

## CHAPTER III.

Six months had passed since their marriage, when Henry Grant called at our house one morning, to see my brother on business. I answered his knock at the door, and as my brother was out, but was coming in directly, I asked him into the sitting-room. I received him with my usual coldness, and resumed my work, as he seated himself.

The conversation which ensued, was constrained. After an awkward silence, he remarked, with a slight degree of embarrassment, "One would hardly suppose, Miss Warren, that we were old acquaintances." "True," was my brief reply. He continued, "Why we have grown strangers, I have often and vainly asked myself." A smile of scorn passed over my features; but he went on, without observing it. "It is sad to cast our eyes over the past—to look upon the destruction of our fondest hopes—to witness the change in those we have loved—and to feel, perhaps, the chill of indifference passing over our own hearts."

"And the retrospection can be none the less unpleasant, from feeling that our own follies, not to use a severer term, have occasioned the estrangement of our friends," I added, in a tone and manner he could not misunderstand.

"That is a truth which will apply generally," he replied; "but it seems to have been spoken at this time for my individual benefit. Will Miss Warren deign to explain what has occasioned this, and similar remarks?"

"Your glance over the past has been but a hasty one, if that inquiry is necessary. Look again more attentively, and any explanation of mine must be superfluous."

"You are unjust," he returned. "Of the reasons which have dictated your conduct towards me, I am wholly ignorant. As you seem disposed to prolong this ignorance, and therefore give me no opportunity to defend myself, it is useless to continue this conversation. Good morning."

He spoke proudly, but with the air of one who felt deeply injured. I could not confound his manner with guilt. I was perplexed, and hardly knowing what I said, requested him to stop. He reseated himself, and awaited what I had to say.

"You shall have no cause to complain of injustice," said I, after a moment's hesitation; "and if there has been no deception, you have experienced none. You have not forgotten Clara Stanly."

"You say truly," he replied; "my memory must be very treacherous, to forget one who gave me so good cause of remembrance."

The tone and manner in which this was spoken, was to me unaccountable. One would have supposed that *he* was the party wronged. I was determined to come to some explanation, and said, "Do not deem me impertinent, if I ask if you was the author of a note which contained your signature, and which Clara received the evening previously to our departure for the city?" "I was." "And you, I presume, received her answer?" "I did." "Then your subsequent conduct," I added haughtily, "must furnish you with the reasons you have desired to know."

"I am more than ever perplexed," said he, "and am still ignorant, how I have incurred your censure. I acted, as from the tenor of Miss Stanly's note, I judged would be most agreeable to her. Indeed, it was the only course left me."

"Clara did not reject your suit," I asked inquiringly—for from his reply it was evident he wished me to think so.

"She did," he answered.

I could have spurned the pitiful villain, for attempting to screen his guilt by a base and cowardly falsehood. "'Tis false," I replied hastily: "'Tis false, and do not render yourself contemptible by adding meanness to villainy."

He arose from his seat, while an angry flush spread over his countenance. Whatever were the words which rose to his lips, they were not uttered. He remained silent a moment, during which he seemed struggling to subdue his anger, and at last said, in a calm tone, "I forgive you Miss Warren, for the wrong you do me. As I have hope in heaven, I have spoken truly."

In an instant, I felt that I *had* wronged him. The look of proud resentment with which he repelled the imputation of falsehood, and the earnest manner which accompanied his words, could not be assumed. I frankly extended my hand, and asking his pardon for my hasty words, told him he had been deceived; that Clara had answered his note favorably, and therefore he could not have received it. We, never suspecting there was any de-

ception in the case, had treated him as his subsequent conduct seemed to merit.

On learning the truth, he was overwhelmed with grief and astonishment, but could form no conjecture as to who was the author of the deception. I instantly suspected Maria—but she was his wife ; and although there were rumors that they lived far from happily, I was unwilling to mention my suspicions to him. I recollected that George Williams, one of our village boys, carried the note, and suggested to Henry the possibility of obtaining some information from *him*, which might lead to a discovery.

He determined to go to him, although it was quite probable he had forgotten the circumstance. But when he was asked, if he recollected carrying a note for Henry Grant, he said, “Yes, I remember it, because of the present I received.” “A present,” said Henry ; “what was it ? and who gave it to you ?” “It was the History of Robinson Crusoe, and Miss Burton gave it to me.” “For what ?” quickly demanded Henry. “For plucking her an apple from a tree in the garden. The bough was high, and could not be reached without climbing upon the wall.”—“Was this when you carried the note ?” “Yes.” “Did Miss Burton see it ?” “I don’t know,—I believe so,—Yes, I know now ; she said she would hold it for me, while I got the apple ; and while I was getting it, she went into the house for the book.” “Did you see her when you came back ?” “Yes, for she looked at the one which I brought back, and said something about my being penny-post. I didn’t know what she meant then, so I asked my father.” “Did you see no one else ?” “No. I don’t remember that I did.”

Henry asked no more questions, but requesting the boy to be silent concerning what had been said, and giving him a piece of silver to insure his silence, he departed.

He was exceedingly disturbed. It was misery to know that he had been so wretchedly deceived ; but to think that his wife was the author of the deception, added not a little to his deep distress. But he was determined to know the truth ; and for this purpose, he went immediately to Maria, and after some careless remarks, asked her suddenly, if she remembered giving George Williams a book, and for what purpose she gave it to him. She was taken by surprise ; a deep and burning blush overspread her face and neck, as she stammered out a denial of the circumstance.

But her husband was a lawyer, and painful and humiliating as the confession of her guilt must have been to her proud and haughty spirit, it was nevertheless made.

She informed him of the hatred she had suffered herself to indulge towards Clara, for her superior loveliness, and the universal kindness which was manifested towards her. She spoke of the indulgence of her parents ; she being the youngest of two daughters, and the eldest marrying when quite young, and removing to a distant part of the state, leaving her the pet and darling, on whom centered the affections which were previously lavished on both. To this early indulgence, she attributed the strength of those evil passions, which had led her to the commission of a crime that was now overwhelming her with misery and disgrace.

She also informed him, that as soon as she discovered his preference for Clara, she determined that *she* never should be his wife. She formed no plans for the accomplishment of her object, but waited impatiently for an opportunity, when she could effect her purpose, without fear of detection. She did not, then, think of marrying him herself. True, she loved him, as much as one so selfish *could* love ; but this principle alone was not sufficiently powerful to have prompted her to such wickedness, had she not been influenced by her hatred of Clara.

On the afternoon before our departure for the city, she was sitting in the parlor, which was exactly opposite Henry's office. The blinds were closed, but the windows were open. She saw the boy as he departed on his errand, and thought she heard him say, in answer to some remark of Henry's, which she could not distinguish, "Miss Clara." She instantly concluded that the note which she saw in his hand, was directed to her. She resolved to obtain possession of it, if possible, and ascertain the nature of the connection, if any there was, existing between them. For this purpose she hastened into the garden, the situation of which rendered observation from Henry's office impossible.

We lived nearly half a mile from Squire Burton's, on a cross-street, which intersected the main road, forming an angle in which stood the Squire's house. Henry's office was opposite the front, while the garden, being in the rear, was hidden from his view by the house. She had, therefore, no fear of being observed by him ; and, accosting the boy as he passed, she asked him,

as he related, to pluck her an apple from the tree. Offering to hold the letter for him, while thus employed, she made an errand into the house for the book, and while there, opened it, and discovered that matters had not progressed so far as she had supposed.

She had no doubt of Clara's acceptance, and she resolved to answer the note herself, couching it in such terms as would be likely to prevent the proud spirit of Henry from suing for any explanation. Every thing seemed to favor this design ; she knew all were to be absent from the village some weeks, and there would, she thought, be less chance of discovery. She knew, also, how his consequent conduct must seem to us, and the light in which Clara must appear to him, drawing his conclusions from the answer she should send him.

These thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, as she hastily closed the note, and again entering the garden, returned it to the boy. She then hastened to prepare an answer, which having done, she seated herself at the sitting-room window, from which she had a view of the street he had gone ; and, as soon as she saw him returning, threw on her bonnet and shawl, as if meditating a walk, and went out for the purpose of meeting him. What she said, when she did meet him, she had forgotten ; but believed it was some careless remark ; and, taking the note from the boy's hand, as if to look at the direction, she returned the one which she had written. In this manner she accomplished her object. On perusing Clara's note, she found that she had answered as she had anticipated. If it had been a rejection, the one which she had substituted, would, she knew, be equally effectual.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Such was Maria's own history of her guilt, and she was not wrong in her calculations respecting the results. Henry was at first confounded, at the answer he received ; but his grief and disappointment soon gave place to resentment towards Clara, for her heartless trifling, and to mortification, that he had been the dupe of one he could not but look upon as an accomplished coquette. Pride bade him conceal his disappointment under an appearance of indifference, and dictated those attentions to Maria Burton which resulted in their marriage. He sincerely esteem-

ed and respected, but never loved her, and did not at first think of marrying her. But hearing, as my misdirected pride had designed he should, that Clara was engaged, and receiving, as he thought, in this circumstance, additional proof of her intended coquetry towards himself, he determined to deprive her of the triumph which he thought would be so gratifying to her feelings, by convincing her, that if he had been her dupe, he had not also become her victim.

Was I not punished for my deception, by feeling that I had aided, though unintentionally, in consummating an event which had forever separated two hearts that were bound together by the strongest ties of affection? Oh! pride, of how much evil art thou the author!

With tears of bitter self-reproach, I informed Henry of the origin of that report. He forgave me, but added, "Had it not been for that circumstance, I might not now be obliged to blush for one who stands towards me in the sacred relation of wife, but on whom henceforth I must cease to look with respect."

It was under the influence of bitter and disappointed feelings, that he had offered himself to Maria. Love with *her* conquered pride; and, haughty as she was, she married a poor man—poor in temporal wealth, but rich in intellectual and moral worth. Henry was always a favorite of her father, and had he liked him less, he might have made no objection to an union, which would retain his only remaining child so near him.

These particulars I gathered from Henry himself. With the delicacy of a gentleman, he said nothing of the discord which had subsisted between them since their marriage, but expressed his inability to remain longer in the village, and in the society of one who had rendered it to him a place of so much misery. It were better also, he thought, that they should be separated. His presence could only be painful to her, and the result to himself would be unmitigated wretchedness. He should seek afar, in the bustle of active life, not for the happiness which he had vainly sought in the domestic circle, but merely a release from the constant and heavy gloom to which a continuance among scenes associated with the past, would subject him.

He lamented deeply his rashness and precipitancy, and perceived in its results the folly of surrendering ourselves to the influence of pride, and the spirit of revenge. He requested me to

write to Clara, informing her of these circumstances, as he dared not trust himself to see her. I approved of his decision in this respect, as I feared an interview could only be productive of pain to both.

He asked of me also, to be silent as to the cause of his departure, as, for Maria's sake, and also to save her parents from pain, he should not disclose her deceit and treachery. I admired his noble generosity, as I knew that, if he departed without assigning a sufficient reason, it would cause remarks which would be extremely mortifying, to say the least, to his high-souled and honorable nature.

But, altho' selfishness had hitherto been the ruling principle with Maria, the pain and mortification which she experienced from feeling that she had lost her husband's respect, and the loss of which only convinced her how necessary it was to her happiness, made her unwilling to degrade herself still lower in his estimation, by suffering others, or even herself, to do him wrong in this respect.

When, therefore, Henry informed Squire Burton of his intended departure, forever, from S., and declined giving any reason for such an extraordinary proceeding, she, by an effort of self-denial which she probably never before had made, frankly confessed to her father her folly and wickedness, and convinced him of the injustice of the suspicions which Henry's refusal to account for his conduct had created, and which, in his anger, he had expressed.

Maria's parents were overcome with grief and shame, on learning their daughter's guilty duplicity; but the forbearance of Henry, choosing rather to incur their censure than expose her, excited their warmest and most fervent gratitude. But vainly did Squire Burton urge upon his acceptance that which would place him above the necessity of constant toil in his profession. His refusal was respectful, but firm. "I need it not," was his reply; "God has given me the ability and inclination to labor; and it is only in active employment, that I expect to cast off the remembrances which are so painful to me. But the memory of your kindness will steal like a ray of sun-shine over the dark passages of my life, illumining one spot, on which my eyes may rest with calm and quiet pleasure." "May God bless you," was the only response of Squire Burton, as hurriedly shaking hands, they parted,—Henry to commence a painful and melancholy journey

from S., which but two years before he had entered with bright and glowing hopes of happiness, but only to see them wantonly and cruelly blighted.

He had parted from Maria kindly,—as from one whom he pitied, but neither loved nor respected. She felt this, and it added a keener pang to her sufferings, than any she had before experienced. Her parents found her, after leaving Henry, in an agony of grief, which their kindest efforts for a time could neither soothe nor alleviate.

As Henry requested, I wrote Clara an account of these unpleasant events; and soon after by my marriage became a resident of the same city with herself. As I then saw her frequently, I soon discovered that this knowledge had not contributed to her peace or happiness. While she rejoiced to know that he had not been the deceiver he had seemed, she wept that he, like herself, had been the victim of wrong that now admitted of no reparation.

These reflections revived the love which a conviction of his unworthiness had, in some measure, subdued. The wrong which she felt she was doing her husband, by the indulgence of these feelings, added not a little to the wretchedness which they caused her; while her sincere but ineffectual efforts to subdue and conceal this ill-fated attachment, were evidently destroying her health. She faded almost imperceptibly away from earth, and ere she had been two years a wedded wife, the spring-flowers were blooming over her grave, and her weary spirit had found rest.

Her husband mourned her with deep and sincere feeling, and cherished the little Emma with all a father's tenderness and love. To her mother's care Clara committed her child; but heart-broken by the loss of her only and cherished one, she followed her ere long to the "Valley of Peace." After her death, a sister of Mr. Gray's entered his family, and under her wise and judicious counsels, Emma has formed a character not unlike her mother's, and commands the love and admiration of all who know her.

Henry has become eminent in his profession, and ranks high as a man of integrity and worth; but the remembrances of the past are still lingering around him, darkening with their shadows the pathway which, to the crowd, seems strewed with flowers. Maria still lives, penitent, but reaping in her remorse and consequent wretchedness, the fruits of her wickedness and guilt.

After Henry's departure, many were the conjectures formed



by the inhabitants of S., as to the cause of it ; but every imputation on his honor was met by every member of Squire Burton's family, with such decided expressions of resentment, that they were at once silenced ; and as the true reason was not given, the gossips of the village had sufficient material for the exercise of their ingenuity ; and they are still ignorant that the consequences which they beheld were the EFFECTS OF ENVY. ENILED A.

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### OLD IRONSIDES.

"On hearing that it was in contemplation by the Navy Department to break up the old frigate Constitution, and sell her timbers," Dr. O. W. Holmes indited a short, but soul-stirring lyric. I quote the closing verse thereof, and append a few stanzas.

"Oh ! better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave !  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave.  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,—  
Set every thread-bare sail,—  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale !"

Ay, give her to the ocean's care,  
For she is ocean's child !  
"Old Ironsides " is wont to dare  
The tempest rough and wild.  
Yes, give her to decay and death,  
Upon the boundless deep ;  
The children of that lordly dame,  
Should in her bosom sleep.

But tear not from her aged form  
The glory of her youth ;  
That flag survived the battle-storm,  
The pledge of hope and truth.  
How dare ye lift a free-man's hand  
Upon the honored one ?  
'Twere reckless sacrilege, to take  
Her war-worn banner down.

Destroy her not ! Your country's name—  
She bore it o'er the wave—  
A pillar in your deathless fame  
Asks no untimely grave.  
She braved the terrors of the gale,  
And shrunk not from the foe ;  
What has the Constitution done,  
That ye should lay her low ?

Shall this memorial of the dead,  
 Be torn in pieces now,  
 Because their former strength hath fled  
 From rudder, keel and prow?  
 What saith the voice from every grave,  
 Whose tenant once she bore?  
 And what will say each patriot's heart,  
 When she shall be no more?

Perish the heartless, dark design,  
 Which may not be forgiven!  
 How can ye plunder Freedom's shrine,  
 And wear the smile of Heaven?  
 How can ye sever pennon, sail,  
 And timber, mast and deck?  
 Do ye not know how much ye owe  
 That venerable wreck?

Oh, give her to her element,  
 Her wide and watery home;  
 And where she on your errands went,  
 Unshackled let her roam.  
 Bend all her canvass to the breeze,  
 And onward let her go,—  
 The glory of the olden time,  
 The dread of every foe!

Let no half-frozen soul come near,  
 To mock at valor gone;  
 Forever be the memory dear,  
 Of the decaying one.  
 And when her high, majestic sail,  
 The sea no more shall sweep,  
 Shall ship and flag together rest,  
 Down were the mighty sleep!

ADELAIDE.

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### A SPRING PHANTASY.

To-morrow morning, said I, I will arise betimes, and go forth  
 to welcome the springing grass and the opening flowers. \* \* \*

It was a lovely morn. The sun had not arisen, and the stars  
 were still twinkling in the blue heaven. It was (if the expres-  
 sion be allowable) the twilight of morning. I wandered along,  
 not knowing and hardly caring whither, until I came in sight of  
 a beautiful grove, situated on a hill-side, sloping gradually down  
 to the margin of a river, which was flowing on its ceaseless course  
 in silent beauty.

On entering the grove, and while noticing the varied beauty and elegance of the several species of trees, my attention was arrested by an unusual sound, as of many silvery voices. Surprised, I looked to learn the cause—and lo! a multitude of flowers had sprung up around me, as if by enchantment! I listened to their glad tones, and discovered it to be a general meeting of the flowers, to welcome the return of gentle Spring, and to congratulate each other on the departure of unrelenting Winter, who had breathed upon them with such severity as to strip them of all beauty and fragrance, and cause their heads to be bowed with grief and mortification.

But now all was life and joy, as they came with light and dancing foot-steps, seeming at the very height of happiness. It would be in vain for me to attempt giving the names or number of this collection of earth's beauties; but among them I recognized the Dandelion, the Buttercup, the Crocus, and the elegant Dahlia—the latter reminding me of a young female who has wealth, beauty and ornamental accomplishments, but who has not that sweetness of disposition nor cultivation of mind, which would be a never-failing source of pleasure to herself and those around her.

Time passed rapidly, while listening to their sweet songs, and their voices seemed but *one* voice, as they ascended in one grand chorus. Presently the birds, awakened by the music, came and settled on the trees above my head; then uniting their voices in one harmonious strain, they flew up to meet the sun, which was just peeping from behind the eastern horizon, and communicated the tidings of this joyous meeting. The king of day received with a warm smile the intelligence from the little warblers, who, having executed their mission, descended, and again joined the concert, where all was perfect harmony—not one discordant note was heard.

Thus far I had been, as it were, all eyes and ears, and so charmed with the novelty and beauty of the scene, that I had not opened my lips, nor uttered a sound. But soon I heard a small, sweet voice address me, in these words—"O thou child of mortality! thou art the only one in all this vast assembly endowed with reason, and the only silent one! Why is not thy voice raised in tones of gratitude to the Author of all this happiness?" I stood reprovèd—and in a moment I involuntarily joined the grand concert. The sound of my own voice awoke me; and, behold! it was a dream.

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

Another week has passed away, with all its cares and pleasures, its joys and sorrows. - It has joined the dim shades of past ages, never more to return, and we are still looking forward to many more weeks, hoping and trusting for happiness in them all.

Saturday night is generally either a time of pleasure or of regret—these different results arising from the manner in which the week has been spent. If in industry, and such acts as conscience approves, it is a time of deep gratification ; but if in idleness, and such practices as, on reflection, conscience condemns, the mind is ill at ease, and we suffer in proportion to the grade of our folly and wickedness.

The bustle of business, amusements, and all that naturally distracts the mind during the week, have been suspended, and the body and mind, harassed by the events of the past week, have time to recover, in a great measure, their natural tone. The anticipation of the calm and holy Sabbath, is a cordial to the heart, after the trials and perplexities with which we have been surrounded ; we can then receive spiritual guidance and counsel from the lips of the heralds of the cross, who speak to us of our Father in heaven. \* \* \* \*

What various changes often take place in the course of one short week ! Those who were high in affluence and prosperity, have been hurled from the lofty eminence which they had occupied, to the depths of extreme poverty and wretchedness. Many who, at the commencement of the week, were in the full possession of health, and vigorous in intellect, have been suddenly thrown on the bed of sickness and languishing,—their reason, the noblest faculty of man, entirely destroyed,—thus doomed to linger on a mere cipher in existence, until by convalescence sense is restored, or death closes the scene. Others have been consigned to the tomb, leaving their heart-stricken friends to lament their untimely departure.

Those who were in the enjoyment of confidence in each other's truth and sincerity, united in the delightful bonds of friendship and love, find that confidence destroyed, that bond, as it were in a moment, broken ; and alas ! they are friends no longer. An idle word, or perhaps a look, has been, through misapprehension, the means of separating, at least for a time, the best of friends.

Such is human nature : we take fire at trifles, and wrapping ourselves in dignity, neither ask nor give explanations—whereas, if we would be open and frank with those who have offended, we should find that, although circumstances are against them, yet in fact nothing wrong was intended, and thus harmony might be restored, with an additional zest for the pleasures of friendly intercourse.

Happy are they who can glance over the past, and not recall one wayward act, imprudent word, or anything they may remember with regret. How careful, then, ought we to be, in our everyday transactions with those around us ! Every word, and act, should be according to the golden rule, to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us.

Let us endeavor, therefore, so to conduct ourselves, that at the close of each succeeding week, we can look back with feelings of unmingled pleasure and satisfaction.

E. E. T.

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### PLAYTHINGS.

“ Behold the child, by nature’s kindly law,  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw :  
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,  
A little louder, but as empty quite :  
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,  
And beads and prayer-books, are the toys of age :  
Pleas’d with this bauble still as that before,  
'Till tired he sleeps, and life’s poor play is o’er.”

I do not pretend to know what thoughts were in the mind of Alexander Pope, when he wrote the above ; but I suppose that he had been viewing the world as it was, and thinking of the folly of mankind, in pursuing objects which were of no more real value than the baubles with which the nursery is stored.

This fondness for playthings is not confined to age, sex, or any condition in life. It seems to be a folly which every where abounds. And, notwithstanding it is allowed by philosophers that every generation is wiser than the preceding one, I believe that were we to look around, and examine all the various pursuits which engross the attention of mankind at the present day, we should conclude that they are as fond of playthings now, and as

prone to idle away their time, as they were in the days of Alexander Pope. It is true, there are those who are seeking for wisdom, and whose treasures are "where moth and rust cannot corrupt;" but by far the greater part of mankind are pursuing after vanity.

Among those who have this mania for playthings, I shall first notice the noisy politician, or office-seeker, who cares not a whit for his country's weal, provided he can but acquire for himself a high-sounding title, and fill his purse from the public coffers. The titles and money which a public office confers, will satisfy none but imaginary wants; so in all his spoutings and political manœuvres, he is but playing with his rattle.

Next in order is the hypocrite, who, as Pollock has it, "stole the livery of the Court of Heaven, to serve the devil in,"—and who says to suffering humanity, "Oh, I pity you! may you be clothed and fed;" and yet never lifts a finger to alleviate the burdens of others, unless from some selfish motive. In all of his loud and long prayers, what is he doing but playing with his rattle?

Next, the miser—who uses every method in his power to overreach and defraud those with whom he may have dealings, in order to increase his store. He is like the child who robs the other children of their playthings, until he has more than he knows what to do with, and then frets because they afford him no pleasure.

The various schemers who are continually laying plans which they have not the power to execute, are the children who build card houses, to be blown down, and then cry to see them fall.

Even the ladies have their playthings. Some will have a spare room, carpeted and splendidly furnished, when their circumstances will by no means afford it; and this, merely to gratify the eyes of those, who doubtless laugh at the folly thus displayed, and pity the poor husband, who has to be at all this unnecessary expense; not thinking, at the same time, that *they* may have playthings equally extravagant and useless. Others will cull the shops of the merchant and milliner, and exhaust the skill of the dress-maker, for decorations and ornaments—and then be dissatisfied with all which they can obtain, and fret like the little girl who cannot get her doll dressed to suit her.

I might go on, and show that the world is composed of children, and that by far the greater part of them are engaged in accumu-

lating playthings, some of which are harmless and afford much innocent amusement, while others are deadly weapons, and promote strife, and cause ruin, and every species of unhappiness ; and whoever plays with them, will surely receive some injury, and sooner or later have cause to repent of his folly.

Now if this mania for playthings was but cured, and the time and money spent in obtaining them, could be spent for the good of society, and in administering to the necessities of the needy and wretched—how much more of happiness would the world enjoy, than it does at the present time ! It seems, that if this state of things could but be brought about, I could scarcely desire a better heaven than I could enjoy upon earth ; for then each individual would strive to promote the happiness of all—and all would be happy.

I think I hear the reader inquiring, if the writer of this article never had *her* playthings. Yes, my dear reader, I have had them, and I have spent much time in playing with them ; and even now, it is not unlikely that I spend more time in play than I do in any useful employment. Being much like the rest of the world, I am more blind to my own follies than to the follies of others, and neglect correcting them. But that “these things ought not so to be,” is well known to

EXPERIENCE.

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### THE SPIRIT OF DISCONTENT.

“I will not stay in Lowell any longer ; I am determined to give my notice this very day,” said Ellen Collins, as the earliest bell was tolling to remind us of the hour for labor.

“Why, what is the matter, Ellen ? It seems to me you have dreamed out a new idea ! Where do you think of going ? and what for ?”

“I am going home, where I shall not be obliged to rise so early in the morning, nor be dragged about by the ringing of a bell, nor confined in a close noisy room from morning till night. I will not stay here ; I am determined to go home in a fortnight.”

Such was our brief morning’s conversation.

In the evening, as I sat alone, reading, my companions having gone out to public lectures or social meetings, Ellen entered. I

saw that she still wore the same gloomy expression of countenance, which had been manifested in the morning ; and I was disposed to remove from her mind the evil influence, by a plain common-sense conversation.

"And so, Ellen," said I, "you think it unpleasant to rise so early in the morning, and be confined in the noisy mill so many hours during the day. And I think so, too. All this, and much more, is very annoying, no doubt. But we must not forget that there are advantages, as well as disadvantages, in this employment, as in every other. If we expect to find all sun-shine and flowers in any station in life, we shall most surely be disappointed. We are very busily engaged during the day ; but then we have the evening to ourselves, with no one to dictate to or control us. I have frequently heard you say, that you would not be confined to house-hold duties, and that you disliked the millinery business altogether, because you could not have your evenings, for leisure. You know that in Lowell we have schools, lectures, and meetings of every description, for moral and intellectual improvement."

"All that is very true," replied Ellen, "but if we were to attend every public institution, and every evening school which offers itself for our improvement, we might spend every farthing of our earnings, and even more. Then if sickness should overtake us, what are the probable consequences? Here we are, far from kindred and home ; and if we have an empty purse, we shall be destitute of *friends* also."

"I do not think so, Ellen. I believe there is no place where there are so many advantages within the reach of the laboring class of people, as exist here ; where there is so much equality, so few aristocratic distinctions, and such good fellowship, as may be found in this community. A person has only to be honest, industrious, and moral, to secure the respect of the virtuous and good, though he may not be worth a dollar ; while on the other hand, an immoral person, though he should possess wealth, is not respected."

"As to the morality of the place," returned Ellen, "I have no fault to find. I object to the constant hurry of every thing. We cannot have time to eat, drink or sleep ; we have only thirty minutes, or at most three quarters of an hour, allowed us, to go from our work, partake of our food, and return to the noisy clat-



ter of machinery. Up before day, at the clang of the bell—and out of the mill by the clang of the bell—into the mill, and at work, in obedience to that ding-dong of a bell—just as though we were so many living machines. I will give my notice to-morrow: go, I will—I won't stay here and be a white slave."

"Ellen," said I, "do you remember what is said of the bee, that it gathers honey even in a poisonous flower? May we not, in like manner, if our hearts are rightly attuned, find many pleasures connected with our employment? Why is it, then, that you so obstinately look altogether on the dark side of a factory life? I think you thought differently while you were at home, on a visit, last summer—for you were glad to come back to the mill, in less than four weeks. Tell me, now—why were you so glad to return to the ringing of the bell, the clatter of the machinery, the early rising, the half-hour dinner, and so on?"

I saw that my discontented friend was not in a humour to give me an answer—and I therefore went on with my talk.

"You are fully aware, Ellen, that a country life does not exclude people from labor—to say nothing of the inferior privileges of attending public worship—that people have often to go a distance to meeting of any kind—that books cannot be so easily obtained as they can here—that you cannot always have just such society as you wish—that you"—

She interrupted me, by saying, "We have no bell, with its everlasting ding-dong."

"What difference does it make," said I, "whether you shall be awaked by a bell, or the noisy bustle of a farm-house? For, you know, farmers are generally up as early in the morning as we are obliged to rise."

"But then," said Ellen, "country people have none of the clattering of machinery constantly dinning in their ears."

"True," I replied, "but they have what is worse—and that is, a dull, lifeless silence all around them. The hens may cackle sometimes, and the geese gabble, and the pigs squeal"—

Ellen's hearty laugh interrupted my description—and presently we proceeded, very pleasantly, to compare a country life with a factory life in Lowell. Her scowl of discontent had departed, and she was prepared to consider the subject candidly. We agreed, that since we must work for a living, the mill, all things considered, is the most pleasant, and best calculated to promote

our welfare ; that we will work diligently during the hours of labor ; improve our leisure to the best advantage, in the cultivation of the mind,—hoping thereby not only to increase our own pleasure, but also to add to the happiness of those around us.

ALMIRA.

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### THE BLACK GLOVE.

At the close of a beautiful summer-day, in the year 1799, on the door-step of a neat little cottage sat a man of venerable appearance, whose broad-brimmed hat bespoke him a member of the Society of Friends. He was busily engaged in reading the Life of George Fox, when the tramp of a horse's hoof called his attention to an approaching traveller. The cottage, being a full half mile from the main road, was seldom visited, save by some of the Society to which the owner belonged ; and it was not surprising that a stranger, riding at full speed, should call the attention of the inmates. Arrived at the cottage door, the stranger stopped short, and enquired for Friend B.

“If thy business is with friend B.,” said the venerable old man, rising upon his feet, “he stands before thee.”

“Your son-in-law,” said the stranger, “sent me here, to employ your wife to knit a black silk glove for Mr. A., who is to be ordained to the work of the ministry in the first parish in this town, on the morrow. The glove is wanted by nine o'clock ; and Mr. N. said there was no doubt his mother would knit it.”

“Hannah, can thee knit the glove ?” said the Quaker, turning to his wife. “I will try,” said she, “but I fear I shall hardly accomplish the task by nine o'clock.”

The stranger then told friend B., that if he would hasten to the meeting-house with the glove as soon as it was done, he should receive a dollar for the service ; and if it arrived in season to secure the parsonage lot to Mr. A., his wife should receive the present of a new dress. The honest Quaker could not imagine how a black glove could secure the parsonage lot, and the stranger did not stop to explain.

In the course of an hour, Mr. N. called in, and from him they learned that, by a vote of the town of W., the parsonage lot was

to be given to the first preacher who should be ordained in the town ; and that there were to be two candidates for the ministry ordained on the morrow. Mr. A., having but one hand, and that an uncommonly large one, no glove could be found to fit it ; and a black glove being an indispensable article, it was thought expedient to hire one knit.

Mrs. B. knit diligently through the whole night, but it was after nine o'clock in the morning before the glove was finished ; and friend B. was soon on his way toward the meeting-house, which was distant about four miles from the cottage of the Quaker.

We will now leave the cottage, and hasten to the meeting-house. The people were all assembled by nine o'clock, but the glove had not arrived. The ministering brethren concluded that the glove might be dispensed with, until the ceremony of giving the right hand of fellowship. The services accordingly commenced, and proceeded as far as was thought prudent, without the glove. They had waited some minutes in anxious suspense ; large drops of perspiration stood upon the face of Mr. A., and he was upon the point of thinking that the parsonage lot was lost, when friend B. bolted into the door of the meeting-house, and with as little ceremony as one of the worthy Society of Friends was ever known to use, strode across the broad aisle, and up the pulpit stairs, with the exclamation, "Neighbor A., here is thy glove !"

The glove was put on, and the services proceeded with all possible despatch. Vain repetitions were dispensed with in the closing prayer, for it was simply the Lord's prayer. The services being concluded a courier was sent to the other parish ; and it was ascertained that the ordination of Mr. A. was concluded four minutes sooner than that of Mr. F. Of course the parsonage lot belonged to Mr. A., and Mrs. B. had a new dress for knitting the glove.

Mr. A. soon gathered a church, and it prospered well for a number of years. But in process of time, there was a bitter quarrel between Mrs. A. and the wife of the physician, which ran so high that the church took the matter in hand. After investigating the quarrel, Mr. A. discovered that he *could not* turn the physician's wife out of the church—and his own wife he *would not* ; and in a fit of holy anger, he made a solemn promise, with-

out any *proviso* whatever, that he never would administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper to his church again !

This rite was held in the greatest veneration by the most of the church; and they often spoke of the sweet seasons which they had enjoyed together, while commemorating the love of the dying Saviour. But now these sweet seasons were at an end—for what the minister said was *law*, and the people had to submit.

Several years after this, the physician, having a prospect of bettering his condition, removed to a distant part of the country. The Sunday after he left town, Mr. A., at the close of the afternoon services, gave notice that there would be a church meeting on Thursday afternoon, preparatory to the administration of the Lord's supper, which sacrament he intended to administer the ensuing Sabbath. The people were astonished, to think that their minister thought of breaking a vow so solemn ; and they had strange forebodings of some dreadful calamity which was about to befall them.

After meeting, Mr. A. hastened home. He appeared very gloomy, and soon complained of great distress. Before night, he took his bed, from which he never arose. Before morning, his eyes were closed in death.

TABITHA.

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### PASSING AWAY.

How changeful is life ! A word, a thought, a look, can change us. Our hopes, our happiness, hang, as it appears to our vision, upon the thread of accident. Can we count with certainty upon the enjoyment of a single hour ? Nay ; man with all his boasted faculties of mind, his pride of rank in the creation, can only *hope*. Although he may be surrounded by all the enjoyments and pleasures of life, yet he cannot call one moment of the future his property. Life is only the alternation of sun-shine and darkness, joy and misery. Upon all things is legibly inscribed, "Passing away."

We arise in the morning ; the sun is shining brightly upon us ; not a shadow appears to mar the fair face of the sky ; and we commence our labors with the prospect before us of a serene and

pleasant day. But ere the meridian, dark clouds have made their appearance, and cast their shadows over the earth. All our prospects are blighted ; and the sun which arose in such splendor, fades away in obscurity behind the western hills.

Thus it is with the life of man. In the morning of his days, when cheered by the sunny smiles of hope, ere experience has taught him that clouds may overspread the fairest sky, he is apt to regard the future as a bright and joyous scene, where happiness alone may dwell. The sky of his youthful prospects is undimmed by a single shade of disappointment ; but he soon finds that the pathway of life is not always brightened by the sun-shine of prosperity ; for ere he has reached its meridian, the cares and sorrows of earth have cast their dark shadows upon him, and often do they linger until the sun of his existence has set. M.

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### FANCY.

O swiftly flies the shuttle now,  
 Swift as an arrow from the bow ;  
 But swifter than the thread is wrought,  
 Is soon the flight of busy thought ;  
 For Fancy leaves the mill behind,  
 And seeks some novel scenes to find.  
 And now away she quickly hies—  
 O'er hill and dale the truant flies.  
 Stop, silly maid ! where dost thou go ?  
 Thy road may be a road of wo :  
 Some hand may crush thy fairy form,  
 And chill thy heart so lately warm.  
 " O no," she cries in merry tone,  
 " I go to lands before unknown ;  
 I go in scenes of bliss to dwell,  
 Where ne'er is heard a factory bell."

Away she went ; and soon I saw,  
 That Fancy's wish, was Fancy's law ;  
 For where the leafless trees were seen,  
 And Fancy wished them to be green,  
 Her wish she scarcely had made known,  
 Before green leaves were on them grown.  
 She spake—and there appeared in view,  
 Bright manly youths, and maidens, too.  
 And Fancy called for music rare—  
 And music filled the ravished air.

And then the dances soon began,  
 And through the mazes lightly ran  
 The footsteps of the fair and gay—  
 For this was Fancy's festal day.  
 On, on they move, a lovely group!  
 Their faces beam with joy and hope;  
 Nor dream they of a danger nigh,  
 Beneath their bright and sunny sky.  
 One of the fair ones is their queen,  
 For whom they raise a throne of green;  
 And Fancy weaves a garland now,  
 To place upon the maiden's brow;  
 And fragrant are the blooming flowers,  
 In her enchanted fairy-bowers.

And Fancy now away may slip,  
 And o'er the green-sward lightly skip,  
 And to her airy castle hie—  
 For Fancy hath a castle nigh.  
 The festal board she quick prepares,  
 And every guest the bounty shares,—  
 And seated at the festal board,  
 Their merry voices now are heard,  
 As each youth places to his lips,  
 And from the golden goblet sips,  
 A draught of the enchanting wine,  
 That came from Fancy's fruitful vine.

But, hark! what sound salutes mine ear?  
 A distant rumbling now I hear.  
 Ah, Fancy! 'tis no groundless fear,  
 The rushing whirlwind draweth near!  
 Thy castle walls are rocking fast,—  
 The glory of thy feast is past;  
 Thy guests are now beneath the wave,—  
 Oblivion is their early grave.  
 Thy fairy bower has vanished—fled;  
 Thy leafy trees are withered—dead!  
 Thy lawn is now a barren heath,  
 Thy bright-eyed maids are cold in death!  
 Those manly youths that were so gay!  
 Have vanished in the self-same way!

O Fancy! now remain at home,  
 And be content no more to roam;  
 For visions such as thine are vain,  
 And bring but discontent and pain.  
 Remember, in thy giddy whirl,  
 That I am but a factory girl;  
 And be content at home to dwell,  
 Though governed by a "factory bell."

## THE OLD CLOCK.

The old clock whose history I am about to write, was imported from England by my maternal great-grand-father, while the United States were colonies of Great Britain. It was put together by Daniel Balch, of Newburyport, and for many years remained in that pleasant town. The principal metal in the old clock was brass; the case, black walnut. The top was ornamented with a crown, and upon the top of the face stood an eagle. Little did the artizans of that clock imagine, when they placed that bird upon its face, that it should be the ensign of England's rebellious subjects; that beneath that ensign they should rally and become a free and happy nation.

After residing some years in that sea-port, my ancestor removed to a town in the country, not many miles distant, and took the much-prized clock with him. But an unthought-of trouble now presented itself. The rooms were not high enough to admit the clock in an erect position. In such a dilemma, what was to be done? A new room must be built to contain it, or the clock must lose its crown. The crown was taken off, and the American bird stood the highest ornament, with outspread wings and open mouth, as if exulting in the removal of the crown. When the revolutionary troubles commenced, my progenitor came to the conclusion that crowns were useless, and supported those measures which have made us a great and independent people.

The old clock always stood in the same corner of the sitting-room, and was never affected with the sorrows and joys of those around it, but kept on its own monotonous and industrious way of telling the seconds, minutes, hours, and days of the month, only requiring the weights to be wound up once in a week, and the plate which told the day of the month to be moved, when there were not thirty-one days in the month.

Its first owner was a straight-forward, kind-hearted, honest man, possessing great dignity of character, and a certain something, which seemed to say, Be not too familiar. He was one of those who conduct every thing by the square and compass. He had his regular hours for eating, sleeping, and arising from sleep; and the clock was his assistant in the division of time. His children were pretty much like the rest of the world—to-day in prosperity, to-morrow in adversity. In their affliction, "fa-

ther's house " was a father's house indeed, where all the unfortunate found an asylum. His grand-children, or some of them, were as full of mischief and wild pranks as any crazy heads that ever lived. They frequently visited the paternal mansion, where they always found plenty of good cheer, and a time of frolic and fun.

There was one old domestic in the family, who went by the appellation of aunt Hannah. In person, she was short and thick; and in other respects presented a grotesque appearance. She was exact and faithful in the performance of her duties; frequently going to the sitting-room to look at the clock, that her dinner might be ready at the precise time. A smile would often play upon the old man's face, as she thrust her head in at the door, to ascertain the time, after which she withdrew as suddenly as she appeared.

When the clock struck nine, the doors were closed, and the family retired to rest. The younger portion of the family often assembled again in the kitchen, where they enjoyed their mirth uninterrupted. After the death of the good old man, the clock became the property of my parents. So much of its history I received from my mother; the sequel I have had an opportunity of knowing myself.

When it became their property I do not remember; but I recollect how like a funeral knell it sounded to my ears, when it struck seven; for then came the words, "you must go to bed." In vain did I plead and entreat, that I might sit up a little longer. I was put to bed in an adjoining room, where I could hear the old clock "tick, tick, tick," as if triumphing over my grief. My hours of play and work were also regulated by the old clock. As I grew older I ceased to be troubled with it, and regarded it as a good and faithful servant.

Ten years since, my parents brought the old clock to Lowell; and for nine years it has stood in the same spot, where it is regarded with great reverence, not only by those who daily behold it, but by all my mother's relatives who visit us. But like every thing of earth, the old clock is the worse for wear, and for some time past has ceased to strike. A little repair, however, would restore its former powers, and its clear quick tones would again be heard. Surely, the old clock shall be repaired, and preserved as a memento of the departed.

s. w. s.



## THE LOCK OF GRAY HAIR.

Touching and simple memento of departed worth and affection ! how mournfully sweet are the recollections thou awakenest in the heart, as I gaze upon thee—shorn after death had stamped her loved features with the changeless hue of the grave. How vividly memory recalls the time when, in childish sportiveness and affection, I arranged this little tress upon the venerable forehead of my grandmother ! Though Time had left his impress there, a majestic beauty yet rested upon thy brow ; for age had no power to quench the light of benevolence that beamed from thine eye, nor wither the smile of goodness that animated thy features. Again do I seem to listen to the mild voice, whose accents had ever power to subdue the waywardness of my spirit, and hush to calmness the wild and turbulent passions of my nature. Though ten summers have made the grass green upon thy grave, and the white rose burst in beauty above thine honored head, thy name is yet green in our memory, and thy virtues have left a deathless fragrance in the hearts of thy children.

Though she of whom I tell, claimed not kindred with the "high-born of earth"—though the proud descent of titled ancestry marked not her name—yet the purity of her spotless character, the practical usefulness of her life, her firm adherence to duty, her high and holy submission to the will of Heaven, in every conflict, shed a radiance more resplendent than the glittering coronet's hues, more enduring than the wreath that encircles the head of genius. It was no lordly dome of other climes, nor yet of our far-off, sunny south, that called her mistress ; but among the granite hills of New Hampshire (my own father-land) was her humble home.

Well do I remember the morning when she related to me (a sportive girl of thirteen) the events of her early days. At her request, I was her companion during her accustomed morning walk about her own home-stead. During our ramble, she suddenly stopped, and looked intently down upon the green earth, leaving me in silent wonder at what could so strongly rivet her attention. At length she raised her eyes, and pointing to an ancient hollow in the earth, nearly concealed by rank herbage, she said, "That spot is the dearest to me on earth." I looked around, then into her face for an explanation, seeing nothing un-

usually attractive about the place. But ah ! how many cherished memories came up at that moment ! The tear of fond recollection stood in her eye, as she spoke : " On this spot I passed the brightest hours of my existence." To my eager inquiry, Did you not always live in the large white house yonder ? She replied, " No, my child. Fifty years ago, upon this spot stood a rude dwelling, composed of logs. Here I passed the early days of my marriage, and here my noble first-born drew his first breath." In answer to my earnest entreaty to tell me all about it, she seated herself upon the large broad stone which had been her ancient hearth, and commenced her story :

" It was a bright mid-summer eve, when your grand-father, whom you never saw, brought me here, his chosen and happy bride. On that morning had we plighted our faith at the altar—that morning, with all the feelings natural to a girl of eighteen, I bade adieu to the home of my childhood, and with a fond mother's last kiss yet warm upon my cheek, commenced my journey with my husband, toward his new home in the wilderness. Slowly on horse-back we proceeded on our way, through the green forest path, whose deep winding course was directed by incisions upon the trees left by the axe of the sturdy woods-man. Yet no modern bride, in her splendid coach, decked in satin, orange flowers and lace—on the way to her stately city mansion, ever felt her heart beat higher than did my own on that day. For as I looked upon the manly form of him beside me, as with careful hand he guided my bridle rein—or met the fond glance of his full dark eye, I felt that his was a changeless love.

Thus we pursued our lonely way through the lengthening forest, where Nature reigned almost in her primitive wildness and beauty. Now and then a cultivated patch, with a newly erected cottage, where sat the young mother, hushing with her low wild song the babe upon her bosom, with the crash of the distant falling trees, proclaimed it the home of the emigrant.

Twilight had thrown her soft shade over the earth ; the bending foliage assumed a deeper hue ; the wild-wood bird singing her last note,—as we emerged from the forest, to a spot termed by the early settlers ' a clearing.' It was an enclosure of a few acres, where the preceding year had stood in its pride the stately forest-tree. In the centre, surrounded by tall stalks of Indian corn, waving their silken tassels in the night breeze, stood the

lowly cot which was to be my future home. Beneath yon aged oak, which has been spared to tell of the past, we dismounted from our horses, and entered our rude dwelling. All was silent within and without, save the low whisper of the wind as it swept through the forest. But blest with youth, health, love, and hope, what had we to fear? Not that the privations and hardships incident to the early emigrant, were unknown to us—but we heeded them not.

The early dawn and dewy eve saw us unremitting in our toil, and Heaven crowned our labors with blessings. 'The wilderness began to blossom as the rose,' and our barns were filled with plenty.

But there was coming a time, big with the fate of these then infant colonies. The murmur of discontent, long since heard in our large commercial ports, grew longer and louder, beneath repeated acts of British oppression. We knew the portentous cloud every day grew darker. In those days, our means of intelligence were limited to the casual visitation of some traveller from abroad, to our wilderness.

But uncertain and doubtful as was its nature, it was enough to rouse the spirit of patriotism in many a manly heart; and while the note of preparation loudly rang in the bustling thoroughfares, its tones were not unheard among these granite rocks. The trusty fire-lock was remounted, and hung in polished readiness over each humble door. The shining pewter was transformed to the heavy bullet, awaiting the first signal to carry death to the oppressor.

It was on the memorable 17th of June, 1775, that your grandfather was at his usual labor in a distant part of his farm: suddenly there fell upon his ear a sound heavier than the crash of the falling tree: echo answered echo along these hills: he knew the hour had come—that the flame had burst forth which blood alone could extinguish. His was not a spirit to slumber within sound of that battle-peal. He dropped his implements, and returned to his house. Never shall I forget the expression of his face as he entered. There was a wild fire in his eye—his cheek was flushed—the veins upon his broad forehead swelled nigh to bursting. He looked at me—then at his infant boy—and for a moment his face was convulsed. But soon the calm expression of high resolve, shone upon his features.

Then I felt that what I had long secretly dreaded, was about

to be realized. For awhile the woman struggled fearfully within me—but the strife was brief; and though I could not with my lips say 'go,' in my heart I responded, 'God's will be done'—for as such I could but regard the sacred cause in which all for which we lived was staked. I dwell not on the anguished parting, nor on the lonely desolation of heart which followed. A few hasty arrangements, and he, in that stern band known as the Green Mountain Boys, led by the noble Stark, hurried to the post of danger. On the plains of Bennington he nobly distinguished himself, in that fierce conflict with the haughty Briton and mercenary foe.

Long and dreary was the period of my husband's absence; but the God of my fathers forsook me not. To Him I committed my absent one, in the confidence that He would do all things well. Now and then, a hurried scrawl, written perhaps on the eve of an expected battle, came to me in my lonely solitude like the 'dove of peace' and consolation—for it spoke of undying affection, and unshaken faith in the ultimate success of that cause for which he had left all.

But he did return. Once more he was with me. I saw him press his first-born to his bosom, and receive the little dark-eyed one whom he had never yet seen, with new fondness to his paternal arms. He lived to witness the glorious termination of that struggle, the events of which all so well know; to see the 'stars and stripes' waving triumphantly in the breeze, and to enjoy for a brief season the rich blessings of peace and Independence. But ere the sere and yellow leaf of age was upon his brow, the withering hand of disease laid his noble head in the dust. As the going down of the sun which foretells a glorious rising, so was his death. Many years have gone by, since he was laid in his quiet resting-place, where, in a few brief days, I shall slumber sweetly by his side."

Such was her unvarnished story; and such is substantially the story of many an ancient mother of New-England. Yet while the pen of history tells of the noble deeds of the patriot fathers, it records little of the days of privation and toil of the patriot mothers—of their nights of harassing anxiety and uncomplaining sorrow. But their virtues remain written upon the hearts of their daughters, in characters that perish not. Let not the rude hand of degeneracy desecrate the hallowed shrine of their memory.

THERESA.

## FAMILIAR SKETCHES, No. 2.

## THE FIG TREE.

It was a cold winter's evening. The snow had fallen lightly, and each tree and shrub was bending beneath its glittering burden. Here and there was one, with the moon-beams gleaming brightly upon it, until it seemed, with its many branches, touched by the ice-spirit—or some fairy-like creation, in its loveliness and beauty. Every thing was hushed in Dridonville.

Situated at a little distance, was a large white house, surrounded with elm trees, in the rear of which, upon an eminence, stood a summer-house ; and in the warm season, might have been seen many a gay lady, reclining beneath its vine-covered roof. No pains had been spared to make the situation desirable. It was the summer residence of Capt. Wilson. But it was now mid-winter, and yet he lingered in the country. Many were the questions addressed by the villagers to the old gardener, who had grown gray in the captain's service, as to the cause of the long delay ; but he could not, or would not, answer their inquiries.

The shutters were closed, the fire burning cheerfully, and the astral lamp throwing its soft mellow light upon the crimson drapey and rich furniture of one of the parlors. In a large easy chair, was seated a gentleman, who was between fifty and sixty years of age. He was in deep and anxious thought ; and ever and anon, his lip curled, as if some bitter feeling was in his heart. Standing near him, was a young man. His brow was open and serene ; his forehead high and expansive ; and his eyes beamed with an expression of benevolence and mildness. His lips were firmly compressed, denoting energy and decision of character.

"You may be seated," said Capt. Wilson, for it was he who occupied the large chair—the young man being his only son. "You may be seated, Augustus," and he cast upon him a look of mingled pride and scorn. The young man bowed profoundly, and took a seat opposite his father. There was a long pause, and the father was first to break silence. "So, you intend to marry a beggar, and suffer the consequences. But do you think your love will stand the test of poverty, and the sneer of the world ? for I repeat, that not one farthing of my money shall you receive, unless you comply with the promise which I long since made to my old friend, that our families should be united. She will in-

herit his vast possessions, as there is no other heir. True, she is a few years your senior ; but that is of no importance. Your mother is older than I am. But I have told you all this before. Consider well ere you choose between wealth and poverty."

"Would that I could conscientiously comply with your request," replied Augustus ; "but I have promised to be protector and friend to Emily Summerville. She is not rich in this world's goods ; but she has what is far preferable—a contented mind ; and you will allow that in point of education, she will compare even with Miss Clarkson." In a firm voice he continued, "I have made my choice, I shall marry Emily," and he was about to proceed, but his father stamped his foot, and commanded him to quit his presence. He left the house, and as he walked rapidly towards Mr. Grant's, the uncle of Miss Summerville, he thought how unstable were all earthly possessions, "and why," he exclaimed, "why should I make myself miserable for a little paltry gold ? It may wound my pride at first, to meet my gay associates ; but that will soon pass away, and my father will see that I can provide for my own wants."

Emily Summerville was the daughter of a British officer, who for many years resided in the pleasant village of Dridonville. He was much beloved by the good people for his activity and benevolence. He built the cottage occupied by Mr. Grant. On account of its singular construction, it bore the name of the "English cottage." After his death, it was sold, and Mr. Grant became the purchaser. There Emily had spent her childhood. On the evening before alluded to, she was in their little parlor, one corner of which was occupied by a large fig-tree. On a stand were geraniums, rose-bushes, the African lily, and many other plants. At a small table sat Emily, busily engaged with her needle, when the old servant announced Mr. Wilson. "Oh Augustus, how glad I am you are come !" she exclaimed, as she sprung from her seat to meet him ; "but you look sad and weary," she added, as she seated herself by his side, and gazed inquiringly into his face, the mirror of his heart. "What has happened ? you look perplexed."

"Nothing more than I have expected for a long time," was the reply ; and it was with heart-felt satisfaction that he gazed on the fair creature by his side, and thought she would be a star to guide him in the way of virtue. He told her all. And then he explained to her the path he had marked out for himself. "I

must leave you for a time, and engage in the noise and excitement of my profession. It will not be long, if I am successful. I must claim one promise from you—that is, that you will write often, for that will be the only pleasure I shall have to cheer me in my absence.”

She did promise; and when they separated at a late hour, they dreamed not that it was their last meeting on earth.

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“Oh uncle,” said Emily, as they entered the parlor together one morning, “do look at my fig-tree; how beautiful it is. If it continues to grow as fast as it has done, I can soon sit under its branches.” “It is really pretty,” replied her uncle; and he continued, laughing and patting her cheek, “you must cherish it with great care, as it was a present from — now don’t blush; I do not intend to speak his name, but was merely about to observe, that it might be now as in olden times, that as *he* prospers, the tree will flourish; if he is sick, or in trouble, it will decay.”

“If such are your sentiments,” said Emily, “you will acknowledge that thus far his path has been strewed with flowers.”

Many months passed away, and there was indeed a change. The tree that had before looked so green, had gradually decayed, until nothing was left but the dry branches. But she was not superstitious: “It might be,” she said, “that she had killed it with kindness.” Her uncle never alluded to the remark he had formerly made; but Emily often thought there might be some truth in it. She had received but one letter from Augustus, though she had written many.

Summer had passed, and autumn was losing itself in winter. Augustus Wilson was alone in the solitude of his chamber.— There was a hectic flush upon his cheek, and the low hollow cough told that consumption was busy. Was that the talented Augustus Wilson? he whose thrilling eloquence had sounded far and wide? His eyes were riveted upon a withered rose. It was given him by Emily on the eve of his departure, with these words, “Such as I am, receive me. Would I were of more worth, for your sake.”

“No,” he musingly said; “It is not possible she has forgotten me. I will not, cannot believe it.” He arose, and walked the room with hurried steps, and a smile passed over his face, as he held communion with the bright images of the past. He threw himself upon his couch, but sleep was a stranger to his weary frame.

Three weeks quickly passed, and Augustus Wilson lay upon his death-bed. Calm and sweet was his slumber, as the spirit took its flight to the better land. And O it was a sad thing, to see that father, with the frost of many winters upon his head, bending low over his son, entreating him to speak once more ; but all was silent. He was not there ; nought remained but the beautiful casket ; the jewel which had adorned it, was gone. And deep was the grief of the mother ; but unlike her husband, she felt she had done all she could to brighten her son's pathway in life. She knew not to what extent Capt. W. had been guilty.

Augustus was buried in all the pomp and splendor that wealth could command. The wretched father thought in this way to blind the eyes of the world. But he could not deceive himself. It was but a short time before he was laid beside his son at Mount Auburn. Several letters were found among his papers, but they had not been opened. Probably he thought that by detaining them, he should induce his son to marry the rich Miss Clarkson, instead of the poor Emily Summerville.

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Emily Summerville firmly stood amidst the desolation that had withered all her bright hopes in life. She had followed her almost idolized uncle to the grave ; she had seen the cottage, and all the familiar objects connected with her earliest recollections, pass into the hands of strangers ; but there was not a sigh, nor a quiver of the lip, to tell of the anguish within. She knew not that Augustus Wilson had entered the spirit-land, until she saw the record of his death in a Boston paper. "O, if he had only sent me one word," she said ; "even if it had been to tell me that I was remembered no more, it would have been preferable to this." The light which had shone so brightly on her pathway was withdrawn, and the darkness of night closed around her.

Long and fearful was the struggle between life and death ; but when she arose from that sick bed, it was with a chastened spirit. "I am young," she thought, "and I may yet do much good." And when she again mingled in society, it was with a peace that the world could neither give nor take away.

She bade adieu to her native village, and has taken up her abode in Lowell. She is one of the class called "factory girls." She recently received the letters intercepted by Capt. Wilson, and the melancholy pleasure of perusing them is hallowed by the remembrance of him who is "gone, but not lost." IONE.