

LEAVES....No. I.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A DREAMER.

"Would that I were as rich and beautiful as Miss Burton," said Emma Roscoe to her cousin Harry C. They were gazing from an open window upon a splendid coach and a span of greys, as they dashed along Bowdoin Square.

"Now you are not in earnest," exclaimed Harry; "surely you would not forego the pleasures of domestic life to be the heartless belle of a city! It is true, wealth is desirable; but I would not have you altered from what you now are—no, not for the wealth of the Indies."

"But, cousin," replied Emma, "I have heard you say, that Miss Burton was a superb figure, fit for a princess,—so proud and stately does she seem."

"That is true," was the quick reply of Harry; "I do admire her appearance in a ball-room. She would even grace the stately ancestral halls of England; but what we admire in crowded halls, would not always please. In short, I would not go there to choose a wife. Enough has already been said," he continued; "I did not call to read you a lecture this morning, but to remind you of your promise to accompany me to the Fair. I told friend H. I would be a contributor; and I know of nothing that would reflect more honor on our city, than to exhibit my pretty cousin for a day, as all things fair and bright have a place there."

"Thank you," said Emma; "and pray when did you take your last lesson in flattering? I think you have improved much of late. Formerly I thought you were superior to other men, from the fact that you were not addicted to flattery; but I find you are like all the rest;" and without waiting for a reply, she left the room to complete her toilet for the Fair. A few moments only had passed, ere she returned, ready for her walk.

It was long after the street door had closed on their footsteps, that my thoughts reverted to their conversation. Emma had always appeared the very picture of happiness; but I find all are not happy who appear to be so. She was not what the world would call beautiful; but her friends considered her so, from the mildness and sweetness of her natural disposition. She was the betrothed bride of Harry C., and he was well worthy of so fair

a bride. But was all right? Was her heart as it should be? I fear not. A spirit of jealousy had entered, from hearing Harry speak in praise of the celebrated beauty, Miss Burton. She thought him less attentive than formerly, and sometimes she fancied he even seemed cold, and tired of her company. She had made herself really unhappy; and from a wish to please him, she had expressed in his presence a desire to be as beautiful as she whom she thought her rival. But her trouble existed only in imagination—for Harry thought her superior to any woman he had ever seen; and it was with pride, that he looked upon her as his companion through life's pilgrimage. If they are not happy, who may promise themselves the enjoyment of that boon here below? thought I, as I rested my head on my hand and gave the reins to imagination.

Soon my room was converted into a beautiful flower-garden, with walks extending as far as the eye could reach. It was early morning: the sun was just peering over the distant hills, and as I was admiring the beauty of the scene, I felt a light touch on my elbow. I turned, and beheld an old friend of my grandfather's. Her name was Truth. She asked permission to guide me through the many paths, and show me some of the rare flowers that grew on every side. I gladly accepted her company, and with many thanks for her kindness, we commenced our morning's walk.

We had not proceeded far, however, before we met many people of both sexes; but the young and fair led the way, gathering the flowers that were strown so profusely around them, and after sporting with them for a time, they threw them away as worthless things.

"And it is ever thus," said Truth. "The young are not willing to profit by the experience of age; but in time they will see the folly of their past life, in throwing away all the bright flowers of their youth. Would I could impress upon their minds the value of one flower. It should be cultivated in spring-time, to flourish well. It is called Goodness, and with it comes its sister Contentment. Then there would be no pining after happiness, for all would be happy in doing good; and while they enjoyed the many blessings that a kind Providence has scattered so liberally upon the right hand and the left, they would not be sighing for wealth that can never be theirs—nor for fame, that is at the

summit of the hill, and which if obtained, must involve the sacrifice of nearly all the enjoyments of youth ; and often health falls a victim to an ambitious spirit. When will they learn that the good alone are happy ?”

She ceased speaking, and looking in another direction, I saw an old man. He approached us, and after some conversation with Truth, he passed on. I soon ascertained that they were friends. He had an agreeable expression and a youthful appearance for one who had passed three score years and ten. I asked her if she would trust me with his name, as it might be of service to me when I mingled in the gay world. “Oh, with pleasure,” was the reply, “it is Experience ;” and as she spoke, she directed my attention to a bed of flowers he had given her ; and while we wandered along the various windings, she told me of many precious truths which Experience had taught her—for she thought him an excellent teacher—and that I must visit his home with her, if it was not too late when we had walked through the garden. “There,” she continued, “you will see true happiness.”

We lingered amid the flowers till the sun had disappeared, and the moon alone gave us light ; but I was not weary, and soon we entered a path that looked pleasant as far as I could perceive by the silvery light that shone above us. “This,” said she, “is the path of Wisdom, and far in the distance is the abiding-place of my old friend.”

We hurried along, until we came to a splendid situation.—Surely, thought I, Paradise cannot be more beautiful than this—so calm, so still,—what could it resemble but that heaven where sorrow never enters ? We passed through the gate, and drew near the house, where the gods and goddesses had assembled to guard the inmates. I almost fancied myself in fairy-land, when Truth broke the silence, to admonish me to step lightly, for we were on consecrated ground, inasmuch as we had gained admission, and were then on the grand stair-case leading to the chamber of Experience.

Presently we stood by his bed-side. We drew back the curtains. The old man was asleep, but it was a sweet sleep, like that of infancy. A smile played around the mouth, as though his dreams were pleasant. His hair was thrown back from his forehead, and by the dim night-lamp, it looked like threads of

spun silver. "His was not a sad experience," said Truth, again addressing me; "for the seeds of goodness were early implanted in his heart. He often says his mother was an angel, for teaching him to be contented with his lot, whatever that lot might be; and she also taught him to walk in the paths of wisdom, to which he has ever adhered; and as a natural consequence, wealth, honor, and happiness are his. 'I owe all my prosperity to my mother,' were his words to me the other day; 'for,' he continued, 'the first lesson she impressed upon my mind was this—that if I would be happy, I must be good; and I have proved her theory to be true.'"

I turned to take a last look of that mild, happy sleeper, and my movement being quick, my hand slipped, and my head fell with such force upon the arm of the sofa, that I awoke, and found a new bump on my head—which I shall call "dreamative-ness." And I shall long have reason to remember my walk with Truth, and my visit to Experience. O that there were more mothers like his; who, instead of clothing their children in pride and vanity, as too many do, would teach them to walk in the paths of wisdom, and to cultivate those little flowers, Goodness and Contentment. Then they would not be compelled to ask the question, Who are the happy?

ISABELLA.

THE HUSKING.

"Farewell the merry husking-night,
 Its pleasant after-scenes,
 When Indian puddings smoked beside
 The giant pot of beans."

Yes, farewell to the happy scenes of by-gone, youthful days. But though I bid you farewell, memory, true to her trust, will often, as harvest-time draws near, remind me of the many happy and joyful hours of the afternoon and evening husking-parties, which, in other days and far away, I have spent with my youthful companions.

Of all the huskings which were made by the good people of Salmagundi, none afforded more pleasure than did those which

were made by the Friends—more especially those of friend Paul. Friend Paul was a jolly, good-natured sort of a man ; who, were it not for his broad-brimmed hat, and plain drab-colored clothes, would never have been suspected of being one of the disciples of George Fox. His wife was as jolly as himself ; and they were never happier than when they were surrounded by a whole bevy of the young ones of the neighborhood. And right glad were the young people, whenever they had an invitation to a quilting, husking, apple-bee, or any other merry-making which friend Paul and his wife chose to make.

One bright moon-lit evening, all the lads and lasses in the neighborhood were at the domicile of friend Paul, seated around a huge pile of corn, and with all imaginable nimbleness were trying to forward the hour of the harvest supper—which is always as soon after the corn is all husked as the huskers can wash their hands, and seat themselves around the tables. The jest and repartee had given place to singing, (for friend Paul and his wife loved to hear the rustic songs of olden time,) and many were the songs of woman's love, and woman's woes, and of knight-errants' chivalrous exploits, that were sung. And frequently would the singing cease in the middle of a song, when some lucky swain would claim the usual reward for finding a crimson ear.

Louisa was the fairest girl present. She was an orphan, and had from early childhood been loved with more than a brother's affection by one to whom she was on the point of being united for life. The marriage bans had been proclaimed, and it was rumored that she was to be married at friend Paul's house. This appeared quite probable, as Louisa had lived for some little time in the family, and was a great favorite of Mrs. P.'s. Louisa was seated near the back door, hard-by which there was a thick copse. The huskers were singing a song which friend Paul said was a favorite of his, and though it was not very poetical, and like many of the old-fashioned songs, not very well rhymed, they sung it with a pathos truly touching. It gave an account of a husking party, where a lady was present who was betrothed. Her lover was going the rounds, with a crimson ear, claiming as his due a kiss from every pretty cheek. As he approached his intended bride, to claim a kiss from her, "the harvest spirit" rush-

ed in at a door, near which the lady sat, and seizing her around the waist, bore her off, and she was never seen more. Her lover pursued them, fell off from a bridge, and was drowned.

The company at friend Paul's were singing

"The spirit rushed in at the door,
All on that husking night;
He seized the lady"——

The lover of Louisa was approaching her, with a crimson ear. He was about to kiss her cheek, when a tall figure, enveloped in white, with an ugly, misshapen head, rushed in at the door, seized Louisa, and departed instantly. Quick as thought, her lover followed them; but before any of the company could so far recover from their surprise as to follow, they were out of sight.

It was proposed to surround the copse, but friend Paul said that he was sure he knew the rogue well, and also where to find him; and to be sure of proceeding according to law, they had better run to the village, (which was hard by) and have a Justice of the Peace on the ground with all haste. "The constable," he said, "being present, there would be little trouble in putting some people where they would have to remain for life." The company looked incredulous, nay, some who delighted in the marvellous, had their superstitious feelings so much excited, that they firmly declared their belief in the reality of a "harvest spirit," and said, that they really believed he had come and "carried Louisa off bodily."

The messenger who had been despatched to the village soon returned, accompanied by a Justice, when all hands repaired to the new house of friend Paul. Here, in the spacious parlor, some sitting, some standing, and all trying to raise their voices so as to be heard by the 'Squire; while each was giving his or her own peculiar opinion of the marvellous incidents of the evening, was this motley group. A closet door opened, and to the no small astonishment of the company, out came Louisa and her lover, preceded by a bridesmaid and groomsman! The 'Squire soon performed the marriage ceremony, confining the rogues for life, without the aid of constable, jury, or judge. After an ablution of hands, the company seated themselves around a table of smoking-hot Indian pudding and baked beans, and of every delicacy which constitutes a first-rate wedding supper.

TABITHA.

HARRIET GREENOUGH.

CHAPTER I.

"The day is come I never thought to see,
Strange revolutions in my farm and me."

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Harriet Greenough had always been thought a spoiled child, when she left home for Newburyport. Her father was of the almost obsolete class of farmers, whose gods are their farms, and whose creed—'Farmers are the most independent folks in the world.' This latter was none the less absolute in its power over Mr. Greenough, from its being entirely traditional. He often repeated a vow made in early life, that he would never wear other than 'homespun' cloth. When asked his reasons, he invariably answered, "Because I won't depend on others for what I can furnish myself. Farmers are the most independent class of men; and I mean to be the most independent of farmers."—If, for a moment, he felt humbled by the presence of a genteel, well-educated man, it was only for a moment. He had only to recollect that farmers are the most independent class of people, and his head resumed its wonted elevation, his manner and tone their usual swaggering impudence.

While at school, he studied nothing but reading, spelling, arithmetic and writing. Latterly, his reading had been restricted to a chapter in the Bible per day, and an occasional examination of the almanac. He did not read his Bible from devotional feeling—for he had none; but that he might puzzle the 'book-men' of the village, with questions like the following: "Now I should like to have you tell me one thing: How *could* Moses write an account of his own death and burial? Can you just tell me where Cain and Abel found their wives? What verse is there in the Bible that has but two words in it? Who was the father of Zebedee's children? How many chapters has the New Testament? how many verses, and how many words?" Inability or disinclination to answer any and all of these, was made the subject of a day's laughter and triumph.

Nothing was so appalling to him as innovations on old customs and opinions. "These notions that the earth turns round, and the sun stands still; that shooting stars are nothing but little

meteors, I think they call them, are turning the heads of our young folks," he was accustomed to say to Mr. Curtis, the principal of the village academy, every time they met. "And then these new-fangled books, filled with jaw-cracking words and falsehoods, chemistry, philosophy, and so on,—why, I wonder if they ever made any man a better farmer, or helped a woman to make better butter and cheese? Now, Mr. Curtis, it is my opinion that young folks had better read their Bibles more. Now I'll warrant that not one in ten can tell how many chapters there are in it. My father knew from the time that he was eight till he was eighty. Can you tell, Mr. Curtis?"

Mr. Curtis smiled a negative; and Mr. Greenough went laughing about all day. Indeed, for a week, the first thing that came after his blunt salutation, was a loud laugh; and in answer to consequent inquiries, came the recital of his victory over 'the great Mr. Curtis.' He would not listen a moment to arguments in favor of sending Harriet to the academy, or of employing any other teachers in his district, than old Master Smith, and Miss Heath, a superannuated spinster.

Mrs. Greenough was a mild creature, passionless and gentle in her nature as a lamb. She acquiesced in all her husband's measures, whether from having no opinions of her own, or from a deep and quiet sense of duty and propriety, no one knew. Harriet was their pet. As rosy, laughing, and healthy as a Hebe, she flew from sport to sport all the day long. Her mother attempted, at first, to check her romping propensity; but it delighted her father, and he took every opportunity to strengthen and confirm it. He was never so happy as when watching her swift and eager pursuit of a butterfly; never so lavish of his praises and caresses, as when she succeeded in capturing one, and all breathless with the chase, bore her prize to him.

"Do stay in the house with poor ma, to-day, darling: she is very lonely," her mother would say to her, as she put back the curls from the beautiful face of her child, and kissed her cheek. One day, a tear was in her eye, and a sadness at her heart; for she had been thinking of the early childhood of her Harriet, when she turned from father, little brother, playthings and all, for her. Harriet seemed to understand her feelings; for instead of answering her with a spring and laugh as usual, she sat quiet-

ly down at her feet and laid her head on her lap. Mr. Greenough came in at this moment.

"How? What does this mean, wife and Hatty?" said he.—
"Playing the baby, Hat? Wife, this won't do. Harriet has your beauty; and to this I have no objections, if she has my spirits and independence. Come, Hatty; we want you to help us make hay to-day; and there are lots of butterflies and grasshoppers for you to catch. Come," he added; for the child still kept her eyes on her mother's face, as if undecided whether to go or stay. "Come, get your bonnet,—no; you may go without it. You look too much like a village girl. You must get more tan."

"Shall I go, ma'?" Harriet asked, still clinging to her mother's dress.

"Certainly, if pa wishes it," answered Mrs. Greenough with a strong effort to speak cheerfully.

She went, and from that hour Mrs. Greenough passively allowed her to follow her father and his laborers as she pleased; to rake hay, ride in the cart, husk corn, hunt hens' eggs, jump on the hay, play ball, prisoner, pitch quoits, throw dice, cut and saw wood, and, indeed to run into every amusement which her active temperament demanded. She went to school when she pleased; but her father was constant in his hints that her spirits and independence were not to be destroyed by poring over books. So she was generally left to do as she pleased, although she was often pleased to perpetrate deeds, for which her schoolmates often asserted they would have been severely chastised. There was an expression of fun and good humor lurking about in the dimples of her fat cheeks and in her deep blue eye, that effectually shielded her from reproof. Master Smith had just been accused of partiality to her, and he walked into the school considerably taller than usual, all from his determination to punish Harriet before night. He was not long in detecting her in a roguish act. He turned from her under the pretence of looking some urchins into silence, and said, with uncommon sternness and precision, "Harriet Greenough, walk out into the floor." Harriet jumped up, shook the hands of those who sat near her, nodded a farewell to others, and walked gaily up to the master. He dreaded meeting her eye; for he knew that his gravity would desert him, in such a case. She took a position

behind him, and in a moment the whole house was in an uproar of laughter. Master Smith turned swiftly about on his heel, and confronted the culprit. She only smiled and made him a most graceful courtesy. This was too much for his risibles. He laughed almost as heartily as his pupils.

"Take your seat, you, he! he! you trollop you, he! he! and I will settle with you bye and bye," said he.

She only thanked him, and then returned to her sport.

So she passed on. When sixteen, she was a very child in everything but years and form. Her forehead was high and full, but a want of taste and care in the arrangement of her beautiful hair, destroyed its effect. Her complexion was clear, but sunburnt. Her laugh was musical, but one missed that *tone* which distinguishes the laugh of a happy, feeling girl of sixteen, from that of a child of mere frolic. As to her form, no one knew what it was; for she was always putting herself into some strange but not really uncouth attitude; and besides, she could never *stop* to adjust her dress properly.

Such was Harriet Greenough, when a cousin of hers paid them a visit on her return to the Newburyport mills. She was of Harriet's age; but one would have thought her ten years her senior, judging from her superior dignity and intelligence. Her father died when she was a mere child, after a protracted illness which left them penniless. By means of untiring industry, and occasional gifts from her kind neighbors, Mrs. Wood succeeded in keeping her children at school, until her daughter was sixteen and her son fourteen. They then went together to Newburyport, under the care of a very amiable girl who had spent several years there. They worked a year, devoting a few hours every day to study; then returned home, and spent a year at school in their native village.

They were now on their return to the mills. It was arranged that at the completion of the present year, Charles should return to school, and remain there until fitted for the study of a profession, if Jane's health was spared that she might labor for his support.

Jane was a gentle, affectionate girl; and there was a new feeling at the heart of Harriet, from the day in which she came under her influence. Before the week had half expired, which Jane was to spend with them, Harriet, with characteristic decis-

ion, avowed her determination to accompany her. Her father and mother had opposed her will in but few instances. In these few, she had laughed them into an easy compliance. In the present case, she found her task a more difficult one. But they consented, at last ; and with her mother's tearful blessing, and an injunction from her father not to bear any insolence from her employers ; but to remember always that she was the independent daughter of an independent farmer, she left her home.

CHAPTER II.

A year passed by ; and our Harriet was a totally changed being, in intellect and deportment. Her cousins boarded in a small family, that they might have a better opportunity of pursuing their studies during their leisure hours. She was their constant companion. At first, she did not open a book ; and numberless were the roguish artifices she employed, to divert the attentions of her cousins from theirs. They often laid them aside for a lively chat with her ; and then urged her to study with them. She loved them ardently. To her affection she at last yielded, and not to any anticipations of pleasure or profit in the results ; for she had been *educated* to believe that there was none of either.

Charles had been studying Latin and mathematics ; Jane, botany, geology, and geography of the heavens. She instructed Charles in these latter sciences ; he initiated her, as well as he might, into the mysteries of *hic, hæc, hoc*, and algebra. At times of recitation, Harriet sat and laughed at their 'queer words.' When she accompanied them in their search for flowers, she amused herself by bringing mullen, yarrow, and, in one instance, a huge sunflower. When they traced constellations, she repeated to them a satire on star-gazers, which she learned of her father.

The *histories* of the constellations and flowers, first arrested her attention, and kindled a romance which had hitherto lain dormant. A new light was in her eye from that hour, and a new charm in her whole deportment. She commenced study under very discouraging circumstances. Of this she was deeply sensible. She often shed a few tears, as she thought of her utter ignorance, then dashed them off, and studied with renewed dili-

gence and success. She studied two hours every morning, before commencing labor, and until half past eleven at night. She took her book and her dinner to the mill, that she might have the whole intermission for study. This short season, with the reflection she gave during the afternoon, was sufficient for the mastery of a hard lesson. She was close in her attendance at the sanctuary. She joined a Bible class; and the teachings there fell with a sanctifying influence on her spirit, subduing but not destroying its vivacity, and opening a new current to her thoughts and affections. Although tears of regret for misspent years often stole down her cheeks, she assured Jane that she was happier at the moment, than in her hours of loudest mirth.

Her letters to her friends had prepared them for a change, but not for *such* a change—so great and so happy. She was now a very beautiful girl, easy and graceful in her manners, soft and gentle in her conversation, and evidently conscious of her superiority, only to feel more humble, more grateful to Heaven, her dear cousins, her minister, her Sabbath school teacher, and other beloved friends, who by their kindness had opened such new and delightful springs of feeling in her heart.

She flung her arms around her mother's neck, and wept tears of gratitude and love. Mrs. Greenough felt that she was no longer alone in the world; and Mr. Greenough, as he watched them, the wife and the daughter, inwardly acknowledged that there was that in the world dearer to his heart than his farm and his independence.

Amongst Harriet's baggage was a rough deal box. This was first opened. It contained her books, a few minerals and shells. There were fifty well-selected volumes, besides a package of gifts for her father, mother, and brother. There was no book-case in the house; and the kitchen shelf was full of old almanacs, school books, sermons and jest books. Mr. Greenough rode to the village, and returned with a rich secretary, capacious enough for books, minerals and shells. He brought the intelligence, too, that a large party of students and others were to spend the evening with them. Harriet's heart beat quick, as she thought of young Curtis, and wondered if he was among said students.— Before she left Bradford, struck with the beauty and simplicity of her appearance, he sought and obtained an introduction to her, but left her side after sundry ineffectual attempts to draw

her into conversation, disappointed and disgusted. He *was* among Harriet's visitors.

"Pray, Miss Curtis, what may be your opinion of our belle, Miss Greenough?" asked young Lane, on the following morning, as Mr. Curtis and his sister entered the hall of the academy.

"Why, I think that her improvement has been astonishingly rapid during the past year; and that she is now a really charming girl."

"Has she interfered with your heart, Lane?" asked his chum.

"As to that, I do not feel entirely decided. I think I shall renew my call, however—nay, do not frown, Curtis; I was about to add, if it be only to taste her father's delicious melons, pears, plums, and apples."

Curtis blushed slightly, bowed, and passed on to the school room. He soon proved that he cared much less for Mr. Greenough's fruit than for his daughter: for the fruit remained untasted if Harriet was at his side. He was never so happy as when Mr. Greenough announced his purpose of sending Harriet to the academy two or three years. Arrangements were made accordingly, and the week before Charles left home for college, she was duly installed in his father's family.

She missed him much; but the loss of his society was partially counterbalanced by frequent and brotherly letters from him, and by weekly visits to her home, which, by the way, is becoming quite a paradise, under her supervision. She has been studying painting and drawing. Several well-executed specimens of each adorn the walls and tables of their sitting room and parlor. She has no 'regular built' centre-table; but in *lieu* thereof, she has removed from the garret, an old round table that belonged to her grandmother. This she has placed in the centre of the sitting room; and what with its very pretty covering, (which falls so near the floor as to conceal its uncouth legs,) and its books, it forms no mean item of elegance and convenience.

Mr. Greenough and his help have improved a few leisure days in removing the trees that entirely concealed the Merrimack. By the profits resulting from their sale, he has built a neat and tasteful enclosure for his house and garden. This autumn, shade trees and shrubbery are to be removed to the yard, and fruit trees and vines to the garden. Next winter, a summer-house is to be put in readiness for erection in the spring.

All this, and much more, Mr. Greenough is confident he can accomplish, without neglecting his *necessary* labors, or the course of reading he has marked out, 'by and with the advice' of his wife and Harriet. And more, and better still, he has decided that his son George shall attend school, at least two terms yearly. He will board at home, and will be accompanied by his cousin Charles, whom Mr. Greenough has offered to board, gratis, until his education is completed. By this generosity on the part of her uncle, Jane will be enabled to defray other expenses incidental to Charles' education; and still have leisure for literary pursuits.

Most truly might Mr. Greenough say,

"The day is come I never thought to see,
Strange revolutions in my farm and me." A.

THE PARTING.

ADDRESSED TO AN INTIMATE FRIEND.

Dear A., farewell! 'Tis but a few short months
Since first we met.—As strangers meet, we met,
To each unknown. But were we strangers long?
No. He who made the frame-work of the soul,
Hath opened in the heart a holy fount
Of deep, undying sympathy;
And native instinct bids us find our kin
Where'er we may be straying. It is thus,
And ever thus. And O, what owe we not to Him
Who fashioned heart to heart, and mind to mind,
And strung in each, to each an answering chord;
And, with the mild yet firm authority
With which a Father speaks, commanded us
To love each other!

And may we not believe
That He appointed love on earth, to teach
The soul of holier, purer love on high?
Methinks the deep, the true, the virtuous love,
That cheers this life, is but an emblem, faint
And shadowy, of the immortal stream
That maketh glad the city of our God!

With this, farewell! And if we meet no more
This side the grave, O let us exercise
That love to God and man which fits the soul
For the pure friendships of eternal life.

ADELAIDE.

A VISIT TO MY NATIVE PLACE.

How pleasing and interesting are the associations which arise in the mind of one who is about to visit the scenes of her childhood, to behold again the home where she has spent many of the happiest hours of her life, and to see those friends who shared with her the merry sports of youth.

It was with such feelings as these, that I approached my native village, and beheld once more the green hills of New Hampshire. Many pleasant hours have I spent in rambling over them, with my companions, in search of berries. Many of the large trees which stood six years ago in all their pride and beauty, are now no more. Time spares nothing.

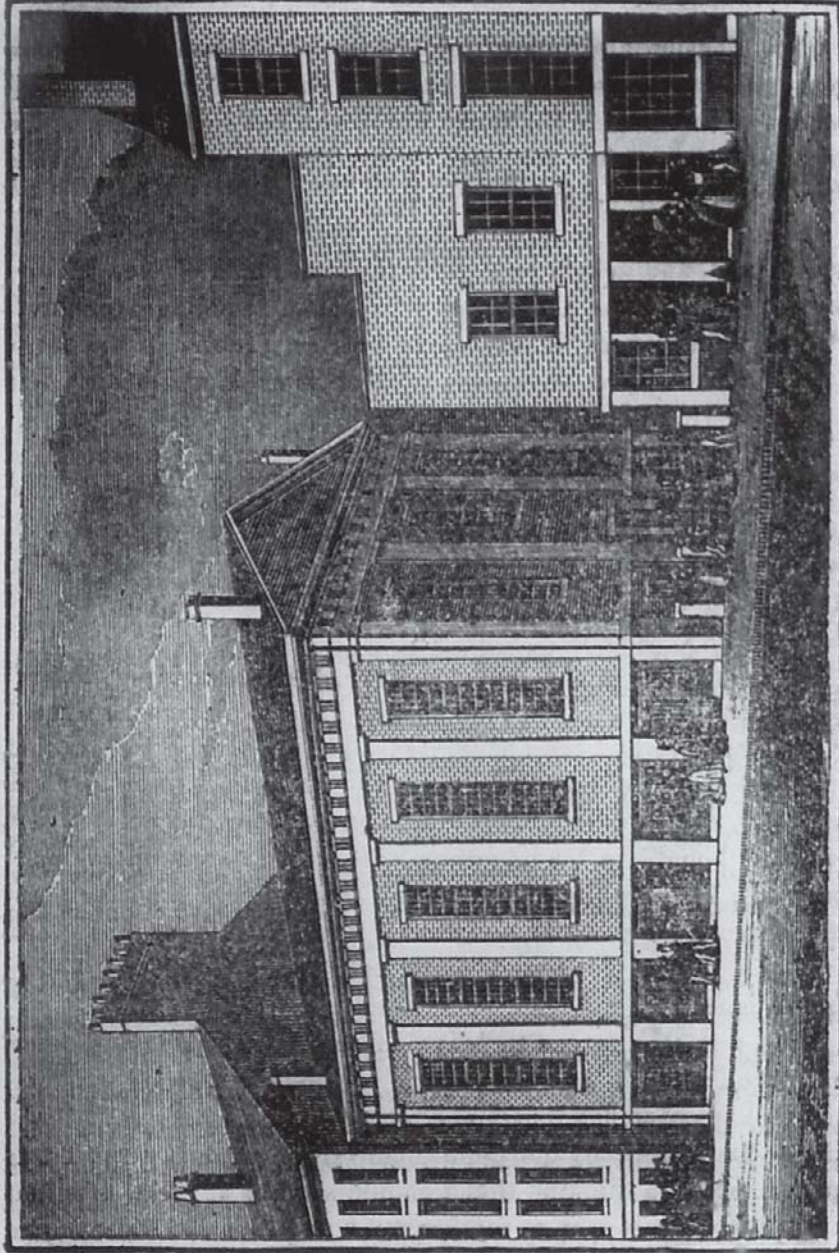
As I beheld the change six years had wrought, I wondered if the friends I had left still remained the same ; but there I also beheld a change. Many who were then in the enjoyment of health, are now laid low, even as the trees of the forest—while others have left their native homes, and strangers now occupy their places.

But among those who still remained, I perceived no change. My companions were the same warm-hearted beings as when I left. True, we had been separated six long years ; but, in that time they were not forgotten—and when I found myself in their company, each wearing a cheerful countenance, I could hardly bear the thought of leaving them. It seemed again like home ; and when I visited the old-fashioned school-house, and the pleasant grove by which it is surrounded, memory led me back, and I thought of the pleasure I had there enjoyed with my young companions.

But I was soon forced to leave those scenes, for soon the day arrived on which I was to return to my home in Lowell. It was with feelings of mingled pain and pleasure, that I bade my friends adieu—for I spent my time with them very pleasantly ; but I was much happier in thinking that I should soon be at home—for that is still the dearest spot to my heart ; and I felt I could exclaim with the poet,

“ Home, home—sweet, sweet home—
Search all the world over, there's no place like home. ”

L. C.



UNITARIAN CHURCH, LOWELL.

THE PRINCESS.

AN ORIENTAL FAIRY TALE.

CHAPTER I.

A long time ago, there reigned over one of the old and wealthy kingdoms of the East, a young and much-loved king and queen. He was brave, generous and accomplished, and she was gentle, kind and beautiful. They were strongly attached to each other, and to their subjects; and their joint endeavors were to make those happy whom they had been destined to govern. Their talents and virtues won for them the esteem and applause of the whole nation, and their active, untiring benevolence secured the sincerest attachment of their people. The old expressed their thankfulness that life had been spared to behold such worthy sovereigns of their country; the middle-aged declared themselves ready to live in their service, or die in their defence; and the young were taught to lisp their names in praises, and call down blessings on their heads.

But alas! that such happiness should be but of short duration; that budding hopes should so soon be blighted; that early promise should be followed by hasty disappointment; and that life, so fraught with blessings for others and itself, should prematurely be arrested by the cold, unsparing hand of death. The young king, surrounded by wealth, splendor, honor and affection, by all that could make existence desirable, was suddenly removed from all, and a weeping nation beheld their monarch consigned with gorgeous pomp to an early tomb.

Deep was the sorrow of all hearts, but the beautiful, widowed queen was for a time inconsolable. She prayed that death would also come to her, that she might rejoin him in the tomb, without whom life was to her a worthless boon. But when her new-born child was placed within her arms, when for the first time she gazed upon its tiny form, and pressed her trembling lips to its unconscious brow, a new desire for life was awakened within her breast, and she wished that existence might still be prolonged; that she might be spared to love and watch this relic of him who had gone; to shield her from the snares and temptations which would beset her early life, and to prepare her to fill worthily and honorably that throne to which she was an undisputed heir.

Mild and subdued was her pleasure at her daughter's birth, for it was mingled with recollections of the departed father, with feelings of new and deep responsibility, and with fearful anxiety for the future, as it respected both herself and her child. But loud and clamorous was the nation's joy, when they knew that a child of their late king would one day fill his vacant throne; and they declared that the mother should reign over them, till the daughter was of age to take her place.

When the queen took alone upon herself those cares and duties which she had been accustomed to share with her husband, there came upon her a fearful, depressing sense of her own incapacity for such high trust, and a wish that the little princess might early receive every advantage which would increase her competency for the station which awaited her. She was incessantly harassed by thoughts of the dangers and temptations to which her situation must inevitably subject her.

Now, it is well known by all readers of the old Eastern tales, that in those times there were Fairies, and that they were often appealed to by mortals for supernatural favors and gifts, and that they were particularly benignant to monarchs; though it must excite surprise that they should usually have shown such partiality to those who least needed their favors, especially as they were above all necessity for a reciprocation of benefits. But so it was, and the queen, in her solicitude for her child, sent for a noted fairy to visit the little princess, and bestow upon it the favor which would then be requested. So the fairy came, without delay, to the splendid palace, and expressed her readiness to oblige so good a queen, and so fond a mother, by rendering her any service in her power; but after she had seen the infant princess, she turned to the mother and exclaimed, 'What is it you would ask of me? Riches and honors are hers by birth; beauty and talents I see are the gifts of nature; and tell me, what would you request of a fairy, more? Do your duty in educating her for that place which I assure you she will one day fill, and it will not be filled unworthily.'

'Ah,' said the queen, 'it is that duty which I feel myself incapable of performing. Know you not, that from the first moment when her dawning intellect shall be able to perceive her position in society, and recognize the relation in which she stands to all around her, the idea will be constantly within her, and will be

cherished by all that she will see and hear, that she is an idol, a favorite of fortune and of nature? The poison of expecting favorites, and flattering courtiers, will ever be poured into her ears. I would ask of you to show me how she can be shielded from pollution. I would request of you the power to preserve her pure, innocent, modest and gentle, amidst the contaminating influences which will surround her. I would wish her endowed with that vigor of mind and firmness of principle which will render her a fitting sovereign for an already idolizing people, yet destitute of that arrogance, selfishness and vanity, which I feel that the necessary intercourse with others must arouse within her. This is my request; and if granted, the gratitude of a queen, whose earnest desire is to promote the happiness of her subjects, and of a mother, who wishes that her daughter may not wholly be sacrificed to her country, shall be yours.'

'You have asked a boon even beyond my power to grant,' was the fairy's reply. 'You ask that the blood may be tainted, and the frame retain its vigor; that the serpent's fangs may be inserted, and the poison be withheld; in short, that your daughter may mature amidst the fawning servility and cringing obsequiousness of a flattering court, yet remain simple, mild and unassuming as the lowly daughter of a peasant. You would surround her by those who appear to think her the only object of regard, yet teach her that her life must be one long thought and action for others. I would assist you to do this, if it was in my power, but even to me it is a thing impossible.'

The fairy ceased, and turned to leave them, but the distress of the queen had increased with her knowledge of the fairy's incompetency to assist her, and a clearer perception of the magnitude of the difficulties which surrounded her. 'Nay, nay,' said she, 'leave me not thus; something you can do; and tell me that I may rely upon your aid so far as it can be given. The palace shall be your home, if you will but remain within it, and assist us to rear this young plant till it shall become a tree, whose beautiful foliage shall awaken universal admiration, and whose wide-spreading branches shall afford shelter to the thousands who will congregate beneath them.'

'Nay,' said the fairy, 'I can do nothing here; and yet,' she added, turning to the lovely babe, 'if you will consent to place her *wholly* within my power, if you will permit me to consign her

to such a discipline as I may deem necessary for a developement of the good, and a suppression of the evil within her, I will promise that your daughter shall one day be all that you as a mother and a queen can reasonably desire.'

'I consent,' said the queen, hastily; and the dark fearing expression of her countenance had changed to a smile of joy, ere the fairy left them; and when she caressed the beautiful infant, it was with a feeling of pleasure, unmingled with the dark presentiments which had before disturbed her peace.

In her reliance upon the fairy's promise, she forgot that any thing was to be done by others, and abandoned herself entirely to the affection which now engrossed her feelings. The little princess became the pet of her mother, and the idol of all her attendants; and love, and pride, and flattery, were the elements in which her mind was to be nurtured to selfishness. The mother was only aroused to a sense of her neglect of duty, when the object of that neglect was removed from all the influences which might have corrupted her.

One sultry day in the midst of summer, the queen had retired to her apartments to take her usual noon-tide repose. Her women also were depressed by the heat, and languidly awaiting permission to retire to their rooms; and the little princess was left in her nursery, with but the one faithful attendant who never left her. Her maids were lying upon couches in an adjoining room; and when the nurse saw that her royal charge was sleeping soundly in its cradle, she abandoned herself to the drowsiness which oppressed her; and reclining her head upon a cushion which was near, she soon sunk into a deep sleep.

When she at length awoke, and saw, by the slanting sunbeams, that it was late in the day, she wondered that no cry from the child should have broken her slumbers; but the gossamer curtains which guarded it from insects had remained unmoved, and no sound or motion had disturbed aught around her. The murmur of the fountains and the fragrance of the flowers came borne upon the light breeze from the palace gardens, which gently fanned the apartment; and with increased wonder that the babe should sleep so long, she gently drew aside the muslin curtains. But no child was there! The print of the little form was still upon the light cushions, but without a struggle or a cry, it had been removed.

Terrified and bewildered, she glanced wildly around the room, but there were no traces of the lawless visitant ; and when she had communicated to the attendants in the next apartment the dreadful tidings, she was assured by the most wakeful maidens, that no sound had disturbed them. They were confident that no one had passed by them, and that whoever had obtained the child must have entered from the windows which opened into the palace gardens.

The royal household were soon alarmed, and when the gardeners were questioned, one of them asserted that a little old woman, in a close bonnet and brown cloak, and with a bundle in her arms, had passed him quickly at the northern gate. She had become suddenly visible as he turned in one of the shaded alleys, and he allowed her to pass out of the gate unchecked, wondering only how she could ever have entered.

Farther inquiries were made, and again were heard vague rumors of the little old woman in a close bonnet and brown cloak, bearing a bundle in her arms, who had been seen in places at a great distance, near the close of the day on which the princess had been abducted. But no distinct traces could be found of her, or the place of the child's secretion, if indeed it was a child which she had borne in her withered arms. One terrible supposition came upon the minds of all, and it was that the fairy had obtained possession of the princess ; and what she would do with her, or whether she would ever return her to her mother, were alike uncertain.

And when at length the heavy tidings which could no longer be withheld, were imparted to the queen, her anguish was fearful. 'I alone have been to blame,' exclaimed the wretched mother ; and when the exasperated people demanded the infliction of vengeance upon the careless attendants, and pronounced the doom of death upon the nurse, the queen also added, 'and I alone should bear the penalty. My child was born, as but few of mortals are born, with a crown above her head, and a sceptre awaiting her grasp ; and I deemed that a power and knowledge possessed by few should be granted to her. In my anxiety for her welfare, I demanded the assistance of one of greater powers than are bestowed upon us, and in my solicitude, I even went so far as to place my child wholly within the fairy's power, and hastily consented that she might be subjected to any course

which she might deem essential to her well-being. I have done wrong, but none else should suffer, and it may be that my child will soon be restored to us.'

But though the queen endeavored to cheer her subjects, yet hope grew dim within her own heart. Would not the fairy, if a benignant one, have returned her child when a sufficient time had elapsed to restore her to a sense of her duty, and a consciousness of her neglect of it? and if such was not her character, how dreadful the thought that the princess was entirely at her disposal! Oh! how she mourned her folly; how deeply she regretted the first wrong step, in obtaining any communication with that capricious class of beings. Her distress was heightened by the murmurs of the people, who suggested that the life of the princess had fallen a sacrifice to the aspiring wishes of some claimants to the vacant throne; and even dark suspicions went floating around on the breath of angered men, that the queen herself had connived at the abduction or murder, that she might reign over them undisputed, as long as life or the love of power should last.

The queen had still many friends, who supported and encouraged her, and hoped that soon the re-appearance of the lost one would restore peace and harmony to the now distracted kingdom. But days, and months, and years passed by, and she did not return; and then the remembrance of the little princess was like that of a lovely star which had darted before their path, and for a moment beamed with brightness over them, and then had vanished away. In one heart alone did hope still linger. The mother silently cherished the belief that her child would be again restored to her arms; and it was this hope which sustained her through years of care, of anxiety, of sorrow, and remorse.

CHAPTER II.

In a remote and mountainous province of the queen's vast kingdom, there dwelt an aged shepherd, named Orzando, with Armand, his wife. Like the shepherd of the poet,

" His head was silvered o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage.
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penned the fold.
His hours in cheerful labor flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew

Like him, also, he had 'ne'er the paths of learning tried,' but

"The little knowledge he had gained,
Was all from simple nature drained."

Yet Orzando, the simple, poor, and modest, whose humble cot was upon the lonely hill-side, and who seldom mingled with the more busy inhabitants of the vale, had obtained the appellation of 'Orzando the wise;' and his wife was as often called 'Armand the good.' But neither his wisdom, nor her goodness, was often tested by their acquaintance, for their dwelling was far from any neighbor, and their lives were very secluded.

They were often lonely, for Orzando and Armand were childless. Sons and daughters had gladdened their solitary cot with the frolics of childhood, and the mirthfulness of youth; but their green graves were shadowed by the cliffs above them, and the mountain stream had long murmured their simple requiem. Armand had transplanted the choicest flowers which grew among the hills, to the shadowed recess where her loved ones were slumbering, and Orzando always stopped and leaned a moment on his staff, when he guided his flock around the base of the heights which encircled it.

But they had learned the true philosophy, to grieve not for the ills that are inevitable, nor sadden that life by useless murmurs, which submission might render peaceful, if not gladsome. Still the regret, so often felt, was sometimes expressed, and Armand would say to her husband, 'If but one of them had lived, our cot would not have been thus lonely.'

On a pleasant summer evening, Orzando was sitting at his door, resting from the toils of the day, and viewing the eagles, who were soaring around their eyries in the crags which beetled above the hill where he dwelt; and thinking of the pleasure they experienced at their return from their long flights, in meeting again with the brood which awaited them; and his cheerful countenance was slightly shaded with grief, as he wondered if there was any other creature so desolate as himself. But when Armand had completed her household duties, and seated herself by his side, his wonted smile returned; and he felt that while his loved companion was spared to him, he need not envy the happiness of the birds of the air, nor of the flocks upon the hill-side.

As they sat together, watching the bright sunset hues which played around the glowing summits of the mountains, their atten-

tion was arrested by the approach of a little old woman, in a close bonnet and brown cloak, who emerged from the shaded path which led from the valley to their lowly dwelling. She stepped hastily forward, and throwing aside her cloak, she laid an infant, which had been closely shrouded in its folds, in the lap of Armand. Then fixing upon them the piercing glance of her dark eye, she said,

'Orzando and Armand! ye have long lamented the loss of those who were wont to gladden this evening hour with smiles of joy and shouts of rejoicing; and though this child may never fully supply the place of those who first aroused within your hearts the throbbings of a parent's love, yet she may be a solace and support in the years which are yet to come, when the spirit shall fail, and the limbs grow weak, and decay shall lay his palsying touch upon the frame which is sinking to the grave. Her name is Florella. She has been entrusted to my care by her widowed mother; and should a thought ever arise that her only living parent should enjoy the pleasure of guarding her early years, and developing her infant mind; and a rumor should reach you which will acquaint you where that parent is to be found, let no such consideration induce you to return the child. She has been confided to my care, and that responsibility I transfer to you, believing that her welfare demands a different culture than it is in my power to bestow. Let the experience of your past life guide you in your conduct towards her; and if there was ever an error in the conduct of your earlier years, avoid it in those which are yet to come. I know that you will love her much, but *beware that it be not too fondly.*'

She departed as she uttered the last words, and they rang in the ears of her listeners, long after she had disappeared from their sight. Orzando looked at the child so suddenly entrusted to them, and was amazed and delighted at the grace and beauty of the little girl; but in the slight muslin robe which enveloped her delicate form, and in the few other articles of apparel she wore, there was nothing to indicate with certainty the station of those with whom she had previously dwelt. He mentally wished that she might never be claimed by her more rightful guardian, and formed the resolution that his duty towards her should be faithfully performed. And Armand pressed the infant to her heart with feelings of joy which she had never thought to expe-

rience again. She wrapped her in the folds of her own garment, to shield her from the evening breeze ; and hushed her cries of fear with all a mother's fondness. When she had succeeded in soothing her to sleep, she laid her upon her own humble couch ; and then returned to her husband, to mingle with his, her own expressions of thankfulness, and express the determination to do all in her power to promote the welfare and happiness of the lovely and already beloved charge.

And how was the little Florella affected by the change which had taken place in her situation ? She was too young to know aught but that there was a change ; but she knew also that smiles and tones and looks of love were still around her, and in these consists the happiness of a child. Her clothing, though simple, shielded her from the sun and rain ; her food, though plain, was neither stinted nor unpalatable ; and Armand brought her every morn and eve new milk from the flocks, and the choicest fruits which ripened among the hills. She gave her also the most beautiful blossoms to beguile her playful hours. Her mountain-home was not divested of that which is pleasing to the unsophisticated mind of a child.

“ For the sun shines in at the peasant's cot,
As into the monarch's hall ;
And the light of stars, and the breath of flowers,
Are blessings alike to all.”

When she was older, Orzando took her out among the hills, and nooks, and glens ; and he pointed to her the lambs as they skipped merrily together, and the birds which sung in the thickets, and the insects which fluttered among the shrubs and flowers ; and he taught her to love all things which have life.

One day, when Armand returned from gathering herbs among the rocks, (which she often sold in the adjacent town,) she brought a little bird to Florella, which had fallen from its nest in the crags. The little girl was much delighted with the gift, and nursed it very tenderly ; and often spoke of the time when it should be old enough to sing for her such songs as the tuneful warblers she heard each day among the trees ; and when it was larger, she carried it out, that it might hear their merry lays, and learn from them to beguile the time with melody. But when it found itself among others of its kind, it unfolded its new-fledged pinions, and flew far, far away. And when Florella saw that it

would not return to her, she went back to the cottage, and laying her head upon Armand's bosom, she burst into tears. Armand kissed her tenderly, but bade her think how much happier the bird would be in the trees with its fellows, and she told her that no creature should be debarred the happiness for which nature has destined it, merely for our selfish gratification. Florella ceased her sobbings, but still she looked sad ; and when Armand laid her that night upon her little couch, she softly whispered, 'Mother, I wish the little bird would have been happy here.'

When Armand returned to her husband, who was sitting, as was his custom, at his cottage door, she said, 'Orzando, when our children lived, they were ever at play together, and we taught them in their happiness to endeavor to promote each other's pleasures, and to cherish kindly feelings one towards another, and practice self-denial, when each other's interests demanded it ; but Florella has no play-mate, nothing to amuse her, and none but us to draw forth her artless affections. Is it well that it should be so ?'

And Orzando replied, 'There is a lamb in the flock, whose mother is dead ; and if Florella will take care of it, she may find in it a source of amusement, besides saving me much trouble.'

The next day, he brought the motherless thing to the cottage, and, as he expected, Florella was delighted with her new play-mate. She made a soft, warm bed—for it was weak, and shivering with cold ; and then she brought it milk, and caressed the timid creature till it would drink from her hand ; and very happy was she when at length it could join in her little sports.

A merry couple were Florella and her lamb, skipping around among the hills and glens, until at length she became so absorbed in her attachment to it, that nearly all her thoughts by day and dreams by night, were of her little pet. When the sun shone brightly, she would spend the whole long day in noisy play with him. She plucked the most beautiful flowers, and twined them amidst the white locks which curled around his head ; she jumped with him among the rocks, and shouted merrily when she found herself out-done by her young play-fellow—for the lamb could soon leap much the farthest ; and when she was tired, she laid down upon the soft grass, beneath the cool shade of the trees, and slept soundly with her lamb nestled at her side.

But when a few years had passed away, the *lamb* (for such she

still called it) had attained his growth, and Florella was no longer a *little* girl—yet still they passed each day in play; for although Armand watched her charge, and ever checked each symptom of impatience, or want of deference to herself or Orzando, yet she loved the child too well to interfere in her innocent pleasures. In this respect, she was faithless to her trust, but there was still a watchful eye upon Florella.

One morning, when Orzando returned to the cottage for his breakfast, he found it unprepared. Armand was sick and had not arisen, and Florella had gone, as usual, at the first break of day, to pluck the dewy flowerets, that she might dress her lamb with garlands, and skip with him among the rocks.

Orzando called to her to return, and then he rebuked her for the thoughtlessness which led her to play while her mother was sick; and when she heard his merited reproof, she hung her head, and wept bitterly. He then laid his hand gently upon her, and said, 'There are better ways, my daughter, to show regret for past delinquency, than shedding tears. Let the lamb play alone to-day, for you must nurse your mother and keep house for me.' Florella dried her eyes, and spread the table with the bread her mother had prepared, and the fruits she had plucked; and brought in a pitcher of the milk of yesterday.

And when Orzando left the cot, she placed the remnants upon the shelf, for her heart was full, and she wished for none herself. Then she went to Armand's bed-side, and when she saw how pale she looked, and heard her feeble voice, she felt very sad, and wished she could nurse her, and prepare those nice things with which Armand had tempted her appetite, when she was ill. She felt so ignorant and helpless that she was very wretched; and when she went to gather some opiate herbs which grew among the rocks, she could hardly see for the tears which blinded her eyes. She sat for a moment to rest beneath a thicket, holding in her hands the fragrant bundle, and wondering if there was a power in them to soothe her mother's pain, and restore her to health. She felt something rub softly against her, and raising her eyes she saw that her lamb had followed her, and was now gazing very wistfully upon her face, as if he would say that he was very sorry to see her in such affliction, and should be very happy to alleviate it. Florella felt grateful for his sympathy, but when she put out her hand, to pat his curly head, she

felt the withered petals of the flowers, and remembered that he had been the participator and cause of her transgression.

As she arose to go, she saw approaching her a little strange old woman, with a close brown bonnet and cloak, who asked her why she had been weeping? 'My mother is sick,' replied Florella; 'I cannot nurse her as I ought, and I fear she will die.'

'Here are some herbs,' replied the old woman, 'which will restore her immediately to health. What will you give me for them?'

'I have nothing to give,' said Florella. 'I do not possess any thing in the world, but this one lamb.'

'Give him to me,' said she again, 'and these herbs shall be yours.'

Florella looked at the lamb, and the tears swelled in her eyes at the thought of parting with him; but when she considered that by so doing she could save her mother from sickness and pain, if not from death, she gave him away, and took the herbs in return.

The old woman turned away, saying to herself, 'The heart is purified and strengthened by self-denial. She has done well in this test of gratitude to them, and command of herself; and will now remember that other things should occupy her time than idle play. There is much before her, and the girl should be no longer a child.'

Florella heard the words, and though she knew not all their import, she understood that in what had befallen her she should see a punishment for the past, and admonition for the future.

She steeped the herbs, and gave them to Armand, and, as had been promised, they restored her immediately to her wonted health. From that time she shared her mother's labors and cares, for with her lamb, she had resigned the thoughtless sports and useless occupations of childhood.

CHAPTER III.

Years passed by, and Florella, in her secluded home, was constantly acquiring new mental and personal charms. She passed the days in toil with Armand, and the evenings were spent in listening to words of instruction from Orzando. He taught her of Nature, its beauty, instruction, grandeur and mys-

tery ; of the much which is known, and the still more which is unknown ; he bade her observe its unity and variety—for he told her that the waters which boldly dashed on in the mountain cascade, or calmly slept in the lake's still bosom, were the same as those which rose in silver mists to meet the rising sun, or glowed in gold and purple hues as he sunk in the western sky ; and were also the same as those which reflected the dew-drop's diamond lustre, or veiled with their black vapors the tall summits of the storm-gathering mountains. He told her of the light—how various in its beauty ; and of the sublimity of the far-off ocean, which she had never seen. He told her of the trees—of their thousand roots which take up nourishment, and the little pores through which it passes into the trunk and branches. He showed her the varied forms of leaves, as they differ in every plant, ever unlike, and ever beautiful. She saw the delicate net-work, traced by the little fibres upon them, and she said, ' My father, they are all beautiful.'

He told her of the various rocks, minerals and metals ; and also of the strange beauties of other climes. But she loved best to listen to him when he took her beneath the clear blue sky, and pointed to the stars of heaven. He grouped them in constellations, and pointed to her Arcturus, and Orion, and those who dwell ' in the chambers of the south.' This was a favorite study with the shepherds of the Orient, and ' Orzando the wise ' was behind none of his cotemporaries.

Florella's days passed thus peacefully away, but Armand was not satisfied. ' Youth will soon pass away,' said she to Orzando, ' and is our child to enjoy so few of the pleasures of girlhood ? Would that she had some loved sister, or friend, to share her studies, and join with her in recreations.'

' I also grieve that her lot should be so lonely,' replied Orzando, ' but we can introduce her to the maidens of the valley. They are simple, modest and virtuous. She cannot see wrong in them, or if she could, might we not depend upon her own native purity of mind, and the lessons which we have taught her, to keep her still unsoiled ?'

Armand assented, and from that time Florella mingled with the low-land maidens, who received with tributes of honor and affection, this lovely addition to their humble circle. She united with them in holiday sport, and evening dance, and song ; and

none were gayer than the sprightly and nimble Florella. And she learned in her intercourse with others, not only that she was surpassingly beautiful, but also to be proud of that beauty.

Oh! it was a sad thing to see that form, growing daily more brilliant in its loveliness, enshrining also a dark spirit, whose shadow had already tinged her young heart! Hitherto she had borne unconsciously 'the spell of loveliness;' but now she marked the difference between her companions and herself; and when she saw the glance of admiration, or heard the sigh of envy, she rejoiced that she was not in appearance as they were. She grew daily more vain, and thirsted more eagerly for praise and adulation, and bedecked herself with jewels and finery to attract the notice of those who love all outward show.

But she failed not in the duties of home. The lesson taught in her childhood was never to be erased. She was still the untiring help-meet, the watchful attendant, the affectionate daughter; and it was these virtues which blinded her doating guardians to growing faults. Orzando's flocks had increased under his judicious care, until he felt himself the possessor of wealth, and Florella was his only child. Could he not afford to indulge her new wishes and increasing wants? and of what use was wealth but to make her happy? And Armand herself twined the coral around her neck, and placed the bright pearls in her hair, and encircled her wrists and ancles with golden bracelets. Then would she kiss her with a thrill of pride, and thought not that such kisses were betrayers to destruction.

Florella was very vain, but she thought not of evil, though she knew that her heart leaped for gladness because none could shine in ornaments like hers. Orzando and Armand intended no wrong in ministering to the growing flame; but there was still a more watchful eye upon Florella.

There came a fell disease among the shepherd's flocks. One by one did they waste and die, and care and experience alike proved ineffectual to preserve them. A gloom came upon Orzando's brow, and a change upon his spirits; and he told his wife of the poverty and ruin which would inevitably come upon them. They spoke not to Florella of the grief and fear within their hearts, for they feared that the merry laugh would cease beneath their roof, and the light fade from that joyous countenance.

But the dark shadow fell upon her, and she was sad because

they were so ; and when at length they told her the cause of their sorrow, she mingled her tears with theirs. She withdrew from her young associates, for their merriment was now but mockery, though she still endeavored to appear cheerful before her parents.

But when the midsummer festival was to be kept, the maidens came to Florella, and entreated her to join once more in their gay pastime. She yielded to their solicitations, because she saw that her dejection increased her parents' distress, and joined them again in their thoughtless hilarity ; but she retired early from the gay scene—for neither the praises of her beauty, nor the admiration of her jewels, could now afford her pleasure.

That mid-summer eve was in truth most lovely ; and as the fair girl sped alone on her homeward way, she stopped even in her sad loneliness to admire a scene which an angle in the path revealed to her. Before her was the lake which received the waters of the mountain streamlet, whose murmurs were heard in the distance ; but it was lying now unruffled by the slight breeze which whispered through the aspens. The bright moon, which rode in an unclouded sky, threw its soft radiance upon the calm surface till it looked as if over-spread with a sheet of silver, of which the shadows of the encircling rocks and trees formed the richly-traced bordering. The high rocks shone in that brilliant light, like ribbed masses of precious ore ; and the waterfall in the distance sparkled like a torrent of gleaming quicksilver.

There was a very lovely nook, formed by the rocks which receded in that place, and curved around and arched over the little promontory thus made in the shore. There were many vines twining among the interstices of the rocks, and pending from the arch they formed above ; but the green sward beneath was smooth as the pavements of a monarch's hall.

Florella had learned that this was a fairy haunt ; and as she heard the sweet chiming music from its recess, she hastened forward, intent upon gratifying her curiosity. And now what a scene of enchanting loveliness met her view ! There were large beautiful fire-flies, joining together and forming at times a serpentine line of light, which moved gracefully around the grotto. Then would they change into a smaller wreath of golden flowers, rising to the roof, and then descending to separate into numberless little wheels and circles of living brightness. Then would

they separate again, and, attaching themselves in smaller numbers to the tendrils of the vines, form there a thousand clusters of quivering brightness.

The rocks themselves seemed changed to crystal, interspersed with spars of opal, in which the light glowed, and changed, and played incessantly, throwing a rainbow beauty upon all around them.

A beautiful band of tiny beings were tripping in light, fantastic measures upon the soft sward, and keeping time to their own sweet lays. One by one they joined the merry song, and formed into a more perfect circle around the tallest and fairest of the group, till it was at length completed; and they all united in chanting the following

CHORUS OF THE FAIRIES.

When the moonbeams sleep
On the breast of the lake,
And the light winds creep
Over glen, and through brake;

When the breath of the night-flower
Is scenting the air;
And for mortals the hour
Brings a respite from care;

When the sound of the waters
Is heard from the hill,
And, saving those voices,
All nature is still;

Then, then is the hour for the elvin band
To waken the echoes of fairy land.
And the humblest sprite
May share the delight,
As we gladden the night,
When the moonbeams are bright,
With a dance on the green,
Around our fair queen.

For a merry and frolicsome band are we,
From labor and grief and perplexity free;
With nought to molest our innocent glee,
And happy as none but the fairies can be.

As they ceased, they parted again, and the queen, coming forward to the head of the group, caught a glimpse of Florella. Her form seemed to expand, as she assumed an air of dignity in the presence of a mortal, and every vestige of merriment vanished from her countenance. She advanced towards our heroine,

whose eyes fell beneath her quick, keen glance, but she was reassured by the softness of her tones, as she said, 'What do you wish, Florella?'

The young girl spoke not at first, for as she raised her eyes again, she stood spell-bound by the nearer view of that excessive loveliness. The bright tiara which encircled her brow, gleamed with minute specimens of every precious stone. Her light green dress waved with the slightest motion of her elastic limbs, and her mantle of silvery gossamer fell in graceful folds around her.

Florella had been before bewildered by the enchantment of the scene, or she would have hurried in terror from the spot; but now, though her fear subsided, she could not collect her thoughts sufficiently to reply.

'There have been tears in your eyes, and the paleness of sad thoughts upon your cheek,' repeated the fairy queen. 'Has misfortune befallen you, Florella?'

Then Florella told her why she had left her young companions in sadness, and stained her cheek with tears. And the fairy said, 'Know you the fountain which nourishes the plants among the white rocks?' And Florella replied, 'I have been there seldom: it is called "The fairies' fount."'

And the fairy said, 'Go thither at break of day to-morrow, and gather the herbs which dip in the edges of the water; and while they are yet fresh and moist, give them to the flocks, and the disease shall be stayed. But what shall I have now that I cause not the herbs to wither, nor the fountain to dry away, ere the morning shall come?'

'Alas!' replied Florella, 'we are now in poverty. I have nothing to give—nothing but the jewels with which I have adorned myself for the festival.'

'Give them to me,' replied the fairy; and as Florella handed them to her, with a pang of agony which she could not repress, she heard her say, as she turned from her, 'Vanity is a plant which springs up from the richest soil, and amidst the fairest flowers; but it bears the canker-worm which shall destroy all their beauty, unless it be itself uprooted. This time also she has done well in resigning that to which her young heart clung so fondly; and the lessons of adversity will be remembered in prosperity.'

Florella turned away, and pondered on these words; and she

felt that in the misfortunes of the past she should see a punishment for the feelings she had indulged, and a promise that better days would come, if these lessons were not in future disregarded.

She resolved upon amendment, and lay that night upon her little couch in the fond hope that her command of herself in this test, would be the source of renewed good fortune, and happiness to those whom she loved.

She hastened at dawn to the fairy-fount, and gathered the fresh herbs for the flocks; and when they had eaten, the disease was removed, and Orzando was from that time blessed with his former good fortune. Happiness also returned with hope and comfort, and Florella was once more the light-hearted and gay. She joined again the low-land maidens, but she never attempted to outvie them in beauty of apparel. Indeed, no one now was clad so simply—for she never wore other ornament than the wild-flowers which she placed amidst her soft, dark tresses. But still she was 'Florella the beautiful,' and the epithet was now more willingly accorded than when she shone in the splendor of costly ornament.

CHAPTER IV.

The governor of the province in which Orzando resided, had a son. The prince Hermanus was beautiful, brave and accomplished; and, better than this, he was also wise and good. He loved to mingle with the people whom he would one day govern, to learn their wants and share their affections, to rejoice in their prosperity, and endeavor to alleviate the sorrows of adversity.

One evening, as he passed thro' the hamlet at the foot of the hill on which Orzando resided, he heard the songs of the village maidens, and, giving his horse to an attendant, he walked forward to where Florella and her companions were dancing on the green. At the first glance, his eye singled her from the group, and, though he had seen the fairest of the high-born maidens of the kingdom, yet never among them had he witnessed one so lovely. As he rested his admiring glance upon her, he knew that it could be no other than 'Florella the beautiful,' for he had previously heard of the lovely daughter of 'Orzando the wise' and 'Armand the good.'

The girls ceased the song and dance, when they became aware

of the presence of their prince ; and when Hermanus observed their silence and confusion, he apologised for his intrusion, and turned away. But after that, there were many nights when the young girls saw a noble form hovering around the scene of their sports, and there were glances cast upon Florella, which told them and her what was the attraction.

One evening she left them earlier than usual, for dark clouds came flitting over the moon, and the rising breeze portended a storm. As she gained the mountain-path which led to her highland home, she became aware that she was not alone, and turning hastily around, she saw that she was followed by Hermanus. When he met her glance he stepped forward, exclaiming, ' You are alone, Florella, and there are storm-clouds in the sky. Let me accompany you to the angle in the path, and then I will watch till you have entered the cot.'

There was something so kind and respectful in his manner, that Florella could not be offended ; but she did not answer, neither did she request him to leave her ; for though every look and action were regulated by the utmost deference, she felt that they should not be there together. It was the first time he had ever spoken to her—but there had been looks which can tell far more than words ; and now her heart thrilled within her at the sound of his voice, and she felt a sort of dreamy happiness while walking by his side, as if she were walking with some bright creation of her slumbers.

As she turned the angle in the path, she bade him adieu, without lifting her eyes, and then sped with a fairy step towards her home. When she reached the cottage she turned to view the place where she had left him, and saw by the lightning flash, which played upon his jeweled sword, and shone upon his snow-white plumes, that he stood there still.

She received in silence the congratulations of Orzando and Armand upon her narrow escape from the storm, and when they saw the fever-flush upon her cheek, and the wild sparkle in her eye, they bade her retire to her couch, and calm the agitation which they attributed to fear and exertion.

Florella laid down, but she could not sleep. There was a dizzy excitement in her brain, and she rose again, and opened the casement, that the damp wind might fan her heated brow. The storm had passed away, and the moon-beams were brightly glit-

tering from the dripping rocks, and upon the rain-drops which bestudded the trees. "The deep crash of midnight thunder" had now given place to the soft whispers of the western breeze, and she endeavored by a contemplation of the calmness which had followed the convulsion of nature, to allay the tumult in her heart.

After that night, Hermanus became the constant companion of Florella upon her return from the valley, and he succeeded in securing her confidence, and dissipating her diffidence. Now they parted not in silence at the angle of the path, but often would they linger to repeat those *last* words, which came crowding for utterance; and once Hermanus almost unconsciously pressed within his own that little trembling hand.

Orzando and Armand knew not of this. Florella could not tell them. She tried to do it, but her heart sunk within her as she endeavored to reveal its secret, and the words died away in half audible murmurs, upon her quivering lips. Was she in a dream? She hardly wished to awaken. Was she guilty of error? Her own soul rose up as witness to its purity.

But Hermanus—was *he* wrong? She thought, nay, she *knew*, he meant her no harm; but if he did, the first dark look, or too familiar word, should be her warning. She felt that there was an enchanting spell around her, and she could not break it now; but *then* the task must be an easy one.

It was a fearful thing to see the strong faculties of that noble mind all under the influence of one absorbing passion; and had Orzando and Armand known of all this, they would have watched their treasure with jealous care. Rumor, indeed, bore to their ears the tidings that Hermanus admired Florella, and they were pleased that her loveliness could attract the notice of their prince—but of more than this they were unaware; and even calumny itself forebore to cast its dark shade upon the names of Hermanus and Florella. But there was still a watchful eye upon that inexperienced girl.

One night, as Hermanus turned to leave the spot, whence he had been watching the light folds of Florella's robe, as she entered the cot, he was startled by the approach of a little old woman, whose stunted form was shrouded in a close bonnet and cloak. She advanced fearlessly to the prince, whose rich habit must have proclaimed his station, and said sternly, 'There are beautiful flowers in the palace garden: would you pluck the

mountain floweret, to enjoy awhile its beauty, and then cast it away, to die of neglect and scorn ?'

'Tell me what you mean ?' replied the prince.

'You are drawing the waters from the bright stream, until the swelling tide is wholly at your disposal. But beware that those waves find not an unanticipated barrier, or they may rush back to their source with a noise that will disturb your own peace.'

'I understand you, now,' replied Hermanus. 'I have sought and gained the love of Florella ; but believe me, that I would lay down my life to shield her from harm, and that life I am willing to devote to her happiness.'

'It is well,' said the old woman ; and turning into a thicket, she disappeared.

Hermanus believed that he had now seen the fairy queen. He knew that he was near a fairy haunt, and he had heard that Florella was a gift to Orzando and Armand from the little elves. Indeed, he almost believed that her uncommon beauty, grace and intellect were the favors of supernatural beings ; and had he wished, he would not have dared to harm her. He felt that his own happiness, as well as hers, depended upon an honorable union ; and the next time that they stood alone beneath the pure light of the moon, he took her hand, and requested that it might be made forever his own.

Yes, there they were—he the prince and suppliant, and she of whom the boon was craved was but a shepherd's child. Florella gave him her hand, neither humbly nor proudly—for she stood with him, beneath the holy light of stars, as woman should ever stand before the man whose lot she is to share, with the feeling that affection had made them equal ; and that though to all the rest of the world she was but a lowly peasant maid, yet that to *him* she was what no one else had ever been—what no one else could ever be.

The blessing of Orzando and Armand was sought, and given, to hallow their love ; and then came to Hermanus the more difficult task of preparing his own family to receive their new inmate.

Florella was aware that in station there was a deep gulf between them ; but the bow of hope had spanned the chasm, and she hardly saw its depth. And very happily passed the swift-winged hours ; for they were borne along by love and hope.

True, and firm, and tender would have been the affection of a single-minded, affectionate being like Florella, had it been given to one in her own station in life ; then, like level waters would they have mingled silently together, and passed calmly on, reflecting together the shadows of passing clouds, or smiling beneath a radiant sun. But now her love went up like the spray from some lowly fount, and the bright light above, into which it had arisen, played in all its prismatic hues amidst the sparkling vapor, and the glorious tints of Iris rested like a crown above the fountain. But Oh ! how quickly was it all to pass away.

One morning, Florella arose from a couch which had been blessed by happy dreams, and found that her aged parents were both extremely ill. In vain did she attend them with utmost care, and apply all the remedies from which relief might be expected. Their disease remained unabated, and from one quarter only might she venture to hope for aid.

She sought the fairy fountain, and found there the being who had once, ay, more than once, befriended her. She knew that the dark eye, whose keen glance could not be hidden by the closely-fitting hood, was the same which had beamed upon her from the fairy grotto. She knew that the little form, whose gracefulness was entirely concealed by the folds of the coarse brown cloak, was the same which had there been robed in a texture of light gossamer.

She approached her timidly, exclaiming, 'I have come to see if the leaves of the fountain-plants will prove a remedy for man's disease, as well as that of beast.'

'It is not so,' was the reply. 'Yet there is a remedy. If you would have it, Florella, you must pay the price.'

Florella smiled, for she thought some new test of her self-denial was to be given ; and she knew that all she now possessed of worldly goods could be resigned for her parents, without a pang—without even feeling it a trial of her self-command, and affection for them. When she should see those more than parents restored to health, she was to be wedded to one whose wealth, when compared to the little she now at best might bring, would be like the ocean to the rain-drop.

'Are they not my parents ?' she replied ; 'nay, even more,—for I have but recently learned that they took me while a helpless orphaned waif upon a cold, uncharitable world. All of gratitude

and love is due to them, for they have cherished, loved and instructed me, and their lives are dearer than my own, or any other *save one*. Give me but the balm for healing, and all I have shall be yours.'

'Florella!' replied the old woman, 'their life or death is in your power. Yet there are some other things also dearer to you than your own life, or even *his*, which you now believe so dear to you.'

Florella shook her head incredulously.

'Are not the approbation of your own heart, the consciousness of rectitude, the noble feeling that even the purest and strongest love can be made subordinate to firmness in duty—are not these dearer?'

'They are,' replied Florella.

'My terms, then, are these,' was the old woman's reply: 'Behold this fountain, and mark the bubbles which come boiling to the surface. Thus shall they boil up each morning, just at the rising of the sun. Dip then your pitcher in the fountain, and the water shall have a healing efficacy which will restore and continue your parents' health. But they are now old, and though free from pain, will ever be helpless. It is now your task to watch and cherish their old age, as they have done your infancy. To do this, you must resign the love of him who would lift you from your lowly lot, and devote your every thought and power to them. In doing this, you will also resign your beauty. Care and toil will prematurely stamp your face with wrinkles, and steal the bloom from your cheek, and the light from your eye: Are my terms accepted?'

A pang shot through Florella's heart, and at first she answered not, but she felt that an appeal for some mitigation of the trial would be useless.

'They are,' said she at length, in a voice which though firm was low, from suppressed emotion.

'It is well,' said the old woman again, as she turned away, muttering to herself, 'Love and beauty were both too dear to her heart. But she who is to rule others, must learn to govern herself. Let her pass well through this trial, and it shall be the last.'

'The *last*, indeed!' repeated Florella bitterly to herself—for she felt that earth had now for her no trials, and she understood not all the speaker meant.

CHAPTER V.

The next morning, she went at break of day to the bubbling fountain ; and the waters proved indeed a magical restorative. But when Hermanus came to claim the fulfilment of her promise, and fix the day which should make her his bride, she told him all that had passed, and the resolution she had formed to resign his hand for the sake of those whose lives were at her disposal.

In the wild agony of his feelings, Hermanus implored her not to cast his love thus utterly away ; but she still was firm, and told him that henceforth they must be to each other as strangers.

When the first paroxysm of disappointment had passed away, Hermanus saw that she was right ; and that had she listened to his entreaties, she would not have been the Florella whom he had loved ; but he bade her hope for happier hours, in the bright future which his fancy still portrayed. 'This interdict cannot last,' said he. 'At all events, your parents will not always live, and then, Florella, there will be no barrier.'

'And with the intervening years,' replied Florella, with a melancholy smile, 'youth and beauty will also have passed away. Nay, dream not of such a future—it is not for me. I have loved you, Hermanus, as woman can never love but once ; but that affection shall now be, not overcome, but merged in the holier and purer love for duty. Men, they say, can easily transfer their affections to another shrine. Forget then me ; love another, and be happy. And may she who shall hereafter share your lot, be as truly devoted to your happiness, as would have been Florella.'

Hermanus still protested, and promised constancy ; and thus they parted—she to her lowly home, and the struggle for mastery over strong affections ; and he to mingle with men in a loftier sphere, and on a broader field—there to render himself, by deeds of usefulness, still worthier of her.

From that time, Florella never mentioned his name. She laid aside each token of remembrance, and appeared calm as though all were forgotten. She never looked now in the mirroring pool, lest the sight of fading beauty might cause a pang of regret. All her thoughts and affections seemed bestowed upon those who had cared so long and tenderly for her, and the day was passed in humble, constant toil.

But Florella soon found that she must not only take her mother's

place, but also that of Orzando. She must learn to buy and sell, to provide for the family, and take charge of the flocks. She mingled with men, and went to those busy haunts where woman is seldom seen. And did she not lose her purity, modesty and refinement, in this contact with the world? Oh, no; there are minds which, like filthy waters, change even the show-flake to pollution; but Florella's was rather like those crystalized waters, upon which, though dirt may be cast, it leaves no stain, for it mingles not with them, and they remain unsoiled.

But she learned much of the folly, misdeeds and wrongs of others. She saw the evils which exist in all society, and noticed the particular errors of their own government. She saw that for many of those evils there were remedies, could they but be pointed out to the high authorities; and she grieved that govérners should be so ignorant of the true wants and injuries of those they hold in subjection.

She told Orzando all her thoughts, and received many a lesson from him, which in her previous simplicity she would not have understood. He had much to tell from experience; for in his younger life he had mingled actively with the world, where he obtained the appellation of 'the wise,' but never wealth. He could not stoop to the meanness of the speculator or the miser; and when he retired to his mountain home, his wife, children, and little flock, were all that remained, as the avails of years spent in useful labor. Many a tale had he now to tell Florella, and many a sentiment to impress upon her heart; and never had she felt so deeply his worth, or so strongly bound to his heart, as in these opening years of womanhood.

One morning, Florella repaired, as was her constant custom, to the fairy fount, to dip her pitcher in the boiling waters, but was astonished to find it calm and still. She thought she might be too early, for the rosy light scarce tinged its glassy surface—but she waited in vain to see the waters bubble, till the sun was far above the horizon. Then she arose in alarm, and bent over its placid depths, and for the first time for years was her face reflected back to her own view. Yes, there she was—and still 'Florella the beautiful.' Time, with increased knowledge and responsibility, had added a loftier expression to the loveliness of girlhood, and imparted an air of dignity to her person—but not one tint of beauty had been erased.

She was astonished and alarmed! She had not paid all the price; what could it mean? And the still fountain surely portended evil. She hastened homeward, went with forebodings to her parents' bedside, glanced at the forms which lay so still, and saw that they would never awaken. They were both dead; they for whom alone she lived; and what end, what interest had life for her! For them she had resigned all else, and she felt that she had been deceived—betrayed. But she did not murmur.—They were buried in the flowery nook, where their children had rested so long, and she returned to a desolate home.

She sat down, and leaned her head upon the casement, and wondered why not *one* came to comfort her. She heard approaching foot-steps. Was it *he*? Oh how she tried to still her beating heart. No! it was that little old woman, whom she had now begun to think aught but a friend.

'Florella,' said she, 'the last trial is now over. And did you wish it might always continue? There are other and better things in store. Follow me.'

Florella arose, for she dared not disobey; and she followed the quick gliding form of her guide, until she was dizzy from the velocity of their motion. Yet she still followed on, impelled by other powers than her own, until they approached a magnificent city. She knew that it must be the capital of their country, and the dwelling-place of their queen; and she almost trembled with excitement when they passed the massive gate. Then they went on, through crowded streets, till they came to the courtyard of a palace. They passed unquestioned, and apparently unobserved, the various sentinels who guarded the portals, until they reached the interior of the palace.

One thing particularly struck Florella—and it was, the silence which reigned around. There were many passing to and fro, but they moved with sealed lips and noiseless steps, and a hush was on every object. Still her guide moved hastily on, and stopped at length in a spacious apartment. Florella had now leisure to observe what was around her, and she was struck by the magnificence of the scene.

Carpets of richest dyes, and softest texture, yielded with elasticity to their footsteps. Curtains of heavy velvet fell in rich folds from the ceiling to the floor, and the breeze from the open casements swayed them back and forth, as it struggled in vain

for an entrance. Their dark purple hue tinged the interior of the apartment with its gloomy shade, and the room was 'filled to faintness with perfume.' The fragrant vapour slowly curled up from a censer which stood by a couch, round which the crimson curtains depended, and swept the floor with their golden fringe; and above the head of the couch were the emblems of royalty. There was a still, pale form upon it, and Florella knew that the hand of death was there.

She was surprised and awed, but not disconcerted. She stood calm and silent, in the possession of that tranquility which superiority of intellect imparts to its possessor in every change of circumstances or station. But at length, amid the low tones of many voices, she heard one which sent an electric thrill through her frame; and looking up she saw that it was indeed Hermanus. She knew that she was invisible to him, for even though time had partially obliterated the past from his memory, he could not look thus calm if aware of her presence.

At length a gray haired man came from the upper end of the apartment, where he had been leaning over the couch, and was greeted by the question, 'What says the queen?'

'That Florio must be her successor,' was his reply, 'because he is beloved by the people of the capital, who know him well; and moreover, no other is so near of kin. There is indeed a strong desire that Hermanus from the north should reign, especially by the inhabitants of that part of the kingdom. But he has waived his claims in deference to those of Florio, and promised him support against the designs of Zercullian from the south, who is coming with an army to claim the vacant throne.'

'And why were not her wishes known before?'

'She says that she has never till this day resigned the hope that the princess would be restored.'

Florella's guide moved onward to the couch. A loud shriek from the dying queen rung through the apartment, as she became suddenly visible, and springing upward she exclaimed, 'My child—Oh tell me where is she, and why she has been withheld so long?'

'She was born,' replied the fairy, 'not only to *grace a throne*, but also to *govern a people*. To this end did I promise that every faculty should be trained; and that promise has been fulfilled. Come forward, Florella.'

The princess stepped towards the couch. 'Tis she indeed!' exclaimed the queen. 'Embrace me once, my child!'

Florella sprung to that mother's outstretched arms, and received her form in a long convulsive embrace. Then she felt the clasp relax, the arms drop from her side, and she laid her gently back upon the pillows—a corpse.

The fairy took the signet-ring from the stiffening hand of the queen, and placed it upon that of Florella. 'Let not my words prove false,' said she, 'when I said that the lessons of adversity would be remembered in prosperity,' and then she vanished away.

Florella covered her face with her hands, and a death-like stillness pervaded the room. Then she looked up to see if it were not all a dream; but she was there, in that stately apartment, by that splendid couch, and near that clay-cold form. And one came from the throng, and knelt at her feet, and requested that in the untried scenes before her, a life which he had once willingly dedicated to her happiness, might minister in her service. Florella bade Hermanus rise; and, with a thrill of joy that she could thus reward his disinterested affection, and with that feeling of true love which deems it far more blessed to give than to receive, she placed again in his the hand upon which was now glittering the signet of a kingdom; and in the presence of her deceased parent, and of the assembled group, she pledged anew her hand and faith.

One by one the nobles came forward, bent, and swore allegiance; and she who had entered that room a simple peasant girl, then stood within it, an acknowledged queen. ELLA.

THE CHARACTER OF JOSEPHINE.

History presents to our view few personages, whose characters are more worthy the sincere admiration of every heart, than that of the empress Josephine. And yet it was not from the exhibition of splendid talents, nor the possession of a lofty and inspiring genius, that she has been so justly celebrated. No; though possessing a mind highly cultivated, the influence she exerted was owing rather to her uniform kindness, and a spirit of benevolence

which was ever manifesting itself in deeds of charity. Through all the changes of her eventful life, whether amid the sunshine of prosperity, or surrounded by the dark clouds of adversity, as the wife of Beauharnais, or sustaining the high station of empress of France, we find her ever cherishing the same mild and humble spirit. Neither wealth nor fame had power to tarnish the pure spirit that dwelt in her breast. Her's was not a mind to be dazzled by splendor, nor lured from the path of duty by fashion's glittering crowd.

It might have been expected that a person exalted to the station to which she had been, as wife of the most illustrious man then known, would have become proud, and perhaps unmindful of her former friends—but it was not so with Josephine. And when we reflect upon her pure and spotless character, the tenderness ever manifested towards him who had raised her to the high station she then occupied, it would seem that one so lovely must ever be blest, that the sunshine of happiness must ever shower its golden rays upon her pathway, and life be to her one bright, unchequered scene. But it was not thus to be. Even when the sun of her existence shone brightest, it was suddenly clouded—and a storm, which had been silently gathering, now burst upon her innocent head. The act which cast such a stain upon the character of Napoleon, a stain which all the glory he had reaped as a warrior and a conqueror, could not efface, was now to be committed. Yes, the affections of the gentle and amiable Josephine were sacrificed on the shrine of ambition. O must it not have been a mighty passion that could have induced Napoleon to resign the love of such a being, and take to his throne the proud daughter of the Austrian monarch! But what will not some men sacrifice, if they can but bind the laurelled wreath upon their brow?

Josephine is now separated from one who had become dearer to her than life. Her long cherished hopes of happiness are blighted, and she feels that she is now almost alone in the world. But she is still willing to live in hope that she may be the means of doing some good to her fellow creatures. The same christian resignation was here, that had shone so conspicuously in all her former conduct.

And when at last, as had been predicted by Josephine, Bonaparte's star faded away from the zenith of his glory, and he was

carried into exile, forsaken and alone, then would this noble and self-sacrificing creature have been willing to have shared with him all the privations of an exile's home, could she by this means have contributed aught to the happiness of one who had in his prosperous days caused her so many sorrowful hours. But death prevented her from putting this plan into execution. She died on the twenty-ninth day of May, eighteen hundred and fourteen, beloved and lamented by all who knew her.

May we ever strive to imitate the virtues that shone so brightly in the life of this illustrious female, and ever remember that the most effectual way of gaining the respect and good will of all, is ever to cherish a spirit of kindness and benevolence and seek to do all the good in our power. And although it may not be said of us, as it was of Josephine, that she never caused a single tear to flow, yet may we be so fortunate as to have the praise awarded us of having caused many hearts to rejoice, and many sorrowful minds to enjoy the light of peace and happiness.

CLEORA.

NOVEMBER.

How transient the joys of Summer! We can scarcely realize that a week has passed since the earth was shrouded in the cold and cheerless gloom of Winter. But Spring came on, with her renovating influence. The icy fetters of Winter yielded to her soft embrace—vegetation welcomed her approach, and the modest violet raised her bright blue eye from the lowly hedge to catch a glimpse of her bright train as she passed on to gay and joyous Summer. The earth has been carpeted with her velvet grass; the flowers of every form and hue have unfolded their beautiful petals to inhale the gentle showers and refreshing dew, and fill the air with the fragrance of their balmy breath. The trees have been clothed in their richest dress, and the wild warblers have chanted their sweetest strains on their topmost branches.

But now, how changed! All nature seems dressed in the habiliments of mourning, as her charms fade from sight. The grass is withering and changing its beautiful green for a pale yellow. The trees are fast yielding their gaudy colors to the passing

gale, as it sighs through the forest. The flowers no more greet our view, save now and then a lone one, that lingers as if unwilling to depart.

The book of Nature is filled with richest instruction, and her pages are opened for all. None so poor or so lowly but can gain access to her rich bounty. She teaches us the instability of all earthly objects, and the folly of placing our affections on the fleeting and transitory things of this world, and the importance of laying up our treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. There, the chilling winds of disappointment, and the cold frosts of adversity, can never come. We can range the bowers of Paradise, where the flowers bloom in eternal beauty, and bask in the sunshine of eternal felicity. There shall we meet the chosen friends of earth, and sit down in the presence of God and his holy angels, to go no more out forever.

In the contemplation of so sublime a scene, who could not exclaim with the poet,

“O who would live alway away from his God,
 Away from you heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns.”

ESTELLA.

HYMENEAL.

Bring music, with her high-born train ;
 Pour flute-like voices all around ;
 Breathe now your softest, sweetest strain—
 Our hearts shall echo back the sound.
 'Tis meet, 'tis meet to sing of bliss,
 In such a gladsome hour as this.

Bring the pure treasures of the heart ;
 Lay goodliest things upon the shrine ;
 Bring laurels from affection's mart ;
 Her choicest wreath let friendship twine.
 Sisters and brothers ! no delay,—
 And mother—'tis the bridal day. .

Ay, consecrate this hallowed hour ;
 Pour incense on the altar now ;
 Bring heavenly wealth, your richest dower ;
 Let every head a suppliant bow ;
 Bestow the boon of fervent prayer—
 Call blessings on this youthful pair.

ADELAIDE.

VOICE OF SYMPATHY.

"Let words of kindness ever flow—
Their value far exceeds their cost."

An orphan in a land of strangers, Alice Daniels pursued the even tenor of her way, seldom mingling in the frivolities of those by whom she was surrounded—wherefore she possessed little of their sympathy, and less of their friendship. Nevertheless, she was not destitute of happiness—for being of an intellectual and serious turn, her pleasures were of a more refined and elevated cast. Yet there were times when she felt the loneliness of her situation most keenly. When disease, with its paralyzing influence, prostrated her energies, then would she have joyfully received kindness and sympathy from those of whom she had a right to expect it.

One day, after absenting herself from the dinner table in consequence of indisposition, she returned to her boarding-place before the accustomed hour, and with her usual cheerfulness wished the ladies of the house "good afternoon." Notwithstanding her return at an unusual hour, and her flushed cheek and the suavity of her manner, she received not even the civility of an answer. And with a throbbing heart and an aching head, she silently retired to her room, where she remained until eight o'clock undisturbed. She then descended, intending to procure some gruel, which she obtained after some delay. And one to whom Alice formerly had rendered an essential service, very coolly inquired: "Are you sick, Miss Daniels?" This was too much for the sensitive spirit of Alice, and she turned away and wept in the bitterness of her heart. Sad were her reflections on the coldness and ingratitude of humanity; and she turned away to conceal the emotions that agitated her.

But this world is not all clouds, neither are our fellow-beings all depraved. For soon a lovely and gentle being approached her, and with kindness in her manner, and sympathy in her voice, said, "Alice, are you sick? Can I do any thing for you?" Alice was as keenly alive to kindness, as to its opposite; and being unable to speak from the tumult of her feelings, motioned her friend away, at the same time mentally exclaiming, "Angel of love! thou hast indeed poured the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit."

* * *

A SECOND VISIT TO THE SHAKERS.

I was so well pleased with the appearances of the Shakers, and the prospect of quietness and happiness among them, that I visited them a second time. I went with a determination to ascertain as much as I possibly could of their forms and customs of worship, the every-day duties devolving on the members, &c.; and having enjoyed excellent opportunities for acquiring the desired information, I wish to present a brief account of what "I verily do know" in relation to several particulars.

First of all, justice will not permit me to retract a word in relation to the industry, neatness, order, and general good behavior, in the Shaker settlement which I visited. In these respects, that singular people are worthy of all commendation—yea, they set an example for the imitation of Christians every-where. Justice requires me to say, also, that their hospitality is proverbial, and deservedly so. They received and entertained me kindly, and (hoping perhaps that I might be induced to join them) they extended extra-civilities to me. I have occasion to modify the expression of my gratitude in only one particular—and that is, one of the female elders made statements to me concerning the requisite confessions to be made, and the forms of admission to their society, which statements she afterwards denied, under circumstances that rendered her denial a most aggravated insult. Declining farther notice of this matter, because of the indelicacy of the confessions alluded to, I pass to notice,

1st. The domestic arrangements of the Shakers. However strange the remark may seem, it is nevertheless true, that our factory population work fewer hours out of every twenty-four, than are required by the Shakers, whose bell to call them from their slumbers, and also to warn them that it is time to commence the labors of the day, rings much earlier than our factory bells; and its calls were obeyed, in the family where I was entertained, with more punctuality than I ever knew the greatest "workey" among my numerous acquaintances (during the fourteen years in which I have been employed in different manufacturing establishments) to obey the calls of the factory-bell. And not until nine o'clock in the evening were the labors of the day closed, and the people assembled at their religious meetings.

Whoever joins the Shakers with the expectation of relaxation

from toil, will be greatly mistaken, since they deem it an indispensable duty to have every moment of time profitably employed. The little portions of leisure which the females have, are spent in knitting—each one having a basket of knitting-work for a constant companion.

Their habits of order are, in many things, carried to the extreme. The first bell for their meals rings for all to repair to their chambers, from which, at the ringing of the second bell, they descend to the eating-room. Here, all take their appropriate places at the tables, and after locking their hands on their breasts, they drop on their knees, close their eyes, and remain in this position about two minutes. Then they rise, seat themselves, and with all expedition swallow their food; then rise on their feet, again lock their hands, drop on their knees, close their eyes, and in about two minutes rise and retire. Their meals are taken in silence, conversation being prohibited.

Those whose chambers are in the fourth story of one building, and whose work-shops are in the third story of another building, have a daily task in climbing stairs, which is more oppressive than any of the rules of a manufacturing establishment.

2d. With all deference, I beg leave to introduce some of the religious views and ceremonies of the Shakers.

From the conversation of the elders, I learned that they considered it doing God service, to sever the sacred ties of husband and wife, parent and child—the relationship existing between them being contrary to their religious views—views which they believe were revealed from heaven to “Mother Ann Lee,” the founder of their sect, and through whom they profess to have frequent revelations from the spiritual world. These communications, they say, are often written on gold leaves, and sent down from heaven to instruct the poor, simple Shakers in some new duty. They are copied, and perused, and preserved with great care. I one day heard quite a number of them read from a book, in which they were recorded, and the names of several of the brethren and sisters to whom they were given by the angels, were told me. One written on a gold leaf, was (as I was told) presented to Proctor Sampson by an angel, so late as the summer of 1841. These “revelations” are written partly in English, and partly in some unintelligible jargon, or unknown tongue, having a spiritual meaning, which cannot be understood ~~only~~ by

those who possess the spirit in an eminent degree. They consist principally of songs, which they sing at their devotional meetings, and which are accompanied with dancing, and many unbecoming gestures and noises.

Often in the midst of a religious march, all stop, and with all their might set to stamping with both feet. And it is no uncommon thing for many of the worshipping assembly to crow like a parcel of young chanticleers, while others imitate the barking of dogs; and many of the young women set to whirling round and round—while the old men shake and clap their hands; the whole making a scene of noise and confusion, which can be better imagined than described. The elders seriously told me that these things were the outward manifestations of the spirit of God.

Apart from their religious meetings, the Shakers have what they call "union meetings." These are for social converse, and for the purpose of making the people acquainted with each other. During the day, the elders tell who may visit such and such chambers. A few minutes past nine, work is laid aside; the females change, or adjust, as best suits their fancy, their caps, handkerchiefs, and pinners, with a precision which indicates that they are not *altogether* free from vanity. The chairs, perhaps to the number of a dozen, are set in two rows, in such a manner that those who occupy them may face each other. At the ringing of a bell, each one goes to the chamber where either he or she has been directed by the elders, or remains at home to receive company, as the case may be. They enter the chambers *sans ceremonie*, and seat themselves—the men occupying one row of chairs, the women the other. Here, with their clean, checked, home-made pocket-handkerchiefs spread in their laps, and their spit-boxes standing in a row between them, they converse about raising sheep and kine, herbs and vegetables, building wall and raising corn, heating the oven and peering apples, killing rats and gathering nuts, spinning tow and weaving sieves, making preserves and mending the brethren's clothes,—in short, every thing they do will afford some little conversation. But beyond their own little world, they do not appear to extend scarcely a thought. And why should they? Having so few sources of information, they know not what is passing beyond them. They however make the most of their own affairs, and seem to regret that they can converse no longer, when, after sitting together

from half to three-quarters of an hour, the bell warns them that it is time to separate, which they do by rising up, locking their hands across their breasts, and bowing. Each one then goes silently to his own chamber.

It will readily be perceived, that they have no access to libraries, no books, excepting school-books, and a few relating to their own particular views; no periodicals, and attend no lectures, debates, Lyceums, &c. They have none of the many privileges of manufacturing districts—consequently their information is so very limited, that their conversation is, as a thing in course, quite insipid. The manner of their life seems to be a check to the march of mind and a desire for improvement; and while the moral and perceptive faculties are tolerably developed, the intellectual, with a very few exceptions, seem to be below the average.

I have considered it my duty to make the foregoing statement of facts, lest the glowing description of the Shakers, given in the story of my first visit, might have a wrong influence. I then judged by outward appearances only—having a very imperfect knowledge of the true state of the case. Nevertheless, the *facts* as I saw them in my first visit, are still facts; my error is to be sought only in my inferences. Having since had greater opportunities for observation, I am enabled to judge more righteous judgment.

c. B.

LEAVES....No. 2.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A DREAMER.

I thought it was a festal eve, on the shores of sunny Italy. The lamps shed their trembling rays on myriad forms of grace and beauty. The music sent forth gladdening strains, and bounding feet kept time to the joyous melody.

I stood alone, gazing on the brilliant scene before me. It chanced to be by an open casement, and the perfume from orange-groves and acacia-blossoms was wafted by me on the still air, and filled the room with fragrance. I looked without. The queen of night was shedding her pale beams upon lofty domes and trel-

lised bowers, throwing her mellow radiance alike upon the magnificent palace and lowly cot, upon the peer and peasant, the happy and the unhappy. It was a gift from the high throne of heaven; and the king in his robes of purple and gold, could not command a ray more bright to shine on his crowned head, than that which lighted the path of the meanest slave.

But all seemed bright and gay, as the dancers whirled in the giddy waltz; and though I had been a wanderer for many years, I had never seen anything to compare with this gladsome festival. Yes, I have seen the Aurora Borealis dance over regions of eternal snow, and the sun in vain attempt to dissolve the chains which an arctic winter had formed; and I have felt the debilitating influence of tropical skies. I have traversed the plains of the Orinoco and the banks of the La Plata. I have sat by the marble fount where the peerless Helen quenched her thirst, and Venus bathed her golden locks. I have climbed the Cordilleras, and beheld the sun gild those bright isles of the Pacific, which are scattered in such rich profusion over the surface of its broad blue waters. I have roamed amid orange-groves and sugar plantations, and have enjoyed the romantic pleasure of sailing on the Mediterranean, by moon-light.

But never, no, never, had I beheld a scene of enchantment like this. It seemed as if a fairy's wand had converted every thing into brightness and beauty; and well did I enjoy it—for I was ever fond of scenes of gaiety.

Time wore away, and the old cathedral had long since chimed the hour of midnight; but all were as merry as at the commencement of the gala—for many new revellers had joined the festive scene, and the weary had retired to rest.

While I was yet admiring this assemblage of beauty and grace, a bright figure flitted by me, to join the happy group. I turned to look after it, and in so doing presented myself before a large mirror. But oh! what a change had a few hours wrought! My dark hair, that had been the theme of general admiration, had become silvered, and hung in dishevelled masses upon my shoulders; my form was bent, and my complexion, that had blended in delicate proportions the lily and the rose, presented a sallow hue; my teeth too had decayed and fallen out; and my nose and chin were rapidly approximating to each other.

I looked and wondered ! Surely, thought I, some magician has transformed me into the figure of old age. Almost in anger, I threw myself upon an ottoman, and endeavored to forget myself in sleep. But scarcely was I seated, ere a fiendish looking form entered the banquetting hall unannounced, and unaccompanied by a guide. In his hand he held an hour-glass, and as he passed the gay ones, he drew his mantle more closely about him. But none noticed his approach, and he made his way to the place where I was reclining. His brow was wrinkled, and a horrible smile rested on his countenance as he motioned me to follow him.

It was not until we had entered a bower of myrtle and jessamines, that the truth flashed upon my mind, that Time had come with his glass and sickle ; and a shudder ran through my frame, at the thought that I must die. Yet, "I would not live always," but the thought of death's cold embrace sent a thrill of agony to the heart, that nearly stopped the languid pulse of age.

We seated ourselves on a green, mossy bank ; he then broke the silence, and it seemed as if his voice came from the very depths of Pandemonium—it was so husky and hollow.

He thus addressed me, as he exultingly held the glass before me. "Mortal ! your sands are almost run. Can you look back upon a life well spent ? What is the world better for your having lived in it ? Have you added one gem to the coronet of the philanthropist ? and with all your wealth, have you ever made the heart of the widow and the orphan glad ? Has there been one flower twined in the wreath of fame by your hand ? True it is, that you have visited and enjoyed many of the scenes of distant climes ; but they will not remember you—and your own native land will soon number you with the burdens that have passed away to cumber the earth no more. You have never exerted yourself to contribute aught to the happiness of others ; you thought it sufficient to say you had unbounded wealth to secure your entrance into the society of the great and good ; but you will soon go where gold will not be the criterion by which you will be judged. Sorry am I, that a blank must occupy the place where your name has formerly appeared ; for I never add to memory's page the names of those who could live until their dark curls were bleached to snowy whiteness, and die with the thought that the world was no better for their long abode in it. The

sand runs low," he continued ; " have you nought to say, before a farewell look is taken of this beautiful earth ?"

" Oh yes," I exclaimed. " I would ask if there is no such thing as giving youth to the aged ? Nay, I will not ask for youth nor for the flowers of life, if you will but add a few more to the many years I have already spent. I will not live for my own selfish enjoyments ; but, like the great Howard, I will go about doing good. Alas ! why did I not commence in the hey-day of my life !"

" I can tell you," said Time ; " it was because it required a little exertion on your own part. You thought if you did not do it, some one else would ; and then the thought would intrude itself upon your mind, that you were rich, and none would dare question your merit. No," he continued, in a decided tone, " I cannot give you a day, nor an hour. Go, and hereafter do better," were the last words that fell on my eager ear—for the cold dew of death started from my forehead, and the most excruciating pain that was ever inflicted upon mortal frame, passed over mine. It drained my very life's blood !

Then all was calm again, and I saw bright spirit-forms gliding around me. All was still there, for it seemed to be the land of the blessed. I raised my hand to my head, and as my eye rested on it, I saw written thereon, " Go and do better hereafter." It fell lifeless by my side—but soon a soft hand raised it again, and a sweet, silvery voice called my name.

I awoke, and found my mother trying to place in my hand a beautiful rose that she had brought from a neighboring garden. I told her my dream of joy and sorrow. And she said, " My child, let your future life be so blended with love and goodness, that Time will not have to admonish you to do better ; and may it be said of you when you have reached your journey's end, that you improved the one talent that was given you by Him who knows what is best for the children of earth. And I would have you bear in remembrance those beautiful lines of the poet—

' Count that day lost, whose low descending sun,
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.' "

ISABELLA.

THE EDEN OF LOVE.

1. How sweet to re-lect on the joys that a - wait us, In

2. While le-gions an - gel - ic, with harps tuned celestial, Har-

yon blissful region, the haven of rest! Where glorified spirits with

moniously join in the Concert of praise, The saints, as they come from the

welcome shall greet us, And lead us to mansions prepared for the blest! En-

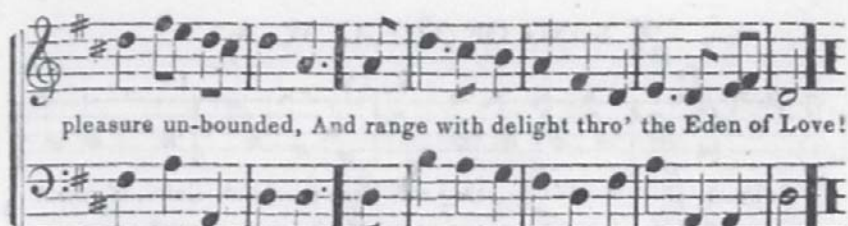
regions terrestrial, In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise. Then

circled in light, and with glory en-shrouded, Our hap-pi-ness

songs to the Lamb shall re - echo through heaven, Our souls will re-

per-fect, our mind's sky unclouded, We'll bathe in the ocean of

spond, To Immanuel be given, All glory, all honor, all



pleasure un-bounded, And range with delight thro' the Eden of Love!

might and do-minion, Who bro't us thro' grace to the Eden of Love!

3

Then hail, blessed state, hail, ye seraphs of glory,
 Ye angels of light, we'll soon meet you above,
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 Salvation from sorrow through ransoming love!
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already our souls feel a sweet prelibation
 Of joys that await us, the joys of salvation,
 The blessing reserved in the Eden of Love!

THE HAPPY VALLEY.



1. Lo down, down in yon beautiful valley, Where love crowns the
 2. This lone vale is a-far from contention, Where no soul may
 3. Ye lone sons of misfortune, come hither, Where joys bloom and

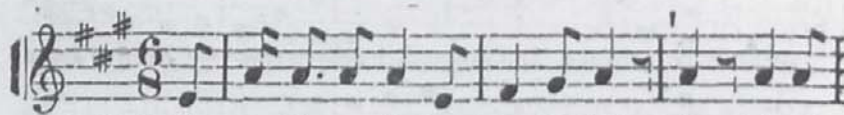
meek and the lowly, Where rude storms of envy and folly, May
 dream of dissension; No dark wiles of evil invention, Can
 never shall wither, Where faith binds all people together, In

roll on their billows in vain, The lone soul, in humble subjection,
 find out this valley of peace; Lo there, there the Lord will deliver,
 firm love to the sov'reign I Am: O there, there surrounded with glory,

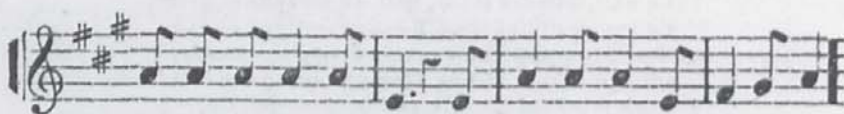
May there find un-shaken protection, The soft gales of
 And souls drink of that beau-ti-ful river, Which flows peace for
 O Lord, we will tell the glad story, And shouting thy praise and

cheering reflection, The mind may soothe from sorrow and pain.
 ever and ever, And love and joy shall ever increase.
 bowing before thee, We'll sing Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

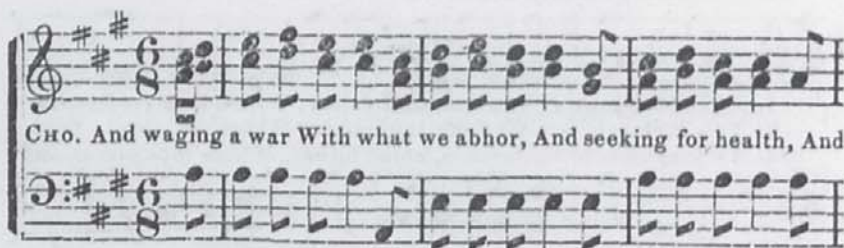
SONG OF THE C. W. A.



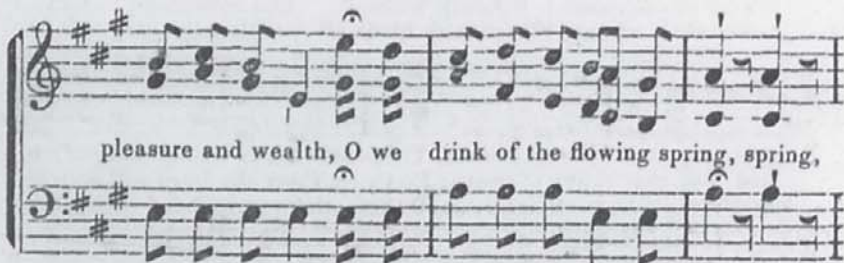
SOLO. 1. C W A we here proclaim, claim, claim, A
 2. O happy are they to us who come, come, come, Dis-
 3. C W A shall ever be, be, be, The
 4. We never will seek reward or thanks, thanks, thanks, From



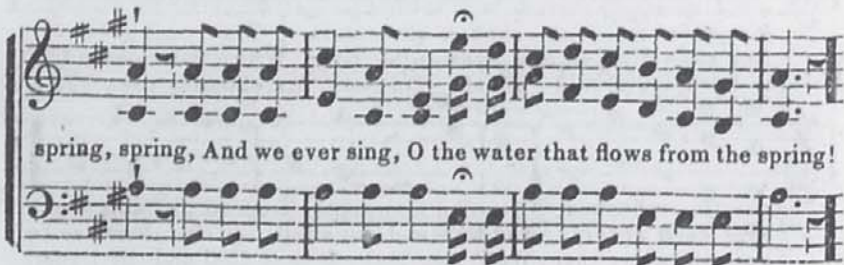
(1) title devoid of shame; Cold Water Army is our name,
 (2) carding the use of Rum; Of its dire woes we've witness'd some,
 (3) boast of the glad and free; Cold Water Army still are we,
 (4) any who join our ranks; O we're a stout and firm phalanx,



CHO. And waging a war With what we abhor, And seeking for health, And



pleasure and wealth, O we drink of the flowing spring, spring,



spring, spring, And we ever sing, O the water that flows from the spring!

RULE OF ACTION.

“ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.”—GOLDSMITH.

“ Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,” is a rule given unto those who would arrive at the standard of perfection. It was exemplified in the character of “ him who spake as never man spake,” and whose conduct was guided by loftier motives than often actuate humanity. It was a hard saying, and one which is often evaded by those who almost believe themselves the imitators of Jesus of Nazareth.

But Oh! how easy it would have been to have obeyed the precept, had it but been, “ Do unto others as they do unto you.” Then, the quick prompting of nature would have coincided with the words of the Teacher; and the heart would have followed its own strong impulses in the attainment of the highest moral excellence.

We are perhaps almost unconscious of the extent to which our feelings towards others are modified by those which they evince towards us. We find ourselves the objects of anger, and our own hearts throb with tumultuous passion, and our own veins swell, and a choking arises in our own throats; and then perhaps the wrath of the opponent abates, and the storm subsides in our own bosoms, and the waves which have tossed and foamed, sink gently down beneath the wind which up-heaved them.

We find ourselves the objects of affection, and a tide of sweet emotions flows through our souls at the calm, attractive influence which draws us to the friend. Gratitude and resentment, love and hate, antipathy and sympathy, though so far unlike, are sisters of the same parents. They are the offspring of that instinct of our nature which prompts us to “ render blessing for blessing, and cursing for cursing.” It was the influence of this feeling which the poet portrayed, when in that old, touching ballad he made his heroine exclaim,

“ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.”

Even death, though she should die “ forlorn, despairing, hid,” would be more than welcome; for it would come to her for *his* sake, as it had done to him for *hers*.

Though in the busy transactions of life, in all its scenes of trials, vexation and grief, we should ever retain the remembrance of the Saviour's precept, "Do unto others," not as they do, but "as ye would that they should do unto you;" yet this natural principle need not always be kept from sight. In our intercourse with others, we should remember that we are generally engendering in *their* hearts towards *us*, feelings corresponding to those we cherish in our own towards *them*; and this reflection will admonish us to repress all hatred, envy, superciliousness, pride, indifference, or ill-will; and when conscious that *no* act of our own has implanted a Upas seed in the breast of another, to germinate and mature into a death-bearing tree, the sweet assurance will then be with us, that all are anxious to bestow upon us some evidence of their good-will; saying to themselves,

" 'Tis so for *us* that she has done,
And so for *her* will I."

Q. R.

HAPPINESS.

The great aim and object of all persons, is the attainment of happiness; but how few there are who obtain the desired end! For a long time have I been a wanderer in search of happiness; but never yet have I been able to secure that for which I sought.

I have travelled, in fancy, through foreign countries, even to the cold and frozen regions of the north, and to the warm and sunny climes of the south. I have beheld scenes which not even the pencil of the artist, nor the pen of the poet can portray. I have entered the mansions of the wealthy and proud, and the cottage of the humble and lowly peasant; but there I found not that peace and enjoyment for which I sought. I have beheld monarchs exercising unlimited power over their people, teaching them to bow in submission to *their* will, or suffer the penalty due for their disobedience. I have seen them, too, bereft of their shining crowns, wearing out their lives in poverty and wretchedness. And as I thus looked upon them, I thought of the uncertainty of riches. For one moment we may possess the wealth and power of *genii*, and the next, be despoiled of them all.

Happiness is not within the reach of man, said I, as I left the scenes I have described, to return to my native land, to mourn over the humble lot which God had assigned me, thinking that I should never discover the secret of happiness.

While these thoughts and feelings occupied my mind, a voice whispered within me, "Happiness is within the reach of every one, and the reason why so few have attained it, is, they do not seek for it from the right source. Return to thy home ; do good to all, and endeavor by all means in thy power to increase the happiness of those around thee ; and by so doing, thou wilt also secure thy own—for it is only by cherishing a charitable and benevolent spirit, by relieving the distressed and comforting the afflicted, that we may expect to enjoy true peace and happiness."

N. H.

LAST EFFORT OF THE POETESS.

Addressed to a friend, who requested the writer to continue her poetical contributions to a social circle.

Nay, ask not, and think not, again I may lay
A tribute upon our shrine ;
For the gift and the spirit of poesy,
I now may not claim as mine.

Yet often before me, by night and by day,
Have visions of loveliness passed,
Like the shadowy forms which people dreams,
With a beauty which may not last.

And vainly I've prayed that the magical power,
Might once more be given to me,
To picture them forth with a pencil so true,
That others their beauty might see.

But Oh ! there's a sickness within my heart,
And a feverish whirl in my brain ;
And the clear, bright thoughts of earlier days,
May never be mine again.

Yet I would not heed the temple's throb,
Nor the pulse's feverish thrill,
So that feelings and powers which once were mine,
Might gladden my being still.

Again I would drink at that sparkling fount,
 But its waters in vapour arise ;
 And the misty wreaths which around me curl,
 Only dim and bewilder my eyes.

And wildly invoking the forms of the past,
 They come at the sound of my breath ;
 But they stand, as the prophet of old arose,
 Arrayed in the mantle of death.

And silently I shall depart to my rest—
 For mine's not the swan-like power,
 To breathe forth a sweeter and lovelier lay,
 The nearer the dying hour.

Yet haply, ere Death in his wasting career,
 His robe o'er my weakness hath cast,
 My spirit may hearken, and vividly hear
 A strain of the shadowy past.

ILENA.

 OUR DUTY TO STRANGERS.

“Deal gently with the stranger's heart.”—MRS. HEMANS.

The factory girl has trials, as every one of the class can testify. It was hard for thee to leave

“Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land,
 The voices of thy kindred band,”—

was it not, my sister? Yes, there was a burden at your heart as you turned away from father, mother, sister and brother, to meet the cold glance of strange stage-companions. There was the mournfulness of the funeral dirge and knell, in the crack of the driver's whip, and in the rattling of the coach-wheels. And when the last familiar object receded from your fixed gaze, there was a sense of utter desolation at your heart. There was a half-formed wish that you could lie down on your own bed, and die, rather than encounter the new trials before you.

Home may be a capacious farm-house, or a lowly cottage, it matters not. It is *home*. It is the spot around which the dearest affections and hopes of the heart cluster and rest. When we turn away, a thousand tendrils are broken, and they bleed.—

Lovelier scenes *might* open before us, but that only "the loved are lovely." Yet until new interests are awakened, and new loves adopted, there is a constant heaviness of heart, more oppressive than can be imagined by those who have never felt it.

The "kindred band" may be made up of the intelligent and elegant, or of the illiterate and vulgar; it matters not. Our hearts yearn for their companionship. We would rejoice with them in health, or watch over them in sickness.

In all seasons of trial, whether from sickness, fatigue, unkindness or *ennui*, there is one bright *oasis*. It is

—"the hope of return to the mother, whose smile
 Could dissipate sadness and sorrow beguile;
 To the father, whose glance we've exultingly met—
 And no meed half so proud hath awaited us yet—
 To the sister whose tenderness, breathing a charm,
 Not distance could lessen, nor danger disarm;
 To the friends, whose remembrances time cannot chill,
 And whose home in the heart not the stranger can fill."

This hope is invaluable; for it,

"like the ivy round the oak,
 Clings closer in the storm."

Alas! that there are those to whom this hope comes not! those whose affections go out, like Noah's dove, in search of a resting place; and return without the olive-leaf.

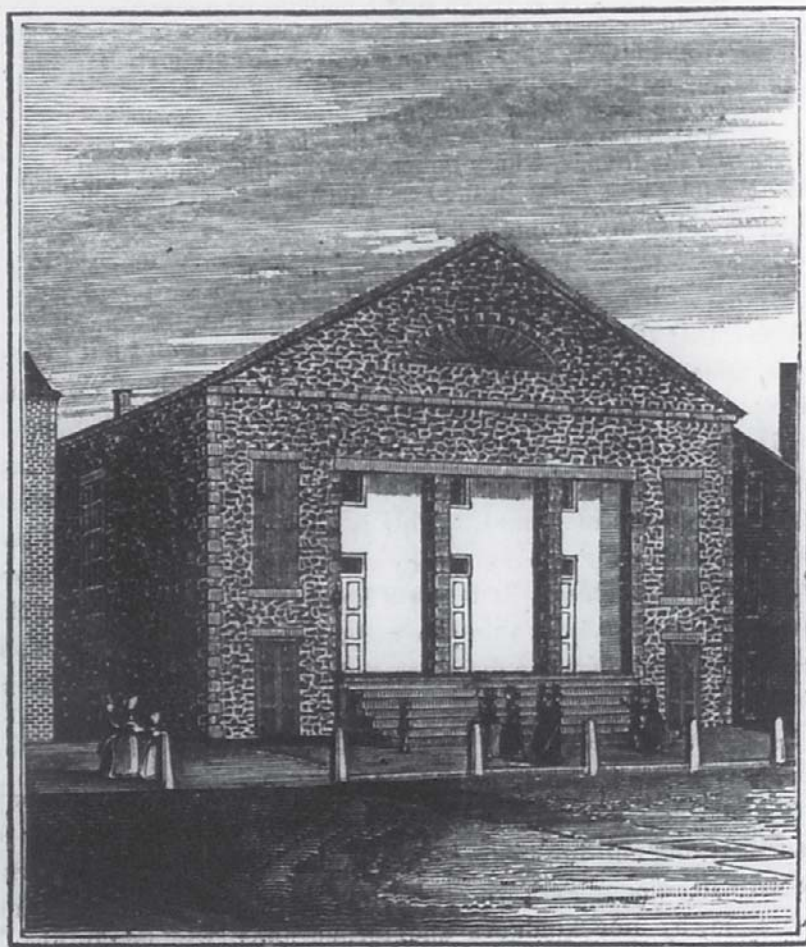
"Death is in the world," and it has made hundreds of our factory girls orphans. Misfortunes are abroad, and they have left as many destitute of homes. This is a melancholy fact, and one that calls loudly for the sympathy and kind offices of the more fortunate of the class. It is not a light thing to be alone in the world. It is not a light thing to meet only neglect and selfishness, when one longs for disinterestedness and love. Oh, then, let us

"Deal gently with the stranger's heart,"

especially if the stranger be a destitute orphan. Her garb may be homely, and her manners awkward; but we will take her to our heart, and call her sister: Some glaring faults may be hers; but we will remember "who it is that maketh us to differ," and if possible, by our kindness and forbearance, win her to virtue and peace.

There are many reasons why we should do this. It is a part of "pure and undefiled religion" to "visit the fatherless in their

afflictions." And "mercy is twice blest; blest in him that gives, and him that takes." In the beautiful language of the simple Scotch girl, "When the hour o' trouble comes, that comes to mind and body, and when the hour o' death comes, that comes to high and low, oh, my leddy, then it is na' what we ha' done for ourselves, but what we ha' done for others, that we think on maist pleasantly." E.



APPLETON ST. CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH.