has no hope of passing. His four children are growing up with startling rapidity. They require an increased supply of food, bodily and mental, every year; and each new suit of clothes is of larger dimensions and more costly materials. Where is this to end? The spirits of Mr. Carker sink within him at the thought; but he works on and on, bending to his daily duties, uncheered by the pleasant light that fills a hopeful heart.

"Don't look so troubled, Mr. Carker," said his wife to him, on the anniversary of their twelfth wedding day. "Remember the past, and let that give you confidence. Our family has increased until all our expenses are doubled, and yet we have enough. We have never lacked food to eat, nor clothes to wear; and I am sure God will continue to send us these good things while we live."

But Mr. Carker shook his head.

"Poor Clement failed last week, and went all to pieces. He was an honest, prudent, industrious man. But it availed nothing. Why didn't Providence take care of him?"

Clement had a very expensive family. He lived at double the cost we do. There is an adequate cause for his failure, Mr. Carker."

"I don't know that his family was so very extravagant."

"I do, then. I know that it cost Mrs. Clement, for dress, three dollars where it cost me one; and it is the same in regard to her children's clothes, and to every thing about her house. If our expenses are twelve hundred dollars a year, their expenses were, at the lowest cent, twenty-five hundred. Was his business more profitable than yours?"

"No—scarcely as profitable as mine is. But that doesn't signify. Mine may fall off until it bears no more favorable relation to my expenses than his did. In fact, I can see that it is falling off. I never saw worse times than these. There is nothing at all doing. I hav'n't made my store expenses for a week."

"It has rained for a week, remember that, my dear."

"No, but apart from that, it is terribly dull. And then there is such a competition in everything. A few years ago there was a fair profit upon almost every article sold, but now prices are cut down at such a rate that you make scarcely anything at all. Goods are not worth the trouble of selling. If things go on in this way for a year or two longer, we shall all have to quit business. Ah, me!"

It was no use for Mrs. Carker to talk. Her husband was incorrigible; and so she abandoned him, as she had done a hundred times before, to his own gloomy doubts. But the effect of his unhappy disposition, was to take away from his family, and especially from his wife, all true delight. The blessings they really possessed were not more than half enjoyed, because the head of the family, to whom all looked, participated truly in no present good, in his fear of approaching evil, from the dark wing of which he ever felt a shadow upon his heart.

There is no denying the fact that Mr. Carker had to struggle pretty hard; and to feel all those causes of discouragement that meet every man in business. Dull times, bad purchases and bad sales, competition, reduction of prices, and all the evils, so called, that beset trade, he had to encounter with the rest. They did not prostrate him, and for two reasons:—first, because

there is an overruling Providence—lightly as he thought and spoke of it—that governs in the affairs of men; ever from evil educating good, and throwing in at every point a conservative and balancing influence to weigh adequately against the struggling cupidity of man, that would, in a little while, disorganize the whole fabric of society:—and secondly, because Carker's very fears made him industrious, prudent, cautious and persevering in his business.

Just at that period in Carker's life, when he began first to perceive that his energies of body and mind were beginning to fail, some of his children were old enough to take care of themselves. A daughter was married, and two sons attained the age of manhood. But his face still wore, at times, a troubled aspect, and he never looked ahead with a cheerful, confident spirit.

"I'm afraid I shall see trouble yet," he would now and then say to his wife, rousing up, perhaps, from a deep reverie as they sat alone in the evening.

"We have got along so far without it, and I trust we shall get along without very serious trouble to the end," she would generally reply, in a quiet, soothing voice. But, as of old, this confident spirit of his wife would fret him, and cause a fuller expression of his feelings.

"Things are changing," he would say. "Thanks to a vigorous mind and an untiring purpose, I kept in advance of trouble. But I feel that I am no longer what I was. Neither body nor mind are equal to former efforts. And this is not all. Younger men are coming on, and are pushing business far more vigorously than it has ever been pushed; and we of the old school, will, in a little while, be unable to compete with them all. I don't know what is going to be the result; but I feel more really troubled than I ever felt in my life—for there is more real cause for doubt and fear. I feel already, that my business is seriously affected."

"Our expenses are less now, by some hundreds of dollars, than they were a year or two ago."

"That may be. I grant that. But what is there in this to encourage us. Our boys will soon all be off our hands, and our actual expense will be trifling to what it now is:—but will they succeed? That is the question that troubles me. Very few young men succeed. They will need assistance. I know they will. A hand stretched out with aid, at the right moment, has

saved hundreds of young men in their first efforts; but who is there to stretch out such a hand to my children in the hour when it is needed, but their father? And if his hand is palsied, as it is likely to be, they must fall! This thought pains me most deeply. And Mary's husband is liable to meet with reverses as well as they, and may need assistance also. But I shall not be able to give it. Ah, me! This is a hard world to live in. There is no certainty in any thing. At best, it is a long, painful, doubting struggle. Truly has life been called a warfare; and it is one in which but few come off victorious. Here am I, over fifty years of age, and going down the hill of life. I have toiled with the most unremitting assiduity, amid a host of oppressing cares and fears, and where do I now stand? With a firm foundation under my feet? No! They rest upon shifting sands. Talk to me of an overruling Providence? I don't believe a word of it. There cannot be!"

It was in vain for Mrs. Carker, to refer her husband to the fact that they always had got along very well—always had been able to live comfortably. It was in vain for her to quote the encouraging words, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." The past was nothing, and what he called a vague promise, was nothing.

"What have I to depend upon?" he would answer. "The past is gone, and that I have been saved from distress and ruin so far, I am thankful. Heaven knows I am! But there is no security for the future. In a week, or a month, or a year, every thing may fail. Ah, me! By this time of life I hoped to have had a comfortable property laid by. Something upon which I could retire and spend the balance of my days in peace. Ah, me!"

As Mr. Carker had feared, his business steadily declined. He could not conduct it with the energy that marked his younger competitors in trade, and consequently he lost his customers, one after another. Total failure in business would have been the ultimate consequence, had it not been for the fact, that he associated with him one of his sons, who had served a four years' apprenticeship in a large and energetic commercial house. The young man saw the defect in his father's business, and supplied just what was wanted. His extensive acquaintance among country dealers, formed while salesman in the house where he had served his time, enabled him soon to just double the sales.

At sixty-five, Mr. Carker found every thing around him in a more flourishing condition than it ever had been. But he was still anxious about the future. There was a good deal trusted out, and there might come a change in monetary affairs, and dash all their bright expectations to the earth. In view of this, and of the heavy amounts that were to be paid in bank every month, he still uttered almost as dispondingly as ever, his sad "Ah, me!"

Fortunately for Mrs. Carker, she had too much hope in her character to be very much depressed by her husband's gloomy states; and now she has become so used to his sudden deep drawn sigh, and gloomy "Ah, me!" that if she did not hear them a few times every week, she would feel as if she had lost something. They have become so associated with her life and the affection she bears her husband, that they are almost a part of both. As for Carker, he is too old to mend now, and will carry his doubts and fears with him into the next world. Whether he will ever get rid of them there, is more than we can tell. We may, however, be permitted to hope that he will, for to have such doubts and fears to eternity would be a sad state for any man.

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### MR. WISEACRE.

It was a standing boast with Mr. Wiseacre that he had never been humbugged in his life. He took the newspapers and read them regularly, and thus got an inkling of the new and strange things that were ever transpiring, or said to be transpiring, in the world. But to all he cried "humbug!" "imposture!" "delusion!" If any one were so bold as to affirm in his presence a belief in the phenomena of Animal Magnetism, for instance, he would laugh outright; then expend upon it all sorts of ridicule, or say that the whole thing was a scandalous trick; and by way of a finale, wind off thus—

"You never humbug me with these new things. Never catch me in gull-traps. I've seen the rise and fall of too many wonders in my time—am too old a bird to be caught with this kind of chaff."

As for Homœopathy, it was treated in a like summary manner.



All was humbug and imposture from beginning to end. If you said—

“ But, my dear sir, let me relate what I have myself seen—”

He would interrupt you with—

“ Oh ! as to seeing, you may see any thing, and yet see nothing at all. I've seen the wonders of this new science over and over again. There are many wonderful cures made *in imagination*. Put a grain of calomel in the Delaware Bay, and salivate a man with a drop of the water ! Is it not ridiculous ? Doesn't it bear upon the face of it the stamp of absurdity ? It's all humbug, sir ! All humbug from beginning to end. I know ! I've looked into it. I've measured the new wonder, and know its full dimensions—it's name is ' humbug. ' ”

You reply.

“ Men of great force of mind, and large medical knowledge and experience, see differently. In the law, *similia similibus curanter*, they perceive more than a mere figment of the imagination, and in the actual results, too well authenticated for dispute, evidence of a mathematical correctness in medical science never before attained, and scarcely hoped for by its most ardent devotees.”

But he cries,

“ Humbug ! Humbug ! All humbug ! I know. I've looked at it. I understand its worth, and that is—just nothing at all. Talk to me of any thing else and I'll listen to you—but, for mercy's sake, don't expect me to swallow at a gulp any thing of this sort, for I can't do it. I'd rather believe in Animal Magnetism. Why, I saw one of these new lights in medicine, who was called in to a child with the croup, actually put two or three little white pellets upon its tongue, no larger than a pin's head, and go away with as much coolness as if he were not leaving the poor little sufferer to certain death. ' For Heaven's sake ! ' said I, to the parents, ' aint you going to have any thing done for that child ? ' ' The doctor has just given it medicine, ' they replied. ' He has done all that is required. ' I was so out of patience with them for being such consummate fools, that I put on my hat and walked out of the house without saying a word.

“ Did the child die ? ” you ask.

“ It happened, by the merest chance, to escape death. It's constitution was too strong for the grim destroyer.”

"Was nothing else done?" you further ask. "No medicines but Homœopathic powders?"

"No. They persevered to the last."

"The child was well in two or three days I suppose?" you remark.

"Yes," he replies, a little coldly.

"Children are not apt to recover from an attack of croup without medicine." He forgets himself and answers—

"But I don't believe it was a real case of croup. It couldn't have been."

And so Mr. Wiseacre treats almost every thing that makes its appearance. Not because he understands all about it, but because he knows nothing about it. It is his very ignorance of a matter that makes him dogmatic. He knows nothing of the distinction between truth and the appearance of truth. So fond is he of talking and showing off his superior intelligence and acumen, that he is never a listener in any company, unless by a kind of compulsion, and then he rarely hears any thing, in the eagerness he feels to get in his word. Usually he keeps sensible men silent in hopeless astonishment at the very boldness of his ignorance.

But Mr. Wiseacre was caught napping once in his life, and that completely. He was entrapped; not taken in open day, with a fair field before him. And it would be easy to entrap him at almost any time, and with almost any humbug, if the game were worth the trouble; for, in the light of his own mind, he cannot see far. His mental vision is not particularly clear; else he would not so often cry "humbug," where wiser men stop to examine and reflect.

A quiet, thoughtful-looking man once brought to Mr. Wiseacre a letter of introduction. His name was Redding. The letter mentioned that he was the discoverer of a wonderful mechanical power, for which he was about taking out letters patent. What it was, the introductory epistle did not say, nor did Redding communicate any thing relative to the nature of the discovery, although asked to do so. There was something about this man that interested Wiseacre. He bore the marks of a superior intellect, and his manners commanded respect. As Wiseacre showed him particular attention, he frequently called in to see him at his store, and sometimes spent an evening with him at his dwelling. The more Wiseacre saw of him, and the more

he heard him converse, the higher did he rise in his opinion. At length Redding, in a moment of confidence, imparted his secret. He had discovered perpetual motion! This announcement was made after a long and learned disquisition on mechanical laws, in which the balancing of and the reproduction of forces, and all that, was opened to the wondering ears of Wiseacre, who, although he pretended to comprehend every thing clearly, saw it all only in a very confused light. He knew, in fact, nothing whatever of mechanical forces. All here was, to him, an untrodden field. His confidence in Redding, and his consciousness that he was a man of great intellectual power, took away all doubt as to the correctness of what he stated. For once he was sure that a great discovery had been made—that a new truth had dawned upon the world. Of this he was more than ever satisfied when he was shown the machine itself, in motion, with its wonderful combinations of mechanical forces, and heard Redding explain the principles of its action.

“Wonderful! wonderful!” was now exchanged for “Humbug! humbug!” If any body had told him that some one had discovered perpetual motion, he would have laughed at him, and cried “humbug!” You couldn’t have hired him even to look at it. But his natural incredulity had been gained over by a different process. His confidence had first been won by a specious exterior, his reason captivated by statements and arguments that seemed like truth, and his senses deceived by appearances. Not that there was any design to deceive him in particular—he only happened to be the first included in a large number, whose credulity was to be taxed pretty extensively.

“You will exhibit it, of course?” he said to Redding, after he had been admitted to a sight of the extraordinary machine.

“This is too insignificant an affair,” replied Redding. “It will not impress the public mind strongly enough. It will not give them a truly adequate idea of the force attainable by this new motive power. No—I shall not let the public fully into my secret yet. I expect to reap from it the largest fortune ever made by any man in this country, and I shall not run any risks in the outset by a false move. The results that must follow its right presentation to the public cannot be calculated. It will entirely supersede steam and water power in mills, boats, and

on railroads, because it will be cheaper by half. But I need not tell you this, for you have the sagacity to comprehend it all yourself. You have seen the machine in operation, and you fully understand the principle upon which it acts."

"How long will it take you to construct such a machine as you think is required?" asked Wiseacre.

"It could be done in six months if I had the means. But, like all other inventors, I am poor. If I could associate with me some man of capital, I would willingly share with him the profits of my discovery, which will be, in the end, immense."

"How much money will you need?" asked Wiseacre, already beginning to burn with a desire for a part of the immense returns.

"Two or three thousand dollars. If I could find any one willing to invest that moderate sum of money now, I would guarantee to return him four fold in less than two years, and insure him a hundred thousand dollars in ten years. But men who have money generally think a bird in the hand worth ten in the bush; and with them, almost every thing not actually in possession is looked upon as in the bush."

Mr. Wiseacre sat thoughtful for some moments. Then he asked,

"How much must you have immediately?"

"About five hundred dollars, and at least five hundred dollars a month until the model is completed."

"Perhaps I might do it," said Wiseacre, after another thoughtful pause.

"I should be most happy if you could," quickly responded Redding. "There is no man with whom I had rather share the benefits of this great discovery than yourself. Whosoever goes into it with me is sure to make an immense fortune."

Wiseacre no longer hesitated. The five hundred dollars were advanced, and the new model commenced. As to its progress, and the exact amount it cost in construction, he was not accurately advised, but one thing he knew—he had to draw five hundred dollars out of his business every month; and this he found not always the most convenient operation in the world.

At length the model was completed. When shown to Wiseacre, it did not seem to be upon the grand scale he had expected; nor did it, to his eyes, look as if its construction had cost two or three thousand dollars. But Mr. Redding was such a

fair man, that no serious doubts had a chance to array themselves against him.

Two or three scientific gentlemen were first admitted to a view of the machine. They examined it; heard Redding explained the principle upon which it acted, and were shown the beautiful manner in which the reproduction of forces were obtained. Some shrugged their shoulders; some said they wouldn't believe their own eyes in regard to perpetual motion—that the thing was a physical impossibility; while others half doubted and half believed. With all these skeptics and half-skeptics, Wisacre was out of all patience. Seeing, he said, was believing; and he wouldn't give a fig for a man who couldn't rely upon the evidence of his own senses.

At length Redding's great achievement in mechanics was announced to the public, and his model opened for exhibition. Free tickets were sent to editors, and liberal advertisements inserted in their papers. The gentlemen of the press examined the machine, and pretty generally pronounced it a very singular affair certainly, and, as far as they could judge, all that it pretended to be. Gradually that portion of the public interested in such matters, awoke from the indifference felt on the first announcement of the discovery, and began to look at and enter into warm discussions about the machine. Some believed, but the majority either doubted or denied that it was perpetual motion. A few boldly affirmed that there was some trick, and that it would be discovered in the end.

Toward the lukewarm, the doubting, and the denying, Wisacre was in direct antagonism. He had no sort of patience with them. At all times and in all places he boldly took the affirmative in regard to the discovery of perpetual motion, and showed no quarter to any one who was bold enough to doubt.

Among those who could not believe the evidence of his own senses, was an eminent natural philosopher, who visited the machine almost every day, and as often conversed with Redding about the new principle in mechanics which he had discovered and applied. The theory was specious, and yet opposed to it was the unalterable, ever-potent force of gravitation, which he saw must overcome all so called self-existent motion. The more he thought about it, and the oftener he looked at and examined Redding's machine, and talked with the inventor, the more confused did his mind become. At length, after obtaining the most

accurate information in regard to the construction of the machine, he set to work and made one precisely like it; but it wouldn't go. Satisfied now, that there was imposture, he resolved to ferret it out. There was some force beyond the machine he was convinced. Communicating his suspicions to a couple of friends, he was readily joined by them in a proposed effort to find out the true secret of the motion imparted to the machine. He had noticed that Redding had another room adjoining the one in which the model was exhibited, and that upon the door was written "No admittance." Into this he determined to penetrate—and he put this determination into practice, accompanied by two friends, on the first favorable opportunity. Fortunately, it happened that the door leading to this room was without the door of the one leading into the exhibition-room. While Redding was engaged in showing the machine to a pretty large company, including Wiseacre, who spent a good deal of time there, the explorers withdrew, and finding the key in the door, entered quietly the adjoining room, which they took care to fasten on the inside. The only suspicious object here was a large closet. This was locked; but as the intention had been to make a pretty thorough search, a short, strong, steel crowbar was soon produced from beneath a cloak, and the door in due time made to yield. Wonderful discovery! There sat a man with a little table by his side, upon which was a dim lamp, a plate of bread and cheese, and a mug of beer. He was engaged in turning a wheel!

The machine stopped instantly and would not go on, much to the perplexity and alarm of the inventor. Wiseacre was deeply disturbed. In the midst of the murmur of surprise and disapprobation that followed, a man suddenly entered the room, and cried out in a low voice,

"It's all humbug! We've discovered the cause of the motion. Come and see!"

All rushed out after the man, and entered the room over the door of which was written so conspicuously "No admittance." No, not all—Redding passed on down stairs, and was never again heard of!

The scene that followed we need not describe. The poor laborer at the wheel, for a dollar a day, had like to have been broken on his wheel, but the crowd in mercy spared him. As for poor Wiseacre, who had never been humbugged in his life,

he was so completely "used up" by this undreamed of result, that he could hardly look any body in the face for two or three months. But he got over it some time since, and is now a more thorough disbeliever in all new things than before.

"You don't humbug me!" is his stereotyped answer to all announcements of new discoveries. Even in regard to the magnetic telegraph he is still quite skeptical, and shrugs his shoulders, and elevates his eyebrows, as much as to say, "It'll blow up one of these times; mark my word for it!" Nobody has yet been able to persuade him to go to the Exchange and look at the operation of the batteries there and see for himself. He does'nt really believe in the thing, and smiles inwardly, as the rough poles and naked wires stare him in the face while passing along the street. He looks confidently to see them converted into poles for scaffolding before twelve months pass away.

## THE QUILTING PARTY.

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Our young ladies of the present generation know little of the mysteries of "Irish chain," "rising star," "block-work," or "Job's trouble," and would be as likely to mistake a set of quilting frames for clothes poles as for any thing else. It was different in our younger days. Half a dozen handsome patch-work quilts were indispensable then as a marriage portion; quite as much so as a piano or guitar is at present. And the quilting party was equally indicative of the coming-out and being "in the market," as the fashionable gatherings together of the times that be.

As for the difference in the custom, we are not disposed to sigh over it as indicative of social deterioration. We do not belong to the class who believe that society is retrograding, because every thing is not as it was in the earlier days of our life-history. And yet—it may be a weakness; but early associations exercise a powerful influence over us. We have never enjoyed ourselves with the keen zest and heartiness, in any company, that we have experienced at the old-fashioned quilting party. But we were young then, and every sense perfect in its power to receive enjoyment. No care weighed down the spirit; no grief was in the heart; no mistakes had occurred to sober the feelings with unavailing regrets. Life was in the beauty and freshness of its spring time; in the odor of its lovely blossoms. We had but to open our eyes—to touch, to taste—to feel an exquisite delight. Of the world we knew nothing beyond the quiet village; and there we found enough to fill the measure of our capacity. In a wider sphere we have not found greater social pleasures; though in a more extended usefulness there has



come a different source of enjoyment—purer and more elevating to the heart.

But this is all too grave for our subject. It is not the frame of mind in which to enjoy a quilting party. And yet, who can look back upon the early times without a browner hue upon his feelings?

There was one quilting party—can we ever forget it? Twenty years have passed since the time. We were young then, and had not tarried long at Jericho! Twenty years! It seems but yesterday. With the freshness of the present it is all before us now.

In our village there dwelt a sweet young girl, who was the favorite of all. When invitations to a quilting party at Mrs. Willing's came, you may be sure there was a flutter of delight all around. The quilting was Amy's, of course, and Amy Willing was to be the bright particular star in the social firmament. It was to be Amy's first quilting, moreover; and the sign that she was looking forward to the matrimonial goal, was hailed with a peculiar pleasure by more than one of the village swains, who had worshipped the dawning beauty at a respectful distance.

We had been to many quilting parties up to this time; but more as a boy than as a man. Our enjoyment had always been unembarrassed by any peculiar feelings. We could play at blind man's buff, hunt the slipper, and pawns, and not only clasp the little hands of our fair playfellows, but even touch their warm lips with our own, and not experience a heart-emotion deeper than the ripple made on the smooth water by a playful breeze. But there had come a change. There was something in the eyes of our young companions, as we looked into them, that had a different meaning from the old expression, and particularly was this true with Amy. Into her eyes we could no longer gaze steadily. As to the reason, we were ignorant; yet so it was.

The invitation to attend her quilting was an era; for it produced emotions of so marked a character that they were never forgotten. There was an uneasy fluttering of the heart as the time drew near, and a pressure upon the feelings that a deep, sighing breath, failed to remove. The more we thought about the quilting, the more restless did we grow, and the more conscious that the part we were about to play would be one of peculiar embarrassment.

At last the evening came. We had never shrunk from going alone into any company before. But now we felt that it was necessary to be sustained from without; and such sustentation we sought in the company of the good-natured, self-composed bachelor of the village, who went any where and every where freely and without apparent emotion.

"You're going to Amy Willing's quilting?" said we to L—, on the day before the party.

"Certainly," was his reply.

"Will you wait until we call for you?"

"Oh, yes," was as good-naturedly answered.

"So much gained," thought we, when alone.

In the shadow of his presence we would be able to make our debut with little embarrassment. What would we not have then given for L—'s self-possession and easy confidence!

When the time came, we called, as had been arranged, upon L—. To our surprise, we found no less than four others, as bashful as we, waiting his convoy. L— very good humor-edly—he never did an ill-natured thing in his life—assumed the escort, and we all set off for the cottage of Mrs. Willing. How the rest felt we know not, but as for our own heart, it throbbed slower and heavier at each step, until, by the time the cottage was reached, the pulses in our ears were beating audibly. We could not understand this. It had never been so before.

The sun still lingered above the horizon when we came in sight of the cottage—fashionable hours were earlier than now. On arriving at the door, L— entered first, as a matter of course, and we all followed close in his rear, in order to secure the benefit of his countenance. The room was full of girls, who were busy in binding Amy's quilt, which was already out of the frame, and getting all ready for the evening's sport. There was no one equal to L— for taking the wire edge from off the feelings of a promiscuous company, and giving a free and easy tone to the social intercourse, that would otherwise have been constrained and awkward. In a little while the different parties who had entered under his protection, began to feel at home among the merry girls. It was not long before another and another came in, until the old-fashioned parlor, with its old-fashioned furniture, was filled, and the but half-bound quilt forcibly taken from the hands of the laughing seamstresses, and put "out of sight and out of mind."



ARRIVAL OF THE BEAUX.

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The bright particular star of that evening was Amy Willing—gentle, quiet, loving Amy Willing. There was a warmer glow upon her cheeks and a deeper tenderness in her beautiful eyes, than they had ever worn before. In gazing upon her, how the heart moved from its very depths! No long time passed before we were by the side of Amy, and our eyes resting in hers with an earnestness of expression that caused them to droop to the floor. When the time for redeeming pawns came, and it was our turn to call out from the circle of beauty a fair partner, the name of Amy fell from our lips, which were soon pressed, glowing, upon those of the blushing maiden. It was the first warm kiss of love. How it thrilled, exquisitely, to the very heart! Our lips had often met before—kissing was then a fashionable amusement—but never as at this time. Soon it became Amy's place to take the floor. She must "kiss the one she loved best." What a moment of suspense! Stealthily her eyes wandered around the room; and then her long, dark lashes lay quivering on her beautiful cheeks.

"Kiss the one you love best," was repeated by the holder of the pawns.

The fringed lids were again raised, and again her eyes went searching around the room. We could see that her bosom was rising and falling more rapidly than before. Our name at length came, in an undertone, from her smiling lips. What a happy moment! The envied kiss was ours, and we led the maiden in triumph from the floor.

And, to us, the whole evening was a series of triumphs. Somehow or other, Amy was by our side and Amy's hand in ours oftenest of any. We did not talk much—delicious feelings sealed our lips. But we knew little then of human nature, and less of woman's human nature. And as little of all this knew a certain young man who was present, and who, more sober and silent than any, joined in the sports of the evening, but with no apparent zest. Amy never called him out when she was on the floor; nor did he mention her name when the privilege of touching some maiden's lips with his own was assigned him.

He was first to retire; and then we noticed a change in Amy. Her voice was lower, her manner more subdued, and there was a thoughtful, absent expression in her face.

A few weeks later, and this was all explained. Edward Martin was announced in the village as Amy's accepted lover. We

did not, we could not, we would not, accredit the fact. It was impossible! Had she not called us out at the quilting party, as the one she "loved best?" Had not her hand been oftenest in ours, and our lips oftenest upon hers? It could not be! Yet time proved the truth of the rumor;—ere another twelve-month went by, Amy Willing was a bride. We were at the wedding; but as silent and sober as was Edward Martin at the quilting. The tables were turned against us, and hopelessly turned.

Ah, well! More than twenty years have passed since then. The quiltings, the corn-huskings, the merry-makings in the village of M—— are not forgotten. Nor is Amy Willing and *the* party forgotten, as this brief sketch assuredly testifies. Twenty years. How many changes have come in that period! And Amy, where is she? When last at M—— we saw a sweet young maiden, just in the dawn of womanhood, and, for the moment, it seemed as if we were back again in the old time—the intervening space but a dream. Her name was Amy. It was not *our* Amy. She had passed away, leaving a bud of beauty to bloom in her place.

Our sketch of a merry-making has turned out graver than was intended. But it is difficult for the mind to go back in reminiscence, and not take a sober hue. We will not attempt to write it over again, for, in that case, it might be graver still.

## IF YOU WILL DO NO GOOD, DO NO HARM.

---

“I am sorry, friend Grayson,” said an old acquaintance of a tavern keeper, meeting him after an absence of nearly ten years, “not to find you in a better business.”

The two men had just shaken hands warmly at the door of Grayson’s drinking house, where they happened to encounter each other; and were now sitting together at a table just inside of the bar room.

“What will you have to drink?” was the tavern keeper’s question, almost as soon as they were within.

“Thank you! Nothing at all,” was replied.

“Oh! you must have something,” said Grayson. “Let us have one drink together for old acquaintance sake.”

“Not a drop,” replied the man, whose name was Winters. “Not a drop of any thing.”

The emphatic manner in which this was said rather threw a damper over the tavern-keeper’s feelings. The two men looked earnestly into each other’s faces, and there was a brief silence, which was broken by the words—

“I’m sorry, friend Grayson, not to find you in a better business.”

“Why so? I’m sure I find it a good business enough.”

“It may seem good for you in one way, but it is not good for others.”

“I’ve nothing to do with others,” replied Grayson. “Every man must look out for himself in this world.”

“True; but in looking out for ourselves we should be careful not to injure others. If you will do no good, my old friend, do no harm.”

Grayson did not appear, altogether to like this.

"I'm sure I don't wish harm to any one," was his reply.

"And yet, you do it daily."

"Harm?"

"Yes, and I say again, if you will do no good, do no harm. But, you may do a great deal of good, if you will. You have every ability to serve the common good. A mind to conceive and hands to execute things useful."

"I wish evil to no one," said Grayson, a little annoyed by the freedom of his old acquaintance. "But, as to being so generous as to spend my time in looking after other people's interest, is what I don't profess."

"Society don't ask you to do that. Every man should be competent to take care of himself. Only, don't do harm. Don't pull down what your neighbors build. Don't benefit yourself at the expense of others."

"You talk very strangely, friend Winters," said the tavern keeper.

"And do you really think that you are doing no harm?"

"I don't see that I wrong any one. I don't compel men to make beasts of themselves."

"Although you assist in the work. It seems to me, that you might find employment that would be quite as agreeable, and productive of less evil consequences. Let me take away the veil that seems to be hanging before your eyes and show you what you have done. I have only been in the city two days, after an absence of ten years; but I have been here long enough to see more than you have, if no sign of the harm you are doing has presented itself to your eyes.—You remember dear little Lilly Graham, the school's favorite, when we were boys?"

"Very well," replied the tavern keeper. But his countenance changed as he answered the question.

"We all loved her," said Winters? "Such a thing as an unkind act towards Lilly Graham was not known in the school. The very master himself, crabbed and cruel as he was sometimes, never scolded nor punished Lilly. You remember the day she fell into the creek?"

"Oh, yes."

"And how you were first to jump in after her, with all your clothes on, and bring her safely to the shore. You were so proud and happy then! Ah! It seems but yesterday that sweet Lilly's



hand was in mine as we danced in the ring at play time, or walked home together when our lessons were said, and our hard tasks over for the day. Don't you remember the beautiful watch-paper Lilly cut for you in token of her gratitude for what you had done?"

Grayson replied to this last question by drawing his watch from his pocket and opening the case. Within lay the identical watch paper. Winters gazed at the little token of other times until his eye grew dim. Then drawing a deep sigh, he said—

"Those were our happiest days, Grayson, because they were innocent. As we depart from innocence we depart from happiness. I sometimes wish that I had always remained a child. But this is weak and vain. I saw Lilly to-day."

"Ah?" The tavern keeper moved uneasily in his chair, and his countenance was troubled.

"She married William Edwards. You remember him of course? He was our schoolfellow."

"Yes."

"He is dead."

"I know."

Winters looked steadily into the face of Grayson.

"I was sorry to learn that he died a drunkard. When I left here, he was one of the steadiest young men I knew in the place."

The tavern keeper made no reply; but his eyes sunk beneath the gaze of his old friend, and rested upon the floor.

"I saw Lilly to-day, as I said," resumed Winters. "Alas! how was she changed.—when I parted with her she was a beautiful, happy-hearted girl; I found her a drooping, spirit-broken widow, with three orphan children clinging to her for support."

The tavern keeper was visibly disturbed.

"She spoke of you," said Winters. His voice was changed, and more emphatic.

"Of me? What did she say of me?" enquired Grayson, with a look of distress.

"She said," and the voice of Winters fell into a low, sad tone, "That you once saved her life; but it would have been better, if you had let the waters close over her forever."

A deep, oppressive silence followed.

"My friend Grayson," said Winters, rising. "If you will

do no good, do no harm. For, the evil that flows from our acts not only curses others, but curses ourselves also. I would not have my memory darkened by the shadow that must rest on yours through life for worlds. Never can your thoughts go back to the early time, when Lilly, like a beautiful and fragrant blossom was by your side, without the remembrance that you were accessory to her husband's downfall, and the ruin of her hopes and happiness coming in to sting you like the bite of an adder. Let me repeat, Grayson, if you will do no good, do no harm. Better dine daily on a crust than have a plague spot on your memory. What we do in the present, blesses or curses our future, and no after act can remove the impression that is made. We may repent and do no more deeds to mar with bitter recollections our coming years; but, what is done remains, and its record on memory's page cannot be obliterated."

And saying this, Winters retired and left the tavern keeper to his own reflections.—What they were may be gathered from the fact that his house was closed on the next day. He has resolved at least to do no more harm, if he can do no good. But in ceasing to do evil he will, as a natural consequence, learn to do well.

## SPEAK GENTLY.

---

“Speak gently! It is better far  
To rule by love than fear;  
Speak gently! Let not harsh words mar  
The good we might do here.”

“I am entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy,” said Mrs. Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face, and in an anxious tone of voice. “I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in anything; I think about him and care about him all the time, but see no good results.”

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room, and, without heeding any one, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window sills and making a deafening noise.

“Incorrigible boy!” exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him and jerking the sticks out of his hand. “Can’t I learn you neither manners nor decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting you must be quiet. Go up stairs this moment, and don’t let me see your face for an hour!”

The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was, pouting sadly.

“Did you hear what I said? Go up stairs this moment!”

Mrs. Burton spoke in a very angry tone, and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy towards the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the over-excited feelings of the mother; she sprang towards him, and seizing him by the arm pushed him from the room and closed the door loudly after him.

“I declare, I am out of all heart!” she exclaimed, sinking

down upon a chair. "It is line upon line and precept upon precept, but all to no good purpose. That boy will break my heart yet!"

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of coming out and saying this unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so, involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about every thing that looked like charging any fault upon herself, that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back, sir!" she said sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you can't walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse."

Master Harry withdrew, pouting out his rosy lips to the distance of full an inch. He went up one flight of stairs and then returned.

"Go up to the third story where you first started from and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper."

"I don't want to," whined the boy.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to-bed without anything to eat."

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than to pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly but silently.

"There—there! not too fast; you've got plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in."

Harry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and *tried* to wait until he was

helped, but spite of his efforts to do so, his hand went over into the bread-basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had lifted; it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped, his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, remedied this evil, or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease.

After one or two more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea he poured the entire contents into his saucer, and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the table-cloth.

A box on the ears and a storm of angry words rewarded this feat.

"Haven't I told you over and over again, you incorrigibly bad boy! not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer. Just see what a 'mess' you have made with that clean table-cloth. I declare! I am out of all manner of patience with you. Go 'way from the table this instant!"

Harry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make that the bearing of them all in mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all of his tea at a time, he had no recollection of any interdiction on that subject, although it had been made over and over again dozens of times. In a little while he came creeping slowly back and resumed his place at the table, his eyes upon his mother's face. Mrs. Burton was sorry that she had sent him away for what was only an accident; she felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back, but said, as he took his seat—"Next time see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you never can do it without spilling the tea over upon the table-cloth."

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this was enacted at every meal, but instead of improving in his behavior the boy grew more and more heedless. Mr. Burton rarely said anything to Harry about

his unruly manner, but when he did, a word was enough. That word was always mildly yet firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy or difficult to manage—at least he had never found him so.

“I wish I knew what to do with that child,” said Mrs. Burton, after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order; “he makes me feel unhappy all the while. I dislike to be scolding him forever, but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a world of trouble.”

Mr. Burton sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject, but feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

“I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. Burton,” his wife said, a little petulantly. “You sit and don’t say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss.”

“There is a way which, if you would adopt it, I think might do a great deal of good.” Mr. Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation. “If you would *speaking gently* to Harry, I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do.”

Mrs. Burton’s face was crimsoned in an instant; she felt the reproof deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded.

“Speak gently, indeed!” she replied. “I might as well speak to the wind; I am scarcely heard, now, at the top of my voice.”

Mr. Burton never contended with his wife. She would have felt better sometimes if he had done so, for then she could have excused herself a little. His words were few, mildly spoken, and always remembered. He had expected some such effect from his suggestion of a remedy in the case of Harry, and was not, therefore, at all surprised at the ebullition it produced. On its subsidence he believed her mind would be more transparent than before, and so it was.

As her husband did not argue the matter with her nor say anything that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was laboring, her feelings in a little while quieted down and her thoughts became active. The words “*speaking gently*” were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in

them. On going to-bed that night she could not get to sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct towards her child. She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry, and that she was too often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust to my child," she sighed over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow.

At length she fell asleep and dreamed about Harry. She saw him lying on his bed, sick and apparently near to death; his pure, round cheeks, where health had strewed her glowing blossoms, were pale and sunken; his eyes were hollow—the weary lids had closed over them—he lay in a deep sleep. Mournfully she stood by his side and looked upon him in bitterness of spirit. Sadly she remembered the days past in which she had spoken in harsh and angry tones to her boy, when kinder words would have been far better. In the anguish of her soul, bowed down by sorrow and a reproving conscience, she wept.

When she again looked up she saw that a change had come over the beloved sleeper; the glow of health was upon his cheek, and every vein seemed bounding with life and health, but he slumbered still. She was about arousing him, when a hand was laid upon her's; she turned—a mild face, full of goodness as the face of an angel, looked into her own. She knew the face and the form, but could not call the stranger by name. With a finger upon her lip, and her eye cast first upon the sleeping boy and then upon the mother, the visitor said, in a low, earnest, but sweet voice—"Speak gently!"

The words sent a thrill through the heart of Mrs. Burton, and she awoke. Many earnest thoughts and self-reproaches kept her awake for a long time; but she slept again, and more quietly until morning.

The impression made by her husband's reproof, her own sober reflections and the dream, was deep. Earnest were the resolutions she made to deal more gently with her wayward boy—to make love rule instead of anger. The evils against which she had been contending so powerfully for years she saw to be in herself, while she had been fighting them as if in her generous-minded but badly-governed child.

"I will try to do better," she said to herself, as she arose, feeling but little refreshed from sleep. Before she was ready to

leave her room she heard Harry's voice calling her from the next chamber, where he slept. The tones were fretful; he wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him angrily to be quiet until she could finish dressing herself, when the words "speak gently" seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical—the mother's spirit was subdued.

"I *will* speak gently," she murmured, and went into Harry, who was still crying out fretfully.

"What do you want, my son?" she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I can't find my stockings, mamma," he said.

"There they are, under the bureau," returned Mrs. Burton, as gently as she had at first spoken.

"Oh, yes, so they are," cheerfully replied Harry; "I couldn't see them nowhere."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked up again into her face with surprise, that was, Mrs. Burton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"Did you want anything else?" she asked.

"No, mamma," he replied, cheerfully, "I can dress myself now."

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother; she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own and the heart of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first fruits, and the gathering even of so small a harvest was sweet to her spirit.

At the breakfast table the usual scene was about being enacted, when "speak gently" coming into her mind prevented its occurrence. It seemed almost a mystery to her—the effect of words gently spoken on one who had scarcely heeded her most positive and angrily uttered reproofs and injunctions.

Although Harry was not as orderly in his behavior at the table as the mother could have wished, yet he did much better than usual, and seemed really to desire to do what was right. For nearly the whole of that day Mrs. Burton was able to control



herself and speak gently to her boy, but towards evening she became fretful again from some cause or other. From the instant this change made itself apparent she lost the sweet influence she had been able to exercise over the mind of her child. He no longer heeded her words, and she could no longer feel calm in spirit when he showed perverse and evil tempers. When night closed in, the aspect of affairs was but little different from that of any preceding day.

Heavy was the heart of Mrs. Burton when she sought her pillow, and the incidents and feelings of the day came up in review before her mind. In the morning her heart was calm and her perceptions clear; she saw her duty plainly and felt willing to walk in its pleasant paths. In treading these she had experienced an internal delight unknown before; but ere the day had passed, old habits, strong from frequent indulgence, returned, and former effects followed as a natural consequence.

As she lay for more than an hour, resolving and re-resolving to do better, the face of Harry often came up before her. Particularly did she remember its peculiar expression when she spoke kindly, instead of harshly reproving him for acts of rudeness or disobedience. At these times she was conscious of possessing a real power over him; this she never felt in any of her angry efforts to subdue his stubborn will.

On awaking in the morning her mind was renewed; all passion had sunk into quiescence; she could see her duty and feel willing to perform it. Harry, too, awoke as usual, and that was in a fretful, captious mood; but this rippling of the surface of his feelings all subsided when the voice of his mother, in words gently spoken, fell soothingly upon his ear. He even went so far as to put his arms around her neck and kiss her, saying, as he did so—"Indeed, mamma, I will be a good boy."

For the first time in many months the breakfast hour was pleasant to all. Harry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for anything it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs. Burton found it necessary to correct some little fault of manner, but the way in which she did it, not in the least disturbed her child's temper, and instead of not seeming to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, he regarded all that she said and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. Burton to his wife, after Harry had left the table.

"Yes, wonderful, indeed; their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

"So it seems—stronger than any other influence that we can bring to bear upon a human being."

"Whether that being be a child or a full grown man."

"True, without doubt; but how hard a thing is it for us to so control ourselves that the sphere of all our actions shall be full of love. Ah, me! the love-theory is a beautiful one, but who of us can always practice it? For me, I confess that I cannot."

"Not for the sake of your children?"

"For their sakes I would make almost any sacrifice; would deny myself every comfort—I would devote my life to their good; and yet the perfect control of my natural temper, even with all the inducements my love for them brings, seems impossible."

"I think you have done wonders already," Mr. Burton replied. "If the first effort is so successful, I am sure you need not despair of making the perfect conquest you desire."

"I am glad you are sanguine; I only wish I were equally so."

"It might not be as well if you were. It is almost always the case that we are most in danger of falling when we think ourselves secure. In conscious weakness there is often real power."

"If *that* consciousness gives power, then am I strong enough," replied Mrs. Burton.

And she was stronger than she supposed, and strong because she felt herself weak. Had she been confident of strength she would not have been watchful over herself, but fearing every moment lest she should betray her natural irascibility and fretfulness of temper, she was all the time upon her guard. To her own astonishment and that of her husband, she was able to maintain the power she had gained over Harry, and to be calm even when he was disturbed.

But in all our states of moral advancement there are days and nights, as in our natural life. There are times when all the downward tendencies of our nature are active and appear to govern us entirely; when our sun has gone down and all within us is dark. At such times we are tempted to believe that it has become dark forever, that the sun will no more appear in our horizon. This is only the night before the morning, which will certainly break and seem brighter and full of strength to the anxious spring.

Such changes Mrs. Burton experienced, and they were the unerring signs of her progress. Sometimes for days together she would not be able to control herself; against all the perverse tempers of her child her feelings would react unduly. But these seasons were of shorter and shorter duration on every recurrence of them, and the reason was, she strove most earnestly for the sake of that child to reduce her whole mind into a state of order.

It must not be supposed that Mrs. Burton always found the will of her boy ready to yield itself up even to the control of gentleness and love. With him, too, was there a night and a morning; a season when all the perverse affections of his mind came forth into disorderly manifestation, refusing to hearken even to the gentle words of his mother; and a season when these were all quiescent and truly human, because good affections governed in their stead. These changes were soon marked by the mother and their meaning fully comprehended. At first they were causes of discouragement, but soon were felt to be really encouraging, for they indicated advancement. Faithfully and earnestly, day by day, did Mrs. Burton strive with herself and her boy; the hardest struggle was with herself;—usually, when she had gained the victory over herself she had nothing more to do, for her child opposed no longer.

Days, weeks, months and years went by; during all this time the mother continued to strive earnestly with herself and with her child. The happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy, became even-minded and orderly in his habits. A word gently spoken was all-powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform the fair face of his young spirit.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. Burton of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has but one piece of advice to give, and that is to "SPEAK GENTLY."

## IS IT ECONOMY?

### AN EXPERIENCE OF MR. JOHN JONES.

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We had been married five years, and during the time had boarded for economy's sake. But the addition of one after another to our family, admonished us that it was getting time to enlarge our borders; and so we were determined to go to house-keeping. In matters of domestic economy both my wife and myself were a little "green," but I think that I was the greenest of the two.

To get a house was our first concern, and to select furniture was our next. The house was found after two months' diligent search, and at the expense of a good deal of precious shoe leather. Save me from another siege at house-hunting! I would about as soon undertake to build a suitable dwelling with my own hands as to find one "exactly the thing" already up, and waiting with open doors for a tenant. All the really desirable houses that we found ticketed "to let," were at least two prices above our limit, and most of those within our means we would hardly have lived in rent free.

At last, however, we found a cosy little nest of a house, just built, and clean and neat as a new pin, from top to bottom. It suited us to a T. And now came the next most important business—selecting furniture. My wife's ideas had always been a little in advance of mine. That is, she liked to have every thing of the best quality; and had the weakness, so to speak, of desiring to make an appearance. As my income, at the time, was but moderate, and the prospect of an increase thereof not very flattering, I felt like being exceedingly prudent in all outlays for furniture.

"We must be content with things few and plain," said I, as we sat down one morning to figure up what we must get.

"But let them be good," said my wife.

"Strong and substantial," was my reply. "But we can't afford to pay for much extra polish and filagree work."

"I don't want any thing very extra, Mr. Jones," returned my wife, a little uneasily. "Though what I do have, I would like good. It's no economy, in the end, to buy cheap things."

The emphasis on the word cheap, rather grated on my ear; for I was in favor of getting every thing as cheap as possible.

"What kind of chairs did you think of getting?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"A handsome set of cane-seat," I replied, thinking that in this, at least, I would be even with her ideas on the subject of parlor chairs.

But her face did not brighten.

"What kind would you like?" said I.

"I believe it would be more economical in the end to get good stuffed seat, mahogany chairs," replied Mrs. Jones.

"At five dollars a-piece, Ellen?"

"Yes. Even at five dollars a-piece. They would last us our life-time; while cane-seat chairs, if we get them, will have to be renewed two or three times, and cost a great deal more in the end, without being half so comfortable, or looking half so well."

"Sixty dollars for a dozen chairs, when very good ones can be had for twenty-four dollars! Indeed, Ellen, we musn't think of such a thing. We can't afford it. Remember, there are a great many other things to buy."

"I know, dear; but I am sure it will be much more economical in the end for us to diminish the number of articles, and add to the quality of what we do have. I am very much like the poor woman who preferred a cup of clear, strong, fragrant coffee, three times a week, to a decoction of burnt rye every day. What I have, I do like good."

"And so do I, Ellen. But, as I said before, there will be, diminish as we may, a great many things to buy, and we must make the cost of each as small as possible. We must not think of such extravagance as mahogany chairs now. At some other time we may get them."

My wife here gave up the point, and, what I thought a little remarkable, made no more points on the subject of furniture. I had every thing my own way; I bought cheap to my heart's

content. It was only necessary for me to express my approval of an article, for her to assent to its purchase.

As to patronizing your fashionable cabinet-makers and high-priced upholsterers, we were not guilty of the folly, but bought at reasonable rates from auction stores and at public sales. Our parlor carpets cost but ninety cents a yard, and were handsomer than those for which a lady of our acquaintance paid a dollar thirty-eight. Our chairs were of a neat, fancy pattern, and had cost thirty dollars a dozen. We had hesitated for some time between a set at twenty-four dollars a dozen and these; but the style being so much more attractive, we let our taste govern in the selection. The price of our sofa was eighteen dollars, and I thought it a really genteel affair, though my wife was not in raptures about it. A pair of card tables for fifteen dollars, and a marble-top centre-table for fourteen, gave our parlors quite a handsome appearance.

"I wouldn't ask any thing more comfortable or genteel than this," said I, when the parlors were all "fixed" right.

Mrs. Jones looked pleased with the appearance of things, but did not express herself extravagantly.

In selecting our chamber furniture, a handsome dressing-bureau and French bedstead that my wife went to look at in the wareroom of a high-priced cabinet-maker, tempted her strongly, and it was with some difficulty that I could get her ideas back to a regular maple four-poster, a plain, ten dollar bureau, and a two dollar dressing-glass. Twenty and thirty dollar mattresses, too, were in her mind, but when articles of the kind, just as good to wear, could be had at eight and ten dollars, where was the use of wasting money in going higher?

The ratio of cost set down against the foregoing articles, was maintained from garret to kitchen; and I was agreeably disappointed to find, after the last bill for purchases was paid that I was within the limit of expenditures I had proposed to make by over a hundred dollars.

The change from a boarding-house to a comfortable home was, indeed, pleasant. We could never get done talking about it. Every thing was so quiet, so new, so clean, and so orderly.

"This is living," would drop from our lips a dozen times a week.

One day, about three months after we had commenced house-keeping, I came home, and, on entering the parlor, the first

thing that met my eye was a large spot of white on the new sofa. A piece of the veneering had been knocked off, completely disfiguring it.

"What did that?" I asked of my wife.

"In setting back a chair that I had dusted," she replied, "one of the feet touched the sofa lightly, when off dropped that veneer like a loose flake. I've been examining the sofa since, and find that it is a very bad piece of work. Just look here."

And she drew me over to the place where my eighteen dollar sofa stood, and pointed out sundry large seams that had gaped open, loose spots in the veneering, and rickety joints. I saw now, what I had not before seen, that the whole article was of exceedingly common material and common workmanship.

"A miserable piece of furniture!" said I.

"It is, indeed," returned Mrs. Jones. "To buy an article like this, is little better than throwing money into the street."

For a month the disfigured sofa remained in the parlor, a perfect eye-sore, when another piece of the veneering sloughed off, and one of the feet became loose. It was then sent to a cabinet-maker for repair; and cost for removing and mending just five dollars.

Not long after this the bureau had to take a like journey, for it had, strangely enough, fallen into sudden dilapidation. All the locks were out of order, half the knobs were off, there was not a drawer that didn't require the most accurate balancing of forces in order to get it shut after it was once open, and it showed premonitory symptoms of shedding its skin like a snake. A five dollar bill was expended in putting this into something like *usable* order and respectable aspect. By this time a new set of castors was needed for the maple four-poster, which was obtained at the expense of two dollars. Moreover, the head-board to said four-poster, which, from its exceeding ugliness, had, from the first, been a terrible eye-sore to Mrs. Jones, as well as to myself, was about this period, removed, and one of more slightly appearance substituted, at the additional charge of six dollars. No tester frame had accompanied the cheap bedstead at its original purchase, and now my wife wished to have one, and also a light curtain above and valance below. All these, with trimmings, etc., to match, cost the round sum of ten dollars.

"It looks very neat," said Mrs. Jones, after her curtains were up

"It does, indeed," said I.

"Still," returned Mrs. Jones, "I would much rather have had a handsome mahogany French bedstead."

"So would I," was my answer. "But you know they cost some thirty dollars, and we paid but sixteen for this."

"Sixteen!" said my wife, turning quickly toward me. "It cost more than that."

"Oh, no. I have the bill in my desk," was my confident answer.

"Sixteen was originally paid, I know, said Mrs. Jones. "But then, remember, what it has cost since. Two dollars for castors, six for a new head-board, and ten for tester and curtains. Thirty-four dollars in all; when a very handsome French bedstead, of good workmanship, can be bought for thirty dollars."

I must own that I was taken somewhat aback by this array of figures "that don't lie."

"And for twenty dollars, we could have bought a neat, well made dressing bureau at Moore and Campions, that would have lasted for twice as many years, and always looked in credit."

"But ours, you know, only cost ten," said I.

"The bureau, such as it is, cost ten, and the glass two. Add five that we have already paid for repairs, and the four that our maple bedstead has cost above the price of a handsome French one, and we will have the sum of twenty-one dollars, enough to purchase as handsome a dressing-bureau as I would ask. So you see, Mr. Jones, that our cheap chamber furniture is not going to turn out so cheap after all. And as for looks, why no one can say there is much to brag of."

This was a new view of the case, and certainly one not very flattering to my economical vanity. I gave in, of course, and admitted that Mrs. Jones was right.

But the dilapidations and expenses for repairs to which I have just referred, were but as the "beginning of sorrows." It took about three years to show the full fruits of my error. By the end of that time, half my parlor chairs had been rendered useless in consequence of the back-breaking and seat-rending ordeals through which they had been called to pass. The sofa was unanimously condemned to the dining room, and the ninety cent carpet had gone on fading and defacing, until my wife said she was ashamed to put it even on her chambers. For repairs, our furniture had cost, up to this period, to say nothing of the



perpetual annoyance of having it put out of order, and running for the cabinet-maker and upholsterer, not less than a couple of hundred dollars.

Finally, I grew desperate.

"I'll have decent, well made furniture, let it cost what it will," said I, to Mrs. Jones.

"You will find it cheapest in the end," was her quiet reply.

On the next day we went to a cabinet-maker, whose reputation for good work stood among the highest in the city, and ordered new parlor and chamber furniture—mahogany chairs, French bedstead, dressing-bureau and all, and as soon as they came home, cleared the house of all the old cheap (dear!) trash with which we had been worried since the day we commenced housekeeping.

A good many years have passed since, and we have not paid the first five dollar bill for repairs. All the drawers run as smoothly as railroad cars; knobs are tight; locks in prime order, and veneers cling as tightly to their places as if they had grown there. All is right and tight, and wears an orderly, genteel appearance; and what is best of all, the cost of every thing we have, good as it is, is far below the *real* cost of what is inferior.

"It is better—much better," said I to Mrs. Jones, the other day.

"Better!" was her reply. "Yes, indeed, a thousand times better to have good things at once. Cheap furniture is dearest in the end. Every housekeeper ought to know this in the beginning. If we had known it, see what we would have saved."

"If I had known it, you mean," said I.

My wife looked kindly, not triumphantly, into my face, and smiled. When she again spoke, it was on another subject.

## THE DONATION VISIT.

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The Congregation of the Rev. Jason Edwards was made up of very good sort of people, as the saying is. They liked their minister very well, only it did seem to them that it took a "power" of money to support his family. They paid him, regularly, the very handsome salary of three hundred dollars a year, besides providing a house for his use, with ground enough for a garden; yet notwithstanding this, the minister was always poor. It was plain that he must waste his money in extravagances of some sort or other; but, he was a good man and preached the word faithfully; and so, they bore with him, and endeavored to make up the constantly occurring deficiencies by forced efforts of one kind or another. Every fall he was favored with either a Donation Visit, or a Donation Party, which was expected to put him beyond the reach of want for the next six months if not a whole year.

On the last occasion of this kind, it was the pleasure of those who had the ordering of public matters in the congregation, to decide upon a regular Donation Party, due notice of which was served upon the Minister. The afternoon and evening on which the affair was to come off, proved altogether propitious, (unfortunately for the minister,) and there was, of course, a large turn out, of men, women, and children. Mr. and Mrs. B —, who contributed a pair of yarn stockings for Mr. Edwards, and three pounds of home-made sausage, felt entitled, of course, to bring their three boys along, each of whom, having saved his appetite since morning, could devour, in the way of cakes, pies, and more solid articles of food—the contributions of other members—about three times the value of these articles:—And Mr. and Mrs. B —, who furnished a pair of India rubber shoes for Mrs. Edwards, and a worked cap for the baby, also felt privileged to

bring their two daughters along, whose appetites were, likewise, sharpened for the occasion. And, something after this same fashion was it with the C —s, D —s, E —s, and F —s. The conclusion of the whole matter was, that the Minister's family, after superintending a lavish entertainment, the raw material for which was furnished by the congregation, and the labor and care by themselves, was in possession of the fragments of a feast that by natural course of consumption would disappear within a week. Beyond this, a few pairs of shoes and stockings, numerous ornamental articles manufactured by young ladies, a couple of loads of wood, and sundry nick nackeries of no great value, were nearly all that the Donation Party yielded. As it was to be a "party," the majority of those who came brought such things as would best serve the occasion, half forgetting, in their anticipations of pleasure, the real object they proposed to accomplish. Eatables and drinkables, therefore, made up more than two-thirds of all that was donated, and these were mostly in articles of present consumption. One old farmer, more substantial in his notions than the rest, did bring a "whole hog;" and another provided a couple of hams—but of the latter, one disappeared at supper time.

In fact, on the morning after the Donation Party, Mr. Edwards, instead of feeling in a comfortable state of mind so far as this world's goods were concerned, felt considerably poorer than before; for, while the visitation with which he had been favored was of but little real benefit, he knew that the impression had gone abroad through the congregation that he was so over-supplied with every thing good for the natural man, as to be unable to exhaust the stock for months. In consequence of this, individuals, who would, otherwise, have remembered him, would now omit their loads of wood, bags of potatoes or meal, and sundry other things of a like nature, under the impression that such presents would be entirely superfluous.

Mr. Edwards was hardly a man suited for a congregation like that at Everton. He had, really, too much refinement, delicacy, and independence of feeling. These Donation visits and parties were particularly unpleasant to him, for they were attended with so much that was patronizing; so much that hurt his self-respect, that, their occurrence, apart from all other considerations, was especially annoying. His salary was paid to him as something to which he had a right. He received that as the fulfil-

ment of a contract, and, therefore, without a sense of humiliation. It was inadequate to the supply of his real wants; and the deficit had, every year, to be made up by the congregation, and this came to him in a half grudging gratuity, and, therefore, its reception always wounded him. After all, the members of the church had to meet his expenses, and it cost them quite as much to do so after the fashion they seemed to prefer, as to have paid him a sufficient salary at once, and left him to provide in true independence for his family. This was seen and felt by Mr. Edwards, and it fretted him whenever his mind recurred to the subject.

Sometime during the latter part of the year succeeding that in which the Donation Party just referred to took place, Mr. Edwards had a hint from one of the "Officials," that another affair of the kind was likely to come off before a great while.

"Brother," said the minister, when this hint came, bending to the ear of the person he addressed, and half whispering, "if you have any influence, spare me another 'party!'"

The brother looked surprized.

"Or at least," added the minister, with a meaning smile, and a humorous twinkle in his eyes, "let it be understood that no one who intends coming shall fast from breakfast time."

It took the rather obtuse-minded brother nearly a minute to comprehend the meaning of Mr. Edwards. He then saw it clear enough. Being himself a lover of good eating, and having, on the occasion referred to, done his share in that line, he had, quite naturally, a feeling of sympathy for those who came together for purposes of festivity, particularly as they had brought their own provisions.

"I see no use in providing a good supper if people don't bring appetites to the entertainment," said he. "Besides, you know, that each one brought something."

"Yes, I know that. One lady who came with her two daughters, brought a pint of cream and a cotton night cap; and another—But——" the minister checked himself—"I mustn't refer to these things. All I now ask, brother, is that, without speaking of my wishes in the matter, you will use your influence to save me from the infliction of another Donation Party."

"I don't know why you should object so strongly; or why you should grudge—excuse my freedom—the little your visitors happen to eat," said the Official."

"How much do you think I had left after nearly the whole congregation had fed themselves to repletion?" enquired the minister, who was spurred into speaking more plainly than was his custom.

"Enough provisions to last you three or four months, besides wood and clothing."

"Not enough provisions to keep the family for two weeks; and, as for clothing, I could have bought with five dollars, more that would have been really useful in the family than all that was received. There—you have the plain truth. I speak it for your own ears. You now understand why I want no more donation parties. The last was pretty much as all the others have been; a great deal more trouble than profit—leaving me with the reputation of having received large supplies of all things needful, when, in reality I was little if any better off than before."

The mental vision of the brother was a little clearer on at least one subject, after hearing this declaration. He went away rather more thoughtful than when he came. There was no Donation Party that year, but, in its stead, a Donation Visit was planned, and Mr. Edwards duly notified of the time when it was to take place.

On Saturday the twentieth of October, the day appointed for this interesting event, the minister's little household was in a state of restless anticipation, pleasant or unpleasant according to the particular temperament of the individual. Mrs. Edwards, who, probably, felt the exhaustion of all things temporal more severely than her husband, could not help letting her imagination picture at least some things more particularly needed than others. There was a new bonnet for herself. No doubt some of the kind sisters had noticed how rusty and defaced hers had become, and would supply the need.

"I hope they will not bring two bonnets," said she, to herself as she mused on the subject. It was settled in her mind that one would come. The trouble was, lest two of the church members should decide upon the same article—a thing that seemed to her quite natural, as all must have observed how greatly she stood in need of a new bonnet. Then, there were clothes for the children. Her two boys must have each a couple of winter suits. So plain a want as this, any one could see.

"I'm sure," she said to her husband, "that Mr. Jenkins, who owns the factory, will bring us some of his nice satinet, to make jackets and trowsers for the boys."

"Can't tell any thing about it," replied Mr. Edwards, to whose mind anticipation brought a feeling of disturbance and humiliation.

"Well, I'm sure he'll do so. Would it not be natural for him, above all others, to think of a few yards of satinnet. And he wouldn't feel it at all, for he's got hundreds of pieces."

Mr. Edwards made no reply, but it did seem to him, now that his wife had suggested it, that it would be quite natural for Mr. Jenkins to remember the boys in a present of cloth for a suit of clothes. The thought acted as a relief to his mind; for the boys had looked rather shabby for some time, and the way by which new clothing was to come, had not seemed at all plain before his eyes.

So it was tacitly settled in the minds of the minister and his good wife, that Harry and Joseph were to be supplied with new suits of clothes from the factory of Mr. Jenkins.

From the bonnet and the satinnet, the mind of Mrs. Edwards went farther. Shoes were very much needed by the children, and as for herself, she had n't a pair that was fit to go to church in. These would, of course, come. In fact, there was scarcely a want existing in the family that the minister's wife did not, in imagination, see amply supplied; and her mind was thus eased of a portion of its care and anxiety.

Dinner was ready an hour earlier than usual, and hurried over, in order that all might prepare to receive the visitors who were soon expected to arrive. Mr. Edwards took his place in the parlor about one o'clock, and tried to compose his mind to read. But his eyes wandered over the pages spread out before him without his mind perceiving the sense. His heart beat slowly and heavily, and there was a sense of oppression on his feelings. Hope struggled with humiliation.

At length the first visiter appeared. He was a sturdy old farmer, living a couple of miles from the village. He came with his waggon, and brought a load of wood, which his man threw out, while he came in to shake hands with the minister and enquire after his health.

"I've brought you something with which to drive Jack Frost away in the coming winter," said the farmer, as he entered the parlor of Mr. Edwards.

"You are very kind," returned the minister, as he took the hand of his parishioner and invited him to sit down. The lit-

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MR. JENKINS AND THE GOOSE.



the talk that succeeded was rather constrained on both sides. The farmer felt rather embarrassed, for he was a man of excellent feelings and some knowledge of human nature; and Mr. Edwards was equally constrained. As soon as the last log was thrown from the waggon, the farmer arose, and bidding the minister farewell, retired. He didn't feel altogether pleased at his part, for there was a perception in his mind that the minister's natural independence had been hurt. He knew how it would be with himself if their relations to each other were reversed.

Soon after the farmer retired, one of the ladies of the congregation came. She brought a pair of knit gloves for the minister. Her ability was not great, she said, but what she could do was done cheerfully. Hoped all would do as well, taking their means into consideration. Next came a little bag of dough-nuts; next a ham; next a pair of stockings, and next a cradle-quilt for the baby. The latter was brought by the hands of one of the ladies fixed upon by Mrs. Edwards as the donor of a new bonnet. Immediately after her arrival, Mr. Jenkins, who owned the factory, and to whom had been mentally assigned the privilege of furnishing sating for the boys' new suits of clothes, pushed open the door, and entered with a large roll—no, with a fine fat goose in his hand! The sight of the bird, in spite of his immediate effort to bring into exercise a due portion of christian philosophy, had a decided effect upon the minister's feelings. Even he had permitted himself to make calculations on Mr. Jenkins, which the appearance of the goose scattered into airy nothingness. And poor Mrs. Edwards! how heavily sunk her disappointed heart, when the smiling face of the manufacturer appeared, and he presented his goose with the air of a man who was doing an especial act of kindness. To the self-satisfied Mr. Jenkins, others succeeded in quick succession; and so the current was kept up until the sun went down, when the minister and his family were left amid their treasures; while those who had made their donations returned to their homes well satisfied that peace and plenty were smiling guests at the parsonage, and would not spread their wings for months to come.

The sober reality of this ostentatious affair was as follows.—Two loads of wood, a barrel of cider, three lamp mats, three hams, six loins of veal, a bushel of hickory nuts, seven geese, five chickens, three turkeys, four ducks, a sucking pig, fourteen

yards of sausage links, (actual measurement,) four shoulders of mutton, three pairs of stockings, (none of the right size,) eight pairs of knit gloves for the minister, a dozen table mats, three woolen night caps, one comfortable, a pair of blankets, four jars pickles, three pots apple butter, two jars preserves, half a barrel of salt pork, two sacks of flour, six barrels of apples, a bushel of doughnuts, twenty pies, and over a bushel of ginger cakes, good, bad and indifferent; besides a variety of other matters, which, being of no use to the owners, were of little higher value to the minister or any of his family. But, there were no clothes for the children, no bonnet for Mrs. Edwards, no shoes for the feet that scarcely had a covering. There were piles of fresh meat and poultry instead, that could not be eaten, and which it would be a crying offence to sell. Four fifths of this would have to be given away to keep it from spoiling.

Amid all this abundance of good things, the minister sat thoughtful, while his good wife looked on so grievously disappointed that she could not keep back her tears.

The day following was the Sabbath. A more self-satisfied congregation had not assembled in the little church for a long time. There was a smile of pleasure and self-approval on nearly every face, as the minister entered and ascended the pulpit. His family did not come in with him. This was unusual, and many who noticed that the minister's pew was empty, wondered as to the cause.

There was more than usual gravity in the voice and air of Mr. Edwards as he read the service. Many wondered what it could mean, and felt chilled by something about the minister that was not clearly understood. When he took his text, which was in these words—"The laborer is worthy of his hire," it was with an emphasis that plainly enough showed him to have something more than ordinary on his mind. The sermon was short, and, for the most part, general in its bearing.

"I purpose, said the preacher, in conclusion, "to make but a single brief practical application of my text. It is this:—When you hire a minister, pay him out and out a fair living salary; don't starve him on three hundred dollars, and then insult him with a beggarly Donation Visit once a year."

There was a buzzing in the hive it may be reasonably inferred at this, and the people who came out in the morning in a most excellent and self-complacent state of mind went home

from church with their feelings down to zero. Words, such as "outrageous," ungrateful," "shame," "insulting," and the like, were heard in all directions.

In the afternoon, three or four of the leading-members called upon Mr. Edwards for an explanation of his strange conduct. He met them with the utmost composure, and when they opened the subject of their visit, he answered by inviting them to walk with him into the adjoining room. There they found the entire result, save the two loads of wood, of the donation visit.

"Here," said he, after he had closed the door, "are poultry and fresh meats enough for a dozen families as large again as mine; here is cider (that I don't drink,) and pickles and preserves, nuts, apple butter, night caps, gloves, and fifty useless things besides, while my wife has to stay at home from church for want of a bonnet and shoes, and my children cannot be made decent enough to appear in the house of God."

The minister paused. Those whom he addressed looked at each other with a crest-fallen air.

"Simply take a report of what you have seen to those who think themselves aggrieved," said Mr. Edwards, as he opened the door again, and passed with his visitors into the parlor. "Tell them, that if they think the laborer worthy of his hire, to pay him in a direct way and without grudging. Donation visits and parties are little less than outrages upon the feelings of a minister and his family, and I, for one, will have nothing more to do with them. If you like me well enough to give me an independent support I will remain with you. If not, say so at once, and I will remove to another place."

The Rev. Mr. Edwards is still in the old parish, and is paid, in money, a salary that he finds equal to the comfortable maintenance of his family. His congregation is quite as self-satisfied as in the times of donation visits and parties, and the minister a great deal more so. The plain speech of an independent man, though it disturb and wound the self-love of many, is usually productive of good. It was so in this case, and would be so in hundreds of similar cases, if those who are worried as he was would speak out as plainly what is in their minds.

## TREASURE ON EARTH, AND TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

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Mr. Benedict Percival, one of the wealthiest men in the city, sat reading a newspaper, when three gentlemen entered his counting room in the formal manner in which committee men usually present themselves—especially committee men appointed to raise a subscription for some public charity. When Mr. Percival opened his newspaper that morning, the first paragraph that met his eyes was the following :

“At the town meeting held yesterday, a committee of three from each ward was appointed to wait upon our citizens to receive their subscriptions in aid of the sufferers by the late destructive fire in our sister city. This duty will be entered upon at once. We trust that the gentlemen who have the matter in charge, will meet with a hearty reception from our liberal minded and benevolent townsmen. We may lead the van in this noble work, if we will. Let us do it.”

Over this Mr. Percival pondered for some time, with his forefinger upon his lip and his eyes upon the ceiling. At length, as if his action in the matter were definitely settled, he resumed the reading of his newspaper, and was engaged in that agreeable occupation when the committee of gentlemen alluded to above, called in at his counting room.

“Good morning, Mr. Percival,” said the spokesman.

“Good morning, gentlemen,” responded Mr. Percival, rising.

“We need hardly state our business,” said the spokesman.

“You presided at the meeting, yesterday, and having assisted in the appointment of the committees for the several wards, are aware that our duty in this one is to wait upon our fellow citi-

zens for their subscriptions. We have called upon you to get your name at the head of the list. Having that to lead off with, our task will be an easy one, and the result equal to our best hopes. Your subscription we of course know will be liberal, and that will induce other men of ample means, upon whom we shall wait, in succession, to put down large sums. By this plan we hope to make our ward double the amount subscribed by any other ward in the city."

"We can easily do that," returned Mr. Percival. "We have wealth enough. But I must decline heading the list. Let Mr. R—— lead off. He will do it handsomely, without doubt. Or, Mr. S—— will start your subscription liberally."

The committee men urged Mr. Percival to comply with their first request, but he was firm in declining; and ultimately told them that he had made up his mind to place his name last upon the subscription paper.

A week after this interview, the rich merchant was again waited upon. The list needed only his name to complete it.

"How much have you got?" he asked.

"We have not done as well as we expected," was replied. "If you had led off, we should no doubt have done much better."

"Who headed the list?"

"Mr. R——."

"With how much?"

"One hundred dollars."

"Humph! Let me see the paper."

It was handed to the merchant. He ran his eye over it, saying, half aloud, as he did so—

"One hundred—one hundred—one hundred—nothing above a hundred. What does it all amount to?"

"Five thousand dollars."

The merchant took up a pen and wrote his name with a flourish. Opposite to it he placed a numeral and four cyphers, with the dollar mark before them, thus—\$5,000. Then, with a bow, and a glow of self-satisfaction upon his face, he handed the paper back to the gentlemen who had waited upon him.

"Nobly done! Mr. Percival," said the spokesman. "You have saved the credit of our ward. I have strong hopes, now, that we shall lead any two of them put together."

Two or three days after this, the newspapers announced the

result of the subscription raised in the various wards in the city. The particular instances of liberality were named, conspicuous among which stood the fact that Benedict Percival, Esq., who was "ever foremost in acts of benevolence," had subscribed the handsome sum of five thousand dollars; had in fact, "just doubled the subscription of the ward in which he resided."

There lived in the city where this fact occurred, a poor widow, in feeble health, who had three children. Her only means of subsistence lay in her ability to do plain sewing. Early and late she sat over her work; often in pain and oppressive weakness, but the result of her labor was ever insufficient for the many wants of her little family.

It was in the midst of a long and hard Winter, and the widow's greater expense for warm clothing for her children, and extra fuel, consumed all of her little earnings, thus leaving nothing for the rent. She occupied two small rooms in a retired court, for which she paid a weekly rent of one dollar. She was the under-tenant of a man who rented all the houses on one side of the court, and by letting them out again to poor families, at a weekly or monthly rent, not only saved his own rent, but made from two to three hundred dollars a year besides. Of course, he was a hard man, and would have nothing less than his own, no matter how much others were injured in his efforts to obtain it.

Since the Fall, the poor widow had been slow about paying her rent. Sometimes she had only a quarter of a dollar to give her importunate landlord; and sometimes she could give him nothing. He had scolded, and threatened, and warned her to leave the premises; but still it availed not to bring him his due. Food and fuel the woman must have for her children; after these were obtained, there was little or nothing left from her earnings. Thus it went on, until seven dollars were due for rent, when the landlord became seriously alarmed, lest, in a last resort, which was often made by him at little or no cost of feeling, there should not be enough in the widow's two rooms, that the law would allow him to seize, for the liquidation of his petty claim. He at once informed the widow, that, unless she paid him what was due, immediately, he would sell her out.

"But you know I cannot do that," said the unhappy woman.

"Go and borrow it from some one."

The widow shook her head.

"You do sewing for several families. Go to them and tell

them that you will be turned into the street if they do not lend you enough money to pay your rent. It will be but a dollar a piece from seven different individuals. Do it, and the money will come quickly enough."

"I have no hope of returning it; and, to borrow under such circumstances, would be dishonest."

"It is just as dishonest not to pay your rent," said the petty landlord, harshly.

The widow answered nothing.

"You can do as you please," resumed the unfeeling man. "But I can tell you one thing—if I don't get my rent to-morrow, I shall obtain it in the quickest possible way, and let these rooms to some one who will pay a deal better than you have ever done. So you know what you have to depend upon."

With this the landlord went away, and the widow was left to her own sad thoughts. The oldest of her children was a boy between eleven and twelve years of age. The other two were girls; the youngest three years old. The public schools afforded the means of education to these children; and it was the mother's aim to keep them together as long as possible, that they might enjoy the advantages so liberally provided for the poor as well as the rich. Charles, her son, was advancing very rapidly, and in a few mouths she hoped to see him in the high school, where she meant to strive hard to keep him for at least a two year's course, before he left home to learn some trade or to go into a store. This lad was present during the brief interview that passed between his mother and her landlord. His young blood grew hot in his veins, and he wished, for his mother's sake, that he were a man.

Charles went to school with a heavy heart. He understood, from what had been said, clearly, the extremity in which his mother was placed. And he also knew that the threat of seizing upon their things and selling them, would be executed on the next day, unless the rent were paid, for more than one distraint had taken place, at the instance of this man, within the past year, and helpless widows and children stripped of their all without compunction, and turned into the streets. Young as the child was, he had been eye witness to such scenes of distress. No wonder that his heart was heavy.

At school, there was a good deal of talk among the boys about the large subscription that had been raised for the sufferers by

the terrible fire in a Western city, the amount of which had been published in the morning papers. The fact that Mr. Benedict Percival, the rich merchant, had given five thousand dollars, was particularly dwelt upon. His praise was upon all lips; and he was spoken of as one of the most benevolent men in the city.

Suddenly it flashed through the mind of the lad that if Mr. Percival was so rich and benevolent as to be able and willing to give five thousand dollars for the relief of suffering in another city, he would be willing to lend or give his mother seven dollars to prevent her little all from being taken from her, and she and her children turned into the street in the dead of Winter. The thought made his young heart beat quicker and his cheek to burn. Until dinner time, he pondered this over, his mind feeling more confident each moment, that relief would be obtained if application were made to Mr. Percival.

When Charles came home from school, after the morning session, the face of his mother was full of distress. Though the boy tried to eat when he sat down to dinner, he could with difficulty swallow his food. He left the table in a few minutes, and, without speaking a word, took up his hat and hurried from the room. Before leaving school, he had inquired of the boys the direction of Mr. Percival's store, and towards this he now directed his steps.

The public announcement of his great liberality, united, as it was, with high encomiums upon him as "one of our wealthiest and most benevolent citizens," was particularly gratifying to Benedict Percival, Esq. He read the various paragraphs that met his eyes with the liveliest satisfaction; and enjoyed a higher degree of self complacency than he had known for a long time. It was especially agreeable to him to find that the largest subscription made by any one except himself, was only five hundred dollars; and that this sum was subscribed by a merchant who was reputed to be worth several hundred thousand dollars more than himself. Here was a triumph not often to be had; and it was richly enjoyed. Numerous were the congratulations he received for being the possessor of such charitable feelings, united with the means of gratifying them to the fullest extent. It was a happy day for Mr. Percival. Verily, he had his reward in the praise of men. How much treasure was laid up in Heaven by the act, we cannot say—we have no means of determining this.

About one o'clock, while Mr. Percival was sitting alone in his



private counting-room, thinking pleasantly of what he had done for the good of his fellow men, and pondering that significant passage of Holy Writ—"Charity covers a multitude of sins"—a lad entered with a timid look and a hesitating step.

"Well, sir! What do you want?" said the merchant, in a rather forbidding tone, contracting his brows as he spoke.

The child paused suddenly, at this reception, so different from what he had evidently expected, and looked half frightened. But he gathered up his scattered confidence and told his errand thus,—

"My mother has got no money to pay her rent, and the man is going to sell her things and turn all of us into the street. She only owes him seven dollass. Won't you lend it to her, sir?"

Mr. Percival looked at the lad a moment, really astonished at his assurance, and then said—

"Begone, sir! I never encourage street begging. If your mother isn't able to pay her rent, she had better take you all to the alms house, where you will be well taken care of."

Saying this, the benevolent merchant took the lad somewhat rudely by the arm, and leading him to the door of the room in which he had been sitting, thrust him into the one adjoining, through which he had come, where were several clerks; saying to the latter, as he did so, in a rough, peremptory voice,

"Don't let any more beggars in here. You know I have forbidden this over and over again."

"I shall be overrun by all the mendicants in town," muttered Mr. Percival to himself, as he resumed his seat. "So much for having one's name up as a benevolent man."

When Charles came to school that afternoon, his teacher noticed that he had been weeping, and that he seemed to be in a good deal of distress. But, though he asked him as to the cause, the lad did not reply directly to his questions. Several times during the afternoon the teacher noticed that Charles wiped the tears from his eyes, and that his mind was so much disturbed that he could not say his lessons. He mentioned this to his female assistant. As Charles was leaving the school-room to go home, on the dismissal of his class, this young lady, who had observed him frequently since her attention had been called to him, took him kindly by the hand and said—

"What is the matter with you, Charles? You appear to be very unhappy."

The lad paused and looked up into her face. His eyes were full of tears, and his lips quivered. He tried to speak, but he could not utter a word.

"Is any one sick at home?" asked the teacher.

"No, ma'am," the lad faintly replied.

The young girl, for the teacher was quite young, stood silent a moment. She knew that the mother of the boy was poor; and from the peculiar way in which he was distressed, she immediately suspected that something was wrong at home.

"Is any thing the matter at home that you would like to tell me?" she asked.

By this time most of the children had left the room, and the teacher and the lad stood quite alone. The tears that had been blinding the latter ever since his mother had spoken to him, now fell over his cheeks freely. But in a little while, he was able to restrain them, when he told of the distress his mother was in, and how, if the rent were not paid in the morning, her things would all be taken away from her and they turned out of doors. He also related, in a most earnest and artless manner, how he had called upon Mr. Percival, without saying any thing to his mother, hoping that he would lend them money to pay their rent. When he told of the cruel and unexpected repulse with which he had met, his tears flowed again.

"But the man certainly will not do as he has threatened," said the teacher.

"Oh, yes he will," replied Charles. "He sold every thing Mrs. Ellis had, this winter, because she didn't pay him his rent; and she had to take little George and Mary and go to the poor house. Oh, yes!—he will do it."

"How much rent does your mother owe?"

"Seven dollars."

The young teacher was again silent and thoughtful. If she had possessed the sum required, how gladly would she have placed it in the hands of the boy, and sent him home with glad tidings to his mother! But it took all of her salary to support a widowed mother, in bad health, and she had, therefore, nothing to spare.

"Go home, Charles," she at length said, "and tell your mother that I will come and see her to-night. Something must be done to prevent this man from distressing her."

The boy turned and walked quickly away. His step was

much lighter than it was when he came to school, for now there was hope again in his young heart.

The night that succeeded to this day was very cold. The wind swept round to the north east towards evening, and brought a heavy snow storm, that thinned the streets of passengers. After an early tea, the young teacher, with two dollars in her pocket, one received from the principal of the school, and the other her own contribution, set forth on the errand of mercy she had proposed to herself, which was to obtain, from such persons as she knew, and felt free to call upon, a sum sufficient to pay the poor widow's rent. One or two upon whom she called, declined giving any thing, saying that if the woman were not able to pay her rent, she had better go, with her children, to the alms house, where she and they would be well taken care of. They disapproved, from principle, of private charities—it did more harm than good. Others gave her small sums, such as quarter and half dollars—and one poor widow put in a dollar from her little store. Those who were most able gave the least. It was past nine o'clock before the sum needed was made up.

With a light heart, the noble-minded young girl started for the humble abode of the distressed widow. On her way thither, bending in the fierce gusts of wind and snow, she passed the splendid dwelling of Benedict Percival, Esq., the benevolent merchant. He sat, in his luxurious parlor, with his family around him, musing upon the act that had for some days engrossed most of his thoughts, more than half inclined to think that the public did not fully appreciate what he had done, and in an incipient state of repentance for having thrown such a large sum of money away, when a thousand dollars would have done just as well; while the young girl hurried by in the storm, her heart already receiving the rich reward that true benevolence is sure to bring—a reward incomparably greater than what comes as the result of deeds of charity, no matter how munificent, done for the praise of men.

Usually, Charles retired early; but this evening he sat up, hopefully awaiting the coming of his teacher. Since seven o'clock, he had eagerly listened to the sound of every approaching footstep, and often and often had his young heart grown almost sick with disappointment.

“Hadn't you better go to bed, Charles?” said the mother,

long before nine o'clock. "It is too stormy a night for your teacher to come out. I am sure she will not be here."

"Oh, yes she will! I know she will come," replied the boy. And thus he answered, every time his mother urged him to go to bed.

Time had stolen on, until it was near ten o'clock. The wind roared without, and the snow rushed against the windows. The widow looked up from her work, and was about repeating her request that Charles would go to bed, when she observed that he had fallen asleep in his chair. Her heart was touched as she looked at the unconscious boy, and thought of the share in her troubles that he had voluntarily assumed. While her eyes still rested upon him, there came a low rap at the door. On opening it, a young and slender girl stepped in a few paces, saying, as she did so—

"I promised your little boy that I would call and see you to-night. I thought to have been earlier, but couldn't get round sooner. Heaven has sent you, through me, enough money to pay your rent to-morrow. Here it is." She handed the widow a small package of money. "It comes from those who have hearts to feel for others."

Then partly turning away, and before the woman had time to say any thing, she added—

"It is late, and I must hurry home. Mother will be uneasy at my staying so long away. Good night. Charles, I see, has fallen asleep, but he will know I have been here. Good night!"

And ere the widow could utter a word of thanks, she was away.

That night Mr. Benedict Percival lay awake for hours, unable to sleep for thinking of the error he had doubtless committed, in giving five thousand dollars for the benefit of those who had suffered by the fire, when one thousand would have told quite as well upon the public. Moth and rust were already beginning to corrupt the treasure he had laid up on the earth.

The head of the young teacher had not pressed its pillow long, before all her senses were locked in gentle slumber. Sweet dreams accompanied her through the night, and when the sun smiled in at her windows in the morning, she blessed the day and was happy. She had laid up treasure in Heaven.

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THE ENGRAVER'S DAUGHTER

## THE ENGRAVER'S DAUGHTER.

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Little Dora Stilling was but six years old when her best friend went to Heaven. She was a beautiful child, and her father, Mark Stilling, an old engraver, loved her with a species of blind idolatry. Stilling was by birth a German, and his reading had not gone much beyond the childish romances peculiar to his country, which had left upon his mind an indelible impression. At twelve years old he was apprenticed to an engraver, and since that time had seen little of the world beyond the room in which his noiseless occupation happened to be. His mind therefore, remained half asleep, and the dreams that passed through it had little in common with the real life around him. He was an old man when he married, and his wife, who passed with many, who did not know better, as his daughter, died a few years after their only child, Dora, was born.

Upon the death of his wife the heart of Mark Stilling turned toward the sweet child that she had left him, with an affection made jealous and intenser by his loss. For her he desired all good in the world's power to bestow; but as to what was the greatest good he had but vague notions. As he grew older, and his mind drooped toward second childhood, from the ideas and feelings of his earlier years the dust of time was blown away, and all was distinct and fresh as if the spring time of life were but yesterday. Images of beautiful maidens, wooed by princes in disguise, floated before his imagination; and then his thoughts would turn to Dora, who grew more and more lovely in his eyes every day. Nothing short of some such consummation for his child, he felt, would ever satisfy him.

It was little wonder that the old engraver loved Dora with an absorbing affection ; for, opening like a rose, she displayed to his eyes some new feature of loveliness every day, as well in mind as in body. While he sat at his work, tracing out upon the hard, polished steel, forms of beauty, Dora was ever present in his mind, more beautiful than any creation of the painter's pencil he had yet been commissioned to copy.

Swiftly the years glided on, and Dora became less and less a child. As soon as she was able to go to school, she was placed under the care of the best teachers in the city, and from that time every dollar earned by Stilling, beyond what the simple wants of nature demanded, was spent upon his daughter, that she might be thoroughly accomplished in every thing, and thus made a fit companion for the best in the land. He wished her to be, in one word, a *lady*—and, in the engraver's mind, a lady was something more than the term conveys in its usual acceptation.

But as Dora grew up, lovely and accomplished as her parent's heart could desire, she exhibited a simplicity of taste and a love for useful employments, that her father did not, in the least, approve. Fond old man ! Half insane, under the delusion himself had conjured up from among his early fancies, he felt, whenever Dora's hands were engaged in work, that she was degrading herself, and ever sought to keep her above the necessity of entering into any domestic occupation. Dora, as her mind grew clearer, saw the weakness and folly of all this. She saw that her father was old, and growing feebler and less able to work every day, and that his income was steadily decreasing ; and she felt that, before a very long time, upon her would fall the burden of his as well as her own support. One day she came to him, and said—

“ Dear father, you are getting old, and your strength is failing. Let me go and learn a trade, and then I can work for you.”

The old man caught for breath two or three times, like one suddenly deprived of air.

“ A trade, did you say, child ?” He spoke in a low whisper.

“ Yes, father, a trade. Let me learn some trade, so that I can help you. I am young, and you are old. You have worked for me since I was a child ; now let me work for you.”

“ No, no, Dora ! You shall not learn a trade,” replied Stilling, firmly. Then he added, in a chiding voice, “ How could



you think of such a thing! You must look higher, my child. You are as good as any lady in the land, and may take the place of the best." Here his voice grew animated. "Don't you remember the story of the light-haired maiden whom the king's son saw, and loved her better than all the proud court-ladies, because she was beautiful and good; and how he came in a splendid chariot, and carried her away and made her his bride? True, there are no kings here"—the old man faintly sighed—"but there are many rich and great people. No—no—Dora, you shall not learn a trade."

Dora understood well what her father meant by these allusions, for he had often talked so before, and sometimes more plainly; and she knew that it would be of no use to argue against him. So she said no more about learning a trade. But engaged more diligently in every useful thing that came to her hand, and sought, by every means in her power, to aid her father's comfort.

Almost alone as Mark Stilling was, and possessing none of those cultivated tastes and accomplishments necessary for one who would introduce a young girl like his daughter into society, the old man saw weeks and months go by, after Dora had become a woman, and yet his lovely flower remained hidden by the wayside. He looked upon her as she came in and went out, and wondered that all the world was not captivated by her beauty. And as he grew older, and his intellect became feebler and feebler, this one idea took a still stronger hold upon his mind.

Dora, at the age of nineteen, began to feel great concern for her father. Both body and mind, it was plain to her, were failing rapidly; and orders for work were much less frequent than they had been. But even if work had been as abundant as before, he had less ability to perform it; and this was daily decreasing. Again she asked permission to learn a trade; but it was met with as firm an opposition as before, and on the same ground.

"I must have some means of supporting myself and father," she said thoughtfully to herself, "for it will not be long that he can keep at work. What shall I do? He will not let me learn a trade. She reflected for a long time, and then, as if all had become clear to her, she clapped her hands together and murmured—"Yes—yes. That shall be it! I will devote myself to my music until I become proficient enough to teach."

Already much money had been expended on Dora's musical education, and she played and sung well. But she was not skilful enough to be able to give instructions. So from that time she spent many hours each day at her piano ; and also practiced on the guitar. As the old man listened to her warblings, how little dreamed he that all this was but the learning of a trade, against which his mind had so revolted.

As we have said, the old man became less and less competent to perform his work well and expeditiously, and it gradually left him and went into other hands. His income thus reduced, it became necessary to abridge the expenses of his household, or fall in debt, something for which Stilling had a natural horror. The first step downward, and one that it hurt the engraver much to take, was the giving up of the neat little house in which he had lived, and taking apartments in a second story, at half the rent formerly paid. Dora urged strongly, when this change was made, to have their domestic sent away.

"I can do all the work, father. Let Ellen go, and then we will save nearly half our living."

But the old man would not listen a moment to this, and silenced his daughter by an emphatic "No."

Yet for all this care in keeping Dora above the sphere of usefulness, her charms had not won for her a distinguished lover. Still Dora had a lover, and this was less wonderful than it would have been had her sweet face not pictured itself on some heart. But her lover was only a humble clerk in a store where she had often been to make purchases. He was as simple and earnest in all his tastes and feelings as Dora herself. Their meetings were not frequent, for young Edwards had been told of the old engraver's weakness, and did not, therefore, venture to call upon his sweetheart at her home.

At length so little work came that Stilling did not receive more than sufficient money to buy food, and actual privation began to creep in upon himself and daughter. Stern necessity required the dismissal of their domestic, and then the old man busied himself in household matters, in order to keep Dora as far as possible above such menial employments. As age crept on, and his intellects grew still weaker, he clasped his fond delusion more closely to his heart, and observed all of Dora's movements with a more jealous eye.

For as long a time as two years had the faith of Dora and her

lover been pledged. Their meetings were generally in the street, on a certain appointed afternoon of each week. Then they walked together and talked about the future, when there should be no barrier to their happiness. But the young man, as time wore on, grew impatient; and his pride occasionally awakened, telling him that he was as good as the old engraver, and worthy, in every respect, to claim the hand of his daughter. Sometimes this feeling showed itself to Dora, when the maiden would be so hurt that Edwards always repented of his hasty words, and resolved to be more guarded in future.

"Let me call and see you at your father's," said Edwards, one day, as they were walking together; "perhaps I may not be so unwelcome a visitor as you think."

"Oh, no, no! you must not think of it," replied Dora quickly.

"But where is this to end?" inquired the young man. "If he will not accept me as your lover, and you cannot become mine except with his consent, the case seems hopeless."

Dora did not reply at the moment, and they walked along for some time in silence.

"There is a way. I have thought of it a great deal," at length said the young girl. She spoke with some hesitation in her manner.

"What is it?" inquired her lover.

Dora leaned toward him, and said something in a low voice.

"That's not to be thought of," was the quick reply of the young man.

Dora was silent, while her bosom, as it rose and fell quickly, showed that her feelings were much disturbed.

The suggestion, whatever it was, appeared to hurt or offend the young man, and when they separated, it was with a coldness on his part that made tears dim the eyes of Dora the moment she turned from him.

On their next meeting both felt constrained; and their conversation was not so free and tender as before. It took some weeks for the effect of Dora's proposition, whatever it was, to wear off. But after that time the sunshine came back again, and was brighter and warmer than before.

One day, it was perhaps four or five months after the little misunderstanding just mentioned, the old engraver was visited

by a stranger, whose whole appearance marked him as either a foreigner, or one who had lived abroad. He wanted him, he said, to copy on steel, in his most finished style, the miniature of a lady. As he mentioned his errand to the engraver, he drew from his pocket the miniature of a young and exquisitely beautiful woman, set in a costly gold locket. Mark Stilling took the picture, but the moment he looked at it his countenance changed.

"Is it not a beautiful face?" said the stranger.

"I have seen it before," remarked the engraver, with a thoughtful air.

"Have you?" was the quick inquiry.

"Yes. But of whom is it a likeness?" asked the old man.

"Of one," said the stranger, "who has flitted before me, of late, the impersonation of all that is lovely in her sex. As she passes me in the street, I gaze after her as one would gaze at an angel. A skilful painter, at my request, has sketched her face, taking feature after feature, as he could fix them, until, at last, this image of beauty has grown under his pencil. And now I want it transferred to steel, lest some accident should deprive me of its possession."

While the stranger thus spoke, Stilling sat gazing upon the miniature with the air of one bound by a spell. And no wonder—for it was the image of his own child! and it seemed, as he looked into the pictured face intently, as if the lips would part and the voice of Dora fall upon his ears. Then he turned his eyes upon the dignified, princely looking stranger, and the thought came flashing through his mind that his dream of years was about being realized. Dora was the lovely unknown of whom he had spoken with so much enthusiasm; with whom he was so passionately enamored.

"Will you do the work for me?" said the stranger, breaking in upon the old man's reverie.

"Yes—yes," answered Stilling.

"How long do you want?"

"Two months."

"So long?"

"Yes, to do it well."

"Take, then, your own time, and charge your own price. Here are fifty dollars," and the stranger handed the engraver some money. "I will call every day while the work is progres-

sing, that I may look at the sweet picture upon which you are engaged."

"How large shall it be?" inquired the engraver.

"Just the size of the miniature," replied the stranger. Then rising, he said, as he bowed to Stilling, "I will see you again to-morrow about this hour."

On the next day, when the stranger called, Dora was sitting by her father. An exclamation of delight was checked upon his lips, as his eyes fell upon the beautiful girl; but his noble face expressed surprise and undisguised admiration.

"The lovely original!" dropped at length from his tongue.

"My daughter," said the engraver.

Dora rose up and made a low courtesy.

"Your daughter! How strange! You did not tell me this yesterday."

"No. But she is my child—my only child—and I love her better than I love my own life."

Light kindled in the old man's face, and a quiver of excitement was in every nerve. It was only by an effort that he refrained from giving way to the most extravagant praises of Dora, who sat, with her eyes meekly cast on the floor.

On the next day the stranger called again, and found Dora, as at the previous visit, with her father. This time he spoke to the maiden in a familiar, yet respectful way. Every look he directed toward her was one of admiration; yet not a glance of this character escaped the watchful eyes of her father.

From the first, Mark Stilling regarded the stranger with especial favor. After the meeting with Dora, it was settled in the old man's mind that fortune was at length to crown with joy his dearest wish in life. All suspicion was lulled to rest in his mind. The fact that the stranger withheld his name, but confirmed him in the belief that he was either a nobleman in disguise, or connected with some wealthy and distinguished family at home.

Week followed week, and the stranger came every day to mark the progress of the plate, the execution of which he did not countermand. He never staid over an hour at a time, and that was mostly spent with Dora, whose musical abilities he highly praised, and whom he always asked to play for him. The little parlor of the engraver was on a different floor from that on which he worked, and so, while playing for the stranger, Dora was always alone with him.

Stilling was in no way surprised when the stranger asked the hand of his daughter in marriage. Dora was born to be a lady, and now had come the fulfilment of her destiny. The poor old man's mind was so infirm that it could not go beyond this simple idea. No doubt came to trouble him; no suspicion disturbed his happy dream. More than the stranger told him he believed; for as to who he was, or to what station Dora would be elevated, he was silent. But Stilling asked nothing on this head. He believed all he wished to believe. The offer for his child's hand he felt to be a noble offer, and he yielded his fullest consent.

And so Dora was married to the stranger. But not until five minutes before the ceremony was performed, did Stilling know that his name was *Edwards*. The marriage took place in Stilling's little parlor. After the rite was over, and the minister had retired, the bridegroom took the old man's hand, and said to him, as he pointed to the finished plate containing the head of Dora.

"That, father, is your last work. You can rest now, after so many years of labor. Come, there is a carriage at the door; we will go to our new home."

Stilling was half bewildered, yet happy. Without a pause or objection, he suffered his children to take him to another home. That home was really a modest one; but in the eyes of the fond old man it was little less than a palace.

On the morning after the marriage, the moustache of young Edwards disappeared, and he went forth daily from that time and engaged in his regular business. But the engraver, who now began to sink rapidly both in mind and body, dreamed not that Dora's husband was only a clerk, whose yearly income fell below a thousand dollars.

In less than a year Mark Stilling slept with his fathers, deeply regretted by the child he had loved with so strong and blind a passion. He was ignorant, to the last, of the deceit that had been practiced upon him, and as firmly believed that the kind and affectionate young husband of Dora was of noble blood, and one of the great ones of the land, as that the sun arose and set daily. And he was far happier in this belief than he would have been with all as real as he imagined.

## WASHING - DAY.

### ANOTHER EXPERIENCE OF MR. JONES.



“My dear Mrs. Jones,” said I, one Monday morning, as ominous washing-day indications met my eyes, “why don’t you put out the washing? I’m sure it would be a great deal better.”

“Do you know what it would cost?” returned Mrs. Jones, a little sharply, for, it being Monday, the influence of the day was already beginning to be felt.

“I don’t know, exactly, how much it would cost,” I replied; “but I do know, that it would be a great saving.”

“A saving of what, Mr. Jones?”

“Of comfort, if of nothing else.”

“Dear bought comfort you would soon find it.”

“How much does the washing cost now?” I inquired.

“Sixty-two and a half cents,” was answered.

“Is that all?”

“Yes. That is all I pay Hester for a day’s work, and she does the whole of it in a day.”

“But you forget that you have to board her,” said I.

“And what is that?” returned my wife. “Her board costs nothing. One mouth more in the family is not felt.”

“I am not altogether sure of that. Didn’t you tell me, this morning, to get a pound or two more of meat for dinner as the washerwoman was here?”

“You don’t suppose she will eat two pounds of meat for dinner?” said my wife.

"I don't know any thing about that. All I know is, that, for the reason you stated, I gave twenty cents more for meat than I would otherwise have paid. It's all the same whether she eats it or not. The extra expense is chargeable to her being in the house. A very reasonable addition for the cost of Hester's breakfast and supper, is twenty-five cents. These two items added, and you have, instead of sixty-two and a half cents as the cost of washing, the sum of a dollar and seven cents."

"And it would cost at least a dollar and seventy-five cents a week to put it out."

"Is that all?" I asked, rather surprised at the smallness of the sum. Only a dollar and seventy-five cents!"

"More likely it would cost two dollars."

"Which would not be much more than it costs us now," said I.

"Although, by your own showing, you made it about half that sum."

"Yes, but I am not done yet. There are a few more items to add. There is fire, which I will put down at a shilling, and soap, starch and indigo at as much more. Then comes the wear and tear of tubs, washing-boards, clothes-lines and pins, to say nothing of temper, all of which I will estimate at another eighth of a dollar. Breakage, consequent upon cook and chambermaids' ill-temper, the derangement of the household, and anarchial privileges of children, will not be covered, on an average, by a less sum than twenty-five cents. This swells the cost of washing, per week, to a dollar and seventy cents under the present system."

"Breakage! It's preposterous!" said Mrs. Jones.

"Not at all. Don't you remember when Nancy slipped on the stairs where one of the children had laid a piece of the washerwoman's soap, and broke five dollars worth of things at one *smash*?"

"That's only a single case, and might have happened at any other time as well as on a washing day."

"And don't you remember the handsome wash pitcher Jane demolished in a washing-day fever, thus ruining a set that cost us ten dollars. As for tumblers, cups, saucers and plates, there is no end to their destruction on these occasions. And for a very plain reason. The breakfast-table stands in the floor until dinner time; and the dinner-table until supper time. Nobody has



leisure to clear any thing away; and there being nobody to attend to the children, they rummage about, with their hands into every thing, and, as a natural consequence, there is no end to the destruction that accompanies their movements. Fifty cents a week, instead of twenty-five, would be a nearer approach to the loss we suffer from this cause."

"You might talk in that way at me until doomsday, and I wouldn't——"

A loud crash of broken dishes came up from the kitchen at this instant.

"Gracious!" exclaimed my wife. "What is that?" and she left my side in a twinkling, to investigate the cause and learn the extent of this new crockery disaster. I did not wait to ascertain the result; but decamped for my place of business, fondly hoping that what I had said, enforced so timely by a serious washing-day breakage, would have the desired effect.

At dinner-time I went home in that delightful state of doubt as to the reception I should meet, which most men feel on like occasions. The first sound that saluted my ear as I entered, was the crying of one of the children; and instead of that savory odor of dinner, so grateful to a hungry man, I snuffed up a humid atmosphere, loaded almost to suffocation with the vapor of soap and ley. I passed the dining-room, but the table was not set. I went up into my wife's room; as I opened the door I was greeted with this exclamation—

"There! I knew it would be so! I don't believe Hannah has put a potatoe on to cook yet, although I sent her word an hour ago that it was time to see about dinner. But she has been as cross as she could be all the morning."

"She's been helping wash, I suppose," said I.

"Of course she has. She always does so. But, it's as easy to stop and get dinner at one time at one time as at another. I never saw such creatures! I wish you would ring that bell."

I did as desired. It was answered by the chambermaid.

"Go down and see what under the sun keeps Hannah back with her dinner."

The chambermaid retired, and, in a little while came back with word that the fire had all gone out, and that Hannah was just making it up again.

"Oh, dear!" said I, half involuntarily, drawing out my watch, and looking at the time. "It's nearly half-past two, now, and

I have an engagement at a quarter past three. I cannot possibly wait."

"It shall be ready in a little while," said Mrs Jones, looking distressed. "I'll go down and see to it. To think that girl would do so! But, it is always so on washing-days. Nothing goes right, and there is no comfort in the house."

To that sentiment I could have uttered an audible "amen." But, I deemed it prudent, just at that particular juncture, to observe a perfect silence.

Sooner than I expected, the bell rung, and I went down to the dining-room. I found my wife awaiting me at the table, with a flushed and heated countenance, and many evidences of worry and excitement. She had cleared Hannah out of the kitchen, set the fire a-going with her own hands, and cooked the dinner. But, she couldn't eat a mouthful, and my appetite was, by this time, among the things that were. I helped the children, and offered to help my wife, but she declined every thing. After forcing a few mouthfuls down my throat, I left the table and my unhappy family, and retired to my place of business, feeling in no pleasant mood myself.

"And all this is to be borne and suffered once a week, for the meagre saving of twenty or thirty cents—perhaps nothing! I must use my veto power; must bring into exercise my reserved rights, and I will do it. Suppose it cost a dollar a week more to put out the washing? What of that? Five dollars wouldn't pay for having the nuisance retained in the house."

On the following morning I had occasion to go into the cellar to make up a fire in the furnace. A gentle tap loosened the hoops on a washing-tub, and I had a choice lot of "kindling." I was exceedingly liberal in its use, consuming every vestige! On the next morning, another tub performed the same important service, and on that which succeeded I split up the washing-board, and gave six dozen clothes-pins, to the devouring flames.

On Saturday, I informed my wife of what I had done. You may suppose that she lifted her eyes, and grew pale with astonishment. But seeing me so earnest about the matter, she made but little opposition; and on Monday I had the supreme delight of seeing all things in order, and sitting down to a comfortable breakfast, dinner and supper with a smiling wife and happy children. The washing has been put out ever since.

















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