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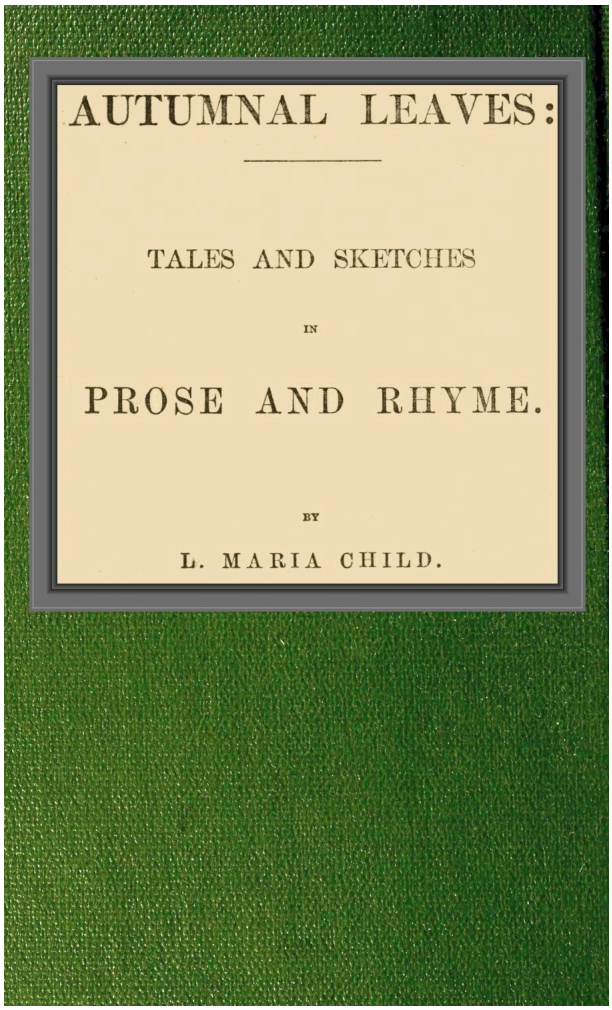

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AUTUMNAL LEAVES.

AUTUMNAL LEAVES:

TALES AND SKETCHES

IN

PROSE AND RHYME.

BY

L. MARIA CHILD.

I speak, as in the days of youth,
In simple words some earnest truth.

NEW YORK:
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1857.

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Several of the articles contained in this volume have appeared in various periodicals ten or twelve years ago. Others have been recently written, during the hours that could be spared from daily duties.

{6}

{7}

CONTENTS.

{8}

{9}

THE EGLANTINE,

A simple Love Story,

FOUNDED ON A ROMANTIC INCIDENT, WHICH OCCURRED IN THE FAR WEST, ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
And her modest answer, and graceful air,
Show her wise and good, as she is fair.
Would she were mine; and I to-day
A simple harvester of hay;
With low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."
Then he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.
J. G. WHITTIER.

"WHAT a remarkably pretty girl Mrs. Barton has for a nursery maid," said Mrs. Vernon to her daughter.

"Yes, mamma; and it seems quite useless for a servant to be so handsome. What good will it do *her*?" She glanced at the mirror, as she spoke, and seemed less satisfied than usual with her own pretty face. She was thinking to herself, "If I had as much beauty as *she* has, I shouldn't despair of winning a duke." {10}

A similar idea flashed across Mrs. Vernon's mind, as she noticed the involuntary appeal to the mirror. Therefore, she sighed as she answered, "Instead of doing her good, it will doubtless prove a misfortune. Some dissipated lord will take a fancy to her; but he will soon become weary of her, and will marry her to the first good-natured clown, who can be hired to take her."

"Very likely," replied Miss Julia; "and after living with a nobleman, she can never be happy with a person of her own condition." The prospect of such a future in reserve for the rustic beauty seemed by no means painful to the aristocratic young lady. Indeed, one might conjecture, from her manner, that she regarded it as no more than a suitable punishment for presuming to be handsomer than her superiors in rank.

A flush passed over the countenance of her brother Edward, who sat reading at the opposite window; but the ladies, busy with their embroidery and netting, did not observe it. The lower extremity of their grounds was separated from Mrs. Barton's merely by a hedge of hawthorns. A few weeks previous, as he was walking there, his attention had been attracted by joyful exclamations from their neighbour's children, over a lupine that began to show its valves above the ground. He turned involuntarily, and when he saw the young girl who accompanied them, he felt a little glow of pleasant surprise curl around his heart, as if some entirely new and very beautiful wild flower had unexpectedly appeared before him. That part of the garden became his favourite place of resort; and if a day passed without his obtaining a glimpse of the lovely stranger, he was conscious of an undefined feeling of disappointment. One day, when the children were playing near by, their India-rubber ball bounced over into Mrs. Vernon's grounds. When he saw them searching for it among the hawthorns, he reached across the hedge and presented it to their attendant. He raised his hat and bowed, as he did so; and she blushed as she took it from his hand. After this accidental introduction, he never passed her without a similar salutation; and she always coloured at a mark of courtesy so unusual from a gentleman to a person in her humble condition. The degree of interest she had excited in his mind rendered it somewhat painful to hear his mother's careless prophecy of her future destiny. {11}

A few days afterward, he was walking with his sister, when Mrs. Barton's maid passed with the children. Miss Julia graciously accosted the little ones, but ignored the presence of their attendant. Seeing her brother make his usual sign of deferential politeness, she exclaimed, "What a strange person you are, Edward! One would suppose you were passing a duchess. I dare say you would do just the same if cousin Alfred were with us." {12}

"Certainly I should," he replied. "I am accustomed to regulate my actions by my own convictions, not by those of another person. You know I believe in such a thing as *natural* nobility."

"And if a servant happens to have a pretty face, you consider her a born duchess, I suppose," said Julia.

"Such kind of beauty as that we have just passed, where the pliant limbs move with unconscious dignity, and harmonized features are illuminated by a moral grace, that emanates from the soul, *does* seem to me to have received from Nature herself an unmistakeable patent of nobility."

"So you *know* this person?" inquired his sister.

He replied, "I have merely spoken to her on the occasion of returning a ball, that one of the children tossed over into our grounds. But casually as I have seen her, her countenance and manners impress me with the respect that *you* feel for high birth."

"It's a pity you were not born in the back-woods of America," retorted his sister, pettishly.

"I sometimes think so myself," he quietly replied. "But let us gather some of these wild flowers, Julia, instead of disputing about conventional distinctions, concerning which you and I can never agree."

His sister coldly accepted the flowers he offered. Her temper was clouded by the incident of the morning. It vexed her that Edward had never said, or implied, so much concerning *her* style of beauty; and she could not forgive the tendencies of mind which spoiled him for the part she wished {13} him to perform in the world, as a means of increasing his own importance, and thereby advancing her interests. She had the misfortune to belong to an English family extensively connected with the rich and aristocratic, without being themselves largely endowed with wealth. Cousin Alfred, the son of her father's older brother, was heir to a title; and consequently she measured every thing by his standard. The income of the family was more than sufficient for comfort and gentility; but the unfortunate tendency to assume the habits of others as their standard rendered what might have been a source of enjoyment a cause of discontent.

Their life was a constant struggle to keep up appearances beyond their means. All natural thoughts and feelings were kept in perpetual harness; drilled to walk blindfolded the prescribed round of conventional forms, like a horse in a bark-mill; with this exception, that *their* routine spoiled the free paces of the horse, without grinding any bark. Edward's liberal soul had early rebelled against this system. He had experienced a vague consciousness of walking in fetters ever since he was reproved for bringing home a favourite school-mate to pass the vacation with him, when he was twelve years old. He could not *then* be made to understand why a manly, intelligent, large-hearted boy, who was a tradesman's son, was less noble than young Lord Smallsoul, cousin Alfred's school-friend; and within the last few weeks, circumstances had excited his thoughts to {14} unusual activity concerning natural and artificial distinctions. As he walked in the garden, book in hand, he never failed to see the beautiful nursery-maid, if she were anywhere within sight; and she always perceived *him*. In her eyes, *he* was like a bright, far-off star; while he was refreshed by a vision of *her*, as he was by the beauty of an opening flower. Distinction of rank was such a fixed fact in the society around them, that the star and the flower dreamed of union as much as they did. But Cupid, who is the earliest republican on record, willed that things should not remain in that state. A bunch of fragrant violets were offered with a smile and received with a blush; and in the blush and the smile an arrow lay concealed. Then volumes of poems were loaned with passages marked; and every word of those passages were stereotyped on the heart of the reader. For a long time, he was ignorant of her name; but hearing the children call her Sibella, he inquired her other name, and they told him it was Flower. He thought it an exceedingly poetic and appropriate name; as most young men of twenty would have thought, under similar circumstances. He noticed the sequestered lanes where she best loved to rove, when sent out with the children for exercise; and those lanes became his own favourite places of resort. Wild flowers furnished a graceful and harmless topic of conversation; yet Love made even those simple things his messengers. Patrician Edward offered the {15} rustic Sibella an Eglantine, saying, "This has a peculiar charm for me, above all flowers. It is so fragrant and delicately tinted; so gracefully untrained, and so modest in its pretensions. It always seems to me like a beautiful young maiden, without artificial culture, but naturally refined and poetic. The first time I saw you, I thought of a flowering Eglantine; and I have never since looked at the shrub, without being reminded of you." She listened, half abashed and half delighted. She never saw the flower again without thinking of *him*.

The next day after this little adventure, she received a copy of Moore's Melodies, with her name elegantly written therein. The songs, all sparkling with fancy and warm with love, were well suited to her sixteen years, and to that critical period in her heart's experience. She saw in them a reflection

of her own young soul dreamily floating in a fairy-boat over moon-lighted waters. The mystery attending the gift increased its charm. The postman left it at the door, and no one knew whence it came. Within the same envelope was a pressed blossom of the Eglantine, placed in a sheet of Parisian letter-paper, gracefully ornamented with a coloured arabesque of Eglantines and German Forget-me-nots. On it the following verses were inscribed:— {16}

TO SIBELLA FLOWER.

There is a form more light and fair,
  Than human tongue can tell,
It seems a spirit of the air.
  She is a flower *si belle*!

The lovely cheek more faintly flushed
  Than ocean's rosy shell,
Is like a new-found pearl that blushed,
  She is a flower *si belle*!

Her glossy hair in simple braid,
  With softly curving swell,
Might well have crowned a Grecian maid.
  She is a flower *si belle*!

Her serious and dove-like eyes
  Of gentle thoughts do tell;
Serene as summer ev'ning skies.
  She is a flower *si belle*!

Her graceful mouth was outlined free
  By Cupid's magic spell,
A bow for his sure archery.
  She is a flower *si belle*!

And thence soft silv'ry tones do flow,
  Like rills along the dell,
Making sweet music as they go.
  She is a flower *si belle*! {17}

Fairer still is the modest mind,
  Pure as a crystal well,
In mountain solitude enshrined.
  She is a flower *si belle*!

A note at the bottom of the verses explained that the French word *si belle* meant *so beautiful*. The poetry was that of a young man of twenty; but a simple maiden of sixteen, who was herself the subject of the lines, saw more beauty in them, than a critic could find in the best inspirations of Shakespeare or Milton. And then to think that a gentleman, who understood *French*, should write verses to *her*! It was wonderful! She would as soon have dreamed of wearing the crown of England. The next time she met Edward Vernon, her cheeks were flushed *more* deeply than "ocean's rosy shell." But she never alluded to the book or the verses; for she said to herself, "Perhaps he did'nt send them; and then I should feel so ashamed of *supposing* he did!" The secret was half betrayed on his part; whether intentionally or unintentionally, she did not know. He began by calling her Miss Flower; then he called her Sibella; but ever after the reception of the verses, he said Sibelle.

They were so reserved toward each other, and Mrs. Barton's children were apparently so much the objects of his attention, during their rambles, that their dreamy romance might have gone on uninterrupted for months longer, had not a human foot stepped within their fairy circle. Lord {18} Smallsoul, as he rode abroad one day, was attracted by "the flower *si belle*." As his grosser nature

and more selfish habits were uncurbed by the respectful diffidence, which restrained Edward's love, he became bold and importunate in his attentions; as if he took it for granted that any rural beauty could be purchased with a nobleman's gold. The poor girl could not stir out of doors, without being liable to his unwelcome intrusion; the more unwelcome because the presence of the false lover expelled the true one. Edward kept carefully aloof, watching the proceedings of the profligate nobleman with jealous indignation. He painfully felt that he had no right to assume guardianship over the young girl, and that any attempt to do so would bring him into collision with her persecutor; likely to end in publicity by no means favourable to her reputation. The rural belle was inexperienced in the world's ways, but she had been trained by a prudent mother, and warned against the very dangers that now beset her path. Therefore, with many blushes, she begged Mrs. Barton to excuse her from walking out with the children; confessing that Lord Smallsoul sought every opportunity of urging her to go and live with him in Italy, though she never would accept one of the many rich presents he was always offering her. Mrs. Barton warmly commended her, and promised protection. After some conversation, she said, "The children tell me that Mr. Vernon has often joined {19} you in your walks. Did *he* ever say he was in love with you?" Sibella promptly replied, "Never. He is always very respectful." "And he has never made you any presents, has he?" inquired the lady. The maiden lowered her eyes and blushed deeply. She had been trained to a strict observance of the truth; but she did not know certainly who sent Moore's Melodies; and heart and conscience both pleaded with her not to say any thing that might involve her friend in blame. After a moment's hesitation, she answered, evasively, "He has sometimes offered me flowers, madam, when he was gathering them for the children; and I thought it no harm to take them." The book of poems, and the wonderful verses framed in flowery arabesques, remained a secret between herself and him who sent them. But Mrs. Barton noticed the sudden blush, and the involuntary hesitation; and she resolved to elicit some information from the children, in a manner not likely to excite their curiosity.

Lord Smallsoul, who from infancy had been an object of excessive indulgence, was not to be easily baffled in his selfish plans. Night and day, he, or his confidential servant, was prowling about Mrs. Barton's grounds. His assiduities became a positive nuisance, and excited much gossip in the neighbourhood. Miss Julia Vernon took occasion to say to Mrs. Barton, "It is really surprising his lordship should make himself so ridiculous, instead of bestowing his attentions upon beautiful ladies {20} whose rank in life is nearer to his own. He knows, however, that *ladies* would scorn to accept such homage as he bestows upon your servant; and I suppose he is not yet ready to enter into matrimonial bonds."

Mrs. Barton thought to herself that the dissolute nobleman would receive a very prompt and gracious answer, if he invited Miss Julia to enter into such bonds. She, however, suppressed the smile that was rising to her lips, and said, "I don't wonder at his being fascinated by Sibella; for she is gifted with extraordinary beauty. I am truly thankful, on her own account, and for the sake of her worthy parents, that she is discreet as she is lovely. I confess, I should myself rejoice in such a daughter."

There was a slightly contemptuous motion in the muscles of Miss Vernon's mouth, as she replied, "You appear to think her a paragon. The girl is pretty enough; too pretty for her own good, since she was born to be a servant. But I cannot imagine what attractions she can have for a gentleman, who is accustomed to the distinguished air of ladies of rank."

"Some people prefer the Eglantine to the Garden Rose," replied Mrs. Barton. "Your *brother* is accustomed to ladies of rank; but I imagine he appreciates Sibella's beauty more highly than you do. " {21}

"What reason have you for thinking so?" quickly inquired Miss Julia.

Half mischievously, and altogether imprudently, Mrs. Barton replied, "The children heard him tell her that she was like an Eglantine, which, of all flowers was his favourite; and they say he always wore an Eglantine in his vest, as long as there was one to be found."

Up rose Miss Vernon, hastily, and with a haughty toss of the head, said emphatically, "I thank you *very* much for having told me this. Good morning, madam."

The amiable neighbour, foreseeing a storm, immediately repented of what she had said; but it was impossible to recall it. She looked out of the window, and saw that Miss Vernon was excited to such a degree as to make her forget the patrician languor, which usually characterized her movements. Obeying an impulse, for once in her life, she walked rapidly across the garden to the paternal mansion. As if a case of life and death were impending, she startled her mother with this

abrupt annunciation: “Do go directly to cousin Alfred, and tell him he *must* devise some means to remove Edward from this neighbourhood, forthwith. You know, he has been promising, for some time past, to secure a suitable situation for him; and unless you see to having it done immediately, you may prepare yourself to have your son disgrace the whole family by marrying a servant.” She then repeated what she had just heard, and added: “You know, mother, that Edward never *could* be induced to pay so much regard to the distinctions of rank, as he ought to do. It would be just like him to go off to Gretna Green with a servant girl, if he happened to take it into his foolish head that she was a paragon of beauty and virtue.” {22}

Great was the consternation in all branches of the Vernon family; and their alarm was not a little increased when Edward frankly declared that it would be easy to procure a suitable education for Sibella, and then she would be a desirable companion for any gentleman in the land. How his father glowered at him, how his mother wept, and what glances his sister hurled from her haughty eyes, need not be told. He retreated to his own apartment, and for several days remained there most of the time, revolving plans for the future; some of them of the most romantic kind. He longed for a secret interview with Sibella, to avow his love, promise eternal constancy, and obtain from her a similar pledge in return. But his nice sense of honour restrained him from taking any step that might cast a shadow upon her. He made several attempts to see her openly, but he was closely watched, and she never appeared; for Mrs. Barton informed her that the family had taken offence at the attentions he paid her.

The anxious conferences in Edward’s family ended with an announcement from his father that he must prepare to start for Italy the next week, as traveling companion for a young nobleman, about to make the tour of Europe. {23}

Meanwhile, Mrs. Vernon and her daughter vented some of their mortification and vexation upon Mrs. Barton; blaming her for keeping such a handsome servant, to make trouble in gentlemen’s families. That lady, becoming more and more uneasy at the state of things, deemed it prudent to write a warning letter to Sibella’s parents; and the good mother came to her child immediately. She found her darling in the depths of girlish misery; alleviated, however, by the happy consciousness that she had nothing to conceal. Weeping on the maternal bosom, she told all her simple story; not even reserving the secret of the book and the verses. But when her mother said they ought to be returned to Mr. Vernon, she remonstrated warmly. “Oh no, mother, don’t ask me to do *that*! If you do, I shall be sorry I told you. I don’t *know* that he sent them. He never *said* so. The Eglantine made me *think* that he did; but I am afraid I should seem to him like a bold, vain girl, if he *knew* that I thought so.” Her mother, being assured that no presents had been offered, and love never spoken of, yielded to her argument. She was allowed to retain the precious volume, and the wonderful verses, which were hidden away as carefully as a miser’s treasures.

Mr. Vernon, the father, had a private conversation with Mrs. Flower, the morning after her arrival. He assumed so proud a tone, that he roused a corresponding degree of pride in the worthy woman, who curtly assured him that her daughter would find no difficulty in forming a good connection, and would never be permitted to enter any family that objected to her. The gentleman thanked her, with cold politeness, and she parted from him with a very short courtesy. That evening a note came for Miss Sibella Flower. Mrs. Barton placed it in the mother’s hand, who opened it and read: {24}

“Dear Sibelle,

“Forgive me for venturing to call you so. I am compelled to depart for Italy to-morrow; and that must be my excuse. I have reflected much upon the subject, and young as I am, I feel that it is my duty not to refuse the eligible situation my relatives have procured for me. It has given me great pain to come to this conclusion; but I console myself with the reflection that some day or other, I shall be free to follow my own inclinations. I can never forget you, never cease to love you; and I cannot part without saying farewell, and conjuring you to cherish the memory of the blissful moments we have passed together. Do ask Mrs. Barton to allow me an hour’s interview with you this evening. She and your mother can both be present, if they think proper. They will see by this request that my views are honourable, and my professions sincere. {25}

“Yours, with undying affection,

“E. V.”

Mrs. Flower promptly decided to see the young gentleman herself. He was accordingly sent for, and came full of love and hope. But Sibella, who was kept in ignorance of the note, was requested not to intrude upon their conference; therefore, he saw the mother only. In answer to all his vehement protestations and earnest entreaties, she answered, “Sibella is a mere child; and it is my duty to guard her inexperience. Next to seeing her deceived by false professions, I have always dreaded her marrying into a proud family, who would look down upon her.”

“I will go to America, and make a position for myself, independent of my family, before I ask her to share my destiny,” replied the enthusiastic lover.

“I thank you, Mr. Vernon. You have behaved nobly toward my child; and my heart blesses you for it. But I had a sister, who married above her rank, and I cannot forget the consequences. They were very young when they were married, and never were two young creatures so much in love. She was as good as she was handsome; but his family treated her as if she was’nt worthy to black their shoes; and they had such an influence upon him, that he at last repented of the step he had taken. She {26} felt it, and it made her very miserable. You are young, sir; too young to be certain that your mind won’t change.”

“I know perfectly well that my mind can never change,” he replied eagerly. “This is not such a boyish whim as you seem to suppose. It is a deep, abiding feeling. It is *impossible* that I can ever change.”

The mother quietly replied, “My sister’s husband said the same; and yet he did change.”

Edward Vernon internally cursed that sister’s heartless husband; but he contented himself with saying; “Such love as *his* must have been very different from the feelings that inspire *me*.”

His intreaties were unavailing to procure an interview with Sibella. The prudent mother concealed the fact that he had awakened an interest in her daughter’s heart. To all his arguments she would only shake her head and reply, “You are too young to know your own mind, Mr. Vernon.”

Too *young*! How cold and contemptuous that sounded! He was not in a state of mind to appreciate the foresight and kindness, which strove to shield him from his own rashness. She seemed to him as proud and hard-hearted as his father; and perhaps pride did help her prudence a little. Yet when he was gone away, the good woman sat down and cried; she sympathized so heartily with the trouble of those young hearts. Sibella sobbed herself to sleep that night, though unconscious that {27} Edward intended to leave England. He watched the window of her chamber till the light of her lamp went out in darkness. “That star will shine for me no more!” he said. He returned slowly to his own room, looked out upon the hawthorn-hedge for a long time, then laid himself down to weep, and dream of green lanes, fragrant with the Eglantine.

The next morning, Mrs. Flower requested her daughter to prepare for their return home, since there was no other way of relieving Mrs. Barton from the perpetual intrusion of the shameless nobleman, and his troublesome servant. Gentle as Sibella was, she experienced a feeling of hatred toward Lord Smallsoul, who, like an odious beast, had rushed into her paradise, trampling its flowers. She did not dispute her mother’s decision, for she felt that it was judicious; but *she* also stood at the window a long time, looking out upon the hawthorn-hedge, associated with so many pleasant memories. Her eyes were moist when she turned and said, “Mother, before we go away, I should like to bid good-bye to some of the old places, where I have walked with—with—the children. You can go with me, if you are afraid of my meeting Mr. Vernon.”

Sadly and sympathizingly, her mother answered, “You cannot meet Mr. Vernon, my child; for he has gone to Italy.”

“Gone!” she exclaimed; and the sudden paleness and the thrilling tone cut her mother’s heart. {28} She soothed her tenderly, and, after a while, Sibella raised her head, with an effort to assume maidenly pride, and said, “He never *told* me he loved me. I sometimes *thought* he did. But it was very foolish of me. If he cared for me, he would have said good-bye. I will think no more about it.”

The mother was strongly tempted to tell how ardently and how honourably he loved. But she thought to herself, “It would only serve to keep alive hopes destined to end in disappointment.” So she put strong constraint on her feminine sympathies, and remained silent. They went forth into the green lanes bright with sunshine, but gloomy to eyes that saw them through a veil of tears. When Sibella came to the bush from which Edward had broken the first Eglantine he offered her, she gazed at it mournfully, and throwing herself on the bosom of her best earthly friend, sobbed out, “Oh mother, *mother*! I have been so *happy* here!”

"My poor, dear child," she replied, "You don't know how sorry I am for you. But these feelings will pass away with time. You are very young; and life is all before you."

The maiden looked up with inexpressible sadness in her eyes, and answered, "Yes, mother, I *am* young; but life is all *behind* me."

* * * * *

There is a wide chasm in the story, as there was in Sibella's life. That brief dream of the past would not unite itself with the actual present. She could form no bridge between them. It remained {29} by itself; like an island warm with sunshine, and fragrant with Eglantines, in the midst of cold grey waves. Because she herself was changed, all things around her seemed changed. The young men, especially, appeared like a different race of beings, since she had learned to compare them with that poetic youth, who gazed so reverently at the evening star, and loved the wild-flowers as if they were living things. He had kindled her imagination, as well as her heart. She perceived a *soul* in Nature, of which she had been unconscious till *he* revealed it. Ah, how lonely she was now! In all the wide world there was not one mortal who could understand what that simple country girl had found, or what she had lost. She herself did not comprehend it. She only had an uneasy sense of always seeking for something she could never find. She lived among her former associates like one who has returned from an excursion into fairy-land, finding the air of earth chilly, and its colours dim. But employments are Amaranths in the garden of life. They live through all storms, and survive all changes of the seasons. Her duties were numerous and conscientiously performed; and through this pathway of necessity, apparently so rugged, she soon arrived at a state of cheerful serenity.

In a few months, her parents were induced to join a band of emigrants coming to America; and the novelty of change proved beneficial to her. That sunny island in her experience was not {30} forgotten, but it smiled upon her farther in the distance. There was a joyful palpitation at her heart, when she found Eglantines growing wild in America, under the name of Sweet-Briar Roses. She opened the verses which had seemed to her "*si belle!*" The flower was faded, and its sweetness gone; but memory was redolent of its fragrance. She was never told that Edward Vernon had written two letters to her, after he left England; and she had almost persuaded herself that his looks and tones were not so significant as they had seemed. She had no materials to form a definite hope; but it became the leading object of her life so to improve herself, that he would have no cause to be ashamed of her, if he ever should happen to come to America. In the accomplishment of this project, she was continually stimulated by the example of American girls, who obtained the means of education by their own manual industry, and ended by becoming teachers of the highest class. Her parents were delighted with her diligence and perseverance, and did what they could to aid her; never suspecting that the impelling power came chiefly from a latent feeling, which they hoped was extinct. So she worked onwards and upwards, with hands and mind, and soon found pleasure in the development itself.

Meanwhile, the beautiful English Flower attracted admirers of various grades. Her parents hoped she would give the preference to a merchant of good character, who was in very prosperous {31} circumstances. She was aware that such a marriage would be a great advantage to them; and she loved them so much, that she wished her beauty could be the means of bringing them prosperity. She tried to love the worthy merchant; but her efforts were unavailing. She was always thinking to herself, "He never writes poetry to me, and he never tells me about the stars. Edward used to gather wild-flowers for me, and bind them so gracefully with wreaths of Ivy. But this gentleman buys hot-house flowers, tied into pyramids on wires. The poor things look *so* uncomfortable! just as I shall feel, if I consent to be sold and tied up. Ah, if he were only more like Mr. Vernon! I should *like* to oblige my good father and mother." The soliloquy ended with humming to herself:

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream."

When the time came for a definite answer to the merchant, she told her parents she had rather keep school than marry. They looked at each other and sighed; but they asked no questions concerning the memory of her heart.

The prospect of owning a farm, combined with an eligible offer for Sibella as a teacher, soon afterward attracted them to the far West. The grandeur and freedom of Nature in that new region, the mighty forests, the limitless prairies, the luxuriant vegetation, produced a sudden expansion in that {32} youthful soul, trained amid the cultivated gardens and carefully clipped hedges of England.

Imagination experienced a new birth in poetry, as the heart experiences religion. All that she had previously known of beauty seemed tame and cold compared with the wild charm of that improvised scenery. But more than ever she was oppressed with a sense of mental loneliness. Nature was inspiring, but it had no sympathy with the human soul, which longed for more responsive companionship, more intimate communion. The maiden needed a friend, into whose soul the calm sunset of the prairies would infuse the same holy light that penetrated her own. In such moods, the looks and tones of Edward Vernon came back with vivid distinctness. At times, she longed inexpressibly to know whether he ever had such lively reminiscences of the poor country girl, whom his influence had led into the regions she never dreamed of before. Nature looked at her with the same tranquil smile, and gave no answer. Fortunately, the active duties of life left but few hours for such reveries; otherwise, the abrupt termination of her long dream might have proved as hazardous, as the sudden wakening of a somnambulist. A newly-arrived English emigrant visited her father's farm. He came from Mrs. Barton's neighbourhood, and in the course of conversation chanced to mention that Mr. Vernon's son and daughter were both married. Until that moment, Sibella had not {33} realized the strength of the hope she cherished. She veiled her disappointment from the observation of others; and her mother had the good sense to forbear saying, "I told you so." No conversation passed between them on the subject; but when Sibella retired to her sleeping apartment, she gazed out on the moonlighted solitude of the prairie for a long time, and thought the expression of the scene never seemed so sad. She said to herself, "My mother told me truly. That beautiful experience was indeed a dream of early youth; and *only* a dream."

She was under the necessity of returning to Chicago the next day, to attend to her school. In another department of the school, was a teacher from New England, a farmer's son, who had worked with his hands in the summer, and studied diligently in the winter, till he had become a scholar of more than common attainments. He taught school during the week, and occasionally preached on Sunday, not because he was too indolent to perform manual labour, or because he considered it ungenteel. He was attracted toward books by a genuine thirst for knowledge; and he devoted himself to moral and intellectual teaching, for the simple reason that God had formed him for it. He loved the occupation, and was therefore eminently successful in it. This young man had for some time been in love with Sibella Flower, without obtaining any signs of encouragement from her. But there is much truth in the old adage about the facility of catching a heart at the rebound. He never wrote {34} poetry, or spoke eloquently about the beauties of scenery; for his busy intellect employed itself chiefly with history, science, and ethics. But though he was unlike Edward Vernon, he was gentle, good, and wise; and, after her morning-dream had vanished utterly, Sibella became aware that his society furnished pleasant companionship for heart and mind. Their intimacy gradually increased, and they finally married. Being desirous to purchase land and build a house, they continued to earn money by teaching. The desired home, with its various belongings, seemed likely to be soon completed, without great expense; for William Wood had all the capabilities of a genuine Yankee. He could hew logs and plane them, make rustic tables, benches, and arbours, and mend his own shoes and saddles, during the intervals of preparing lectures on chemistry and astronomy. In this imperfect existence, there is perhaps no combination of circumstances more favourable to happiness, than the taste to plan a beautiful home, practical skill to embody the graceful ideas, and the necessity of doing it with one's own hands. Those who have homes prepared for them by hired architects, gardeners, and upholsterers, cannot *begin* to imagine the pleasure of making a nest for one's self. William was always planning bridges, arbours, and fences, and Sibella never saw a beautiful wild shrub, or vine, without marking it to be removed to the vicinity of their cabin. She told him all about {35} her early love-dream, and said she should always cherish a grateful remembrance of it, because it had proved such a powerful agent to wake up the dormant energies of her soul. "I am a Wood-Flower now, dear William," said she, playfully; "and, after all, that is no great change for an Eglantine." He smiled, and said he wished he was as poetic as she was. He *was* poetic in his deeds. His young wife often found a bunch of fragrant wild-flowers on her pillow, when she woke, or in her plate, when they seated themselves at the breakfast-table. He made an arbour for her to rest in, when they rode out on horseback to visit their future homestead. It was shaded with wild vines, and an Eglantine bush was placed near the entrance, filling the whole arbour with the sweet breath of its foliage. The first time Sibella saw it, she looked at him archly, and said, "So you are not jealous of that foolish dream, dear William? Well, it is customary to plant flowers on graves; and this shall be sacred to the memory of a dream. Ah, what a bright little cluster of Pansies you have planted here!" "That is what you call them in *Old* England," said he; "but in *New* England we name them Ladies' Delights, though some call them Forget-me-nots. Your romantic Edward preferred the Eglantine; but

this is an especial favourite with your practical William. I like it because it will grow in all soils, bloom at all seasons, and hold up its head bravely in all weathers. If I were like *you*, I should say it {36} was the efflorescence of Yankee character." She clapped her hands, and exclaimed, "Bravo! William. You are growing poetic. I will name your little favourite the Yankee's Flower; and that will be *myself*, you see; for I am the Yankee's Flower." She looked into his honest eyes affectionately, and added, "There is *one* Yankee character who is a Lady's Delight."

Gambolling thus, like children, and happy in childish pleasures, their united lives flowed smoothly on, like some full, bright, unobstructed stream. The birth of a daughter was like the opening of a pure lily on the stream. Their happiness was now complete. Their grateful souls asked for nothing but a continuance of present blessings. But, alas, sudden as the rising of a thunder cloud, a deep shadow fell on their sunny prospect. William was called away a few days on business. He left home full of life and love, and was brought back a shattered corpse. He had been killed by an accident, in the rail-road cars. Never had Sibella known any sorrow approaching the intensity of this sorrow. It saddened her to bid farewell to that first love-picture, which never emerged out of the mistiness of dream-land; but this sober certainty of wedded happiness was such a living true reality, that all her heart-strings bled, when it was wrenched from her so suddenly. Her suffering soul would have been utterly prostrated by the dreadful blow, had it not been for the blessed ministration of her {37} babe, and the necessity of continuing to labour for its future support and education. The body of William was buried in a pretty little grove on her father's farm; and every year the mound was completely covered with a fresh bed of Ladies' Delights, which his little girl learned to call "Farder's Fower."

* * * * *

Time passed and brought healing on its wings. Sibella never expected to know happiness again, but she had attained to cheerful resignation. Her little girl of three years lived at the farm, under the good grandmother's care. She continued to teach in the city, spending all her vacations, and most of her Sundays, at the old homestead. In her memory lay a sunny island covered with Pansies, and often watered with tears. That other island of Eglantines had floated far away, and had scarcely a moonlighted existence. But one Sunday evening, as she returned from school, she found the little one watching for her, as usual. The indulgent grandmother had just given her an Eglantine blossom, for which she had been teazing. In her eagerness to bestow something on her mother, the child thrust it into her face, exclaiming "Mamma's Fower!" That simple phrase awoke sleeping memories. Not for years had the blooming lanes of old England been so distinctly pictured in the mirror of her soul. That night, she dreamed Edward Vernon met her in the prairie and gave her a torch-flower he had {38} gathered. The child's exclamation had produced the train of thought of which the dream was born; and the dream induced her to look at the verses which had long remained unopened. Ten years had passed since they were written. The paper was worn at the edges, and the Eglantine blossom was yellow and wrinkled. Still the sight of it recalled the very look and tone with which it was offered. The halo of glory with which her youthful imagination had invested the rhymes was dimmer now; and yet they seemed to her "*si belle!*"

The afternoon of that day, she sat with her mother, busily employed trimming a bonnet for their little darling, who was equally busy under the window, sticking an apron-full of wild-flowers into the ground, to make an impromptu garden. A voice called out, "Sir, will you have the goodness to give me a little help? My carriage has broken down." Sibella started suddenly, and the bonnet fell from her hand. "What is the matter with you?" said her mother. "It is merely some traveler in trouble. That bad place in the road yonder *must* be mended." Sibella resumed her work, saying, "I am strangely nervous to-day." But in the secret chambers of her own mind, there was a voice whispering, "My dream! My dream! *Can* it be, as some people say, that there is a magnetic influence on the soul when certain individuals approach, each other?" Presently, her father entered, leading a {39} small boy, "Take care of this little fellow," said he, "his father's carriage has broken down, out by the hill." The young widow rose, and greeted the little stranger with such motherly tenderness, that he looked up in her face confidingly, with a half-formed smile. But she gazed into his eyes so earnestly, that he turned away partly afraid. The little girl offered him her flowers, and they sat down on the floor to play together. It was not long, before the farmer entered with the traveler; a refined looking gentleman, apparently about thirty years old. The old lady rose to greet him; but Sibella stooped to gather up the ribbons, which had fallen from her trembling hands. Browned as he was by wind and sun, she recognized him instantly. In fact she had already recognized his eyes and smile in the face of his son. She wondered whether he would know *her*. Was she like an Eglantine *now*? Having

resumed a sufficient degree of self-command, while picking up the ribbons, she rose, and advanced toward him, with a blush and a smile. He started—uttered an exclamation of surprise—then seized her hand and kissed it.

"Bless my soul! It's Mr. Vernon! And I didn't know him!" exclaimed Mrs. Flower. "Well this *is* strange, I do declare!"

When their mutual surprise had subsided, many questions about old England were asked and an {40}
swered. But it was not until after supper that their guest spoke of his own plans. Pointing to his son, he said, "I am a lonely man, with only that one tie to bind me to the world. My father and mother are dead; and as it was for their sakes only that I consented to endure the fetters of over-civilized life, I formed the resolution of coming into these Western wilds, to live with nature in her freedom and simplicity. I was not altogether selfish in this movement, for I felt confident it was the best way to form a manly character for my son. No cousin Alfred will stand in his sunshine *here*. Come, Edward," said he, "introduce your little friend to me." The boy sprang forward joyfully, and climbed his father's knee. "The little friend must sit on the other knee," said he. "Go and bring her. You are not gallant to the little lady." But the little lady was shy. She hid herself behind a chair, and would not be easily persuaded. At last, however, her mother coaxed her to be led up to the stranger gentleman, to see him open his gold watch. He placed her on his knee and asked her name; and, emboldened by his caresses, she looked up in his face, and answered, "Teena." He glanced inquiringly toward her mother, who, blushing slightly, answered, "I named her Eglantina; but, in her lisping way, she calls herself Teena; and we have all adopted her fashion, except grandfather, who varies it a little by calling her Teeny." A pleased expression went over Mr. Vernon's face, as he {41}
replied, "You did well to name her for yourself; for she resembles you, as the bud of the Eglantine resembles the blossom." As he spoke thus, the ten intervening years rolled away like a curtain, and they both found themselves walking again in the blooming lanes of old England.

* * * * *

Weeks passed, and Mr. Vernon still remained a guest at Flower Farm, as it was called. He entered into negotiations for a tract of land in the neighbourhood, and found pleasant occupation in hunting, fishing, and planning his house and grounds. Sibella and the children often accompanied him in his excursions. The wide-spread prairie, covered with a thick carpet of grass and brilliant flowers, and dotted with isolated groves, like islands, charmed him with its novelty of beauty. "I am perpetually astonished by the profusion and gorgeousness of nature in this region," said he. He gathered one of the plants at his feet, and presenting it to Sibella, asked whether that glowing blossom was not appropriately named the Torch Flower. "What do you think of dreams?" she replied; then seeing that he was surprised by the abruptness of the question, she told him she had dreamed, the night before his arrival, that she met him on the prairie, and received a torch-flower from his hand. He smiled, and said, "Its flame-colour might answer for Hymen's torch." He looked at her smilingly as he spoke; for he was bolder now than when he wrote the verses. Seeing the {42}
crimson tide mount into her cheeks, he touched the flower in her hand, and said, "It blushes more deeply than my old favourite the Eglantine." To relieve her embarrassment, Sibella began to inquire about Mrs. Barton and her neighbours; adding, "Among all these questions, I have not yet asked if your sister is living."

"She is what the world *calls* living," he replied. "She has married a wealthy old merchant, who dresses her in velvet and diamonds; and his lady rewards him by treating him with more indifference than she does her footman. Her acquaintance envy her elegant furniture and costly jewels; and when they exclaim, 'How fortunate you are! You are surrounded by every thing the heart can desire!' she replies, with a languid motion of her fan, 'Yes, every thing—*except* love.' Julia never forgave me for marrying the daughter of a poor curate; but she was like *you*, Sibella, and that was what first interested me. If *she* had lived, I probably should never have seen America; but after her death, I was lonely and restless. I wanted change. I knew that you had been in this country several years; but I cannot say you were distinctly connected with my plans. You never answered my letters, and I supposed you had long since forgotten me. But I never saw an Eglantine without thinking of you; and while I was crossing the Atlantic, I sometimes found myself conjecturing whether I should ever {43}
happen to meet you, and whether I should find you married." Long explanations and confessions followed. The authorship of the mysterious verses was acknowledged, and their preservation avowed. The conversation was exceedingly interesting to themselves, but would look somewhat foolish on paper. It has been well said, that "the words of lovers are like the rich wines of the south; delicious in their native soil, but rendered vapid by transportation."

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Mr. Vernon chose the site for his new dwelling with characteristic taste. It stood on an eminence, commanding a most lovely and extensive prospect. A flower-enamelled lawn, rich as embroidered velvet, and ornamented with graceful trees, descended from the front of the house to a bend in the river. It was all fresh from the hand of Nature. Nothing had been planted, and nothing removed, except a few trees to make room for a carriage-path. He had been advised to build an English villa; but he disliked the appearance of assuming a style of more grandeur than his neighbours; and Sibella thought a log-house, with its rough edges of bark, would harmonize better with the scenery. It was spacious and conveniently planned, and stood in the midst of a natural grove. Festoons of vines were trained all round it, clustering roses climbed up even to the roof, and the air was fragrant with {44} Eglantines. The arbor, that William had made, was carefully removed thither, and placed in the garden, surrounded by a profusion of Ladies' Delights, in memory of the lost friend.

It was a fixed principle with Mr. Vernon that no man had a right to live in the world without doing his share of its work. He imported seeds and scions, which he planted and grafted himself, always distributing a liberal portion among his neighbours. "My fruit and vegetables will soon command a ready sale in the city market," said he; "but the proceeds shall go toward a school-fund, and the establishment of a Lyceum. I do not desire that our children should inherit great wealth. Life sufficiently abounds with dangers and temptations, physical and mental, without adding *that* glittering snare for their manhood and womanhood. The wisest and kindest thing we can do for them is to educate equally themselves and the people among whom they are to live."

"There spoke the same generous soul that chose the poor country-girl for a wife!" she exclaimed, "What can I ever do to prove the gratitude I feel?"

Playfully he put his hand over her mouth, to stop that self-depreciation. They remained silent for a while, seated on the grassy slope, looking out upon the winding river and the noble trees. "How much this scene resembles the parks and lawns of old England," said the happy bride. "If it were not {45} for the deep stillness, and the absence of human habitations, I could almost imagine myself in my native land."

"I like it better than English parks and lawns, for two reasons," he replied. "I prefer it, because it is formed by Nature, and not by Art; and Nature gives even to her quietest pictures peculiar touches of wild inimitable grace. Still more does the scene please me, because these broad acres are not entailed upon noblemen, who cannot ride over their estates in a week, while their poor tenantry toil through life without being allowed to obtain possession of a rood of land."

Sibella looked at him with affectionate admiration, while she replied, "Truly, 'the child is father of the man.' There spoke the same soul that invited a tradesman's manly son to spend the vacation with him, in preference to Lord Smallsoul."

"I will never reprove *my* boy, if he brings home the manly son of a wood-sawyer to spend his school vacations with us," rejoined he. "But hark! Hear our children laughing and shouting! What sound is more musical than the happy voices of children? See the dear little rogues racing over the carpet of wild-flowers! How they seem to love each other! God be praised, they are free to enact the parts of Paul and Virginia in this lovely solitude. May no rich relatives tempt them into fashionable life, and make shipwreck of their happiness." {46}

A SERENADE.

Sleep well! Sleep well!
To music's spell;
Thus hushing thee
To reverie,
Like ev'ning breeze,
Through whisp'ring trees;
Till mem'ry and the lay
Float dreamily away.
Sleep well! Sleep well!

May dreams bring near
All who are dear,
With festal flow'rs
From early hours;
While, softly free,
This melody
Drifts through thy tranquil dream,
Like lilies on a stream.
Sleep well! Sleep well!

{47}

THE JURYMAN.

Soften his hard, cold heart! and show
The power which in forbearance lies,
And let him feel that mercy now
Is better than old sacrifice!
J. G. WHITTIER.

PETER BARKER belonged to that numerous class, who are neither better nor worse than other men. Left an orphan in his infancy, the paths of life were rough and lonely at the outset. He had a violent temper and a good heart. The first was often roused into activity, and punished with energy kindred to its own; the last remained almost undeveloped, for want of genial circumstances and reciprocated affection. One softening gleam fell upon his early path, and he loved it like the sunshine, without comprehending the great law of attraction that made it so very pleasant. When he attended school in the winter months, he always walked home with a little girl named Mary Williams. On the play-ground he was with her, always ready to do battle with anybody who disobliged her. Their comrades laughed, and called him Mary's beau; and they blushed and felt awkward, though they had no idea what courting meant. Things had arrived at this state of half-revealed consciousness, he being {48} fourteen years old, and Mary twelve, when her friends removed to the West, and the warm, bright influence passed out of his life. He never rightly knew whether he was in love with Mary; but years afterwards, when people talked to him about marrying, he thought of her, wondering where she was, and whether she remembered him. When he drove his cows home from pasture, the blackberry bushes on the way brought up visions of his favourite school-mate, with her clean cape-bonnet thrown back, her glossy brown hair playing with the winds, and her innocent face smiling upon him with friendly greeting. "She was the best and prettiest child I ever saw," he often said to himself; "I wonder whether she would be as pleasant now." Sometimes he thought of going to the West and seeking her out. But he knew not where to find her; his funds were small, and his courage fell at the thought; "Oh, it is many years ago since we were children together. Perhaps I should find her married." Gradually this one ray of poetry faded out of his soul, and all his thoughts fell into the common prosaic mould. His lot was cast with rough people, who required much work, and gave little sympathy. The image of his little mate floated farther and farther away, and more and more seldom her clear blue eyes smiled upon him through the rainbow-mists of the past, or from the air- {49} castles of the future. In process of time, he married, after the same fashion that a large proportion of men do; because it was convenient to have a wife, and there was a woman of good character in the neighbourhood, willing to marry whoever first offered her a respectable home. Her character bore

the stamp of harmless mediocrity. She was industrious and patient, but ignorant, dull, and quietly obstinate. The neighbours said she was well suited to him, he was so rough and passionate; and in the main he thought so himself; though her imperturbable calmness sometimes fretted him, as a rock chafes the lashing ocean into foam. The child that was born to them, they both loved better than they had ever loved; and according to their light, they sincerely strove to do their duty. His bodily wants were well supplied, often at the cost of great weariness and self-sacrifice; but their own rude training had given them few good ideas concerning the culture of an immortal soul. The infant did more for them, than they for him. Angelic influences, unseen and unheard amid the hard struggles of their outward life, became visible and audible through the unconscious innocence of their little one. For the second time in his life, a vision of beauty and love gleamed across the rugged path of that honest, laborious man. Vague impressions of beauty he had constantly received from the great panorama of the universe. His heart sometimes welcomed a bright flower in the sunshine, or a cluster of lilies on {50} the stream; he marvelled at the splendor of the rainbow, and sometimes gazed reverently at the sun sinking to rest in his rich drapery of purple and gold. But these were glimpses of the Infinite; their beauty did not seem to appertain to *him*; it did not enter like a magic charm into the sphere of his own existence, as did the vision of Mary Williams and his own little Joe. The dormant tenderness there was in him leaped up at the smile of his babe, and every pressure of the little fingers made a dimple in the father's heart. Like the outbursts of spring, after a long cold winter, was this revelation of infancy to him. When he plodded home, after a hard day's work, it rested him body and soul to have the little one spring into his arms for a kiss, or come toddling along, tilting his little porringer of milk, in eagerness to eat his supper on father's knee.

But though this new influence seemed to have an almost miraculous power over his nature, it could not quite subdue the force of temperament and habit. As the darling babe grew into boyhood, he was sometimes cherished with injudicious fondness, and sometimes repelled by bursts of passion, that made him run and hide himself from the over-indulgent father. Mr. Barker had himself been educated under the dispensation of punishment, rather than attraction, and he believed in it most firmly. If his son committed a fault, he thought of no other cure than severity. If a neighbour did him {51} an ill turn, he would observe, in presence of the boy, "I will watch my chance to pay him for it." If the dog stole their dinner, when they were at work in the woods, he would say, "Run after him, Joe, and give the rascal a sound beating." When he saw the child fighting with some larger lad, who had offended him, he would praise his strength and courage, and tell him never to put up with an insult. He was not aware that all these things were education, and doing far more to form his son's character than any thing he learned at school. He did not know it, because his thoughts had never been directed toward it. The only moral instruction he had ever received, had been from the minister of the parish; and he usually preached about the hardheartedness of Jews two thousand years ago, rather than the errors and temptations of men and boys, who sat before him.

Once he received an admonition from his neighbour Goodwin, which, being novel and unexpected, offended him, as an impertinent interference with his rights. He was riding home with Joe, then a lad of thirteen, when the horse took fright at a piece of white paper, that the wind blew across the road. Mr. Barker was previously in an ill humor, because a sudden squall of rain had wet some fine hay, all ready for the barn. Pursuing the system on which he had himself been educated, he sprang to the ground and cudgelled the poor beast unmercifully. Mr. Goodwin, who was passing {52} by, inquired the cause of so much severity, and remonstrated against it; assuring him that a horse was never cured of bad habits by violence. He spoke mildly, but Mr. Barker was irritated, and having told him to mind his own business, he continued to whip the poor frightened animal. The humane neighbour turned away, saying, "That is a bad lesson for your son, Mr. Barker."

"If you say much more, I will flog you, instead of the horse," muttered the angry man. "It is'nt *his* horse. What business is it to *him*?" he added, turning to his son.

He did not reflect in what a narrow circuit he was nailing up the sympathies of his child, by such words as those. But when he was reseated in the wagon, he did not feel altogether pleased with himself, and his inward uneasiness was expended on the horse. The poor bewildered animal, covered with foam, and breathing short and hard, tried his utmost to do his master's will, as far as he could understand it. But, nervous and terrified, constantly in expectation of the whip, he started at every sound. If he went too fast, he was reined in with a sudden jerk, that tore the corners of his mouth; if he went too slow, the cruel crack of the whip made him tear over the ground, to be again restrained by the violent jerk.

The sun was setting, and threw a radiant glow on every tree and little shrub, jewelled by the recent shower. Cows grazed peacefully in verdant hollows; birds sang; a little brook rippled cosily by the wayside; winds played gently with the flowers, and kissed the raindrops from their faces. But all this loveliness passed unheeded by those human hearts, because they had at the moment no inward beauty to harmonize with nature. Perhaps the familiar landscape seemed quite otherwise to the poor horse, than it would have done, had he travelled along those pleasant paths guided by a wise and gentle hand. {53}

Had Joseph continued to be little Joe, his eager welcome and loving prattle might soon have tamed the evil spirit in his father's soul that night. But he was a tall lad, who had learned to double up his fists, and tell other boys they had better let him alone, if they knew what was good for themselves. He still loved his father better than any thing else in the world, but the charm and the power of infancy were gone. He reflected back the vexed spirit, like a too faithful mirror. He was no longer a transparent, unconscious medium for the influence of angels.

Indeed, paternal affection gradually became a hardening, rather than a softening influence. Ambition for his son increased the love of accumulation; and the gratification of this propensity narrowed his sympathies more and more. Joseph had within him the unexpanded germs of some noble qualities; but he inherited his father's passionate temperament with his mother's obstinacy; and the education of such circumstances as I have described turned his energies and feelings into wrong channels. The remark, "It is'nt *his* horse; what business is it to *him*?" heard in his boyhood, expressed the views and habits of his later years. But his mental growth, such as it was, pleased his father, who often said exultingly, "There is no danger of Joe. He knows how to fight his own way through the world." {54}

Such was their mutual product of character, when Mr. Barker was summoned to a jury, in a case involving life or death. He was vexed to be called away from his employments, and had never reflected at all upon the fearful responsibility of a juryman. James Lloyd, the prisoner, was a very young man, and his open, honest countenance gave no indication of capacity for crime; but he was accused of murder, and circumstantial evidence was strong against him. It was proved that a previous quarrel had existed between him and the murdered man; and that they had been seen to take the same road, the prisoner in a state of intoxication, the night the violent deed was committed. Most people thought there was no doubt of his guilt; others deemed the case by no means certain. Two of the jury were reluctant to convict him, and *wished* to find the evidence insufficient; the penalty was so dreadful, and their feelings were so much touched by the settled misery of his youthful countenance. Others talked sternly of justice, and urged that the Scripture demanded blood for blood. Of this number was Peter Barker. From the beginning, he was against the prisoner. The lawyer who pleaded for him had once been employed in a law-suit against Mr. Barker, and had gained the cause for his client. The juryman cherished a grudge against him for his sarcastic eloquence on that occasion. Moreover, it so happened that neighbour Goodwin, who years ago had reproved his severity to the horse, took compassionate interest in the accused. He often consulted with his lawyer, and seemed to watch the countenances of the jury anxiously. It was a busy season of the year, and the jury were impatient to be at their workshops and farms. Mr. Barker would not have admitted it, even to himself, but all these circumstances helped to increase his hardness against the prisoner. By such inconceivably slight motives is the conduct of men often swayed on the most important occasions. {55}

"If the poor young fellow really did commit the act," said one of the jury, "it seems likely that he did it in a state of intoxication. I was once drunk myself; and they told me afterward that I had quarrelled with a man, and knocked him down a high flight of steps; but I had no recollection of it. If I had killed him, and they had hung me for it, what an awful thing it would have been for my poor father and mother. It taught me a good lesson, for I was never again intoxicated. Perhaps this poor youth might profit by his dreadful experience, if a chance were allowed him. He is so young! and there is nothing bad in his countenance." {56}

"As for his womanly face," replied Mr. Barker, "there is no trusting to that. The worst villains are not always the worst-looking. As for his being intoxicated, there is no telling whether it is true or not. That cunning lawyer may have made up the story, for the sake of exciting compassion; and the witnesses may be more than willing enough to believe every thing strange in the prisoner's conduct was the result of intoxication. Moreover, it won't do to admit that plea in extenuation; for then, don't you see, a man who wants to kill his enemy has only to get drunk in the first place? If anybody killed my Joe, drunk or not drunk, I should want him to swing for it."

By such remarks, urged in his vehement way, he swayed minds more timid and lenient than his own, without being fully aware of what he was doing. He was foreman of the jury; and when the awful moment arrived on which depended the life of a fellow being, he pronounced the word "Guilty," in a strong, firm voice. The next instant his eye fell on the prisoner, standing there so pale, and still, looking at him with such fixed despair. There was something in the face that moved him strongly. He turned quickly away, but the vision was before him; always, and everywhere before him. "This is weakness," he said to himself. "I have merely done my duty. The law required it. I {57} have done my duty." But still the pale young face looked at him; always, and everywhere, it looked at him.

He feared to touch a newspaper, for he wished not to know when the day of execution would arrive. But officious neighbours, ignorant of his state of mind, were eager to talk upon the subject; and when drawn into such discourse, he strove to fortify his own feelings by dwelling on all the worst circumstances of the case. Notwithstanding all his efforts, the night preceding the execution, he had troubled dreams, in which that ghastly young face was always conspicuous. When he woke, he saw it in the air. It walked beside him as he ploughed the fields, it stood before him on the threshold of his own door. All that the merciful juryman had suggested came before him with painful distinctness. *Could* there be a doubt that the condemned had really committed murder? *Was* he intoxicated? *Might* he have happened to be intoxicated for the *first* time in his life? And he so young! But he drove these thoughts away; saying ever to himself, "The law required it. I merely did my duty." Still every thing looked gloomy to him. The evening clouds seemed like funeral palls, and a pale despairing face gazed at him forever.

For the first time in his manhood, he craved a companion in the darkness. Neighbours came in, and described the execution; and while they talked, the agitated juryman beat the fire-brands into a {58} thousand pieces, and spoke never a word. They told how the youth had written a long letter to his mother, and had died calm and resigned. "By the way, perhaps you knew his mother, Mr. Barker," said one; "they tell me she used to live in this neighbourhood. Do you remember a girl by the name of Mary Williams?"

The tongs dropped from Mr. Barker's hand, as he gasped out, "Mary Williams! Was he *her* son? God forgive me! Was he *her* son?" And the strong man laid his head upon the table and wept.

There was silence in the room. At last, the loquacious neighbour said, in a subdued tone, "I am sorry I hurt your feelings. I didn't know she was a friend of yours."

The troubled juryman rose hastily, walked to the window, looked out at the stars, and, clearing his choked voice, said, "It is many years since I knew her. But she was a good-tempered, pretty girl; and it seems but yesterday that we used to go together to pick our baskets full of berries. And so she was *his* mother? I remember now there was something in his eye that seemed familiar to me."

Perhaps the mention of Mary's beauty, or the melting mood, so unusual with her husband, might have excited a vague feeling of jealousy in Mrs. Barker. Whatever might have been the motive, she said, in her demure way, without raising her eyes from her knitting, "Well, it was natural enough to {59} suppose the young man *had* a mother; and other mothers are likely to have hearts that can feel, as well as this Mary Williams."

He only answered by shaking his head slowly, and repeating, as if to himself, "Poor Mary! and so he was *her* son."

Joseph came in, and the details of the dreadful scene were repeated and dwelt upon, as human beings are prone to dwell on all that excites strong emotion. To him the name of Mary Williams conjured up no smiling visions of juvenile love; and he strove to fortify his father's relenting feelings, by placing in a strong light all the arguments in favour of the prisoner's guilt. The juryman was glad to be thus fortified, and replied in a firm, reassured voice, "At all events, I did my duty." Yet, for months after, the pale young face looked at him despairingly from the evening air, and came between him and the sunshine. But time, which softens all things, drifted the dreary spectre into dim distance; and Mr. Barker's faculties were again completely absorbed in making money for his son.

Joseph was called a fine, promising young man; but his conduct was not altogether satisfactory to his parents. He was fond of dress and company, and his impetuous temperament not unfrequently involved him in quarrels. On two or three of these occasions, they feared he had been a little excited by drink. But he was, in reality, a good-hearted fellow, and, like his rough father, had undeveloped {60} germs of deep tenderness within him. His father's life was bound up within his; his mother loved

him with all the energy of which her sluggish nature was capable; and notwithstanding the inequalities of his violent and capricious temper, the neighbours loved him also.

What, then, was their consternation, when it was rumoured that on his twenty-fourth birth-day he had been arrested for murder! And, alas! it was too true that his passions had thus far over-mastered his reason. He wished to please a young girl in the vicinity; and she treated him coolly, because a rival had informed her that he was seen intoxicated, and in that state had spoken over-boldly of being sure of her love. He drank again, to drown his vexation; and while the excitement of the draught was on him, he met the man who informed against him. His exulting rival was injudicious enough to exclaim, "Ho! here you are, drunk again! What a promising fellow for a husband!" Unfortunately, an axe was at hand, and, in the double fury of drink and rage, he struck with it again and again. One hour after, he would have given all he ever hoped to possess, nay, he would gladly have died, could he have restored the life he had so wantonly destroyed.

Thus, Mr. Barker was again brought into a court of justice on an affair of life and death. How differently all questions connected with the subject presented themselves now! As he sat beside that {61} darling son, the pride of his life, his only hope on earth, oh, how he longed for words of fire, to plead that his young existence might be spared for repentance and amendment! How well he remembered the juryman's plea for youth and intoxication! and with what an agony of self-reproach he recalled his own hard answer! With intense anxiety he watched the countenance of the jury for some gleams of compassion; but ever and anon, a pale young face loomed up between him and them, and gazed at him with fixed despair. The vision of other years returned to haunt him; and Joseph, his best beloved, his only one, stood beside it, pale and handcuffed, as *he* had been. The voice that pronounced his son guilty sounded like an awful echo of his own; and he seemed to hear Mary Williams whisper, "And *my* son also was very young."

That vigorous off-shoot from his own existence, so full of life and feeling, and, alas, of passion, which misguides us all—he must die! No earthly power can save him. May the All Merciful sustain that poor father, as he watches the heavy slumber of his only son in that dark prison; and while he clasps the cold hand, remembers so well the dimpled fingers he used to hold in his, when little Joe sat upon his knee and prattled childish love.

And the All Merciful *was* with him, and sent influences to sustain him through that terrible agony. It did not break his heart; it melted and subdued him. The congealed sympathies of his nature {62} flowed under this ordeal of fire; and, for the first time, he had a realizing sense that *every* human being is, or has been, *somebody's* little Joe.

"How kind you are to me!" said the prisoner, in answer to his soothing words and affectionate attentions.

He replied meekly, "Would I had *always* been so!" Then turning his face away, and earnestly pressing Joseph's hand, he said, in an agitated voice, "Tell me truly, my son, does it ever occur to you, that I may have been to blame for this great misfortune that has befallen you?"

"*You*, dear father!" he exclaimed. "I do not understand what you mean."

Still keeping his face turned away, and speaking with effort, Mr. Barker said, "Do you remember once, when I was beating my horse cruelly, (you were a boy of twelve then) neighbour Goodwin remarked to me, that I was giving a bad lesson to my son? I was angry with him at the time; and perhaps that resentment helped to make me hard toward a poor young fellow who is dead and gone; but his words keep ringing in my ears *now*. May God, in his mercy, forgive me, if I have ever done or said any thing to lead you into this great sin! Tell me, Joseph, do you ever think it might have happened otherwise, if you had had a less violent father?"

"My poor father!" exclaimed the prisoner, pressing his hand convulsively, "it almost breaks my {63} heart to hear you thus humble yourself before me, who so little deserve it at your hands. Only forgive me *my* violent outbreaks, dear father! for in the midst of them all, I always loved you. You have always sought to do me good, and would rather have died, than have led me into any harm. But since I have been here in prison, I have thought of many things, that never occurred to me before. The world and all things in it are placed before me in a different light. It seems to me men are all wrong in their habits and teachings. I see now that retaliation and hatred are murder. I have read often, of late, the exhortation of Jesus to forgive our brother his offences, not only seven times, but seventy times seven; and I feel that thus it *ought* to be with human beings in all their relations with each other. What I have done cannot be undone; but if it will be any satisfaction to you, rest assured

that I did not intend to kill him. I was wretched, and I was fool enough to drink; and then I knew not what I did. Violent as my temper has been, I never conceived the thought of taking his life."

"I know it, my son; I know it," he said; "and that reflection consoles me in some degree. While I have a loaf of bread, I will share it with the mother and sister of him you——" he hesitated, shuddered, and added in a low deep tone—"you murdered." {64}

"I was going to ask that of you," replied the prisoner; "and one thing more, dear father; try to bear up bravely under this terrible blow, for the sake of my poor patient mother."

"I will, I will," he answered; "and now my dear misguided boy, say you forgive your poor father for the teachings of his violent words and actions. I did not foresee the consequences, my child. I did it in my ignorance. But it was wrong, wrong, all wrong."

The young man threw himself on his father's bosom, and they had no other utterance but tears.

* * * * *

After his only strong link to life was broken by the violent arm of the law, Mr. Barker was a changed man; silent, and melancholy, patient, gentle, and forgiving to all. He never complained of the great sorrow that wasted away his life; but the neighbours saw how thin and sad he looked, and the roughest natures felt compassion for him.

Every year, she who had been Mary Williams received a hundred dollar note. He never whispered to any mortal that it was sent by the juryman who helped to condemn her son to death; but when he died, a legacy of a thousand dollars to her showed that he never forgot the pale despairing face, that for years had haunted his dreams. {65}

THE FAIRY FRIEND.

Spirit, who waftest me where'er I will,
And see'st with finer eyes what infants see;
Feeling all lovely truth,
With the wise health of everlasting youth.
LEIGH HUNT.

IN these rational days, most people suppose that fairies do not exist; but they are mistaken. The mere fact that fairies have been imagined proves that there are fairies; for fancy, in her oddest freaks, never paints any thing which has no existence. She merely puts invisible agencies into visible forms, and embodies spiritual influences in material facts. It seems a wild fiction when we read of beautiful young maidens floating in gossamer, and radiant with jewels, who suddenly change into mocking old hags, or jump off into some slimy pool, in the form of a frog; or like the fair Melusina, doomed to become a fish on certain days of the year, and those who happened to see her in that plight could never again see her as the Fair Melusina. Yet who that has grown from youth to manhood, who that has been in love and out of love, has not found the fairies of his life playing him just such tricks?

In the fascinating ballet of Giselle, so poetic in conception, and so gracefully expressed in music, there is deep and tender meaning for all who have lived long, or lived much. Is not Memory a fairy spirit, like Giselle, dancing round graves, hovering between us and the stars, flitting across our woodland rambles, throwing us garlands and love-tokens from the past, coming to us in dreams, so real that we clasp our loved ones, and gliding away when morning gleams on the material world? {66}

Oh yes there *are* fairies, both good and bad; and they are with us according as we obey or disobey their laws of being. One, with whom I made acquaintance as soon as I could run alone, has visited me ever since; though sometimes she pouts and hides herself, and will not soon come back. I am always sad when she is gone; for she is a wonder-working little sprite, and she takes all my wealth away with her. If you were to gaze on a field of dandelions, if *she* were not at your elbow, you would merely think they were pretty posies, and would make excellent greens for dinner. But if *she* touches you, and renders you clairvoyant, they will surprise you with their golden beauty, and every blossom will radiate a halo. Sometimes she fills the whole air with rainbows, as if Nature were out for a dance, with all her ribbons on. A sup of water, taken from a little brook, in the hollow of her hand, has made me more merry than would a goblet of wine. She has often filled my apron with opals, emeralds, and sapphires, and I was never weary of looking at them; but those who had {67}

wandered away from the fairy, and forgotten her treasures, sneered at my joy, and said, “Fie upon thee! Wilt thou *always* be a child? They are nothing but pebbles.”

Last Spring, my friendly little one guided me to a silver-voiced waterfall at Weehawken, where a group of German forget-me-nots were sitting with their feet in the water. Their little blue eyes laughed when they saw me. I asked what made them smile in my face so lovingly. They answered, “Because we hear a pleasant song, and *you* know what it says to us.” It was not I who knew; it was the fairy; but she had magnetized me, and so I heard all that was said to her.

A wealthy invalid passed by, afflicted with dyspepsia. He did not see the flowers smile, or hear the waterfall singing his flowing melody of love to the blue eyes that made his home so beautiful. He had parted from the fairy long ago. He told her she was a fool, and that none would ever grow rich, who suffered themselves to be led by her. She laughed and said, “Thou dost not know that I alone am rich; always, and every where, rich. But go thy ways, vain worldling. Shouldst thou come back to me, I will ask if thou hast ever found any thing equal to my gems and rainbows.” She gazed after him for a moment, and laughed again, as she exclaimed, “Aha, let him try!”

The gay little spirit spoke truly; for indeed there is nothing so real as her unrealities. Those who {68}
have parted from her complain that she made them large promises in their early time, and has never kept them; but to those who remain with her trustfully, she more than fulfils all. For *them* she covers the moss-grown rock with gold, and fills the wintry air with diamonds. It is many years since she first began to tell me her fine stories. But this very last New Year’s day she led me out into the country, and lighted up all the landscape as I went, so that it seemed lovelier than the rarest pictures. The round bright face of the moon smiled at me, and said, “I know thee well. Thou hast built many castles up here. Come to them whenever thou wilt. Their rose-coloured drapery, with rainbow fringes, is more real than silken festoons in Broadway palaces.” I was glad at heart, and I said to my fairy, “The sheriff cannot attach *our* furniture, or sell *our* castles at auction.” “No indeed,” she replied. “He cannot even *see* them. He has forgotten me. He thinks all the gems I show are only pebbles, and all my prismatic mantles mere soap-bubbles.”

This simple little sprite says much richer things than the miracles she does. Her talk is all alive. She is a poet, though she knows it not; or, rather *because* she knows it not. She tells me the oddest and most brilliant things; and sometimes I write them down imperfectly, as well as I can remember them. Matter-of-fact persons shake their heads, and say, “What on earth does the woman mean? I {69}
never see and hear such things.” And grave people raise their spectacles and inquire, “Can you point me out any moral, or any use, in all this stuff?” “There is no sense in it,” says one; “The writer is insane,” says another; “She’s an enthusiast, but we must pardon *that* weakness,” says a third, more magnanimous than others. The fairy and I have great fun together, while we listen to their jokes and apologies. The frolicsome little witch knows very well that it is *she* who says the things that puzzle them; and *she* knows the meaning very well; but she never tells it to those who “speer questions.”

She is a philosopher, too, as well as a poet, without being aware of it. She babbles all manner of secrets, without knowing that they *are* secrets. If you were to propound to her a theory concerning the relation between tones and colours, she would fold her wings over her face and drop asleep. But sound a flute, and she will leap up and exclaim, “Hear that beautiful, bright azure sound!” And if oboës strike in, she will smile all over, and say, “Now the yellow flowers are singing. How pert and *naïve* they are!” It was she who led the little English girl to the piano, and put a melody of cowslip meadows in her brain; and as the child improvised, she smiled, and said ever to herself, “This is the tune with the golden spots.”

But this genial little fairy is easily grieved and estranged. Her movements are impulsive, she {70}
abhors calculators, and allows no questions. If she shows you a shining gem, be careful not to inquire what would be its price in the market; otherwise its lustre will fade instantly, and you will have to ask others whether the thing you hold in your hand has any beauty or value. If she beckons into blooming paths, follow her in simple faith, whether she leads to castles in the moon, or lifts up a coverlet of leaves to peep at little floral spirits sound asleep, with their arms twined round the fragrant blossoms of the arbutus. She carries with her Aladdin’s lamp, and all the things she looks upon are luminous with transfigured glory. Take heed not to inquire where the path will lead to, whether others are accustomed to walk in it, or whether they will believe your report of its wonderful beauty. Above all, be careful not to wish that such visions may be kept from the souls of others, that your own riches may seem marvellous and peculiar. Wish *this* but for a single instant and you will find yourself all alone, in cold gray woods, where owls hoot, and spectral shadows seem to lie in wait for you. But if with a full heart you crave forgiveness for the selfish thought, and pray

earnestly that the divine Spirit of Beauty may be revealed to all, and not one single child of God be excluded from the radiant palace, then will the fairy come to you again, and say, “Now thou and I are friends again. Give me thy hand, and I will lead thee into gardens of paradise. Because thou hast {71} not wished to shut up *any* thing, therefore thou shalt possess *all* things.” Instantly the cold gray woods shine through a veil of gold; the shadows dance, and all the little birds sing, “Joy be with thee.” A spirit nods welcome to you from every cluster of dried grass; a soul beams through the commonest pebble; ferns bow before you more gracefully than the plumes of princes; and verdant mosses kiss your feet more softly than the richest velvets of Genoa.

Trust the good little fairy. Be not disturbed by the mockery of those who despise her simple joys. She said truly, “I alone am rich; always, and everywhere, rich.” {72}

WERGELAND, THE POET.

The busy bees, up coming from the meadows
To the sweet cedar, fed him with soft flowers,
Because the Muse had filled his mouth with nectar.
LEIGH HUNT.

WERGELAND was one of the most popular poets Norway has ever produced. He rhymed with wonderful facility, and sometimes, when a rush of inspiration came upon him, he would write verses during a whole day and night, with untiring rapidity, scarcely pausing to eat, or to rest his hand. In the poems which expressed his own inward life there was often something above common comprehension; but, in addition to those higher efforts, he wrote a great number of verses for the peasantry, in all the peculiar dialects of their various districts. The merest trifle that flowed from his pen is said to have contained some sparkling fancy, or some breathing of sentiments truly poetic. He was an impassioned lover of nature, and in his descriptions of natural objects was peculiar for making them seem alive. Thus in one of his poems he describes the winds coming through clefts of rock, forming a powerful current in the fiord, driving white-crested waves before them, like a flock {73} of huge storm-birds. A lawyer, who passes through the current in a boat, imagines the great waves to be angry spectres of the many poor clients whom he has wronged. He throws one ten dollars, another twenty, another fifty, to pacify them. At last, a wondrous tall wave stretches forth his long neck, as if to swallow him. The terrified lawyer throws him a hundred dollars, imploring him to be merciful. Just then, the boat turns a corner of the rock, out of the current. The great wave eagerly bends his long arm round the rock, and tries to clutch him; then retreats, disappointed at his escape.

Wergeland had a strongly marked head, full of indentations, like a bold rocky shore. He was an athletic, earnest, jovial man, and enjoyed life with a keen zest. His manner of telling a story was inimitably funny and vivacious. While he was settling his spectacles, before he began to speak, a smile would go mantling all over the lower part of his face, announcing that something good was coming. His soul went forth with warm spontaneousness to meet all forms of being; and this lively sympathy seemed to attract both men and animals toward him magnetically. He was accustomed to saddle his own horse, which stood loose in the barn, among pet rabbits, pet pigeons, pet birds, all sorts of poultry, and a favourite cat. These creatures all lived in the greatest friendship together. They {74} knew their master’s voice perfectly well; and the moment he opened the door, they would all come neighing, purring, cooing, singing, crowing, capering and fluttering about him. His cottage was a picturesque place, ornamented with all sorts of mosses, vines, and flowers. Under it was a grotto made of rocks and shells, in which were an old hermit, with a long beard, and various other grotesque figures, carved in wood. The grotto was occasionally lighted up in the evening, and the images, seen among flickering shadows, excited great awe in the minds of peasant children.

This gifted and genial man, who lived in such loving companionship with nature, was called away from the earth, which seemed to him so cheerful, before he had passed the middle term of human life. The news of his death was received with lamentation by all classes in Norway. Crowds of people went to Christiana to bid farewell to the lifeless body of their favorite poet. While in the last stage of consumption, in May, 1845, he wrote the following verses, which were read to me by one of his countrymen, who translated them literally, as he went along. Even through this imperfect medium, my heart was deeply touched by their childlike simplicity and farewell sadness. The

plaintive voice seemed to become my own, and uttered itself thus, in English rhyme, which faithfully preserves the sense of the original: {75}

SUPPLICATION TO SPRING.

Oh, save me, save me, gentle Spring!
Bring healing on thy balmy wing!
I loved thee more than all the year.
To no one hast thou been more dear.

Bright emeralds I valued less,
Than early grass, and water-cress.
Gem of the year I named *thy* flower,
Though roses grace fair Summer's bower.

The queenly ones, with fragrant sighs,
Tried to allure thy poet's eyes;
But *they* were far less dear to me,
Than *thy* simple wild anemone.

Bear witness for me, little flower!
Beloved from childhood's earliest hour;
And dandelions, so much despised,
Whose blossoms more than gold I prized.

I welcomed swallows on the wing,
And loved them for their news of Spring.
I gave a feast for the earliest one,
As if a long-lost child had come,

Blest harbingers of genial hours,
Unite *your* voices with the flowers! {76}
Dear graceful birds, pour forth your prayer,
That nature will her poet spare!

Plead with the Maker of the rain!
That he will chilling showers restrain;
And my poor breast no longer feel
Sharp needle-points of frosty steel.

Thou beautiful old maple tree!
For my *love's* sake, pray *thou* for me!
Thy leaf-buds, op'ning to the sun,
Like pearls I counted ev'ry one.

I wished I might thy grandson be,
Dear, ven'rable old maple tree!
That my young arms might round thee twine,
And mix my vernal crown with thine.

Ah, even now, full well I ween,
Thou hast thy robe of soft light-green.
I seem to hear thee whisp'ring slow
To the vernal grass below.

Stretch thy strong arms toward the sky,
And pray thy poet may not die!
I will heal thy scars with kisses sweet,
And pour out wine upon thy feet.

Blessings on the patriarch tree!
Hoarsely he intercedes for me;
And little flowers, with voices mild,
Beg thee to spare thy suff'ring child. {77}

Beg thee to spare thy suffering child.

Fair season, so beloved by me!
Thy young and old *all* plead with thee.
Oh, heal me, with thy balmy wing!
I have so *worshipped* thee, sweet Spring!

The following lines, written two days before he died, were addressed to a fragrant, golden-coloured flower whose English name I cannot ascertain.

TO THE GULDENLAK.

Sweet flower! before thy reign is o'er,
I shall be gone, to return no more,
Before thou losest thy crown of gold,
I shall lie low in the cold dark mould.

Open the window, and raise me up!
My last glance must rest on her golden cup.
My soul will kiss her, as it passes by
And wave farewell from the distant sky.

Yea, *twice* will I kiss thy fragrant lip,
Where the wild honey-bee loves to sip.
The *first*, I will give for thy *own* dear sake;
The *second*, thou must to my *rose-bush* take.

I shall sleep sound in the silent tomb,
Before the beautiful bush will bloom;
But ask her the first fair rose to lay
On her lover's grave, to fade away. {78}

Give her the kiss I gave thee to keep,
And bid her come on my breast to sleep;
And, glowing flower, with sweetest breath,
Be thou our bridal torch in death!

{79}

THE EMIGRANT BOY.

'Tis lone on the waters,
When eve's mournful bell,
Sends forth to the sunset
A note of farewell.

When, borne with the shadows
And winds, as they sweep,
There comes a fond memory
Of home o'er the deep.

HEMANS.

IN the old town of Rüdesheim, on the Rhine, is one of those dilapidated castles, which impart such picturesque beauty to the scenery of Germany. Among the ruins, Karl Schelling, a poor hard-working peasant, made for himself a home. With him dwelt his good wife Liesbet, and two blue-eyed children, named Fritz and Gretchen. A few cooking utensils, and wooden stools, constituted all their furniture; and one brown-and-white goat, was all they had to remind them of flocks and herds. But these poor children led a happier life, than those small imitations of humanity, who are bred up

in city palaces, and drilled to walk through existence in languid drawing-room paces. From moss-grown arches in the old ruins, they could watch boats and vessels gliding over the sparkling Rhine, {80} and see broad meadows golden with sunshine. On the terrace of the castle, the wind had planted many flowers. It was richly carpeted with various kinds of moss, tufts of grass, blue-bells, and little pinks. Here Karl often carried his goat to feed, and left the children to tend upon him. There had been a stork's nest on the roof, from time immemorial; and the little ones were early taught to reverence the birds, as omens of blessing. Their simple young souls were quite unconscious of poverty. The splendid Rhine, with all its islands—the broad pasture-lands, with herds peacefully grazing—houses nestling among woody hills—all seemed to belong to them; and in reality, they possessed them more truly than many a rich man, who

"One moment gazes on his flowers,
The next they are forgot;
And eateth of his rarest fruits,
As though he ate them not."

On their little heaps of straw, brother and sister slept soundly in each other's arms; and if the hooting of an owl chanced to wake them, some bright star looked in with friendly eye, through chinks in the walls, and said, "Go to sleep, little ones; for all little children are dear to the good God."

Thus, with scanty food and coarse clothes, plenty of pure air and blue sky, Fritz and his sister {81} went hand in hand over their rugged but flower-strewn path of life, till he was nearly seven years old. Then came Uncle Heinrich, his mother's brother, and said the boy could be useful to him at the mill, where he worked; and if the parents were willing to bind him to his service, he would supply him with food and clothing, and give him an outfit when he came of age. Tears were in Liesbet's eyes; for she thought how lonely it would seem to her and little Gretchen, when they should no longer hear Fritz mocking the birds, or singing aloud to the high heaven. But they were very poor, and the child must earn his bread. So, with much sorrow to part with father and mother, and Gretchen, the goat and the stork, and with some gladness to go to new scenes, Fritz departed from the old nest that had served him for a home. Mounted with Uncle Heinrich, on the miller's donkey, he ambled along through rocky paths, by deep ravines and castle-crowned hills, with here and there glimpses of the noble river, flowing on, bright and strong, reflecting images of spires, cottages, and vine-covered slopes. When he arrived at his new home, the good grandmother gave him right friendly welcome, and promised to set up on her knitting-needles a striped blue cap for him to wear. Uncle Heinrich was kind, in his rough way; but he thought it an excellent plan for boys to eat little and work hard. Fritz, remembering the blossom-carpet of the old castle, was always delighted to spy {82} a clump of flowers. His uncle told him they looked well enough, but he wondered anybody should ever plant them, since they were not useful either to eat or wear; and that when he grew older, he would doubtless think more of pence than posies. Thus the child began to be ashamed, as of something wrong, when he was caught digging a flower. But his laborious and economical relative taught him many orderly and thrifty ways, which afterward had great influence on his success in life; and fortunately a love for the beautiful could not be pressed out of him. Kind, all-embracing Nature took him in her arms, and whispered many things to preserve him from becoming a mere animal. All day long he was hard at work; but the blossoming tree was his friend, and the bright little mill-stream chatted cozily, and smiled when the good grandmother gave it his clothes to wash. The miller's donkey, ambling along through sun-lighted paths over the hills, was a picture to him. From his small garret window he could see the mill-wheel scattering bright drops in the moonlight; and he fell asleep to the gentle lullaby of ever-flowing water. Other education than this he had not.

"His only teachers had been woods and rills;
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

{83}

An aged neighbour, cotemporary with the grandmother, took a great liking to Fritz; and on Sundays, when no work could be done, he was often allowed to go and take dinner or supper there. The old man had traversed nearly all Germany as a peddler, and had come to die in the old homestead near the mill, where he had worked when a boy. He knew by heart all the wild fairy legends of the country, and, in his character of peddler-guest, had acquired a talent for relating them

in a manner peculiarly amusing and exciting to children. In the course of his travels, he had likewise collected many things which seemed very remarkable to the inexperienced eye of Fritz; such as curious smoking-pipes and drinking-cups, and images in all the various costumes of Germany. But what most attracted his attention was an ancient clock, brought from Copenhagen when the peddler's father was a young man. When this clock was in its right mind, it could play twelve tunes, about as simple as "Molly put the kettle on." But the friction of many years had so worn the cogs of the wheels, that it was frightfully out of tune. This did not trouble the boy's strong nerves, and he was prodigiously amused with the sputtering, seething, jumping, jabbering sounds it made, when set in motion. To each of the crazy old tunes he gave some droll name. "There goes the Spitting Cat," he would say; "now let us hear the Old Hen."

Father Rudolph called the rickety old machine his Blacking Box; because he had bought it with {84} the proceeds of a peculiar kind of blacking, of his own manufacture. He was always praising this blacking; and one day he said, "I have never told any one the secret of making it; but if you are a good boy, Fritz, I will show you how it is done." The child could not otherwise than respect what had procured such a wonderful clock; and when he fell asleep that night, there floated through his mind undefined visions of being able, some time or other, to purchase such a comical machine for himself. This seemed a very unimportant incident of his childhood; but it was the introduction of a thread, that reappeared again in his web of life.

Fritz passed at the old mill four years of health, happiness, and hard labor. For three years, Father Rudolph was an unfailing source of entertainment. Alternately with his comic old songs, and wild legends of fairies and goblins, he imparted much of a traveller's discursive observation, and thorough practical knowledge concerning the glossy jet blacking. At last he fell asleep, and the boy heard that pleasant old voice no more, except in the echoing caves of memory. The good grandmother survived the companion of her youth only a few months. The ancient ballads she used to croon at her spinning-wheel, had caught something of the monotonous flow of the water, which forever accompanied them; and Fritz, as he passed up and down from the mill to the brook, missed the quaint old melodies, as he would have missed the rustling of the leaves, the chirping of crickets, {85} or any other dear old familiar sound. He missed, too, her kind motherly ways, and the little comforts with which her care supplied him. With the exception of his rough, but really kind-hearted uncle, he was now alone in the world. He had visited Rüdesheim but once, and had then greatly amused Gretchen with his imitations of the crazy clock. But his parents had since removed to a remote district, and he knew not when he should see dear Gretchen again. As none of them could read or write, there came no tidings to cheer the long years of separation. How his heart yearned at times for the good mother and the joyous little sister!

But when Uncle Heinrich announced his intention of removing to America, the prospect of new adventures, and the youthful tendency to look on the bright side of things, overbalanced the pain of parting from father-land. It is true the last night he slept at the old mill, the moonlight had a farewell sadness in its glance, and the little stream murmured more plaintively as it flowed. Fritz thought perhaps they knew he was going away. They certainly seemed to sigh forth, "We shall see thee no more, thou bright, strong child! We remain, but thou art passing away!"

When the emigrants came to the sea-port, every thing was new and exciting to the juvenile imagination of Fritz. The ships out in the harbor looked like great white birds, sailing through the air. {86} How pleasant it must be thus to glide over the wide waters! But between a ship in the distance, and the ship we are in, there exists the usual difference between the ideal and the actual. There was little romance in the crowded cabin, with hundreds of poor emigrants eating, drinking, and smoking, amid the odour of bilge-water, and the dreadful nausea of the sea. Poor Fritz longed for the pure atmosphere and fresh-flowing brook, at the mill. However, there was always America in prospect, painted to his imagination like Islands of the Blest. Uncle Heinrich said he should grow rich there; and a fairy whispered in his ear that he himself might one day possess a Copenhagen clock, bright and new, that would play its tunes decently and in order. "No, no," said Fritz to the fairy, "I had rather buy Father Rudolph's clock; it was such a funny old thing." "Very well," replied the fairy, "be diligent and saving, and perhaps I will one day bring Father Rudolph's clock to crow and sputter to thee in the New World."

But these golden dreams of the future received a sad check. One day, there was a cry of "A man overboard!" It occasioned the more terror, because a shark had been following in the wake of the vessel for several days. Boats were lowered instantly; but a crimson tinge on the surface of the water showed that their efforts were useless. It was not till some minutes after the confusion subsided, that {87}

Fritz perceived his Uncle Heinrich was missing. Terrible had been that crimson stain on the water; but now, when he knew it was the life-blood of his last and only friend, it made him faint and dizzy, as if it were flowing from his own veins.

Uncle Heinrich's hard-earned savings were fastened within the belt he wore; and a bundle of coarse clothes, with a few tools, were all that remained of his worldly possessions. The captain had compassion on the desolate child, and charged nothing for his passage, or his food. When the vessel came within sight of port, the passengers, though most of them poor, raised a small fund for him by contribution. But who can describe the utter loneliness of the emigrant boy, when he parted from his ship-companions, and wandered through the crowded streets of New York, without meeting a single face he had ever seen before? Lights shone in cheerful basements, where families supped together; but his good-hearted mother, and his dear little blue-eyed Gretchen—where were they? Oh, it was very sad to be so entirely alone, in such a wide, wide world! Sometimes he saw a boy turn round to stare at his queer little cap, and outlandish frock; but he could not understand what he said, when he sung out, "There goes what they call a Flying Dutchman." Day after day he tried for work, but could obtain none. His funds were running very low, and his heart was extremely heavy. As he stood {88} leaning against a post, one day, a goat walked slowly towards him from a neighboring court. How his heart leaped up to greet her! With her came back images of the castle on the Rhine, the blooming terrace, his kind father, his blessed mother, and his darling little sister. He patted the goat's head, and kissed her, and looked deep into her eyes, as he had done with the companion of his boyhood. A stranger came to lead the animal away; and when she was gone, poor Fritz sobbed as if his heart would break. "I have not even a goat for a friend now," thought he. "I wish I could get back to the old mill again. I am afraid I shall starve here in this foreign land, where there is nobody to bury me."

In the midst of these gloomy cogitations, there was an alarm of fire; and the watchmen sprung their rattles. Instantly a ray of hope darted through his soul! The sound reminded him of Father Rudolph's Blacking Box; for one of its tipsy tunes began with a flourish exactly like it. "I will save every cent I can, and buy materials to make blacking," thought he. "I will sleep under the planks on the wharves, and live on two pence a day. I can speak a few words of English. I will learn more from some of my countrymen, who have been here longer than I. Then, perhaps, I can sell blacking enough to buy bread and clothes."

And thus he did. At first, it went very hard with him. Some days he earned nothing; and a week {89} of patient waiting brought but one shilling. But his broad face was so clean and honest, his manners so respectful, and his blacking so uncommonly good, that his customers gradually increased. One day, a gentleman who traded with him made a mistake, and gave him a shilling instead of a ten-cent piece. Fritz did not observe it at the moment; but the next day, when the gentleman passed to his counting-house, he followed him, and touched him on the arm. The merchant inquired what he wanted. Fritz showed the coin, saying, "Dat not mine." "Neither is it mine," rejoined the merchant; "what do you show it to me for?" The boy replied, in his imperfect English, "Dat too mooch." A friend, who was with the merchant, addressed him in German; and the poor emigrant's countenance lighted up, as if it had become suddenly transparent, and a lamp placed within it. Heaving a sigh, and blushing at his own emotion, he explained, in his native tongue, that he had accidently taken too much for his blacking, the day before. They looked at him with right friendly glances, and inquired into his history. He told them his name and parentage, and how Uncle Heinrich had attempted to bring him to America, and had been devoured by a shark on the way. He said he had not a single friend in this foreign land, but he meant to be honest and industrious, and he hoped he should do well. The gentlemen assured him that they should always remember him as Fritz Shilling, and that {90} they would certainly speak of him to their friends. He did not understand the joke of his name, but he did understand that they bought all his blacking, and that customers increased more rapidly after that interview.

It would be tedious to follow the emigrant through all the process of his gradually-improving fortune. As soon as he could spare anything from necessary food and clothing, he went to an evening school, where he learned to read, write, and cipher. He became first a shop-boy, then a clerk, and finally established a neat grocery-store for himself. Through all these changes, he continued to sell the blacking, which arrived at the honour of poetical advertisements in the newspapers, under the name of Schelling's Best Boot Polisher.

But the prosperity thus produced was not the only result of his acquaintance with Father Rudolph. The dropped stitches of our life are sometimes taken up again strangely, through many intervening loops. One day, as Fritz was passing through the streets, when he was about sixteen

years old, he stopped and listened intently; for he heard far off the sounds of a popular German ballad, which his grandmother and the peddler often used to sing together. Through all the din and rattle of the streets, he could plainly distinguish the monotonous minor cadence, which had often brought tears to his eyes when a boy. He followed the tones, and soon came in sight of an old man {91} and his wife singing the familiar melody. A maiden, apparently somewhat younger than himself, played a tamborin at intervals. When he spoke to her in German, her face kindled, as his own had done, at the first sound of his native tongue in a strange land. “They call me Röschen,” she replied; “these are my father and mother. We came from the ship last night, and we sing for bread, till we can get work to do.” The soul looked simply and kindly through her blue eyes, and reminded him of sister Gretchen. Her wooden shoes, short blue petticoat, and little crimson jacket might seem vulgar to the fashionable, and picturesque to the artist; but to him it was merely the beloved costume of his native land. It warmed his heart with childish recollections; and when they sang again the quaint, sad melody, he seemed to hear the old brook flow plaintively by, and see the farewell moonlight on the mill. Thus began his acquaintance with the maiden, who was afterwards his wife, and the mother of his little Gretchen.

Of these, and all other groups of emigrants, for many years, he inquired concerning his parents and his sister; but could obtain no tidings. At last, a priest in Germany, to whom he wrote, replied that Gretchen had died in childhood; and that the father and mother had also recently died. It was a great disappointment to the affectionate heart of Fritz Schelling; for through all his expanding {92} fortunes he had cherished the hope of returning to them, or bringing them to share his comfortable home in the New World. But when he received the mournful news, he had Röschen to love, and her parents to care for, and a little one that twined herself round his heart with fresh flower-garlands every day.

At thirty-five, he was a happy and a prosperous man. So prosperous, that he could afford to live well in the city, and yet build for himself a snug cottage in the country. “We can go out every Saturday and return on Monday,” said he to Röschen. “We can have fresh cream, and our own sweet butter. It will do the children good to roll on the grass, and they shall have a goat to play with.”

“And, perhaps, by-and-by, we can go there to live all the time,” rejoined Röschen. “It is so quiet and pleasant in the country; and what’s the use of being richer than enough?”

The site chosen for the cottage overlooked the broad, bright river, where high palisades of rock seemed almost like the ruins of an old castle. Fritz said he would make a flower-carpet on the rocks, for the goat to browse upon; and if a stork would only come and build a nest on his thatched roof, he could almost fancy himself in Germany. At times, the idea of importing storks crossed his mind; but his good sense immediately rejected the plan. It is difficult to imagine how those venerable birds, {93} with their love of the antique and the unchangeable, could possibly live in America. One might as well try to import loyal subjects, or an ancient nobility.

When house and barn were completed, the first object was to secure honest, industrious German tenants to till the soil. Fritz heard of a company of emigrants, who wished to sell themselves for a specified time, in order to pay their passage; and he went on board the ship to see them. A hale man, who said he was about sixty years old, with a wife some five or six years younger, attracted his attention by their extreme cleanliness and good expression of countenance. He soon agreed to purchase them; and in order to prepare the necessary papers, he inquired their names.

“Karl Schelling and Liesbet Schelling,” replied the old man.

Fritz started, and his face flushed, as he asked, “Did you ever live in the old castle at Rüdesheim?”

“That we did for several summers,” rejoined Karl.

“Ah, can you tell us any thing of our son Fritz?” exclaimed Liesbet, eyeing him eagerly. “God bless him wherever he is! We came to America to find him.”

“Mother! Mother! do you not know me?” he said; and threw himself into her open arms, and {94} kissed the honest, weather-beaten face.

“I see it has gone well with you, my son. Now, thanks be to God, and blessed be His holy name,” said Karl, reverently uncovering his head.

“And where is Gretchen?” inquired Fritz, earnestly.

“The All-Father took her home, to Himself, soon after you came to see us at Rüdesheim,” replied Liesbet. “She was always mourning for the brother, poor little one! It troubled us to go away

and leave you behind us, without saying farewell; and I feared no blessing would follow it. But we were very poor, and we thought then we should come to you in two or three years."

"Don't speak of that," said Fritz. "You were always good parents to me, and did the best you could. Blessings *have* followed me; and to meet you thus is the crowning blessing of all. Come, let us hasten home. I want to show you my good Röschen, and our Gretchen, and Karl, and Liesbet, and Rudolph, and baby Röschen. My small farm overlooks a river broad and beautiful as the Rhine. The rocks look like castles, and I have bought a goat for the children to play with. The roof of our cottage is thatched, and if a stork would only come and build her nest there, then dear father and mother might almost imagine themselves again at Rüdesheim, with plenty to eat, drink, and wear. If Father Rudolph's Blacking Box were only here," added he, laughing, "I should have all but one of my {95} boyish dreams fulfilled. Ah, if dear Gretchen were only here!"

The fairy who whispered to Fritz when he was crossing the Atlantic, told him if he were diligent and saving, she would perhaps bring him the old clock; and she kept her promise better than fairies sometimes do; for it chanced that the heir of Father Rudolph came to America, and brought it with him. The price Fritz offered for it was too tempting, and it now stands in his thatched cottage. Its carved black case, inlaid with grotesque figures of birds and beasts in pearl, is more wonderful than a picture-book to the children. When any of them are out of health, or out of humour, their father sets the old bewildered tunes agoing, and they soon join in a merry mocking chorus, with "Cluck, cluck, cluck! Whirr, whirr, whirr! Rik a rik a ree!"

NOTE.—The accidental purchase of his parents by a German emigrant actually occurred a few years since; and this story was suggested by the fact. {96}

HOME AND POLITICS.

FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT THAT OCCURRED IN NEW YORK, DURING THE EXCITEMENT ATTENDING THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT POLK.

O friendly to the best pursuits of man!
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life.

COWPER.

AT the bend of a pleasant road winding under the shade of a large elm, stood a small school-house. It was a humble building; and the little belfry on the top seemed hardly large enough for the motions of the cow-bell suspended there. But it was a picturesque feature in the landscape. The elm drooped over it with uncommon gracefulness, and almost touched the belfry with its light foliage. The weather-beaten, moss-grown shingles were a relief to the eye of the traveller, weary of prim staring white houses. Moreover, a human soul had inscribed on the little place a pastoral poem in vines and flowers. A white Rose bush covered half one side, and carried its offering of blossoms up to the little bell. Cypress vines were trained to meet over the door, in a Gothic arch, surmounted by a cross. On the western side, the window was shaded with a profusion of Morning Glories; and a great {97} rock, that jutted out into the road, was thickly strewn with Iceland moss, which in the springtime covered it with a carpet of yellow stars.

It was at that season it was first seen by George Franklin, a young New York lawyer, on a visit to the country. He walked slowly past, gazing at the noble elm slightly waving its young foliage to a gentle breeze. Just then, out poured a flock of children, of various ages. Jumping and laughing, they joined hands and formed a circle round the elm. A clear voice was heard within the school-house, singing a lively time, while measured strokes on some instrument of tin marked the time. The little band whirled round the tree, stepping to the music with the rude grace of childhood and joy. After ten or fifteen minutes of this healthy exercise, they stopped, apparently in obedience to some signal. Half of them held their hands aloft and formed arches for the other half to jump through. Then they described swift circles with their arms, and leaped high in the air. Having gone through their simple code of gymnastics, away they scampered, to seek pleasure after their own fashion, till summoned to their books again. Some of them bowed and courtesied to the traveller, as they passed; while others, with arms round each other's necks, went hopping along, first on one foot, then on the other, too busy to do more than nod and smile, as they went by. Many of them wore patched garments, but hands and faces were all clean. Some had a stolid, animal look; but even these seemed to sun their {98}

cold nature in the rays of beauty and freedom, which they found only at school. The whole scene impressed the young man very vividly. He asked himself why it could not be always thus, in the family, in the school, every where? Why need man forever be a blot on Nature? Why must he be coarse and squalid, and gross and heavy, while Nature is ever radiant with fresh beauty, and joyful with her overplus of life? Then came saddening thoughts how other influences of life, coarse parents, selfish employers, and the hard struggle for daily bread, would overshadow the genial influences of that pleasant school, which for a few months gilded the lives of those little ones.

When he repassed the spot, some hours after, all was still, save the occasional twittering of birds in the tree. It was sunset, and a bright farewell gleam shone across the moss-carpet on the rock, and made the little flowers in the garden smile. When he returned to the city, the scene often rose before his mind as a lovely picture, and he longed for the artist's skill to re-produce it visibly in its rustic beauty. When he again visited the country after midsummer, he remembered the little old school-house, and one of his earliest excursions was a walk in that direction. A profusion of crimson stars, and white stars, now peeped out from the fringed foliage of the Cypress vines, and the little front {99} yard was one bed of blossoms. He leaned over the gate, and observed how neatly every plant was trained, as if some loving hand tended them carefully every day. He listened, but could hear no voices; and curiosity impelled him to see how the little building looked within. He lifted the latch, peeped in, and saw that the room was empty. The rude benches and the white-washed walls were perfectly clean. The windows were open on both sides, and the air was redolent with the sweet breath of Mignonette. On the teacher's desk was a small vase, of Grecian pattern, containing a few flowers tastefully arranged. Some books lay beside it, and one had an ivory folder between the leaves, as if recently used. It was Bettine's Letters to Günderode; and, where it opened at the ivory folder, he read these lines, enclosed in pencil marks; "All that I see done to children is unjust. Magnanimity, confidence, free-will, are not given to the nourishment of their souls. A slavish yoke is put upon them. The living impulse, full of buds, is not esteemed. No outlet will they give for Nature to reach the light. Rather must a net be woven, in which each mesh is a prejudice. Had not a child a world within, where could he take refuge from the deluge of folly that is poured over the budding meadow-carpet? Reverence have I before the destiny of each child, shut up in so sweet a bud. One feels reverence at touching a young bud, which the spring is swelling." {100}

The young man smiled with pleased surprise; for he had not expected to find appreciation of such sentiments in the teacher of a secluded country school. He took up a volume of Mary Howitt's Birds and Flowers, and saw the name of Alice White written in it. On all blank spaces were fastened delicate young fern leaves, and small bits of richly-tinted moss. He glanced at the low ceiling, and the rude benches. "This seems not the appropriate temple for such a spirit," thought he. "But, after all, what consequence is that, since such spirits find temples everywhere?" He took a pencil from his pocket, and marked in Bettine's Letters: "Thou hast feeling for the every-day life of nature. Dawn, noon-tide, and evening clouds are thy dear companions, with whom thou canst converse when no man is abroad with thee. Let me be thy scholar in simplicity."

He wrote his initials on the page. "Perhaps I shall never see this young teacher," thought he; "but it will be a little mystery, in her unexciting life, to conjecture what curious eye has been peeping into her books." Then he queried with himself, "How do I know she is a *young* teacher?"

He stood leaning against the window, looking on the beds of flowers, and the vine leaves brushed his hair, as the breeze played with them. They seemed to say that a young heart planted them. He remembered the clear, feminine voice he had heard humming the dancing-tune, in the spring time. He thought of the mosses and ferns in the book. "Oh, yes, she *must* be young and {101} beautiful," thought he. "She cannot be otherwise than beautiful, with such tastes." He stood for some moments in half dreaming reverie. Then a broad smile went over his face. He was making fun of himself. "What consequence is it to me whether she be either beautiful or young?" said he inwardly. "I must be hungry for an adventure, to indulge so much curiosity about a country schoolmistress."

The smile was still on his face, when he heard a light step, and Alice White stood before him. She blushed to see a stranger in her little sanctuary, and he blushed at the awkwardness of his situation. He apologized, by saying that the beauty of the little garden, and the tasteful arrangement of the vines, had attracted his attention, and, perceiving that the school-house was empty, he had taken the liberty to enter. She readily forgave the intrusion, and said she was glad if the humble little spot refreshed the eyes of those who passed by, for it had given her great pleasure to cultivate it. The young man was disappointed; for she was not at all like the picture his imagination had painted. But

the tones of her voice were flexible, and there was something pleasing in her quiet but timid manner. Not knowing what to say, he bowed and took leave.

{102} Several days after, when his rural visit was drawing to a close, he felt the need of a long walk, and a pleasant vision of the winding road and the little school-house rose before him. He did not even think of Alice White. He was ambitious, and had well nigh resolved never to marry, except to advance his fortunes. He admitted to himself that grace and beauty might easily bewitch him, and turn him from his prudent purpose. But the poor country teacher was not beautiful, either in face or figure. He had no thought of her. But to vary his route somewhat, he passed through the woods, and there he found her gathering mosses by a little brook. She recognized him, and he stopped to help her gather mosses. Thus it happened that they fell into discourse together; and the more he listened, the more he was surprised to find so rare a jewel in so plain a setting. Her thoughts were so fresh, and were so simply said! And now he noticed a deep expression in her eye, imparting a more elevated beauty than is ever derived from form or colour. He could not define it to himself, still less to others; but she charmed him. He lingered by her side, and when they parted at the school-house gate, he was half in hopes she would invite him to enter. “I expect to visit this town again in the autumn,” he said. “May I hope to find you at the little school-house?”

{103} She did not say whether *he* might hope to find her there; but she answered with a smile, “I am always here. I have adopted it for my home, and tried to make it a pleasant one, since I have no other.”

All the way home his thoughts were occupied with her; and the memory of her simple, pleasant ways, often recurred to him amid the noises of the city. He would easily have forgotten her in that stage of their acquaintance, had any beautiful heiress happened to cross his path; for though his nature was kindly, and had a touch of romance, ambition was the predominant trait in his character. But it chanced that no woman attracted him very powerfully, before he again found himself on the winding road where stood the picturesque little school-house. Then came frequent walks and confidential interviews, which revealed more loveliness of mind and character than he had previously supposed. Alice was one of those peculiar persons whose history sets at naught all theories. Her parents had been illiterate, and coarse in manners, but she was gentle and refined. They were utterly devoid of imagination, and she saw every thing in the sunshine of poetry. “Who is the child like? Where did she get her queer notions?” were questions they could never answer. They died when she was fourteen; and she, unaided and unadvised, went into a factory to earn money to educate herself. Alternately at the factory and at school, she passed four years. Thanks to her notable mother, she was quick and skilful with her needle, and knew wonderfully well how to make the most {104} of small means. She travelled along unnoticed through the by-paths of life, rejoicing in birds, and flowers, and little children, and finding sufficient stimulus to constant industry in the love of serving others, and the prospect of now and then a pretty vase, or some agreeable book. First, affectionate communion, then beauty and order, were the great attractions to her soul. Hence, she longed inexpressibly for a home, and was always striving to realize her ideal in such humble imitations as the little school-house. The family where she boarded often disputed with each other, and, being of rude natures, not all Alice’s unassuming and obliging ways could quite atone to them for her native superiority. In the solitude of the little school-house she sought refuge from things that wounded her. There she spent most of the hours of her life, and found peace on the bosom of Nature. Poor, and without personal beauty, she never dreamed that domestic love, at all resembling the pattern in her own mind, was a blessing she could ever realize. Scarcely had the surface of her heart been tremulous with even a passing excitement on the subject, till the day she gathered mosses in the wood with George Franklin. When he looked into her eyes, to ascertain what their depth expressed, she was troubled by the earnestness of his glance. Habitually humble, she did not venture to indulge the idea that she could ever be beloved by him. But when she thought of his promised visit in {105} autumn, fair visions sometimes floated before her, of how pleasant life would be in a tasteful little home, with an intelligent companion. Always it was a *little* home. None of her ideas partook of grandeur. She was a pastoral poet, not an epic poet.

George did come, and they had many pleasant walks in beautiful October, and crowned each other with garlands of bright autumnal leaves. Their parting betrayed mutual affection; and soon after George wrote to her thus: “I frankly acknowledge to you that I am ambitious, and had fully resolved never to marry a poor girl. But I love you so well, I have no choice left. And now, in the beautiful light that dawns upon me, I see how mean and selfish was that resolution, and how impolitic withal. For is it not happiness we all seek? And how happy it will make me to fulfil your

long-cherished dream of a tasteful home! I cannot help receiving from you more than I can give; for your nature is richer than mine. But I believe, dearest, it is always more blessed to give than to receive; and when two think so of each other, what more need of heaven?

"I am no flatterer, and I tell you frankly I was disappointed when I first saw you. Unconsciously to myself, I had fallen in love with your soul. The transcript of it, which I saw in the vines and the flowers attracted me first; then a revelation of it from the marked book, the mosses and the ferns. I {106} imagined you *must* be beautiful; and when I saw you were not, I did not suppose I should ever think of you more. But when I heard you talk, your soul attracted me irresistibly again, and I wondered I ever thought you otherwise than beautiful. Rarely is a beautiful soul shrined within a beautiful body. But loveliness of soul has one great advantage over its frail envelope, it need not decrease with time, but ought rather to increase.

"Of one thing rest assured, dear Alice; it is now impossible for me ever to love another, as I love you."

When she read this letter, it seemed to her as if she were in a delightful dream. Was it indeed possible that the love of an intelligent, cultivated soul was offered to her, the poor unfriended one? How marvellous it seemed, that when she was least expecting such a blossom from Paradise, a stranger came and laid it in the open book upon her desk, in that little school-house, where she had toiled with patient humility through so many weary hours! She kissed the dear letter again and again; she kissed the initials he had written in the book before he had seen her. She knelt down, and, weeping, thanked God that the great hunger of her heart for a happy home was now to be satisfied. But when she re-read the letter in calmer mood, the uprightness of her nature made her shrink from the proffered bliss. He said he was ambitious. Would he not repent marrying a poor girl, without {107} beauty, and without social influence of any kind? Might he not find her soul far less lovely than he deemed it? Under the influence of these fears, she answered him: "How happy your precious letter made me, I dare not say. My heart is like a garden when the morning sun shines on it, after a long, cold storm. Ever since the day we gathered mosses in the wood, you have seemed so like the fairest dreams of my life, that I could not help loving you, though I had no hope of being beloved in return. Even now, I fear that you are acting under a temporary delusion, and that hereafter you may repent your choice. Wait long, and observe my faults. I will try not to conceal any of them from you. Seek the society of other women. You will find so many superior to me, in all respects! Do not fear to give me pain by any change in your feelings. I love you with that disinterested love, which would rejoice in your best happiness, though it should lead you away from me."

This letter did not lower his estimate of the beauty of her soul. He complied with her request to cultivate the acquaintance of other women. He saw many more beautiful, more graceful, more accomplished, and of higher intellectual cultivation; but none of them seemed so charmingly simple and true, as Alice White. "Do not talk to me any more about a change in my feelings," he said, "I like your principles, I like your disposition, I like your thoughts, I like your ways; and I always *shall* {108} like them." Thus assured, Alice joyfully dismissed her fears, and became his wife.

Rich beyond comparison is a man who is loved by an intelligent woman, so full of home-affections! Especially if she has learned humility, and gained strength, in the school of hardship and privation. But it is only beautiful souls who learn such lessons in adversity. In lower natures it engenders discontent and envy, which change to pride and extravagance in the hour of prosperity. Alice had always been made happy by the simplest means; and now, though her husband's income was a moderate one, her intuitive taste and capable fingers made his home a little bower of beauty. She seemed happy as a bird in her cozy nest; and so grateful, that George said, half in jest, half in earnest, he believed women loved their husbands as the only means society left them of procuring homes over which to preside. There was some truth in the remark; but it pained her sensitive and affectionate nature, because it intruded upon her the idea of selfishness mingled with her love. Thenceforth, she said less about the external blessings of a home; but in her inmost soul she enjoyed it, like an earthly heaven. And George seemed to enjoy it almost as much as herself. Again and again, he said he had never dreamed domestic companionship was so rich a blessing. His wife, though far less educated than himself, had a nature capable of the highest cultivation. She was {109} always an intelligent listener, and her quick intuitions often understood far more than he had expressed or thought. Poor as she was, she had brought better furniture for his home, than mahogany chairs and marble tables.

Smoothly glided a year away, when a little daughter came into the domestic circle, like a flower brought by angels. George had often laughed at the credulous fondness of other parents, but he really

thought *his* child was the most beautiful one he had ever seen. In the countenance and movements he discovered all manner of rare gifts. He was sure she had an eye for color, an eye for form, and an ear for music. She had her mother's deep eye, and would surely inherit her quick perceptions, her loving heart, and her earnestness of thought. His whole soul seemed bound up in her existence. Scarcely the mother herself was more devoted to all her infant wants and pleasures. Thus happy were they, with their simple treasures of love and thought, when, in evil hour, a disturbing influence crossed their threshold. It came in the form of political excitement; that pestilence which is forever racing through our land, seeking whom it may devour; destroying happy homes, turning aside our intellectual strength from the calm and healthy pursuits of literature or science, blinding consciences, embittering hearts, rasping the tempers of men, and blighting half the talent of our country with its feverish breath. {110}

At that time, our citizens were much excited for and against the election of General Harrison. George Franklin threw himself into the melée with firm and honest conviction that the welfare of the country depended on his election. But the superior and inferior natures of man are forever mingling in all his thoughts and actions; and this generous ardor for the nation's good gradually opened into a perspective of flattering prospects for himself. By the study and industry of years, he had laid a solid foundation in his profession, and every year brought some increase of income and influence. But he had the American impatience of slow growth. Distinguished in some way he had always wished to be; and no avenue to the desired object seemed so short as the political race-course. A neighbour, whose temperament was peculiarly prone to these excitements, came in often and invited him to clubs and meetings. When Alice was seated at her work, with the hope of passing one of their old pleasant evenings, she had a nervous dread of hearing the door-bell, lest this man should enter. It was not that she expected, or wished, her husband to sacrifice ambition and enterprise, and views of patriotic duty, to her quiet habits. But the excitement seemed an unhealthy one. He lived in a species of mental intoxication. He talked louder than formerly, and doubled his fists in the vehemence of gesticulation. He was restless for newspapers, and watched the arrival of mails, as he would once {111} have watched over the life of his child. All calm pleasures became tame and insipid. He was more and more away from home, and staid late in the night. Alice at first sat up to wait for him; but finding that not conducive to the comfort of their child, she gradually formed the habit of retiring to rest before his return. She was always careful to leave a comfortable arrangement of the fire, with his slippers in a warm place, and some slight refreshment prettily laid out on the table. The first time he came home and saw these silent preparations, instead of the affectionate face that usually greeted him, it made him very sad. The rustic school-house, with its small belfry, and its bright little garden-plat, rose up in the perspective of memory, and he retraced, one by one, all the incidents of their love. Fair and serene came those angels of life out of the paradise of the past. They smiled upon him and asked, "Are there any like us in the troubled path you have now chosen?" With these retrospections came some self-reproaches concerning little kind attentions forgotten, and professional duties neglected, under the influence of political excitement. He spoke to Alice with unusual tenderness that night, and voluntarily promised that when the election was fairly over, he would withdraw from active participation in politics. But this feeling soon passed away. The nearer the result of the election approached, the more intensely was his whole being absorbed in it. One morning, when he was reading the newspaper, little Alice fretted and cried. He said, impatiently, "I {112} wish you would carry that child away. Her noise disturbs me." Tears came to the mother's eyes, as she answered, "She is not well; poor little thing! She has taken cold." "I am sorry for that," he replied, and hurried to go out and exult with his neighbour concerning the political tidings.

At night, the child was unusually peevish and restless. She toddled up to her father's knees, and cried for him to rock her to sleep. He had just taken her in his arms, and laid her little head upon his bosom, when the neighbour came for him to go to a political supper. He said the mails that night must bring news that would decide the question. The company would wait for their arrival, and then have a jubilee in honour of Harrison's success. The child cried and screamed, when George put her away into the mother's arms; and he said sternly, "Naughty girl! Father don't love her when she cries." "She is not well," replied the mother, with a trembling voice, and hurried out of the room.

It was two o'clock in the morning before George returned; but late as it was, his wife was sitting by the fire. "Hurrah for the old coon!" he exclaimed. "Harrison is elected."

She threw herself on his bosom, and bursting into tears, sobbed out, "Oh, hush, hush, dear George! Our little Alice is dead!" Dead! and the last words he had spoken to his darling had been {113} unkind. What would he not have given to recall them now? And his poor wife had passed through

that agony, alone in the silent midnight, without aid or consolation from him. A terrible weight oppressed his heart. He sank into a chair, drew the dear sufferer to his bosom, and wept aloud.

* * * * *

This great misfortune sadly dimmed the glory of his eagerly-anticipated political triumph. When the tumult of grief subsided, he reviewed the events of his life, and weighed them in a balance. More and more, he doubted whether it were wise to leave the slow certainties of his profession, for chances which had in them the excitement and the risks of gambling. More and more seriously he questioned whether the absorption of his faculties in the keen conflicts of the hour was the best way to serve the true interests of his country. It is uncertain how the balance would have turned, had he not received an appointment to office under the new government. Perhaps the sudden fall of the triumphal arch, occasioned by the death of General Harrison, might have given him a lasting distaste for politics, as it did to many others. But the proffered income was more than double the sum he had ever received from his profession. Dazzled by the prospect, he did not sufficiently take into the account that it would necessarily involve him in many additional expenses, political and social, and {114} that he might lose it by the very next turn of the wheel, without being able to return easily to his old habits of expenditure. Once in office, the conviction that he was on the right side combined with gratitude and self-interest to make him serve his party with money and personal influence. The question of another election was soon agitated, and these motives drove him into the new excitement. He was kind at home, but he spent little time there. He sometimes smiled when he came in late, and saw the warm slippers by the fire, and a vase of flowers crowning his supper on the table; but he did not think how lonely Alice must be, nor could he possibly dream what she was suffering in the slow martyrdom of her heart. He gave dinners and suppers often. Strangers went and came. They ate and drank, and smoked, and talked loud. Alice was polite and attentive; but they had nothing for her, and she had nothing for them. How out of place would have been her little songs and her fragrant flowers, amid their clamor and tobacco-smoke! She was a pastoral poet living in a perpetual battle.

The house was filled with visitors to see the long Whig procession pass by, with richly-caparisoned horses, gay banners, flowery arches, and promises of protection to every thing. George bowed from his chariot and touched his hat to her, as he passed with the throng, and she waved her {115} handkerchief. “How beautiful! How magnificent!” exclaimed a visitor, who stood by her. “Clay will certainly be elected. The whole city seems to be in the procession. Sailors, printers, firemen, every thing.”

“There are no women and children,” replied Alice; and she turned away with a sigh. The only protection that interested *her*, was a protection for *homes*.

Soon after came the evening procession of Democrats. The army of horses; temples of Liberty, with figures in women’s dress to represent the goddess; raccoons hung, and guillotined, and swallowed by alligators; the lone star of Texas everywhere glimmering over their heads; the whole shadowy mass occasionally illuminated by the rush of fire-works, and the fitful glare of lurid torches; all this made a strange and wild impression on the mind of Alice, whose nervous system had suffered in the painful internal conflicts of her life. It reminded her of the memorable 10th of August in Paris; and she had visions of human heads reared on poles before the windows, as they had been before the palace of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette. Visitors observed their watches, and said it took this procession an hour longer to pass than it had for the Whig procession. “I guess Polk will beat after all,” said one. George was angry and combated the opinion vehemently. Even after the {116} company had all gone, and the street noises had long passed off in the distance, he continued remarkably moody and irritable. He had more cause for it than his wife was aware of. She supposed the worst that could happen, would be defeat of his party and loss of office. But antagonists, long accustomed to calculate political games with a view to gambling, had dared him to bet on the election, being perfectly aware of his sanguine temperament; and George, stimulated solely by a wish to prove to the crowd, who heard them, that he considered the success of Clay’s party certain, allowed himself to be drawn into the snare, to a ruinous extent. All his worldly possessions, even his watch, his books, and his household furniture, were at stake; and ultimately all were lost. Alice sympathized with his deep dejection, tried to forget her own sorrows, and said it would be easy for her to assist him, she was so accustomed to earn her own living.

On their wedding day, George had given her a landscape of the rustic school-house, embowered in vines, and shaded by its graceful elm. He asked to have this reserved from the wreck, and stated

the reason. No one had the heart to refuse it; for even amid the mad excitement of party triumph, everybody said, “I pity his poor wife.”

She left her cherished home before the final breaking up. It would have been too much for her womanly heart, to see those beloved household goods carried away to the auction-room. She {117} lingered long by the astral lamp, and the little round table, where she and George used to read to each other, in the first happy year of their marriage. She did not weep. It would have been well if she could. She took with her the little vase, that used to stand on the desk in the old country school-house, and a curious Wedgewood pitcher George had given her on the day little Alice was born. She did not show them to him, it would make him so sad. He was tender and self-reproachful; and she tried to be very strong, that she might sustain him. But health had suffered in these storms, and her organization fitted her only for one mission in this world; that was, to make and adorn a home. Through hard and lonely years she had longed for it. She had gained it, and thanked God with the joyfulness of a happy heart. And now her vocation was gone.

In a few days, hers was pronounced a case of melancholy insanity. She was placed in the hospital, where her husband strives to surround her with every thing to heal the wounded soul. But she does not know him. When he visits her, she looks at him with strange eyes, and still clinging to the fond ideal of her life, she repeats mournfully, “I *want* my *home*. Why don’t George come and take me *home*?”

* * * * * {118}

Thus left adrift on the dark ocean of life, George Franklin hesitated whether to trust the chances of politics for another office, or to start again in his profession, and slowly rebuild his shattered fortunes from the ruins of the past. Having wisely determined in favor of the latter, he works diligently and lives economically, cheered by the hope that reason will again dawn in the beautiful soul that loved him so truly.

His case may seem like an extreme one; but in truth he is only one of a thousand similar wrecks continually floating over the turbulent sea of American politics. {119}

TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Thou delicate and fragrant thing!
Sweet prophet of the coming Spring!
To what can poetry compare
Thy hidden beauty, fresh and fair?

Only they who search can find
Thy trailing garlands close enshrined;
Unveiling, like a lovely face,
Surprising them with artless grace.

Thou seemest like some sleeping babe,
Upon a leafy pillow laid;
Dreaming, in thy unconscious rest,
Of nest'ling on a mother's breast.

Or like a maiden in life's May,
Fresh dawning of her girlish day;
When the pure tint her cheeks disclose
Seems a reflection of the rose.

More coy than hidden love thou art,
With blushing hopes about its heart;
And thy faint breath of fragrance seems
Like kisses stolen in our dreams. {120}

Thou'rt like a gentle poet's thought,
By Nature's simplest lessons taught,
Reclining on old moss-grown trees,
Communing with the whisp'ring breeze.

Like timid natures, that conceal
What others carelessly reveal;
Reserving for a chosen few
Their wealth of feeling, pure and true.

Like loving hearts, that ne'er grow old,
Through autumn's change, or winter's cold;
Preserving some sweet flowers, that lie
'Neath withered leaves of years gone by.

At sight of thee a troop upsprings
Of simple, pure, and lovely things;
But half thou sayest to my heart,
I find no language to impart.

{121}

THE CATHOLIC AND THE QUAKER.

For *thee*, the priestly rite and prayer
And holy day, and solemn psalm;
For *me*, the silent reverence, where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.
J. G. WHITTIER.

IT was one of Ireland's greenest lanes that wound its way down to a rippling brook, in the rear of Friend Goodman's house. And there, by a mound of rocks that dipped their mossy feet in the rivulet, Friend Goodman walked slowly, watching for his little daughter, who had been spending the day

with some children in the neighbourhood. Presently, the small maiden came jumping along, with her bonnet thrown back, and the edges of her soft brown ringlets luminous in the rays of the setting sun. Those pretty curls were not Quakerly; but Nature, who pays no more attention to the regulations of Elders, than she does to the edicts of Bishops, would have it so. At the slightest breath of moisture, the silky hair rolled itself into spirals, and clustered round her pure white forehead, as if it loved the nestling-place. Jumping, likewise, was not a Quakerly proceeding. But little Alice, usually staid and demure, in imitation of those around her, had met with a new companion, whose temperament was more mercurial than her own, and she was yielding to its magnetic influence. {122}

Camillo Campbell, a boy of six years, was the grandson of an Italian lady, who had married an Irish absentee, resident in Florence. Her descendants had lately come to Ireland, and taken possession of estates in the immediate neighbourhood of Friend Goodman, where little Camillo's foreign complexion, lively temperament, and graceful broken language, rendered him an object of very great interest, especially among the children. He it was with whom little Alice was skipping through the green lane, bright and free as the wind and sunshine that played among her curls. As the sober father watched their innocent gambols, he felt his own pulses quicken, and his motions involuntarily became more rapid and elastic than usual. The little girl came nestling up to his side, and rubbed her head upon his arm, like a petted kitten. Camillo peeped roguishly from behind the mossy rocks, kissed his hand to her, and ran off, hopping first on one foot and then on the other.

"Dost thou like that little boy?" inquired Friend Goodman, as he stooped to kiss his darling.

"Yes, Camillo's a pretty boy, I like him," she replied. Then with a skip and a bound, which showed that the electric fluid was still leaping in her veins, she added, "He's a funny boy, too: he swears *you* all the time." {123}

The simple child, being always accustomed to hear *thee* and *thou*, verily thought *you* was a profane word. Her father did what was very unusual with him: he laughed outright, as he replied, "What a strange boy is that!"

"He asked me to come down to the rock and play, to-morrow. May I go, after school?" she asked.

"We will see what mother says," he replied. "But where didst thou meet Camillo?"

"He came to play with us in the lane, and Deborah and John and I went into his garden to see the birds. Oh, he has got such pretty birds! There's a nice little meeting-house in the garden; and there's a woman standing there with a baby. Camillo calls her my donny. He says we mustn't play in there. Why not? Who *is* my donny?"

"The people of Italy, where Camillo used to live, call the Mother of Christ Madonna," replied her father.

"And who is Christ?" she asked.

"He was a holy man, who lived a great many years ago. I read to thee one day about his taking little children in his arms and blessing them."

"I guess he loved little children almost as well as thou, dear father," said Alice. "But what do they put his mother in that little meeting-house for?" {124}

Not deeming it wise to puzzle her busy little brain with theological explanations, Friend Goodman called her attention to a small dog, whose curly white hair soon displaced the Madonna, and even Camillo, in her thoughts. But the new neighbour, and the conservatory peopled with birds, and the little chapel in the garden, made a strong impression on her mind. She was always talking of them, and in after years they remained by far the most vivid picture in the gallery of childish recollections. Nearly every day, she and Camillo met at the mossy rock, where they planted flowers in blossom, and buried flies in clover-leaves, and launched little boats on the stream. When they strolled toward the conservatory, the old gardener was always glad to admit them. Flowering shrubs and gaudy parrots, so bright in the warm sunshine, formed such a cheerful contrast to her own unadorned home, that little Alice was never weary with gazing and wondering. But from all the brilliant things, she chose two Java sparrows for her especial favorites. The old gardener told her they were Quaker birds, because their feathers were all of such a soft, quiet color. Bright little Camillo caught up the idea, and said, "I know what for you so much do like them: Quaker lady-birds they be."

"And she's a Quaker lady-bird, too," said the old gardener, smiling, as he patted her on the head; "she's a nice little lady-bird." Poll Parrot heard him, and repeated, "Lady-bird." Always after that, {125}

when Alice entered the conservatory, the parrot laughed and screamed, “Lady-bird!”

Near the door were two niches partially concealed by a net-work of vines; and in the niches were statues of two winged children. Alice inquired who they were; and Camillo replied, “My little sister and brother. Children of the Madonna now they is.” His mother had told him this, and he did not understand what it meant; neither did Alice. She looked up at the winged ones with timid love, and said, “Why don’t they come down and play with us?”

“From heaven they cannot come down,” answered Camillo.

Alice was about to inquire the reason why, when the parrot interrupted her by calling out, “Lady-bird! Lady-bird!” and Camillo began to mock her. Then, laughing merrily, off they ran to the mossy rock to plant some flowers the gardener had given them.

That night, while Alice was eating her supper, Friend Goodman chanced to read aloud something in which the word heaven occurred. “I’ve been to heaven,” said Alice.

“Hush, hush, my child,” replied her father.

“But I *have* been to heaven,” she insisted. “Little children have wings there.” {126}

Her parents exchanged glances of surprise, and the mother asked, “How dost thou know that little children have wings in heaven?”

“Because I saw them,” she replied. “They wear white gowns, and they are the children of my donny. My donny lives in the little meeting-house in Camillo’s garden. She’s the mother of Christ that loved little children so much; but she never said any thing to me. The birds call me lady-bird, in heaven.”

Her mother looked very sober. “She gets her head full of strange things down there yonder,” said she. “I tell thee, Joseph, I don’t like to have the children playing together so much. There’s no telling what may come of it.”

“Oh, they are mere babes,” replied Joseph. “The my donny, as she calls it, and her doll, are all the same to her. The children take a deal of comfort together, and it seems to me it is not worth while to put estrangement between them. Divisions come fast enough in the human family. When he is a lad, he will go away to school and college, and will come back to live in a totally different world from ours. Let the little ones enjoy themselves while they can.”

Thus spake the large-hearted Friend Joseph; but Rachel was not so easily satisfied. “I don’t like this talk about graven images,” said she. “If the child’s head gets full of such notions, it may not prove so easy to put them out.” {127}

Truly, there seemed some ground for Rachel’s fears; for whether Alice walked or slept, she seemed to live in the neighbour’s garden. Sitting beside her mother in the silent Quaker meeting, she forgot the row of plain bonnets before her, and saw a vision of winged children through a veil of vines. At school, she heard the old green parrot scream, “Lady-bird!” and fan-tailed doves and Java sparrows hopped into her dreams. She had never heard a fairy story in her life; otherwise, she would doubtless have imagined that Camillo was a prince, who lived in an enchanted palace, and had some powerful fairy for a friend.

* * * * *

It came to pass as Joseph had predicted. These days of happy companionship soon passed away. Camillo went to a distant school, then to college, and then was absent awhile on the Continent. It naturally happened that the wealthy Catholic family had but little intercourse with the substantial Quaker farmer. Years passed without a word between Alice and her former playfellow. Once, during his college life, she met him and his father on horseback, as she was riding home from meeting, on a small gray mare her father had given her. He touched his hat and said, “How do you do, Miss Goodman?” and she replied, “How art thou, Camillo?” His father inquired, “Who is that young woman?” and he answered, “She is the daughter of Farmer Goodman, with whom I used to play sometimes, when I was a little boy.” Thus like shadows they passed on their separate ways. He thought no more of the rustic Quaker girl, and with her, the bright picture of their childhood was like the remembrance of last year’s rainbow. {128}

But events now approached, which put all rainbows and flowers to flight. A Rebellion broke out in Ireland, and a terrible civil war began to rage between Catholics under the name of Pikemen, and Protestants under the name of Orangemen. The Quakers being conscientiously opposed to war, could not adopt the emblems of either party, and were of course exposed to the hostility of both. Joseph Goodman, in common with others of his religious persuasion, had always professed to believe, that

returning good for evil was a heavenly principle, and therefore safe policy. Alice had received this belief as a traditionary inheritance, without disputing it, or reflecting upon it. But now came times that tested faith severely. Every night, they retired to rest with the consciousness that their worldly possessions might be destroyed by fire and pillage before morning, and perhaps their lives sacrificed by infuriated soldiers. At the meeting-house, and by the way-side, earnest were the exhortations of the brethren to stand by their principles, and not flinch in this hour of trial. Joseph Goodman's sermon was brief and impressive. "The Gospel of Love has power to regenerate the world," said he; {129} "and the humblest individual, who lives according to it, has done something for the salvation of man."

His strength was soon tried; for the very next day a party of Pikemen came into the neighbourhood and set fire to all the houses of the Orangemen. Groans, and shrieks, and the sharp sound of shots, were heard in every direction. Fierce men rushed into their peaceful dwelling, demanding food, and ordering them to give up their arms.

"Food I will give, but arms I have none," replied Joseph.

"More shame for you!" roared the commander of the troop. "If you can't do any thing more for your country than that, you may as well be killed at once, for a coward, as you are."

He drew his sword, but Joseph did not wink at the flash of the glittering blade. He looked him calmly in the eye, and said, "If thou art willing to take the crime of murder on thy conscience, I cannot help it. I would not willingly do harm to thee, or to any man."

The soldier turned away abashed, and putting his sword into the scabbard, he muttered, "Well, give us something to eat, will you?"

The hours that followed were frightful with the light of blazing houses, the crash of musketry, and the screams of women and children flying across the fields. Many took refuge in Joseph's house, {130} and he did all he could to soothe and strengthen them.

At sunset, he went forth with his serving-men to seek the wounded and the dead. Along the road and among the bushes, mangled bodies were lying in every direction. Those in whom life remained, they brought with all tenderness and consigned to the care of Rachel and Alice; and, as long as they could see, they gathered the dead for burial. In the evening, the captain of the Pikemen returned in great wrath. "This is rather too much," he exclaimed. "We did'nt spare your house this morning to have it converted into a hospital for the damned Orangemen. Turn out every dog of 'em, or we will burn it down over your heads."

"I cannot stay thy hand, if thou hast the heart to do it," mildly replied Joseph. "But I will not desert my fellow-creatures in their great distress. If the time should come when thy party is routed, we will bury thy dead, and nurse thy wounded, as we have done for the Orangemen. I will do good to all parties, and harm to none. Here I take my stand, and thou mayest kill me if thou wilt."

Again the soldier was arrested by a power he knew not how to resist. Joseph seeing his embarrassment, added: "I put the question to thee as a man of war: Is it manly to persecute women and children? Is it brave to torture the wounded and the dying? Wouldst thou feel easy to think of it {131} in thy dying hour? Let us part in peace, and when thou hast need of a friend, come to me."

After a brief hesitation, the soldier said, "It would be a happier world if all thought as you do." Then, calling to his men, he said, "Let us be off, boys. There's nothing to be done here."

A fortnight after, triumphant Orangemen came with loud uproar to destroy the houses of the Catholics. It was scarcely day-break, when Alice was roused from uneasy slumbers by the discharge of musketry, and a lurid light on the walls of her room. Starting up, she beheld Colonel Campbell's house in a blaze. The beautiful statues of the Madonna and the winged children were knocked to pieces, and crushed under the feet of an angry mob. Vines and flowers crisped under the crackling flames, and the beautiful birds from foreign climes fell suffocated in the smoke, or flew forth, frightened, into woods and fields, and perished by cruel hands. In the green lane, once so peaceful and pleasant, ferocious men were scuffling and trampling, shooting and stabbing. Everywhere the grass and the moss were dabbled with blood. Above all the din, were heard the shrill screams of women and children; and the mother of Camillo came flying into Joseph's house, exclaiming, "Hide me, oh, hide me!" Alice received her in her arms, laid the throbbing head tenderly on her bosom, put back the hair that was falling in wild disorder over her face, and tried to calm her terror with gentle words. Others came pouring in, and no one was refused shelter. To the women of Colonel {132} Campbell's household Alice relinquished her own little bedroom, the only corner of the house that was not already filled to overflowing. She drew the curtain, that the afflicted ones need not witness

the bloody skirmishing in the fields and lane below. But a loud shriek soon recalled her to their side. Mary Campbell had withdrawn the curtain, and seen her husband fall, thrust at by a dozen swords. Fainting-fits and hysterics succeeded each other in quick succession, while Alice and her mother laid her on the bed, and rubbed her hands and bathed her temples. Gradually the sounds of war died away in the distance. Then Joseph and his helpers went forth to gather up the wounded and the dead. Colonel Campbell was found utterly lifeless, and the brook where Camillo used to launch his little boats, was red with his father's blood. They brought him in tenderly, washed the ghastly wounds, closed the glaring eyes, and left the widow and the household to mourn over him. Late in the night they persuaded her to go to rest; and, when all was still, the weary family fell asleep on the floor; for not a bed was unoccupied.

This time, they hoped to escape the conquerors' rage. But early in the morning, a party of them came back, and demanded that all the Catholics should be given up to them. Joseph replied, as he had done before: "I cannot give up my helpless and dying neighbours, whether they be Pikemen or {133} Orangemen. I will do good to all, and harm to none, come to me what may."

"That's impartial, anyhow," said the captain. He took some Orange cockades from his pocket, and added, "Wear these, and my men will do you no harm."

"I cannot conscientiously wear one," replied Joseph, "because they are emblems of war."

The captain laughed half scornfully, and handing one to Alice, said, "Well, my good girl, you can wear one, and then you need not be afraid of our soldiers."

She looked very pleasantly in his face and answered, "I *should* be afraid if I did not trust in something better than a cockade."

The leader of the Orangemen was arrested by the same spell that stopped the leader of the Pikemen. But some of his followers, who had been lingering about the door, called out, "What's the use of parleying? Isn't the old traitor nursing Catholics, to fight us again when they get well? If he won't serve the government by fighting for us, he will at least do to stop a bullet as well as a braver man. Bring him out, and put him in the front ranks to be shot at!" One of them seized Joseph to drag him away; but Alice laid a trembling hand on his arm, and said, beseechingly, "Before you take him, come and see the wounded Orangemen, with their wives and children, whom my father and mother {134} have fed and tended night and day." A pale figure, with bandaged head and one arm in a sling, came forth from an adjoining room and said, "Comrades, you surely will not harm these worthy people. They have fed our children, and buried our dead, as if we were their own brothers." The soldiers listened, and, suddenly changing their mood, went off shouting, "Hurrah for the Quakers!"

Some days of comparative quiet followed. Colonel Campbell was buried in his own garden, with as much deference to the wishes of his widow as circumstances would permit. She returned from the funeral calmer than she had been, and quietly assisted in taking care of the wounded. But when she retired to her little room, and saw a crucifix fastened on the wall at the foot of her bed, she burst into tears and said, "Who has done this?"

Alice gently replied, "I did it. I found it in the mud, where the little chapel used to stand. I know it is a sacred emblem to thee, and I thought it would pain thee to have it there; so I have washed it carefully and placed it in thy room."

The bereaved Catholic kissed the friendly hand that had done so kind a deed; and tears fell on it, as she murmured, "Good child! may the Holy Virgin bless thee!"

Balmy is a blessing from any human heart, whether it be given in the name of Jesus or Mary, God or Allah. Alice slept well, and guardian angels rejoiced over her in heaven. {135}

* * * * *

Success alternated between the contending parties, and kept the country in a state of perpetual alarm. One week, the widow of Colonel Campbell was surrounded by victorious friends, and the next week, she was in terror for her life. At last, Camillo himself came with a band of successful insurgents. During a brief and agitated interview with his mother, he learned how kindly she had been sheltered in their neighbour's house, and how tenderly the remains of his father had been treated. When she pointed to the crucifix on the wall, and told its history, his eyes filled with tears. "Oh, why cannot we of different faith always treat each other thus?" was his inward thought; but he bowed his head in silence. Hearing loud voices, he started up suddenly, exclaiming, "There may be danger below!" Following the noise, he found soldiers threatening Friend Goodman, who stood with his back firmly placed against the door of an inner room. Seeing Camillo enter, and being aware of the great influence his family had with the Catholics, he said, "These men insist upon carrying out

the dying Orangemen who are sheltered here, and compelling me to see them shot. Is it thy will that these murders should be committed?"

The young man took his hand, and in tones of deep respect answered, "Could you believe that I {136} would suffer violence to be done to any under *your* roof, if I had power to prevent it?" Then turning to his soldiers, he said, "These excellent people have injured no one. Through all these troubled times, they have been kind alike to Pikemen and Orangemen; they have buried our dead, and sheltered our widows. If you have any respect for the memory of my father, treat with respect all who wear the peaceful garb of the Quakers." The men spoke apart for awhile, and soon after left the house.

As Camillo passed by the kitchen door, he saw Alice distributing boiled potatoes to a crowd of hungry children. A soldier stood by her, insisting that she should wear a cross, which was the emblem of the Pikemen. She mildly replied, "I cannot consent to *wear* the cross, but I hope God will enable me to *bear* it." The rude fellow, who was somewhat intoxicated, touched her under the chin, and said, "Come, mavourneen, do be a little more obliging." Camillo instantly seized his arm, and, exclaiming, "Behave decently, my lad! behave decently!" he led him to the door. As he went, he turned towards Alice with an expression she never forgot, and said, in a low deep tone, "Words are poor to thank you for what you have done for my mother."

The next day, when he met Alice walking to meeting, he touched his hat respectfully and said, "I scarcely deem it prudent for you to be in the roads at this time, Miss Alice. Armed insurgents are {137} everywhere abroad; and though there is a prevailing disposition not to injure the Quakers, still many of our men are too desperate to be always controlled."

She smiled and answered, "I thank thee for thy friendly caution; but I trust in the Power that has hitherto protected me."

After a short pause, he said, "Your place of meeting is two miles from here. Where is the horse you used to ride?"

"A soldier took it from me, as I rode from meeting several weeks ago," she replied.

"You see then it is, as I have said, unsafe for you to go," he rejoined. "Had you not better turn back?"

With great earnestness she answered, "Friend Camillo, I cannot otherwise than go. Our people are afflicted and bowed down. The soldiers have nearly consumed our provisions. Our women are almost worn out with the fatigue of constant nursing and perpetual alarms. All are not unwavering in their faith. It is the duty of the strong to sustain the weak; and therefore it is needful that we meet together for counsel and consolation."

The young man looked at her with affectionate reverence. The fair complexion and shining ringlets of childhood were gone, but a serene and deep expression of soul imparted a more elevated beauty to her countenance. He parted from her with a blessing, simply and fervently uttered; but he {138} entered the adjoining fields, and as he walked along he kept her within sight until she arrived safely at the place of meeting. While he thus watched her unseen, he recollected how often his taste had been offended by the quaint awkwardness of the Quaker garb; and uttering aloud the sequel to his thoughts, he said, "But beautiful and graceful will her garments be in heaven."

Soon after this interview, he departed with a strong escort to convey his mother and other Catholic women into a less turbulent district. Alice bade them farewell with undisguised sadness; for we learn to love those whom we serve, and there seemed little probability that they would ever return to reside in that troubled neighborhood.

The next time she saw Camillo, he was brought into her father's house on a litter, senseless, and wounded, as it was supposed, unto death. All the restoratives they could think of were applied, and at last, as Alice bent over him, bathing his temples, he opened his eyes with a dull unconscious stare, which gradually relaxed into a feeble smile, as he whispered, "My Quaker lady-bird." Some hours afterward, when she brought him drink, he gently pressed her hand, and said, "Thank you, dear Alice." The words were simple, but the expression of his eyes and the pressure of his hand sent a thrill through the maiden, which she had never before experienced. That night, she dreamed of {139} winged children seen through flowering vines, and Camillo laughed when the parrot called her "Lady-bird."

Sorrow, like love, levels all distinctions, and melts all forms in its fiery furnace. In the midst of sickness and suffering, and every-day familiarity with death, there was small attention paid to customary proprieties. No one heeded whether Camillo were tended by Alice or her mother; but if

Alice were long absent, he complained that she came so seldom. As his health improved, they talked together of the flowers they used to plant on the mossy rock, and the little boats they launched on the rippling brook. Sometimes, in their merriest moods, they mocked the laughing of the old green parrot, and the cooing of the fan-tailed doves. Thus walking through the green lanes of their childhood, they came unconsciously into the fairy-land of love! All was bright and golden there, and but one shadow rested on the sunshine. When Camillo spoke of the "little meeting-house in the garden," and the image of "My donny," she grew very thoughtful; and he said with a sigh, "I wish, dear Alice, that we were of one religion." She smiled sweetly as she answered, "Are we not both of the religion of Jesus?"

He kissed her hand, and said, "Your soul is always large and liberal, and noble and kind; but others are not like you, dear Alice."

And truly, when the war had ceased, and Camillo Campbell began to rebuild his demolished {140} dwelling, and the young couple spoke of marriage, great was the consternation in both families. Even the liberal-minded Joseph was deeply-pained to have his daughter "marry out of Society," as their phrase is; but he strove to console Rachel, who was far more afflicted than himself. "The young people love each other," he said, "and it does not seem to be right to put any constraint on their affection. Camillo is a goodly youth; and I think the dreadful scenes he has lately witnessed have exercised his mind powerfully on the subject of war. I have observed that he is thoughtful and candid; and if he does but act up to his own light, it is all I ask of him. He promises never to interfere with the freedom of Alice; and as she has adopted most of our principles from her own conviction, I do not fear she will ever depart from them."

"Don't comfort thyself with any such idea," replied Rachel. "She will have pictures of the Virgin Mary in her house, and priests will come there to say over their mummery; and small beginnings make great endings. At all events, one thing is certain. Alice will lose her membership in our Society; and that it is which mainly grieves me. She is such a serious, sensible girl, that I always hoped to see her an esteemed minister among us."

"It is a disappointment to me also," replied Joseph; "but we must bear it cheerfully. It certainly is {141} better to have our child go out of the Society and keep her principles, than it would be to have her stay in Society and depart from her principles, as many do."

Mary Campbell was more disturbed than Rachel Goodman. In the first paroxysm of her distress, she said she wished she had been killed in the war, rather than live to see her only son married to a black Protestant.

"Not a black Protestant, dear mother, only a dove-colored one," rejoined Camillo, playfully. Then he kissed her, and reminded her of the story of the crucifix, and told her how noble and gentle, and good and sensible, his Alice was. As he talked, a vision rose before her of the little bedroom in the Quaker's farm-house; she saw Rachel and Alice supporting the drooping-heads of poor homeless Catholics, while they offered drink to their feverish lips; and memory melted bigotry. She threw herself weeping into Camillo's arms and said, "Truly they did treat us like disciples of Jesus. I once said to Alice, 'May the Holy Virgin bless thee;' and I now say, from my heart, May the Holy Virgin bless you both, my son."

And so Catholic and Quaker were married, according to the forms of both their churches.

The Society of Friends mostly withdrew from companionship with Alice, though they greeted her kindly at their meetings. The Catholics shook their heads and complained that Camillo Campbell {142} was already half a Quaker. Both prognosticated evil consequences from such a union. But the worst that happened was, Alice learned that there might be superstition in the cut of a garment, as well as in veneration for an image; and Camillo became convinced that hatred and violence were much greater sins than eating meat on Fridays.

NOTE.—The course here described as generally pursued by Quakers during the Irish Rebellion, and the effect stated to be produced on the soldiers of both parties, are strictly true. {143}

THE RIVAL MECHANICIANS.

"I am growing old; my sight is failing very fast," said a famous watch-maker of Geneva, as he wiped his spectacles to examine several chronometers, which his two apprentices laid before him. "Well done! Very well done, my lads," said he. "I hardly know which of you will best supply the place of old Antoine Breguet. Thirty years ago, (pardon an old man's vanity,) I could have borne

away the palm from a hundred like ye. But my sight is dim, and my hands tremble. I must retire from the place I have occupied in this busy world; and I confess I should like to give up my famous old stand to a worthy successor. Whichever of you produces the most perfect piece of mechanism before the end of two years shall be my partner and representative, if Rosabella and I both agree in the decision."

The grand-daughter, who was busily spinning flax, looked up bashfully, and met the glance of the two young men. The countenance of one flushed, and his eye sparkled; the other turned very pale, and there was a painfully deep intensity in his fixed gaze.

The one who blushed was Florien Arnaud, a youth from the French Cantons. He was slender and {144} graceful in figure, with beautiful features, clear blue eyes, and a complexion fresh as Hylas, when the enamored water-nymphs carried him away in their arms. He danced like a zephyr, and sang little airy French romanzas in the sweetest of tenor voices.

The one who turned pale was Pierre Berthoud, of Geneva. He had massy features, a bulky frame, and clumsy motions. But the shape of his head indicated powerful intellect, and his great dark eyes glowed from under the pent-house of his brows, like a forge at midnight. He played on the bass-viol and the trombone, and when he sang, the tones sounded as if they came up from deep iron mines.

Rosabella turned quickly away from their expressive glances, and blushing deeply resumed her spinning. The Frenchman felt certain the blush was for him; the Genevan thought he would willingly give his life to be sure it was for *him*. But unlike as the young men were in person and character, and both attracted toward the same lovely maiden, they were yet extremely friendly to each other, and usually found enjoyment in the harmonious contrast of their different gifts. The first feeling of estrangement that came between them was one evening, when Florien sang remarkably well, and Rosabella accompanied him on her guitar. She evidently enjoyed the graceful music with all her soul. Her countenance was more radiantly beautiful than usual, and when the fascinating singer rose {145} to go, she begged him to sing another favorite song, and then another and another. "She never urges *me* to sing with her," said Pierre, as he and Florien retired for the night. "And with very good reason," replied his friend, laughing. "Your stentorian tones would quite drown her weak sweet voice, and her light touch on the guitar. You might as well have a hammer-and-anvil accompaniment to a Canary bird." Seeing discontent in the countenance of his companion, he added soothingly, "Nay, my good friend, don't be offended by this playful comparison. Your voice is magnificently strong and beautifully correct, but it is made for grander things than those graceful little garlands of sound, which Rosabella and I weave so easily."

Pierre sprang up quickly, and went to the other side of the room. "Rosabella and I," were sounds that went hissing through his heart, like a red-hot arrow. But his manly efforts soon conquered the jealous feeling, and he said cheerfully, "Well, Florien, let us accept the offer of good Father Breguet. We will try our skill fairly and honorably, and leave him and Rosabella to decide, without knowing which is your work and which is mine."

Florien suppressed a rising smile; for he thought to himself, "*She* will know *my* workmanship, as easily as she could distinguish my fairy romanzas from your Samson solos." But he replied, right cordially, "Honestly and truly, Pierre, I think we are as mechanicians very nearly equal in skill. But {146} let us both tax our ingenuity to invent something which will best please Rosabella, Her birth-day comes in about six months. In honor of the occasion, I will make some ornaments for the little arbor facing the brook, where she loves to sit, in pleasant weather, and read to the good old grandfather."

"I will do the same," answered Pierre; "only let both our ornaments be machines." They clasped hands, and looking frankly into each other's eyes, ratified the agreement. From that hour, they spoke no more to each other on the subject till the long-anticipated day arrived. The old watch-maker and his grandchild were invited to the arbor, to pass judgment on the productions of his pupils. A screen was placed before a portion of the brook, and they sat quietly waiting for it to be removed. "That duck is of a singular color," exclaimed the young girl. "What a solemn looking fellow he is!" The bird, without paying any attention to her remarks, waddled into the water, drank, lifted up his bill to the sky, as if giving thanks for his refreshment, flapped his wings, floated to the edge of the brook, and waddled on the grass again. When Father Breguet threw some crumbs of cake on the ground, the duck picked them up with apparent satisfaction. He was about to scatter more crumbs, when Rosabella exclaimed, "Why, grandfather, this is not a duck! It is made of bronze. See how well it is done." {147}

The old man took it up and examined it. “Really, I do not think any thing could be more perfect than this,” he said. “How exquisitely the feathers are carved! and truly the creature seems alive. He who beats this must be a skilful mechanician.”

At these words, Pierre and Florien stepped forward, hand in hand, and bowing to their master, removed the temporary screen. On a black marble pedestal in the brook was seated a bronze Naiad, leaning on an overflowing vase. The figure was inexpressibly graceful; a silver star with brilliant points gleamed on her forehead, and in her hand she held a silver bell, beautifully inlaid with gold and steel. There was a smile about her mouth, and she leaned over, as if watching for something in a little cascade which flowed down a channel in the pedestal. Presently, she raised her hand and sounded the bell. A beautiful little gold fish obeyed the summons, and glided down the channel, his burnished sides glittering in the sun. Eleven times more she rang the bell, and each time the gold fish darted forth. It was exactly noon, and the water-nymph was a clock.

The watch-maker and his daughter were silent. It was so beautiful, that they could not easily find words to express their pleasure. “You need not speak, my master,” said Pierre, in a manly but sorrowful tone; “I myself decide in favor of Florien. The clock is his.”

“The interior workmanship is not yet examined,” rejoined his amiable competitor. “There is not {148} a better mechanician in all Switzerland, than Pierre Berthoud.”

“Ah, but you know how to invest equally good workmanship with grace and beauty,” replied the more heavily moulded Genevan.

“Study the Graces, my boy; make yourself familiar with models of beauty,” said old Antoine Breguet, laying a friendly hand upon the young man’s shoulder.

“I should but imitate, and he creates,” answered Pierre, despondingly; “and worst of all, my good master, I hate myself because I envy him.”

“But you have many and noble gifts, Pierre,” said Rosabella, gently. “You know how delightfully very different instruments combine in harmony. Grandfather says your workmanship will be far more durable than Florien’s. Perhaps you may both be his partners.”

“But which of us will be *thine*?” thought Pierre. He smothered a deep sigh, and only answered, “I thank you, Rosabella.”

Well aware that these envious feelings were unworthy of a noble soul, he contended with them bravely, and treated Florien even more cordially than usual. “I will follow our good master’s advice,” said he; “I will try to clothe my good machinery in forms of beauty. Let us both make a watch for Rosabella, and present it to her on her next birth-day. You will rival me, no doubt; for the {149} Graces threw their garlands on you when you were born.” “Bravo!” shouted Florien, laughing and clapping his hands. “The poetry is kindling up in your soul. I always told you that you would be a poet, if you could only express what was in you.”

“And your soul expresses itself *so* easily, *so* fluently!” said Pierre, with a sigh.

“Because my springs lie so near the surface, and yours have depths to come from,” replied his good-natured companion.

“The worst of it is, the cord is apt to break before I can draw up my weighty treasures,” rejoined Pierre, with a smile. “There is no help for it. There will always be the same difference between us, that there is in our names. I am a rock, and you are a flower. I might be hewed and chiselled into harmonious proportions; but you grow into beauty.”

“Then be a rock, and a magnificent one,” replied his friend, “and let the flower grow at your feet.”

“That sounds modestly and well,” answered Pierre; “but I wish to be a flower, because——”

“Because what?” inquired Florien, though he half guessed the secret, from his embarrassed manner.

“Because I think Rosabella likes flowers better than rocks,” replied Pierre, with uncommon quickness, as if the words gave him pain. {150}

On New Year’s day, the offerings, enclosed in one box, were presented by the good grandfather. The first was a golden apple, which opened and revealed on one side an exquisitely neat watch, surrounded by a garland tastefully wrought in rich damaskeening of steel and gold; on the other side was a rose intertwined with forget-me-nots, very perfectly done in mosaic. When the stem of the apple was turned, a favourite little tune of Rosabella’s sounded from within.

"This is surely Florien's," thought she; and she looked for the other gift with less interest. It was an elegant little gold watch, with a Persian landscape, a gazelle and birds of Paradise beautifully engraved on the back. When a spring was touched, the watch opened, a little circular plate of gold slid away, and up came a beautiful rose, round which a jewelled bee buzzed audibly. On the edge of the golden circle below were the words *Rosa bella* in ultramarine enamel. When another spring was touched, the rose went away, and the same melody that sounded from the heart of the golden apple seemed to be played by fairies on tinkling dew-drops. It paused a moment, and then struck up a lively dance. The circular plate again rolled away, and up sprung an inch-tall opera-dancer, with enamelled scarf, and a very small diamond on her brow. Leaping and whirling on an almost invisible thread of gold, she kept perfect time to the music, and turned her scarf most gracefully. Rosabella {151} drew a long breath, and a roseate tinge mantled her beautiful face, as she met her grandfather's gaze fixed lovingly upon her. She thought to herself, "There is no doubt now which is Florien's;" but she said aloud, "They are both very beautiful; are they not, dear grandfather? I am not worthy that so much pains should be taken to please me." The old man smiled upon her, and fondly patted the luxuriant brown hair, which shone like threads of amber in the sun. "Which dost thou think *most* beautiful?" said he.

She evaded the question, by asking, "Which do *you*?"

"I will tell thee when thou hast decided," answered he.

She twisted and untwisted the strings of her boddice, and said she was afraid she should not be impartial. "Why not?" he inquired. She looked down bashfully, and murmured, in a very low voice, "Because I can easily guess which is Florien's."

"Ah, ha," exclaimed the kind old man; and he playfully chucked her under the chin, as he added, "Then I suppose I shall offend thee when I give a verdict for the bee and the opera-dancer?"

She looked up blushing, and her large serious brown eyes had for a moment a comic expression, as she said, "I shall do the same."

Never were disciples of the beautiful placed in circumstances more favourable to the development of poetic souls. The cottage of Antoine Breguet was {152}

"In a glade,
Where the sun harbours; and one side of it
Listens to bees, another to a brook.
Lovers, that have just parted for the night,
Dream of such spots when they have said their prayers;
Or some tired parent, holding by the hand
A child, and walking toward the setting sun."

In the stillness of the night, they could hear the "rushing of the arrowy Rhone." From a neighbouring eminence could be seen the transparent Lake of Geneva, reflecting the deep blue heaven above. Mountains, in all fantastic forms, enclosed them round; now draped in heavy masses of sombre clouds, and now half revealed through sun-lighted vapour, like a veil of gold. The flowing silver of little waterfalls gleamed among the dark rocks. Grape-vines hung their rich festoons by the roadside, and the beautiful barberry bush embroidered their leaves with its scarlet clusters. They lived under the same roof with a guileless good old man, and with an innocent maiden, just merging into beautiful womanhood; and more than all, they were both under the influence of that great inspirer, Love.

Rosabella was so uniformly kind to both, that Pierre could never relinquish the hope that constant devotedness might in time win her affections for himself. Florien, having a more cheerful character, and more reliance on his own fascinations, was merely anxious that the lovely maiden should prefer his workmanship, as decidedly as she did his person and manners. Under this powerful {153} stimulus, in addition to the ambition excited by the old watch-maker's proposal, the competition between them was active and incessant. But the groundwork of their characters was so good, that all little heart-burnings of envy or jealousy were quickly checked by the predominance of generous and kindly sentiments.

One evening, Rosabella was reading to her grandfather a description of an albino squirrel. The pure white animal, with pink eyes and a feathery tail, pleased her fancy extremely, and she expressed a strong desire to see one. Pierre said nothing; but not long after, as they sat eating grapes after

dinner, a white squirrel leaped on the table, frisked from shoulder to shoulder, and at last sat up with a grape in its paws. Rosabella uttered an exclamation of delight. “Is it alive?” she said. “Do you not see that it is?” rejoined Pierre. “Call the dog, and see what he thinks about it.”

“We have so many things here, which are alive and yet not alive,” she replied, smiling.

Florien warmly praised the pretty automaton; but he was somewhat vexed that he himself did not think of making the graceful little animal for which the maiden had expressed a wish. Her pet Canary had died the day before, and his eye happened to rest on the empty cage hanging over the flower-stand. “I too will give her a pleasure,” thought he. A few weeks after, as they sat at breakfast, {154} sweet notes were heard from the cage, precisely the same the Canary used to sing; and, looking up, the astonished maiden saw him hopping about, nibbling at the sugar and pecking his feathers, as lively as ever. Florien smiled, and said, “Is it as much alive as Pierre’s squirrel?”

The approach of the next birth-day was watched with eager expectation; for even the old man began to feel keen pleasure in the competition, as if he had witnessed a race between fleet horses. Pierre, excited by the maiden’s declaration that she mistook his golden apple for Florien’s workmanship, produced a much more elegant specimen of art than he had ever before conceived. It was a barometer, supported by two knights in silver chain-armour, who went in when it rained, and came out when the sun shone. On the top of the barometer was a small silver basket, of exceedingly delicate workmanship, filled with such flowers as close in damp weather. When the knights retired, these flowers closed their enamelled petals, and when the knights returned, the flowers expanded.

Florien produced a silver chariot, with two spirited and finely proportioned horses. A revolving circle in the wheels showed on what day of the month occurred each day of the week, throughout the year. Each month was surmounted by its zodiacal sign, beautifully enamelled in green, crimson and gold. At ten o’clock the figure of a young girl, wearing Rosabella’s usual costume, and resembling {155} her in form and features, ascended slowly from behind the wheel, and at the same moment, the three Graces rose up in the chariot and held garlands over her. From the axle-tree emerged a young man, in Florien’s dress, and kneeling offered a rose to the maiden.

It was so beautiful as a whole, and so exquisitely finished in all its details, that Pierre clenched his fingers till the nails cut him, so hard did he try to conceal the bitterness of his disappointment at his own manifest inferiority. Could he have been an hour alone, all would have been well. But, as he stepped out on the piazza, followed by Florien, he saw him kiss his hand triumphantly to Rosabella, and she returned it with a modest but expressive glance. Unfortunately, he held in his hand a jewelled dagger, of Turkish workmanship, which Antoine Breguet had asked him to return to its case in the workshop. Stung with disappointed love and ambition, the tempestuous feelings so painfully restrained burst forth like a whirlwhind. Quick as a flash of lightning, he made a thrust at his graceful rival. Then frightened at what he had done, and full of horror at thoughts of Rosabella’s distress, he rushed into the road, and up the sides of the mountain, like a madman.

* * * * *

A year passed, and no one heard tidings of him. On the anniversary of Rosabella’s birth, the aged {156} grandsire sat alone, sunning his white locks at the open window, when Pierre Barthoud entered, pale and haggard. He was such a skeleton of his former self that his master did not recognize him, till he knelt at his feet, and said, “Forgive me, father. I am Pierre.”

The poor old man shook violently, and covered his face with trembling hands. “Ah, thou wretched one,” said he, “how darest thou come hither, with murder on thy soul?”

“Murder?” exclaimed Pierre, in a voice so terribly deep and distinct, that it seemed to freeze the feeble blood of him who listened. “Is he then dead? Did I kill the beautiful youth, whom I loved so much?” He fell forward on the floor, and the groan that came from his strong chest was like an earthquake tearing up trees by the roots.

Antoine Breguet was deeply moved, and the tears flowed fast over his furrowed face. “Rise, my son,” said he, “and make thy escape, lest they come to arrest thee.”

“Let them come,” replied Pierre, gloomily; “Why should I live?” Then raising his head from the floor, he said slowly, and with great fear, “Father, where is Rosabella?”

The old man covered his face, and sobbed out, “I shall never see her again! These old eyes will never again look on her blessed face.” Many minutes they remained thus, and when he repeated, “I shall never see her again!” the young man clasped his feet convulsively, and groaned in agony. {157}

At last the housekeeper came in; a woman whom Pierre had known and loved in boyhood. When her first surprise was over, she promised to conceal his arrival, and persuaded him to go to the garret and try to compose his too strongly excited feelings. In the course of the day she explained to him how Florien had died of his wound, and how Rosabella pined away in silent melancholy, often sitting at the spinning wheel with the suspended thread in her hand, as if unconscious where she was. During all that wretched night the young man could not close his eyes in sleep. Phantoms of the past flitted through his brain, and remorse gnawed at his heart-strings. In the deep stillness of midnight, he seemed to hear the voice of the bereaved old man sounding mournfully distinct, "I shall never see her again!" He prayed earnestly to die; but suddenly an idea flashed into his mind, and revived his desire to live. Full of his new project, he rose early and sought his good old master. Sinking on his knees he exclaimed, "Oh, my father, say that you forgive me! I implore you to give my guilty soul that one gleam of consolation. Believe me, I would sooner have died myself, than have killed him. But my passions were by nature so strong! Oh, God forgive me, they were *so* strong! How I have curbed them, He alone knows. Alas, that they should have burst the bounds in that one mad moment, {158} and destroyed the two I best loved on earth. Oh, father, *can* you say that you forgive me?"

With quivering voice he replied, "I do forgive you, and bless you, my poor son." He laid his hand affectionately on the thick matted hair, and added, "I too have need of forgiveness. I did very wrong thus to put two generous natures in rivalship with each other. A genuine love of beauty, for its own sake, is the only healthy stimulus to produce the beautiful. The spirit of competition took you out of your sphere, and placed you in a false position. In grand conceptions, and in works of durability and strength, you would always have excelled Florien, as much as he surpassed you in tastefulness and elegance. By striving to be what he was, you parted with your own gifts, without attaining to his. Every man in the natural sphere of his own talent, and all in harmony; this is the true order, my son; and I tempted you to violate it. In my foolish pride, I earnestly desired to have a world-renowned successor to the famous Antoine Breguet. I wanted that the old stand should be kept up in all its glory, and continue to rival all competitors. I thought you could super-add Florien's gifts to your own, and yet retain your own characteristic excellencies. Therefore, I stimulated your intellect and imagination to the utmost, without reflecting that your heart might break in the process. God forgive me; it was too severe a trial for poor human nature. And do thou, my son, forgive this {159} insane ambition; for severely has my pride been humbled."

Pierre could not speak, but he covered the wrinkled hands with kisses, and clasped his knees convulsively. At last he said, "Let me remain concealed here for a while. You *shall* see her again; only give me time." When he explained that he would make Rosabella's likeness, from memory, the sorrowing parent shook his head and sighed, as he answered, "Ah, my son, the soul in her eye, and the light grace of her motions, no art can restore."

But to Pierre's excited imagination there was henceforth only one object in life; and that was to re-produce Rosabella. In the keen conflict of competition, under the fiery stimulus of love and ambition, his strong impetuous soul had become machine-mad; and now overwhelming grief centered all his stormy energies on one object. Day by day, in the loneliness of his garret, he worked upon the image till he came to love it, almost as much as he had loved the maiden herself. Antoine Breguet readily supplied materials. From childhood he had been interested in all forms of mechanism; and this image, so intertwined with his affections, took strong hold of his imagination also. Nearly a year had passed away, when the housekeeper, who was in the secret, came to ask for Rosabella's hair, and the dress she usually wore. The old man gave her the keys, and wiped the {160} starting tears, as he turned silently away. A few days after, Pierre invited him to come and look upon his work. "Do not go too suddenly," he said; "prepare yourself for a shock; for indeed it is very like our lost one."

"I will go, I will go," replied the old man, eagerly. "Am I not accustomed to see all manner of automata and androides? Did I not myself make a flute-player, which performed sixteen tunes, to the admiration of all who heard him? And think you I am to be frightened by an image?"

"Not frightened, dear father," answered Pierre; "but I was afraid you might be overcome with emotion." He led him into the apartment, and said, "Shall I remove the veil now? Can you bear it, dear father?"

"I can," was the calm reply. But when the curtain was withdrawn, he started, and exclaimed, "Santa Maria! It *is* Rosabella! She *is* not dead!" He tottered forward, and kissed the cold lips and the cold hands, and tears rained on the bright brown hair, as he cried out, "My child! my child!"

When the tumult of feeling had subsided, the aged mourner kissed Pierre's hands, and said, "It is wonderfully like her, in every feature and every tint. It seems as if it would move and breathe."

"She *will* move and breathe," replied Pierre; "only give me time." {161}

His voice sounded so wildly, and his great deep-set eyes burned with such intense enthusiasm, that his friend was alarmed. They clasped each other's hands, and spoke more quietly of the beloved one. "This is all that remains to us, Pierre," said the old man. "We are alone in the world. You were a friendless orphan when you came to me: and I am childless."

With a passionate outburst of grief, the young man replied, "And it was I, my benefactor, who made you so. Wretch that I am!"

From that time the work went on with greater zeal than ever. Pierre often forgot to taste of food, so absorbed was he in the perfection of his machine. First, the arms moved obedient to his wishes, then the eyes turned, and the lips parted. Meanwhile, his own face grew thinner and paler, and his eyes glowed with a wilder fire.

Finally, it was whispered in the village that Pierre Berthoud was concealed in Antoine Breguet's cottage: and officers came to arrest him. But the venerable old watch-maker told the story so touchingly, and painted so strongly the young man's consuming agony of grief and remorse, and pleaded so earnestly that he might be allowed to finish a wonderful image of his beautiful grandchild, that they promised not to disturb him till the work was accomplished.

Two years from the day of Pierre's return, on the anniversary of the memorable birth-day, he {162} said. "Now, my father, I have done all that art *can* do. Come and see the beautiful one." He led him into the little room where Rosabella used to work. There she sat, spinning diligently. The beautifully formed bust rose and fell under her neat boddice. Her lips were parted, and her eyes followed the direction of the thread. But what made it seem more fearfully like life, was the fact that ever and anon the wheel rested, and the maiden held the suspended thread, with her eye-lids lowered, as if she were lost in thought. Above, the flower-stand, near by, hung the bird-cage, with Florien's artificial canary. The pretty little automaton had been silent long; but now its springs were set in motion, and it poured forth all its melodies.

The bereaved old man pressed Pierre's hand, and gazed upon his darling grand-child silently. He caused his arm-chair to be brought into the room, and ever after, while he retained his faculties, he refused to sit elsewhere.

The fame of this remarkable android soon spread through all the region round about. The citizens of Geneva united in an earnest petition that the artist might be excused from any penalty for the accidental murder he had committed. Members of the State Council came and looked at the breathing maiden, and touched the beautiful flesh, which seemed as if it would yield to their pressure. They saw the wild haggard artist, with lines of suffering cut so deeply in his youthful brow, {163} and they at once granted the prayer of the citizens.

But Pierre had nothing more to live for. His work in the world was done. The artificial energy, supplied by one absorbing idea was gone; and the contemplation of his own work was driving him to madness. It so closely resembled life that he longed more and more to have it live. The lustrous eyes moved, but they had no light from the soul, and they would not answer to his earnest gaze. The beautiful lips parted, but they never spoke kind words, as in days of yore. The image began to fill him with supernatural awe, yet he was continually drawn toward it by a magic influence. Three months after its completion, he was found at daylight, lying at its feet, stone dead.

Antoine Breguet survived him two years. During the first eighteen months, he was never willing to have the image of his lost darling out of sight. The latter part of the time, he often whistled to the bird, and talked to her, and seemed to imagine that she answered him. But with increasing imbecility, Rosabella was forgotten. He sometimes asked, "Who *is* that young woman?" At last he said, "Send her away. She looks at me."

The magic-lantern of departing memory then presented a phantom of his wife, dead long ago. He busied himself with making imaginary watches and rings for her, and held long conversations, as if she were present. Afterward, the wife was likewise forgotten, and he was occupied entirely with {164} his mother, and the scenes of early childhood. Finally he wept often, and repeated continually, "They are all waiting for me; and I want to go home." When he was little more than eighty years old, compassionate angels took the weary pilgrim in their arms, and carried him home. {165}

A SONG.

Hush! hush! Love lies at rest,
Like a bird in her nest,
Like dew in a lily's breast,
Love is sleeping.
Roses breathe fragrant sighs
Over his drowsy eyes,
But, ah, how still he lies!
Love is sleeping.

Drive the honey-bees away!
Let not the sun's bright ray
Over his features play!
Love is sleeping.
Lest his slumbers should fly,
Gentle Music draw nigh,
With your sweet lullaby!
Keep him sleeping!

Ha! his cheek grows warm
Under the magic charm,
And he moves his white arm!
Love is dreaming,
His little limbs shiver,
His soft eye-lids quiver,
Like rays on a river:
Love is waking.

{166}

UTOUCH AND TOUCHU.

"Nothing left
But what *you* touch, and not what *touches you*."
LEIGH HUNT.

"Thou hast the fairy coin, which, in wrong hands
Is merely stones and leaves;—in thine, true gold."
J. R. LOWELL.

IT was a bright autumnal day, when two boys went forth to gather nuts. One was keen-eyed and self-important in his gait. The other had mild, deep eyes, and his motions were like flowers swaying to a gentle breeze. Alfred, the keen-eyed, mounted the tree and shook it. "I should like to own a dozen such trees," said he, "and have all the nuts to myself."

"Oh, see how beautifully the setting sun shines slanting through the boughs, on the trunk, and branches! It glows like gold!" exclaimed Ernest.

"If the sun were like old Midas, that we read about at school, there would be some fun in it," replied Alfred; "for if it turned all it touched into gold, I could peel off the bark and buy a horse with it."

{167}

Ernest gazed silently at the golden sea of clouds in the west, and then at the warm gleams it cast on the old walnut tree. He stood thus but a moment; for his companion aimed a nut at his head, and shouted, "Make haste to fill the basket, you lazy fellow!"

The nuts were soon gathered, and the boys stretched themselves on the grass, talking over school affairs. A flock of birds flew over their heads towards the south. "They are flying away from winter,"

said Ernest. “How I should like to go with them where the palms and cocoas grow! See how beautifully they skim along the air!”

“I wish I had a gun,” rejoined Alfred; “I would have some of them for supper.”

It was a mild autumnal twilight. The cows had gone from the pastures, and all was still, save the monotonous noise of the crickets. The fitful whistling of the boys gradually subsided into dreamy silence. As they lay thus, winking drowsily, Ernest saw a queer little dwarf peep from under an arching root of the walnut tree. His little dots of blue eyes looked cold and opaque, as if they were made of turquoise. His hands were like the claws of a bird. But he was surely a gentleman of property and standing, for his brown velvet vest was embroidered with gold, and a diamond fastened his hat-band. While Ernest wondered who he could be, his attention was attracted by a bright little vision hovering in the air before him. At first, he thought it was a large insect, or a small bird; but as {168} it floated ever nearer and nearer, he perceived a lovely little face, with tender, luminous eyes. Her robe seemed like soap-bubbles glancing in the sun, and in her bonnet, made of an inverted White Petunia blossom, the little ringlets shone like finest threads of gold. The stamen of a White Lily served her for a wand, and she held it towards him, saying, in tones of soft beseechment, “*Let* me touch your eyes!”

“You had better touch *my* wand. You will find it much more to the purpose,” croaked the dwarf under the walnut root. “Look here! wouldn’t you like to have this?” and he shook a purse full of coins, as he spoke.

“I don’t like your cold eyes and your skinny fingers,” replied Ernest. “Pray, who *are* you?”

“My name is Utouch,” answered the gnome: “and I bring great luck wherever I go.”

“And what is your name, dear little spirit of the air?” asked Ernest.

She looked lovingly into his eyes, and answered, “My name is Touchu. Shall I be your friend for life?”

He smiled, and eagerly replied, “Oh yes! oh yes! your face is so full of love!”

She descended gracefully, and touched his eyes with her Lily-stamen. The air became redolent with delicate perfume, like fragrant Violets kissed by the soft south wind. A rainbow arched the {169} heavens, and reflected its beautiful image on a mirror of mist. The old tree reached forth friendly arms, and cradled the sunbeams on its bosom. Flowers seemed to nod and smile at Ernest, as if they knew him very well, and the little birds sang into his inmost soul. Presently, he felt that he was rising slowly, and undulating on the air, like a winged seed when it is breathed upon; and away he sailed, on fleecy clouds, under the arch of the rainbow. A mocking laugh roused him from his trance, and he heard Utouch, the gnome, exclaim jeeringly, “There he goes on a voyage to one of his air-castles in the moon!” Then he felt himself falling through the air, and all at once he was on the ground. Birds, flowers, rainbows, all were gone. Twilight had deepened into dreary evening; winds sighed through the trees, and the crickets kept up their mournful creaking tones. Ernest was afraid to be all alone. He felt round for his companion, and shook him by the arm, exclaiming, “Alfred! Alfred, wake up! I have had a wonderful fine dream here on the grass.”

“So have I,” replied Alfred, rubbing his eyes. “Why need you wake me just as the old fellow was dropping a purse full of money into my hand?”

“What old fellow?” inquired Ernest.

“He called himself Utouch,” answered Alfred, “and he promised to be my constant companion. I hope he will keep his word; for I like an old chap that drops a purse of gold into my hand when I ask {170} for it.”

“Why, I dreamed of that same old fellow,” said Ernest, “but I didn’t like his looks.”

“Perhaps he didn’t show you the full purse?” said Alfred.

“Yes, he did,” replied Ernest; “but I felt such a love for the little fairy with tender eyes and heart-melting voice, that I choose *her* for my life-friend. And oh, she made the earth *so* beautiful!”

His companion laughed and said, “I dreamed of her, too. So you have preferred that floating soap-bubble, did you? I should have guessed as much. But come, help me carry the nuts home, for I am hungry for my supper.”

* * * * *

Years passed, and the boys were men. Ernest sat writing in a small chamber, that looked toward the setting sun. His little child had hung a prismatic chandelier-drop on the window, and he wrote amid the rainbows that it cast over his paper. In a simple vase on his desk stood a stalk of blossoms

from the brilliant wild flower, called the Cardinal. Unseen by him, the fairy Touchu circled round his head and waved her Lily-stamen, from which the fine gold-coloured dust fell on his hair in a fragrant shower. In the greensward below, two beautiful yellow birds sat among the catnip-blossoms, picking the seed, while they rocked gracefully on the wind-stirred plant. Ernest smiled as he said to himself, {171} "Gone are the dandelion blossoms, which strewed my grass-carpet with golden stars; and now come these winged flowers to refresh the eye. When *they* are gone to warmer climes, then will the yellow butterflies come in pairs; and when even they are gone, here in my oboë sleep the soft yellow tones, ever ready to wake and cheer me with their child-like gladness."

He took up the instrument as he spoke, and played a slight flourish. A little bird that nestled among the leaves of a cherry tree near by, caught the tones of the oboë and mocked it with a joyous trill, a little sunny shower of sound. Then sprang the poet to his feet, and his countenance lighted up like a transfigured one. But a slight cloud soon floated over that radiant expression. "Ah, if thou only wert not afraid of me!" he said. "If thou wouldst come, dear little warbler, and perch on my oboë, and sing a duet with me, how happy I should be! Why are man and nature thus sundered?"

Another little bird in the Althea bush, answered him in low sweet notes, ending ever with the plaintive cadence of the minor-third. The deep, tender eyes of the child-man filled with tears. "We are *not* sundered," thought he. "Surely my heart is in harmony with Nature; for she responds to my inmost thought, as one instrument vibrates the tones of another to which it is perfectly attuned. Blessed, blessed is nature in her soothing power." As he spoke, Touchu came floating on a zephyr, and poured over him the fragrance of mignonette she had gathered from the garden below. {172}

* * * * *

At the same hour, Alfred walked in his conservatory among groves of fragrant Geraniums and richly-flowering Cactuses. He smoked a cigar, and glanced listlessly from his embroidered slippers to the marble pavement without taking notice of the costly flowers. The gardener, who was watering a group of Japonicas, remarked, "This is a fine specimen that has opened to-day. Will you have the goodness to look at it, sir?" He paused in his walk a moment, and looked at a pure white blossom, with the faintest roseate blush in the centre. "It *ought* to be handsome," said he. "The *price* was high enough. But after all the money I have expended, horticulturists declare that Mr. Duncan's Japonicas excel mine. It's provoking to be outdone." The old gnome stood behind one of the plants, and shrugged his shoulders and grinned. Without perceiving his presence, Alfred muttered to himself, "Utouch promised my flowers should be unequalled in rarity and beauty."

"That was last year," croaked a small voice, which he at once recognized.

"Last year!" retorted Alfred, mocking his tone. "Am I then to be always *toiling* after what I never *keep*? That's precious comfort, you provoking imp!"

A retreating laugh was heard under the pavement, as the rich man threw his cigar away, {173} exclaiming impatiently, "The devil take the Japonicas! what do I care? they're not worth fretting about."

* * * * *

Weeks passed and brought the returning seventh day of rest. The little child, who caused homemade rainbows to flicker over the father's poem, lay very ill, and the anxious parents feared that this beautiful vision of innocence might soon pass away from the earth. The shadows of a Madeira-vine now and then waved across the window, and the chamber was filled with the delicate perfume of its blossoms. No sound broke the Sabbath stillness, except the little bird in the Althea bush, whose tones were sad as the voice of memory. The child heard it, and sighed unconsciously, as he put his little feverish hand within his mother's, and said, "Please sing me a hymn, dear mother." With a soft, clear voice, subdued by her depth of feeling, she sang Schubert's Ave Maria. Manifold and wonderful are the intertwining influences in the world of spirits! What was it that touched the little bird's heart, and uttered itself in such plaintive cadences? They made the child sigh for a hymn; and bird and child together woke Schubert's prayerful echoes in the mother's bosom. And now from the soul of the composer in that far-off German land, the spirit of devotion comes to the father, wafted on the wings of that beautiful music. Ernest bowed his head reverently, and sank kneeling by {174} the bed-side. While he listened thus, Touchu glided softly into his bosom and laid her wand upon his heart. When the sweet beseeching melody had ceased, Ernest pressed the hand of the singer to his lip, and remained awhile in silence. Then the strong necessity of supplication came over him, and he poured forth an ardent prayer. With fervid eloquence, he implored for themselves an humble and resigned spirit, and for their little one, that, living or dying, good angels might ever carry him in their

protecting arms. As they rose up, his wife leaned her head upon his shoulder, and with tearful eyes whispered:

"God help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we *pray*."

* * * * * * *

That same morning, Alfred rode to church in his carriage, and a servant waited with the horses, till he had performed his periodical routine of worship. Many-coloured hues from the richly-stained windows of the church glanced on wall and pillar, and imparted to silk and broadcloth the metallic lustre of a peacock's plumage. Gorgeous in crimson mantle, with a topaz glory round his head, shone the meek son of Joseph the carpenter; and his humble fishermen of Galilee were refulgent in robes of purple and gold. The fine haze of dust, on which the sunbeams fell, gleamed with a quivering {175} prismatic reflection of their splendour. From the choir descended the heavenly tones of Schubert's Ave Maria. They flowed into Alfred's ear, but no Touchu was with him to lay her wand upon his heart. To a visitor, who sat in his cushioned pew, he whispered that they paid the highest price for their music, and had the best that money could command. The sermon urged the necessity of providing some religious instruction for the poor; for otherwise there could be no security to property against robbery and fire. Alfred resolved within himself to get up a subscription immediately for that purpose, and to give twice as much as Mr. Duncan, whatever the sum might be. Utouch, who had secretly suggested the thing to him, turned somersaults on the gilded prayer-book, and twisted diabolical grimaces. But Alfred did not see him; nor did he hear a laugh under the carriage, when, as they rolled home, he said to his wife, "My dear, why didn't you wear your embroidered shawl? I told you we were to have strangers in the pew. In so handsome a church, people expect to see the congregation elegantly dressed, you know."

But though Utouch was a mocking spirit, Alfred could not complain that he had been untrue to his bargain. He had promised to bestow any thing he craved from his kingdom of the outward. He had asked for honour in the church, influence at the exchange, a rich handsome wife, and superb horses. He had them all. Whose fault was it, that he was continually looking round anxiously to {176} observe whether *others* had more of the goods he coveted? He had wished for a luxurious table, and it stood covered with the rarest dainties of the world. But with a constrained smile he said to his guests, "Is it not provoking to be surrounded with luxuries I cannot eat? That pie-crust would torment my sleep with a legion of nightmares. It is true, I do not crave it much; for I sit at a loaded table 'half-famished for an appetite,' as the witty Madame de Sevigné used to say. Again and again, he asked himself, why all the fruit that seemed so ripe and tempting on the outside was always dry and dusty within. And if he was puzzled to understand why he *seemed* to have all things, and yet really *had* nothing, still more was he puzzled to explain how Ernest *seemed* to have so little, and yet in reality possessed *all* things. One evening, at a concert, he happened to sit near Ernest and his wife, while they listened to the beautiful Symphony by Spohr, called the Consecration of the Tones. Delighted as children were they, when they began to hear the winds murmur through the music, the insects pipe, and one little bird after another chirp his notes of gladness. How expressively they looked at each other, during the tender lulling Cradle-Song! and how the expression of their faces brightened and softened, as the enchanting tones passed through the lively allegro of the Dance, into the exquisite melody of the Serenade! But when Cradle-Song, Dance, and Serenade all moved {177} forward together in delightful harmony, a three-fold chord of lovely melodies, the transparent countenance of Ernest became luminous with his inward joy. It was evident that Touchu had again laid her thrilling wand upon his heart.

"How the deuce does he contrive always to delight himself?" thought Alfred. "I wonder whether the music really *is* any thing uncommon."

In order to ascertain, he turned from Ernest to watch the countenance of a musical critic near by; one of those unfortunate men, who enjoy music as the proof-reader enjoys the poetry he corrects in a printing-office. How can a beautiful metaphor please him, while he sees a comma topsy-turvy, or a period out of place? How can he be charmed by the melodious flow of the verse, while he is dotting an i, or looking out for an inverted s? The critic seemed less attentive to his business than the proof-reader; for he was looking round and whispering, apparently unconscious that sweet sounds filled the air. Nevertheless, Utouch whispered to Alfred that the critic was the man to inform him whether he *ought* to be delighted with the music, or not. So, at the close of the Symphony, he spoke to him,

and took occasion to say, "I invited a French amateur to come here this evening, in hopes he would receive a favourable impression of the state of music in America. You are an excellent judge of such matters. Do you think he will be satisfied with the performance?" {178}

"He may be *pleased*, sir, but not *satisfied*," replied the critic. "The composition is a very fine one, but he has doubtless heard it in Paris; and until you have heard a French orchestra, sir, you can have no conception of music. Their accuracy in rhythmical time, amounts to absolute perfection."

"And do you think the orchestra have played well to-night?"

"Tolerably well, sir. But in the Cradle-Song the clarionet lagged a little, once or twice; and the effect of the Serenade was injured, because the violoncello was tuned one-sixteenth of a note too low."

Alfred bowed, and went away congratulating himself that he had not been more delighted than was proper.

The alleged impossibility of having any conception of music unless he went to Europe, renewed a wish he had long indulged. He closed his magnificent house, and went forth to make the fashionable tour. Ernest was a painter, as well as a poet; and it chanced that they met in Italy. Alfred seemed glad to see the friend of his childhood; but he soon turned from cheerful things, to tell how vexed he was about a statue he had purchased. "I gave a great price for it," said he, "thinking it was a real antique; but good judges now assure me that it is a modern work. It is so annoying to waste one's money!" {179}

"But if it be really beautiful, and pleases you, the money is *not* wasted," replied Ernest; "though it certainly is not agreeable to be cheated. Look at this ivory head to my cane! It is a bust of Hebe, which I bought for a trifle, yesterday. But small as is the market value, its beauty is a perpetual delight to me. If it be not an antique, it deserves to be. It troubles me that I cannot find the artist, and pay him more than I gave for it. Perhaps he is poor, and has not yet made a name for himself; but whoever he may be, a spark of the divine fire is certainly in him. Observe the beautiful swell of the breast, and the graceful turn of the head!"

"Yes, it is a pretty thing," rejoined Alfred, half contemptously. "But I am too much vexed with that knave who sold me the statue, to go into raptures about the head of a cane just now. What makes it more provoking is, that Mr. Duncan purchased a *real* antique last year, for less money than I threw away on this modern thing."

Having in vain tried to impart his own sunny humour, Ernest bade him adieu, and returned to his humble lodgings, out of the city. As he lingered in the orange-groves, listening to the nightingales, he thought to himself, "I wish that charming little fairy, who came to me in my boyish dream, would touch Alfred with her wand; for the purse the old gnome gave him seems to bring him little joy." He happened to look up at the moment, and there, close by his hand, was Touchu balancing herself tip-toe on an orange-bud. She had the same luminous, loving eyes, the same prismatic robe, and the same sunny gleam on her hair. She smiled as she said, "Then you do not repent your early choice, though I could not give you a purse full of money?" {180}

"Oh, no indeed," replied he. "Thou hast been the brightest blessing of my life."

She kissed his eyes, and, waving her wand over him, said affectionately, "Take then the best gift I have to offer. When thou art an old man, thou shalt still remain, to the last, a simple, happy child." {181}

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

But show me, on thy flowery breast,
Earth, where thy *nameless* martyrs rest!
The thousands, who, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days.

MRS. HEMANS.

"HURRA!" exclaimed John Golding to his sister Esther. "See what Mr. Brown has bought with Biddy's eggs!"

The boy's eyes sparkled, and his hands trembled with delight, while Esther's more serious countenance lighted up with a quick smile.

The treasure John exhibited with such exultation, was a worn copy of Goldsmith's Manners and Customs. The title-page declared that it was *adorned* with plates; but readers accustomed to the present more beautiful style of publishing would have been slow to admit that the straight, lank figures, daubed with engraver's ink, were any ornament to the volumes. To the unpractised eyes of John and his sister, they were, however, gems of Art; and the manner in which they were obtained greatly increased their value. The children had received a cake and two little chickens from a {182} neighbour, in payment for picking cranberries. Never did chickens give rise to such extensive speculations; not even the imaginary brood of the famous milk-maid. The chickens would become hens, and the hens would lay eggs, and Mr. Brown, who drove the market-wagon, would sell the eggs, and there were ever so many books in Boston, and who could guess what wonderful stories they would buy with their eggs? The vision was realized in due time. The chickens did become hens, and laid eggs; and Mr. Brown listened good-naturedly to John's request to sell them and buy "a book, that had pictures in it, and told about countries a way off." Goldsmith's Manners and Customs came as the fruit of these instructions, and was hailed with an outburst of joy.

Most boys would have chosen to buy marbles or a drum; but John's earliest passion had been for a book. The subtle influences which organize temperaments and produce character, are not easily traced. His intellectual activity certainly was not derived from either of his parents; for they were mere healthy sluggish animals. But there was a tradition in the neighbourhood, that his maternal grandmother was "an extraordinary woman in her day; that few folks knew so much as she did; and if her husband had been half as smart and calculating, they would have been very fore-handed people!" {183}

The children of the "extraordinary woman" inherited her husband's inert temperament, but her own energetic character re-appeared in her grandchildren; and they had the good fortune to be born in New England where the moral atmosphere stimulates intellect, and the stream of knowledge flows free and full to all the people. Esther was as eager for information, as her more vivacious brother; and though, as a woman, her pathway of life was more obstructed, and all its growth more stinted, she helped to lead him into broader avenues than she herself was allowed to enter. Being two years older than he, it was her delight to teach him the alphabet, as soon as he could speak; and great was her satisfaction when he knew all the letters in her little, old primer, and could recite the couplet that belonged to each. They conveyed no very distinct idea to his mind, but Esther's praise made him very vain of this accomplishment. A dozen times a day, he shouted the whole twenty-four, all in a row, and was quite out of breath when he arrived at:

"Zaccheus he
Did climb a tree,
His Lord to see!"

The mother, who was a kindly but dull woman, took little interest in their childish scrambling after literature; but she sent them to the town-school, for the sake of having them out of the way; and she was somewhat proud that her children could "read joining-hand," as she called it, earlier than {184} neighbours of the same age. One day, when the minister of the village called, she told John to bring his book about Manners and Customs, and let the minister hear how well they could read. The good old man was much pleased with the bright boy and his intelligent, motherly sister. When their mother told him the story of the eggs, he patted them on the head and said: "That's right, my children. You can't be too fond of your books. They are the best friends in the world. If you ask them, they will tell you about every thing!" This remark, uttered in a very serious tone, made a deep impression. That evening, as brother and sister sat on the door-step, eating their supper of bread and milk, the sun set bright and clear after a transient shower, and a beautiful rainbow arched the entire heavens. "Oh, Esther, look at that pretty rainbow!" exclaimed John. "Ah, see! see! now there are two of 'em!" He gazed at the beautiful phenomenon with all his soul in his eyes, and added: "As soon as we have eggs enough, we will get Mr. Brown to buy a book that tells how rainbows are made, and where they come from." Esther replied, that she did wish the hens would lay three eggs a day.

When the market-man was commissioned to purchase another volume, he declared himself unable to find one that told where rainbows came from. In lieu thereof, he brought Bruce's Travels; and an unfailing source of entertainment it proved. Thus month by month their little library {185} increased, and their intellectual craving grew fast by the food it fed on. They gathered berries, picked chips, ran on errands, rose early, and worked late, to accumulate sixpences.

When this is done merely to obtain animal indulgences, or for the sake of possessing more than others, there is something degrading in the servile process; but when the object is pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, all creeping things become winged. Beautiful it is to see human souls thus struggling with poverty and toil, sustained only by those ministering angels, Hope and Faith! Those who have life enough to struggle thus, are all the stronger for the contest. For the vigorous intellect it is better to be so placed than to be born in palaces. Jean Paul says truly: "Wealth bears far heavier on talent than poverty. Under gold mountains and thrones, who knows how many a spiritual giant may lie crushed down and buried?"

Esther and her brother were troubled with no ambitious conjectures whether or not they could ever become spiritual giants; they simply felt that the acquisition of knowledge was present delight. They thought little of hats and shoes, till father and mother said these must be bought with a portion of their wages; but after that, they were doubly careful of their hats, and often carried their shoes in their hands. Thus were they, in their unconscious earnestness, living according to laws which highest {186} reason would prescribe for the whole social fabric. They worked industriously at manual labor, but always with a spiritual end in view; and that spiritual end was their own chosen recreation. They practised the most careful economy, but it was neither mean nor painful, because it was for a noble use, not for the mere sake of accumulation.

Though the poor parents were obliged to appropriate a portion of the children's juvenile earnings, there was one little fund that was entirely their own. The two chickens had a progeny of chickens, and these, in process of time, likewise laid eggs. John picked up every stray grain of oats he could find, because he had heard it was a good kind of food to increase eggs; and busy little Esther saved all the oyster shells she could find, to pound for the hens in winter, when there was no gravel to furnish material for the shells. The cackling of a hen was to them an important event. Esther smiled at her knitting as she heard it, and John, as he plucked the weeds, raised up his head to listen. Hens have been often laughed at for proclaiming all abroad that another egg is in the world; but John's brood had a right to crow over their mission. Cackle away to thy heart's content, thou brown little feather-top! Never mind their jibes and jeers! Thy human superiors often become world-famous by simply obeying an impulse, which, unconsciously to themselves, evolves extensive and {187} progressive good; and thou art not the first prattling egotist, who has worked for far higher results than he had the ability to comprehend. Let him who laughs at thy cackling, measure, if he can, what share thy new-laid egg may have in changing the destiny of man! It will aid in the culture of a human soul. It will help to develop and stimulate individual thought. And if generously aimed and fearlessly uttered, may not that individual thought pervade and modify the entire opinion of society? And is not law the mere record of aggregate opinion?

Truly the cackling hen brought no such thoughts to simple Esther and her brother John. To them it merely announced that another egg was laid, and thereby another cent gained toward the purchase of a new book. They talked the stories over by the light of the moon, or recited to each other favorite passages from Burns and Bloomfield. When the field-labourers took their noon-day rest, you would be sure to find John hidden away in the shade of a haystack, devouring a book. His zeal attracted the minister's attention, and he often stopped to talk with him. One day, he said to the mother, "This boy will make something extraordinary. He must get an education. He must go to college, ma'am."

"Bless my heart, I might as well think of sending him to the moon!" she replied. {188}

But Esther heard it with a quick blush of pleasure and pride; and henceforth the one absorbing thought of her life was how to assist in sending John to college. Busily she calculated how much could be earned in two years by knitting, and binding shoes, and braiding straw. John listened with rapture to her plans, but his triumph was checked midway by the recollection that his sister could not go to college with him. "Why, Esther, you have always been my teacher," he said. "You learn faster than I do, and you remember better. Why don't *women* go to college?"

"They couldn't be lawyers, and ministers, and judges, if they *did*," answered Esther.

"Why not?" said John.

Esther's knowledge and reflection on the subject stopped there, and she simply replied that women never *had* done such things.

"Why, yes, they have," said John. "The Bible says that Deborah was a judge; and Queen Elizabeth was more than a judge; and we read the other day that Isabella of Spain knew how to direct an army, and govern the state, better than her husband, King Ferdinand. I am sure I don't see why women *shouldn't* go to college."

The boy, in the eagerness of brotherly love, had started ideas which he was too ignorant to follow. But in his simple question lies the germ of thoughts that will revolutionize the world. For as surely as there is a God of harmony in the universe, so surely will woman one day become the {189} acknowledged equal and co-worker of man, in *every* department of life; and yet be more truly gentle and affectionate than she now is.

But Esther was too young to reflect on such matters. She loved her brother, and she wanted him to go to college; and with unquestioning diligence she applied her faculties to the purpose, in every way that was left open for her. She scarcely allowed herself time to eat and sleep, and grudged herself every article of apparel, so zealous was her sisterly love. Poor girl! there was no one to teach her the physical laws, and she knew not that toiling thus perpetually, without exercise for the body, or recreation for the mind, was slow suicide. Month after month she laboured, and seldom spoke of pains in her side, and confused feelings in her head. Even her favourite luxury of reading was almost entirely relinquished; and John had little leisure to read to her such books as were entertaining. The minister had offered to hear him recite Latin and Greek once a week, and he was too busy with the classics, to have time for Voyages and Travels. He often repeated his lessons to his sister, and from his bald translations she here and there gleaned a few ideas; but this kind of mental effort was little profitable, and less enlivening. Blessed Nature stood ever ready to refresh and strengthen her. The golden dandelion blossoms smiled brightly in her face, and the trees stretched their friendly arms {190} over her in blessing; but she had no time to listen to their kind voices. It would have been difficult to lure her aside from her arduous path, even if she had known that it would lead to an open tomb.

When an object is pursued with such concentrated aim and persevering effort, it is almost always attained. John taught school in the winters, and worked at whatever his hand could find to do in the summers. Esther hoarded all her earnings, to add to the Education Fund, as they called it: and their good friend the minister borrowed a hundred dollars for them, to be repaid according to their own convenience. At last, the darling hope of many years was realized. John went to college, and soon ranked among the best scholars of his class. His sister still toiled, that he might have a sufficiency of books and clothing. He studied hard, and taught school during college vacations, and returned home at the end of four years, attenuated almost to a skeleton.

The new milk and cheese-whey, the breath of the cows, and the verdure of the fields, refreshed him, and in some degree restored his exhausted strength. But now he was fretted with the question, what to do with the education he had acquired with so much hardship. An additional expenditure of time and money was required to fit him for either of the professions. He was not stimulated by any strong preference for either of them, and his generous soul resisted the idea of taxing his sister's {191} strength any further for his own advantage. The old question of his boyhood returned with additional force. Why should she, with her noble nature and admirable faculties, be forever penned up within the small routine of petty cares, and mere mechanical efforts? Why should she not share his destiny, and enjoy with him a more expansive atmosphere for soul and body? To this end he resolved to labour. He would earn money by the readiest means that offered, and devote his earnings to her improvement. But Esther said, "If you educate me, dear John, what can I *do* with my education? I can do nothing but teach school; and for that I am sure my health is not adequate. The doctor says I must take as much exercise as possible."

"The doctor!" exclaimed John. "Why, Esther, you never told me you had been ill enough to consult a physician."

"It is merely a slight difficulty in my lungs," she replied. "I am going to spin on the great wheel this winter; and I think that will cure me. Do not trouble your kind heart about me, my dear John. While I have any health and strength, I will never consent to be a burden upon you, however much you may urge it. I do not believe that sisters ought to depend on brothers for support. I am sure it is far better for the characters of women to rely on their own energies. But sometimes I think we have {192} not a fair chance in the world. I often wish, as you do, that it was easy for us to obtain a more liberal education, and customary to use that education in a freer scope for all our faculties. But never mind, dear brother, the door of *your* cage is open, and the world is all before you. Go where you will, I know you will never forget the sister, who loves you so dearly. You are destined to go far ahead of me in life; but your good heart will never allow you to be ashamed of your poor untutored Esther."

John folded her close to his heart, and turned away to hide the gathering tears. He was more than ever desirous to do something for the high culture of that generous and affectionate soul. The way to earn a moderate income was soon opened to him. The widowed sister of one of the college professors wanted a private tutor for her sons; and John Golding was recommended by her brother.

Here he came in contact, for the first time, with the outward refinements of life. Charming music, harmonious colours, elegant furniture, and, above all, the daily conversation of a cultivated woman, breathed their gentle and refining influences over his strong and honest soul. At first, he was shy and awkward, but the kindly atmosphere around him, gradually unfolded the sleeping flower-buds within, and without thinking of the process, the scholar became a gentleman. By careful economy, he repaid Esther the sums she had advanced for his education; but the question was forever renewed {193} how he should manage to have her share his advantages, without sacrificing her noble spirit of independence. His visits to the old homestead reminded him, sometimes a little painfully, that he was leaving his family far behind him in the career of knowledge and refinement. His father chewed tobacco, without much regard to cleanliness. His kind old mother *would* cut the butter with the same knife she had used in eating. She had done so all her life, but he had never before noticed it, and it vexed him to the heart to find himself so much annoyed by it now. His serious, gentle sister, was endowed with an unusual degree of natural refinement, which is usually a better teacher of manners, than mere conventional politeness. But once, when he brought home one of his pupils, she came out to meet them dressed in a new gown, of dingy blue and brick-red, with figures large enough for bed-curtains. He blushed, and was for a moment ashamed of her; then he reproached himself that his darling Esther could seem to him in any respect vulgar. The next week he sent her a dress of delicate material and quiet colours, and she had tact enough to perceive, that this was a silent mode of improving her taste.

The most painful thing connected with his own superior culture was the spiritual distance it produced between him and his honest parents. Their relative positions were reversed. Father and mother looked up with wondering deference to their children. Like hens that have hatched ducks, {194} they knew not what to make of their progeny, thus launching out on a fluid element, which they had never tried. But he perceived the distance between them far more clearly than they could. He could receive the whole of *their* thought, but was constantly obliged to check the utterance of his own, from a consciousness that allusions the most common to him, would be quite unintelligible to them. “The butterfly may remember the grub, but the grub has no knowledge of the butterfly.” With Esther he had unalloyed pleasure of companionship; for though ignorant of the world, and deficient in culture, she was an intelligent listener, and it charmed him to see her grow continually under the influence of the sunshine he could bring to her. How he loved to teach her! How he longed to prove his gratitude by the consecration of all his faculties and means to her use!

In little more than a year after he left college, a delightful change came over his prospects. A brother of the widow in whose family he had been tutor, was appointed ambassador to Spain, and through her influence he selected John Golding for his private secretary. Esther, true to her unselfish nature, urged him by all means to accept the offer. “When you were a little boy,” said she, “you were always eager to know about countries a great way off. But we little thought then that our cackling {195} hens would ever bring you such a golden opportunity.”

John’s satisfaction would have been complete, if he could have taken Esther with him to that balmy clime. But she had many objections to offer. She said her rustic manners unfitted her for the elegant circles in which he would move; and he replied that she would catch the tone of polished society far more readily than he could. She reminded him that their parents needed his assistance to repair the old dilapidated homestead, and to purchase cows; and that he had promised to devote to their use the first money he could spare. He sighed, and made no answer; for he felt that his pecuniary resources were altogether inadequate to his generous wishes. Again the question returned, “Why cannot women go abroad, and earn their own way in the world, as well as men?” The coming ages answered him, but he did not hear the prophecy.

At last the hour of parting came. Painful it was to both, but far more painful to Esther. The young man went forth to seek novelty and adventure; the young woman remained alone, in the dull monotony of an uneventful life. And more than this, she felt a mournful certainty that she should never behold her darling brother again, while he was cheered by hopes of a happy reunion, and was forever building the most romantic “castles in Spain.” She never told him how very ill she was; and {196} he thought her interrupted breath was caused merely by the choking emotions of an over-charged heart.

He deposited with a friend more money than he could have prevailed upon her to accept, and made a choice collection of books and engravings, to cheer her during his absence. To the last moment, he spoke of coming for her next year, and carrying her to the sunny hills of Spain. With a faint smile she promised to learn Spanish, that she might be able to talk with her brother Don

Scolardo; and so with mutual struggle to suppress their tears, the brother and sister, who had gone so lovingly, hand in hand, over the rough paths of life, parted just where the glancing summit of his hopes rose bright before him.

A letter written on board ship was full of cheerful visions of the quiet literary home they would enjoy together in the coming years. The next letter announced his arrival in Spain. Oh, the romantic old castles, the picturesque mills, the rich vineyards, the glowing oranges, the great swelling bunches of grapes! He was half wild with enthusiasm, and seemed to have no annoyance, except the fact that he could not speak modern languages. “I ought not,” said he, “to complain of the college-education for which we toiled so hard, and which has certainly opened for me the closed gateway of a far nobler life than I could probably have entered by any other means. But after all, dear Esther, much of {197} my time and money was spent for what I cannot bring into use, and shall therefore soon for get. Even my Latin was not taught me in a way that enables me to talk freely with the learned foreigners I meet. By the light of my present experience, I can certainly devise a better plan of education for my son, if I ever have one. Meanwhile, dear sister, do not work too hard; and pray study French and Spanish with all diligence; for laugh as thou wilt at my ‘castles in Spain,’ I will surely come and bring thee here. Think of the golden oranges and great luscious grapes, which thou wilt never see in their beauty, till thou seest them here! Think of seeing the Alhambra, with its golden lattice-work, and flowery arabesques! Above all, imagine thyself seated under a fig-tree, leaning on the bosom of thy ever-loving brother!”

Poor Esther! This description of a genial climate made her sigh; for while she read it, the cold East winds of New England were cutting her wounded lungs like dagger-points. But when she answered the precious letter, she made no allusion to this. She wrote playfully, concerning the health of the cows and the hens; asked him to inform her what was cackle in Spanish, for she reverenced the word, and would fain know it in all languages. Finally, she assured him, that she was studying busily, to make herself ready to reside in the grand castle he was building. The tears came to her eyes, as she folded the letter, but she turned hastily aside, that they might not drop on the paper. {198} Never in her life had she been willing to let her shadow cross his sunshine.

It was the last letter she ever wrote. She had sought to crown her brother with laurels on earth, and his ministering angel crowned her with garlands in heaven.

* * * * *

Three years afterwards, John stood by her humble grave in his native village. The tears flowed fast, as he thought to himself, “And I once blushed for thee, thou great and noble soul, because thou wert clothed in a vulgar dress! Ah, mean, ungrateful wretch, that I was! And how stinted was thy life, thou poor one!—A slow grinding martyrdom from beginning to end.”

He remembered the wish she had so meekly expressed, that women might have a more liberal education, and a wider scope for their faculties. “For thy sake, thou dear one,” said he, “I will be the friend and brother of all women. To their improvement and elevation will I consecrate my talent and my education. This is the monument I will build to thee; and I believe thy gentle spirit will bless me for it in heaven.”

He soon after married a young woman, whose character and early history strongly resembled his beloved sister’s. Aided by her, he devoted all his energies to the establishment of a Normal School for Young Women. Mind after mind unfolds under his brotherly care, and goes forth to aid in the {199} redemption of woman, and the slow harmonizing of our social discords.

Well might little brown feather-top cackle aloud; for verily her mission was a great one. {200}

THE STREAM OF LIFE

In morning hours,
Full of flowers,
Our swift boats glide
O’er life’s bright tide;
And every time the oars we raise
The falling drops like diamonds blaze.

From earth and sky
Comes melody;
And ev’ry voice
Singeth, “Rejoice!”
While echoes all around prolong
The cadence of that wondrous song.

Above each boat
Bright fairies float,
Mounting on air
To castles there.
The earth is full of glorious things
All tinged with light from rainbow wings.

Dear Friendship’s smile,
And Love’s sweet wile,
Make Life all bright
With genial light,
And seem to shine with steady ray,
That ne’er can change, or fade away.

{201}

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More slowly glides life's *evening* boat,
And withered flowers around it float.
The drops fall dark from weary oars,
And dismal fogs shroud all the shores.

Like widowed bird that mourns alone,
Sings Music, in her minor tone,
Of flowers that blossom but to die;
And echoes answer plaintively.

Bright fairies change to limping hags;
Their rainbow wings to dingy rags.
Dark heavy clouds sail through the air,
Where golden castles shone so fair.

Strong hearts grow faint, and young ones old;
Friendships decline, and Love is cold.
Dim twilight changes morn's ideal
To flick'ring shadows, all unreal.

But joy remains, if we have thrown
Fresh flowers to boats around our own.
Though currents part us far and wide,
Sweet perfumes live from flowers that died.

Or if our blossoms formed good seeds,
Such as the growing future needs,
Those little germs perchance may yield
Rich waving crops in Time's ripe fields. {202}

Though dark the tide we're drifting o'er,
It brings us near that brighter shore,
Where longing souls at length will know
The use of this world's changing show.

Meanwhile, though sunlight has gone down,
Life's ev'ning wears a starry crown,
Where weary ones, who look above,
May read the letters, "God is love."

{203}

THE MAN THAT KILLED HIS NEIGHBOURS.

THE PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS OF THIS STORY ARE FACTS.

Send thou abroad a love for all who live,
And feel the deep content in turn they give.
Kind wishes and good deeds—they make not poor;
They'll home again, full laden to thy door.
The streams of love flow back where they begin;
For springs of outward joys lie deep within.

R. W. Dana.

It is curious to observe how a man's spiritual state reflects itself in the people and animals around him; nay, in the very garments, trees and stones.

Reuben Black was an infestation in the neighbourhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects similar to the Hindoo magical tune, called Raug, which is said to bring on clouds, storms, and earthquakes. His wife seemed lean, sharp, and uncomfortable. The heads of his boys had a bristling aspect, as if each individual hair stood on end with perpetual fear. The cows poked out their horns horizontally, as soon as he opened the barn-yard gate. The dog dropped his tail between his legs, and eyed him askance, to see what humour he was in. The cat looked wild and scraggy, and {204} had been known to rush straight up the chimney when he moved toward her. Fanny Kemble's expressive description of the Pennsylvanian stage-horses was exactly suited to Reuben's poor old nag. "His hide resembled an old hair-trunk." Continual whipping and kicking had made him such a stoic, that no amount of blows could quicken his pace, and no chirruping could change the dejected drooping of his head. All his natural language said, as plainly as a horse *could* say it, that he was a most unhappy beast. Even the trees on Reuben's premises had a gnarled and knotted appearance. The bark wept little sickly tears of gum, and the branches grew awry, as if they felt the continual discord, and made sorry faces at each other, behind their owner's back. His fields were red with sorrel, or run over with mullein. Every thing seemed as hard and arid as his own visage. Every day, he cursed the town and the neighbourhood, because they poisoned his dogs, and stoned his hens, and shot his cats. Continual law-suits involved him in so much expense, that he had neither time nor money to spend on the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor labourer in the neighbourhood, he had brought three suits in succession. Joe said he had returned a spade he borrowed, and Reuben swore he had not. He sued Joe, and recovered damages, for which he ordered the sheriff to seize his pig. Joe, in his wrath, {205} called him an old swindler, and a curse to the neighbourhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben. He brought an action for slander, and recovered twenty-five cents. Provoked at the laugh this occasioned, he watched for Joe to pass by, and set his big dog upon him, screaming furiously, "Call me an old swindler again, will you?" An evil spirit is more contagious than the plague. Joe went home and scolded his wife, and boxed little Joe's ears, and kicked the cat; and not one of them knew what it was all for. A fortnight after, Reuben's big dog was found dead by poison. Whereupon he brought another action against Joe Smith, and not being able to prove him guilty of the charge of dog-murder, he took his revenge by poisoning a pet lamb, belonging to Mrs. Smith. Thus the bad game went on, with mutual worriment and loss. Joe's temper grew more and more vindictive, and the love of talking over his troubles at the grogshop increased upon him. Poor Mrs. Smith cried, and said it was all owing to Reuben Black; for a better-hearted man never lived than her Joe, when she first married him.

Such was the state of things when Simeon Green purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. The estate had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and mullein from the neighbouring fields. But Simeon was a diligent man, blessed by nature with a healthy organization and a genial tempera {206} ment; and a wise and kind education had aided nature in the perfection of her goodly work. His provident industry soon changed the aspect of things on the farm. River-mud, autumn leaves, old shoes, and old bones, were all put in requisition to assist in the production of use and beauty. The trees, with branches pruned, and bark scraped free from moss and insects, soon looked clean and vigorous. Fields of grain waved where weeds had rioted. Persian lilacs bowed gracefully over the simple gateway. Michigan roses covered half the house with their abundant clusters. Even the rough rock which formed the door-step, was edged with golden moss. The sleek horse, feeding in clover, tossed his mane and neighed when his master came near; as much as to say "The world is all the pleasanter for having you in it, Simeon Green!" The old cow, fondling her calf under the great walnut tree, walked up to him with serious friendly face, asking for the slice of sugar-beet he was wont to give her. Chanticleer, strutting about, with his troop of plump hens and downy little chickens, took no trouble to keep out of his way, but flapped his glossy wings, and crowed a welcome in his very face. When Simeon turned his steps homeward, the boys threw up their caps and ran out shouting, "Father's coming!" and little Mary went toddling up to him, with a dandelion blossom to place in his button-hole. His wife was a woman of few words, but she sometimes said to {207} her neighbours, with a quiet kind of satisfaction, "Everybody loves my husband that knows him. They can't help it."

Simeon Green's acquaintance knew that he was never engaged in a law-suit in his life; but they predicted that he would find it impossible to avoid it now. They told him his next neighbour was determined to quarrel with people, whether they would or not; that he was like John Liburne, of

whom Judge Jenkins said, “If the world was emptied of every person but himself, Liburne would still quarrel with John, and John with Liburne.”

“Is *that* his character?” said Simeon, in his smiling way. “If he exercises it upon *me*, I will *soon* kill him.”

In every neighbourhood there are individuals who like to foment disputes, not from any definite intention of malice or mischief, but merely because it makes a little ripple of excitement in the dull stream of life, like a contest between dogs or game-cocks. Such people were not slow in repeating Simeon Green’s remark about his wrangling neighbour. “Kill *me*! will he?” exclaimed Reuben. He said no more; but his tightly compressed mouth had such a significant expression, that his dog dodged him, as he would the track of a tiger. That very night, Reuben turned his horse into the highway, in hopes he would commit some depredations on neighbour Green’s premises. But Joe {208} Smith, seeing the animal at large, let down the bars of Reuben’s own corn-field, and the poor beast walked in, and feasted as he had not done for many a year. It would have been a great satisfaction to Reuben if he could have brought a lawsuit against his horse; but as it was, he was obliged to content himself with beating him. His next exploit was to shoot Mary Green’s handsome chanticleer, because he stood on the stone wall and crowed, in the ignorant joy of his heart, two inches beyond the frontier line that bounded the contiguous farms. Simeon said he was sorry for the poor bird, and sorry because his wife and children liked the pretty creature; but otherwise it was no great matter. He had been intending to build a poultry yard, with a good high fence, that his hens might not annoy his neighbours; and now he was admonished to make haste and do it. He would build them a snug warm house to roost in; they should have plenty of gravel and oats, and room to promenade back and forth, and crow and cackle to their heart’s content; there they could enjoy themselves, and be out of harm’s way.

But Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverance, which might have produced great results for mankind, had those qualities been devoted to some more noble purpose than provoking quarrels. A pear tree in his garden very improperly stretched over a friendly arm into Simeon Green’s premises. Whether the sunny state of things there had a cheering effect on the tree I know {209} not; but it happened that this over-hanging bough bore more abundant fruit, and glowed with a richer hue, than the other boughs. One day, little George Green, as he went whistling along, picked up a pear that had fallen into his father’s garden. The instant he touched it, he felt something on the back of his neck, like the sting of a wasp. It was Reuben Black’s whip, followed by such a storm of angry words, that the poor child rushed into the house in an agony of terror. But this experiment failed also. The boy was soothed by his mother, and told not to go near the pear tree again; and there the matter ended.

This imperturbable good nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks and taunts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and repay with compound interest; but he did not know what to make of this perpetual forbearance. It seemed to him there must be something contemptuous in it. He disliked Simeon Green more than all the rest of the town put together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the wrong, and did not afford him the slightest pretext for complaint. It was annoying to see every thing in his neighbour’s domains looking so happy, and presenting such a bright contrast to the forlornness of his own. When their wagons passed each other on the road, it seemed as if Simeon’s horse tossed his head higher, and flung out his mane, as if he knew he was {210} going by Reuben Black’s old nag. He often said he supposed Green covered his house with roses and honeysuckles on purpose to shame *his* bare walls. But he didn’t care—not he! He wasn’t going to be fool enough to rot *his* boards with such stuff. But no one resented his disparaging remarks, or sought to provoke him in any way. The roses smiled, the horse neighed, and the calf capered; but none of them had the least idea they were insulting Reuben Black. Even the dog had no malice in his heart, though he did one night chase home his geese, and bark at them through the bars. Reuben told his master, the next day; he swore he would bring an action against him, if he didn’t keep that dog at home; and Simeon answered very quietly that he would try to take better care of him. For several days a strict watch was kept, in hopes Towzer would worry the geese again; but they paced home undisturbed, and not a solitary bow-wow furnished excuse for a law-suit.

The new neighbours not only declined quarrelling, but they occasionally made positive advances towards a friendly relation. Simeon’s wife sent Mrs. Black a large basket full of very fine cherries. Pleased with the unexpected attention, she cordially replied, “Tell your mother it was *very* kind of her, and I am very much obliged to her.” Reuben, who sat smoking in the chimney-corner, listened to this message once without any manifestation of impatience, except whiffing the smoke through his {211}

pipe a little faster and fiercer than usual. But when the boy was going out of the door, and the friendly words were again repeated, he exclaimed, “Don’t make a fool of yourself, Peg. They want to give us a hint to send a basket of our pears; that’s the upshot of the business. You may send ’em a basket, when they are ripe; for I scorn to be under obligation, especially to your smooth-tongued folks.” Poor Peggy, whose arid life had been for the moment refreshed with a little dew of kindness, admitted distrust into her bosom, and the halo that radiated round the ripe glowing cherries departed.

Not long after this advance towards good neighbourhood, some labourers employed by Simeon Green, passing over a bit of marshy ground, with a heavy team, stuck fast in a bog occasioned by long continued rain. The poor oxen were entirely unable to extricate themselves, and Simeon ventured to ask assistance from his waspish neighbour, who was working at a short distance. Reuben replied gruffly, “I’ve got enough to do to attend to my own business.” The civil request that he might be allowed to use his oxen and chains for a few moments being answered in the same surly tone, Simeon silently walked off, in search of a more obliging neighbour.

The men, who were left waiting with the patient, suffering oxen, scolded about Reuben’s ill- {212}
nature, and said they hoped he would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their employer rejoined, “If he does, we will do our duty, and help him out.”

“There is such a thing as being *too* good-natured,” said they. “If Reuben Black takes the notion that people are afraid of him, it makes him trample on them worse than ever.”

“Oh, wait a while,” replied Mr. Green, smiling, “I will kill him before long. Wait and see if I don’t kill him.”

It chanced, soon after, that Reuben’s team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon observed it, from a neighbouring field, and gave directions that the oxen and chains should be immediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and said it was good enough for the old hornet. They, however, cheerfully proceeded to do as their employer had requested. “You are in a bad situation, neighbour,” said Simeon, as he came alongside of the foundered team. “But my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out.”

“You may take your oxen back again,” replied Reuben; “I don’t want any of your help.”

In a very friendly tone Simeon answered, “I cannot consent to do that; for evening is coming on, and you have very little time to lose. It is a bad job any time, but it will be still worse in the dark.” {213}

“Light or dark, I don’t ask *your* help,” replied Reuben, emphatically. “I would’nt help you out of the bog, the other day, when you asked *me*.”

“The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to sympathize with others in the same situation,” answered Simeon. “Don’t let us waste words about it, neighbour. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on.”

The team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away, without waiting for thanks. When Reuben went home that night, he was unusually silent and thoughtful. After smoking a while, in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, with a sigh, “Peg, Simeon Green *has* killed me!”

“What do you mean?” said his wife, dropping her knitting with a look of surprise.

“You know when he first came into this neighbourhood, he *said* he’d kill me,” replied Reuben; “and he has done it. The other day, he asked me to help draw his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To-day, my team stuck fast in the same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt sort of ashamed to have *him* lend me a hand, so I told him I didn’t want any of his help; but he answered, just as pleasant as if nothing contrary had ever happened, that night was coming on, and he was not willing to leave me there in the mud.” {214}

“It was very good of him,” replied Peggy. “He is a pleasant-spoken man, and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice neighbourly body, too.”

Reuben made no answer; but after meditating a while, he remarked, “Peg, you know that big ripe melon down at the bottom of the garden? you may as well carry it over there, in the morning.” His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where “over there” was.

But when the morning came, Reuben walked back and forth, and round and round, with that sort of aimless activity, often manifested by hens, and by fashionable idlers, who feel restless, and don’t know what to run after. At length, the cause of his uncertain movements was explained, by his

saying, in the form of a question, “I guess I may as well carry the melon myself, and thank him for his oxen? In my flurry down there in the marsh, I did’nt think to say I was obliged to him.”

He marched off toward the garden, and his wife stood at the door, with one hand on her hip, and the other shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he really would carry the melon into Simeon Green’s house. It was the most remarkable incident that had happened since her marriage. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quick, as if afraid he should not be able to carry the unusual impulse into action if he stopped to reconsider the question. When he found himself in Mr. Green’s {215} house, he felt extremely awkward, and hastened to say, “Mrs. Green, here is a melon my wife sent you, and we reckon it’s a ripe one.” Without manifesting any surprise at such unexpected courtesy, the friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit down. But he stood playing with the latch of the door, and without raising his eyes said, “May be Mr. Green ain’t in, this morning?”

“He is at the pump, and will be in directly,” she replied; and before her words were spoken, the honest man walked in, with a face as fresh and bright as a June morning. He stepped right up to Reuben, shook his hand cordially, and said, “I am glad to see you, neighbour. Take a chair. Take a chair.”

“Thank you, I can’t stop,” replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then said suddenly, as if by a desperate effort, “The fact is, Mr. Green, I didn’t behave right about the oxen.”

“Never mind, never mind,” replied Mr. Green. “Perhaps I shall get into the bog again, some of these rainy days. If I do, I shall know whom to call upon.”

“Why you see,” said Reuben, still very much confused, and avoiding Simeon’s mild clear eye, “you see the neighbors about here are very ugly. If I had always lived by such neighbours as you are, {216} I shouldn’t be just as I am.”

“Ah, well, we must try to be to others what we want them to be to us,” rejoined Simeon. “You know the good book says so. I have learned by experience that if we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighbourhood round, in time. Who knows? Let us try, Mr. Black! Let us try! But come and look at my orchard. I want to show you a tree, which I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like I will procure you some scions from the same stock.”

They went into the orchard together, and friendly chat soon put Reuben at his ease. When he returned home, he made no remarks about his visit; for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife that he had confessed himself in the wrong. A gun stood behind the kitchen door, in readiness to shoot Mr. Green’s dog for having barked at his horse. He now fired the contents into the air, and put the gun away in the barn. From that day, henceforth, he never sought for any pretext to quarrel with either the dog or his master. A short time after, Joe Smith, to his utter astonishment, saw him pat Towzer on the head, and heard him say, “Good fellow!”

Simeon Green was far too magnanimous to repeat to any one that his quarrelsome neighbour had {217} confessed himself to blame. He merely smiled as he said to his wife, “I thought we should kill him, after a while.”

Joe Smith did not believe in such doctrines. When he heard of the adventures in the marsh, he said, “Sim Green’s a fool. When he first came here he talked very big about killing folks, if they didn’t mind their Ps and Qs. But he don’t appear to have as much spirit as a worm; for a worm will turn when its trod upon.”

Poor Joe had grown more intemperate and more quarrelsome, till at last nobody would employ him. About a year after the memorable incident of the water-melon, some one stole several valuable hides from Mr. Green. He did not mention the circumstance to any one but his wife; and they both had reasons for suspecting that Joe was the thief. The next week, the following anonymous advertisement appeared in the newspaper of the county:

“Whoever stole a lot of hides on Friday night, the 5th of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction a secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind.”[A]

[A] This advertisement is a literal copy of one actually published, and it produced the effects here related. {218}

This singular advertisement of course excited a good deal of remark. There was much debate whether or not the thief would avail himself of the friendly offer. Some said he would be a greenhorn if he did; for it was manifestly a trap to catch him. But he who had committed the dishonest deed alone knew whence the benevolent offer came; and he knew that Simeon Green was not a man to set traps for his fellow creatures.

A few nights afterward a timid knock was heard at Simeon's door, just as the family were retiring to rest. When the door was opened, Joe Smith was seen on the steps, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without raising his eyes, he said in a low, humble tone, "I have brought these back, Mr. Green. Where shall I put them?"

"Wait a moment, till I can get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with you," he replied. "Then you will come in, and tell me how it happened. We will see what can be done for you."

Mrs. Green knew that Joe often went hungry, and had become accustomed to the stimulus of rum. She therefore hastened to make hot coffee, and brought from the closet some cold meat and a pie.

When they returned from the barn, she said, "I thought you might feel the better for a little warm supper, neighbour Smith." Joe turned his back toward her, and did not speak. He leaned his head against the chimney, and after a moment's silence, he said in a choked voice, "It was the first time I {219} ever stole any thing; and I have felt very bad about it. I don't know how it is. I didn't think once I should ever come to be what I am. But I took to quarrelling, and then to drinking. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is feeble, and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them the first chance I could get. But I tell you the truth, Mr. Green, it is the first time I ever deserved the name of thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," said Simeon, pressing his hand kindly. "The secret shall remain between ourselves. You are young, and can make up for lost time. Come, now, give me a promise that you will not drink one drop of intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ you to-morrow, at good wages. Mary will go to see your family early in the morning, and perhaps we may find some employment for them also. The little boy can at least pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. It will keep you from wanting to drink any thing stronger to-night. You will find it hard to abstain, at first, Joseph; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of your wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When you feel the need of coffee, tell my Mary, and she will always give it {220} to you."

Joe tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. He was nervous and excited. After an ineffectual effort to compose himself, he laid his head on the table and wept like a child.

After a while, Simeon persuaded him to bathe his head in cold water, and he ate and drank with a good appetite. When he went away, the kind-hearted host said, "Try to do well, Joseph, and you shall always find a friend in me."

The poor fellow pressed his hand and replied,—"I understand now how it is you kill bad neighbours."

He entered in Mr. Green's service the next day, and remained in it many years, an honest and faithful man. {221}

INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

"The whole subject of the brute creation is to me one of such painful mystery, that I dare not approach it."—Dr. Arnold.

"If we deny them *soul*, we must admit that they have *some spirit direct from God*, what we call unerring instinct, which holds the place of it."—Sir Isaac Newton.

Any reflecting person who has lived much in the country, and been observant of animals, must have had thoughts similar to those expressed in the above mottoes. Even the smallest and most common animals sometimes give indications of thought, feeling, and memory, almost as remarkable as those related of the "half-reasoning elephant." If we could penetrate into the mysteries of their domestic arrangements, and learn of the humming-bird why she makes her little thimble of a nest so exactly the color of the tree on which it is placed, and of the mason-bee why he makes his small

mortared cell to resemble so closely the stones of the wall where he inserts it, we should probably be still more puzzled to define the boundary between instinct and reason.

Several times in my life my attention has been arrested, and my mind excited to activity, by singular manifestations of intelligence in animals that came under my observation. A few summers {222} ago, when I was living at an old farm-house in New York, I chanced to go into the garret late in the afternoon. The sun was setting in a blaze of glory, and I knelt at the western window, looking out long and lovingly upon the broad expanse of field and meadow, on which he was throwing a shower of gold as he passed away. After a while, my attention was diverted from this beautiful scene by the motions of a wasp, that emerged from a crevice in the old window, and began to nibble off thin, soft slivers of the decaying wood, to be used in constructing her nest. I bent very near to her, trying to ascertain by what process she cut up the materials so dexterously. Suddenly, she stopped working, drew back a little, and appeared to watch *me* as closely as I watched *her*. At first, I thought this was a delusion of my imagination; for I supposed her eyes were too small to see me. So I continued gazing at her, waiting to observe what she would do. She remained motionless, in an attitude that expressed surprise and consternation as plainly as an insect *could* express them. Presently, another wasp came up from the same crevice, and began to nibble at the rotten wood. The first wasp immediately put out one of her antennæ, and pulled the antenna of her neighbour, as I would jog the elbow of a companion, if I wished to call her attention to something extraordinary. The second wasp drew back instantly, in the same attitude, and, without stirring, appeared to gaze at me fixedly. A third wasp {223} came. One of her antennæ was cautiously pulled by the second comer; and she did precisely as they had done. It may seem absurd to say I was troubled by the fixed stare of three wasps; but there was something so *human* about their proceedings, that I *was* troubled. I was in the presence of a mystery. I asked myself, What *am* I to them? Do I appear like a vision of some superior being from another world? From this thought, I came down to the recollection that the sun was gleaming brightly on my eyes, and that, perhaps, their attention had been arrested merely by two great orbs of glittering light. What were they thinking of? Would they finally conclude to attack my eyes? I turned away suddenly, deeming it imprudent to stay any longer to ascertain that point. I was so much impressed by this little incident, that I frequently related it to my friends; and for years afterward, I frequently found myself conjecturing what those wasps thought of the apparition by which they were so obviously startled.

At the same farm-house there were two cats. Tom, who was old, heavy, and cross; and Mouser, who was remarkably active and nimble. Her hunting qualities were famous throughout the neighbourhood. She kept the premises clear of rats and mice, and visited all the barns and fields in the vicinity for the same purpose. While I was there, she had three kittens, which seemed to be the {224} especial objects of Tom's ill nature. When they began to open their eyes and stagger about, they sometimes stumbled over him; for which they were sure to receive a smart box on the ear. More than once, I saw his heavy paw knock the little blundering things topsy-turvy when they came near him. He even kept up a threatening growl if they seemed to be approaching from a distance. Things were in this state, when Mouser came into the kitchen one day, writhing and moaning, and giving every indication of great pain. Her body soon began to swell, and her manifestations of suffering grew more and more violent. The family were remarkably kind to animals, and Mouser was such a valuable creature, that they were very desirous to save her life. They knew not whether she had been poisoned, or kicked by the horse, during her frequent visits to the barn; and of course, they were doubtful what remedies to apply. They put her in a warm bath, and tried to pour catnip tea down her throat; but their efforts were unavailing. In an hour or two, poor pussy was dead.

While she was in this agonizing extremity, Tom seemed to rouse from his usual state of drowsy indifference. He lay with his head between his paws, watching her earnestly for awhile; then he rose up and walked round her, evidently much disquieted. When he saw her lying stiff and cold on the {225} floor, he made no whining noise; but his proceedings seemed to indicate that he knew what had happened. The kittens were nestled together on the platform of the old Dutch "stoop." He went out to them, and began to lick their fur in the most affectionate manner. After that, he was never seen to knock them about, and never heard to growl at them. Their own mother could not have treated them with more tenderness, or submitted to their gambols with more patience. Apparently, they mistook the gruff old fellow for their mother; for they went to him for nourishment, and he made no resistance. Again and again, I saw him stretched on the floor of the "stoop," while the kittens appeared to be sucking with all diligence, moving their little paws, as if satisfied and happy. This circumstance, of course, excited surprise in the family. One asked another whether it was possible

that they obtained milk, or whether they drew blood for their sustenance. Tom never gave any indications of suffering inconvenience from this singular imitation of the maternal office. He must have nourished them in *some* way; for they did not learn to lap milk for several days; yet they lived, and seemed comfortable and thriving. After Tom took upon himself the care of the orphans, he seemed to become really fond of them, and to enjoy the frolics that had formerly made him so angry. The voluntary exercise of benevolence improved his temper wonderfully for the time being, and {226} evidently made him a much happier cat.

An intimate friend has often mentioned to me incidents that occurred on his farm, illustrative of brute sagacity. He owned a noble great ox, uncommonly strong, docile, and intelligent. One day, when he and another ox were ploughing swampy land, they sank very deep into a quagmire. Having made vigorous exertions to extricate himself, and finding the utmost exertion of his strength was ineffectual, he quietly waited for human aid. But his companion had an impatient and irritable disposition, to which the lessons of experience could teach no wisdom. He continued to struggle violently, at intervals, and every motion wrenched the neck of his suffering yoke-fellow. The gentle creature bore it patiently for a while; but at last it became insupportable. His owner was standing completely behind him, leaning on the plough, until more help could be brought to draw them out of the "slough of despond," into which they had fallen. The much-enduring animal turned his long neck slowly round, and fixed his large patient eyes upon the man, with such an earnest, imploring gaze, so *human* in its expression, that it could never be forgotten. It said, as plainly as a look *could* say it, "Can you not contrive some way to relieve me from this tormenting companion?" His owner understood the silent appeal, and immediately divorced the unhappy couple, by removing the yoke {227} from the restless one; thus leaving him free to waste his own strength, without injuring his more philosophic companion. This happened fifteen years ago; but I was reminded of it yesterday, by hearing my friend utter his often-repeated exclamation: "If I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget how that ox looked at me."

The same person often speaks of the sagacity manifested by another ox on his farm. It was late in the evening, and all the animals were safely lodged in the barn, when his attention was arrested by loud knocks in that direction. They continued to be repeated, at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes, for an hour or more; and the idea that some vagrant might be in the barn doing mischief, at last induced him to go out with a lantern to examine the premises. Finding nothing unusual, he gave up the search and retired to rest. But the heavy, measured sound continued, and excited curiosity to such a degree, that it was impossible to sleep. Another examination of the barn was made with the same result as before; but this time, my friend ensconced himself in a corner, and waited for a recurrence of the mysterious noise. In a few minutes, he saw an ox raise one of his hind hoofs, and strike the floor heavily three times. Supposing the animal must have some cause for dissatisfaction, he examined his stable, and found that the man had forgotten to furnish the usual supply of fresh straw for him to lie down upon. His demand for clean sheets was complied with, and no more knockings {228} were heard from him.

Another agricultural friend owned a colt endowed with uncommon beauty and intelligence. He was about a year and a half old when he first saw a string of bells suspended round his mother's neck when she was harnessed for a drive. The novel sound immediately arrested his attention, and seemed to enliven him greatly. He stood with uplifted ears, watching and listening, till the sleigh had passed out of sight and hearing; then, giving a snort and a rear, he capered round the barn-yard, in a state of unusual excitement. When the mare returned, the sound of the bells attracted him from afar, and he appeared to observe them closely when they were taken off and laid in the sleigh with the harness. As soon as the man had left them, the playful creature seized them between his teeth and trotted up and down the road, shaking them with prodigious satisfaction. This manner of playing old horse was evidently as entertaining to him, as it is to a boy to imitate the trainers with his feathered cap and drum.

The natural dispositions of animals differ, as do those of mankind; but the intelligence and docility of brutes, as well as of human beings, is wonderfully increased when they are judiciously reared, and treated with habitual kindness. It is not easy to tell how far the superiority of Arabian horses may be attributed to the affectionate companionship that exists between them and their {229} masters. The whip is a detestable instrument. The evil it produces is immensely disproportioned to the temporary convenience it promotes. It compels submission for the time being; but it stupefies the intellect, and infuses malignity into the disposition, whether tried on children, slaves, or animals. The common practice of whipping a horse, to cure him of being frightened by some particular

object, usually has the effect of giving him two causes of fear, instead of one. I remember reading of a much more judicious method, in Mrs. Hamilton's Essays on Education, published in England about thirty years ago. A horse of an excellent disposition had been frightened by a drum, when he was a colt, and nothing could overcome his excessive terror of that instrument. The whippings he received, when he reared and plunged at the sound, rendered his associations with it so exceedingly painful, that his whole nervous system was excited to violent agitation, the instant he heard it approaching. He was finally purchased by a gentleman, who believed more in the efficacy of kindness, than he did in coercion. He kept him without food till he was hungry, and then spread oats on a drum-head. As soon as he began to eat, the groom began to drum. The frightened animal ran away, and could not be lured back again by the tempting display of provender. He was deprived of food for a still longer time, and the experiment was again tried with similar result. But the third time, {230} hunger proved stronger than fear, and he devoured his oats with the hated noise sounding louder and louder in his ears. After being thus rationally convinced that a drum would do him no harm, he ceased to be troublesome, and voluntarily walked toward the sound which had become so pleasantly associated in his memory.

If men would educate animals in a sensible and patient manner, and treat them with habitual gentleness, it would produce intelligence and docility apparently miraculous, and realize on earth the prophecies of the millenium. {231}

THE WORLD THAT I AM PASSING THROUGH.

Few, in the days of early youth,
Trusted like me in love and truth.
I've learned sad lessons from the years;
But slowly, and with many tears;
For God made me to kindly view
The world that I was passing through.

How little did I once believe
That friendly tones could e'er deceive!
That kindness, and forbearance long,
Might meet ingratitude and wrong!
I could not help but kindly view
The world that I was passing through.

And though I've learned some souls are base,
I would not, therefore, hate the race;
I still would bless my fellow men,
And trust them, though deceived again.
God help me still to kindly view
The world that I am passing through!

Through weary conflicts I have passed,
And struggled into rest at last;
Such rest as comes when the rack has broke
A joint, or nerve, at ev'ry stroke.
But the wish survives to kindly view
The world that I am passing through. {232}

From all that fate has brought to me
I strive to learn humility;
And trust in Him who rules above,
Whose universal law is love.
Thus only can I kindly view
The world that I am passing through.

When I approach the setting sun,
And feel my journey nearly done,
May earth be veiled in genial light,
And her last smile to me seem bright!
Help me, till then, to kindly view
The world that I am passing through!

And all who tempt a trusting heart
From faith and hope to drift apart,
May they themselves be spared the pain
Of losing power to trust again!
God help us all to kindly view
The world that we are passing through!

{233}

JAN AND ZAIDA.

FOUNDED ON CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH ACTUALLY OCCURRED
AT GRÉSIK, ISLAND OF JAVA, IN 1854.

Our life is turned
Out of her course, wherever man is made
An offering or a sacrifice; a tool
Or implement; a passive thing, employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end;
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.
WORDSWORTH.

A NATIVE of the island of Celebes, who had been captured by slave-traders, was sold to Mr. Philip Van der Hooft, of Surabaya, in the north-eastern part of Java. A Hindoo slave was given to the captive for a wife; and she died, leaving a son two years old. This child Mr. Van der Hooft gave to his sister Maria, a girl of fifteen, who had taken a great fancy to him when he was a babe. She was amused at the idea of receiving little Jan among her birthday presents, but he pleased her, perhaps, as much as any of them; not as an article of property, but as a pretty plaything. He was, in fact, a child of singular beauty. His features were small, his limbs finely formed, and his large, dark, Hindoo {234} eyes, even at that age, were tender and almost sad in expression. His sense of sound was exceedingly acute. Maria was musical; and the moment he heard her piano, or guitar, he would drop his playthings and run into the parlour. There, he would creep under the table, to be out of the way, and sit listening, with all his soul shining through the varying expression of his countenance. Sometimes he was so excited that he would quiver all over, and end by clapping his hands with a loud crow of delight; but more frequently he was moved to tears. Being a general favourite, and the especial pet of his young mistress, he was seldom ejected from the parlour, when he chose to wander there. When Maria was busy at her embroidery frame, if she raised her eyes, she would often see his little dark head peeping in, watching for her to take notice of him; and as soon as she said, “Ah, here comes my little brownie!” he would run to her with a jump and a bound, and stand gazing at the bright colours she was weaving into her work. If she was singing or playing when he entered, she would give him a nod and a smile; and not unfrequently she seated him in her lap, and allowed him to play on the piano. His fingers were too short to reach an octave, but he would touch thirds continually; smiling, and laughing, and wriggling all over with delight. Sometimes she amused herself by touching the first and seventh note of the gamut together, and then he would cringe, as if {235} she had put her finger in his eye.

He was but three years old when his mistress married Lambert Van der Veen, and removed with him to a country-seat near the neighbouring city of Grésik. Little Jan did not thoroughly like that gentleman, because he was often sent out of the parlour when he came; and Maria was so engrossed with her lover, that she sometimes forgot to nod and smile when “little brownie” peeped into the room. He was very exclusive in his affections. He wanted to have those he loved all to himself. Therefore, though the young man spoke kindly to him, and often gave him sugar-plums, a shadow always passed over his expressive face, when, running eagerly at the sound of the piano, he looked into the parlour and saw his rival there.

But after Maria was married, he became, if possible, more of a petted plaything than ever; for her husband was engaged in commercial pursuits, which often took him far from home, and their house, being two miles from the city, was more quiet than her father’s place of residence had been. She occupied many of her lonely hours in teaching Jan various infantile accomplishments, and especially in developing his remarkable powers of imitation. The birds greatly attracted his attention; and in a few months he could mock them so perfectly, that they mistook his voice for their own. He soon did the same with the buzz and whirr of every insect, and laughed to hear how all the little {236} creatures answered him. Nature had made him almost as sensitive to colours, as to sounds; and whenever his mistress went into the garden, he would run after her to beg for a flower. She liked the sound of his little padding feet, and often smiled to watch his pliant motions and graceful form, clothed only with a large party-coloured bamboo hat, and a girdle of broad fringe about his loins. When the master was at home, he was obliged to find his entertainment more among the slaves. They generally liked to sing or whistle to him, and would laugh merrily at his eager attempts to imitate. But some, who had children of their own, envied the high favour he enjoyed, and consequently bore no good will toward him. They did not dare to strike him, but they devised many ways of making him uncomfortable. Decidedly, he liked the parlour better than the slaves’ quarters.

He preferred it in the first place, because he was more attended to there; and in the next place, because he could hear so many pleasant sounds, and see so many pretty things. He liked the cool straw carpet, and the pale green walls. The big china jars were an object of perpetual delight. He was never weary of putting his little fingers on the brilliant flowers and butterflies, with which they were plentifully adorned. But what excited his wonder more than any thing else, was a folding screen of oriental workmanship, which separated the parlour from the dining-room; for there were gilded {237} pagodas, Chinese mandarins with peacock's feathers in their caps, and two birds-of-paradise, as large as life; a great deal larger, in fact, than the mandarins or the pagodas. Then it was so pleasant to peep out into the garden, through the vine-embowered lattice-work of the verandah; to see the blooming roses, and the small fountain's silvery veil; to inhale the fragrance of the orange blossoms, and listen to the cool trickling of the tiny water drops. All this was in reality his; for he knew not that he was a little slave; and it is the privilege of unconscious childhood to own whatsoever it delights in. In this point of view, it all belonged to little Jan more truly than it did to Mr. Van der Veen. No wonder he sighed when the master returned, since it condemned him, for a time, to a degree of exile from his paradise. Perhaps there was some slight jealousy on the other side, also; for though the gentleman was always kind to his wife's favourite, he sometimes hinted at the danger of spoiling him, and the intercourse between them was never very familiar. At first, little Jan was afraid to approach the parlour at all, when he was at home. But on one occasion, when his stay was unusually prolonged, his patience became exhausted waiting for his departure. He began by peeping in slyly through the folding screen. Seeing himself observed, he ran away; but soon came again and peeped, and receiving a smile from his mistress, he came in timidly, and offering his master a geranium {238} blossom, said, "*May* little Jan stay?" Maria immediately said, "Oh yes, let him stay: he is so happy here." But there was no occasion to plead his cause; for there was no resisting his pretty looks and his graceful offering. Mr. Van der Veen patted his head, and he crept under the table to listen to the piano. After that, he never avoided his master, though he still continued to come in timidly, and if not encouraged by a smile, would run off to bring a flower as an admission-fee.

When he was about four years old, a more dangerous rival than a husband appeared. Maria had an infant son, which of course greatly engrossed her attention, and little Jan eyed it as a petted kitten does a new lap-dog. His face assumed an exceedingly grieved expression, the first time he saw her caressing the babe. He did not cry aloud, for he was a very gentle child; but he silently crept away under the table with the flowers he had brought in for his mistress; and as he sat there, in a very disconsolate attitude, tears dropped on the blossoms. Some of the servants made the matter much worse, by saying, in his hearing, "Now missis has a young one of her own, she won't make such a fool of that little monkey." His heart swelled very much; and he ran with all haste to ask Madame Van der Veen if she loved little Jan. When he entered the parlour the fond mother happened to be showing her son to visitors; and as she turned, she held him toward the petted slave, saying, "Look {239} at him, Janniken! Isn't he a little beauty?" "No," replied he, louder than any one had ever heard him speak; "*ugly* baby!" and he gave his rival a thrust with his little fist. He was of course sent away in disgrace; and the slave-mothers, seeing him in trouble, greeted him with the exclamation, "Ha, ha, little whistler! I thought *your* nose would be put out of joint."

A clergyman of the Reformed Dutch Church, who witnessed this manifestation of hostility toward the baby, adduced it as a proof of the inherent depravity of the human heart. But time showed that the depravity was not very deep. Jan felt the bitter pang of being superseded where he loved, but he had a disposition too kindly to retain ill-will. His heart soon adopted the infant, and they became friends and playmates. When little Lambert grew old enough to toddle about, it was the prettiest of all imaginable sights to see them together among the vine-leaves that crept through the green lattice-work of the verandah. The blue-eyed baby, plump and fair, draped in white muslin, formed a beautiful contrast to his brown companion. They looked like two cupids at play; one in marble, the other in bronze. But though they were almost inseparable companions, and extremely fond of each other, it came to pass through a process of painful weaning, on the part of little Jan. Many a time he "sighed among his playthings," when he saw Maria caressing her babe, without noticing that he was {240} in the room. Many a time tears fell on his neglected offering of flowers.

He was, however, far more fortunate than most slaves who happen to be petted playthings in their childhood; for he only passed out of an atmosphere of love into an atmosphere of considerate kindness. His quick ear for all variations of sound continued to be a great source of gratification to himself and his indulgent mistress. His voice was small, like himself, but it had a bird-like sweetness; and its very imperfections, resulting as they did from weakness and inexperience,

imparted an infantine charm to his performances, like the lisping of childish prattle, or the broken utterance of a foreigner. When he could sing two or three simple melodies, Madame Van der Veen gave him a little guitar, and taught him to accompany his voice. The population of Java is an assemblage of various nations; and as he listened intently to whatever he heard hummed, whistled, or played, in the parlour or in the slave-quarters, he knew snatches of a great variety of tunes when he was six years old. It was his pleasure to twine Hindoo, Arab, Javanese, English, and Dutch melodies into improvised fantasias, which resembled grotesque drawings, representing birds and monkeys, flowers, fruit, and human faces, bound together in a graceful tangle of vines. At eight years old, he was often trusted to go to Grésik on errands. Following his usual habits of listening and {241} observing, during these visits to the city he added greatly to his stock of popular airs, and soon learned to imitate all manner of instruments, as he had formerly imitated the birds. Hindoo lullabies, Arab dances, the boat-songs of the Javanese, as they passed up and down the river, English marches, Dutch drinking songs, and Chinese jingle-jangles, he could give a lively version of them all; and he was frequently called into the parlour to repeat them for the entertainment of company.

His master said it was time he was taught to labour. Maria assented, but made an arrangement by which duty and inclination were enabled to go hand in hand. She knew that his acutely sensuous nature reveled in perfumes and bright colours; therefore she told the Dutch gardener to take him for an assistant, and teach him all the mysteries of his art. It is never a toilsome employment to rear flowers and train vines; and in that sunny, fertile region of the earth, light labour is repaid by a lavish tribute of fragrant blossoms and delicious fruit all the year round. Jan had an instinctive sense, which taught him what colours harmonized, and what forms were graceful. His mistress often praised his bouquets and garlands, and affection for her stimulated him, to attain as much perfection as possible in the flowery decorations of her room, her table, and her dress. Little Lambert had a great desire to be helpful, also, in the garden, but the exercise heated him, and he so often pulled up flowers instead {242} of weeds, that his mother deemed it necessary to retain him in the house. This arrangement made him so restless and unhappy, that Jan undertook the responsibility of supplying him with flowers in the cool arbours, and keeping strict watch upon his movements. He often decorated him with a multitude of small bouquets, and twined garlands round his broad palm-leaf hat, till he looked like a dwarf May-pole, and then sent him into the house to show himself to his fond mother, who was always ready to feign ignorance, and inquire what little boy that could be; a manœuvre invariably rewarded by an infantile laugh. In the course of one of these floral exhibitions, two humming-birds followed him in the garden walks. His mother, who was watching him through the verandah lattice, saw the brilliant creatures circling round her darling's head, thrusting their long bills into the blossoms with which he was decorated; and she clapped her hands in an ecstasy of delight. After that, it was a favourite amusement with Jan to attract the humming-birds and butterflies round little master's hat. The next greatest entertainment was to teach him to imitate the birds, and to make him laugh or look solemn while he listened to merry or dolorous music.

Thus bound together by the pleasant links of love, and flowers, and song, they stood together on the threshold of life, unable as yet to conceive the idea of master and slave. But when little Lam, as {243} they called him, was six years old, he was attacked by one of the violent fevers incident to the climate, and all the care unbounded affection could lavish upon him failed to save his life. During his illness he was unwilling to lose sight of Jan, who strewed his pillow with flowers, and sang soothing lullabies with unwearied patience. If the invalid dozed under the influence of his drowsy monotonous tones, he was still unable to leave his post; for the little hand clasped his, as if fearful he would go away. When the spirit of the dear child departed, and the lovely form that once contained it was consigned to the earth, no one but the father and mother mourned like Jan. The first time they visited the grave, they found it covered with flowers he had planted there. In the house, in the garden, everywhere, he missed the noise of the little feet, which seemed like an echo of his own, so constantly they followed him. For a while, all music was saddened to him, because every air he whistled or sung reminded him of some incident connected with the departed playmate. Months afterward, when he found among the shrubbery a wooden toy he had made for him, he sobbed aloud, and all day long the earth seemed darkened to his vision. This tender bond between him and the lost one revived all the affectionate interest Madame Van der Veen had ever felt for the "little brownie." But the playfulness of their intercourse was gone; being alike unsuited to the sadness of her spirit, {244} and the increasing stature of her favourite.

The young mother drooped under the blow, like flowers stricken by a black frost, never to revive again. The healing hand of time rendered her placid and resigned, but her former cheerfulness never

returned. She became very devout, and all her music was an utterance of prayer. Looking on this life with the eye of one weary of its illusions, she steadfastly fixed her thoughts on that world whither her darling had gone. From the youthful soul of Jan the shadow was more easily lifted. Again he revelled in the bright colours, the pungent perfumes, and the varied sounds of that luxuriant region of the earth. Again he began to mock the birds and the boatmen, and to mingle in dances with the other young slaves. About two years after he lost his best beloved playmate, he met with a companion who more than supplied his place, and who imparted to his existence a greater degree of vivacity and joyfulness, than he had ever known. Walking toward Grésik, one morning, to execute some commission for his mistress, he heard a pleasant voice in the distance, singing a merry tune. The sounds approached nearer and nearer, and they were so lively, that involuntarily his feet moved faster. Presently, a young girl emerged from a clump of tamarind trees, with a basket of fruit on her head; and the tune stopped abruptly. The expression of her countenance was extremely innocent and {245} modest, and though her complexion was of a deeper brown than his own, a blush shone through it, like the glow of wine through a dark bottle in the sunshine. Jan noticed this as she passed; and something, he knew not what, made him remember her face very distinctly, and wish to see it again. He never went to Grésik without thinking of the merry voice in the distance, and never passed the clump of tamarind trees without recalling the bright vision he met there. Many weeks elapsed before he obtained another glimpse of her; but at last he overtook her with her basket on the way to Grésik; and this time they did not meet to pass each other; for their path lay in the same direction. With mutual bashfulness they spoke and answered; and each thought the other handsomer than they had at first supposed. The acquaintance thus begun rapidly ripened into intimacy. He was not yet thirteen years old, and she was not eleven. But in that precocious clime, Cupid shoots at children with a bow of sugar-cane; and this little maiden carried a store of his arrows in her large lustrous eyes. After that, Jan was seized with redoubled zeal to do all the errands to Grésik; and it so happened that he often overtook her on the way, or found her resting herself among the tamarind trees. Then her road homeward was, for a mile, the same as his own. Thus they travelled back and forth with their baskets, making the air musical as they went; as happy as the birds, and as thoughtless of the coming {246} years. During these frequent interviews, he learned that she was a slave; that her mother was from the island of Bali; and that her Arab father had given her the name of Zaida. Before many months elapsed, Madame Van der Veen heard, from the other servants, that Jan was in love with a pretty girl, whose master lived not far from Grésik; and when she questioned him, he bashfully confessed the fact. Then she spoke very seriously to him, and told him how sorry she should be to see him doing as many did around him. She said if Zaida was a good girl, and wished to marry him, she would try to buy her; and if they would promise to be faithful and kind to each other, they should have a handsome wedding at her house, and a bamboo hut to live in. This almost maternal kindness excited his sensitive soul to tears. She seized that impressible moment to talk to him concerning his duties to God, and to explain how He had made man for a higher destiny than to mate, like the birds, for a season.

The negotiation for the purchase of Zaida was somewhat prolonged, and she was at last obtained at an unusually high price; for her master took advantage of Madame Van der Veen’s well-known character for generosity and indulgence to the inmates of her household. Meanwhile, the gentle lady allowed her slave frequent opportunities of seeing his beloved. Once a week, he took his guitar and spent two or three hours with his singing-bird. Every errand to Grésik was intrusted to him, and {247} Zaida found many occasions for going thither at the same hour. Very beautiful were the scenes through which they passed in those happy days. South of them was a range of mountains, blue and softened in the distance. On the north was the bright sea, with the island of Madura lying like an emerald gem on its bosom. Bamboo cottages, shaded by a mass of luxuriant vegetation, dotted the level landscape, as it were, with little islands, whose deep verdure formed a lovely contrast with the rich yellow of the ripened rice fields. Here, the large scarlet blossoms of a pomegranate, beautiful above all other trees, filled the air with fragrance; and there, a tall cocoa-palm reared its great feathery head high above the light elegant foliage of a tamarind grove. Arum lilies held up their large white cups among the luxuriant vines that lay tangled by the wayside. Wild peacocks and other gorgeous birds flitted across their path, glittering in the sunlight, like jewels from fairy land. The warbling of birds, the buzzing of bees, the whiz and the whirr of numerous insects, all the swarming sounds of tropical life, mingled with the monotonous tones of boatmen coming down the river Solo with their merchandise, singing with measured cadence,

"Pull and row, brothers! pull and row!"

Only one discordant note disturbed the chorus which nature sang to love. Near the house where {248} Zaida's master dwelt, there lived a Dutchman and his wife, who were notoriously cruel to their slaves. Zaida recounted some shocking instances of severity, and especially expressed pity for a girl little older than herself, who had formerly belonged to a very kind master and mistress. When they died, she was sold at auction, and had the misfortune to pass into the hands of their inhuman neighbour, whose wife was jealous, and lost no opportunity of tormenting her. When Jan was singing some of the plaintive melodies to which his own taste always inclined him, or when, to amuse the merry Zaida, he imitated Chinese jingle jangles, sometimes the sound of the lash, accompanied with shrieks, would break in upon the music or the merriment, and put their spirits out of tune. Nature had made Jan more sensitive than reflective; and he had been brought up so like a humming-bird among flowers, that he had never thought any thing about his own liabilities as a slave. Now, for the first time, it occurred to him, "What if *my* master and mistress should die, and *I* should be sold?"

An English family lived very near Madame Van der Veen's, and, as both were musical, an intimacy had grown up between them. The father and mother of this family were very strongly opposed to slavery, and not unfrequently discussed the subject. Jan, as he passed in and out of the parlour, waiting upon the guests, had been accustomed to hear these conversations as though he {249} heard them not. In fact, he often wished the old Englishman would stop talking, and give his son an opportunity to accompany Madame Van der Veen's piano with his flute. But after those lashes and shrieks had waked up his mind to the possibility of auction and transfer, he listened more attentively, and carried with him into riper years the memory of many things he heard.

When he was fourteen years old, and Zaida was twelve, they were married. Madame Van der Veen furnished cake and lemonade for the wedding, and gave gay dresses to the juvenile bride and bridegroom, who looked extremely well in their new finery. Jan had lost something of his childish beauty, but he was still handsome. His yellow complexion was rendered paler by the contrast of his jet black hair and the bright turban that surmounted it. His limbs were slender and flexible, his features small and well proportioned, and his large antelope eyes had a floating, plaintive expression, as if there was always a tear in his soul. Zaida was rounder, and browner, and ruddier. Her dark hair was combed entirely back, and twisted into a knot, ornamented with scarlet flowers. The short downy hairs about the forehead curled themselves into a little wavy fringe. From her small ears were suspended two large gilded hoops, a bridal present from the old Englishman. From her Arab father she inherited eyes more beautifully formed than belonged to her mother's race. The long dark lashes {250} curled upward, and imparted a smiling expression, even in her most serious moments; and when she was amused, her eyes laughed outright. There was a harmonized contrast between her and her bridegroom, which was extremely agreeable. The young Englishman compared them to the major and minor mode; and Madame Van der Veen said they looked like hope and memory. Personal comeliness is rare among the natives of those islands. Little Zaida was like a ruby among pudding-stones.

A bamboo hut, raised two feet from the ground, and consisting of two apartments, without windows, was their bridal home. It was all they needed in a climate where, more than half the year, all household occupations could be most conveniently performed out of doors. There was a broad verandah in front, sheltered from rain and sun by the projecting roof. In front was a grove of orange and lemon trees, and in the rear was a group of plantains, whose immensely long broad leaves and yellow spikes of nodding flowers cast refreshing shadows.

A grass mat, of Jan's own weaving, and pillows filled with a kind of silky down from a wild plant, answered for a bed. Gourd shells, a few earthern dishes, and a wooden waiter from which they ate their meals, seated on the floor, constituted their simple furniture. The rooms, which received light from the open door, were used only for eating and sleeping. The verandah was the place where {251} all their sedentary occupations were pursued. There, Zaida might be seen busy at her spinning-wheel and loom; there, Jan wove mats and baskets for his master's household; and there stood his gambang, a musical instrument, with wooden bars of graduated lengths, which he struck with a mallet, to accompany the simple Javanese melodies that he and Zaida were accustomed to sing together.

Years passed over their heads without any more serious variations than slight dissensions with the other slaves, occasional illness, and the frequent birth of children. Some of them resembled the

father, others the mother; and some had their eyes obliquely set, like the island ancestry from whom they descended. Some were bright, some dull, some merry and some pensive; but Madame Van der Veen pronounced them all very good children; and they certainly were trained to be devotedly attentive to her. During their first years, it cost nothing to clothe them, for they ran about naked; and it required almost as little expense to furnish them with food, where rice was so easily cultivated, and plantains, cocoas and oranges grew wild. The warmth of the climate, the lavish bounty of the soil, the improvident habits which every human being must necessarily form, who acquires no property by economy, and the extreme indulgence with which he had always been treated by his gentle-hearted mistress, all conspired to render Jan forgetful of the precarious tenure by which he {252} held the external blessings of his mere animal existence. Sometimes, when he went to Grésik, he passed by a slave-auction, and the sight always gave him a pang; for it brought up a picture of Zaida and her children standing there amid the indecent jests and rude handling of a crowd of men. Sometimes he witnessed despotic and cruel treatment of slaves, and still more frequently he heard of such instances. Then came recollections of the lashes and shrieks, that used to interrupt his music and merriment in the days of courtship; and always they brought with them the question, “What if Zaida and our daughters should ever be sold to such people as that cruel Dutchman and his jealous wife?” While any instances were fresh in his mind, he listened attentively to whatever was said about slavery by his master and the English family. From them he learned how the English, during their brief possession of Java, had interdicted slave traffic with the neighbouring islands; had passed laws forbidding slaves to be sold, except with their own consent; and had allowed them to hold, as their own, any property they were able to acquire. Mr. Van der Veen tried to excuse the Dutch for renewing their slave-trade, by urging that it was a necessity imposed upon them, because there was no other method of procuring servants. The Englishman denied any such necessity. He maintained that the natives of Java were intelligent, teachable and honest, and very willing to render services for {253} money. He highly commended the native princes for never permitting any of their own people to be slaves. He told of one of those princes, who had inherited fifty slaves; but when the British Government declared that all should become free, unless publicly registered by their masters, within a specified time, he said, “Then I will *not* register my slaves. They shall be free. I have kept them hitherto, because it was the custom, and because the Dutch liked to be attended by slaves when they visited the palace. But as that is not the case with the British, they shall cease to be slaves; for I have long felt shame, and my blood has run cold, when I have reflected on what I once saw at Batavia and Semarang, where human beings were exposed at public sale, placed on a table, and examined like sheep and oxen.” The Englishman declared that he lost no opportunity of talking with all classes of people on the subject, and of circulating publications, translated into Dutch, and sent to him from England for that purpose; and he expressed a strong belief that the Dutch would soon abolish slavery. In these conversations, nothing interested Jan so much as his master’s statement, that, according to existing laws, slaves might purchase themselves. He resolved to save all the small coins he might receive; and visions flitted through his brain, of mats and baskets to be made, when his daily tasks were completed. But when he received this information, he already had a brood of {254} children; he despaired of ever being able to collect money enough to buy *them*; and his anxious thoughts were far more on their account, than on his own. He always solaced himself with the thought that his mistress would not allow them to be sold while she lived, and that she would certainly make provision for them before she died.

Sixteen years of his married life had passed away, and during all that time such forecasting thoughts had been mere transient clouds fleeting across the sunshine of contentment. But the time came when Mr. Van der Veen was summoned to Batavia, on account of some entanglement in his commercial affairs; and three weeks afterwards, tidings were brought that he had died suddenly in that unhealthy city. Again Jan saw his mistress bowed to the earth with sorrow; and it was beautiful to witness the delicate expressions of sympathy, which nature taught him. He moved noiselessly, and spoke softly. He and Zaida sang only religious hymns and soothing tunes, such as she loved to hear after her little Lam was taken away. His prettiest child, then nearly three years old, was sent every morning with a fresh bouquet of the flowers she loved best. He would never lie down for the night until he believed she was sleeping; and his first waking thoughts were devoted to her. It soon became known that Mr. Van der Veen had died in debt, and that a large portion of his property must be {255} assigned to creditors. In this assignment were included many slaves, in various cities, and some belonging to his domestic establishment. Quite a small fortune for the widow was saved from the wreck of his wealth; and in that she expressly stipulated that Jan and all his family should be included, together with the estate on which she had always lived since her marriage. By this

unexpected turn of affairs, the remote contingency, which had sometimes created temporary uneasiness in Jan's mind, was brought frightfully near. He never again forgot, for a single day, scarcely for a single hour, that he was merely a favoured slave, and that all the lives intertwined with his held their privileges by the same precarious tenure. He never hinted his anxiety to any one but Zaida; but Madame Van der Veen had the thoughtful kindness to assure him that she would dispossess herself of every thing, rather than part with him and his family; saying, at the same time, that there was no danger of her being called upon to make any such sacrifice, as there was enough property left to enable them all to live comfortably. He deeply and gratefully felt her kindness; but the shadow of her death fell darkly across the consolation it imparted. Not for the world would he have told her so; lest the suggestion should increase her melancholy, by making her suppose that even the most attached of her servants, and the only ones she had left, wanted to be free to quit her service. {256}

Their English neighbour, being involved in the same commercial difficulties that had deranged Mr. Van der Veen's affairs, concluded to sell all his property in Java, and remove to Calcutta. He and his family spent their last evening with the widow of their deceased friend. While Jan was arranging fruit for their refreshment in the adjoining room, he heard his own name and that of Zaida uttered in low tones, accompanied with the disjointed words, "So much petted"—"the more hard"—"make provision." In her usual soft tones, but so clearly that he heard every word, Madame Van der Veen replied, "I have thought of all that, my good friend. I will never part with any of them while I live; and when I die, I will leave them all free." "Why not now?" urged the importunate Englishman. She answered, "My heart is heavy to-night, and business oppresses me; but I assure you, most solemnly, that I will attend to it very soon." She never knew what a heavy load those words removed from the soul of her favourite slave. After he heard them, he seemed to step on air. Zaida, to whom the important discovery was forthwith imparted, was even more elated. They hugged and kissed their little ones that night, with a feeling they had never known before; and zeal in the service of their good mistress was thenceforth redoubled. At the departure of the English family, they gave some gay calico dresses to Zaida and the children, and a violin to Jan. The old gentleman put a golden ducat in {257} his hand, saying, "I thank you, my good fellow, for all your attentions to me and mine. There is a trifling keepsake. May the blessing of heaven go with it, as mine does. I shall remember you all in my prayers. Farewell, Jan! Always continue to be faithful and honest." The poor slave had never possessed a piece of gold before, and small as it was, it seemed to him a Golconda mine. First, he buried it in the ground, and put a stone over it. Then he was afraid some creature might dig it up in the night. So he sewed it into a pouch, which he fastened securely within the girdle he constantly wore. The cares and anxieties of wealth had come upon him.

While the carriage was waiting to convey the Englishman away, he walked over to Madame Van der Veen's, to bid a final farewell. His last words were, "My dear Madame, don't forget the talks we have had together; especially what we said last night. Since I have lived in Java, I have done my utmost to sow good seed on this subject, and I trust it will spring up and bring forth a harvest, sooner or later. From time to time, I shall send the magistrates publications, that will prevent their forgetting what I have so often urged upon them. A blessing will rest upon this beautiful island in proportion as they attend to this. Remember it in your prayers, my dear friend, and use your influence aright. Don't say it is small. You have seen in your garden how great a growth comes from one little seed. {258} My friend, there are responsibilities in human society, for which we shall have to answer unto our God. And now, farewell. The voice of the old man will never urge you more. May the blessing of heaven be with you all."

The tendered-hearted widow wept freely; for he had been her husband's friend, and the words he spoke were solemn. She resolved to make her will, and have it duly witnessed, that very day. But a visitor came, and after her departure, she felt a degree of lassitude, which unfitted her for exertion. The next day, she looked over letters from her husband, and brought on headache by inordinate weeping. She was indolent, by temperament and by habit, and she was oppressed with melancholy. Weeks passed on, without any more definite result than a frequent resolution to make her will. She had gone to bed with a mind much impressed with what her English friend said at parting, and troubled with self-accusation that she had neglected it so long, when Zaida was summoned to her bedside at midnight, and found her head hot, and her pulse throbbing. In the morning, she was delirious, and looked wildly upon her faithful attendants without recognizing them. With her incoherent ravings, during the day, were frequently mixed the words, "Jan—Zaida—children—free." The slaves listened tearfully to these broken sentences, and felt fresh assurance that she had provided

for them. The physician thought otherwise; but he merely said that something disturbed her mind, {259} and if her life was not spared, he hoped she would have an interval of reason before she died. At the sound of that dreadful "*if*," Jan rushed out of the room, rolled himself on the floor, and sobbed convulsively. There was no selfishness in his sorrow; for he had not the slightest doubt that she, who never broke a promise, had cared thoughtfully for the future welfare of himself and his family. It was simply the agony of parting from his earliest and best friend. She lingered four days, but reason never returned. Into that brief period was compressed more misery than Jan had experienced during his whole life. Gloomy forebodings brought all the superstitions of the island in their train. The first night his mistress was taken ill, he shook his head, and said, "Ah, Zaida, don't you remember she went to Surabaya to dine, the very day we heard of master's death? I told you then it was a very bad sign to go abroad the same day that you hear of the death of a friend." The next night he was startled by an unusual noise, attributed to explosions among the distant volcanic mountains; and that was regarded as a certain prognostic of impending disaster. The following day was unusually sultry, and in the evening he saw phosphoric light quivering over the nasturtiums in the garden. He had never witnessed the phenomenon before, and he was not aware that such a peculiarity had been previously observed in that glowing plant. He had no doubt that the light came from Spirits, who were waiting {260} for Madame Van der Veen's soul. On the fourth morning, he saw two crows fighting in the air; and thenceforth he had no hope.

The spirit of his beloved mistress departed from her body at midnight. The rainy season was then approaching, attended by the usual characteristic of violent storms. The house trembled with the rolling thunder, and flashes of intensely vivid lightning illumined the bed where the corpse lay, imparting, for a moment, an appalling glare to its ghastly paleness. Jan and Zaida were familiar with such storms, but never before had they seemed so awful, as amid the death-loneliness of that deserted house. A friendly neighbour pitied their grief and terror, and offered to remain with them until after the funeral. It was like tearing Jan's heart out, to see that dear face carried away, where he could behold it no more. Exquisitely sensitive by nature, his whole being was now all nerve and feeling, lacerated to the extremest degree of suffering. She was placed by the side of her little Lam, and there he planted the flowers she had best loved. He laid himself down on the ground, and moaned like a faithful dog, on his master's grave. He thought of the stories others had told him concerning his petted childhood; he remembered her sympathy and good advice when he was first in love with Zaida; he recalled a thousand instances of her indulgent kindness; the whole crowned by the precious gift of freedom. He *could* not reconcile himself to the thought that he should never {261} again have her to rely upon. He had no heart for any thing, but to tend the flowers on those graves.

When this storm of grief began to subside, he consoled himself with the thought, "Whatever happens now, I can never again suffer as I *have* suffered." More than a week passed, before he heard that Madame Van der Veen had left no will; that she had survived all her immediate relatives; and that the nearest heir to the property resided at Manilla. This was a stunning blow. Zaida reminded him how their good mistress had instructed them to pray to God when they were in trouble; and many a fervent imploring supplication ascended from their humble hut. Jan resolved to plead earnestly with the heir, and he comforted himself with the idea that the physician would tell him how their kind mistress had spoken of their freedom during her illness. But even if his entreaties should prevail with the stranger, where could they live? Could they be sure of finding employment? He spent every leisure moment in weaving mats and baskets for sale, and the children were kept busy gathering wild fruits for the market. Those things sold for a very low price, and it would be a long time indeed before he could acquire a piece of land and a hut by that process. But the gold piece! He felt of his girdle to ascertain if it was safe. Yes, it was there; a nest-egg, from which his imagination hatched a large brood of chickens. Hope struggled with anxiety for a few weeks, and Zaida, who {262} always looked on the bright side, continually repeated her belief that every thing would turn out well. But, at last, news arrived that the heir did not intend to visit Java; that he had intrusted the business to an agent with instructions to sell all the property, of every description, and remit the proceeds to him. Poor Jan thought he could never again suffer as he had suffered; but he was mistaken. This last blow broke him down entirely. A vision of the auction-stand, with his children bid off to different purchasers, was always before him. The lashes and shrieks, which had so much impressed his youthful mind, forever resounded in his imagination; but now the shrieks came from Zaida and their little ones.

During the three weeks that preceded the sale, he could scarcely eat or sleep. He became emaciated and haggard, to such a degree that all who knew him felt pity for him. The sympathizing

feeling was, however, soon quieted by saying to themselves, “It is a hard case, but it cannot be helped. Poor fellow! I hope they will find kind masters.” The physician spoke to many people in Grésik and its neighbourhood, declaring there could be no manner of doubt that Madame Van der Veen had fully intended they should all be free. He told the agent how her mind was troubled upon the subject during her delirium. He replied that he was very sorry the lady had left no will, but it was {263} no affair of his; he must obey the instructions he had received. The case excited a good deal of interest. Many of the Dutch residents shook their heads when they heard of it, and said, “The English are in the right; this system is a disgrace and a blight upon our island.”

All the day preceding the auction, Jan lay moaning at the grave of his mistress. All night he wandered round, looking at the flowers in the moonlight. He had tended them so long they seemed to know him, and to nod a sorrowful farewell. Sadder still it was to look upon the bamboo hut and its enclosure, connected with the garden by a little open-work gate. That bridal home, which his kind mistress had provided for them, and which was consecrated to his memory by so many years of humble happiness, never had it seemed so dear to him as now. There stood the loom, where he had so often seen Zaida at work. There was the gambang he had made for himself, the sounds, of which his departed master and mistress used to love to hear mingled with their voices, softened by the evening air on which they floated across the garden. There hung the old guitar she had given him in boyhood; and by its side was the violin, a parting present from the young Englishman. Even if he was allowed to retain these, would they ever sound again, as they had sounded there? As the dawning light revealed each familiar object, a stifling pain swelled more and more within his heart. {264} When he saw his children eating what would, perhaps, be their last breakfast together, every gourd shell that contained their little mess of rice seemed more valuable, in his eyes, than crown jewels to a dethroned monarch. Overcome with the struggle, he laid himself down on the mat and sobbed. Zaida, always hopeful, had borne up tolerably well till now; but now she yielded to despair, and rocked backward and forward violently, groaning aloud. Eight children, the oldest a lad of fourteen, the youngest a girl of three years old, sat on the floor weeping, or hiding their heads in their mother’s lap. Thus they were found by the man who came to take them to the auction at Grésik. Poor Jan! how often, in the latter years, had vague presentiments of this flitted across his mind, when he passed that dreadful place! He too well remembered the heartless jokes and the familiar handling, which had made him shrink from the possibility of such a fate for his wife and children. Zaida, indeed, was no longer an object of jealousy for any cruel master’s wife. She was not hideously ugly, like most slaves of her age, in that withering climate; but her girlish beauty had all departed, except a ghost of it still lingering in her large dark eyes. Their light was no longer mirthful, but they were still beautiful in colour, and expressed, as it were, the faint echo of a laugh, in their peculiar outline and long curling lashes. By her side stood a daughter, twelve years old, quite as handsome as she was at {265} that age; and another, of ten, with her father’s gazelle eyes, and the golden yellow complexion, which Javanese poets are accustomed to praise as the perfection of loveliness. The wretched aspect of the father and mother struck all beholders. When Jan mounted the stand, he cast one despairing glance around him, and lingered longest on the smallest lamb of his flock, who was crying with terror, and clinging fast to her mother’s skirts. He tossed his arms wildly upward, gave one loud groan, then bowed his head and wept in silence. Poor Zaida hid her face on his shoulder, and the whole group trembled like leaves in a storm. The auctioneer called out, “Here’s a valuable lot, gentlemen. Eight healthy, good-looking children. The father and mother still young enough to do a good deal of work, and both of excellent character. Whoever will bid six thousand florins [$2,333] for them may have them; and it will be a great bargain.” It was no comfort to the poor victims to be offered in a lot; for they might be bought by speculators, who would separate them. Jan listened, with all his soul in his ears. Not a voice was heard. The auctioneer waited a moment before he called out, “Will you say four thousand florins, gentlemen?” No one spoke. “Shall I have two thousand florins? That is really too cheap.” Still all remained silent.

Jan had never forgotten that his master had said the law allowed slaves to buy themselves. His poverty had hitherto prevented his deriving any consolation from that thought. But now a ray of {266} hope darted through his soul. He raised his drooping head suddenly, and a gleam, like the rising sun, passed over his pale, haggard countenance, as he said, eagerly, “I will give a golden ducat.” Then, dropping on his knees, he exclaimed, in imploring tones, which intense emotion rendered thrilling, “Oh, gentlemen, *don’t* bid over me. It is all I have in the world. Oh, good gentlemen, *don’t* bid over me!” Tears dropped from the eyes of many young people; the agent swallowed hard; and even the auctioneer was conscious of a choking feeling in his throat. There was deep silence for a while. The

interval was very brief; but to Jan's anxious heart it seemed long enough for the world to revolve on its axis. At last, the sound of the heavy hammer was heard, followed by these words: "The whole lot is going for a ducat. [$2 20 cents.] Going! going! *gone*! to Jan Van der Veen!"

It was one of humanity's inspired moments; when men are raised above the base influences of this earth, and see things as Spirits see them in the light of heaven. Hats, turbans, and handkerchiefs waved, and a cheerful "hurra!" met the ears of the redeemed captives. Jan belonged to himself, and owned all his family! Verily, the blessing of heaven did go with the Englishman's golden ducat, to a degree far beyond what he dreamed of when he gave it. Jan could hardly credit his own senses. The reaction from despair to such overwhelming joy was too much for him. His brain was dizzy, and his {267} limbs trembled. When he tried to rise, he tottered, and would have fallen, if Zaida had not caught him in her arms. "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" murmured some of the spectators. A man took off his hat, dropped a florin into it, and passing it round, said, "Give him a trifle, gentlemen, to set himself up with. He has always been a good, industrious fellow, and his mistress meant to provide for him. Give him a trifle, gentlemen!" There was a noise of falling coin. Zaida pulled her husband by the sleeve, and whispered in his ear, "Thank the gentlemen." He seemed like one half awake; but he made an effort, and said, "Thank you, good gentlemen! May God bless you and your——" He would have added children; but his eye happened to rest on his own smallest darling, and the thought that nobody could take her from him now choaked his utterance. He covered his face with his thin hands, and wept.

Was the golden ducat *all* that poor despairing slave owed to the good Englishman? No; that was the smallest part of the debt; for to the moral influence of his conversation, and the books and papers he scattered in the neighbourhood, might mainly be attributed the changing public sentiment, which rendered the crowd silent at that mournful scene, and thus enabled the auctioneer to exclaim, "The whole lot going for a ducat! Going! *gone*! to Jan Van der Veen! Hurra!" {268}

TO THE NASTURTIUM;

WHICH LINNÆUS DESCRIBES AS EMITTING PHOSPHORESENCE IN THE DARK.

GLORIOUS flower! so gorgeously bright!
As if thou wert formed of orient light!
In topaz, and gold, and velvet array,
Like an Eastern Queen on her bridal day!
Rich jewels the Sun to the Earth dropped down,
And the Earth gave him back thy floral crown.

Thy tints, glowing warm as a summer noon,
Seem painted tones from some amorous tune;
And surely thy varying flushes came
From Italian music's radiant flame;
Or, when Apollo touched his golden lyre,
Earth answered the sounds with thy brilliant fire.

Thy ardent blossoms were at first unfurled,
A love-letter written to all the world;
And not by day only, but even by night,
The writing shines through with phosphoric light.
That letter of love the Tropics sent forth,
Sealed full of sunshine, a gift to the North.

Bright Summer is proud thy garland to wear;
It shines like rich gems in Autumn's pale hair;
And it warms our homes with a sunny glow,
When earth has assumed her mantle of snow.
Wealth of bright beauty hast thou for thy dower,
Resplendent, warm-hearted, tropical flower!

{269}

THE ANCIENT CLAIRVOYANT.

Thou, while listening with thy inward ear,
The ocean of eternity didst hear,
Along its coming waves; and thou didst see
Its spiritual waters, as they rolled through thee;
Nor toiled, in hard abstractions of the brain,
Some guess of immortality to gain;
For far-sought truths within thy soul did rise,
Informing visions to thine inward eyes.
R. H. DANA.

MANY centuries ago, a child named Hermotimus was born in the genial climate of Ionia. From infancy, his hold on material life seemed exceedingly slight. He was a delicate, frail blossom;

"By living rays refined,
A trembler of the wind;
A spiritual flower
Sentient of breeze and shower."

{270}

But the slender thread that bound him to this mortal existence did not break. The babe crawled from his cradle and toddled into the fields, where he would sit motionless for hours, by the side of some flower he loved. A grave smile would illumine his countenance if a butterfly rested on it, or a passing bird brushed it with her wing. He always expected to see the flower fly, too; and therefore he watched it so patiently, as it swayed under their light pressure. In very early childhood, he was remarkable for the keenness of his senses and the vividness of his dreams. He heard distant sounds,

inaudible even to the quick ear of his playmate the hound; and the perfume of a rose made him faint, before he was old enough to explain why he turned so pale. At vintage time, when processions in honor of Bacchus passed through the village, his mother dared not take him to the show, where all other children were dancing and capering; for once, when she carried him with her to the rustic festival, he fell into violent fits at the sound of the shrill pipes and the clashing cymbals. His dreams furnished a theme for all the gossips of the neighborhood; for the scenes he witnessed in sleep impressed themselves on his mind with such singular distinctness, that nothing could persuade the child he had not actually seen them. Sometimes, when they gave him his little bowl of goat's milk for supper, he would cry for the lamb with beautiful rose-coloured wool, that had eaten a portion of his milk the night before; and it was quite useless to try to persuade him that there was no such creature as a rose-coloured lamb. To all their assertions, he would answer, with lively pertinacity, "I {271} did *see* him! I did *see* him; and he did drink from my bowl." As he grew older, he sometimes hummed snatches of tunes, which he said were sung to him by maidens in white robes, with garlands about their heads; and the melodies were unlike any known in the neighbourhood. Several times, as he walked along the road, he started suddenly at the approach of a stranger, and ran away shuddering. When his companions asked why he did so, he would answer, "Ah, that was a very bad man. He made me feel all over cold."

It was no wonder that the simple villagers became superstitious concerning such a singular child. Some remembered that, before he was born, his mother had carried offerings into a consecrated grotto, where stood a statue of Apollo; and that, being overcome by the warmth of the day, she had fallen asleep there. This gave rise to the story that in her dreams she had heard the god playing upon his golden lyre; that the divine sounds had pervaded her whole being, and endowed her child with Apollo's gift of prophecy. Others declared that the altar in the sacred grotto had for several years been loaded with her devout offerings, and that she had been heard to say the statue sometimes smiled upon her. Such tokens of approbation from celestial beings were by no means deemed incredible; but they implied that the worshipper was a favourite with the deity she served. From this {272} belief it was easy to infer that the extraordinary child, who saw and heard things invisible and inaudible to other mortals, might be a veritable son of Apollo. Some old crones shook their heads mournfully, and said children who received peculiar endowments from the gods generally died young.

But the little Hermotimus wandered about with his father's shepherds, and was gradually invigorated by air and exercise. He no longer fainted at perfumes, or shared his supper with rose-coloured lambs. His mother still noticed a peculiar dreaminess in the expression of his eyes, and when he was alone, she sometimes heard him singing melodies, which came to him from some mysterious source. She kept her thoughts in the privacy of her own heart, but she retained her belief that his remarkable boyhood was the forerunner of something extraordinary in manhood. With his improving health, the gossip of the neighbourhood gradually subsided, and was only occasionally revived by some eccentricities in his manners. The change pleased his father well; for he wanted a son to aid him in the acquisition of wealth, and had no desire to see him become either poet or prophet. He charged his wife never to talk to him about his childish dreams, and he was annoyed by any allusions to her sleep in Apollo's grotto. Of course, the lad was aware that things had been said of him, which his mother believed, and his father disliked to have mentioned. This mystery made {273} him think more about himself, than he would otherwise have done, and increased his tendency to lonely wanderings and profound reveries. His father did his utmost to allure him to convivial meetings with young people; saying to himself that a sharp shot from Cupid's bow was the best thing to wake him up thoroughly. But the timid youth scarcely ventured to raise his eyes in the presence of maidens, and appeared to take even less notice of their charms, than he did of flowers and birds, and other beautiful things. His father thought that a mate as unlike himself as possible would be most likely to counteract his peculiar tendencies. He therefore selected Praxinoë, a buxom merry-hearted lass, who was so healthy, she never had but one dream she remembered in the whole course of her life; and that was of being at a vintage festival, where she pelted the young men with clusters of grapes, till the wine ran down their chins and made her wake with laughing. Certainly, she would have chosen quite another sort of mate, than Hermotimus with his soft voice and dreamy eyes. But it was the belief in those days, and it has kept its ground pretty well ever since, that women have no right to an opinion of their own. So the parents arranged the affair between them, and the passive young couple were married.

Praxinoë was energetic and ambitious. She prided herself on the excellent cheeses she made, and {274}
the quantity of grapes she dried for the market. She was always talking of these, and Hermotimus tried to listen patiently, though she unconsciously tormented him to a greater degree than ever his thrifty father had done. Sometimes he even praised her industry, and smiled, in his absent sort of way; for he had a kind of pleasure in the company of his pretty young bride, as he had in the presence of a lively twittering bird. Had a modern caricaturist made a picture of their wedded life, he would have painted it as the marriage of a solemn young owl with a chattering wren. Hermotimus was often bewildered by her volubility, and her incessant activity sometimes made him feel weary, as if he had himself been hard at work. He loved to sit for hours in silent thought, meditating on the nature of the soul; revolving in his mind whether the gods ever *did* unite themselves with mortals; and whether those philosophers had spoken truly, who had affirmed that there was something divine within the body, which would lay aside its temporary garment of flesh, resume its native wings, and return to a celestial home, to dwell among immortals. While his thoughts were plunged in such profound meditations, it not unfrequently happened that Praxinoë came to inquire whether he remembered how many cheeses she had sent to market, or how many bushels of grapes were in readiness; and if he forgot the number she had told him, as he generally did, her cheerful temper became over-clouded with consciousness that the energy and industry, on which she prided herself, {275}
were altogether unappreciated. It was a hard disappointment for her to bear; for she loved luxury, and was born to sun herself in the pleasures of this world. Hermotimus would have pitied her if he could; but he never was in that region where she lived, and he did not know what people enjoyed or suffered there. Praxinoë had as little idea of the worlds through which *he* wandered; and the glimpses she obtained from his occasional remarks were by no means attractive to her. She had much less desire for celestial wings, than she had for fine woolens and glossy silks; and the shadow-land of disembodied souls presented to her mind no pleasant pictures of comfortable housekeeping. Her favourite topics of conversation were embroidered mantles, and robes of Tyrian dye; and if her husband sought to check her, by remarking that such expensive articles could never be obtained by them, she answered impatiently, “Why not? People can have what they will. The Greeks got into Troy, didn’t they?” Sometimes she would add, in an undertone of vexation, “But they were not such Greeks as thou art.”

Undoubtedly, he *was* a vexation to an earth-born woman—that mild, dreamy, saintly man! The distance between them inevitably grew wider and wider; and the process was hastened by changes in the condition of Hermotimus. Though he had become more healthy in youth, than he was in infancy, {276}
there had never been a complete union between his soul and body. The inner and outer circles of his being, instead of clasping into each other, touched only at one point, and so remained nearly strangers. At the time of his marriage, he was believed to have outgrown the feebleness of his childhood, and to have lost the power of prophecy. But two years afterward, he fell asleep one day in the same grotto of Apollo to which his mother had been accustomed to carry offerings. He came out pale and chill, and was that night seized with a singular kind of fits, which continued to attack him more and more frequently. The old gossip was renewed. The neighbours said his father, the divine Apollo, had kissed him in his sleep, and he would never be like other men. Praxinoë nursed him carefully, for she had a kindly heart. But when the fits were on him, he inspired a degree of awe amounting almost to terror; for his looks and words impressed her with a strong conviction that he was some sort of a Spirit, and not a mortal man. At times, he told her the most secret thoughts of her heart, and repeated word for word what had been said to her, when he was out of hearing. He frequently described magnificent cities, gorgeous birds, and beautiful flowers, she had never seen or heard of. But what made her shudder more than all else, was the familiar intercourse he described with relatives and friends long since dead. If she were alone with him, during these strange {277}
visitations, he never answered when she spoke, or gave any indication that he was aware of her presence. But there was one person, to whose questions he always replied. In the neighbouring city of Clazomenæ lived a Pythagorean philosopher, named Prytanes. He heard rumours of the singular childhood of Hermotimus, and of the extraordinary fits that had come upon him in manhood; and he was desirous to ascertain how far these accounts had been exaggerated. When he made his first visit to him who was called The Sleeping Prophet, he found him lying upon a couch motionless and senseless. He took hold of his hand, and found it cold and rigid; but a change went over the countenance, like the light which drives shadows across the fields; and Hermotimus said, “I am glad you have come again; for, above all things, I have enjoyed our pleasant walks together in the groves, talking of the wings of the soul.” This seemed marvellous to Prytanes; for never, to his knowledge, had he spoken with Hermotimus. But when he asked questions concerning their conversations, the

sleeper revealed to him many thoughts, which he remembered to have passed through his own mind, at various times, and which had seemed to him, at the moment, as if they did not originate in himself, but had come to him from some unknown source; thoughts which he in fact believed to have been imparted by supernal beings. When Prytanes returned to Clazomenæ, he gave an account {278} of this wonderful experience, in public discourses to his disciples; and the fame of Hermotimus spread more and more widely. Priests and philosophers came to listen to his conversations with Prytanes; and while some went away incredulous, others were deeply impressed with awe. From far and near, people brought the diseased to him, begging him to prescribe a cure; and the rumour went round that sometimes, when he merely passed his hands over them, their pains departed. In these days, he would have been called a clairvoyant; but what we style animal-magnetism had then never been mentioned; though its phenomena were occasionally manifested, as they always have been, wherever the spiritual and physical circle of man's compound existence is partially disjoined. Scientific causes were then little investigated. Health, beauty, eloquence, poetry, and all other things, were supposed to be direct and special gifts from some god. No wonder then that many believed Hermotimus to be really the son of Apollo, receiving the gift of healing and of prophecy from immediate and continual intercourse with his divine father.

If the wise and thoughtful were puzzled, it may well be supposed that the busy little Praxinoë often felt as if she were walking among shadows in a fog. Her ambition was in some degree gratified by her husband's fame, and by the distinguished persons who came to visit him. But, in confidential {279} conversation with her gossips, she complained that these numerous visitors interrupted her avocations, beside bringing a great deal of dust into the house, and asking for a draught of her fresh wine rather oftener than was convenient. "I admire hospitality," she would say; "and I wish I were rich enough to feast all Ionia, every week, and send each guest away with a golden bracelet. But the fact is, these dreams of Hermotimus, though they are full of palaces and fountains, do not help in the least to build such things; and he brings home no wine from the beautiful vineyards he describes. Then I can't help thinking, sometimes, that it would be pleasant to know for a certainty whether one's husband were really dead, or alive."

One thing became daily more obvious to her and to all who saw him. The continual questions he was called upon to answer, and the distant places of the earth he was required to visit, exhausted the little bodily strength he possessed. The priests at the neighbouring temple of Æsculapius said he needed more quiet, and ought to drink a strong decoction of vervain, gathered when the moonlight rested on it. He himself, when questioned, during his miraculous slumbers, declared that the air of the valleys was not good for him. Therefore his friends removed him to a residence among the hills. Praxinoë made no objection; for though her spiritualized mate failed to call forth all the warmth of {280} her loving nature, she had a friendly feeling for him, and would gladly have done any thing for the recovery of his health. But the change was by no means agreeable to her lively disposition. She liked to live where she could see festive processions passing with garlands, and gaily dressed youths and maidens dancing to the sound of cymbals and flutes.

News from the city became more rare; for Hermotimus recovered his health, and with it lost what was called his gift of prophecy; consequently, visitors came less and less frequently. Urged by Praxinoë, the diseased one sometimes tried to render himself practically useful. But his heart was in such occupations even less than it had formerly been. Companionship with philosophers had excited his intellect, and induced the habit of watching his own soul with intense interest. He was absorbed in reverie most of the time, and Prytane, who came occasionally to see him, was the only person with whom he conversed freely. Their conversation was more wearisome to Praxinoë than his dreamy silence. She said they might be as wise as owls, for all she knew to the contrary, but that *she* could see no more sense in their talk, than she did in the hooting of those solemn birds of darkness. In another respect, Hermotimus seemed to her like an owl. His eyes became so nervously sensitive to light, that he winked continually in the sunshine, and was prone to seek the shelter of grottoes and {281} shady groves. His childish habit of vivid dreams returned; and the explanation of these dreams occupied his thoughts continually. One morning, he told Praxinoë he had dreamed that she held in her hand a crystal globe, that reflected all things in the universe; that she threw it into the flames, where it cracked asunder, and there rose from it a radiant Spirit, with large white wings. She laughed, and said if she had such a globe, she would not break it till she had taken a peep at Corinth, to see the embroidered silks and golden girdles that the women wore there. He was thinking of the winged Spirit, and her remark passed through his ears without reaching his mind. Had he listened to the observation, it would have seemed to him very much like looking through the universe to watch

a butterfly. Nothing was interesting to him but the process of attaining wings to his soul. He thought of this, till the body seemed an encumbrance, and its necessities a sin. He ate sparingly at all times, and fasted often. When he spoke at all, his talk was ever of mortifying the senses, that the soul might be enabled to rise to the ethereal spheres from which it had fallen into this world. Praxinoë was impatient with such discourse. "To think of *his* talking of mortifying the senses!" exclaimed she; "when he never *had* any senses to mortify. Why, never since I knew him has he eaten enough to keep a nightingale alive. For my part, I think it is a blessing to have plenty of good food, and an excellent {282} appetite for it."

In her present situation, she was not sustained through her trials, as she had been near Clazomenæ, by the reverence which her husband inspired. Their dwelling was isolated, and in the nearest village were many scoffers and skeptics. She had formed an intimacy with a wealthy dame, named Eucoline; and from her she learned that people said Hermotimus neglected to provide for his family, because he was too indolent to work; that he injured his health by frequent fasts, and made himself crazy with thinking, merely for the sake of being stared at by the common people; and as for his pretended visions and prophecies, they were undoubtedly impositions. Praxinoë, who habitually looked outward for her standard of thought and action, was much influenced by these remarks. She had sometimes wept in secret over her cheerless destiny; but discontent had been restrained by a reverent sense of being connected with some solemn mystery, which others respected. Now, she began to doubt whether the eccentricities she daily witnessed might not be assumed, from the motives imputed by their neighbours. This tendency was increased by the influence of Eratus, the gay, luxurious husband of Eucoline. He professed to be a disciple of Epicurus, but he was one of those who had perverted the original doctrines of that teacher; for while he thought happiness was the only good, he believed there was no enjoyment higher than that of the senses. To his volatile {283} mind all things in life afforded subjects for jest and laughter. If he met Praxinoë, on her way to his wife's apartments, he would say, "How is the good Hermotimus, to-day? Has he gone to talk with the gods, and thrown his body on the couch till he returns?" These sneers were not pleasant; and the habit of comparing her situation with that of Eucoline increased her discontent. The handsome and healthy Eratus was growing richer every day by his own energy and enterprise. "Such robes as he buys for *his* wife!" said she to herself, "I can make better wine than she can; I can weave handsomer cloth; and I think the gods have endowed me with more beauty; but I can never hope to wear such robes. Ah, if my good Hermotimus were only more alive!"

This involuntary comparison did no great harm, until her friend Eucoline chanced to die suddenly. Then the idea came into her head, "If I could marry Eratus, what a noble span we should make! We might ride in our own chariot, inlaid with ivory and gold. Perhaps it *may* happen some day, Who knows? Didn't the Greeks get into Troy?" She tried to drive away the pleasing vision, but it *would* intrude itself; and worse still, the handsome Eratus often came in person to bring choice grapes and figs, in the prettiest of all imaginable vases and baskets. He was always friendly with Hermotimus; and if his body had wandered away, carried by the soul, which was so generally absent {284} from this material world, the Epicurean would inquire, in this jocular way, "Where is the good Hermotimus, pretty one? Has he gone off to converse with the gods? If Venus had given *me* such a beautiful companion at home, all Olympus wouldn't tempt me away from her." The gay, graceful, flattering man! He was a dangerous contrast to her pale silent husband, hiding himself in groves and grottoes, thinking only of obtaining wings for his soul. Eratus was conscious of his power, and betrayed it by expressive glances from his large dark eyes. Sparks fell from them into the heart of the neglected wife, and kindled a fire there which glowed through her cheeks. Her eyelids drooped under his ardent gaze, and she avoided looking at him when he spoke; but she could not shut out the melting tenderness of his tones. It was a hard trial to poor Praxinoë. Her nature had such tropical exuberance! She was born with such love of splendour, such capacity for joy! and the cruel Fates had cast her destiny in such cold and shady places! Her pride had sometimes been an evil companion, but it now proved a friend in need. If she could not be the wife of Eratus, she resolved not to give Cupid any more opportunities to shoot arrows from his eyes, or play amorous tunes with his musical voice. When she saw the flatterer approaching, she retreated hastily and left an old ser {285} vant to receive him, and thank him for the grapes he had brought for Hermotimus. Eratus smiled at the veil she thus endeavoured to throw over his attentions; and to deprive her of the subterfuge, he sent her a golden bracelet and ear-rings, for which she could not thank him in the name of her husband. She returned the costly gift, though affection, vanity, and love of elegance strongly tempted her to retain it. She was a brave woman. The prudes in the neighbourhood, who were accustomed to

shake their heads and say she laughed and talked more than was consistent with decorum, never knew half how brave she was.

This prudent reserve of course rendered her more interesting to the enamored widower. The more he thought of her, the more he was vexed that such a vivacious creature, with mantling complexion, laughing eyes, and springing step, should be appropriated by a pale devotee, who took no notice of her charms, and who in fact despised even the most beautiful body, regarding it merely as a prison for the soul. At last, he plainly expressed a wish to marry her; and he proposed to ask Hermotimus to divorce her for that purpose, which the laws of the country enabled him to do. Praxinoë, with bashful frankness, confessed her willingness, and said she did not think Hermotimus would observe whether she were present or absent. "If he understands my proposition," replied Eratus, laughing, "he will give me a grave lecture, and tell me how the wings of his soul are {286} growing, by with drawing from all the pleasures of this world. Let them grow!"

The sudden and alarming illness of Hermotimus arrested the progress of affairs; for the kindness of Praxinoë overcame all other feelings, and she said she would not leave him to the care of hirelings. He recovered slowly, and again wandered forth into the groves, with feeble steps. Eratus watched him impatiently; and when at last he seemed sufficiently recovered to enter into conversation, he sought an interview. He found him lying on the ground, in one of his favourite groves, cold and rigid as a corpse. He called servants to convey him to the house. Praxinoë manifested no surprise. She said she had not seen him in such a state for two years, but that in former times he would often lie senseless for a long time, and then wake up to tell of wonderful countries he had visited. Day passed after day, and he did not wake. The disciples of skeptical philosophers came and looked at him, and went away laughing with each other about the stories they had heard of his former visions, prophecies, and miraculous cures. They concluded their remarks by saying, "It can do no harm to burn his body, whether he is dead or not. The soul he had so much faith in was always longing to get out of prison. It would be conferring a favour upon him to give him a chance to try his wings." {287}

The parents of Hermotimus were dead. Eratus summoned priests of Æsculapius, who decidedly pronounced his slumber the sleep of death; and the relatives of Praxinoë sympathized with his impatience for the funeral. But she continued to doubt, and insisted upon first sending for the Pythagorean philosopher, whom Hermotimus had always answered, when he was in those strange trances. The messenger returned with tidings that he had gone to Athens. The funeral-pile was erected, and the good-hearted widow wept to find that the certainty of his death was such a relief to her mind. This consciousness was the more unpleasant to her, because she said to herself, "If he *is* in one of those trances, he knows all I am thinking." When they lifted him from the couch where he had lain so still, she shuddered violently, and exclaimed, "Surely he is not quite so pale as he was!" But they reasoned with her, and said, "He looks just as he has for the last three days." She saw his body placed on the funeral-pile, and when the flames began to curl round it, she listened to hear if there were any audible signs of life. But all was still, save the crackling of the wood; and in a short time, a heap of ashes was all that remained.

That night, she dreamed that she held a crystal globe in her hands, and threw it from her into the flames. The globe cracked, and a radiant Spirit, with white wings, rose from it and soared high into {288} the air. He smiled as he passed her, and said, "I foretold this." The countenance looked as that of Hermotimus had sometimes looked in his trances, when he told his friend Prytanes that he was listening to white-robed maidens, who played on golden harps; but though similar in expression, it was far more glorious. Did memory cause that dream? Or was it imparted from some other source, beyond herself? She woke trembling and afraid, and with a strong impression that she had seen Hermotimus. This belief excited uneasy thoughts, which she dared not mention, for fear of slanderous tongues. But she secretly confessed to Eratus that she feared her husband was not dead when they burned his body. He replied, "It is foolish to trouble yourself about a dream, my lovely one. It is enough that all who saw him thought he was dead. You know it often puzzled wiser folks than you or I to tell whether he was alive or not. Whatever phantom it was that sailed through the ivory gate of dreams, he smiled and seemed happy. Then why be disturbed about it? Life was given for enjoyment, dearest." He laughed and began to sing, "I'll crown my love with myrtle;" and his looks and tones drove all phantoms from her thoughts.

She soon became his wife, and her ambitious hopes were more than realized. Eratus placed a high value on worldly possessions, and knew very well how to obtain them. She never had occasion to remind *him* that the Greeks entered Troy. {289}

But where there is sunshine, there is always shadow. Her prosperity excited envy; which some manifested by saying, “If every body could burn a poor husband for the sake of marrying a rich one, other folks could wear silk mantles, too.” Remarks of that kind reached the ears of many who were firm believers in the inspiration of The Sleeping Prophet. They made anxious inquiries concerning the manner of his death; to which certain envious women answered: “Praxinoë was always a very good neighbour. *We* have nothing to say against her; though *some* people thought she was rather free, and not a little vain. The old nurse says Eratus was always sending her presents, long before her husband died; and *some* people do think it was very obliging in poor Hermotimus to die, just when he was so much wanted out of the way.” These whisperings soon grew into a report that the rich Epicurean had bribed the priests of Æsculapius to pronounce the slumberer a dead man. Of course, some persons were good-natured enough to repeat these rumours to the parties implicated. Finding their solemn assertions of innocence received with significant silence, or annoying innuendoes, they resolved to remove from the neighbourhood. Praxinoë had always greatly desired to see Corinth; and to please her, Eratus chose it for their future residence. In that gay luxurious city, her love of splendour was abundantly gratified with pompous processions and showy equipage. Her beauty {290} attracted attention whenever she was seen in public, and her husband took pride in adorning her with rich embroidery and costly jewels. In such an atmosphere, the wings of her soul had small chance to grow; but that subject never occupied her thoughts.

It was generally believed in Clazomenæ and its vicinity that Hermotimus was not dead when his emaciated body was consumed on the funeral-pile. This idea occasioned a good deal of excitement among those who had been cured of diseases by his directions, or startled to hear their inmost thoughts revealed. His frequent conversations with spirits of the departed had strongly impressed them with the belief that some god spoke through him, while his senses were wrapped in profound slumber; and no skeptical witticisms or arguments could diminish their faith in the prophet. They erected a temple to his memory, where they placed his ashes in a golden urn; and because his wife had consented that his body should be burned, while his soul was absent on one of its customary visits to the gods, they never allowed any woman to enter within the consecrated precincts. {291}

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

A REVERIE.

Not in another world, as poets prate,
Dwell we apart, above the tide of things,
High floating o’er earth’s clouds on fairy wings;
But our pure love doth ever elevate
Into a holy bond of brotherhood,
All earthly things, making them pure and good.
J. R. Lowell.

One of the most wonderful things connected with the mysterious soul-power, with which we limited mortals are endowed, is the capacity to rise into the infinite from the smallest earth-particle of the finite. How often some circumstance, trifling as the motions of a butterfly, plunges us into a profound reverie! How often, from the smallest and lowliest germ, are thoughts evolved, which go revolving round in ascending circles, forming a spiral ladder, ascending from earth to heaven!

A pair of white-breasted swallows that built a nest in a little bird-box near my chamber-window, sent my soul floating dreamily upward, till it lost its way in wide ethereal regions. The mother-bird was a lively little thing, making a deal of musical twittering at her work, and often coquetting {292} gracefully with her mate. I took an affectionate interest in her proceedings, though I had private suspicions that she was something of a female gossip, in her small way; for I observed that she watched the motions of other birds with inquisitive curiosity, and often stood at her front-door, prattling with them as they passed by. But they seemed to take it all in good part, and it was no concern of mine. I loved the pretty little creature, gossip or no gossip; and, for many days, my first waking thought was to jump up and take a peep at her. Though I rose before the sun, I always found her awake and active, chattering with her mate, or carrying straws and feathers into her dwelling, to make a bed for their little ones. I should have been half ashamed to have had any very wise person

overhear the things I said to her. She had such “peert,” knowing ways, that I could not remember her inability to understand human speech. It always seemed to me that she *must* be aware of my sympathy, and that she rejoiced in it.

One bright morning, when I looked out to salute her as usual, I was filled with dismay to see a grisly cat seated on the bird-box, peeping into the door with eager eyes. She had descended from the roof, and was watching for a chance to devour the inmates of that happy little dwelling. I always had an antipathy to the stealthy and cruel habits of the feline race; but I think I never detested any crea {293} ture as I did that cat; for a few minutes. The wish to do her harm, was, however, easily conquered by the reflection that she was obeying a natural instinct, as the bird was in catching insects; but I resolved that neither my dear little Lady Swallow nor her babes should furnish a repast for her voracious jaws. So I climbed a ladder, and took down the box, which contained a nest, with two pretty little white eggs. I was distressed with the idea that the hateful cat might have destroyed my favourites before I perceived their danger; but my anxiety was soon relieved by their approach. They circled round and round the well-known spot, peered about in every direction, perched on the platform where their home had stood, and chattered together with unusual volubility. Again and again they returned, bringing other birds with them, and repeating the same motions. They were evidently as much astonished, as we should be to wake up in the morning and find that an earthquake had swallowed a neighbour’s house during the night. Whether there were scientific swallows among them, that tried to frame satisfactory theories in explanation of the phenomenon, or whether any feathered clericals taught them to submit to the event as a special providence, we can never know. The natural presumption is, that they will always wonder, to the end of their days, what mysterious agency it could have been that so suddenly removed their nest, house and all. As for conjecturing *why* it was done, the mere query was probably beyond the range of their mental powers. {294}

I was watching them all the time, but their bird eyes could not see me, and their bird-nerves conveyed no magnetic intimation of my close vicinity. Their surprise and their trouble were partially revealed to me by their motions and their utterance; but, though they were intelligent swallows, they could form no idea of such a fact. I had removed their dwelling to save their lives; but between their plane of existence and my own there was such an impassable chasm, that no explanation of my kindness and foresight could possibly be conveyed to them.

I thought of all this, and longed in vain to enlighten their ignorance, and relieve their perplexity. The earnestness of my wish, and the impossibility of accomplishing it, suggested a train of thought. I said to myself, perhaps some invisible beings are now observing *me*, as I am observing these swallows; but I cannot perceive them, because the laws of their existence are too far removed from my own. Perhaps they take a friendly interest in my affairs, and would gladly communicate with me, if I were so constituted that I could understand their ideas, or their mode of utterance. These cogitations recalled to my mind some remarks by the old English writer, Soame Jenyns. In his “Disquisition on the Chain of Universal Being,” he says: “The superiority of man to that of other terrestrial animals is as inconsiderable, in proportion to the immense plan of universal existence, as {295} the difference of climate between the north and south end of the paper I now write upon, with regard to the heat and distance of the sun. There is nothing leads us into so many errors concerning the works and designs of Providence, as the foolish vanity that can persuade such insignificant creatures that all things were made for their service; from whence they ridiculously set up utility to *themselves* as the standard of good, and conclude every thing to be evil, which appears injurious to them or their purposes. As well might a nest of ants imagine this globe of earth created only for them to cast up into hillocks, and clothed with grain and herbage for their sustenance; then accuse their Creator for permitting spades to destroy them, and ploughs to lay waste their habitations. They feel the inconveniences, but are utterly unable to comprehend their uses, as well as the relations they themselves bear to superior beings.

“When philosophers have seen that the happiness of inferior creatures is dependent on our wills, it is surprising none of them should have concluded that the good order and well-being of the universe might require that our happiness should be as dependent on the wills of superior beings, who are accountable, like ourselves, to one common Lord and Father of all things. This is the more wonderful, because the existence and influence of such beings has been an article in the creed of all {296} religions that have ever appeared in the world. In the beautiful system of the Pagan theology, their sylvan and household deities, their nymphs, satyrs, and fawns, were of this kind. All the barbarous nations that have ever been discovered, have been found to believe in, and adore, intermediate spiritual beings, both good and evil. The Jewish religion not only confirms the belief of their

existence, but of their tempting, deceiving, and tormenting mankind; and the whole system of Christianity is erected entirely on this foundation."

Dr. Johnson wrote a satirical review of Soame Jenyns, which had great popularity at the time. He passes without notice the fact that men of all ages, and of all religions, have believed that malicious Spirits cause diseases, and tempt men, in many ways, to their destruction; while benevolent Spirits cure physical and mental evils, forewarn men in dreams, and assist them in various emergencies. There was, therefore, nothing very new or peculiar in the suggestion of Mr. Jenyns; but Dr. Johnson, in his rough way, caricatures it thus: "He imagines that as we have animals not only for food, but some for our diversion, the same privilege may be allowed to beings above us, who may deceive, torment, or destroy us, for the ends only of their own pleasure or utility. He might have carried the analogy further, much to the advantage of his argument. He might have shown that these hunters, {297} whose game is man, have many sports analogous to our own. As we drown whelps and kittens, they amuse themselves now and then with sinking a ship; and they stand round the fields of Blenheim, or the walls of Prague, as we encircle a cock-pit. As we shoot a bird flying, they knock a man down with apoplexy, in the midst of his business or pleasure. Perhaps some of them are virtuosi, and delight in the operations of an asthma, as human philosophers do in the effects of an air-pump. Many a merry bout have these frolic beings at the vicissitudes of an ague; and good sport it is to see a man tumble with an epilepsy, and revive and tumble again; and all this he knows not why. Perhaps now and then a merry being may place himself in such a situation as to enjoy at once all the varieties of an epidemic disease, or amuse his leisure with the tossings and contortions of every possible pain exhibited together."

It occurred to me what bearish paws the old Doctor, in his gruff sport, would lay upon modern Spiritualists, if he were about in these days. I smiled to think what an inexhaustible theme for skeptical wit was afforded by the awkward and tedious process of communication employed. But after a little reflection, I said to myself, is not the common action of Spirit upon Matter, while we are here in the body, quite as inexplicable? If we were not accustomed to it, would it not seem nearly as inconvenient and laborious? The Spirit which dwells within me, (I know not where, or how,) wishes {298} to communicate with a Spirit dwelling in some other body, in another part of the world. Straightway, the five-pronged instrument, which we call a hand, is moved by Spirit, and promptly obeys the impulse. It dips a piece of pointed steel into a black fluid, and traces hieroglyphic characters invented by Spirit to express its thought. Those letters have been formed into words by slow elaboration of the ages. They partake of the climate where they grew. In Italy, they flow smoothly as water. In Russia, they clink and clatter like iron hoofs upon a pavement. It appears that Spirit must needs fashion its utterance according to the environment of Matter, in the midst of which it is placed. By a slow and toilsome process, the child must learn what ideas those words represent; otherwise he can scarcely be able to communicate at all with the Spirits in other bodies near him. If they are distant, and his Spirit wills to converse with them, it must impel the five-pronged instrument of bone and sinew to take up the pointed steel, and trace, on a substance elaborately prepared from vegetable fibres, certain mystic characters, which, according to their arrangement, express love or hatred, joy or sorrow. If Spirits *out* of the body do indeed tip tables and rap the alphabet, to communicate with Spirits *in* the body, it must be confessed that the machinery we poor mortals are obliged to employ, {299} in order to communicate with each other, is nearly as tedious and imperfect as theirs.

Ancient oriental philosophers, and some of the Gnostics at a later period, believed in a gradation of successive worlds, gradually diminishing in the force of spiritual intelligence, and consequently in outward beauty. They supposed that each world was an attenuated likeness, a sort of reflected image of the world above it; that it must necessarily be so, because, in all its parts, it was evolved from that world. They believed that the inhabitants of each world knew of those in the world next below them, and were attracted toward them; but that the world below was unconscious of the higher sphere whence it emanated.

Swedenborg teaches that all the inferior grades of being in *this* world are representative forms of the spiritual state of mankind, and owe their existence to the thoughts and feelings in human souls. Thus if men had no bad passions, there would be no lions and tigers; and if they were inwardly pure, there would be no vermin. In other words, he teaches that the lower forms of Nature are reflected images of man, as the orientals taught concerning successive worlds; and in this case also the higher is attracted toward the lower, and wishes to communicate with it, while the lower remains ignorant of the existence of the higher. I knew something of the swallows, and wanted to talk with them, but they knew nothing of me. {300}

Swedenborg teaches successive spheres of existence, as did the orientals, though in another form. He says Spirits in the sphere nearest to this earth are attracted towards us, and wish to communicate with us; but that some of them are in a low state, and capable of great duplicity. Many people are satisfied with the theory that these are the Spirits who are believed to be rapping and tipping tables in all parts of the country. Certain it is, many of the phenomena that actually occur cannot possibly be the result of jugglery; though miracles sometimes seem to be performed by that adroit agency. Candid minds cannot, I think, avoid the conclusion that Spirit is acting upon Matter in *some* way not explainable by any known laws of our being. Whether it is Spirit *in* the body, or *out* of the body, seems difficult to decide. The agents, whoever they are, are obviously nearly on a level with our own spiritual condition; for they tell nothing which had not been previously known or imagined; and they do not always tell the truth.

Minds of mystical tendencies find joy in believing that all inspirations in religion, science, or art, come to us from above, through the medium of ministering Spirits, who dwell in higher spheres of intelligence and love, and are attracted towards us by our inward state. The fast-increasing strength of evil, which often leads men to think the Devil drives them into some crime, they account for by supposing that the indulgence of wrong thoughts and feelings brings us into affinity with Spirits {301} below us, who are thus enabled to influence our souls by the operation of laws as universal and unchangeable as those which regulate the attraction and repulsion of material substances.

Rationalists, on the other hand, deem that all mental influences, whether good or evil, may be sufficiently accounted for by the activity of the soul in any particular direction; that the indulgence of any class of thoughts and feelings renders them continually stronger and stronger, as the pedestrian's leg, or the wood-cutter's arm is invigorated by frequent use.

All these thoughts grew out of the removal of a swallow's nest. They left me where they found me. Temperament, and early habits of thought, inclined me toward mystical theories; while increasing caution, learned by the experience of many fallacies, beckoned toward the less poetical side of austere rationality. I remained balanced between the opposite forces, candidly willing to admit the claims of either. I could only bow my head in reverent humility, and say, "On these subjects we cannot certainly *know* any thing, in this imperfect state of being. Verily, mysterious is the action of Spirit upon Spirit, and of Spirit upon Matter." As I thus dismissed the subject from my mind, a voice from some corner of my soul said, "The swallows did not *know* that you took away their nest, but you *did*." {302}

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

And unto thee, in Freedom's hour
Of sorest need, God gives the power
To ruin or to save,
To wound or heal, to blight or bless,
With fruitful soil, or wilderness,
A free home, or a grave.
J. G. WHITTIER.

"YOU are silent to-night, William," said Alice May to her lover, as they walked through a green lane, toward the setting sun.

"Yes, dearest," he replied, "I have that on my mind which makes me thoughtful." After a pause, he added, "That book I was reading to you, before these golden-edged clouds tempted us out into the fields, has made a very strong impression on me. I never before realized how much depends on the state of mind we are in when we read. The story of our forefathers was all familiar to me; and I always reverenced the Puritans; but the grandeur of their character never loomed up before my mental vision as it does now. With all their faults, they were a noble set of men and women." {303}

"And what has anointed your eyes to see this more clearly than ever to-night?" asked Alice.

"All the while I was reading, I was thinking of John Bradford's project of going to Kansas; and, while we have been walking in the fields, my eyes have involuntarily turned away from the glorious sunset clouds, to glance at the neat dwellings dotted all over the landscape; to the mill whirling sparkling water-drops into the air; to the school-house, with its broad play-ground; to the church-

spire, gleaming brightly in the sun. All these we owe to those heroic pilgrims, who left comfortable homes in England and came to a howling wilderness to establish a principle of freedom; and what they have done for Massachusetts, John Bradford and his companions may do for Kansas. It is a glorious privilege to help in laying the foundation of states on a basis of justice and freedom."

"I see that John has magnetized you with his enthusiasm," she replied; "and he has magnetized cousin Kate also. How brave she is, to think of following him, with their little child!"

"Kate is hopeful by temperament," said William; "but I think she is hardly more brave than you are. You are both afraid of a snake and a gun."

"I was thinking more of the long journey, the parting from friends, and living among strangers, than I was of snakes and guns," replied Alice. "Then everybody says there are so many discomforts {304} and hardships in a new country. And the Indians, William! Only think of going within sound of the Indian war-whoop!"

"The Indians are in a very different state now," he replied, "from what they were when the Puritan women followed their husbands into the wilderness of this new world. They are few in numbers now. Their spirit has been tamed by accumulated wrongs, and they are too well aware of the power of the United States' government, to make any aggressions upon those who are under its protection. Besides, you know it is my opinion that the Indians never would have made unprovoked aggressions. Who can read Catlin's account, without being struck with the nobility of character often manifested by their much-injured race? I am fully persuaded that it is easy to make firm friends of the Indians, by treating them with justice and kindness, and with that personal respect, which they so well know how to appreciate." He pressed her arm to his side, and took her hand within his, as he added, "You seemed greatly to admire that young Puritan bride, who cheerfully left home and friends behind her, and crossed the tempestuous ocean, to brave cold and hunger by her husband's side, in a wilderness where wolves and savages were howling."

Her hand trembled within his; for something in the earnestness of his look, and the tender modulation of his tones, suddenly revealed to her what was passing in his mind. She knew he was {305} not thinking of cousin John's wife, while he spoke thus of the pilgrim's bride. It was the first time that such a possibility had been suggested to her mind; and it made the blood run cold in her veins. After a painful pause, she said, with a forced calmness of voice, "We often admire virtues we are not strong enough to imitate."

He pressed her hand, and remained silent, till an outburst of tears made him stop suddenly, and fold her to his heart. "Don't weep, my beloved," he said, "I will never require, or even ask, such a sacrifice of you. Such a delicate flower as you are needs to be sheltered from the blast and the storm. But you have conjectured rightly, dearest, that my heart is set upon accompanying these emigrants. I feel that all there is of manhood within me, will be developed by the exigencies of such a career. My character and my destiny will grow more grand with the responsibilities that will devolve upon me. If I remain here, I never shall do half I am capable of doing for myself and for posterity. To speak the plain truth, dear Alice, I have something of the old Puritan feeling, that God calls me to this work. You have promised to be my wife within a few weeks; but I absolve you from that promise. If you prefer it, I will go and prepare a comfortable home for you in that new region, and endeavour to draw a circle of our mutual friends around me, before I ask you to leave your New England home." {306}

She looked up at him, through her tears, with a half-reproachful glance, which seemed to say, "Do you then suppose there can be any hardship so great, as separation from the one I love best in the world?"

He understood the mute appeal, and answered it by saying, "Don't be rash, clear Alice. Reflect upon it till next Sunday evening, and then tell me what is your decision. I shall not love you one particle the less if you tell me that years must pass before you can be the partner of my life. No duties, no excitements, no lapse of time, can remove your image from my heart."

Few more words were spoken, as they returned homeward, lighted by the crescent moon. It was not until long after midnight that Alice fell asleep, to dream of standing by a wide chasm, vainly stretching her hand toward William, on the other side.

During the following days, she asked no counsel, save of God and her mother. Her mother laid her hand tenderly on her head, and said, "I dare not advise you. Follow your own heart, my child;" and when she prayed to God, she seemed to hear an echo of those words. She saw William often, but she spoke no word to dissuade him from his purpose. Had he been going to California to dig gold, she would have had much to say in favour of the humblest home under the protection of the old {307}

order-loving Commonwealth; but he had spoken so seriously of his sense of duty, that her womanly nature reverenced the manliness of his convictions; and she prayed that *his* courage to dare might be equalled by *her* fortitude to endure. It rained heavily on Sunday evening, so that the lovers could not take their accustomed walk; and the presence of others prevented a confidential interview. But when they parted at the door, Alice slipped a small package into William's hand. When he arrived at home, he opened it with nervous haste, and found a small Bible, with a mark within it. An anchor was embroidered on the mark, with the word FAITH beneath it; and his eye was caught by pencil lines on the page, encircling the words: "Where thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." "God bless her!" he exclaimed. "Now I can go forward with an undivided heart." He kissed the anchor again and again, and, bowing his head on his hands, he wept as he had not wept since boyhood. To his deep and earnest nature, love and duty were sacred realities.

Great was the joy of cousin Kate and her husband, when it was known that William Bruce had determined to join the band of emigrants, and that Alice had acquiesced. William was a young man of such good judgment and stedfast principles, that they all felt he would be a balance-wheel in the {308} machinery of any society where he moved. John Bradford was equally good and true, but his temperament induced more volubility of speech, and more eagerness of action. When the band of emigrants heard of William's decision, they said laughingly to each other, "Now we shall have both Moses and Aaron to guide us into Canaan." Kate's widowed mother, and a younger brother and sister, resolved to join the enterprising band. A little nephew of five years old was of the same mind; and when told that he was too small to be of any use, he declared himself fully able to catch a bear. Alice's father and mother had prospective plans of following their daughter, accompanied by their oldest son, in case those who went before them should send up a good report of the land. Her adhesive affections suffered terribly in this rupture of old ties. But in such natures love takes possession of the whole being. She would have sacrificed life itself for William. All her friends knew it was harder for her than for others, to go into a strange land and enter into entirely new modes of existence. Therefore, they all spoke hopefully to her, and no one but William ever presented the clouded side of the picture to her view. He did it from a conscientious scruple, lest she should go forward in the enterprise with eyes blinded to its difficulties. But the hardships he described in such tender tones, never *seemed* like hardships. His warnings were always met with the affectionate {309} response, "What a proud and happy woman I shall be, dear William, if I can do any thing to sustain you through the trials you will have to encounter." She never spoke despondingly, never told the fears that sometimes swarmed in her imagination. If she could not strengthen him, she at least would not unnerve him, she said to herself; and as for cousin Kate, she would have been ashamed to acknowledge to *her* what a faint heart was beating within her bosom. Kate, who had earned her own living ever since she was sixteen, and assisted her widowed mother, and educated her younger brother and sister, in a manner well adapted to make them useful and active members of society, was just the woman to emigrate to the West. Sometimes Alice sighed, and wished she was more like Kate. She did not know how many anxious thoughts were concealed under her cousin's cheerful tones, her bright frank smile, and her energetic preparations for departure.

Thick and fast came in the parting memorials from relatives and schoolmates; and what showers of tears fell upon them as they were stowed away in the closely packed chests! That last night at the old homesteads, oh, how the memories crowded upon those suffocated hearts! When Alice stole out in the moonlight, and wept, while she kissed the old elm, from whose boughs she had swung in {310} childhood, she did not know that the roots were already moistened with Katie's tears.

To the experienced and the thoughtful, all weddings are solemn occasions; for when they see the young unmooring their boat from its old fastenings, and floating away so gaily on the sun-rippled stream, they know full well that shadows are ahead, and that many a rock lies hidden under the bright waters. The marriage of William and Alice was solemn even to sadness; for they were to depart for Kansas on the morrow. The farewell moment had been so dreaded for days preceding, that all felt as if it would be a relief to have the agony over. Alice clung to her parents as the drowning cling. The mother lifted up her voice and wept, and the old father choked, as he strove to say, "Very pleasant hast thou been unto me. God bless thee, my child." But cousin Katie, whose mission it was to strengthen everybody, came up and pressed their hands, and said "Good bye, dear uncle; good bye, dear aunt. We'll make a beautiful home for you in Kansas; and Willie and Ally will come to bring you to us."

As they mounted the wagons, children, who used to attend Mrs. Bradford's school, came up with bunches of violets; and the little nephew, who thought himself such a mighty hunter, called out, "send me a bear!"

"Oh yes, Georgy," replied Kate. "Will you have him roasted?" {311}

"I want to tie him up in the *darden*, and feed him," shouted George. But no one heard him. The wagons had rolled away before he finished the sentence; and those who watched them forgot that any thing else existed.

The last glimpse of Alice showed her head bowed down on her husband's shoulder, her waist encircled by his arm. The last tones of Katie's voice had been strong and clear; and no one but her kind-hearted John saw how the tears rained down on her infant's face, as they rode through their native village. They had never fully realized, until now, how beautiful were the elms in the delicate verdure of spring; how precious were the golden blossoms profusely strewn over the meadows; how happy and safe the homes seemed to nestle in the scenery. As they passed the church, all turned and looked back at that place of pleasant meetings with relatives, friends and neighbours.

"They will miss our voices in the choir, dear William," said Alice.

"Yes," he replied; "but, by the blessing of God, we will sing hymns in the wilderness, and waken musical echoes among the silent hills."

"And we will sing 'Home Sweet Home' together," said Alice, with a faint smile.

"We'll all join in the tune," said Katie; "and John, who is 'up to all sort o' fixens', as the Westerners say, will make some new variations, on purpose for the occasion." {312}

Then came the bustle of depôts, the whizzing of steam, and visions of fields and hills racing away. As usual, the hearts that went recovered serenity sooner than the hearts left behind. The new excitement of travelling waked up hope, who shoved memory aside for awhile, and produced from her portfolio a series of sketches, painted in colours more prismatic than Rossiter's. They talked of the genial climate, and beautiful scenery of Kansas, and foretold that it would be the Italy of the western world.

"I hope it will be like Italy only in its externals," said Kate. "I trust there will be no lazaroni, no monks, no banditti, no despots to imprison men for talking about the laws that govern them."

"Why do you *want* to make a new Italy of it?" inquired Alice. "What better destiny can you wish for it, than to be like our dear New England?"

"Nothing better *can* be wished for it," rejoined William. "Had I not been deeply impressed with the conviction that the institutions, and manners, and consequent welfare of states, depend greatly on the character of first settlers, I should never have encouraged emigration from the old Commonwealth by my own example."

"But the climate and scenery of Italy would be an improvement to Massachusetts," said John, "if we could have it without losing the active soul and strong muscle of New England." {313}

"That is it exactly, John," rejoined Katie. "We will have it a young New England; but it shall be under sunny skies, with Italian dress."

Several days passed before the emigrants began to be much aware of the discomforts and fatigue of a long journey. The babies crowed, and seemed to think the huge machine was invented expressly to furnish them with a pleasanter motion than cradle or go-cart; while maturer minds found amusement in observing the passengers that came and went, and pleasure in the varying scenery, as they were whirled along, past the thriving farms of New York, the tall forests of Canada, and the flower-dappled prairies of Illinois. But after a while, even the strongest became aware of aching bones, and the most active minds grew drowsy. The excessive weariness of the last days no pen can adequately describe. The continuous motion of the cars, without change of posture; the disturbed night on board steamboats full of crying children; the slow floating over Missouri waters, now wheeling round to avoid a snag, now motionless for hours on a sand-bar, waiting for the drifting tide, while twilight settles darkly down over uninhabited forests, stretching away in the dim distance. The hurry and scramble of arriving at strange places, farther and farther away from home, and always with a dreary feeling at their hearts that no home awaited them.

"If I could only make it seem as if we were going anywhere, I don't think I should feel so tired," {314} said Alice, with a kind of weary bewilderment in the expression of her sweet countenance.

Worn out as Katie was, she summoned a cheerful smile, and replied, "Keep up a brave heart, Alice, dear. Those who are going nowhere are pretty sure to arrive."

After eight days' travel, they arrived at Kansas City, in Missouri. There they bade adieu to cars and steamboats, and entered the Indian Territory, closely stowed away in great wagons, covered with sail-cloth, and furnished with rough boards for seats. In some places the road swept along in graceful curves, through miles of smooth open prairie, belted with noble trees, and sprinkled with wild flowers, as copiously as rain-drops from a summer shower. The charming novelty of the scene was greeted with a child-like outburst of delight from all the weary party. Even the quiet, home-loving Alice, clapped her hands, and exclaimed, "How beautiful!" without adding with a sigh, "But it isn't like dear New England."

William smiled affectionately at her enthusiastic surprise, and said, "Virtuous and industrious people can build up happy homes in such solitudes as these, dear Alice."

Anon, they descended into deep ravines, which jolted the rough boards, and knocked their heads together. Through these steep passes the wagons were jerked by patient mules, till they were brought {315} into streams whose uncertain depths made the women and children scream; or into creeks sparkling in the sunshine, whose shallow waters covered holes, easier to pass by leaving the wagons, and jumping from stone to stone. Then scrambling up another steep bank, they found marks of wheels to indicate a road. They packed themselves into the huge wagons again, with their baskets and babies, bread and cheese, and went tumbling along with bonnets knocked into cocked-hats, and hats that had lost all appearance of being wide-awake. Katie was conjecturing, now and then, how many bowls and plates would arrive in Kansas unbroken; while Alice had a foggy idea that they were going nowhere; but there was a rainbow across the fog, because William was going there, too.

Tired out in mind and body, they came at last to the river Wakarusa, which they crossed slowly at the fording-place, and rode up a bank that seemed steep enough to set the wagons on end. This brought them into fields of grass, dotted here and there with small cabins. To New England eyes it presented little resemblance to a village; but it was called a town, and bore the honoured name of Franklin. A few miles to the left, smoothly rounded hills rose on the horizon, terrace-like, one behind the other. Between those beautiful hills and the thickly-wooded banks of the river, was the infant {316} town of Lawrence, the destined capital of Free Kansas.

Here the travellers rested to greet old friends, who had preceded them, and to form plans for the future. They all agreed that a more beautiful nestling place for a village had rarely been seen; and really, considering it was little more than eight months old, it had quite a grown-up look. There were several neat houses, and many cabins, the appearance of which indicated industrious inmates, who would rapidly increase their comforts, and enlarge their borders. The bright river made a graceful curve, fringed with trees, which the skill of man could not have arranged so tastefully as nature had done. Hills rose to the horizon in gradually ascending series, their verdant slopes lighted up with golden sunshine. One of grander proportions than the others, called Blue Mound, was immediately singled out by Mr. Bradford as the site of a future Free State University; and his equally active-minded wife forthwith matured the plan, by proposing that William Bruce should be its first president, and her baby become a professor of some 'ology or other.

"I am afraid we can't wait long enough for *him*," replied her husband, smiling. "We shall have to choose *you* for a professor, Kate; I, for one, will give you my vote."

The rough hands of the settlers, and their coarse garments, soiled with prairie mud, were offensive to Kate's ideas of neatness, and still more so to the delicate tastes of Alice. But on {317} Sundays, when they were dressed, in their best, and met together to read and sing, they looked like quite different people. As they became more acquainted, it was an agreeable surprise to find so large a proportion of them intelligent and well educated. With a pervading character of sobriety, industry and enterprise, they seemed to require nothing but time, and a small allowance of that, to build up thriving towns and form a prosperous state. Certainly, the manner of living was rude, for many of them ate their dinner from boards laid across the tops of barrels. The labour also was hard, for there was much to do, and few to do it; and, as yet, wells were not dug, or machinery introduced. But where all worked, no one felt his dignity lessened by toil. They had the most essential element of a prosperous state; the respectability of labour. The next most important element they also had; for they placed a high value on education, and were willing to sacrifice much to secure it for their children. The absence of conventional forms, and the constant exercise of ingenuity, demanded by the inconveniences and emergencies of a settler's life, have a wonderful effect in producing buoyancy and energy of character. The tendency to hope for every thing, and the will to do every thing desirable to be done, were so contagious, that Alice was surprised to discover the amount of {318} her hitherto undeveloped capabilities.

There was a cabin for sale, built by one of the earliest settlers, who had died of fever. Its picturesque situation, on a rising ground overlooking the river, was attractive to Mr. Bradford and his wife, and it became their home. It consisted of one long room with a loft above, from which it was separated by a floor of loosely-laid boards. The long room was converted into two, by a cotton curtain running on iron rings; and the loft was divided into two apartments in the same manner. When these arrangements were completed, it afforded a temporary shelter for the two families of Katie and Alice, including eight persons. In the absence of closets, it was necessary to hang all sorts of articles from the boards above. A dried salt fish was near neighbour to a very pretty work-basket, and a bag of potatoes was suspended between a new quilt and a handsome carpet-bag.

"I hope we shall soon be able to stow the salt fish and potatoes away somewhere," said Alice.

"Oh, never mind!" replied Katie, laughing. "If Hans Christian Andersen would only come this way, he would make a fine story about the salt fish falling in love with the pretty basket, and becoming thinner every day, because his genteel neighbour preferred the carpet-bag, and took no pains to conceal her disgust of his vulgar appearance and disagreeable breath. *She* listen to the vows {319} of a salt fish? Not she! Did'nt he know that her handsome relative, the carpet-bag, from Brussels, had done as good as make proposals to her? Then the poor fish would be stimulated to hunt up a pedigree. He might claim to have descended from Jonah's whale. He, on his part, might feel his dignity offended by the neighbourhood of dirty potatoes. And the potatoes, like sturdy republicans, might tell him they did not care a darn for his pedigree. They should like to know whether he could *grow*; if he could'nt, he was an old fogy, and the less he said the better; for he was among folks that believed in growing, and did'nt believe in any thing else." Alice laughed at her conceits, and said it was a blessing to have such a lively companion in a lonesome place.

As soon as the first hurry was over, the men of the family converted packing-boxes into shelves for books and utensils, and made divers grotesque-looking stools, with cotton cloth and unpeeled boughs of wood, after the fashion of portable garden-chairs. There was talk of a table to be hewn from a black walnut tree; but as yet the tree was growing, and boards on barrel-tops must answer meanwhile. The salt-cellars were broken when the wagons were pitching down some of the ravines; but the shell of a turtle, which Kate's brother Thomas had brought among his traps, made a tolerable substitute. The women missed the smooth, white table-cloths, and the orderly arrangement of dishes, {320} to which they had been accustomed; but they agreed with the men, that no food had ever tasted so good as the corn-cakes, venison, and wild game cooked in that humble cabin, where they mutually served each other in love. Then the unpacking of the deep trunks and boxes, bringing to light memorials of old places and dear friends, was a pleasure which only the far-off emigrant from home may realize. Some mutual secrets had been kept, which made little sunny ripples of surprise in their quiet stream of life. Alice's father and mother had packed their photograph likenesses in Katie's trunk, with a charge that they should not be opened till they were settled in their new home. Katie had pressed mosses and ferns from the old well near Uncle May's garden-gate. They were twined with pendant blossoms from the old elm, and woven into a garland round the words, "From the well, whose waters Katie and Allie drank in childhood, and from the old elm-tree from whose boughs they used to swing." She had framed it neatly with cones, gathered in a pine grove, where they had walked together many an hour. These souvenirs of the dear old home so stirred the deep fountains of feeling in her cousin's soul, that she burst into tears. But Katie soon made her laugh, by exhibiting a crockery bear, which little Georgy had packed among the things, to remind them of the living bear he expected to receive from Kansas.

Alice said she had a little secret too. She retreated to her division of the room, and brought forth {321} a pencil-drawing of the house where Katie was born, and where her mother had always lived; and across the green lane was Uncle May's house, with the old well shaded by the elm. She had a talent for drawing, and the dear familiar scene was brought faithfully before the eye, though a little idealized by the softness of the shading.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the vivacious Katie. "How can I put it where I can see it often, yet contrive to keep it free from smoke and dust?" She gave a forlorn kind of glance at the unplastered walls, through chinks of which glimpses of the sky were visible. The fact was, neither they nor their friends had been aware of the rough conditions of a settler's life; and the cousins had brought with them many pretty little keepsakes, which they could find no places for. But it was a rule with them to utter no complaints, to add to the weight of cares already resting on their noble husbands. So the forlorn look quickly gave place to a smile, as Kate kissed her cousin, and said, "I'll tell you what I will do, Allie dear. I will keep it in my heart."

"It is a large place, and blesses all it keeps. That I can bear witness to," said John. * * * *

There was need that the women of Kansas should overlook their own inconveniences, and be silent about their own sufferings; for a thunder-cloud was gathering over the heads of the emigrants, and every week it grew blacker and blacker. It needed less quickness of observation than Katie {322} possessed, to perceive, almost immediately after their arrival, that they were surrounded by dangerous enemies.

Her husband, knowing the reliable strength of her character, did not hesitate to confide to her his anxieties and fears for Kansas. But, as far as possible, they kept danger out of sight in their conversations with Alice. They had seen proof enough that she was strong in self-sacrifice, with abundant fortitude to endure for those she loved; but they knew that the life-blood of her soul was in her affections, and that perils in her husband's path would undermine the strength she needed for her own. Her busy hands were almost entirely employed with in-door occupations; sewing and mending for the whole family, keeping the rooms tidy, and assisting about the daily cooking. If it was necessary to purchase a pail, or pan, or any other household convenience, it was Katie who sallied forth into Massachusetts street to examine such articles as were for sale at the little shanty shops. If water was wanted, when the men were absent, she put on her deep cape-bonnet, and took the pail to the nearest spring, nearly a quarter of a mile distant; for there was so much work pressing to be done in Lawrence, that as yet there had been no time found to construct wells; and the water of the river became shallow and turbid under the summer sun. These excursions were at first amusing from their {323} novelty, and she came home with a lively account of odd-looking Missouri cattle-drovers, and Indian squaws, with bags full of papooses strapped to their shoulders. But gradually the tone of merriment subsided; and when she had occasion to go into the street, she usually returned silent and thoughtful. Fierce-looking Missourians, from the neighbouring border, scowled at her as she passed, and took pleasure in making their horses rear and plunge across her path. In the little shops she often found more or less of these ruffians, half-tipsy, with hair unkempt, and beards like cotton-cards, squirting tobacco-juice in every direction, and interlarding their conversation with oaths and curses. Every one that entered was hailed with the interrogatory, "Stranger, whar ar yer from?" If their answer indicated any place north of the Ohio, and east of the Mississippi, the response was, "Damn yer, holler-hearted Yankees! What business have you in these diggens? You'd better clar out, I tell yer."

On one of these occasions, a dirty drunken fellow said to Kate, "They tell me you are an all-fired smart woman. Are you pro-slave? or do you go in for the abolitionists?"

Concealing the disgust she felt, she quietly replied, "I wish to see Kansas a Free State, because I have her prosperity at heart."

"Damn yer imperdence!" exclaimed the brute. "I should like to see you chained up with one of our niggers. I'll be cussed if I would'nt help to do it." And he finished by stooping down and {324} squirting a quantity of tobacco-juice into her face.

There was another Missourian in the shop, a tall burly looking cattle drover, with a long whip in his hand. He seized the other roughly by the arm, saying, "I tell you what, my boy, that's puttin it on a little *too* thick. I'm pro-slave. If you're for a far fight with the Yankees, Tom Thorpe's the man for yer work. But I'm down on all sich fixens. Let the woman alone!"

The rowdy drew his bowie-knife, with a volley of oaths, and Katie darted from the shop, leaving her purchases uncompleted. When she returned, she found her mother busy about dinner, and Alice sitting at the window, making a coarse frock. She raised her head and smiled, when her cousin entered, but immediately looked out toward Mount Oread. When she first saw that verdant slope, she had fallen in love with its beauty; then she had been attracted by the classic name, conferred on it by a scholar among the emigrants. There was something romantic in thus transporting the Mountain Spirits of ancient Greece into the loveliest portions of this new Western World. William often quoted Leigh Hunt's verses, about

"The Oreads, that frequent the lifted mountains;
* * * * * * * and o'er deep ravines
Sit listening to the talking streams below."

Then Governor Robinson's house, on the brow of the hill, was a pleasant object in the scenery; {325} for he was a courteous and cultivated man, with a good library, always at their disposal. There was so much quiet gentle strength about him, that his presence seemed to ensure protection. The last and

strongest reason why Alice loved Mount Oread was that William had taken land a little beyond it, and there was to be their future home, snug as a bird's nest, in a "sunny nook of greenery." He was building a cabin there, and every day she saw him descending toward Lawrence, with the axe on his shoulder; and as he came nearer, she could hear him whistling, "Home, sweet home." She was watching for him now, and hoping he would return in season for dinner. Therefore she had not noticed the flurried manner with which Kate hastened to wash her face, and wipe the tobacco stains from her bonnet. While she was thus employed, the old lady said to her youngest daughter, "Flora, go and call John and Thomas from the field. Dinner is nearly ready."

"No, mother! No!" exclaimed Katie. "Never send *her* out! *Never!*" Perceiving that her quick emphatic manner had arrested the attention of all the inmates of her dwelling, she added in a lower tone, "I will go, myself."

But her words had aroused a train of thoughts, which was becoming more and more familiar to Alice. The men in the vicinity often came to ask council of Mr. Bradford and Mr. Bruce; and of {326} course their talk was mainly concerning the neighbouring state of Missouri. She heard them tell how ruffians and rowdies came over the border with bowie-knives and pistols to drive the free citizens of Kansas away from the polls; to deprive them of liberty to make their own laws, and compel them to be governed by the code of Missouri, which in many ways violated their moral sense. She heard them say that spies from Missouri were in every neighbourhood, watching those emigrants who dared to say any thing in favour of having the soil of Kansas free. Why was Katie so flushed and flurried? Was the danger approaching nearer than she was aware of? She turned anxiously toward Mount Oread, and longed for a sight of William. What if he should not return till after night-fall? He, whose honest mouth would never utter a word that was false to freedom, whatever might be his personal risk? Unable to keep back the crowding tears, she slipped behind the cotton curtain that screened their sleeping apartment, and kneeling beside their rude couch, she prayed earnestly to God to protect her husband.

William had not arrived when they sat down to dine, and his wife made various pretences for rising to remove a plate, or bring a cup of water; but in reality to look out upon Mount Oread. At last, she heard his voice, and rushed out to meet him, with an outburst of emotion that surprised them all. John shook his head mournfully, and sighed as he said, "Poor Alice! How she idolizes {327} him!"

Katie had the discretion not to mention her rencontre with the Border Ruffian to any but her husband, who grew red in the face and clenched his fist, while he listened, but immediately subsided into a calmer mood, and said, "We must be careful never to lose sight of the best interests of Kansas, in our resentment at the wrongs and insults we are continually receiving. We will give these lawless rascals no excuse for molesting us, and wait with patience for the American government to protect its unoffending citizens."

On the afternoon of the same day, a gawky lad, with a "long nine" in his mouth, and hands in his trowsers pockets, came to the door, saying, "The ole woman's tuk wi' fits almighty strong; and the ole man wants you to cum, and bring along some o' yer doctor's stuff. He's heern tell that yer death on fits."

Mrs. Bradford had become so accustomed to the South-Western lingo, that she understood "the ole man" to be the lad's father. She knew very well that he was a Missouri spy, of the lowest order, an accomplice in many villainous proceedings against the free-soil citizens of Kansas. She felt a loathing of the whole family, not unmingled with resentment; but she rose quickly to prepare the medicines; thinking to herself, "What hypocrisy it is for me to profess to be a believer in Christianity, if I cannot cheerfully return good for evil, in such a case as this." She administered {328} relief to the sufferer, as tenderly as if she had been her own sister; and the poor woman expressed gratitude for it, in her uncouth way. When Kate remarked that they would feel more kindly toward the Yankees, if they knew them better, she replied, "I allers tole my ole man I wished they wouldn't keep up such a muss. But Lor', what the use o' speakin'. It's jist like spittin' agin the wind."

That night, Mr. Bradford's horse and saddle were stolen. They never knew by whom; but they were afterward seen in Missouri.

In the midst of discouragements and dangers, the brave band of settlers went on with their work. Better stores were erected, and, one after another, the temporary cabins gave place to comfortable stone houses.

An Emigrant Aid Society had been formed in the North, whose object it was to assist in the erection of mills, school-houses, and other buildings, for the public benefit. Their motive was partly financial, inasmuch as all such improvements rapidly increased the value of property in Kansas; and they were well aware that the outward prosperity, as well as the moral strength of a state depended greatly upon encouraging emigrants to go from communities where they had been accustomed to free institutions, educational privileges, orderly habits, and salutary laws. Their motives in extending {329} a helping hand to these infant colonies, were both morally good and worldly wise. There was no partiality in their management of affairs. Emigrants from the Southern states shared their benefits equally with those from the North. Settlers were pouring in from all sections of the country; but chiefly from the North and West, because the hardy inhabitants of those states are always ready for enterprise and toil. Many of them had large families of children, and the small half-furnished tavern, called the Cincinnati House, was quite insufficient to afford them shelter while cabins were prepared for them. In the course of their first summer, John Bradford and his band of pilgrims had the satisfaction of seeing a noble stone hotel, of three stories, rise in Massachusetts street, making the place beautiful with its glazed windows, and doors of polished black walnut.

Unfortunately, the only route to Kansas, by rail-road or steamboat, passed through Missouri. Baggage-wagons were continually plundered, and letters broken open and destroyed, by the Border Ruffians. Supplies of provisions, purchased by the settlers, or sent to them by their friends, went to enrich their enemies. Money enclosed in letters met with the same fate. Still the settlers of Kansas pursued a pacific course toward their persecutors. They came from communities where laws were reliable for protection, and, following their old habits, they appealed to the laws; desirous, at all hazards, not to involve the country in civil war. This conscientious patriotism was not appreciated. {330} The banditti on the borders laughed it to scorn; while the slaveholding gentlemen and statesmen, who used them as puppets, to do the disgraceful work they were ashamed to do openly themselves, smiled at the Yankees' reverence for the Union, and successfully played their old game of practicing on conscientious love of country, in order to tighten the serpent coil of slavery more securely about the neck of freedom. Missourians had voted their own creatures into most of the offices of Kansas. Some of them pitched a tent in that Territory for a while, while others did not even assume the appearance of residing there. From *such* officers of justice the citizens of Kansas could find no redress for the robberies and wrongs continually inflicted on them, by the band of ruffians commissioned to drive them out of the Territory, by any means that would do it most effectually. Our wrongs from the British government were slight, compared with theirs. Still these Western Colonies refrained from revolution. They sent agents to Washington, with well-attested evidence of their outrageous wrongs. They received fair words, and no relief. Every day it became more evident that the President of the United States was in league with the power that was crushing free Kansas. The Missourians, emboldened by their knowledge of this fact, played their bad game more and more openly. They paid men a dollar a day, with plenty of whiskey, and free passage across the ferries, to {331} go into Kansas and vote down the rights of the citizens. More and more, the conviction grew upon the people of Kansas that they could not trust the government of the United States, and consequently had only their own energies to rely upon. They published a paper called the Herald of Freedom, in which they maintained the right of all American citizens to choose their own magistrates, and make their own laws. They rejected the legislators imposed upon them by the rabble of Missouri, at the point of the bayonet. They declared that a large majority of the settlers were desirous to have Kansas a Free State, and that they would maintain their right to be heard. To this paper, John Bradford and William Bruce were constant contributors, and Kate's brother, Thomas, was diligent in setting the types. Of course, the family became odious to those who were bent on driving freedom out of Kansas.

A Convention of the free-soil citizens of the Territory was called at Topeka. There were representatives from nearly all sections of the Union. Emigrants from Carolina, Virginia, and Missouri, agreed with emigrants from Ohio and Massachusetts, that the introduction of slavery would prove disastrous to the prosperity of the state. They framed a Constitution for Kansas, and chose legislators. Some required that free coloured people should be excluded from the Territory, as well as slaves. Others deemed that such a regulation would be an infringement upon freedom, and {332} urged that no man could calculate the future bad consequences of introducing one wrong principle into the basis of their government. No one urged this point more strenuously, than did William Bruce, in his mild firm way. But Southern emigrants were opposed to that view of the case, and the

Convention, desirous to concede as far as possible, yet unwilling to introduce such a clause into their Constitution, concluded to leave that question to the votes of the people.

It was a trying time for the women in Lawrence. The wisest and bravest men were absent in Topeka, which was twenty-five miles further up the river. The Convention excited great wrath in Missouri. They called *themselves* lovers of "law and order," and denounced those as "traitors" who dared to make other laws than those imposed upon them with bowie-knives and revolvers. The wildest stories were circulated. The most moderate of them was a rumour that Mr. Bruce insisted upon having "niggers" become members of the legislature. This they regarded as the greatest monstrosity a republican *could* be guilty of; for they were blind to the fact that hundreds of coloured slaves could be found, who were more fit for the office, than the white ones they had appointed to rule over Kansas. Insults multiplied, and curses and threats grew louder. Every family in Lawrence {333} went to bed each night with the feeling that they might be murdered before morning.

When the delegates returned, John Bradford thought his wife seemed at least ten years older, than when she came to Kansas, the preceding spring. The baby, who could now toddle alone, had caught the trick of fear, and hid himself, when his father knocked at the fastened door.

William was alarmed to find Alice so thin and pale, and to see her gentle eyes look so large and frightened. He folded her closely in his arms, and as she wept upon his bosom, he said, "O my wife! My loving and generous wife! How I reproach myself for accepting the sacrifice you offered! Yet had I foreseen this state of things, I never would have consented that you should follow me into Kansas."

"Don't say that!" she exclaimed nervously. "It will be easier to die with you, than it would have been to live without you. But oh, William, why *need* they persecute us so? There are thousands of acres of land uncultivated in Missouri. What makes them covet *our* land?"

"Ah, dearest, it is a complicated question, and you don't understand it. They care little for the land, except as a means of increasing their political power. They want more Slave States, to be represented by slaveholders in the councils of the Union; and they do *not* want that any more Free States should come into the Union, to balance their influence. Therefore they are not content with {334} stretching their dominions to the Gulf of Mexico, and seizing Texas. They wish to grasp the Northern Territories also, that they may be secure of keeping the Free States in political subjection. It is a long story, my love. For many years, they have been artfully availing themselves of every means to increase their power. The antagonistic principles of slavery and freedom have come to a death-grapple here in Kansas; and you, my delicate little flower, are here to be trampled, in the struggle."

Alice sighed, and wished she was more like Kate; for then she would not be such a weight upon his spirits. But he declared that he would not for the world have her in any way different from her own dear self. Then they fell to talking about their future home, which was now in readiness. Two of William's brothers had arrived with their families. An addition to the cabin had been built for one of them, and the other would live within call. Katie was loth to part from her cousin; but she said they would be far more comfortable in their new quarters, and as for safety, there was safety nowhere; least of all, in Lawrence.

Gradually they fell into a more cheerful strain of conversation. The husbands spoke hopefully, and really felt so; for they had strong faith that their beautiful Kansas would become a free and prosperous state. {335}

Various boxes from Massachusetts, directed to William Bruce, had arrived in Kansas City. Some of them contained comfortables and blankets for the winter, which Mrs. May had prepared for her darling daughter; her "stray lamb in the wilderness," as she was wont to call her. Could all that mother's thoughts and feelings have been daguerreotyped on the cloth, while those stitches were taken, it would have been an epic poem of wondrous pathos. What visions of Alice sleeping in her cradle; of her wakening smile; of her soft curls waving in the summer breeze, as she came running with a flower; of her girlish bloom, delicate as the sweet-pea blossom; of her clear melodious voice in the choir at church; of the bashful blushing ways, that betrayed her dawning love for William; of the struggle in her soul, when she must choose between him and her parents; of her parting look, when she turned from the home of her childhood, to follow her husband into the wilderness. In Alice's soul those stitches, by the old, fond, faithful hand, would also waken a poem of reminiscences. How she longed for those boxes, to see what mother had sent her! Above all, for the letters from dear New England; especially the long letter from mother!

It was agreed that William's brothers should go with a wagon to bring them. They reached Kansas city in safety, and the boxes were delivered to them. Passing through Franklin, on their re {336} turn, they found fifty or sixty Missouri ruffians carousing round a rum-shop, built of logs. A man with ragged trowsers and dirty checked shirt, too tipsy to stand alone, was leaning against a corner of the shop, scraping a fiddle, while his comrades sung:

"We've camped in the wilderness,
For a few days, for a few days;
And then we're going home,
We've a right up yonder.
We'll vote, and shoot the Yankees,
For a few days, for a few days;
And then we're going home,
We've a right up yonder."

As soon as this drunken crew espied the baggage-wagon, wending its way toward Kansas, they set up a frightful yell, and, making a rush at the horses, called out, "Hallo, stranger! whar are you going? and what are you toting?"

"To Lawrence, with a load of household goods," they replied.

"That's a damned nest of Yankee abolitionists!" cried one.

"We're gwine to wipe it out," shouted another.

"The goods must be overhauled, boys!" bawled a third.

It was vain to remonstrate, and useless to fight against such desperate odds. They unloaded the wagons, tore open the boxes, and pulled out the home treasures, which would have been so precious {337} to Alice. The young men pleaded hard for the letters; but the mob said they must carry them to the Governor, to see if there was treason in them.

"The Governor shall be informed of this, and if there's justice to be obtained in the land, we'll have it," said the brothers.

"Shut up, you damned rascals!" shouted the rabble. " Git into yer waggin and be off, or we'll stop yer jawing!"

Poor Alice! The blessed words, warm from her mother's heart, that would have poured such balm into her own, would be used to light the pipes of Missouri ruffians. The quilts, so neatly made by those dear old hands, would be spread on muddy floors for drunken revels. It was hard to bear; but she knew this was only one of a thousand wrongs, and she said, "I will never murmur while my dear good William is spared to me."

From the time of her betrothal, her loving heart had dreamed of a neat little wedded home, cozy and comfortable, with a few simple adornments of pictures and vases. The loosely-built cabins of Kansas, with their rough "cotton-board" floors, brown with prairie mud, had driven away the illusion; but still it hovered there over Mount Oread, and the Mountain Spirits seemed to sing a prophetic song of love and peace in a sunny future. She found the new home provided with more conveniences than the one she had left; for William, in the midst of all his cares, never forgot her, and snatched an hour, whenever he could, to work for her comfort. {338}

It was the morning of a sunny day when they entered their new abode, and all things looked neat and cheerful. William, who was reverential by temperament, viewed all the common duties and affairs of life in a religious light. They stood for a moment, hand in hand, gazing at the humble little cabin, with moistened eyes. Then he removed his hat, and looking earnestly to heaven, he threw water on the roof, saying, "I baptize thee the Freeman's Home. May the blessing of God descend upon thee!" There was a saddened pleasure in thus consecrating their encampment in the wilderness.

In Lawrence, darker, and darker yet, the storm was lowering. Autumn was coming on with heavy dews, and cold winds from the mountains swept across the open prairie, whistling through the loopholes of the fragile cabins, as they went. The dampness and the chill brought with them that dreadful demon of the settler's life, fever and ague. The arms of strong men were palsied by it, and the little children looked like blossoms blighted by a sudden frost. The active, generous-hearted Katie found time to run hither and thither with gruel and medicine, though her own little one was shivering, as if his joints would fall asunder. Many a murmured blessing followed her footsteps from cabin to cabin, and many a grateful tear fell on her hand, from home-sick souls, sorrowful, even unto {339}

death. In the midst of this calamity, rumours of invasion by the Missourians increased daily. In John Bradford's cabin all slept so lightly, that the slightest unusual sound startled them to instant wakefulness. The distant whoop of Indians on the prairie, and the howling of hungry wolves disturbed them not. They were in dread of a more infernal sound than these; the midnight yell of Border Ruffians. A few weeks after the departure of Alice, they were waked from uneasy slumbers by that frightful noise, at the very walls of their cabin. Katie rose hastily, and laying her sick child on the floor, covered him with a thick cotton comfortable; hoping that the rifle-balls, if they whizzed through the cabin, would either fly over him, or lose their force in the wadding. There was a random shot, but the ball stuck in the boards at their bed's head. The next moment the door was burst open by twenty or thirty fierce-looking men, armed with bowie-knives and revolvers. Never, out of the infernal pit, was heard such a volley of blasphemy and obscenity, as poured from their foul mouths. The purport of it all was that they had sworn to "wipe out Lawrence;" and that they had come to shoot this "damned Yankee abolitionist," who had had the impudence to write in the paper that Kansas would yet be a Free State. They attempted to seize Mr. Bradford, but his wife threw herself across him, and said, "If you murder him, it shall be through my heart's blood." They struck her with {340} their fists, they tried to pull her away; but she clung with a convulsive power that was too strong for them. Her brother, Thomas, was out that night, watching with a neighbour who was "down" with fever and ague; and it had been previously arranged that young Flora and her mother should remain hidden in the loft, in case of such an emergency. No screams ascended to their ears, for Katie had outgrown a woman's weakness. But the listening mother heard the scuffle below, and, bidding Flora to hide in the darkest corner, she hastened down the ladder, and threw her arms round John and Katie, saying, "You shall kill *me* first." They cursed her, and spit at her, and, knocking the night-cap from her head, made mockery of her gray hairs. The lurid light of their torch fell on the scene, and all the while, the wailing of the sick child was heard: "Mammy! Johnny's *'faid*. Mammy! Johnny's *'faid*."

How the struggle might have ended, none can tell, had not a tall figure suddenly burst into the room, exclaiming, "Boys! I'm down on all sich fixens. Let the women alone! I'll be darned if I don't *like* to see a woman stick to her husband in trouble, if he *is* a damned abolitionist. Let her alone, I tell ye! Wait till the time comes for a far fight. It's all fired *mean*, boys! Sich a posse arter one man and two women." Seeing the human wolves reluctant to quit their prey, he brandished a bowie-knife, {341} and exclaimed, in a thundering voice, "I tell ye what, boys, if ye don't let them ar women alone, I'll pitch into yer, as sure as my name's Tom Thorpe!"

This remonstrance excited a feeling of shame in some of the gang, while others were willing enough to avoid a quarrel with such a powerful antagonist.

The ruffians, thus adjured, swaggered away, saying, "We a'nt afeerd o' Tom Thorpe, or the devil." They swore frightful oaths, smashed Kate's small stock of crockery, and seized whatever they could lay hands on, as they went. And all the while, the sick babe was wailing, "Mammy! Johnny's *'faid*. Mammy! Johnny's *'faid*."

Kate took the poor attenuated child in her arms. Those arms, so strong a few moments ago, were trembling now; and tears were dropping from the eyes that lately glared so sternly on her husband's enemies. Tom Thorpe lingered a moment, and was turning silently away, when she rose, with the child resting on her shoulder, and took his hand in hers. "I thank you, Mr. Thorpe," she said. "This is the second time you have protected me from insult and injury. I will never forget it. And if a helpless Missourian should ever need my aid, though he be the worst of Border Ruffians, I will remember Tom Thorpe, and help him for *his* sake. I am sorry you stand up for slavery; you seem to have a soul too noble for that. I am sure if you lived in a Free State for a while, you would be convinced that {342} slavery has a bad effect on all concerned in it."

The mother here laid her hand on his arm, and said, "We are a persecuted people, Mr. Thorpe; persecuted without provocation; and, I believe, something in your own heart tells you so. God bless you for what you have done to-night."

Mr. Bradford, who had been looking through the chinks in the wall, to watch the course the ruffians had taken, now came up to add his thanks, and ask him if he would take any refreshment.

"Thankee, stranger," said Tom. "I've no 'casion. I've been drovin cattle roun in the Territory; and I knows that ar yell of theirn. So I thought I'd jist cum and see what they was cuttin up. I'm down on all sich fixens. Allers tole the boys so. Tom Thorpe's fur a far fight, says I."

Mr. Bradford tried to convince him that the inhabitants of Kansas wished to be peaceable, just, and kind in their dealings with the Missourians, and with all men; and that there was no need of a "fair fight," and no excuse for ruffian violence. And Kate threw in an argument now and then, to aid her husband. But Tom Thorpe had the idea firmly fixed inside his shaggy head, that a "far fight" was somehow necessary for the honor of Missouri, though he was unable to explain why. The mighty drover rolled the quid in his mouth, passed a huge hand through his thick mass of hair, and strode out into the darkness, repeating, "Tom Thorpe's down on all sich fixens." As he walked along, he {343} muttered to himself, "That ar's an almighty smart woman. What a fetchin up she must a had! No such fetchin up in *our* diggins. I'm pro-slave, myself. But them ar free-soilers use a feller all up. I swar, I bleeve they're more'n half right. I'll be darned if I don't."

Meanwhile, the inmates of the cabin were canvassing his merits. As he passed out of the door, Katie said, "There goes an honest kind heart, under that rough exterior!"

"A little foggy about right and wrong," replied her husband; "but with instincts like a powerful and generous animal."

"That's owing to his 'fetchin up,' as *they* say, rejoined Kate. "What a man he *might* have made, if he had been brought up under free institutions!"

"Bless your generous soul!" ejaculated John. "But tell me now truly, Katie, don't you begin to be sorry we ever came to Kansas?"

She raised her eyes to his, and said calmly, "No, John; never. The more I know of those Missouri ruffians, the more deeply do I feel that it is worth the sacrifice of many lives to save this fair territory from the blighting curse of slavery."

"True as steel! True as steel!" exclaimed John, giving her a hearty kiss. "How manfully you stood by me!" {344}

"How womanfully, you mean," she replied, smiling.

"I assure you, Kate, it required more courage to refrain from seizing my rifle, than it would have done to discharge its contents among those rascals. Though we stand pledged to avoid bloodshed, I verily believe I should have broken my pledge, if your voice had not pleaded all the time, 'Don't, John! Don't!' "

"Oh if the government at Washington would only do its duty!" sighed Kate. "How *can* they trifle thus with the lives of innocent citizens?"

"It's worse than that," rejoined her husband. "Their influence protects the wolfish pack. Slavery always has need of blood-hounds to keep down the love of freedom in the human soul; and these Border Ruffians are its human blood-hounds."

"I wonder whether Frank Pierce has any small children," said Katie. "If he has, I wish he and his wife could have heard the feeble voice of this little one, in the midst of those shocking oaths and curses, calling out, 'Mammy! Johnny's *'faid*.' God of mercy! Shall I ever *forget* that sound!" She drew the sleeping child to her heart, with a gentle pressure, and the tears of father and mother fell fast upon him. The grandmother sat apart with her head leaning on the table, and wept also.

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For two or three weeks after this transaction, there was a lull in the tempest. Missourian wag {345} oners came into Lawrence often, with loads of apples, potatoes, and flour. They met with honest and kindly treatment. No one sought to take reprisals for the many loads of provisions plundered from Kansas. The bravely patient people still waited for redress by law. Soon there came news of a peaceable, industrious settler in the neighbourhood of Lawrence, who had been shot dead by a scouting party of Missourians, in mere sport, while he was pursuing his avocations. A few days after, a gang of armed ruffians entered the house of a citizen in Lawrence and carried him off, under the pretence of arresting him for treason. On their way, they were met by a company of young men from Lawrence, who had been out to inquire about the recent murder. They hailed the Missourians, and as they could show no legal authority for what they had done, they took their neighbour into their own ranks, to guard him home. They offered no violence, but, in answer to the threats of their enemies, replied, with a firmness not to be trifled with, "We are all armed; and we shall take this man home."

Though their own horses and cattle had been seized and driven off into Missouri, drove after drove, they inquired of their neighbour whether the horse he rode belonged to those who had arrested him; and when he answered in the affirmative, they asked him to dismount and return the animal to his owners. Truly the forbearance of that persecuted people was wonderful! The United {346}

States' government, where was vested the only power that could legally protect them, continued to receive their remonstrances and appeals with fair promises and adroit evasions; while its alliance with the slaveholding interest, in all its machinations, was too thinly veiled to be for a moment doubted. In pursuance of this policy, the President appointed Governor Shannon to rule over the Territory; a man in league with the Missourians, and bent upon carrying out their plans, as openly as it was prudent to do. Somehow or other, no outrages upon Kansas could find redress at his hands. The settlers were told to obey the laws, and be good children to their father, President Pierce, and they should be protected. "The laws!" exclaimed they. "Why these are Missouri laws, forced upon us at the point of the bayonet." They were answered, "The President commands you to obey the laws, and if you rebel against *his* authority, you will be declared guilty of treason!" Meanwhile, many a smooth-tongued plotter tried to gain concessions from the friends of freedom; talking of the value of the Union, the danger of civil war, and the policy of bending before the storm; a favourite piece of advice in the mouths of those politicians, who set the storm in motion, and are guiding it in the hollow of their hands!

Was ever a people so hard bested? Disheartened by sickness; plundered of provisions; lying down every night with the prospect of murder before morning; mocked at by the government of their {347} country; their conscientious scruples appealed to, to keep the peace where there *was* no peace; lured into concessions, by fair promises and false professions; threatened with a traitor's doom, if they dared to defend their homes! And all this while, the Free States were looking on with drowsy indifference. The whig said, with bland self-importance, "They'd better obey the powers that be. I am a friend to law and order." The democrat refused to read well-authenticated testimony on the subject, and repeated, with blind obstinacy, "I don't believe half the stories; and if *any* of them are true, I dare say the free-soilers are full as much to blame as the Missourians."

Verily, they need the trumpet of doom to waken them. And the trumpet of doom they will *have*, when wakening comes too late, if their slumber lasts much longer.

That little city of cabins, nestling among the lonely hills, has called and called in vain for redress and protection. The murders and robberies still go on. The Border Ruffians are assembling their forces at Franklin below, and at Douglass above. In their drunken frankness, they say they will shoot the men, violate the women, kill the children, and burn the houses; that their commission is to drive all the Yankee settlers out of the territory, by *any* means, and *all* means; and that no man will dare to {348} prosecute them, whatever they may do. The settlers all feel that the hour for self-defence has come. Stacks of Sharpe's rifles stand in the cabins ready loaded. Forts are erected, and breast-works thrown up. Companies of men work at them by turns, all day and all night, by the light of blazing wood. Volunteers come in from the neighbouring settlements. The Wyandott tribe of Indians offer their aid in case of need; for they have been justly treated by the Kansas people, and are unwilling to have them "wiped out." Sentinels guard the doors of the Free State Hotel. All night, mounted patrols ride round the settlement. The drummer watches at his post, ready to beat the alarm; for they have learned that their cowardly, treacherous foes, assassin-like, prefer the midnight hour. Ever and anon, random shots come from ruffians concealed in dark corners. Women look anxiously at the doors, expecting to see the bleeding bodies of husbands, sons, or brothers, brought in. Governor Robinson, now General of the forces, still pursues his course of moderation, and orders the men not to fire till the very last extremity.

There was a small store of powder and percussion-caps in the vicinity, and various plans were devised to bring it in safely, through the scouting-parties of Missourians. "I will do it," said Mrs. Bradford. "They will never suspect that women carry such luggage." Another woman in the neighbourhood promptly offered to accompany her, and they started in a wagon for that purpose. {349} They were accosted by Missouri scouts, but as their place of destination seemed to imply nothing more than visiting a friend, they deemed it gallant to let the ladies pass unmolested. The kegs of powder were covered by their ample skirts, and brought safely into Lawrence. The young men on guard threw up their caps, and cried, "Hurra! Worthy of the women of '76!"

Alice also was brave in her way. She resigned herself patiently to the long and frequent absence of her beloved husband, and no out-of-door work seemed too hard for her to perform. All through the autumn, she and the other women of the household had helped to gather the crops, tend the cows, and feed the horses. When it came William's turn to patrol Lawrence, or to work at the trenches through the night, she never asked him to stay with her. She only gave him a tenderer kiss, a more lingering pressure of the hand, which seemed to say, "This may be our last farewell."

Upon one of these occasions, he had been absent several days, and she sat at her sewing, longing, longing to hear the sound of his voice. The tramp of a horse was heard. She sprung up, and looked from the little window. William was not there, kissing his hand to her, as he was wont to do. She ran out of the door, and meeting one of his brothers, said, in a disappointed tone, "I thought William had come. He sent word he would come to-day." He answered that it was merely one of the {350} horses that had got loose. But as she went into the house, he looked at his wife, and said, "Poor Alice! God grant that it may not be as we fear."

Alas, it was William's horse, that had rushed by so fleetly, without a rider, and with the saddle turned. Too soon they learned that he had been shot in the back by a party of ruffians, after he had told them he was unarmed and going home to see his family. He supposed that even Border Ruffians would not be so cowardly as to take his life under such circumstances.

The day passed without any one's being able to muster sufficient courage to tell the mournful tidings to his widow. She had long expected it, and she met it with a dreadful calmness. She uttered no scream, and shed no tear. She became pallid as marble, and pressed her hand hard upon her heart. She was stupefied and stunned by that overwhelming agony.

Of all the outrages none had produced so much excitement as this. It was so dastardly to shoot an unarmed man in the back, without provocation! Then Mr. Bruce was universally beloved. His justice and moderation were known unto all men. The Indians knew how to respect those qualities, which they so rarely meet in white men. The Chiefs of the Delawares and the Shawnees came to offer their aid; and General Robinson received them with that personal respect, which so peculiarly {351} commends itself to Indian dignity. As the news spread through the Territory, small bands of volunteers came in from all directions. There were five hundred armed men in Lawrence. Every cabin was a barrack. The Free State Hotel was crowded with men earnestly discussing what measures should be taken for the public safety. General Robinson, pale and anxious, moved among them, renewing his advice to be patient and forbearing. Up to this period, the citizens of Kansas had made no aggressions on their merciless foes, and had used no violence in self-defence. But it was not easy to restrain them now. Human nature had been goaded beyond endurance, and men were in the mood to do, or die. When he told them Governor Shannon was coming to inquire into the state of things, some shook their heads despondingly, while the more fiery spirits cursed Governor Shannon, and contemptuously asked what good could be expected from *him*. Out on the prairie, troops were being drilled to the tunes of '76. The Wyandotts' were riding in, single-file, sitting their noble steeds like centaurs. The mettlesome Colonel Lane was in his element. He descanted, with untiring volubility, on the rights of American citizens, and the cruel circumstances attending the death of Bruce. Men clenched their rifles and drew their breath hard, while they listened. There is no mistaking the symptoms. The old spirit of Lexington and Concord is here! They had better not trifle {352} with the Puritan blood much longer!

Anon, they brought in the body of the murdered man. His countenance was placid, as the sleep of childhood. The widow asked to see him, and tenderly they brought her to that couch of death. Oh, what a shriek was there! Father of mercies! it went up to thy throne. Wilt thou not answer it? In view of that suffocating agony, the soldiers bowed their heads and wept.

When Governor Shannon, with his escort, came riding across the prairie, there was none to invoke a blessing on him. General Robinson went out to receive him, and some one suggested that the chief magistrate appointed by the President ought to be received with cheers. The door of the room where the murdered body lay was open, and men saw it, as they passed in and out. The sobs of the broken hearted widow were heard from the room adjoining. His reception was very much like that of Richard Third, who caused the murder of his brother's children. John Bradford went through a formal introduction to Governor Shannon, but Katie turned quickly away, saying, "If *he* had done his duty, this would not have happened." The brothers of William Bruce turned away also, and said coldly, "We have no faith in that man." The Governor saw plainly enough that the blood of Kansas was up to fever heat, and that it was prudent to cool it down. He was very courteous and conciliatory, and promised to disperse the bands of ruffians at Franklin and elsewhere. General {353} Robinson co-operated with him in these efforts at pacification. He addressed the people in a speech setting forth mutual mistakes and misrepresentations, which he trusted time would correct. He had always shown himself brave in danger, and they knew that he was cautious for the good of Kansas, not for his own interest or safety. Most of them yielded to his arguments, and accepted his invitation to a supper at the Free State Hotel, in honor of peace restored. But some walked away, contemptuously, saying, "Governor *Sham*!"

The settlers, far and near, formed a procession to escort the body of William Bruce to its last resting place. Alice kept up her strength to witness all the ceremonies, and only low stifled sobs came from her breaking heart when the coffin was lowered from her sight. But after that she broke down rapidly. The long-continued pressure of fears and horrors had completely shattered her nervous system. She rejected food, and seemed never to sleep. As she appeared to feel more at home with Katie, than she did with any one else, they concluded to establish her in the humble apartment where she had first lived with William. Pale and silent she had been ever since she lost him; but gradually a strange fixed expression came over her face, as if the body was vacated by the soul. Soon she was utterly helpless, and Katie fed and tended her, as if she were an infant. The winter {354} proved, as the Indians had predicted, cold beyond any within the memory of man. The settlers, many of them plundered of all their money, and most of their clothing, suffered cruelly. Not a few of them returned to their homes in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New England. Indications multiplied that peace would be of short duration. Poor Kate! How she had changed! Thin as a skeleton, with eyes so large and bright! But thinking always of others before herself, she said, "Mother, dear, worse troubles are coming upon us, than we have ever had. John and I have resolved that, living or dying, we will abide by Kansas. But had'nt you, and Flora, and Tom, better return to Massachusetts?"

The mother looked at her younger children and awaited their answer. "I have lived through scenes that make men of boys," said Thomas. "I will have a free home, or a grave, in Kansas."

"And you Flora?" inquired the mother.

"The men of Kansas have need of nurses for the sick and wounded," she replied, "I will stay and help Katie."

"I will abide by my children, my *brave* children," said the mother. "God help us all to do our duty!"

Alice sat bolstered in her chair by the fire, unconscious of the solemn compact. "Alas," said Katie, "how I wish we could convey her safely to her mother! but she is too feeble to be removed." {355}

Emerging from the terrible winter of 1855, the returning sunshine brought some gleams of hope to the suffering colony. They hoped that more emigrants would come in, and they knew the fertile soil would yield abundant crops, if there were hands to till it. But the Border Ruffians soon dashed the cup of pleasant anticipation from their lips. They swore they would stop all Yankee emigrants from going into Kansas; and they renewed their threats to "wipe out Lawrence." Again they made inroads into the Territory, robbing the already impoverished settlers, and especially seeking to deprive them of arms. During one of these forays, they seized a woman, whom they suspected of concealing ammunition, and dragged her into the woods, where she was subjected to their brutal outrages.

When Kate Bradford heard of this, her naturally pleasant countenance assumed an expression stern almost to fierceness. "I called them *savages*" she said, "when they scalped some of their victims; but I did injustice to the savages; for, in their worst cruelties, *they* always respected the modesty of women." From that time, she practiced with rifle and pistol, and became expert in using them. A similar spirit was roused in several of the women, who agreed to act under her command, if the emergencies of the time required it. Circumstances had goaded her to this. Her nature was kindly {356} as ever, and she prayed fervently to God that no blood might ever rest upon her hands. All along, she had been sustained by the belief that aid would come to Kansas. She had such pride in American institutions, she *could* not believe that the government of her country was in league with such abominations and outrages, until the return of messenger after messenger sent to Washington, made the damning proof too strong to be resisted. Then her old love of New England increased a hundred-fold; for all her hopes centred *there*. The Pilgrims that came over in the May Flower, the men and women of '76, had always been the heroes of her imagination; and the crisis, in which she now found *herself* living and acting, rendered *their* crown of glory more luminous in her memory. "Massachusetts will help us," she was wont to say, with somewhat of filial pride in the confident tones of her voice. "*Massachusetts* will not look on with indifference, while her emigrant children are driven into a pen-fold to be slaughtered like sheep, by those whom long habits of slaveholding have made familiar with every form of violence and wrong."

Drearily, drearily, the weeks passed away. Men and women were limping about, with feet that had been frozen during the winter's severest cold. Many had no guns to shoot game, to protect them from the wolves, or from enemies far worse than wolves. Their ammunition had been stolen from {357} them, provisions were intercepted on the way, and every breeze brought rumours that the ruffians

were making ready to “wipe out Lawrence.” Newspapers from the North, and letters from friends, were long delayed, and often destroyed on the way. The haggard settlers looked at each other with forlorn helplessness. They had reached the extremest point of desolation. Still John and Katie said, “Massachusetts will help us. *Depend* upon it, Massachusetts will not desert her children in their utmost need.” And other brave hearts responded to the cheering words, saying, “Ohio will help us.” “Connecticut will not forget us.” “Illinois will come to the rescue.”

They had said this to each other, at the close of one of their darkest days, when lo! a messenger, sent to Kansas city for letters and papers consigned to a friend there, was seen riding across the prairie. Through various perils, he had brought the packages safely to Lawrence. They were seized and torn open with eager, trembling hands. A crowd of men and women assembled at the printing-office, to hear the news. Mr. Bradford was reading aloud to them, when his countenance suddenly fell. “Go on! Go on!” cried the anxious listeners. He gasped out,” “The Legislature of Texas has voted to give fifty thousand dollars to make Kansas a Slave State.”

“And Massachusetts? What has Massachusetts done?” asked Kate, with nervous eagerness. {358}

He lowered his eyes, as one ashamed of his mother, while he answered, “The Legislature of Massachusetts has voted not to give one dollar to make Kansas a Free State.”

In the midst of all the sufferings that had harrowed her soul, Katie had always remained calm and collected. Now, for the first time, she groaned aloud; and, throwing her arms wildly toward heaven, she exclaimed, in tones of bitter anguish, “Oh, Massachusetts! How I have *loved* thee! How I have *trusted* in thee!” Then bowing her head in her hands, she sobbed out, “I *could* not have believed it.” But Massachusetts was far off. The Governor and Legislature of her native state did not hear her appeal. They were busy with other things that came home to their *business*, not to their *bosoms*.

* * * * *

On the 21st of May, 1856, Lawrence *was* “wiped out.” Companies of Ruffians encamped around it; a furious tipsy crew, in motley garments. One band carried a banner with a tiger ready to spring; the motto, “You Yankees tremble! and abolitionists fall?” Another carried a flag marked, “South Carolina,” with a crimson star in the centre, the motto, “Southern Rights.” Over Mount Oread floated a blood-red pirate flag, fit emblem of the Border Ruffians; and by its side, a suitable companion for it now, floated the United States flag. What cared New England that *her* six stars were there, in shameful “Union” with that blood-red flag? {359}

President Pierce issued a proclamation, which made it treason for the citizens to defend themselves. The best and truest men were arrested and imprisoned as traitors, because they had no respect for the laws passed upon them by a Missouri rabble, with bowie-knives and revolvers.

The printing-press was broken in pieces; the types scattered; the Free State Hotel demolished; General Robinson’s house, with its valuable library, burned to the ground; and many of the cabins set on fire. No time was allowed to remove any thing from the dwellings. Trunks and bureaus were ransacked; daguerreotypes and pictures of dear home friends were cut and smashed; and letters scattered and trampled in the mud. The women and children had been ordered out, at the commencement of these outrages. Mothers were weeping, as they fled across the prairies, and the poor bewildered little ones were screaming and crying in every direction.

What cared New England that *her* six stars were looking down upon the scene, in shameful “Union” with that blood-red flag?

Above the noise of tumbling stones, and crackling roofs, and screaming children, rose that horrid yell of the Border Ruffians. “Damn the Yankees!” “Give ’em hell!”

A figure, tall as Ajax, loomed up above the savage crowd, calling out, “I’m down on all *sich* {360} fixens. Allers tole yer ’twas darned mean to come over into the Territory an vote for these fellers. I’m pro-slave myself. I’d like to see him that dar’d to call me an abolitionist; but I tell yer what, boys, this ere’s cuttin up a little *too* high.” He was interrupted with shouts of, “Hold your jaw!” “Shut up! you damned ole fool!” Still he remonstrated: “This is a breakin down the rights o’ American citizens. You might jist as well smash my ole woman’s bureau. Them ar traps are personal property. I’m down on all sich fixens.”

“Pitch into him!” cried the rabble; and they did “pitch into him,” amid yells and laughter. Tom Thorpe was silenced. He learned the uselessness of trying to moderate slavery, or ameliorate murder.

Katie's first care had been to consign little Johnny to her brother; and the next was to place the helpless Alice in her mother's arms, to be conveyed to a hut half a mile off. Then she held a hurried conference with her husband about a suitable place to conceal some fire-arms for future use; and snatching up a box of letters and small valuables, she fled with Flora, pistol in hand. When Alice had been cared for, as well as the exigencies of the moment would permit, she ran back to aid some of her sickly neighbours, who were breaking down with the weight of their clinging children. Then, swift as an ostrich, the daring woman ran back to Lawrence, to pick up some of the scattered clothes {361} and bedding, which her husband and his neighbours carried off as fast as she could heap it on their shoulders. The Ruffians were so busy with the printing-press and the Hotel, and she watched opportunities so cautiously, that she had rescued many things from the wreck, before they noticed her. They drove her off with oaths and ribald jests. She stood within sight of her blazing home, and her hand was on her pistol. The temptation was strong. But she remembered the oft-repeated words of General Robinson: "Act *only* on the defensive. Make no aggressions. Keep the cause of Kansas sacred." She only turned upon her pursuers to say, "You *think* you have silenced the Herald of Freedom, because you have demolished the printing-press; but you are mistaken. That trumpet will sound across the prairies yet."

"What a hell of a woman!" exclaimed one of the mob; and they laughed aloud in their drunken mirth, while the lurid flame of blazing homes lighted her across the prairies.

What cared New England that *her* six stars were looking down upon the scene, in shameful "Union" with that blood-red flag?

* * * * *

The rapid removal of Alice, and the discomforts of her situation in the empty hut, brought on fever. In states of half wakefulness, she murmured continually, "I want my *mother*! I want to go home to my *mother*!" {362}

"Yes, dear, you *shall* go home," said Katie, tenderly smoothing back her straggling hair. "Who *are* you?" inquired the sufferer. "I am Katie. Don't you know Katie?" The words seemed to waken no remembrance. She closed her eyes, and tears oozed slowly from them, as she murmured piteously, "I want to go home to my *mother*."

In this state of half consciousness she lingered two or three days. It was a mild, bright morning, and the terraced hills looked beautiful in the golden light, when she woke from a deep slumber, with a natural expression in her eyes, and asked, "Where am I?" "You are in Kansas, dear," replied Katie. A shadow passed quickly over the thin pale face, and she pressed her emaciated hand against her heart. Again the eyelids closed, and the tears oozed through, as she answered feebly, "Yes—I remember."

All was still, still, in the wilderness. The human wolves were for the present glutted with their prey, and Lawrence lay silent in its ruins. Mr. Bradford was in prison, in danger of a traitor's death. The inmates of the hut looked at each other mournfully, but no one spoke. Presently, the invalid made a restless movement, and Katie stooped over her, to moisten her parched lips. She opened her eyes, which now seemed illuminated with a preternatural, prophetic light; and, for the first time since her husband was murdered, she smiled. "Oh, Katie," she said, "I have been with William, having such a happy time walking over the hills! From Mount Oread, he showed me the prairies all {363} covered with farm-houses and fields of corn. Bells were ringing, and swarms of children pouring into the school houses. All round the horizon were church-spires, and beautiful houses, with windows glittering in the sunlight. When I told him it seemed just like dear New England, he smiled, and said, 'This is Free Kansas!' Then he pointed to a great University on the highest of the hills, and said, 'Little Johnny is President, and the Blue Mound is called Free Mont.' "

"I hail the omen!" exclaimed Kate. The thin lips of Alice quivered tremulously. It was her last smile on earth. {364}

I WANT TO GO HOME.

There once wandered with me a beautiful child,
With eyes like the antelope, lambent and mild;
And she looked at me long, with an earnest gaze,
As I watched the sun sink in a golden haze.

She knew not the thoughts that were floating away,
Through the closing gates of that radiant day;
But a something she read in my dreaming eyes,
Of the pale autumn leaves, and the sunset skies;

And a chill came over her, she knew not whence—
'Twas the shadow of older experience.
She looked up afraid at the heaven's blue dome,
And murmured, "I'm *tired*. I want to go *home*."

The child's timid glance, and her quivering tone,
Came gliding like ghosts, when my soul was alone;
And oft, when I gazed at the heaven's blue dome,
She seemed to be saying, "I want to go *home*."

She grew up a woman, that lovely young child,
With eyes like the antelope, lambent and mild;
But she lived not to see life's drear autumn day
Fade slowly in silence and darkness away. {365}

In her spring-time of freshness, fragrance, and bloom,
Disease stole her roses to strew on the tomb.
Then often she looked at the heaven's blue dome,
And sighed, "I am *tired*. I want to go *home*."

My autumn of life is fast passing away,
Bringing on the long night, and cold winter day;
And I often remember her childish sigh,
As she turned from my face to the twilight sky.

When I sit on her grave, at sunset, alone,
Her voice seems to speak in that tremulous tone;
And longing I look up to heaven's blue dome,
Saying, "Father! I'm *tired*. I want to go *home*."

THE END.

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